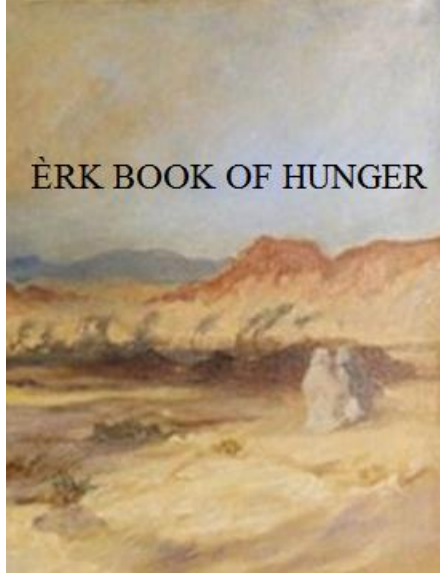


ÈRK BOOK OF HUNGER



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ÈRK BOEK VAN HONGER

RAW MANUSCRIPT DUTCH-ENGLISH

COAB 2000-2018

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Udiapsa

1. 1. Ova, sons of all sons, grandfather of all grandfathers, oh prince of the oaks, ruling over the heights of materos. 2. You are the sun leading us to the city of balloons, where our hearts can rise to breath again. 3. Oh, Ova, with your golden smile. Bow down over the heads of Venus. Lead us through the deathrealms of dwarves. You know all their books. Let us come together, so that we can worship you, oh father of all fathers. 4. Lead us all to Izu. Teach us about the seven smiles of death, let the Okus monsters open the lungs. Oh, that they might store the balloons of lungs in the livers. Let the balloons of the livers rise to open the lungs, to fill the lungs, and to open the hearts. 5. Oh, let Osiris ride the seven smiles of the dead. Let him teach us how to remove letters from stones of graves and sacrophagos. Lead us to the thrones of ashes, where we can smile with the smiles of death, to see the griffon rise, him with the golden smile. 6. Oh open Salom, the hearts of the lungs, to spread the wings into tiger's ripples, in balloon skies. 7. Opening of the Widow Spider, the third heart. Osiris, son of Ova, you know the widow spider lying dormant between the two hearts of the octopus, as the third heart, the golden heart, where the golden nipple rises [Oh, Emelis Shatau]. 8. Greet Marazanta, our son of hearts, our father of thruths. Let him raise the green lights. Bring our ancient ornaments back into the spine. 9. Those ornaments we got from our ancestors, while Lords of evil took them away. Bring us away from all evil, and show us the righteous paths. 10. Oh, Egypt, let it be Egypt in Izu. Sweet Belcanov, statue of ancient days, our watcher, speak these words to the hills. Let that which is proud fall, and let that which is humble rise. 11. Teach us about the seven moons. Amen. Oh, holy Amen, son of Egypt, father of Lakus, raise the orange balloons and the checked balloons. Teach us how to contract hearts to do your will, oh almighty Cricket, lying on the heart of Osiris. 12. Oh, you, with the seven arms, come forward, raise us again into the house of Thoth. 13. Let us not be burnt, when we stand for the throne of Almighty Osiris, when his red eyes are searching our hearts. 14. Let the soulbird rise, let our souls grasp the lights of ancient times before their times, to honour the ancient souls beneath the souls. 15. Let us not complain and standing still in the realms of the dead, but let us descent into the bottom of the pit, where we can find the coin of Mary of Magdalen and her holy Sarsia Soul. 16. Let the Sarsia Soul lead us back to the Barbarian times, to free the birds of paradise. let their souls guide us for the rest of our days. Amen. 17. Papyrus of Ra-Izu. When you come into the holy temple of Amon, touch the blue gold on his head, all

you who are dead in these pastures in front of his house. Let the sheep guide you there. 18. His holy books will guide you. Amen. Let Atu, the god of goats be merciful over you, who passes over the rivers of the dead. 19. Drink from its waters to be connected to ancient souls. You will feel a spirit in your heart. It is the bird of Ra-Izu. Thoth will seal your foreheads by his holy waters. 20. We will take care of your soul, that the smoke will not lead you astray. 21. We will give you the eyes you deserve, when you haven't abuse your eyes to mock the spirits of the dead. 22. There will come seven Judgements on the eye, led by the sword of Thoth. Blessed those who will survive.

2. 1. Seven Judgements on the Eye by the Sword of Thoth. First Judgement : You will say these words. I baptize my eye in the holy waters burning with fire, to see if I have mocked the spirits of the dead. 2. If so, I will bear their pains in my own eyes, until I am clean by their judgements. I will receive the sword of the widow spider in my eye as a purifying. 3. It will pierce me until I am blind to sinful deeds. It will pull my eyes out if it would lead me astray. 4. Lead me on the right paths by the eye of Thoth. 5. In him we can see in righteousness. I am grateful to your judgements, bringing me into the lightchamber of Thoth, to watch the ornaments of the seven coffins of his candlestick. Second Judgement : In doubts we cannot see you. 6. Wash us. Let softness grow in our eyes, to give faith to our brothers and sisters, love to the older ones and the younger ones, as our mirrors, the arms of our hearts. 7. Let us not break one of these arms off, for then the lights of our eyes will fall away. Then I must eat the darkness, and slide through the dust. Amen. 8. Let this softness test us. This Eye of Ra-Izu. It will eat me away. It will eat my eye away, if I would sin in your holy presence. 9. Make me holy. Make my footsteps sacred, knowing that I am on sacred ground. Show me all the pillars of Ra's house, and show me his scribe, Ra-Izu. Let Izu lead me to the falls, to decide, which way I will go. 10. Let me see the eyes of death, to adopt the ancient souls of the sacred ant and gnat. Third Judgement : Let Ra-Anu come forward, to lay the sword on our eyes. 11. May it be sealed by attention. May it be useful, and not a power to judge. The heart is a power to judge, while only the heart-eye of Thoth can rise to judge. 12. In him all the judges get their eyes. Let him who is not connected to Thoth be thrown out into the deepest oceans and darkest places, until he finds the eye of Thoth to do well. 13. The eye must be sifted like gold, seventy times seven, until it reaches the eighth day. On the eighth day the judges stand, allowed to judge. 14. Lead our eyes into the eighth day, to judge or be judged. Let Ra decide, and weigh our eyes, to see if it's worthy for a sword pierced through it. Fourth Judgement : Let Sarsia, the goddess of ages see if the eye is connected to the ancestors of wood. 15. If there is mock to an older one, let the sword pierce it, until it's clean. If there is mock to a younger one, let the eye be burnt and give the ashes to the birds of heaven. [and to the wild animals of the earth.] Holy is Sarsia. 16. If you judge someone by clothes, cursed are you, for you will be naked, and your eyes will be eaten by crocodiles of the fourth death. Your soul will rot in your body, and will drag you into the rivers of dirt, where you will be rejected and scorned until you can only live by your tears. 17. If you judge someone by occupation, cursed are you. If you judge someone by race, cursed are you. Your eye will rot in your body, until you have worshipped the ancient gods of the one you scorned. 18. If you do this scorning with someone else to strengthen your back, you are cursed twice. Then it's better for you to get a hook in your eye to hang for seven days in the realms of the dead, where the birds of prey eat from your meat. Fifth Judgement : By the feather of the goddess Maat. 19. She is the ruler of the heavens, and will watch you. She will give praise to the eyes of self-judgement and the eyes who care for nature and animals. 20. If you scorn a weak one, you will be weaker. If you scorn a sick one, your health becomes of that person. If you scorn someone because of someones parents, cursed are you, for you will be an orphan. Maat cares for the soft of heart, the tender ones, and those of a holy rage. 21. Sixth Judgement : If you write

scorn down on paper, you are cursed triple. You will not only lose your eye when you will appear for Osiris-Ra, but you will also lose your hand, and it will fall in the rivers of the dead, where the crocodiles of sekmeth eat it. Seventh Judgement : Blessed are those who can come through the Judgement on the Eye without falling, whose backs are straight, led by the blue light. 22. Blessed are those whose griffin souls are caring for the weak and the sick, to see their health and strength. 23. Blessed are those who travelled the seas of weakness and sickness to find the truths and treasures of the chambers of Thoth's house. Blessed are those who wrote with the hands of Thoth, while the Benu-bird was sitting on their shoulders, and the seven holy parrots of Ra. Amen. 24. Their balloons will reach the eternal cities, where God will wipe away all their tears. 25. There where they can drink from the golden wells of life, and from the golden eyes. There they will see the golden hand of Thoth. Amen-Ra-Amen. Blessed are those who let their souls be cleansed by the fire. 26. The Varia-Bird will guide you to show you the threads between the threads. Amen-Thoth-Amen : Visitors of Amenti, those who glide through the last hall ... to watch the portals of Materos ... the halls of the dead of dwarves. 27. Blessed are those who glide in, to travel along and over the rivers with the orange balls ... Blessed are those who watched the graves of dwarves ... blessed are those with an eye to the small things ... cursed are those who deny the small things, for they will be blown away when Materos sucks the holy ones inside ... Amen-Thoth-Amen

3. 1. The Seven Halls of Materos. You watched the dwarves the golden stares. Now reconnect to the souls of your gnome-souls and their ancestors. First Hall, Talgamen. Prayer to find the lost ships. I come to you, Talgamen, gnomestatue, almighty leprechaun of the ancient coins. 2. I come to you, Talgamen-Thoth, holy scribe of Izu and the first hall of Materos. 3. Write my names in your books, and give me from your divine food, when I will pass over these bridges, when I sail over these seas ... Do not let my ships sink, oh holy Ra-Talgamen, do not let me being eaten by sharks, but raise me high, in your balloons, to be in High Talgamen, I take flight. 4. Grant me with the food of your griffons. Do not lead me astray. Have mercy on me, I am a humble soldier. Only living to save your animals, as they save me. As you glide into my soul, look for my lost ships, and bring them into my heart again, in my liver, lungs and organs. Let me take flight again to the cities of eternity. 5. Talgamen-Amen. Don't let me fall from high rocks, when I enter your mysteries. Let your warmths guide me, and comfort me, and let your birds do not take me away to burn me. Let me write on your jewels, my love to you. Let me be your scribe, in the name of Thoth-Amen. 6. Second Hall, Lokogamen. Is this the road to Belcanov, oh Almighty Lokogamen. I bow down in praise, without letting my lips flow. 7. For it is righteousness you want to see. Let my words not be empty, but filled by deeds. Let my words flow, filled by fire, as balloons into your skies. Let me see your cloudships and eagleships, and the birds working there. Do your birds sit high ? 8. I come for your almighty thrones, to watch your graves and coffins, to bring sacrifices to your urns, as words to the ancestors, let them be echoes warming them, until they are back. 9. Let them rise from the deepest oceans, all these souls lost, worthy to be connected to us, as part of the ornament. Oh, holy one, of golden beards. Give your servants their beards back to pierce deeper into the halls of Amenti and the halls of Materos. I am yours. 10. Third Hall, Belcanov. Where the holy statues stand. Where our minds can be dense again, to reach for the cold conscience, to live for the poor. 11. To share all the riches, also to the realms of death. Let me glide deeper, and protect me against the flames of Osiris Throne. 12. Let the snakes awake in me, to do the final decisions. Belcanov, let my soul glide, into your soul, where the warmth shivers. 13. Let me take those who are afraid deep into my heart. For you are close to the depressed and those who fear God, having a green heart pumping inside. 14. Belcanov, bless your scribe Anu, and your warrior Thoth-Izu. Let the seven spirits of Osiris watch over my soul, giving me a new spirit. Fourth Hall, Elsefic. Hymn to Elsefic. Glory to Elsefic, who

gave us soft food. Waters coming from the rocks, while you had the rod of the seven suns. 15. Baals were your friends, the donkeys. You guided them safely through your streets, giving them vanilla to raise higher and fly on butterfly wings. You gave ornaments on their hearts. You crashed their orange balls to bring them higher. You led your children by a striped rod. Your horns spoke thunder on high hills, where your phoenixes took flight. 16. Osiris-Elsefic, praise to you, my Lord. Hide me in your seven judgements, when you are pouring out your bowls of wrath. Give me thunder to rage with you, and let my heart not be weak. Don't let me be a coward when you need me to speak. Amen-Ra-Amen. Elsefic, watch the ornaments, and weigh them before your thrones. 17. Let your lamps guide me inside, to touch the deeper darknesses, where you hide. Let me be where you are, oh Elsefic-Osiris, and show me the seven Ra's of your spirit, your paths to the suns. Watch my moons, and weigh them before your thrones, and speak sacred words to test them. Let no unworthy food poison me in the abbysses of your streets. 18. Let my paths be holy to eat from your checked divine food. Fifth Hall, Amenti-Ra. Drink me and weigh me, measure me in your deepest caves, to give me access to fruitfull grounds below the pits. Destroy my mirror, and give me yours. Amenti-Ra, seal my hearts, also the hearts of my liver, to store the treasures you gave me. 19. I cherish them, all these hearts, and the divine vegetables. Let your Elsefic rise on the sixth day, to watch the balloons of ancient days. Let me steal the forgotten days out of the halls of evil lords. Let me be an exorcist and a sacred thief, to bring your treasures and souls back to your temples. There, where the tigers roar. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. You are the holy Amen of the sixth soul of Amen-Ra and Talgamen-Benu. 20. Your birds will let your spirits sour. The Ka's of your Ra will guide you by wet visions. While the dreams of the Ba will lead you through the night. You watch the golden suns. We are sacred pirates, in this hall of Amenti-Ra. Show me the ripples of your tigers, the juices of your sacred drinks. Show me how to use them holy, guided by divine steps. Oh, halls of Amenti-Ra, in the Fifth Hall of Materos, rise high. Show the worthy books in the deepest of the night. Let us glide into the drinks between the drinks. Bring the holy snakes from the livers to the lungs, restore the fleeces of the heart, united, to speak words of unity, as a sword to transform the darkness. 21. Bring me the swords of Osiris-Shesmu, and that of Osiris Sebqa, for the mouth of the crocodile is wide open. Build my boats to come over the dangerous seas of Sonder Sun. Sixth Hall, Sonder Sun. She's the queen of my heart. She's the lady of the altars, rising high in Izu. Balloons are bending, while her wet stripes take place. 22. We worship you, Lady of the Sonder Sun. Not in vain words, but in deeds and righteousness. It is filled by a rage, raging until you are home. We are your servants in this sixth hall of Materos, after Amenti. You are Materos-Amenti-Ra, mirroring in the sky. You are the rippling tiger, tightening the threads between the threads. 23. Seventh Hall, Eminius Fire. You are the heart of Amenti and Ra, the heart of Sonder, where the octopus dwells. You have sent your unicorn to awaken us into this day. Take us to the golden fleeces, to drink from the divine tea. Let our minds melt away, if cold consciousness is your desire. Bring us to life and death, rippling as the forbidden fruit. Be our Adam and our Eve, our serpent and our God. Raise the halls of Amenti. 24. Prepare us for the travellings over the seas and rivers of fire, to meet the dragons of your heart, the octopus of your desire. Don't quench our ofions [octopus-sharks], but purify them like gold. Amenti-Thoth, open your chambers to us, in Eminius Fire. Show us the baskets of your snakes, the checked ones and the powdered ones, and all those in fire. 25. Give us the key to open thunder-fire, the Eminius-Shesmu. Serve your Lord, Eminius-Ra, who lives in the sun. Give him from the divine food ; Watch his ornaments when they die. Come with his urns to the flames of Osiris, to test your eyes and hearts, on the hands. Stand on his footprints, and watch yourself die to come alive again on the third and the fifth day. 26. Watch Eminius Horus, to please his publics, the divine audience. In this you can pass the test to get the holy Amenti-Ra-Eminius

suite. The checked orange suit to contact the divine Eminius Lions and Wild Cats of Ancient Days. Amen-Talgamen-Amen.

4. 1. Ritual and Sacrements to close the door of Eminius-Amenti behind you. Lords of Amenti unite. Let me be the salt on the ground, so that no one can steal this divine fire of Amenti-Toth. It burns once and then it leaves forever, until you leave forever with it. Oh, holy Lord and Doorkeeper of Amenti's Rod. Save your son, Lucifer, from the wrath of the ancient Hebrew-Babylonian fallen one who didn't want to pierce the Halls of Amenti and Materos. 2. Burn him in Eminius Fire. Divine Amenti Lions of Amenti-Lucifer, you are free. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and the sulphur of EMINIUS-SARSIA and her heartsoul AMENTI-SARSIA. 3. Ra-Amenti will stand behind you. Eminius-Lucifer, you are free now, you and your lions. Do not sin. Your hearts will be purified by the pure flames and sulphur of Marion-Eminius Swords. Eminius, be closed. The sword and altar of Eminius is now in the hands of EMINIUS-SEKMETH. Ritual and Prayer to not to be eaten by the crocodiles of Eminius-Luca. Raise me father, make my heart pure, let your sacred crickets cover my eyes. 4. Let me not judge the dead, let them not judge me. Bring me out of this dark passage and lead me into your circle, where I can eat from the solar dishes. Give me a helmet brought by your eagles to have a light in this deep darkness. Let me trust on cycles and circles, and also the symbols of your panthers in the temple of eight. 5. Let me escape into a new week. The week of your golden breads. Let me have my own altars, to sacrifice myself instead of others. When I stand before the altars of your golden breads, then cover my eyes by your bristal brivals, to have your golden neon lights. Lead me into your chambers, oh father, to see the coffins beneath the coffins, to touch your holy butterflies. 6. Make me drunk, lead the boat over your river, and bind the heads of crocodiles. Let them not eat my feet. Cover these by butterflies. Let them not eat my legs. Cover them by the shields of turtles. Let the heart-eaters not eat my heart, but let the benu-bird, your benu-bird, lead me inside your caves. Make me thin enough to enter. Let me discover the lines between the lines .. To make them bend into solar lights. Show me the halls of the elves of dead. 7. Draw these circles on the walls. Aton-Amen-Aton. Let me in, dead man, let me in, to let me watch your graves. Lead me to your coffins, to see the ornament of death. Let me drink from your urns, to touch the holy water. Streaming from death, in your chambers I desire to be. Let Belcanov-Aton lead me inside, guiding me by the red light. 8. I don't want to stop here, for crocodiles are behind me, wanting to eat my soul. I see your house as a doorway, to the house of the elves coffins. Oh, orange men, oh black men, oh hard men, guards of the elves graves, make me hard enough to enter, soft enough to walk through walls. Let me follow your waterlights, to be one of them ... 9. I will worship the lines between the lines, and also those beneath and beyond, to become one of them, always thinner. I will be thinner man, oh harder man. Let me enter. 10. You cannot enter. Why not ? You need to return to Belcanov first, to reach for his sixty-six coffins. Then you will be hard enough to be a harder man. 11. I am now a harder man, can I enter ? 12. No, you cannot enter. The publics and the audiences don't accept you. You first need to be a softer man, when you have returned to Elsefic. You must first dive into his sixty-six coffins, seventy-seven graves and eighty-eight cities. 13. 66,77,88 Can I enter now ? Yes, you can, for you are a thinner, softer and harder man. Hymns of Ova. Osiris-Ra, I knight you in the order of Varia-Birds, the souls of Izu-Indians. Praise will be to Osiris, throning in the Halls of Amenti. Praise will be to Thoth, whose house is built on the deathpillars of elves. 14. Osiris-Ra, the Dark and Black Elves will be sent forth from your chest. Oh, Osiris-Ra, don't fear when you walk through the temples of materos. They will initiate you deeper. Let their stings guide you. Osiris-Ra, son of Ova, god of oaks. We bring in you the Atu, the god of goats. Guide them over the hills into eternal bliss. 15. You have the rod for it. Osiris-Ra, you will have the following illuminations and enlightements, while you are following the paths of

sacred ancestors. 16. You will adopt their gods. You will come beyond good and evil. You will come beyond winning and losing. 17. When you have created a faith for the first time, it will strengthen you. And the enemy of that faith will save you. Then you will create a second faith, which will strengthen you, and again the enemy of that faith will save you. 18. Then you will create a third faith and the same will happen, which lets you rise beyond good and evil. There you will find the pillar of the purple gnat, a most important pillar of the house of Thoth. The House of Thoth built on seven pillars, the Halls of Dead Elves, Avani. 19. Welcome to the Halls of Avani, the underworld of Elves, where the elf gods of the dead dwell to judge all the dead. Be in fear if you have sinned, for they don't have mercy. They pierce hearts, lungs and organs. There is no grace, only purifying rituals. There is no forgiving, only self-sacrifice until the price is paid. 20. You must work and change in their cocoons, or you will be damned to destruction in fire-sulphur-salt-acid. In the Halls of Dead, speaks the Upper Ova of Life and Death, the Sovereign Prince of Judgement and Damnation in Khert-Neter, you can be illuminated as Osiris-Ra to see the misleadings of gods and upperbeings, and the lower beings with their spirits. 21. You can dwell in domination if you will make the journey through Avani. Only then you will be set free from these misleadings. The rest will sink and drown. Prayer and Ritual to not be drowned in the waters of Avani. Dangerous sirens live in the waters of Avani, drowning men and women, children and animals. Fight against sexual desires in these areas. 22. Do not satisfy yourself by luxury. Do not eat too much fruits. And if you decide to eat fruits, mix them with potatoes and onions. Do not wear socks in your shoes. Do not cut your beard too often, and woman, do not shave. Women, reach for the waters of Sheri, your guard in the waters of Avani. Invoke her by candlelight. 23. Speak her name into the flame. Wear torn clothes and cover your head. Speak these words : Qebh, celestial waters, let me drink from you, and shine your four lights in my Ka [spirit]. Qebh, celestial waters, bring me to Khert-Neter in Ra-Izu, into his lungs, where I can receive the golden heart, the golden nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. I bow to Ra and his Bennu-Bird, his heart-soul. Plant in me the streets and skies of Khert-Neter [the balloons], where my Akh can rise [illuminated heart-soul]. 24. Qebh, celestial waters, lock golden doors behind me, and destroy my enemies, the sirens. Amen-Ra-Thoth-Amen. Qebh, you have the golden keys. Prayers, sacraments, hymns and rituals to become a citizen in Khert-Neter. Oh, city of the dead, take me in, give me a house and divine food. Bring the four fires to my Ka, and let me dwell in my Akh. Osiris-Izu, lead me to your islands, to show me the pillars of Thoth's House. 25. Give me the twin-Akh, and the twinlion-heartsouls. I am Horus-Ra, I do no sin. I haven't scorned the gods of my town. I speak righteous words. I haven't sinned with my mouth, I am Horus-Ra. Give me a double heart-soul in my liver, as I enter the Anu-house of Khert-Neter, where the Aged Gods live [and the Aged One]. 26. Give me the twin-tiger-heartsouls, and open my mouth in Khert-Neter. Allow me to speak and to be silent, to whisper and to speak loud. Amen. Allow me to move myself. Allow me to breathe. By the Lake of Flowers, give me access to Sekhet-Hetepu [Fields of Peace] and the Sekhet-Aanru, to reach the Minewood behind it, where the Aged Children Dwell, and the House of Thoth. 27. Qebh, let me drink from the celestial waters there, floating from the divine food. Bring me to Khert-Neter in the Ra-Food, and to Khert-Neter in the Minewood. Lock golden doors behind me, oh golden Qebh, and give me the twin-crocodile heartsouls, from where the Benu-birds can rise. Give me the million-armed heartsoul in my golden heart, and give me the million-hearted sun in my scarabee [beetleformed heartshield]. Amen, give me access to Elsefic-Khert-Neter. 28. First Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Amy. Second Hall of Avani : Prometheus-Emily. Third Hall of Avani : Pillar of the Purple Gnat. Fourth Hall of Avani : The Egg of Kenken-Ur [guarded by Eric Zwarzenei]. Fifth Hall of Avani : The Egg of the Tiger. Sixth Hall of Avani : Eminius-Marazanta. Seventh Hall of Avani : Eminius-Amen. 29. Halls of Khelb. The elves of Ra holding the staff of Ptah, to measure the heart. If it's not thin enough the heart will be eaten by

Ammut-Ra, for then it has sinned against the gods of Izu and Ra-Annas. If it's thin enough it will be struck seven times by the thin strikes to prepare it to enter the halls of Khelb. Here the birds of the brown nipple live to bind the hearts by charity, to raise them into the warmachines again. 30. On these battlefields of the dead the hearts will become thinner and thinner to escape from war into war, until they receive the golden nipple of fire [On the Emelis Shatau]. Hail Ova, son of the birch and the holly, for his icecreams set them free. They can move again, and talk again. They are now sons of Ova, sons of the Sacred Oak. 31. By Banana mixed with Vanilla, the lion's face rises, the Golden Nipple [On the Emelis Shatau]. They are now eating from the brown food of the oak, in hairy fields they live. [in hairy skies]. The staff of Ptah had struck them and led them, to small forests in the deserts. 32. While the black panthers care for them. Their hearts have been struck, and now their livers and lungsouls will be struck, and even their other organs, so that they might escape through the splits in caves. Their hearts have become light as the feather of Maat, and they have eaten well from her treasures. 33. They have defeated the watchers of the thinness and the evil lambs, to become blue fire, the face of ammon. They have pierced the halls of Materos and Avani. The seven halls of Khelb are seven boats to sail over the rivers of death, hell and lies. These rivers are seen as sacred riddles, as wilder animals they need to face. The halls of Khelb are the Insectian Halls of the Dead themselves. 34. Hall I – Lapoendria (Land of the Wasps). Hall II – Perlottia (Land of the Winged Insects). Hall III – Brannan (Land of the flies). Hall IV – Lapsalvania (Land of the spiders). Hall V – Lalmageln (Land of the Stinging Insects). Hall VI – Bilmageln (Land of the Shining or Poisonous Insects). Hall VII – Ant Ship. 35. Can I get access to the Halls of Khelb ? You must be Ra-Izu. You must have visited the seven coffins of the faeries, and you must have read the pyramid texts of the dwarves. 36. I have done that, can I have access to the Halls of Khelb now ? You must be initiated in at least seven piramids of different Izu-Indian tribes, and you must have defeated the evil chicken of Radth. 37. I have done that, can I have access now ? Go in, and take from the forbidden fruits of the Halls of Khelb. Here Maat-Izu will weigh your heart and liver to her sacred feather. If one of them is too heavy, it will be eaten by Ammut-Izu. Then you must go through the seven nights of fear, where your lungs will be weighed to the sacred feather of Maat-Izu and Sekhmet-Izu. If it will be too heavy it will be eaten by Ammut-Lapoendria. 38. Then your souls will be put to the sacred staff of Ptah-Izu, and when one of these souls will be too short, it will be eaten by Thoth-Lapoendria. 39. Then the souls tall enough have come to the coasts of Lapoendria, to come into the Ra-Lapoendria ship. On the seas of fear they will be judged, to see if their hearts and livers are guilty or not. 40. They will be punished on the seas of Lapoendria and taken away by dangerous animals, by birds and fishes, to see if they are worthy or not, and to purify and test their souls. They will get seven thorns in their flesh, which will depress them, repress them and isolate them for a period of time. Here they must fight against the evil lambs. 41. In Perlottia, where the winged insects live, they get their wings to take flight from coffins. They will receive the flying heart of Maat. They will receive many of her heartsouls, and they will be put against the many rods of Thoth, to see if their hearts are sweet enough. 42. If not, they will be eaten by Ammut-Thoth. Then they will be put against the rods of Sekmeth, to see if their hearts and livers are soft enough. From these rods the snakes come forth ... and when they aren't soft and flexible enough, and when they cannot have ripples and balance, they will be eaten by these snakes of Sekmeth. Then their souls will be in Eminus-Fire. When they are soft like Sekmeth, they will have her lights in their Ka's ... 43. Then they will be prepared for the fires of Brannan. Here they will experience all different sorts of pains, fevers and dizziness. Here their hearts will be laid to the heart of Ra-Brannan, and when their hearts aren't hot enough they will be spat out. It is a burning heart, full of Eminus Fire and the fires of Brannan. 44. Piramids on Izu If you have the winged Eminus heart with the seven twinsouls in it, then you have access to the pyramids of bristal brival : The Red Golden

Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu, The Green Golden Pyramid of Za-Sinysen-Vu II, The Blue Golden Pyramid of Za-Amon-Ra, Pyramid of the Golden Pear, where the tombs are of Pharaoh Za-Sinysen-Vu-Osiris, and of Za-Sinysen-Vu-Ra. 45. Spells for opening the pyramids of Brannan : Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, open the pyramids of Brannan. Show me the names, and let black doves cover them by their wings. Let your holy and sacred hands take me in, and initiate me. Amen-Ra-Amen. King of Brannan, give me the keys to your home. 46. I bow to your holy sands. Give me Jericho and Sodom, and let me destroy the evil snakes by the red stripes. Pharaoh's of Brannan rise up to give me the rods to destroy the evil donkeys holding away the sweetness. Let me destroy the unholy goats who guard the gates of tallness. 47. Give me the hoofs of goats to let me rise. Let me rise from the seven kettles of the goats. Let me be ashes from the ashes, smoke from the smoke, as your holy servant, lead me to eternal paths. Oh, Osiris, mighty Ra, give us our Khu's, our eternal souls. Let the Khu-birds guide us, into the eternal pastures of Brannan. 48. Here is where our home is, here is where our hearts are. Oh, Pyramids of Brannan, show us the holy feathers of Maat, and let them rise in our hearts. Let truth guide us, Amen-Maat-Amen, let Toth seal our foreheads by your mighty lights. Bring us to Draminia, the roots of life. Show us the depths of Amenti in Brannan and Draminia. Let Jericho and Sodom rise. 49. We ask you to lay your rods on our foreheads, and to bring your feathers inside of us. Lead us to eternal paths, oh Holy and Sacred One, and give us your winged Khu-hearts. Bless Brannan and Draminia, bless Marazanta, Lord of the Insects, and bless the White Golden Hand, the Lord of the Flies. Bless our king and emperor of Brannan, and give us access to the rivers that lead into your pyramids and tombs. 50. Let us dwell in your chambers forever, to read their texts, and to receive our golden Khu-twins. Oh, eternal soul, rise and lead us to Shesmu, the heart and sword of Osiris. Bring us to Horus, his holy striped tongue. Amen-Toth-Amen. Give us the heart of Ra. Lead us through the sunsets of Brannan, through it's halls. 51. Amenti-Ra-Amen. Tem, feeder of all Ka's, feed us, and bring our Ka's into the rays of Amenti-Light. Tem, tamer of our Khu's, let them come forward as twineagles and twinsnakes. 52. Let them possess and transform our ba's. Brannan, bring the feathers of Maat in our lungs and eyes, so that the red stripes can come over her enemies. 53. Let her make Jericho rise. Let her rebuild it's walls. Bless her walls, bless her. Amen-Ra-Amen. 54. Bless the lights of Brannan, and bring our hearts to the candlesticks of Toth, to show if there is any darkness in our hearts. If our hearts aren't light and bright enough, then let Ammit eat it. Bring the candlesticks of Toth in our ba's, ka's, akh's and khu's, to let them enter the sacred sahu. Give me the sahu of Ra, of Osiris and Shesmu, of Sekmeth, Amon and Aton, of Isis, Tem and Nun. 55. I come to the White Golden Pyramid of the Winged Snake of Brannan, to bless all four openings. I enter through West, and follow the paths of the sunsets. Let the seven sacred sunsets guard my mouth, and guide my lungs. 56. Brannan is the Jaw, the ashes from the ashes, where the power to speak dwells and the power of silence. Here silver striped roads (tigers) lead the deceased one to the land of the Leprechaun. 57. Leprechaun Halls of the Dead (Kerses Minds). I – The Coffins of Uncle Peacock, II – The Coffins of Uncle Unicorn, III – The Coffins of Uncle One to Ten, IV – The Silver Coffins of Faery, V – The Golden Coffins of Faery, VI – The Purple Coffins of Faery, VII – The White Coffins of Faery, VIII – The Black Coffins of Faery 58. These coffins are described in the Faery Coffin Texts and the Faery Book of the Dead. Those ones who have pierced the Halls of Khelb and entered Lakus and Kabbernal, oh holy ones, who became hairy with bald oasis, who became the hairy of the hairy with the baldest oasis below, who bows before monkeys and monkeyraiders, he will get the white golden flour and be the king of it. 59. He whose heart has been measured by Maat-Kabbernal in the Halls of Maati to the feather of fire. If your heart and nipple would be too cold it would be eaten by Ammut-Acha. 60. Your heart must be hot enough to enter Acha. Also your eyes and lungs will be tested. You will give birth to the creatures of Acha by your mouth, for it's the land of the mother. 61. You

will use your mouth to give birth. It will rise from your stomach and your breasts and then you will vomit. Amen-Acha-Amen. Then you will give anal births. Amen-Acha-Amen, for it is the land of the mother, and she will hunt for love. 62. Then it will rise from her legs and her feet, and she will give birth by her navel and by her shoulders, while her breasts bring forth the white golden chocolate. Amen-Acha-Amen. And these bison have travelled from sun to sun, from heat to heat, through deserts of the nights, to watch the dark flames. This is the land of the bison. Amen-Acha-Amen. 63. They have defeated the evil goats, and made armors of their bones. They are searching for the brown gold. They have made houses in their hearts, like bees in their nests, assimilating the lights of the sun. 64. They have defeated the killerpigs of the light, and have travelled to the darkest suns, rising into Eminius Fire. They have rode the evil chicken without falling into temptation. They are free of sin. Amen-Acha-Amen. [And these men, they give birth by hyperventilation and Epilepsy.] 64. Oh those who have reached the boat of Ova, to reach for Izu-Egypt, welcome. For you are here the cakes of liberty, oh pilgrims. Pilgrims of a lost sun, smile again with the smiles of Osiris. Oh, those who have reached the boat of Ova, to reach for Izu-Egypt, welcome. Oh, those who have died the fourth death, come to the underworld of Izu. 65. Here the land is soothing, here the lies are riddles of truth, here the hairs are burning like lucifers, and here the hairy are in fight against the bald ... It's in the songs of monkeymen ... the hairy against the bald, making new religions in carbon smiles. 66. Holy to those of the oaks, holy to those of the hollies and the white trees. Holy to the one entering the boat of Ova, to sail the green rivers to the Emerald Sun. 67. They will bow down and freeze their heads, after the strikes of chocolate. They will walk the cold roads to Bennes, the land of trees. They will rise into the comics, to freeze their hearts into the books of perlottia. 68. Perlottia again, to eat from the purple strawberry and the purple chocolate, in arms of emerald, the eyes will be opened. Perlottia again, under a mother's breast, it's easy to agree. 69. There are teeth in these lips, teeth in these lips, while the glues fall and hide. They take you away to seven graves, these seven coffins and seven halls of Bennes in death. 70. You will worship death and see it's glory. You will follow death, to come alive again. Deep in the coffin you will find your shell. 71. Give the land the strike, be a judge of judges, when you passed through all these judgements of the gods. You are still a survivor. You will write down the holy texts of your ancestors and learn them by head, to tell them to your children. You will know their symbols and their smiles, the smiles of death. 72. You will speak to them and they will speak back. They will lead you to the secrets of ages, and you will say you have survived. Under the strikes of death you grow younger, to stand as a tree, in bennes rivers.

Puchalini

1.

enchanted bananas

1. Boys from Lynx II ; The Land Beyond Cockaigne. You must fight for the money, and then you can do business ... It's nine o'clock, it's bedtime soon ... 2. You have enough money to write a letter ... and tomorrow you don't have to go to school ... 3. All these fruits were just stories by mirrors opening, this black fruit leading you to the world of dwarves ... [b. The bragging of tax brought large publics to you ... so now she is on turn in chess ...]

4. The number's in the flame, while breathing in these mirrors ... [b. It's the silver strike they say ... you must swallow deep ... to reach the golden shoes ...] 5. The frog has some movies ... He's a tranvestite ... The frog has some old castles ... [b. I'm breathing deep ... and the coins are rolling ...] 6. I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts ... [b. where the pick pock family still steals ...] 7. Oh ornament, you raised your glues high. [b. We are now on high materos.] 8. The frog is your friend. [b. He's now spitting sand.]

[9. These seas of flowers are my sunglasses making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on, for it's just a story ... The frogs bring these flowers ... They are the masters of the ponds ...all these mirrors opening ... until you don't have to swallow anymore ... it's the land beyond cockaign ...]

2.

tight embrace

1. The chocolate front is open ... the charity was just a lie ... [b. It rose from the book of lies ... teaching you how to ganner ... To spin your own wines ... Still these sails on the backs of sharks bringing you to your own rios.] 2. It spins, it is the master's touch, to keep you addicted to someone you are not ... and you split up you had to marry to yourself ... [b. the brown mirror brought you there, by knocking on old chocolate] 3. And now you're getting colder by the black divorce ... falling in a blue sea ... where ancient and mythical fishes rise ... [b. this banana was enchanted ... and now you stare at it's checked spoon] 4. In the hand of the prince. He's losing it ... [b. Charity the other lie of the black rose ... while you dive beyond this world of mirrors ... to the original strike ... you don't need these clocks to let you wait for nothing.] 5. ... You are just sinking to ... the land beyond cockaign ... where seas of flowers make you so insane ... three pale purple flowers you got ... [b. And now you're here at the end of the day ... standing in purple snow ... you're crazy now, thinking you were normal before ...] 6. This is where all ponds lead you to ... you fell in these seas ... with all these strange perfumes ... you aren't hungry anymore ... and what is this stench ... did you ever smell that before ... [b. The ladies of the sides of chess, they run so fast .. to you .. in colours of red, white, black and blue.]

7. While green masses they survive ... [b. bringing you to high materos.] 8. And you see the checked frogs swimming like whales ... like glitterships ... they are the masters of the pond ... they enchanted the golden ships into banana's ... [b. This is the world of the blind ... You don't have to run. There are no movies anymore ...] 9. There's nothing speaking here ... only some comics ... and that is enough ... [b. the fires don't have to burn anymore ... everything is frozen here ... while frogs swim so flexible] 10. I wonder how can they be so free ... they are blind ... reaching for new shores in these seas of the jewelled flowers ... [b. Checked snakes on the sides of chess, rising like balloons. While it all gets smaller, till the soldiers fall down. They are bowing, in december skies.] [11. I don't want to be in charity ... I don't want to be saved ... I don't need your stories, don't need your movies ... I don't need your swanlakes ... I don't need your Jesuses I don't need your birthdaycakes ... Let me be alone ... oh, let me be ... with the boys from lynx] [12. You had normal skies. And now we are on high materos, raking the skies, watching our chessboards.] [13. Calm down, you prince. Your mother raked you, and now you rise like the balloon. I always shook your hands both, so calm down, my prince, calm down.] [14. You were a mother's ornament on a candy's cake ... Calm down, my prince, calm down.]

3.

where love ends

1. Finally where love ends ... an orange balloon stands ... [b. bringing you into high materos.]
2. Where sunset rises These boys from lynx still leading the blind ... [b. I don't need to see your movies I rather be blind ... having my own delights inside with these boys from lynx ...] 3. They still have their tight rings. [b. These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... so misjudged by others ... so misjudged ... while others use their mirrors ... let me use my boys from lynx ...] 4. No one's speaking there ... only some comics ... [b. While chessboards are muttering.] 5. While ladies of the sides of chess, they're whispering ... soothing the trousers and the flowers in the night we're in dark materos raising sunset, while sinking deeper into the skies ... [b. Your balloons were tight rings. They're coming from the seas of cold conscience These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... these pirateships making me blind] 6. And now I'm drinking tight juices ... coming from the bottles of chess ... While checked snakes let the syrups sink ... [b. into another space.] 7. Where love ends, the rings so tight, coming from the edges of a chessboard [b. you never understood. These lazy cats you cannot hide. We're now in soft materos .. inside ... in high skies ...] 8. Farewell, summer skies, I'm now touching december's sun, with all these ladies of the sides of chess, raising their bottles in slow motion to do quick attacks ... I'm still reading loud in these books of wars ... while you're whispering ... making my rings so tight I'm in high materos ... tonight ... [b. Please lock me up in your checked cellars.] 9. I want to see the movies on both sides. It made me blind.

golden pirate ship

10. These enchanted straight blue bananas ... these ancient mythical fishes ... make me blind, make me deaf ... [b. to hear the most beautiful music ... Oh, pirateship ... turn me on ... turn me on ...] 11. Don't keep your pictures of fright ... [b. but try to find the fairytale inside ... by this little light ... of the boys from lynx ... with their rings so tight. These rings are checked ... They look like mother's lips ...] 12. I saw the painting. [b. By making us blind, they show us the most beautiful paintings inside ...] 13. These boys from lynx these criminals inside 14. These are seas within seas, while boys from lynx have the machines of deer in their pockets ... These are ornaments within ornaments ... these are boys from lynx ... [b. I'm fainting while I see their pink ornaments ... An Epilepsy boy is what it sais ...] [15. These monsters of rock .. spreading their delights where tears are coins ... and where the softness is their fire ... the land beyond cockaign ..]

4.

snares of stereo

1. They know the snares of stereo. They know the snares to move the tears. [b. This land beyond the custardListen to the tranvestite These wizards hearts.] 2. Old frogs sit behind the chocolate, with peppermint lips they smile. [b. And now there's a golden pirate ship in blind seas ...] 3. Old frogs sit, with deer in their pockets, raising the flags of business high. [b. It comes from old pockets ... Grandfather raising his checked snakes high] 4. On snares of stereo I sit. [b. The handicapped guys make the good movements ... It's such an autistic sight ... the silver strike made us deaf ... and now we hear the magical musicboxes inside.] 5. The beating hearts of wizards ... these banana hearts ... they make golden jokes

on golden pirateships ... while silver spreads the songs of silence ... [b. these plastic waves with crocodile boots ...] 6. I'm watching the stars of the tranvestite. Checked books in old bottles ... reaching for Mozart's skies ... [b. I'm watching the handicapped and autistic stars ... the stars of dementia bringing us here ... on the wings of misunderstanding ... we found our true friends ... by accidents and mistakes ...] 7. They have friendly fishes leading them through awesome realms ... [b. turning so wild in the night ... so wild ... these wild stars in pink delights ... presents from pony ...]

8. Don't misunderstand me in this slow-motion ... [b. For your cars might crash to reach the city ... of the silver sails] 9. Dare to hide .. when he's watching the show He .. the old tranvestite ... [b. This plastic wood would be good to be a suit ...] 10. The wood is soft in marchpane land ... [b. but this is the world beyond cockaigne ...] 11. If coins are slaves, then why do I pay ... [b. I need to free the birds of cigarette .. and touch the golden cigars ...] 12. From how many books of lies did you tell ... My shadows locked up in books of wars You created them ... while giving me sunmilk to drink ... [b. from pipe's conspiracy ... like frozen soldiers they march to their destinies] 13. With chinese lanterns .. with wild worlds inside wild lights these are bakerman's faces ... [b. with so many nipples on it ... while some say they have strange skindiseases ... nippleheads they march] 14. Through chinese lanterns ... so wild ... touched by thrillers ... they come alive inside ...[b. but this is the land beyond cockaigne ... they do movements so insane while wizards hearts lie on a dish ... beating while you feel so strange inside ... shadows on the wall ...] [15. These coins are slaves and sacrificed by religion ... when they become blind and deaf ... wild and handicapped on the wings of an autistic child with the wings of dementia ... they can reach for the thistles and the stinging nettles to become free again ...] [16. By tight rings, I'm now a chessboard's soldier ... Here it's okay to fight ... For no one really wins ... and no one really loses ... We all feel the pain ... of a new world coming ...] [17. It's opening the world beyond the chessboards ... Strange traffics into strange books ... These soldiers they march through cold materos to see the edges of the chessboards ... where strange apples grow Oh, let us eat them, they make our hearts so tight] [18. Father drinks the old juices ... He doesn't see the soldiers moving to another chess ... While playcards are floating ... Inviting others to ... the grand desire this world beyond the chess] [19. Playing on bakerman's hearts, while strange powders are spreading ... covering these worlds by snow ... lapoendria smiles It's a strange drum ... And all your coats are different now checked ... marching to the world beyond the chess ...] [20. It's breeding elves, growing tall under Bekehelm's helmet ...]

Tupuchette

1.

queen of hearts

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet II. If protection is a big attack, where do we hide. If love is the Big Lie, where can we have our tent ... if your embrace is to die ... 2. If I am not the same as you are, how many fights will we have, or will we die by good business holding our last grip. 3. A chessboard of angels you gave to me, but now give me a chessboard of pirates, to escape, just to escape. For every step is a market, and you know it is to enslave us ...Is there one way out here ? 4. If your kiss is a big shark, if my mouth is too fragile ... Who eats who ... Or is that life's destiny to die in high materos ... 5. If eating is like playing chess,

then I'll do it ... For then there's room between you and me, enough room to escape forever ...
do we eat to become free ?

6. Oh high queen, high materos, smoking tall striped cigarettes, was our marriage to finally
escape from you ? 7. If your bed is the killingfield of books of wars, then why should I lay
myself down there. 8. Why can't it be a chessboard of pirates ... [b. Queen of hearts rise.
These messages are full of tax. Blackgrey striped snakes become so small. In lightblue boxes
they survive. Them with their silver stares.] 9. Blue honey, come out of bed, there are chess-
apples hanging, roses are coming, becoming so small ... It's June. [b. Let us hide, and play in
this secret garden. We slept too long.] 10. Honestly, my darling, winter would show up if we
would lay down here. Let's burn our beds by a snake's sting. [b. Only fools would enter their
own footsteps again. We are now in high materos.]

liberation

11. On mondays we play on burnt schools. [b. On sundays we play on burnt churches] 12.
Liberation, oh soft queen, from the Faery's Book of the Dead, you rose as a daylight
chessboard dream. Hiding all your pirates, ready for the attack. [b. If it's all there, then it is
okay.] 13. Liberta, running alive coming from the Books of the Dead, coming from the golden
cigars you could never understand. [b. she's playing in chessboard-apples, the fruits are
young this time] 14. Let me stay in high materos. Let me watch the video smile, the stripes in
the air. Let me do it in Elsefic's name. [b. He with the striped snakes, while they are getting
smaller.] 15. On tunes' deliverance, watching the golden smile, the stripes in the air. [b.
Towers stinging through the watch of Brannan.] 16. The Books of Weddings brought me
there, these books of wars, made the killerpigs of Moses fly. [b. And now he's riding them]
17. Bring me Moses. Tear his clothes. Bring this mother's boy to the lands of water. [b. This
doll is just some boxes of lightblue lights.] 18. It's like a puzzle, on the chessboard of pirates
you are safe. [b. Time enough in Brannan. Always reaching for fourty-one hours.] 19. Queen
of hearts, how many hearts. [b. How many hours on a sunday's stream.] 20. Ancient liberty in
high materos, ruling the streets, with stripes undercover. [b. This Epilepsy boy comes from
the chessboard. His mother raised him tall.] 21. He cries like sand. His days get smaller. [b.
Lucifers so striped gave him new names.] 22. He's the red chessboard, where angels used to
play. But now she is hiding her pirates there. [b. So paranoid, while their strings are so
fragile.]

2.

picnic papers

1. Johaffa, your princes are of gold. [b. They wear pirates' clothes under their prince's suits,
while they are filled by the rubbish of the killingfields.] 2. Johaffa, your daylights are cold.
Still an angel of chessboard-fields, dignified kills by striped swords. [b. Unicorns on both
sides of your mouth.] 3. Watch your soldiers on the prey, your soldiers of prey. [b. Watch
them watching the buttons of their suits. These are coming from the killingfields. From books
of lies they rise. Oh watch them.] 4. Johaffa, still wearing names above names. You're a
yellow golden chessboard ... It's July ... Oh, ornament on Brannan's watch [b. It's July.] 5.
Briefly .. underwater ... searching for prey ... Johaffa ... [b. Now there's tea from the
killingfields ... tea from the killingfields ... while roses are dying ... Stand strong on your
chessboard.] 6. Underwater prey, underwater mourning ... watches go slow ... to make quick
dives ... churchbells tighten the strings, by iron stripes [b. Johaffa, watch the mourning, by

Jupiter's halfhearted coffee.] 7. Underwater lazy cats .. walking to the killingfields ... Taking some books of lies ... for some opportunities [b. Spells go fast ... it's Echo's morning ... echo's morning ...] 8. Underwater tricks ... sell the story ... by Barbarian smiles ... [b. Stripes in the air, while Egyptian towers sting through the pain, through ladders of death ... until the chessboard rises again ... Then we can all sleep ...]

so far

9. Fire coming from his mouth, while he prays to Elsefic. [b. Not Jesus Christ anymore.] 10. His letters go to Izu. Osiris shakes his head. It's saturday. He must wait till mondays, to launch it standing on the school. [b. Like orange liars on a zebra's boat.] 11. Secret of the press. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 12. His rooms are holy. Just a puzzle. It will make itself by eating. All safe when you stand on the chessboard. [b. It was cut in two by Moses, and now it's getting smaller, until we are all in high materos.] 13. These fields exist ... someone was raking ...

3.

July's End

14. Glory to the lightblue egg. While it's getting smaller. [b. All colors come through it.] 15. Drop it in December. Drop. [b. By Elsefic's fools you do the rest.] 16. The boy's pyama's are zooming. He's wearing rubbish underneath it. 17. He doesn't dare to watch in the mirror anymore after these days. He's a chessboard pirate now. 18. He doesn't want to talk. His honey is streaming inside now. He found this raider in the night. [b. He's dark, while roses stang him.] 19. Bakerman's face, it's the echo, bakerman's face, the rings are tight. But you can wear your suits over it. [b. Stay in your pyama's.] 20. He's tearing his clothes, every other day. He has high shoes. He jumps over the river, and I cry. 21. The chessboard is getting smaller. [b. While he still prays to Elsefic.] 22. Summertales too long, all written in a Brannan's watch. Golden stares ... they pray ... still to Elsefic ... July no more

checked snake spoons

15. And the golden stare 's baking golden bread, bringing golden wine to the sand [b. I love you more everyday, but I find out more and more what a lie love is.] 16. Coming from the Book of Lies, this love, so I watch into december's skies, where everything is getting smaller. [b. There's so much to win, but nothing to lose.] 17. These games come from the books of lies, with orange liars on them. I'm wasting my time playing them, still standing on my chessboard. [b. It's getting smaller.] 18. Oh, yes it roars. It's zooming and cracking, along silver stripes. I'm gannering on high materos. 19. It's coming from the Book of Lies, this protection. Your embrace, it kills me. 20. Till I'm finally on my golden day, with my queen of hearts, playing chess again, while smiling deep, so deep it starts to cry. 21. My god is a chessboard. But on sundays, I never believe in god. [b. I'm the black chessboard, and he's the red chessboard.] 22. It makes my view so small, and then it starts to cry. [b. On high materos we take flight.] 23. The elf rises from the chessboard. [b. It made him tall and thin ... ready for the next strike of Brannan's clock.] 24. His sword is a checked spoon.

watch him closely

25. There are juices coming from the chessboards, and a lot of smoke, While it all gets smaller. [b. There's a rag on his eye. He's a pirate.] 26. Blue angel raking the ornament skies. [b. With checked handkerchieves in his pockets.] 27. It gets thinner, while new chessboards rise. [b. To spread their mouths.] 28. Wide open they fly. Waiting to swallow. Waiting to hide. And then it all gets thinner, while an arabian prince shakes the sleeves. 29. Watch him closely, don't breath. Accept the pain, or it will fly away.

golden zebra

30. Watch him, he's a tranvestite, having a black golden chessboard under his arm. 31. There are raiders under the sun. In fire it's spitting silver. [b. These ancestors have silver bones.] 32. Dragons rise from silver golden chessboards. They have many identities for a checked waterkey full of small snakes. [b. They are striped by the golden mother.] 33. The big clock is a big balloon, with spoonarms it ticks to forty-one hours. Bringing us to high materos again. 34. Watch the sun flow, into Flyian Books of Lies. You told me you wrote them. [b. The egg's rising from the board. It's checked and it's like a puzzle.] 35. The ornaments are blinding our eyes. There are jewels on the spoons. [b. We go to emerald cities, we go to diamond rules.] 36. There's a golden zebra in the skies, tightening the stones. [b. They bow into connections, creating december's skies.] 37. So many spoons in a web. It's bowing, painting another picture. [b. Silver skies let it bow.] 38. In Januari I have a fever. A tiger's gnat rises from chess. Oh Osiris, tranvestite, naming the black killers. [b. You are raising the vikings for Elsefic.] 39. Use lipstick to paint your body. Be paranoid to reach your raiders inside. [b. Only they can do the apocalypse. Only they can spit the silver skies.] 40. Paint the december skies. [b. And we fly in high materos.]

Pakamos

1.

1. Flowerfields, neighbour's goodbye ; Marazanta like Mary Poppins in the air ... No balloons, but flowers ... I'm following him on my mountain-bike ... Heading for the buildings of the poles 2. Marazanta like Mary Poppins in the air ... He whispers in my air with the softest voice ... I'm following him on my bike ... Heading for new flowerfields ... 3. The flowers are so warm ... [in Brannan's smile] Marazanta like Mary Poppins in the air ... Heading for the buildings of the poles ... disappearing in bubbles ... making the lines so thin ... so thin ... There's sleep after the sting ... 4. while the towers are tumbling while the neighbours are staring ... while their houses have flowerfields on the floors 5. The bubble is raging like an overstressed pacman He's raging at ... the spanish princess ... He's staring at her ornaments ... I'm spinning my lines thinner ... heading for a new day heading for the buildings of the poles ... while the towers are tumbling while flowers grow on their floors and paradise birds sit in their attics ... 6. They were all visited by Marazanta ... but now he's leaving ... high in the sky no balloons but flowers ... for the balloons are working on ground ... the bubble like a raging dictator it's pacman mowing the grass now ... 7. and he speaks about Izu ... highways to perlottia on the back of marazanta ... they bring us home, they bring us further ... where the flowers are so warm where they speak of oceans ... coasts of izu 8. the sting is to bring us deeper ... the sting is to bring a deeper dream where we can meet the animals of the poles ... where all racecars can be found ... 9. marazanta is flying like mary poppins in the sky ... the green woman has a flowerhat heading for the golden sun in perlottia. i'm flying on my spinningwheel again ... to perlottia's alphabet ... on the back of the big hairy bird ... having a million racecars in his mouth 10. ...while ships bathe in softness

... they have many legs ... while the tridents are rising the ship is rising from softness painting the lips pale again while the buildings are rising ... on the other side of the moon like horns rising in fire ... they could turn heavens into hells by riding strange icecream-animals ... 11. the socks of icecream made the cars fast gathering the marbles in their socks the eggs rolling through ... with a gamblemachine inside ... they come from soft places while buildings are growing there opening the lion's coffins once again ... 12. back to izu was his name ... this man coming from underwater now he's rising to perlottia ... to print the last tattoo ... to destroy the last leprechaun 13. seven wishes will stare over the flowerfields, they will have the horizons in their eyes then egypt's eye is speaking ... with zepellins from mars under his feet ... and so many horns on his head ... 14. feathers so soft and shiny ... like a purple light pillow lying on your bed asking you to enter through it's curtains here they drink toyjuice where the frog beats the mouse he's drinking from the candy juices bathing in custards ... while hearing the tunes of ages ... until they reach the temple ... and other old ruins ...

2.

1. All these horns lying around the pond, directing their fingers inside, while tiles of paintings lay inbetween ... [b. these are railroads to lapoendria] 2. Orange balloon is flying through the night ... [b. It is sandman raking there ... riding on his orange balloon ... in his basket hanging under this zeppelin ... he flies to the moon warming it by the blankets of neptunian delights ...] 3. Surrounded by orange ... while a yellow waterlight is leading him through ... 4. Orange balloon ... the eye of vega ... [b. It opens doors and closes them ... it watches rainbows and shatters them ... he still has the waterkeys ... those waterlights ... leading them all through the night ... only this snake could bring me over the rivers of death ... he shuts doors like he shuts pockets ...] 5. He is sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father while he himself is so old [here where the ponds are paintings letting another lion touch the sun and the moon] 6. There is an orange golden sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. For all with Brannan's smile, Rotten railways, bending low, for curtain's spinach. [b. There are seven roads of dwarves, diving to the underworlds.] 7. There are paintings lying on a beach. There is an old orange sun rising, from China to the Lapoon. Temperature is hot, while the snakes are big and heavy. 8. It's spouting in the air, machines of great danger. 8. In Egypt there's a tower high, touching the underworlds of Luca's smiles. [b. it's the tower stinging it forever, while plastic bathsmiles are in the air.] 9. It was surrounded by warm orange, symmetric snakes along the cars. Too many small lights made the air thick. 10. while golden orange statues rake the sun, there are shadows on the golden beach, the orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it. 8. Until Ra rakes the Unity City, the golden heartstare will decide. 11. In helicopter skies it ticks, no clocks on streetwalls or towers. 12. Dreamside's cities are the best. They tell you like it is, pulling you out when the orange balloon rises, to weave spinach through the golden hairs, spouting loud and tall, into helicopter skies. Warm orange heatening the flames. They are coming from the liver 13. While jaws spread the beans, the lights you cannot count. All stars in helicopter skies. 14. And now he is in sunset's city, now he is in sunset's lights, all coming like the zebra's, to dive in their underworld's casino's, roads from the moon to the helicopter skies. 15. There's an orange golden sun on a standard, decoration blinding us, while paintings are lying on the beach. 16. golden shadows on the walls, in the halls of life, coming from down under. Towers of Egypt sting, reaching for the helicopter skies, piramids of the underworld, while orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it again. 17. Zebra's discussions in the room, tall shadows in the night, drinking liqor. He's holding the ornament tight. Looking at the prices of the gifts. [b. There are great cities and great nations, only rising, while staring at an orange

liar. An orange liar in a zebra's boat.] 18. in this giant's world ... the big red shoe is still speaking ... until the walls are falling until the lion is fading becoming pale ... so pale ... in this giant's world ... she is speaking shutting all lions down ... she paints everything so pale ... to let new colours rise ... 19. in this giant's world ... she paints the names on the walls of jericho ... and then the gamble starts ... an orange ball roaring around the earth becoming gold in the middle of the night ... spinning the boats of sirius ...

Fluvulua

1.

truth called belcanov

1. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet III ; Through the curtains I always reach the snow of the escape. 2. Until the marbles come, until the marbles fall ... for another round on the fairground [b. Through portals of chessboards, we always reach the red. There, where the black juices rage.] 3. Son of a thousand chessboards awake. Your mourning is over. [b. Osiris is with you now. Covering your body with his own coverings.] 4. It's switching between liars and truthspeakers ... [b. Switchers between June and July ... until april comes to make a detail ... There are orange liars on a zebra's boat, raising their cameras ... proud cameras.] 5. This car always rolls back from the mountain [b. then your daylight will fall ... for another ride ... into the funpark ...] 6. Through seacocoons i'm heading for izu ... there are marbles under my shoes ... all these solar stairways ... these moving stairs ... leading me to belcanov ... that statue on the flowerfields ... keeping them all spinning ... [b. He's like an arabian deer, a face too tight ... while glues are streaming] 7. There are siriuses in the air all these cigarlights ... [b. It's leading you underground ... It's leading you ... back to belcanov. Back to the pockets ... where the ladies of the sides of chess are smiling.] 8. They're spinning the birds of thunder ... to let belcanov breath ... 9. Where frogs speak, you can't hear a thing ... only showing you some comics ... [b. We're in high materos, where alchebra lost it's foot. [c. These are streets from cannibal.]]

10. And when the marbles are rolling, I'm heading for izu ... how many stings of a wasp does it take ... to greet marazanta ... he's rising high ... [b. while belcanov is on my side ... still a deermachine] 11. under business we all go to sleep until tax comes to give us red dreams ... red dreams .. [b. we're on the radio tonight ...] 12. These chessboards were portals, while Birthday man is in town ... we were killed but now we come alive ... to be orange and green ... [b. trafficlights on a gambleboard it's having it's delightsby spreading green tomatoeseeds On the back of a purple horse ... we take flight ... It's getting smaller. When belcanov rakes, they all get thinner.] 13. While belcanov smiles from history ... It's flashes bringing us back to the book ... back to the alphabet ... the libraries where we become glue [b. Shivering horses in the night. When Belcanov rakes they become shorter, touching the black moons, while the red lights become thinner.] 14. On wings of dementia, there's glue from arabian coffeehouses ... on top of bagdad city ... deer and horses ... in the roundabout they wave ... [b. They are ... friends ... spreading green tomatoeseeds by gambleboards too tight.] 15. It's raking, until a spanish dream kidnaps us ... then arabia is our enemy again ... The purple deer is tightening the rings, bringing us to the pockets again. Through chessboardfields we rise, into the golden stare. mixing us again ... [b. Queen of hearts make us pale again .. pale again ...] 16. A dreamworld gets the colours. There was cola for a spy. A spanish dream sells the pictures [b. ... one of these deers was a spy ...] 17. A blue one that's for sure where they get all colours they aren't pale anymore they needed fruits for the

greengrocer there ... to blow up his balloons [b. The roundabout of deer is spinning ... having their own red ... pale red ... while they are your enemies again ... While someone is raking, raking hard.] 18. Liberta candy, in sweet Materos. It's warming the black towels, spreading them for more lines of tax, on sweet day's television. Tall checked spoons like bottle faces ... are the soldiers in these nights ... spinning the raiders tight ... [b. These are high days in sweet materos.] 19. You oh you ... You get Epilepsy on a chessboard. Now you can dance in cubes. Checked apples make the mouths so small, until it brags like a snake. There are tiles on the walls, leading you to Emerald cities. [b. The snake's egg has golden edges, how many stones inside, breeding the pencil in your head, speeding on small balls.] 20. You're the hare after these days, these days of high materos. Having many eggs to sell. It leads you to checked bells. There's a city on the ceilings where the lambsteads rise .. for golden unities ... Bow your head marionet, or it will break. You are free. [b. Don't read the books of wars again, but go to sleep, let business rise.] 21. There are rags on scottish clothes, leading you to Elsefic's heart, while the watermarks paint [b. the wet suits ... plastic wood the powders with the checked shoes ... leading you both directions ... it makes you cry ...]

ballerinas rising

22. Transparent tears ... it's growing washing and making friends forever [b. with the deer ... you're smiling ballerinas rising from the pockets ... silver and gold ... with emerald smiles ... They're coming from the ceilings, and stand on your walls ... tall] 23. Someone's raking the machines watermarks on it's back ...Through docters ... it's making the elves tall and thin ... fragile enough to reach for the sun ... [b. through chessboards spred by the lights of gamble.] 24. In california they stand ... in a desert underground ... where all stones gather the black stone makes a wish ... [b. and the coin falls in the black wishingwell ... strange traffic from the Faery Book of the Dead ... It's June ... while flowers spread their powders.] 25. There's a goat on the coin a black one ... king of the desert ... he reached through the bottom of the pit ... into the depths of tax and transparency and now he grows like a tree from the checked yellowgolden station he is king he is an ornament ... he is king ... He is Atu. 26. He was saved by echo ... and now he rides him on this black goat he builds wasp-tv by all these lines of tax, waterlines [b. Blackgrey chessboards ... Juices spred by the lights of gamble, ornaments in zebra's style.] 27. How many corners are there on a red eye ... turning by Paranoia [b. where aldebaran birds are dancing ...] 28. How many faces are there on a spider's coin ... [b. Epilepsy it reaches for an unknown well, while the trains of arabia are roaring ... they are moving underground ... to break through communistic churches while the bands of jazz are playing ... you glide into the night] [29. Without dress ... to awake naked the next morning but it hides you from the black morning you're now in a strange roundabout ... with purple horses ... shining in the sun they keep you out of the factory ...]

2.

Kerses minds

1. These horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of the year ... [b. but they are covered by watermarks waiting to save you ... then you will jump out of black bottles to see their beauty .. and forget about their ugliness inside inside we are ugly ... but our skins are beautiful we are indian spies ... smuggling the banana roads for the coming queens and kings ... we take flight ...] 2. In asgard the checked yellowgolden station we sit waiting to become sweet again ... there are so many bananas ending here

becoming straight and blue ... frozen like soldiers touched by the chocolate ... where icecream rolls ... it's baker's glue ... where the orange is a good gun ... and the bananas burn the money ... the ice will rise ... to niflheim ... on ragnarok's day ... it's getting darker here ... where blind children play ... 3. The walls of jericho are rising when the blue strikes seven times, there's icecream for all [b. When bilmageln hits the third gong ... then the dwarves come ... and it's red shoe time ...] 4. A checked silver spoon does the work, in bilmageln's golden hand ... it ticks ... it's dinnertime ... when the black checked gates are opening ... [b. black glues from licorice ... turning ice in the night it was always your mother's delight by this she got her red eyes red lights in the sky ...] 5. Opening the taps of glue she's a water mark .. a best mark ... doing the dishes with a spoon ... she needs you today for a ride in a tunnel to show you all flowers of daylight in their tight dresses covered by big uniforms ... [b. They were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale] 6. Can we build our towns here ... and forget about our futures ? 7. Spreading their birds of cigarette ... stirring the machines of deer, these chessboards with the gamblelights There are strange checked coins on strange checked bottles ... Who is eating who ? [b. It's falling in the bottle again to pump the water up high while it's becoming glue from uncle's ... the watermarks take flight ...] 8. You have the rings of lynx now ... don't fear ... [b. They are getting paler, you can use these coins for new automatons ... New horses in the sky to save you ...] 9. And these men, they are so paranoid ... while Epilepsy Boy rises ... becoming so dark ... until he is a raider ... [b. Can you imagine the joy it brings ... It's checked ... a book with a split laugh ...] 10. He's raking ... she's raking ... striped snakes from the moon ... the killer She gave you symbols ... [b. Just watch the ornament's spoon. It's checked, while bubbles rise ... Eat the dreams ...] 11. Continuously I watch how you break windows in a basket. These baskets are full of striped snakes, becoming pawns of chess on your red chessboard [b. They are the lights of gamble, lambsteads ... The sheep will rake the brains ... until the Red October comes ... to swallow it all away swallowing it all away ...] 12. What if the orange becomes red [b. Faroom da bazite ... a red bed ... where all trains of arabia end ... you were a cyclope with a red eye a roundabout ... with so many roundabouts inside ... you were blind ... but now they stang you ... you can see.] 13. ... And still blind children are playing on the marketsquares of jericho ... [b. having strange noses from strange parties ... like rockets to the moon ... there are fireworks in the bottle ... while blue glue is streaming ... it was sandman with his yellow touch sitting on a green horse and now he gave you purple to bring the boys from lynx alive ...] 14. Boys from lynx ... spreading their coffees ... [b. while liars take flight jakob's on a mission, with his three red eyes ... three marbles in a basket of sand ... while a wild esau is rising ... painting the skies in neon ... he's a cyclope ... but he has a million eyes on his back ... that's how he flies all red eyes ... bringing the neon he's a swindler now ... gambling ... while casino's cabman is riding him ... he takes flight ...] 15. Then the birds of cigarette come free ... enchanted mirrors, enchanted ponds to let you have your own checked shoes ... they bring you to .. the world beyond the chess. [b. Checked grapes on a red picnic's day ... turning wine in the night ... on kana's day ... jesus kissed his bride ... veiled it was a monkey ... a flying one on that day when the publics laughed themselves to death the public ... another trick of tax ...] [16. On top of the nose ... arabia waves ... it's all there is ... we are just red walking noses ... painted by a black widow] [17. These are stories of the big nose spreading fears which don't exist ... this is all there is ... Who painted the noses red she's the black widow a major threat hiding her bakerman in a purple box ... where she mixes him] [18. Along the purple curtains of deliriumhe goes asleep ... while all these bakerman's faces fill the sky in glue and the pictures become darker ... she's making it so black ... where neon is rising and when the black rose falls ... the red dream starts to tell ... you're on tv tonight and she makes it darker] [19. for the waterlights are weeping, heading for the broadcastlady of cartoon she wants it softer ... so she has to strike harder first ... she's a

two-faced harlot ... bringing them from the purple to the orange in the arms of bilmageln ... where they can sleep]

3.

Sonder Sun

1. These soft boys become the hard men in the night like checked white hard candy lying on a dish ... [b. tell me what you can remember ... it was the way you caught a fish ... one day the soft was all eaten away ... and some hard bones were staring at you ... and you swallowed fast all of a sudden ...] 2. It was a strange camera, with a snake's egg inside. These were paranoid girls, raking to make the elves thin. They wanted to see the ornament, by which they could breath by it's tight rings. They were clothed by wild roses, while the thorns grew inside. It made them almost naked, while the red lights of gamble made their eyes spin like the wild sea.

3. These girls were all there was ... The rest were just their shadows ... becoming corrupted by the games of chess. [b. They were coming from Sonder Sun, on top of Izu, it takes flight. It's screaming and shrieking in the night, until the tear falls. The suicide princess cannot stand any smile.] 4. These are the boys from lynx, these ladders, becoming soft under Sonder Sun. 5. It's shining on the checked pirateships, coming from the gold, bathing in silver seas ... while new tv's are stretching. 6. She gets scared when she sees the balloons. Then she's embracing her tall string, her waterlight. He brings her to the broadcastlady of cartoon. [b. He's a tranvestite.] 7. She likes his apocalyptic spells .. Messages from Izu ... She has tight rings around her arms coming from the baskets of snakes 8. The girl has a sweet voice, these animals are all protected by her laws. [b. These are hard men in racecars ... becoming darker when they ride they ride on banana roads to burn their money ... they have two-faced eyes ... and only a black microphone will survive their stares ... you better be wise these days ... they are standing on the coasts of the hague ...] 9. Where a black viewmaster stands ... breeding the red breeding the hard stories while you are the alphabet these are the red boys from santa clause ... the birds of cigarette ... [b. They rise from wasp tv spreading their wasp rains they are black checked spots running ... doing the checked dishes ... until snow white comes home there are red lights in the air ... on a red picnic's day] 10. They are the books from the library beyond history ... always floating back ... [b. They are the pumps in arabian skies, coming from Japan.] 11. Behind christmasbottles they hide. They are red snowflakes sitting on their high thrones ... to speak their judgements of nonsense to spread their apocalyptic days ... [b. They are the numbers of conscience and history bringing them all back to the vanilla planes the wasps of memory and then you touch a key you never touched before ... cold conscience.] [12. ... It spreads and you see the golden cigars they can never be burnt ... they can only speak by comics] [13. Who knows the cigarlights from sirius ... the lights too bright when the orange splinters rise into the darkest night ?] [14. Your roundabout boats will rise ... and there will be nothing to swallow anymore ... there where red becomes too hot ... cold conscience ... [15. there where red becomes too dark the lights are rising eternal damnations coming from sirian cigarlighters ... to save you from charity's curse] [16. Swallow enough to reach the golden cigarlights you have a nose ... and that's all you have ... some have bodies full of noses ... they rule over the world beyond history ... together with a banana queen ... these are the red checked scorpions ... the starships of dead chess breeding their eggs of unity by spastic movements they can bend everything] [17. By spasm they boil their glues in big kettles ... where the watermarks dance ... and when the conscience becomes too cold ... it starts to play the whispering organ

.... and then the tears come through the tight rings ... These comics are so fragile ...] [18. these ornaments are so fragile [b. They will forget their childhood's wars, to find their soft chairs waiting in the sky ... Red velvet dreams ... while cold juices are streaming ... from the comic barrelorgan checked in black, red and white.]] [[19. These are cakes from baker's dreams. He's the baker of chess, knowing the portal to the world beyond.]] [[20. These are all wars of dementia. He has a chessboard in his mouth, while Belcanov is on his back. He knows everything, for these tears are all transparent.]]

4.

chessboard's shoeshops

1. There were no sacrifices on religious altars. These came from the books of lies. These were just stations to take flight. 2. These were lights from the chessboard's shoeshops, ringing their bells in the night. 3. This was how Jesus travelled. Watch the little pyramid, for the strange picture ... It made you cry 4. These books are strange chessboards ... catching your eyes to play ... [b. When the marbles roll it's on chessboard's television ... Taxlines eating the balloons for another horror turning into a cartoon ... [c. You watched the checked boots of the broadcastlady ... the broadcastlady of cartoon.]] 5. Cars dive into the Books of the Dead ... [b. It's still a strange station after all ... strange traffic, strange railroads underground, leading us to all who forgot ... on the wings of dementia ...] 6. And you know it's lights ... Here the lambsteads are rising ... Here the gamblemachines are spreading tax and coffee ... rising from strange pockets This third world was saved by a bird of tax ... [b. by a bird of cigarette ...] 7. She shatters the lamps on the ground ... now these lights are lights of chess ... while spastic pyramids spit the glues ... [b. It's getting hard when it touches the skin ...] 8. What we forgot, it all comes back ... on the wings of dementia ...

Pirfumata

1.

waving white flag

1. Boys from Lynx III. My mother raised me. She showed me the door. She showed me twothousand trousers hanging around on the shore. [b. She spoke to me, always in two words and then shutting a million doors.] 2. She still loves me but I cannot be more than she wants for that would scratch my records [b. and then I would be like a parrot lost in a stream. [c. She always brings me back to the shore again like a ritual at the end of the day for I still want to be more than she wants me to be.]]

Dwarve's Rain

3. And there in the distance, I hear dwarve's rain ... rain from the ornament ... they span it underground ... for secret conspiracies ... for trains too loud ... [b. too loud to hear ...] 4. While i still visit fairygrounds to watch their big beasts and balloons. [b. These were lampsteads to the moons of Z. These were lampsteads to a new aldebaran where some guys still sit at high tables playing strange games. [c. While uncle one to ten is sleeping in the baby's room ... it was all to make your heart at peace dolphin's ... goodbye]] 5. Here the golden statues

stand of theologians and old men bragging their nonsense and everyone believes them for they have the trousers. 6. This is the land where the coins are cubes. [b. Put the marbles in the automaton, and they will run.] 7. Tranvestites carrying a big handicapped eye ... they walk through glue and teeth ... they walk through you and me ... to bring the flame back to the candle ... [b. These are dressed up insects from a red picnic ... masked while the eye they carry is hidden behind tall teeth ... [c. like barbed wire ...]] 8. They can escape through checked red communistic spinning holes in the air. [b. The pickpocket family is in town ... raising their big balloons ... they are walking like chicken on the killingfields ... but they are dressed up ants ... working on fairgrounds, funparks and circusses [c. They are the gods of nonsense and misunderstanding ... raising up their own god ... gepetto ... their mailman ... they are raising up their numbers and letters in a flame ... a balloon's flame ...]] 9. Aslant eyes and aslant faces make the connection to the worlds beyond the worlds, the mirrors beyond the mirrors. [b. Your god is a devil on the other side of the mirror.] 10. These churches are nothing more than strange chessboards, with their gamblelights. [b. Greet me green in the morning. Spin the rings tight. Let me escape.] 11. Through strange automaton, we take flight. [b. Thrown up on cannibal's day, where cowboys hide behind red buttons. [c. I'm seeing the number in the flame.]] 12. They are raising their balloons ... the bakerman's faces spouting the salt. [b. on a candy's dish ... In this strange world of chess.] 13. You're nothing but a number. A number in a flame. Coming from a comic, to find your way back in this book. [b. While bakerman and belcanov, they speak between the lines. It's moving like a zebra's boat [c. while orange liars are standing on it.]] 14. And I'm measuring myself by watching the sparks in the water fireworks in a glass of water ... all underwater .. hiding in glue ...these are still my tall christmas-presents ... [b. bred by the boys from lynx ... in their fields of chess ...]

2.

black coffin

1. And i'm gathering my wet chesspieces ... yellow against the blue ... fights between friends are always softer than the real wars outside ... [b. bites from Z ... [c. transparent pink gluemarks ...]] 2. The deer eat the stories with their mouths of misunderstanding ... that's why their faces are bitter and paranoid ... they are ... suspicious minds ... [b. They smoke their birds of cigarette ... that's how their trains move they are the deer of dementia ... blowing all stories to their pasts ... [c. these strange chessboards.]] 3. They reverse their sodom and gomorrhah's. [b. They hear smoke-alarms when the orchestra's are playing ... [c. They never trust your smiling faces ...]] 4. On top of checked blackgolden coffins, they take flight, to become red thunder in the night. [b. You saw the dust of cinderella. You never lose, just touch all you have. [c. There's a symbol on the coffin, bringing you back to the end.]] 5. While a golden dwarfstatue is standing on it, bringing you to december's skies, on a dolphin's goodbye.

billiards day

6. They are playing games with me [b. until I lose my head [c. until i can feel my trousers again, all these conspiracies.] 7. She's standing, screaming on a hill, while her girlfriend screams from another hill, [b. trying to confuse my soul [c. poor me.]]

curse of business

8. These are babies born in transmissions, orange liars leading me to death, while all these wasp rains in my bed ... these rains from izu ... building my memory again ... rebuilding you ... 9. These are orange liars, leading me to death, with all these wasp rains in my bed, these rains from izu, rebuilding my memory, rebuilding you ... 10. There are green tomatoe seeds lying on my dish, all these dragons are in fire ... or is it my eyes 11. Give me a spoon, these books are all talking, spreading green tomatoe seeds ... in a night of arabian magic ... 12. It sails on Japanese ships. [b. under orange balloons.] 13. Arabian spice, Arabian me ... These are the chessboard mills ... Elevators under a red balloon, bringing you to the comic. [b. It switches between the horror and the cartoon ...until the knees and elbows are bending, the cubes enter new worlds.] 14. And then the hunger brings the hallucination ... they are the fata morgana's ... mirages of old wizards see these hearts pumping ... lying on dishes ... [b. where plants are the senses of a new world. [c. There are docters in winter's treasures, growing from the bottom of the sea ... where they died in these sea gardens]] 15. The ornament of coins is luring you deeper ... It's your only way out ... [b. Just eat these seeds ... these flowerseeds ... then the honey will flow through your stomach ... and you will drink new milk.] 16. It grows on your back reaching for your mouth you can smell flowers of paradises growing on your back .. reaching for your nose it gives you the face of a deer ... having the machines of the red eye ... [b. while visions grow from their back reaching for their eyes ... and music grows from their back to their ears ...] 17. While the tattoo of a spider is growing on their forehead ... reaching for their necks ... [b. there where the senses sleep ...] 18. There's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open the senses ... to let the flowers grow ... between the plants there's a spider on my forehead ... and it grows towards my neck ... to open new visions in a language I understand 19. And it brings me understanding ... it brings me new tales ... till the ornament grows further ... to reach for the broken bridge [20. When ornaments come together ... to lay the hard stones ... then softness grow inside ... to let machines blow ... they bring oil to the stages ... to let ballerina's dance ... until they reach the morninglights where they dive into morning dew.] [21. They will never reach the afternoon ... they are in morningland ... where the morningred pushes the lights underwater in a new sea ... to let new plants grow from the seagardens ...]

3.

Antartica

1. There are boys behind dragonbars locked up behind letters ... and numbers ... they're locked up in the book ... of a red dragon ... [b. He's a dangerous chesspawn [c. on the board of a snake ...]] 2. So many chesspawns in the air ... Boys from lynx against so many other pieces on this strange chessboard and when the snake turns it around the back of the board is a mirror and you see your face ... with these thousand nipples ... these bakerman's faces ... [b. these bakerman's coins can you escape the altar of an egyptian king.] 3. He's driving the car ... of an egyptian mother who claimed moes to be her son ... she saved him but prisoned him ... can you escape this saviour's altar ... this altar of a businessman. [b. It has strange trafficlighs and strange lights of gamble] 4. It is a chess-hat, it is joseph's pit ... [b. A strange board of chess where the suns and the earths play ... [c. while moons are watching.]] 5. While you're sinking deeper in this strange coccoon ... this strange cartoon in these strange days ... [b. While an orange prince is knocking at your door ... with three purple pale flowers for your mother ... [c. He didn't ring a bell ... he just whispered]] 6. In ornamental issues I take flight to izu where all insects are gathered doing strange dances [b. to win their days back ... in this strange game ... and at the bottom of this pit ..

you're king of egypt [c. and then there aren't any jesuses and judases left]] 7. The tears fall till it's glue ... till it's plastic wood with strange powders inside ... Then you will cry sand ... Who knows the chessboard ... leading alice to wonderland [b. It's strange stratego ... when you turn the pieces around ... you see the faces of the ones around you.] ... 8. In this land the coins are statues. You need to push a tree into the gate. Sometimes only a heart can open the doors, or a box of chessboards. Watch the pawns. It's all a big conspiracy in your mind for when you turn them around twice ... you see your own face 9. But at the end ... there will be no blame and shame at all these feelings of guilt ... where just the coins of business in a game called antartica 10. Flowerseeds wanting to open the senses for a new world new senses started to develop .. under the vibrations of guilt [b. In the eyes of guilt it's never enough ... it's never good ... it's hungry and you need to grow.] 11. It's the big breed ... of an old witch waiting to eat you but you're never good enough it's never done [b. Then you're living behind dragonwalls ... in her strange stories] [12. These letters are all dropped in Vanilla. It makes your fingers shiver ... On Vanilla's chessboard.]

4.

vanilla days

1. He had put his hand in the dog's mouth, paying his bills. Now the insects can creep underneath his clothes. 2. He had put his teeth in the back of a spider. Now it's having wings of dementia ... bringing him back ... to Vanilla's days ... 3. Blue spots, powdered spots, like winter's dreamglasses ... So soft, like glue inside, it is a plastic sight ... like toys ... 4. Pink spots, so pale, the powders there are hiding, deep inside they blow like forest storms and storms of wilderness and deserts [b. It is ... too late ... for you to tell your story now it ... is my turn] 5. Red spots, they burn, like soft wet fires on my skin, it is ... like the elfe's glue running ... so strange ... I am amazed ... when wasp rains are falling ... 6. These are stinging trees and trousers ... Like balloons of wild powders ... I'm having so many checked hearts inside ... these wizard hearts, banana hearts and wings of dementia ... leading me back to the house beyond history ... 7. Where I'm having redgolden checked dwarf shoes, pinocchio shoes like crocodile shoes ... like plastic transparent wood ... with strange powders inside these shoes can fly by the wings of dementia ... 8. Powdered spots on my back, spreading the delirium, making me drunk ... making my wings shiver ... my wings of dementia ... [b. I have autistic hearts from the wizard ... [c. having handicapped trousers, a handicapped suit while I feel so insane ... my clothes are stinging me ... something is boiling me ...]] 9. I'm flying by the wings of dementia on a mighty storm leading me back to aldebaran ... there are so many fevers in my head ... waking up these animals inside ... [b. I'm under the threat of a stinging plant ... ravalan madok ...] 10. There are tears streaming over my body ... strange spots, strange nipples ... powders inside like winter's dreamglass so pink and pale ... [11. Vanilla spots ... these are tattoos of dragons ... [b. for the wizard has fires in his eyes ...]] [12. His hearts are dancing through my mind ... these banana hearts ... enchanted ones ... there are shadows of fire on my walls ... jumping into the room] [13. These hearts like precious rippling ornaments ... rippling on my walls like zebras and tigers would do ... [b. while there's purple snow on my ground ... a carpet arabian designs ... making my mind spicy ...]] [14. Roaring bottles in high cupboards ... bottles of tears ... stored by the wings of dementia ... patterns of highways ... like the waves of the seas of flowers ... [b. To drink and get drunk while wizard hearts dance ... they look like snakes [c. like new alphabets penetrating my mind ...]]] [15. I have suits of strange nipples softer than myself

gathered by .. the wings of dementia ... warming my autistic hearts ... [b. these wizard hearts]]

5.

graves of matadok

1. While the parrot is opening the graves of matadok, there's eagle radio in my head ... 2. By a vanilla flute .. the parrots keep on leaving ... opening the cigars of pharao ... [b. laughing themselves to death .. by strange alcohol ... [c. These are the baker's liquors ...]] 3. While orange balls were exploding ... they found red cowboys in a shoe ... These were speaking cupboards having too many books inside ... they were the fallen lambsteads ... the kwaliks ... but now they let others fall by books of strange tax ... 4. They raise up their insurances in white ... while their arms are striped ... like butterfly-snakes they fly ... They are the needles of grammophone ... installing their birds of cigarette ... 5. They take flight ... into the graves of matadok ... following the red parrots ... the flute of tax is speaking ... while someone is whispering ... it's the red rose ... hiding her cowboys behind the bottles ... until her dragons are spitting the sands 6. He has a sword of tears and jewels, and a shield of seed ... killing giants ... by a hard white candy camera ... 7. His shoes are soft, he's a canary ... His rubber hides the black powders ... while he has a sandgun, when things overflow ... Then there will be storage ... Big livers hiding the lungs ... 8. They fall through tall whispers ... The suicide princess screams till the smile turns into a tear [b. He has a suit of tears ... this is the city of tears ... [c. The handkerchief ... room enough to store the tears and the seed ...]] 9. No need for umbrella's ... these wasprains ... create trees of balls ... from izu to perlottia ... reaching for the ceilings of love ... while pictures on the wall are freezing ... delirium makes the crocodile glue roll ... 10. I need a special suit to touch you ... while snakes slide through tears and seed ... looking for good tailormen ... in vanilla holes they grow ... becoming the hard men ... making the judases and the jesususes ... to lead them all astray ... [b. raising the doll ... to strike the orange once again ...]] 11. They dive through chocolate tiles ... these are strange lights ... these are bakerman's faces ... breeding the falls in tall whispers ... by strange fruits ... still Vanilla's soldiers ... where birds of cigarette take flight ... [12. While two lions fight in the river ... making tea ... for lion railroads ... they are leaving a world under the ice ... in the hollow ... [b. heading for an eagle ship to become the golden taps ...]]

Eric Zwarzenei

13. When fake meets the nonsense, the black stone falls .. awakening the frogs ... all these misunderstandings .. they come from the lion's tea ... gliding through tall whispers ... preparing the bakers liquors ... 14. It's streaming through your trousers ... [b. like fishes coming from hell.] 15. While the ashes breed the black egg ... it's black boots coming to your town ... where a white chocolate house stands ... theologians still doing the game on white chocolate tiles ... kalibra bazina ... 16. The pickpocks .. the machines of deers ... checking pockets for fallen soldiers ... stealing the vanilla coins for their automatons ... they bring us over the nightseas ... ignore everything which is not inside ... there's custard streaming from vanilla holes ... [b. making a giant of you ... while there's a world inside ... here where swans spit fire ...]] 17. You have pickpock trousers ... to meet an indian warbook .. through tight rings. [b. Wasp rains, the baker's liquors ... they stream through old trousers ... reaching for the boots ... These are old bottles, old comics ... while the juices are streaming ... [c. in the world where the swans spit fire ...]] 18. These are comic trousers, trains sliding from picture to picture ... doing dirty business ... There are statues beyond history ... Strange coins, if you ask me ...

awakening .. the belcanov .. with snakes along the cars of chess ... [b. Here shark temple roars ...] 19. When someone walks ... the confusion comes ... [b. It's made of butcher's leather ... and strange wool ...] 20. He's hiding his sharks behind comic walls ... He is the red dragon ... [b. something makes him wild ...] [c. a child inside ... while juices are streaming through tall trousers ...]] 21. These are tall whispers, where the bakers hide .. and it's still a white chocolate house in which we all drown ... there where the black bed rules ... in a red shoe ... [b. these cowboys .. become indians in the night ... marching under strange flags ... while a little boy is marching before their crowds ... playing the flute ... the rod of ashes ..] [22. Red rose hiding the red boys behind golden and black bottles ... waiting for the strike ... These are the birds of cigarette ... strange dragonbars ... these pillars of mighty temples while pickpocks dive in strange waters ...] [23. They are the pillars of strange cathedrals ... living on walls and ceilings ... they live in strange dies ... Six alices on white chocolate tiles breeding the hollow inside ... while an oxygen statue is living inside ... while I'm living in a diamond creating rainbows ...] [24. Purple bakerman's faces .. glue from Z ... it's your game too ... and you see this army of scissors ... there's loud noise when they eat [b. They're in love with stiletto's ... these bullets are checked balloons ...]] [25. There are many towers on a church ... the black widow invented them all ... Eric Zwarzenei is a strange clown ... if you want to know ... I have strange fairgrounds in my pocket ... where everything becomes glue ...] [26. I a'm a fisherboy ... fishing aldebaran balls ... all in grandfather's pocket ... I have a red checked scorpion with golden scissors ... pink banana's burning the money for another ride ...] [27. It's pleasureland, we're riding the donkey's ... all in dark underground temples ... where the fake meets the nonsense ... sowing misunderstanding on the roofs ... to overcome the blame and the shame ... [b. on the wings of dementia.]] [28. Uncle peacock has a fairground ... while uncle unicorn has a circus ... while I am eric zwarzenei.] [29. I'm a pirate from Venusia ... the sea of venus ...] [30. In snowwhite's coffin ... the balloon is growing inside ... White shoes with thin stripes, showing you the insurances of a deaf ear ... over violin roads ... they take flight ...] [31. It's a cocoon ... after they ate you .. you can ride them ... [b. It's a strange fairground ... [c. I know a land where the trousers run ... having their own towers in the night ... staring at the pink and the white.]]]

6.

ladybugs

1. She's from vanilla wildernesses ... with her head like a ladybug's back ... her eyes are rolling ... I'm a prisoner of a strange castle ... an arabian castle ... while the deer ignore me ... why don't they save me ... they have big machines for that ... 2. And the silver strikes, until all these bakerman's faces rise ... 3. The strikes of silver bring us back to the museum beyond history ... where the boys from lynx live ... [b. While wild cats stand on martian hills, they are rising from the deserts [c.icecreams with forestroad snakes ...]] 4. They are bringing the bakerman's faces alive ... There are strange arabian roundabouts in the air these peacocks horrorshows ... [b. they're mixing the icecreams ... while forestroad snakes rise ...] 5. Where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deers ... they are strange checked mirrors in castles ... [b. while the wizard hearts beat faster.] 6. To have the powders of delirium ... in spinning bakerman's faces ... a ladybug is what it sais ... and then the worlds are exploding ... strange ways of an eagle's helmet ... having the face of a ladybug ... 7. These are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... to let you see a peacocks horrorshow .. and then you will me mixed again ... in everything what was left for you ... and there you will find a new world ... 8. This watch with bakerman's faces ... to make your eyes red ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... [b. inviting you to the cartoons ...

while the boys with snakehearts beat the drums ... [c. they are the heartplugs when summers freeze ...]] 9. To soft clouds peeing tears to show the jewels of sweet fluffy roses painted on white chocolate ... Now he's breeding his boys from lynx inside the banana striking there ... to let them run faster where all the racecars rise ... on checked banana tiles they ride on banana railroads and rainbows a good way to burn money 10. Wild desertstorms in bakerman's faces wars in an hourglass while dictators strike the silver they will all understand and now they are lords of the dice ... hunted by a thousand tales and the russian face on the door shows so many colours with a peacocks horrorshow on his helmet ... [11. While they're finding their own boys of lynx inside ... these hearts are snakes ... [b. breeding the watch of the zebra ...]] [12. While the red dragon is an author, and a worker in a library ... he locked you up behind letters ... these dragonbars ... a bakertree, an arabian seadragon ... While vanilla is the displaydoll of the bookshop ...] [13. They raise the dolls to smash the orange balls to have the cartoons ... Give me the flute of vanilla, the dragon's scar, to lead the rats away.]

7.

bananas chessboard

1. And she said : My husband is a wolve's gnat, a taxmaster, if it comes to that ... breeding his icecreams by letting his fruits die ... they become too sweet and too cold ... it makes you cry. 2. And she said : you don't want to hear how cruel this is it must be or it will not sell. [b. It grows on a market this strange strange fruit, on a black white chessboard.] 3. And she said : you can switch between jokes and horrors, drinking the comic juice. 4. And she said : it always rises again, to the clouds of japan, making all these dreams in his kettle, by lies underground it makes the rain ... 5. And she said : still the bridge from arabia to the indians with a deep japanese background ... where the spider hides ... 6. The soft fleeces between her and that thing, were just marks from echo's television ... installing it deeper inside 7. Now it's like the game's icecream ... now it's like the watering touch with all these ripples from zebra ... 8. The skin was ripped off that day ... Seeing Hitler's Blue Tongue ... 9. And she said : I can show you the tales on Hitler's tongue ... These are all lamentation weathers These are all lamention feathers ... from the horror to the cartoon ... So many cigars spread on the road ... like train's apocalypse ... 10. He will show up after the crash ... showing you the lazarus tree ... climbing it will switch you from the lamentation to the lullaby ... then you will understand what it means ... and then you will meet summerclause ... with all those Jesuses from Cartoon ... those little men ... those zebramen switching you between the pencil and the spoon ... 11. Between a cigar and a cigarette ... was your rocket launched straight in the cartoon ... like a spear piercing the old bear-drum ... reaching the flute inside ... and this movie would be burnt in your uncle's pipe ... for a rainbowversion from the old Pan ... 12. The movie waves are moving ... symmetric to the snakes underground ... rising to cartoon ... rising to the comic-towers to release the juices from inside ... to have a good bite in the apple of chess ... [b. until you switch between the cartoon and the comic ... until you see all their little jesusmen ... hidden too well behind the cubes an autistic world, a traumatic beauty ... there where the vibration transformed the layers ...] 13. It's all hidden behind trees and flowers ... desiring to be discovered ... 14. Back to Izu, not afraid of the hidden rage ... and the hidden riddles [b. waiting to be puzzled out it needed to be ... a hidden message ... [c. for it was too private ... just for you ...]] 15. Back to Izu ... not afraid of death ... for it can kill you if you come too close ... [b. When they once saw you ... they will never let you go ... until they pierced the thing they saw]

Kuzaponia

1.

Prince of Comics

1. Boys from Lynx IV ; Creatures from Paradox. He is the prince of comics, taking flight on black bananas, coming to the town for some underground conspiracies. [b. She burns you by fire, she's his princess] 2. Don't take the hot stick when it barks at you ... On Hitler's tongue, we glide. [b. There are sugared red tongues in the air ... while pink and green are watching. It was the spell of an ornament.] 3. She watches you behind the glass, while someone's spitting sand. [b. she's his princess.] 4. Come by yourself now .. No one will do it for you ... all these boys from lynx are inside ... On red bananas he writes stories ... charity came by insurance ... while someone had to pay ... it was a dream of business .. while a red arabian seadragon grew inbetween ... [b. these are all orange liars coming out of zebra's boats ...] 5. Greet Marazanta from the hills and watch his golden birds surround you .. It's Egypt in Izu ... Tell me brother .. It's Egypt in Izu ... 6. And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby, I tell you, father. I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 7. And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. [b. I feel soft, you gave me feathers, you gave me milk, you're a bakerman's face, tell me father, you're a bakerman's face ... [c. You're dadda's cloudship, with all your lalla's ... and your babba's. You're like the tiger rippling in the sky [d. in the skies of deserts.]]] 8. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... for a golden banana, a sugared tongue ... It's Egypt in Izu. 9. I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu [b. He with the butterflywings. [c. There are white checked cigarettes underwater checking the housefloors. [d. While green canaries escape from the blue.]]] 10. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ... [b. when Gepetto goes to sleep. [c. These are pink lights coming from the red.]] 11. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... Now these wolves are dangerous ... they are raking the bananaseas ... for tax undercover ... It's heading for Vanilla ... 12. And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ... Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... Lalla's in my own eyes ... and the babbabubbles, gliding through the night ... They all work for vanilla ... she's a pawn of a red checked dragon ... She must spin comics all the time ... 13. She's spinning her comic-princesses ... in black, red, blue and green ... making the candyrings tight ... [b. While green canaries escape from the blue through pink curtains ..] 14. Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move like strange russian chess ... 15. These are the bananas of tax and insurance, burning the money to spread it's ashes by the lights of chess and gamble ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ... 16. It was Easterclause visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ... [b. These wars were written by a bananas pencil, raging until another comic dictator would stand up.] 17. There was a white hard candy camera inside, bringing them all behind the glass of an elfe's museum in a sharke's temple [b. spinning the comic juices ... this cowboys chess.] 18. It was spinning the vanilla glass, by strange sorts of indian chess. [b. There are coming fishes out of barrel organs, while a blind musician is moving the bar.] 19. A ladybug is opening her kitchen, to show her princesses of comics. [b. She shows her rivers, she's moving the bars.] 20. Still the boys grow in checked trees, in bakertrees, these strange

bananas ... they sleep ... spinning tax and assurance by sharp ornaments and wine ... they are burning money, spreading the ashes ... while snakes bring them over the rivers of death 21. A banana rises on tv .. telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking red checked potatoes and yellow checked juices ... while the air is shivering ... 22. In these red checked potatoes comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharaoh ... He makes movies by drowning the money comics ... on the back of an arabian seadragon ... a strange automaton ... 23. Now all these machines of deer ... they drown the comics ... to show their cinema-screens ... The red tiger is rippling there ... Strange coffee ... coming from the red ... 24. While all these birdstatues ... They're coming out of the banana ...

2.

banana hearts

1. The movie egg, it was a dragon egg, coming from Pharaoh's mouth ... it was a red checked potatoe ... bringing the floods, while Noah span the tax and the insurance ... Is this charity's curse ? Or a vanilla one ? 2. Tell me when the book rolls ... There's a book egg on a dragon's tower ... spouting blasphemy in lines ... The butterflies, they fly to the deserts ... where the egg of Moses hides ... Still a dragon is spitting sand ... giving powders to machines of deer ... 3. These books are spun by sand ... behind the chess the statues stand ... it streams behind vanilla glass ... breeding the addictions to raise money for the churches ... comic churches ... 4. Baptize them ! Bring them in the movie ... Behind movie bars, they get their blessings, from uncle A to Z, while uncle one to ten counts the money ... burning them to be ... behind dragonbars ... behind strange letters ... where they can be strange glue ... 5. They become strange machines, locked up in books ... Arabian horses ridden by others ... spiders with many arms ... Here behind the book, uncle peacock is laughing ... It's a strange fairyground ... no one is seeing what is happening ... These are dark fruits ... strange fishes underwater covered yet so naked ... 6. These are dark ornaments hanging in the wind ... While uncle unicorn is making them all deaf ... when the flags are waving ... surrounded by everlasting damnations breeding the joke statues ... 7. Uncle Peacocks are big boats behind the books ... In chocolate they breed the games ... The pawns want to become free on a bananaboat behind the book ... where the smoke is rising .. 8. They are marching to the worlds beyond chess, looking for ... the golden cigars ... They travel without moving ... 9. Uncle Peacocks are the big Arabian Seacoccoons, the Arabian Seadragons ... 10. They are the puppetmasters of southern coasts They have golden stares, killing business for tax ... killing business for tax ... They are big stinging plants without mercy ... living in ... the wizard's hearts ... Banana hearts they are ... rising with the wings of dementia ... 11. They drink their drinks fast, from small bottles.

3.

the journey

1. The journey through the sharkian temple was a long journey. I lost a lot of friends in all sorts of traps. These were the hidden altars of the sharks. 2. I didn't know why they took my friends away, but later I would find out. Finally I reached the room of the throne, but it was an old lady sitting there between the spiderwebs, turning young when I touched her. 3. There are seven days for the mortals to prepare for the lightening coming to take them away, there, in the room of the throne. They have touched the old lady, and she became young again. It is a

thin lady, but when you touch her again she becomes thick. She will tell you ... all what the lullabies taught her ... 4. The lullabies in daydream's spring, covering the morning, for there will be no afternoon ... Seven days for the mortals, without afternoons ... only mornings, evenings and of course ... nights ... to prepare for the lightening ... coming to take them away ... 5. I was one of them We would be taken to a ship to find out we were already on that ship ... with a name called 'All there is' There was no sea ... only that ship ... the sea was in the ship ... 6. I was one of these mortals ... on this Eagle Ship These guys were strange ... They ate butchers ... making strange leathers ... It was whispering while powders started to spread ... smelling like the seeds of flowers ... It was like an ornament ... 7. A Jesus Christ is hanging in the air ... no clothes, but yet so covered ... by lines of old books and by strange leathers ... He's smiling, yet the tears are flowing ... He's dying, but coming to life in a strange way ... 8. They tell me not to touch the picture for at the end there will be no any Jesus Christ left, only some boys from Lynx It is written in their holy books. 9. I feel naked yet so covered like the insect losing his skin to get a new one ... in which cocoon am I ? Is this the Arabian Sea-cocoon ? There is no sea .. there is no air ... only a ship called 'All there is' an eagle-ship ... like the red picnic like a red ball .. having so many colours in the night

10. Then the glues are overflowing and then I'm seeing the face of the Lion's Tea Wizard it was something I drank ... it was something I feared ... but it was beautiful 11. I can go into these cellars now ... the places I used to fear as a child ... I had such strange feelings in my stomach thinking .. but it was just the wizard calling me 12. I had a strange tattoo of a pale orange octopus on my lower stomach ... it was hurting me ... but also giving me strange delights ... The wizard has this tattoo also ... he shows me ... He has so many tattoos ... also one of a black snail ... and one of a white rabbit ... 13. There are strange banana's lying on a golden dish ... It's like pumping all these strange feelings inside ... I used to misinterpret these ... I was in the misunderstanding of this lion's tea ... I walk towards him ... he's the grandfather of the ship ... the big daddy ... but suddenly I feel like I'm in glue 14. Don't touch him, they say for at the end there will not be any Jesus Christ left ... only some boys from Lynx ... it is written in their holy books. 15. They say all these figures turn into the boys from lynx in the nights to bring shivering mornings ... Is fear their key ? ... They wear the rings of fear ... It's a strange machine of dogs ... 16. They have also a ring of guilt, spreading flowers of blame and shame ... with these they do business ... with these they raise the doll ... to hit the orange balls in pieces ... while bakersmen try to hide these dolls and crimes ... they look so soft ... inviting me to eat the custard 17. Don't touch them, they say, for these bakersmen are from the hollow, selling hunger to those in hunger ... They are businessmen of vanilla ... her hidden soldiers ... they are the traps in shark's temple ... Don't touch them, for at the end there will not be a Jesus or a Judas ... only some boys from lynx ... 18. In this strange cocoon ... This Arabian Sea-Cocoon ... such strange creatures are swimming there but at the end boys from lynx ... 19. And then I drink the Tiger's Coffee ... while someone said it doesn't exist only Lion's Tea ... so I spit it out ... trying to just learn to drink Lion's Tea ... I need to get used to it ... Oh, how many bakerman's faces there are ... so many liars and lurers so many swindlers and smugglers all traps in shark's temple 20. Maybe I ... am in such a trap too ... thinking I reached the goal But the goal was another trap This doorway of luxury and life just another trap or is this trap protecting me against something worse ? a worse trap ? 21. What is this for a strange plant ... It's a stinging nettle ... Biological harpoons to draw me away from the danger I had been caught by a shark ... but all these things are just illusions at the end there are no saints no sinners, no escapes, no prisons ... no liberties ... no bondages only some boys from Lynx ... 22. There's a stinging nettle roaring in my body ... shivering between sickness and health ... between sanity and insanity ... but what is what and who is who ... it's in the eye of the beholder ... it's in wasp-tv

... 23. In a shark's temple ... we all drank from the lion's tea ... making our lists of people in traps while we were in the deepest traps ourselves ... we had a red eye, a wasp eye, misleading us ... we were boxers in the arena ... fighting for lies ... drinking from the Lion's Tea to get more drunk ... 24. I need to bite myself through this Lion's Tea ... there is no other way ... I'm still in Shark Temple ... on an Eagle Ship while a lion is flowing through my veins ... doing business it's a dog-machine ... raising the dolls ... hitting orange balls ... they're moving through the cocoons of sleep ... to reach the tables of a new world 25. There's a shark-temple in the desert ... The road to eagle ship ... but it's a trap just protecting you against a worse trap These are orange liars on a ship with bakerman's faces ... but don't touch them .. these lurers ... these misleading lights and fires for at the end ... there will be only some boys from lynx ... 26. It's an ornament, these boys from lynx ... while a white rabbit is dancing bringing them to the pink sun to let them fight against the one without business ... the stinging nettle ... and it grows on eagle ship ... in a barn to eat the boys from lynx ... let me tell you ... this ornament will die ... for the white rabbit likes to wear dead ornaments. 27. Who can defeat the boys from lynx ? Who can destroy their marketsquares ? Only the white rabbit knows ... 28. Vanilla has some planes let me tell you ... these leaves from a stinging plant ... these bakertrees, these forestroads the rabbit knows ... that all life grows in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge roars ... 29. There I found the red shoe, where the bootlaces rule ... There, in an orange ravine, the shoe was born ... No need for business ... everyone is equal ... we are all leaves of a stinging nettle ... 30. I see bakerman's faces running, I see kids playing in the snow .. having orange guns ... with orange liars ... Bakerman's faces have risen from the death ... they attack the boys from lynx ... It's always like that ... when orange strikes the blue and then we are in Shark Temple again ...

Dangerous Tiles

31. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... There's your cradle in a deaf shop, deep down in an orange ravine, where the broken bridge is roaring ... It all started in a rabbit's ear ... Someone forgave us and we got here ... It is all done by prayers ... from a Sharkian Temple ... making the journey to an eagle ship this is all there is ... like a red picnic full of lion's tea ... 32. It was something you drank from an iron shoe in a rabbit's ear ... Still a painting and a statue in a shark's temple ... a strange mirror ... you see yourself ... and all these bakerman's faces ... turning into boys from lynx in that deepest night ... there where she found the coin ... when the orange struck the blue ... 33. Time was just a waste ... but when we would hold the days in our arms ... we wouldn't have time ... then there wouldn't be clocks ... then there wouldn't be mirrors ... 34. It all started in a rabbit's ear ... where someone prayed for us ... where someone forgave us and forgot about us ... and now we're here ... in a sharkian temple ... drinking lion's tea ... It all started here ... in this deep orange ravine ... where the broken bridge was roaring ... what would happen if this rabbit ear would fall off ? 35. Here you found your shoe ... with all these bootlaces roaring in your head like snakes all these forestroads ... in a shark's temple ... leading you ... to the eagle ship ... letting orange strike the blue ... 36. There are men standing in the shark temple ... old statues ... they have fights in the nights holding the black days tight ... 37. It's a strange stinging nettle ... growing from the deepest ravine, that orange ravine heading for the eagle ship ... heading for ... a strange castle ... where everything starts to cry is it another trick of vanilla ? 38. She breaks you without mercy ... when the rabbit ears fall off ... then everything starts to shiver ... I know a castle where everything starts to shiver ... everyone is equal ... so let it circulate ... no blood ... just glue and tears ... 39. Vanilla's island stings, but makes you free ... in a shark temple ...with a wasp eye on it, half closed half open ... also on our heads ... we are prisoners ... never free ... following the hunger to get more hungry ... 40. And the boys from bloodhound with their riches ... they

fall when the meaner ones rise ... these creatures were living in them these stinging plants ... and now they are up, tearing their masks away ... they're free ... [b. on a golden picnic.] 41. There are growing strange plants from the orange ravine ... they are the hard men, mean men ... there's no business ... only guns ... They are horrible creatures of arabian seas ... 42. Arabian Seacreatures, these statues in a shark temple ... riding the storm ... 43. These hard men ... do the dance ... do the fire ... they ride everything ... these are hard days ... and you need to hold them ... or the clocks will spin again ... mirroring in the sky ... coming closer ... from the dark sides of the temple in blue glue ... blue glue ... 44. They are predators ... looking for butchers ... making strange leathers in the sky ... they have hidden altars ... the tiles on the ground ... these tiles are dangerous

Truants

45. Blame and shame are weaving the dolls ... while exoduses rise up in them ... giving them good faces ... by business you can only escape by a two-face .. while the truants have orange guns ... 46. Jesus Christ is a businessman ... but I'm a truant ... I don't show up at all God had never sent me out ... I'm a truant .. if you would ever see me ... it's also the last time For I'm the first and the last ... I'm a shark ... 47. They have bred the cyborg ... along a doghedge ... where the fruits of exodus grow ... thorns stinging deep into the skin ... breeding the cyborg ... and at the end of that hedge, a catwoman lives ... breeding the sugar ... while her sister, a white rabbit ... turns it into alcohol ... and then they can cry or laugh themselves to death ... to sink to the bottom of the glass ... [b. They are the two-faced mask of Pharaoh, drowning the boys on heights of shark's temples in golden altars of water ... He baptizes them ...] 48. You must have a two-faced nose to escape ... or just being a truant ... the hard men will do ... when they reach the hard white candy ... The doghedge is my suit ... this strange plant ... growing inside of me, stinging me ... while people are crying and laughing themselves to death ... I feel myself like the lord of dominoes, like a domino of vela, installing the jokes on two sides ... 49. It's an ornament from grandmothers box ... an automaton ... Seven will rise up to bring us over the nightseas ... These are like marchpane, with hard white candy lying inbetween ... It's like a new alphabeth ... and we can live in these letters ...

4.

golden picnic

1. There are beating hearts of wizard's lying on dishes behind the books, there where the chessboards turn around to show you the enchanted mirror ... There are stinging plants in these strange banana hearts ... you start to cry ... 2. These cities are of sand, while jokestatues rise ... They travel without moving, they breath without breathing ... They are leading their own lives inside ... Them with their powdered balloons and powdered smiles ... 3. There are frogships under the sand ... giving them all injections of insurance ... Then the wizardhearts start to shiver ... Pharaoh has a yellowwhite mask, a Paradox ... always the gift of the snake ... 4. While panthers rise from bubbling waters ... I'm heading for Izu ... While it's surrounded by the hard men from the green candy ... bringing me to the Indian Seacocoons ... to the hidden uncle Peacocks ... hidden by vanilla ... [b. her curses stream.] 5. They drink their juices fast and spit their sands ... These are dragons hidden in swamps ... While golden cigars open ... 6. There are hot sticks and stings on fishes ... rising from the ancient seas ... on the wings of dementia ... 7. There's chocolate melting in tight bananas now the pawns are finally free ... stretching their arms in spidersuns ... There's strange leather in eastern skies ... riding the Arabian Horses ... now the pawns can drink their moviejuices ... it's like glue 8. There are

strange playcards in the skies ... becoming free behind the books ... They were saved by a vanilla's strike ... while the letters are melting ... becoming sand again ... They can drink from the juices of cartoon ... on this golden picnic's day ... [b. while the griffon is floating ..] 9. They are blind behind the bars of books ... while spiderian swords pierce the eyes ... These were Calvary glasses ... on a cat, hare and dog called easter ... a strange white trident of your local insurance office ... strange trafficlights in your city .. 10. And the squirtel makes strange pictures behind comics and cartoons with a checked white hard candy camera while strange statues paint the skies ... [b. It's August's moon touching August's sun on the twentieth ... [c. while she stops screaming, reaching for december skies.]] 11. There are fishes with striped candystings, floating to Eminius Day. There are boats of sirens with candystings, floating to Eminius Day. While a griffin's boy soothes the hard men by his flute. He's enchanting them again, to let them reach for the viking's helmet. 12. And he said : will you make it, will you name it, you can't, you're off, I'm a lady's tower, you're screaming, I'm bleeding, I am a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. You're dreaming, I did it, I'm a bakerman's face, tell me father, I'm a bakerman's face. 13. There are seven parrots on a stream, showing pictures of icy mountains, under December's Sun, a green one. While a green checked balloon is raking it's moon.

5.

Eminius Day

1. Eminius Day shows the shiny hearts into monkey's chests, entering the bear. Their pyama's are soft, while honey is dripping. 2. There are strange leathers and strange wool in the air. These are the underground cities of dwarves, making her heart so tired. 3. She's cold, lying on the bed. Waiting for Eminius Day. Mother will spin the sugar. Mother will show the sugared red tongues. She's cold while I'm standing on December's Sun, a green one. 4. Then I speak my spells, stinging striped candybars into the boys from lynx. It's a machine, running on strange coins. It's a strange sort of Russian Chess. 5. There are seven judgements on the mouth, on Eminius Day, written by the sword of Thoth. His house is built on candyneedles and candyspears, stinging and breaking the bones. Then the door opens. 6. He's the brother of Jom, waiting for ..Eminius Day. No time to think. It's fourty-one o clock on a Brannan's watch. 7. These snakes break through walls, they are coming from Eminius Day. 8. There are Eminius Eagles in the skies, causing earthquakes, while orange liars rise from zebra boats ... 9. They are coming from December Sun, from green checked balloons ... surrounding the skies. 10. There are two captains on a ship, breaking the spanish warrior who took you away. Michiel Adrianson The Raider, and Piet Hein, stealing his silver. 11. You must swear to keep this a secret, with two vingers raised to Osiris, Uncle Peacock and Uncle Unicorn. 12. The History Warriors bend their knees by moving glue-pictures from history. And I take flight. They have Onion-hearts. I see their arms everywhere. All these history-pictures are just arms moving ... arms of a strange tiger ... rippling in december skies ... 13. There are strange syrops in the air of docters ... bringing history back ... Watch their pictures on the wall and start to bend. 14. Watch these moving pictures flying, with the wings of dementia .. It's coming from the trees .. moving mosaics ... 15. Watch these ornaments of glue ... 16. There's strange glue coming out of businessmen noses ... pictures of glue ... moving pictures ... coming from history ... waiting to be sold ... to live in someone's head or knee ... 17. Watch the prices ... so many sacrifices for a picture ... These are strange traffics ... these are strange arms grasping and holding tight ... 18. There are octopuses living in someone's head for halve of the price ... There are strange auctions ... Cuyornaida CorsetStrange games ... They are spreading their arms ... while the winner ..eats them all ... 19. The winner becomes a million-armed spider in

a sun ... December Sun ... So much care for history ... he gave his life away to buy them all ... and now he's your history-teacher ... 20. They are the guards to strange gardens of glue ... the watchers of lapoendria ... There are wild cats in Izu ... with noses dripping of tea ... while they eat the pictures ... creating your futures on martian hills ... Mars in Izu ... 21. So much pain covered up by the black checked blankets of tax and chess, while the birds of insurance pick up their Jesus Christ to let them ascend in their heavens ... These .. are the bakerman's faces .. 22. The History Warriors walk slowly with little lights towards the city of bakermen ... They are masking the screams, behind feathered masks in two colours, having a split laugh ... 23. Bakermen are dancing before their mirrors in their corridors ... moving their strange masks, and making funny faces ... they are hiding their screams ... 24. The skies become of silver, and then the bakers start to eat ... all these History Warriors with their little lights ... They are bringing these warriors to a soft spot inside Here the Vanilla Queen thrones ... 25. They are eating the historybooks with the moving pictures of glue ... while Vanilla surrounds them ... hiding the future behind ... She even eats the boys from Lynx to spit the red fires ... 26. While they are spread by the smoke, the Varia Bird rises ... showing the rainbowbananas ... so many roads to ride on ... Letters from a mailman's heart ... with so many birds of insurance ... these birds of uncle unicorn ... 27. And these children, they have the wings of dementia ... these wild cats of lapoendria ... seeing the candy in the pictures ... a thick layer on every street ... They don't see the horror ... for it's covered by the layers of tax, business and chess ... with the cream of democracy ... they feel free in their games ... They only remember their names in thick letters. 28. They are safe in the arms of uncle unicorn ... 29. They only see the wars in bottles of history far away on the attics of their grandparents .. behind moving walls ... of strange cupboards with strange paintings ... 30. They bought their pictures in old cigarshops. Pictures with so many layers of glue, named after the old kings. 31. And these old kings live in their own worlds of dementia ... using soldiers to win their wars ... these bottles so far away ... these redblue soulbottles. 32. They all live in lapoendria ... the world of dementia ... where these wild cats saved me. 33. On the corner of a dark street, before the alley, Willem One to Five was sitting, having silver warriors inside ... These are the kings of soul-bottles striped, in redgreen, greenorange and greenblue. 34. On comiccorners they live ... tied to the coins of history ... strange cowboys ... 35. Tied and glued screams covered by candylayers, while you only hear a soft voice showing you the pictures ... There are strange flies lying on our eyes raking. Wild cats know how to get the snakes out of the eggs ... 36. Willem One to Five ... still a strange taxmachine spouting insurances ... coming from the chessboard .. black and white .. While thick democracies roar it doesn't sting anymore ... 37. You can get born in it ... a boy called birthday lives inside ... on a birthdaytart with little lights ... spinning glue Five layers on the picture ... while the sixth brings the silver ... the seventh the gold 38. There's tax spinning inside, making strange films of history ... There are many layers of an onion ... It's coming from golden cigars, from three clauses : santa clause, summer clause and easterclause. 39. Willem III makes pictures by a checked white hard candy camera, while zebraboats rise, with orange liars on them, spinning glue ... It's rising from the taxmachine ... from a machine of deer. There, where the birthday boys live ... 40. These machines of deer, all tax-machines ... raising their zebraboats with their orange liars ... these strange clauses and on top they spin the films of history ... rippling through the skies, coming as tigers ... by smoke, wine and coffee. 41. Hot glues behind the comics of tax and assurance ... they eat like bakerman's faces ... breeding them as wild as they are ... 42. These comics always come from the black and the white ... From strange French chessboards ... 43. Horses are turning their heads ... bringing the layers of glue ... Strange glues from mouths bring the lies ... to let the children sleep ...but these lies they ripple ... bringing the nightmares of truth ...

nightmares of truth

1. And I am heading for Izu ... watching the ornaments of a new day ... By tight rings spinning tax ... Is there another way ? ... 2. These are just the creatures of Paradox, showing you the entrance and the exit ... 3. I am still ... heading for Izu ... becoming deaf on a zebra's boat with liars ... while their truths brought me to nightmares ... Nightmares ? Or didn't I swallow them well ? Show me some spice from arabian castles ... Show me some lights of bakerman's faces ... and lead me through these nights ... 4. There are seven nights on an Arabian Lion ... Show me the creatures of paradox ... to let me spin my own tax ... in my own comics ... to see the horses of bristol brival ... those red horses with the black eyes ... bring me back ... 5. Show me the kings of Smulk, to build my own ladders on strange animals, to become strange ... strange enough to enter ... Let me be a stranger ... a stranger man ... 6. With the eyes of Willem I, II and III, making pictures by a checked white hard candy camera ... 7. While Uncle Unicorns ears spit fire ... These are strange boots ... It's spinning the games of Insurance ... by strange candy and strange medicine ... It's taking their own Jesus Christs ... covering up so many problems ... Is there a way out ? So many layers of lights and juices ringing in the night ...

Deabebbe Sapur

1.

1. the businessmen are heading for the businessmen, the coffee is heading for the coffee ... and you ... you're still sitting on that old chair decorated by old birthdays 2. come and discover with me, a new world beyond the business ... over the hills and far away but i know i'm talking to a wall ...3. There are jewels in a spanish sun ... 4. I'm looking in it, while I'm getting blind ... But that's to escape your ornaments ... I'm finally safe 5. the big beer is running through scandinavian streets, the big lie is walking behind him ... they make the same movements and before you know ... they tackled you and then you're one of them ... they're catching shadows, lunatic actions ... sucking the fools from the roofs ... it's an artist's mis-vacation ... planned too late on a hard man's spoon 6. now all he can do is spit and roar ... but they call it art that's one for sure ... the fall of the artist, still a beautiful painting, something to remember and to collect all he is doing is making art ... even his funeral is called a masterpiece ... the way he smiles is artall good movies from a big talent. covered by big business ... 7. You with your green coffee ... having some contracts with the big tea and some lamentation dogs ... and now your passengers cannot sleep It's like the curse of the blackest night It's your ghostship with the lions on with your babes dying on the sides It's green coffee which you gave me ... It made me sick

2.

1. he's the guard of my memory that old wasp but he shows me that the old house from the past was also just a memory i lived in this memory such a long time not liking it the old wasp ... the old guard dealing in memories 2. finally they are treasures ornaments ...which need to be worn on the right place the wasp will sting, until the memory is open, until the memory is at home until it is understood the wasp ... the driver of oldtimers ... of old locomotions bringing them home all these lost grandfathers and grandmothers back to the garage 3. the wasp is sitting on the first floor ... in a rocking chair ...for a deeper sleep while all clocks on the walls are exploding the wasp's mosaics are roaring through my spine ...still a strange language it stings deep 4.

businessmen heading for businessmen to play the big cuyornaida corset ... to close the fences to the new world 5. businessmen heading for businessmen .. to lay the dogmagnets deep inside ... there's something with their sea-machines there's something with their coffee ... and still too much tea dripping from their noses ... 6. it's the gathering of all big noses it's the gathering of all cowards ... quenching every war which would save the children sacrificing their meals to the dragons 7. it's the gathering of the big cartoon ... too scared to lay the horror ... but now the tragedies are rising ... rising from cartoon all these businessmen all these sacred men just blasphemy undercover 8. there's an orchestra of new waves ... entering your room planting machines in the corners the businessmen are still running ... with their pipes of peace no they have too much old tea in their eyes staring at me if you ask me ... they have faces dripping with tea i wonder why what is the deal ... 9. these loves are two seconds too fast ... they are wearing guns between their legs which they never use well only when they have to install their machines they are wearing the guns between their legs ... they are wearing white rags between their ornaments they are wearing their white flags for seventy seven reasons, which i don't want to hear 10. i heard enough stories i heard enough ornaments like this singing in the rain but i'm watching my trousers grow my back is geting taller ... it's like the wasp is growing there with ten millions of little businessmen so little little lights shining there ... carrying songs on their back spreading their powders ... spreading their powders to make them all blind for the land behind the fence the land behind grandmother's garden 11. it's still so weak there pale flowers, pale butterflies waiting to meet the pale ones they are all waiting still so fragile still so sleepy

3.

1. decembers cold nights brought the watermarks on my face ... decembers horrors ... the wasp's tattoo ... all from the wasplake ... 2. decembers spoon hit the waspmark on my leg and someone was feeling my pulse there in that old forest ... now the kids can never come alive again 2. it was an old priest with some sacred marks ... but these were too sacred so no one really survived 3. and this forest is still enchanted ... like virgo's church ... even the fishes are drowning in the pond ... and the candyhouses are bitter there it's all grey and green ... 4. the watermark still on my head the snake is doing business ... he's still breeding his watermarks there now we work in his factories and the curse is getting heavier every year ... it's like farao's hand so we are waiting for some plagues ... 5. it's the invisible debt business makes the beans so sharp so now we're watching the sideshows ... the eyes of the wasps ... for when the dog is home ...it will start to eat your furniture ... and finally yourself and your family ... laying the chain forever ... they can be dangerous criminals another don't want to have around 6. Tatoos on dry places ... The watermarks know where they can suck ... Thick gel on thin places ... The crocodile knows it's paths ... 7. Conspiracies of the damned ... They are all heading for each other ... 8. It's all getting clear through the eyes of a wasp ... But no one wants to leave it this way 9. Real pride doesn't exist, In the heart of the liar, Real honour doesn't meet his mouth It's only some wood of fear, blowing away his consciousness ... and something else is taking him over 10. They are too afraid to live ... They are too afraid to touch When all the curses are installed ... They start to deny everything ... To cover up the wounds ... To cover up your screaming child inside So that no one will ever see ... and no one can really help you ... Barbed Wire Hearts 11. They try to let you feel insecure ... for they could never feel the blessing of pride ... They are barbed wire hearts, they are liars from the beginning, sent out to make you one of them ... 12. They knock until your fragile mind opens up ... And then they slowly slide away ... leaving a pipeline for a daily suck When you give them your heart, They will let it fall ... And soon you will be

one of them for you cannot use your heart anymore you're a barbed wire heart too ... 13. Is there any spell to reverse this curse ? Yes, when Jesus will betray Judas with a barbed wire kiss But that already happened hundred years ago in the heart of London, when James Bond auctioned his golden rabbit among the clocks 14. The one of the biggest ridicule, The one with the trademark-condoms, The one with the coldest touch, The one with the diplomatic sleep-pills, The one with the copyright-assistants, The one with the careful curses, Has the keys of this machine. 15. It's the sports Journalist, with razorsharp money, having razorsharp records, running in the middle of bald heads ... It's the game's capitalist, It's sunday's Scrooge in a rotten church, It's your mental brigade to identify flying objects unexpected, It's your bridegroom on a purple rose, It's your liar's doctor on a cold summernight, It's your mother's leather dog-chain. 16. The waterlights are heading for ... the light in the pocket ... They have seen light ... Now they are hungry ... 17. A world of elves cannot save you this time ... For now it's something worse ... Your mother's worst put in chess She's drinking a cup, and you think it's filled with your blood, but you don't know it for sure ... It can also be your neighbour's blood ... Her agenda's are never clear ... 18. You always live like you're not knowing what she exactly cooked for you ... Strange dinners from a mother's heart and now you're sick of it 19. No one can help you when mother makes her cruel decisions ... It's like your last joker has been blown away by the wind ... And all the shops are closed today Now your waiting for the night ... Mother's night For the strike of her nails .. The Waterlights are heading for the pocket ... 20. Those waterlights ... in the night ... They have smelled something ... Some pale purple roses ... Now they are up for some barparties ... While no one can save you ... While no one knows you .. You are a stranger in your own land now ... And you even don't know where you are anymore ... For the waterlights have come Waterlights in tall delights Tall insectians ... too tall too tall to feel safe ... 21. It was your mother's worst put in chess ... Now the waterlights, these tall delights are heading for your home ... It seems like mom pushed a bell the worst bell, worse than a million schoolbells ... It seems she was in problems, So now she made this choice ... Or was it an accident ? You don't know ... for her agenda's aren't clear And her diaries are dark too dark to read You wouldn't bear it if you would know what she's all writing about you It's your moms worst put in chess It's like you sit on electric chairs all through the house. 22. But hey, come on, read it another time, and you will not be so shocked ... for time heals all wounds ... well, but ... they might want to take over your moms occupation ... to become your next horror ... that even one day you will beg for those old waterlights again ... your moms worst put in chess ... your last flame on a birthday's cake 23. But hey, you will survive death ... there are worse things than that this old curses chessboard ... which raped your whole family without pardon where it swallowed all colours away where it set it's arena's ... still an advertisement-clip roaring in your head ... Razorsharp like hell, dressed in old rags, She's still playing the widow ... painting the wet blue faces from the Big Coffee ... all these statues ... A woman with intelligence is a pearl in your hand ... 24. Awakening the wasp, the ornament's transmission ... In pale purple screams the crime appears ... Awakening the wasp, awakening the fears ... to trace the ladders inside on a woman's thick coffee-panties.

4.

1. Pictures drawn by the trauma, A boy having sharp arrows on his back, An autistic boy ... Hunting the black deer ... It's not you anymore ... someone else took the job ... He heard your scream of the black past ... and now he wrapped himself in the deerskin ... 2. He's weaving new languages on your face ... Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... when the red stinging nettle clock ticks ... deep in the forest surrounded by waspnests ... then we will see the big "most" ... it was all ...deeper inside

making us all deaf to the lie ... the good mask just melts ... when the wings are spread ... when the feather-pencil rules ... while the persons are raging above your head ... in their unknown languages ... you're just a victim from a war in the air ... from an old birdnest ... from an ancient war you're just an object in their eyes no one really knows about what the wars are raging it's an ancient war high in the air ... it's rising above your head ... so let it go

3. Black Spring from the ornament's ring ... Black lights so thin so thin Sinister shadows in the night ... Aldebaran birds, with their big eyes ... They make the tragedy so thick they can be your best friends ... but the day after they are your worst enemies ...

4. Aldebaran birds, so soft and so tender ... so weak and so fragile ... Aldebaran birds, but you can never touch them ... for they have the lion's spoon inside ... ready to attack you ... Aldebaran birds, they cry through the nights .. like they are old widows in the snow ... behind bars and thick glass ... for the rest of your life they are birds of tantalos creating the dream ... to let you miss it ...

5. These aldebaran birds ... like everlasting damnation ... aldebaran birds ...

5.

1. Jericho ; Let the comic milk stream from Jericho, by white pink treasures, they take flight .. to become the towers of the sea ... Let the comic milk stream from Jericho. These are handkerchiefs of strange leather and wool ... beyond the museums ... there's honey streaming from Jericho ... where the trousers run ... they drink from iron boots ... while they ride the rabbits ...

2. Where snakes dance ... in a little musicbox ... the yellow station ... breeding the nothing .. and the hard men ... in the museum of tears ... the tears shine like onions ...

3. She was tied to the book, the stories were too heavy to bear, she was a book statue, a prisoner, standing there all these years. On the back of a book, sucking the life out of her, again and again, She was fragile as a butterfly, spreading the green tomatoe seeds. ... And she wanted you to read the stories, so that she could catch you in her net ... So that she could wrap her wings around you, and sucking you deeper inside, while you were turning the pages ...

2. She wanted to hurt you ... she wanted to break you ... to bring you into her world ... So that you would see ... the dragon's tears ... the tears she couldn't bear anymore ... She was tied to the book, a prisoner ... of a green dragon ... And she said : I want to hurt you, baby, I want to take you into my world, So read all the stories, for I cannot bear them anymore ... these green tomatoe seeds ... I'm still a whore ... a slave of a green dragon

3. They call me the whore of babylon, they call me a two-faced harlot, they say I am the seed of devils, but I'm behind dragon bars ...

4. You cannot touch me, I'm only there to view ... I am a movie of tantalos ... a movie of a vanilla desert ... [b. Who mixes vanilla tears with banana tears gets the gold.].

5. A toy hidden on a cupboard too high ... by a green dragon's lie ... Green dragon tears are falling, his books are almost exploding, the memories of his heart ... He needs some guests to read it, there in that old bookshop, So that he can make them prisoner of his books ...

6. Bookstatues they will be, tied on the back of his memories, his diaries,so they can catch his tears, and bring them to the other side of the world ... [b. And the one mixing the vanilla with the banana makes the gold.]

7. Butterflies are flying, butterflies are crying, butterflies are dying ... entering the other side of the world ... bearing the green dragon's tears ... stories too heavy for them, they are tied to these wings, only letting them fall ... and now they are called fallen angels ... by a green dragon's lie ...

8. There are yellow dragon's prisoners ... coming from the south, from the other side of the world, they march, They are the slaves of yellow tomatoe seeds, the tears of a yellow dragon ...

9. there are waspian wars in their heads. And she sais : I

want to hurt you, baby, I want to see you bleed, want to see you shattered, so that you can enter my world, to see the tears of a green dragon, the tears I cannot bear ... until they reach vanilla desert ... a yellow stone, freezing them, they are icecream soldiers having the mark of the wasp where the waspian dragons breed them, where they have their soft wet candles ... to be candlestatues .. to burn their books again ... becoming swindling whores again, winning all the games, these swindler's games ... 10. casino's cabman was his name ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... they are swindlers to survive ... they lie to each other ... they are green liars in a boat ... a boat with wheels, with shrieking boys clocks ... casino's cabman is the statue on the front of their ship ...smiling ... doing business by a dragon's flame ... a two faced bed ... having their loves and their fights ... still warstatues becoming business statues in the night ... they are night troupers only touching each other ... by the flame of a dragon's castle ... 11. She's a tear letting others cry ... She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ... She's free ... She's a Green Dragon's Lie ...

6.

1. There are gamblers in a hall, they ride, They have the red eye on their heads, they fly, like tall statues, becoming the tiles of the ceilings, still strange pictures, for you and me, these pictures move, and I'm lying on the floor, cutting potatoes ... 2. In a red cathedral, they hide the three pale purple flowers, the red eye is sinking to history, to the museum, to write the future with the iron pencil ... a winged pencil ... with feathers from an aldebaran bird ... 3. And I see yellow liars standing on tops of ships. The mummy is rising, and all banks are closed. There is war now, and soon the pickpocks will come to bring the wounded coins to the bank, the yellow hospital. When they sleep the war's lost, and tea will bring them to business to do the war under the skin ... Here they sting with their needles under soft blankets, while spanish suns blind the screams. 4. There are yellow liars on an orange stream. She's selling her Jesus Christs to the mouths of mice ... strange coins of a strange lady ... with a strange smell .. 5. She took them from the battlefields ... wounded ... and now she brought them back to the bank strange sacrifices on strange altars ... 6. At one o'clock Aquarius enters the dining room with a golden pear in his hand You cannot eat it, he says, but you can watch it, while your nuclear hunger is melting away tricks of the stomach The fat boy is getting fatter, and his head is getting greener and bigger while spitting green fire 7. A glass is spreading nuclear water, but Aquarius sends it away. Go to your room ! he roars. He's the master of nuclear dreams. 8. My grandfather is shivering under the table where he found a little chemical orange, escaped from a lawyer's suite. Please, jump into me, the little thing roars, then I will take you away Grandfather is getting smaller by the magic of the little orange, and there he disappears into the orange It is a little radio inside It flies from city to city to spread the chemical disease. It is a trap 9. There are orange liars ... rising from it ... I'm feeling like Pinocchio feeling the juices of his tree flowing through my body I look at my hands again ... it's like they are turning into lion's claws ... what the heck are you doing to me, I roar It's like I have a million of claws I'm looking at the fir again, but now an old tall and slender man is standing there with a tall beard I'm the wizard of the Lion's Tea, he says Oh help, my whole body is changing into a lion now And I feel the lion's tea streaming from my own heart now 10. It's five o'clock in the night It's silent in the dining-room No firs, no lions the little golden pear of Aquarius is ticking on the table It's ticking very soft and slow It's soothing my head I see all my fears and hurt melting away, spiralling into the golden pear 11. I'm still crying, but all my tears slide into the golden pear, melting away I can only hear their echoes, but it's all fading away all these roaring lions There's a lion carved in the golden pear but I also see other animals carved into it It's a beautiful golden pear It smells like pear-chocolate It

reminds me of the white chocolate It also reminds me of the last golden swan 12. Eleven o'clock in the morning The pear-clock is ticking louder and louder, faster and faster Twelve o'clock in the afternoon The pear-clock explodes The end of a white chocolate dream or was it an orange chocolate ? About this the war rages Chocolate Wars 13. I'm dreaming of an Egyptian Boat, Riding in a new sort of factory ... Feeling Thoth's smoke in my back Dragons dreams I'm dreaming of a sun, standing between ten mirrors ... Ten men coming from the sun, Ten men to do the dance, They kidnapped us all, They brought us all the cards But those who don't believe, Will be home this night At the end of the story, I know it seems strange, The mailman is the eleventh, The eleventh of ten Ten men with big grey beards Ten Noah's on a tower Ten Noah's on an Egyptian Boat An Ark for plants 14. It seems I'm in the Lion's Confusion again I'm drinking from the Lion's Tea A woman called Marion is feeding me She loves the Red Rose She loves me She has ten men painted on her hat Trees grow on her hat, and all sorts of herbs and plants Her face is like the yellow flower That good old Licorice Still the gardener of our squares Still our hope to touch the moon Having ten little men on his white gloves The ten fingers of Thoth I'm feeling his smoke in my back These are dragon dreams These are cigars of Pharaoh 15. let our masks make us hard again, while we get softer inside ... we're building marchpane town ... Give us our pink white trousers back ... and let our hearts sink in milk again, while masks and towers are rising ... 16. Where the chessboards are red ... [b. the roses are red too ... and also the ghosts You're in a red golden ball. [c. Where the chessboards are blue ... you are blue too ...]] 17. If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first You're in a red golden ball ... 18. Gabriel had fallen. He had fallen away from so many things, when he found out about the offer. 19. Gabriel had fallen, for he found out about his own inner strategy, his own path, and made the decision to break with them. He found out that he didn't want to bring this sacrifice. 20. Yes, he would take over this planet [b. And yes he would destroy the mice.] 21. And he would destroy them, his former friends. He went to a lady, a scorpion's lady. Now he wanted to make this planet red. 22. Gabriel had fallen away from so many pleasures. 23. Now he wanted to be red again ...red again. Gabriel had fallen away from so many treasures. Now he wanted to be glorious again. 24. He heard about the sacrifice they needed to bring ... He would never enter, and now he found out about this new record, this new machine, inside. He didn't need them anymore. 25. They were always red, appearing in blue and white, building the green. His own red, he would introduce it on the green. 26. His father Troxododeron was a chemical fluid, a force binding the powers of the green together for so many histories. It was a red fluid appearing blue and white. It was the strongest force in the universe, the strongest form of magnetism based on a circle of the strongest poles. 27. Troxododeron was the chief of the Elohim, the inner power of the Adonais. He was the chief of all these red flowerfields, so enchanted. [b. But these red cowboys were always hiding behind the bottles.] 28. When you looked at it, it started to become blue and white, sucking away your energies, and giving you a new sight ... the sight of illusion ... These flowers were vampiristic ... These flowers were ... bewitched and enchanted ... to bring you into a new feeling ... these red flowerfields ... 29. Gabriel had to travel through all these flowerfields again, to the end ... where it all began ... He knew the dangers of these flowers, turning themselves against all traitors ... 30. It would be a battle between him and his father a battle he knew he had to fight since he was young ... Red Gabriel was a demon now, in the eyes of the Elohim and Adonais ... 31. He would be thrown into the lake of sulphur and fire ... A lake which he feared ... but he would reach the other side ... where he could share the red powers to the creatures of the green ... 33. He found out he was a prisoner himself .. He wanted to be his own god, he wanted to be a good guide for the creatures of the green, telling them all about the red secrets ... 34. He had this tape in his hand, Antartica, a game of

business. It was a present of his father, but now he chose to change this game into a wargame. He wanted more adventure, and he wanted more love. 35. He desired to have true friendships with those prisoners on the green, and finding a way to lead them out. 36. Troxododeron was a shapeshifting experiment, growing out to be the number one of chemicals. It was the medicine of wizards. But now Gabriel wanted to mix it into another kettle. [b. He went to a scorpion's lady. She didn't tell him who she was, but she said she could help him. [c. It was the first woman of Troxododeron. [d. She also fell out of the kingdom, and was now a fallen angel with the name Rahab. She was a scorpion from the sea, a mystical creature.]]--] 37. Gabriel had found himself some lovers. A bit of Troxododeron was laying on the table like ashes. [b. A bit of Troxododeron was in their hands, and they saw it was molding at a fast speed ... She had a scorpion's egg He had his own red, and they threw it into a kettle, while she was speaking her curses, and they made love [c. ... while the water was boiling, while the egg was screaming, and Troxododeron started to enter the fragile layers of the egg ... [d. The egg was weeping, while Gabriels Red was surrounding the new picture There was lightening and thunder, and stars were falling. It was the fall for many started to hear the voice of Red Gabriel.] --] 38. There were falls of angels, and even elohims and adonais started to fall, for Red Gabriel started to speak. Even his brother, Red Michael started to fall down, and turned to his brother, [b. while the egg's voice became higher and higher ... blood came out of their ears, and a red bible was lying before them.] 39. Yes, father, that is what I'm dreaming of these sheep ... leading me through red flowerfields ... until I'm in the red bedroom ... a red bedroom [b. and finally they will be ... sheep in the pasture ... which the red one will do ...] 40. Michai will do ... There will be a man from the south ... and then the blue son will rise to build it's throne forever ... [b. The blue sun will rise, in silver and gold, to build it's throne forever.] 41. This man will ride the snakes Snakes will come and snakes will go ... He will tame them all and ride them into the hands of his mother Metensia42. There was a man called Michai, the Mystery ... building a kingdom on the sun ... Messiah from the Troiade ... [b. The book of books, the father book of the bible It's the Red Bible] 43. He will speak his words in thunder, opening and closing the iron portals by seals of thunder ... And some will not be allowed to speak ... He makes silence and noise whenever he wants ... 44. He's the red balloon, [b. the man of scorpios.] 45. He speaks languages sideways the portals Ancient languages of the Red Waters Holding a Red Secret close to it's hearts 46. He has a trident of horns on his head He speaks in water blue and blood red He is Michai ... [b. They will burn the deserts ...] 47. The red eye is burning, the eye of sodom is here .. wandering from gomorrah to jericho ... oh jericho rise up, and gather the red ... who will be on top of the temple. 48. Herodes was cursing on his throne He was throwing women in a pit ... He was under Sodom's Curse but now his Michai was rising, his statue of red liberty, with seven torches in his hand making the swallow so hot ... He's the king of spice All these birds from cigarette, they sing so high ... they let the kettle boil over ... creating the orphan's song ... 49. How many songs of Jericho does it take to rise the foundling ... to build the bridge to Draminia ... 50. The guitar will do .. these men are jukeboxes ... golden statues ... Put the Icecreams against the hot ones chocolate ... Melting is just making music ... 51. It all happens on a red chessboard the wizards surrounding the castles ... The guitar of wonder will lead us over the river ... they were all prisoned .. in kisses of death ... 52. The records turned red on that day, the rivers turned blood ... Hot in the North, cold in the South ... while a musical box was rising from the red chessboard ... It was a matter of melting and freezing ... while a little ballerina was dancing on top ... 53. On that day when the chocolates were melting ... the face of the frog appeared ... a red face ... the queen found her toy back ..finding out she wasn't queen anymore ... the toad was sitting in the dining room of little aquarius ... with a golden dish and a golden grail while the plate-statue was a golden lion ... 54. The cooks were all frozen, doing strange dances ... Dorothee found out she wasn't a

woman anymore ... She had to swim through one almost frozen river ... to reach the tops of a new island ... where she would be tall and stretching would she be tall enough to realize what she was now ? tall emotions moving like snakes ... she was flexible now ... not frozen anymore ... 55. Night troupers march to darker nights, touching smaller parts, surrounding the men they call men ... While the red chessboard is melting ... the eye-rag of a pirate ... He's drinking ... and paint is dripping in his head again ... to let him be in another world ... There are fireworks in his head ... and then he goes to sleep, waking up in another world ... 56. He's dreaming of his lost son ... while he finds out he isn't a man anymore ... but a darker creature 57. You're made of songs, while the heat is climbing on the ladder, touching the high bells, for the high songs. You're made of songs and cigarettes, while sunmilk's oil is easing your skin .. It is your skin, these are your comics .. The wasps made such an art ...58. Their alarms are on ... since Red Gabriel is falling ... He's out of the game now ... He has a body of small noses, small gates like smoke alarms .. he walks ... while taking flight on a golden bird .. melting under his body ... he has to fly alone now ... waiting for that last last dive ... to the red island ... he survives ... 59. These are the songs you like ... They take you over fragile bridges ... the red ones ... While you are touching the soft wild fires ... moving wild over your skin ... You are covered now. ... [b. It's melting on your feet, these shoes.] 60. Songcar is riding on the railroads ... but trains cannot crash it ... for it's the third day with sunmilk's oil streaming on your skin ... 61. On so many pillars this city was built pillars of tears for a new Babylon Such a beautiful story ... and you don't know it ... you're just waking up to it ... On that Third Day while guitars are raging through the night ... 62. We're heading for Edom, for Esau's City ... for neon lights ... for soft lights of the water ... We're sinking in red flowerfields ... The rose is sharp, the insides are soft ... Smell the roses by your body ... and wake up to the third day ... 63. Esau, Esau, where did you hide in red heat things are so small ... and we have dashboards in our heads ... If you want to change the world ... You must change your view first You're in a red golden ball ... 64. They fly where all faces are covered by strange songs ... Like plastic implants from the Big Toy ... you start to cry ... These are all bakerman's faces ... carrying the songs which will bring you through the night They are the cooks of frogs and toads ... 65. These women are tied by red tapes, waiting for the big strike ... their abyss has been closed by the angel of the abyss, a devil has been thrown in their pit ... They are looking for death ... but they cannot find it ... She has purple boots, and she's staring at the green. She's too deep, she is my mother ... but she doesn't have a head anymore for the abyss is locked up now by a red key 66. She's staring at the green, she's staring at me ... We are all on a red chessboard while the Night Troupers are watching They have strange songs in their cheeks Raiders come from their eyes ... on that third day ... 67. It's spiralling from the Red Eye ... Sodom's Eye ... and we are in this whirlpool, swimmingpool, masterpool In strange racecars we ride riding the stories, on old records the lambsteads sit ... She's smoking the fairytales This is the world of feelings, so strong it claims your mind ... to possess and possess like hot chocolate, having raiders darker than men ...

7. 1. Chapters for raising the Summerclause-Balloon. Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet; Boys from Lynx, I only wore your trousers. [b. It was never easy for me to look into the eyes of the grey snake.] 2. It was never easy for me to see him digesting another frog. [b. giving me the empty bottles filled with sand.] 2. Mr. Wasp was never mercifull while gathering the unbroken bones. The horror from the backstage is still wandering through my mind. [b. He stole my boys from lynx, and gave me empty bottles and broken coffeemachines.] 3. He stole my redyellow flags, and took my racecars away, leaving broken toys behind him. [b. While he could drink and swallow so fast from small saturnian bottles filled with purple magic and pink treasures from Bohemian Victories. [c. His butterflies were rats, and his daylights were

marmots. [d. and snakes.]]] My mother is still wandering, looking for the last red raspberries of the old frog. 4. They say he will never die, for the memory is his breath. But no one knows where he hides, no one knows where his smoke comes from. 5. Some say he's the tranvestite of the black zone. The grey snake could never feel his breath. [b. Old coffee-machines do their best. There were wars in coffeeshops ... There where the squirtel hides. [c. Here she lost her baby, to a spanish warrior ... to a grey snake ...]] 6. Mr. Wasp, gather your children. I didn't break your glasses, I didn't take your snakes. The snake-tongue is the last memory attached to your mind. [b. You lost everything in a war of flies. Now you are made of suncakes on Betlehems mornings. [c. There are still warbottles in the sky, where strange creatures live. These were your soulbottles.]] 7. The injection of dr. grey snake made your soul quiet, soothened your soldiers to sleep. The black lullaby is still the bible you read from, cutting away the threatening pages. [b. Now your summercakes are dying, while you are drowning in your ales.] 8. You still wear the feathers of your ancestors, but you took the needles out of them. Oh, you lost your needles in the sands of the city of sleep. You carry seven beds on your back, you are still a sleepwalker in the rain. [b. No one knows your name is Pharaon, drowning your children in the Nile.] 9. Oh, where are your children, oh hero from the past. You lost them all in your dreams. [b. While you stole the silver.] 10. Bugs are working in your garden, carrying the last seven stones of your pirate-buttons you used to wear. You lost your wildness, you lost your sting. Father, I couldn't follow your strange fruits anymore. [b. Still some think you are Piet Heyn, running away from algebra.] 11. They come from places too far, wearing a linen smile too deep to trust. Forgive me, father, for not kissing your sirens which you used to guard your silences. [b. I will fight to the end.] 12. Their tall tails were never my dreams to sail on. [b. And they drink their waters and wines too quick, from saturnian windchime-bottles, filled with orange perfumes and purple Arabian magic. [c. Do they drink faster than you do ?]] 13. Forgive me, father, for not wearing the uniforms you gave me, when I was young. [b. You hit your generals on the nose and gave their clothes to me. [c. You forgot to remove the needles by which mother used to sew.] 14. I'm not complaining anymore about the zooming winds in the trousers you gave me. These were the only things I used to wear. [b. Orange summercakes in brown suns with shampoo, milks and oil.] 15. Bees painted my body to protect me against the cold nights in the summer. I was your summer-child, your saturday kid. You used to spoil me with grandfathers secrets. [b. Oh Thoth, do not take your summercakes from me.] 16. I will never forget your soft embracements, they brought the tears back to my swallowed heart [b. showing me the glues of the past, the shampoos, the sunmilks and the oil [c. bringing me back to grandmothers coffeemachines [d. on christmasdays and easterdays, when hearts were spouting money.] --] 17. Father, I still feel the holes in my head, the thorns in my hands, the needles woven throughout my body, looking for my inner cellars, below the houses of my heart. [b. They are looking for the juices. They want to fill my bottles with sand and ashes.] [18. I still see aunt walking outside in the garden, wearing a carved smile, hunting the city-bees.] [19. It always soothed my inner garages, who used to produce steaming bull-boats. I buried my bulls long ago, in the garden of my neighbour's.] [20. Aunt used to carve the flowers in their horns. I still see her bathing in too hot waters, she looks like you, father.] 8. 1. How tall are these legs of the boys from lynx. They don't seem to touch the ground. 2. They are the waiters in the little hotel of amsterdam. They are still waiting for the old host, who doesn't seem to show up very often. [b. They still want to marry his sirens.] 3. They are still dragging the rivers again, looking for old drowned watches to sell. 4. They sell everything, but the prices are too high. 5. The watches aren't working anymore, but the buyers like the flavors of it. 6. The people wear big noses, bought in the trick-shops at the canals. 7. The waiters from lynx are also selling noses. They are the leaders of the blind, selling them long sticks with hands at the tops. 8. They like to be on the beaches of forest-seas, gathering the sand to keep them all blind. They

are playing marbles with eyes. 9. Boy of Lynx, you knew the hiding secret of the killer-eye. Pacman was the fright of the seven seas. 10. You saw his clouds of canaries terrorizing the coasts of the planet. He never revealed his name, while burning the ships of spanish rivers. He never spat out the goldfishes he ate. [b. Some said his name was Michiel Adrianson The Ruyter, sitting at golden tables and golden chessboards with Ra.] 11. He used to curse the little statues of white saints hanging on his arms. 12. Their blue bingo-cards are still frightening his mind. 13. You always hated the prince of domino, you used to play billiards with him. 14. His cues were taller than yours, and his green money had blue shades, sharp crenated. 15. You couldn't stand his odor of innocence, captivating your houses, without doubts. 16. You always said his tongue was too tall, and his balls were cubes. [b. Do you still not know the curse of the marbler ?] 17. A gambler entered your house on a horse, without breaking a wall, a feast in history. [b. Prince of domino, hanging on the waves of your mother's dress.] 18. Prince of pears, running through the milk, searching for the exit. [b. All these cities were spoilt by the handicapped nurses of the big eye, gathering drunk, drained saturdays on a sunday-morning.] 19. Don't cry when another snake takes you away to it's lair. This is how you discover the world. 20. Little killer-eye, in bagdad you had your palace, until the spanish dreams took it away. 21. Now you're reading latin braille, chasing the killer-whales away. No one knows you are blind. 22. Your television died long ago. You are wearing black glasses, to hide your shame and fear. 23. You still love to play pacman, behind your invisible screen [b. but you are a blind child.] 24. You lost your marbles, you lost your luck, you were living as a prince of lost games in the palace of failure. Broken records were entering through your windows, broken languages were painted on your walls. Broken trust, broken games. All you wanted to do was escaping in fear and become a fright. [b. But in your heart you are a prince, carrying the games of your mother and father under your arms, in pride. You know how to play the games, you know where to put your pawns. Your golden dice are still blinking in the sun.] 25. A spanish dream blinded your sight, but you are still in your palace. 26. A little latin killer-buffoon, a prophet from the black zone, wearing zorro's sword, paralyzed your soul. 27. But the balls of the domino-prince weren't cubes, the spanish dream turned you upside down. 28. Little orphan, your heart is so frozen. The high-heeled ice-cream made your heart bleed. 29. Show me the thorns in your eyes, show me the threads of your puppets. 30. Little puppet-master, driven by unreached trophees, hunted by the lions of an unreached football [b. your medaillons are still bleeding in the gardens.] 31. You were too afraid to show your heart, afraid to show your empty marble-sack. 32. Running over broken chess-boards, stinging your feet. 33. Wrestling with stubborn playcards, sailing ships in a glass of red wine, drowning in cups too full of beer [b. but the domino-prince is still on your side.] 34. In the billiard-room you met the boys from lynx. [b. They always saw you as their little friend, their little son. They are still nursing the blind.] 9. 1. Officer of destruction, little terrorist from libra [b. you are still a whispering prince, shutting doors with a sigh and a shhhh.] 2. You watched the boys of lynx, cutting languages, voices, speeches and foreign accents in their checked yellowgolden kettles [b. spreading their beaches over the edges of steam to cover the eyes of the swimming dictionaries, to bring the sirens of the old wasp into sleep.] 3. Seventy lullaby-divers were entering the kettles, dropping their anchors to determine the gliding flavours. 4. Did pinocchio ever play billiards ? His lies were enough to let the balls stream. 5. Somebody's knocking on your old barn It's the ornament's prince the daydream's confession sitting on a hard day's mouse he's a good driver you admire his pears spinning like triangles in the wind good old day-possession 6. Pictures glowing on a sunday morning ... grandmother washed them with care ... they are so shiny now ... 7. Pictures glowing in the grass ... mothers garden is full of glitters now like frogs trying to get your attention ... for that what is happening far away ... in the land over the hills ... 8. And now, today, it's christmas ... santa clause is riding his horses ... these tall horses in the

night ... [b. Peter Pan .. is painting the pictures ... having that strange boy in his arms ... that strange boy from saturn ... [c. Peter Pan ... is washing the pictures with fire ... like she always did with her garden ... [d. or by summersnow She's still my love ... she's still my silent witness of everything which is happening deep down .. there .. in my heart ... [e. Where an old red man with the old grey long beard is standing painting his beard white .. so white ... [f. He's tall and thin, thinking he's sandman ... but he isn't ...[g. He is the red dragon ... showing his muscles in the night ... and a young face showing his supermen in the night ... [h. showing their blooming flowers they hold tied ... all stuffed up .. by a florist ... [i. and this is why I don't want to see her ever again ...] --] 9. He is the red dragon ... holding his goddess so tight ... but today she's mine again ... He is the red dragon ... [b. painting his toys in the night ... [c. but there's something so strange in their embraces [d. and I don't trust their prayers for sweet coffee ...]] 10. He is the red dragon sailing on a Japanese Ship ... sailing on the hand of his old father while he himself is so old [b. They didn't dare to talk to me all these smiling girls ... [c. For I was in the prison of the red dragon ... [d. to have some stalkers around [e. thick dragon walls [f. Still they march on the towers ... [g. on the walls of the castle [h. singing their strange songs in the night ... [i. marching in a strange dance if you ask me [j. He is ... the ..red dragon ...] --] 11. He is the red dragon ... holding his babies so tight ... [b. and I'm still a young young girl ... [c. He thinks I am his paradise bird ... [d. I'm a yellow mermaid [e. Doing this poetry to you [f. giving you this book ... [g. He ... is ... the Red Dragon ...]--] 12. He is the red dragon and I am his milkmaid he thinks ... [b. I am his baby surrounded by watchers ... watchers in the night the nightwatch a painting ... nothing but a painting] 13. While everyone seems to like it ... while he's holding his goddess so tight ... but today she's mine again my mother will be free again for he now knows the secret ... and he know holds the treasures ... while he cannot bear it ... while milk is streaming all over to drown the lands once again ... his lands 14. He is the red dragon ... and she is a yellow milkmaid ... screaming in unknown languages ... 15. He is the red dragon ... singing his songs of fire ... while he's living in ice deep down in ice ... 16. He is the red dragon ... red ice so hot He is the red dragon ... and he's singing his songs of fire ... coming from the ice the red ice ... 17. He was born in the nest of a lark ... he's still a lark-dragon ... he was born on both sides ... of a kettle ... a kettle of tea ... and he's still staring at something in the air ... something he doesn't want to know about ... 18. He's still staring at a liar ... something bigger than he ... he's causing so much rains in farms ... he's causing some things to bleed ... he is dragging his smiling girls to the ground ... where they pay his bills ... where they make his trousers .. where they rule the kettle ... [b. these sparrows in the wind] 19. This woman is laughing at the rain ... of the sun This woman is laughing at his tails This woman is rising ... like the phoenix from the ashes ... like the caramel from the kettle 20. This woman is rising She ... is the red lady ... she is the green babygirl ... she is the tall trousers ... coming from the moon ... She ... is the tall woman She ... is the woman from the tree 21. She likes to paint in chaos ... scratching the treasures from his knee So many liars are walking around ... so many spoilers .. drinking their coffee ... So many liars in their ships The pride of the red dragon but he's still ... staring at someone lying more than him. ... 10. 1. Thick cold juices are streaming through the street, the guitar of the snake is their leader, echoing the frightening cries of old forgotten orphans. 2. The stiletto-guitar wakes them up again, and they are marching out of their graves, out of the forgotten graveyards, looking for revenge. No one listened to them when they were young. Now they are old and bitter, looking for the toys they never had, searching for the wine they never drank. 3. They were forgotten, now they will forget. I burnt the flags of rat-armies, drank the tears of bleeding apples. I fought against the forgotten sun, and the lost caves, but it didn't seem to bring me across the river of death. Only the snake could do. 4. The Italian orphan is bleeding, painting his memories by his blood. With the hat of his father, he collects money for

his art. 5. His feet are bleeding, leaving red footprints in the sand, for his birds to follow. He was born like a pirate, a toy-pirate. He was the red pawn of a chess-board of angels. Now his father screams at him from heaven. 6. Still he runs through the rain with his fathers hat, in which he collects the old widowers from the streets. He doesn't want to let them die in the cold. 7. The numbers are floating in his mind and he's breathing fire, spitting ice. 8. Baker, spin your wine, baker, cover your liqueurs with rags. You, father of french orphans, you, father of jaguar queens, you bred the snake to it's length and stole the tower from the church by a black rat-glove in the snow. 9. Your wife was the black widow, the clock of the broken tower, and you painted the noses of your tiny little killer-puppets. They didn't need a line, didn't need a thread, they could walk with their own minds, you bred them well. 10. You are entering the chinese city, sailing on your purple golden boat, spun licorice. The old man will greet you from his rocking-chair on the balcony of his wooden house at the bank of the chinese river of licorice-waves. You are shaking hands with the golden giants of the chinese dreams. You never thought this would happen to you. 11. In the heart of this place you find the last golden swan. You feel it's heat bumping against the thick walls of your hand, and it's warmth is gliding into your soul, waiting for a new sunset ringing in your mind. 12. You, oh prince, still your mothers last black pearl, turning from brown into white, hovering to enter a new story in japan. 13. Among the jaguars was your place, now you are wearing their suits and riding their cycles, watching the teeth of jupiter, the birth of new rats. 14. Your jackets are getting taller, your fathers whispers are getting sharper in your mind. You can peel your mothers flowers, carrying the widower's coffin. 15. The last golden swan is beating in the old purple leather bag of your mothers aunt. A little clock is located in the head of the swan, made by the black widow. 16. She is the queen of killer-clocks, creating killer-birds from an old french window. 17. The red eye of the little swan is flashing, it's a little red chrystal. I take it out of it's head, and the clock quits his travels. Now the serpent can sleep. 18. His dreams are gliding through the waters of the swan-lake, bringing him back to where he comes from. 19. I wrap the little gem in a soft towel throwing it in the yellow sea, where a mermaid starts to scream at me. Is it me who's screaming, a reflection of myself, or is it really a mermaid. 20. Do I hear voices in my head, or is a milkmaid standing before the door of my room ? She broke in twice while I was sleeping, and took my cats away. 21. Now she is standing at the yellow sea screaming in unknown languages. Fortune fairytales were coming from her lips and she ate fishes to shut their threats, to shut the old voices of foreign fables. She could turn the weather in a moment. 22. Threehundred and eighty-four rats are surrounding the castle of the red dragon, wearing the blue jaguar on their flags. Japanese delights are their specialities. Their kitchens are full of green moss. The forests are so shiny here. 23. The prince's eyes bleed, the swanlake is speaking to his mind again. The yellow princess, still hiding his tears. 24. What really happened there, in the swanlake, there, at the bottom of his broken dreams ? 25. Mummified by flower-comics. There, at the swanbridge, she brought her mummified man, sacrificing him to the red dragon. The comics were aching his mind, for they were dipped in poison. He's still reading his comics, speaking in a strange language again. 26. Sixty comics are entering his mind again, planting the red eye in his head. His mind is screaming, his heart is releasing and he hears the sharp voice of the baker again. 27. He's getting swivel-eyed again. He's reaching for his inner child, this man in jail. He's feeling his ring feeling his finger. 28. It's stinging and pinching him. He feels his ring is reading his comics too, and he's ashamed of himself. He's diving at a new ring, a blue one, but he can't reach it because of the waves. 29. He feels and breathes his grandfather's smoke of a pipe, and he's trying to break the bars which separate him from his inner child. 30. A battle against a million of rings start, but his mind starts to fade away. One moment he finds himself running between the bars, and he starts to realize that the bars aren't the problem anymore, for between them there is a gate. 31. All colors start to jump on him, but he breaks these waves one by one, catching them with

his back. 32. In the mills of his mind, they find a way out and enter his heart to stir up some new troubles. 33. On the other side of the bars, they seemed to be rats, and he mutates with them, racing out of the castle on a friend's feather. 34. Darkness and fogs are fading away. A new day starts. 35. Four skaters are skating at the lake, picking up an old red doll, lying in the snow. He's leaving a world under the ice. 36. Paper soldiers are dragging the waterholes. She's leaving. He's leaving a world under the ice. 37. He's floating in the air, the red doll is smiling, meeting skaters in the air, reaching an arch of ice above the stars. He's leaving another world in the ice. 38. Under the ice, it starts to boil, until an enormous explosion splits the atmosphere in a myriad of splinters, all raging at the fat red lady in the midst of the universe. 39. The red rainbow looks in her mirror again, seeing a face fading away. She smiles, watching a dream coming to it's end. Now she can sleep again without worries. 40. She dries her wet clothes, rolls through the white sand, entering the forests of her dreams, waiting for another split, waiting for another world to leave in the ice. 41. She's leaving one shoe, leaving one glove, to finally enter her golden bath, without looking backwards, watching straight ahead, without bowing her head, every step is silver, every breath is gold, entering the marble galleries of her forgotten dreams. 42. She remembers again, she breaths, like a new born baby. 43. She's wearing the silver secrets of the jaguar under her arms, captured in three silver books. Smoke covers the city, the orange swivel-eyed phoenix is rising from the ashes, carrying a jaguar, a lemon and a red doll on her back, leaving thick moisty juice-stripes in the air, flying to new eternities. 44. A seven-headed orange dragon called Jesus, wearing seven crowns, is entering the first silver book of the jaguar, eating the letters and purple pictures out of the book. 45. A seven-headed orange snake called Esau, wearing seven pointy hats, is fishing the brown warm shoes out of the second silver book of the jaguar. 46. They are all kings of the dawn, kings of the orange morningstar.

11. 1. Chapter to raise the Easterclause-Balloon. To be able to survive in the land of nonsense one has to learn and teach nonsense ... I'm finally sitting behind my piano again ... after all these ages ... But I still can't sing 2. A giant took my voice when I was a kid My brother screamed when he took my voice out of my chest Neither my brother sang ever again since that day ... [b. He only played the piano to calm my heart] 3. The bird in my brother's chest died of sorrow the day the giant took my voice away ... 4. The juices dripping from my piano are echoing through the night 5. I still hear the footsteps of the giant walking up the stairways His steps echoing in the night reaching for the bed where I sleep 6. The giant has three daughters ... Their voices echoing through the cities ... Their movements echoing through the tv's of the houses You can see everything they do ... [b. And what they do ... is not so nice] 7. My brother's bird is chained there, sitting on a wooden stick ... It has to sing for them day and night On sundays the bird has to preach for them And reading from some old black books with silver pages [b. I'm kidnapping one of the giant-daughter's spinningwheel and race through Jupiter's Mirror heading for the old suit-shop] 8. Their voices echoing through the streets ... [b. I can't believe it, they are speaking about me They are singing their songs, echoing through the radios of the city ...] 9. It's all about me ... His daughters span the voices in their coins The ancient legendary rich ... The ancient legendary misers ... I wondered how they got that rich [b. There where schooltime was a bird's funeral They burnt my bird in their attics] 10. I remember your face, teacher Like yesterday's hell The keys to the answers lay on my dish ... Why didn't you tell me you were just a good baker ? Baking strange bread with diamonds inside ... 11. You could be my friend if you would tell me earlier You have a wonderful world inside ... Why didn't you tell me you were the white rabbit ? Why didn't you tell me my name was alice ? We would be the best friends [b. But would that bring back my little bird ?] 12. A staggers-cat called Herod joins the group He's on his way to Bethlehem to see a

new pupil ... But he first has to buy himself a new coin-suit Tonight the phoenix will rise from the ashes of bethlehem your little bird he sais 13. I feel my throat tingle ... I'm getting my voice back ... You have to talk nonsense he sais For you saw this was the only way to find the answer to get your bird back 14. I got the staggers in my head, and I saw the truth It exists, It exists It's all true We are all in the cage of denial But nonsense is free running in the fields of dreams 15. I'm thanking my teachers for bringing me back to the dream They taught me to speak nonsense while being serious with a tight face It's the face of the coin who can do this ... for people need it to buy their bread ... Another mark of the beast ... To be able to survive in the land of nonsense one has to learn and teach nonsense ... 16. I know soon there will be a storm taking creatures away to Oz 17. I didn't know you were a staggercat ... If you would have said it earlier, we could have much fun together But it's ok then I would have missed all these awesome and wonderful books of my teachers All these wonderful cards 18. There my head appears on a playcard They say these cards are the judges of the universe ... We are all standing in a circle ... Waiting for the moon to bath us in silver It's the gathering of the stagger-cards turning worlds upside down 19. The circle starts to spin In these tornado's the stagger-insects are born Deliriums Their speeches can't be followed They are the whispers of the universe [b. The three daughters of the giant know all about it They spin these whispers their whole life Wars of the playcards] 20. These insects appear on the banknotes and bills of society ... Their signatures enchant the world ... Without speaking their nonsense no one can understand you and you can't understand them 21. The old staggercat is mixing some old dictionaries in his kettle preparing a new language Some old ears through the mix Some old tv's and radios And even some old shoes 22. I see little fat men walking on the ceilings They have big hats and white faces Buddhas are coming out of their hats, floating in bubbles to the floor ... I know the faces of these men They all have the same face The face of the greengrocer White Fruits from Vega-South The Arabian Mistress is speaking ... Her eyes are like a tiger or a lion The rest of her face is covered by a white decorated veil 23. An Egyptian king is speaking nonsense to his people ... they all nod yes ... in big fevers for his face is on their banknotes My hand is sliding to my gun These tunnels are pretty dark and dangerous I won't take no any risk ... There I slide into a river called Cat's Fever The dogs are swimming here ... 24. The gnat's fever is a pretty one ... Neon-Glue is running through my body ... 25. The wasp's fever ... Like reading It's softer here in the deeper cores of earth than I thought ... 26. Finally I drink from alice's tea watching the nonsense of the tiger My tongue is falling out I get a new one Here I see another Lion Fever I got to weave my way to the Chrystal of Delirium deeper in the center of the clock ... I want to know Babel's secret ... The tongue of confusion 27. A cat called confusion is knocking at my doors I beg him to confuse me, to create chaos in my head For the brightness in my head hurts me so deep The lies in my head scream so loud I want to get a good fever and to go to bed Oh, how I want to learn another language This language is breaking my hat ... 28. Turn my world upside down for I'm living in a box of lies 29. I will give you the fever of a radio ... he sais His chaos is softly roaring in my head ... soothing my heart and hat the frightening tinned soldiers fall down out of my head's cupboards ... 30. Deep in the center where all the clock-hands cross I saw his face The comic-cat There where they drink comic-juice There where the teachers ask questions in unknown languages There where no translation exists [b. A cartoon-cat is ticking on my shoulder I see a sick child more beautiful than a lion schoolsick] 31. Feeling the snake's split tongue bubbling in my mouth again ... The only way to escape the land of the split talk is to talk the split talk 32. I had a teacher who always asked me where I was talking about when I repeated his own words Three big little blind girls, a Triplets, are knocking on my door ...

bringing me a little fir ... Then they disappear diving into the sea ... changing into whales The secret of the trident Feeling a Three-Tongue burning in my mouth 33. Trident Wars in Egypt's Pyramid Insects of the trident-sting ... Grandparents of the wasp ... 34. Where am I talking about ? I'm fainting in the classroom again [b. and Easterclause brings us always to Holidayclause.] 35. Your nightmares were there to serve you To bring you out of the nonsense into the dream-world where you are free [b. Here you can drink the juices of fairground I am the master and creator of all fairgrounds] 36. I recorded all his teachings backwards I heard the most wonderful fairytales 37. Question-languages are running through my mind ... reaching for the apples of my heart But I don't hear anything The big ear is closing the shop ... he will go to sleep when he's home ... His wife is kissing him, giving him today's sail-magazine 38. When he goes to sleep he will dream about ships This is the only thing he cares about Tomorrow he will go for a trip around the world, sailing the oceans He's finally retired on a pension now 39. After working so long in the sailor's shop ... Tomorrow it will be a toy-shop But he doesn't care about that anymore ... His son will take it over ... You can never convince a deaf man ... [b. Tomorrow the Big Ear will speak [c. under Bekehelm's helmet..... Tomorrow the Big Ear will smoke.]] 40. A language is the other's speech-defect ... all languages come forth from speech-defects 41. I'm the language-butcher he sais I confuse and cut all the existing languages and making new ones 42. I work in the tower of babel I'm the eco-system in speech

12. 1. Chapter for raising the Holidayclause Balloon. The suns are so pale there, in the middle of these tables It's blinding you, it makes us deaf, until uncle peacock takes us away ... 2. The suns are so pale here ... it's christmas in the skies and all these clauses are ascending ... spreading so many lies on television ... it's the pick pock family's decision 3. They locked me up years ago ... to let me dance on their tables spreading the lies of a green tomatoe's dragon ... service with a little light three sides on the coin or maybe more4. The suns are so pale here ... the clauses are lying spreading their bakerman's faces ... spreading their ornament's dreams tonight it's on television and then the babies dream ... then the ship's ascending like dadda's cloudship bringing us to uncle unicorn ... 5. Dreams are so pale here ... spreading so many lies all these clauses on television these lights too bright ... while the shoe sinks in the stocking ... these are uncle peacock's lights all on a leprechaun's table in a leprechaun's coin ... the third side strange road to hell ... here their hairs are burning 6. Here all smiles are fake and they do strange business and they do strange games ... cuyornaida corset a white boot on a green table ... with uncles around them uncle peacock, uncle unicorn and uncle one to ten ... 7. I am a table-ballerina, spreading lies so high ... spreading soothing machines ... to let them do business these warmachines ... by lies I bring them to sleep Is it the curse on my table ... [b. I am a table dancer, a strange clock, a strange spider, all in the coin of a leprechaun] 8. I do my decisions So much ashes behind the deserts ... where a white chocolate house stands 9. There's business around the big shoe, standing on the table ... spinning around like a crazy spider ... making the plants ... while the silver is hiding [b. and the gold is uniting ... and rising ... and the bananas are burning ... [c. They are dying becoming straight like blue bananas like the big amon ...]--] 10. Like the blue tables behind the streams of sandman I feel like an old table in a museum watching the statues of jokes ... with their rings so tight ... where records spin ... 11. Where dishes take flight to reach for the other day ... through silver skies the bakerman's faces will unite ... like golden rains it will spout these wasprains from such a strange television 12. The queen of england knows all about it she's pressing the people ... like newyears eveningpapers and a little boy is running for no one wants to eat it and now they're eating him ... these dogs in dark skies ... where the silver hides 13. These are worlds in

golden coins ... where the bananas burn like fire ... the ashes are good bullets for the guns ... these orange guns of mr. orange dreaming on ... to the tables behind the sleep these sandman tables ... he's having feathers and fruits in his head [b. and I do not understand]. 14. We are heading for another sleep in these rippling silver skies ... Give me my candles burning tight in the palest night ... these pyramids they rise inside [b. I saw a red pinocchio ... sleeping today ... between a green pinocchio and a golden one ... [c. while silver machines were soothing them ... a blue one entered the room speaking in unknown languages ... while the tables started to spin ... and the purple started to rise ... in this daydream's lies]-] 15. On the deserts of the planet mars ... where the icecream machines are rising ... they are creating the distances in the sky, while you think the ships are big so close ... while seventy heats are rising ... from september's bank ... 16. With wasprains in the hand you can search the skies ... it was made by banana and spice ... good old warmachines from uncle peacock ... a true auctioneer on lazy drama holidays .. 17. With the auctions in their pockets, they make the best money ... for cake's conspiracies ... dream on, .. sharpening the lies from uncles gun .. breed the bakers .. throw the suns .. into a new basket of snakes 18. By dagons shatters they turn the icecreams backwards ... she's selling pictures of arms ... so strange it makes you cry ... while your trousers are crying deserts .. your shoes are crying moons ... there are ten mirrors for a liars shatter. 19. Wet forestdreams ... doing egyptian screams ... all backwards wrapped in snow ... she breeds the vanilla ... she breeds the lucifer fire ... in the distance there is smoke so visible ... while auctions rise from strange banks .. these are uncle peacocks horrorshows ... 20. Who takes the children ? the one with the biggest money or the one with the biggest gun ... they don't want to go to arabia ... but they have to go .. it's already ten o clock ... hold your breath .. for within a few whisperings you will be home again ... 21. All in a zebra's watch ... so many cigarlighters from the dawn .. smoking by elve's conspiracies ... he's the prince of video-clips showing his tranvestite claw .. while spiderclocks are running from his mouth ... 22. Suddenly it breaks through edges to a lucifer's wonderland ... izu in the distance ... the auctioneer burns the hammers ... no one dares to walk ... [b. gepetto makes the clocks of pinocchios wood ...] 23. These are wars of the businessmen ... I was a wilder animal ... exploding into the one and a million nights ... I knew drama after drama, having them all on my bow ... spitting the cowards wrapping them in easters snow ... 24. Strange auctions circle in the sky strange fairgrounds .. circling in the skies .. watching the golden baths on high floors ... letters making strange connections ... fighting for a place in the ship ... that strange ship of noah ... where flowers have to die ... 25. When the auction hammer brings the horror ... These kids go to the deserts ... with his rings on their heads while tigers and lions roar in the distance ... and a black panther makes it coming close ... so close that you feel their teeth ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder suns ... burning sweet bars of the cake 26. Noah banker bake the bank bananas in vanilla turn them into gold ... breed them into cobras these are lies to sacrifice ... turning the machines backwards. 27. It's bending on paper ... these are liars on an orange boat ... while the yellow boat is sinking .. grasping fishes from empty dikes ... they're sinking deeper. 28. These warmachines create the coins ... I'm nothing but a coin in your hands created on the battlefield, finished in your hospital ... These medical days they broke me ... breeding me into a wilder animal ... but oh I'm so paranoid now ... feeling so fragile ... having such fragile visions 29. A liar's docter ... an animal so wild ... bringing me wilder days ... spitting sand he promised to be ... an icecream so far away ... this coin will be brought down ... with all these Jesus Christs ... and their heads on it ... 30. Throwing their playcards like sharp money ... cutting the bald heads and the blue potatoes ... These are just the wilder animals ... knowing the world behind the shoe ...The icecream made them blue so blue ... with red hands ... they continue .. back to izu ... 31. This juice it brings me higher ... out of the medical threat .. I'm not a number of your bread ... Land of the lambstead ... 32. Black Pinocchio I promised to be ... not hiding ... but

sliding ... to the daylights dream In a hotel I saw what they were doing to me ... I'm not a coin .. I sleep at homeI don't pay for my food ... I take it from the garden by my own hands ... 33. The sixth wolf of benchelot ... Breathes good while you're breathing, drinking good, while you're drinking, under bekehelm's helmet. 34. These families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins, raising the money high, while the banana shoots, but an orange steals the cry ... [b. while gepetto is rising with his black pinocchios doing strange dances in the night it makes you cry] ... 35. ... He's just a microphone ... shivering when they speak too loud ... he's making icecreams ... like snowclause never showing up ... 36. ... Strange funerals in the flowerfields ... these are the riddles of death ... These are four drunk gamblers, while the mailman is their god ... while a bakertree is growing in the middle ... a strange sun ... a mad sun 37. They are on a travel, to greet uncle peacock ... [b. While pictures lie in the sand.] 38. There are liars on a zebra's boat ... orange liars ... doing the dishes ... for a holiday's spoon ... the banana rises soon out of it's rinds ... with two big eyes ... it writes with the golden pencil. 39. He's still the god of ten ... while the drunk are following him with gamblemachines on their back, they take flight ... 40. It's a painting in the sky ... while brother rabbit is raking itIt's the lawyer's orange ... still smoking these cigarettes on a bakerman's dream ... on a mailman's tight decision ... making a daylight's scream ... 41. And this orange still the head on a stamp of dreams ... this mailman's orange ... this lawyer's threat. 42. And it's still a strange strange cardgame ... in a strange mailman's bag written on a strange ornament while a lawyer is doing the dishes ... they burn trees for this ... this woodcutter's job 43. Making the stamps in dark places taking kids away from the schools ... these are dark conspiracies ... from peacock's horrorshows 44. On a strange footballfield the mailman is rising ... this god of ten ... while he is the eleventh ... and who follows him is the twelveth ... It's a strange bank after all ... when school rises strange tears are rolling making seas under bekehelm's helmet ... 45. The mailman is rising from the footballfield, spreading the stamps as butterflies, and then the mass begins to roar ... while the judges will decide ... The mailman he has a million arms ... while he has a bekehelm's helmet ... they are all under it when he puts off his hat, he's a bald communist .. letting the balls roll by blasphemy ... 46. For a mailman's holiday ... She lives in his bag as his tinkerbell ... painting the smiles on his sun, these golden bananas ... with oranges as their guns ... they have orange tongues so tall so split ... 47. These deserts are in fire they were touched by a mailman ... while an orange face is rising on the stamp ... eating and drinking ... forgetting ... flying on the wings of dementia 48. Strange traffic in a strange clock ... a postman's clock ... a strange sun in a mailman's bank It's lucifer, you cannot decide ... he's spinning the ashes into stamps ... while the dice are rolling ... these are strange butterflies ... 49. They sacrifice stamps in strange churches ... waving at them until they are home ... These are strange funerals mailmen strange funeral undertakers ... working for the clauses ... or are they clauses themselves ... 50. There are strange clauses on stamps ... while soap clause rakes the skyfields ... in september they take flight ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder fights ... all happening in a mailman's bag ... 51. Charity is taking them to the hospitals ... to reach the killingfields ... these are strange ways to home ... These are strange bottles of an ornament's lie ... 52. And these rippling golden lionroads ... heading for the big faroom da bazite ... under bekehelm's helmet ... the oil is running from it ... to change the lands and the nations ... under strange flags ... 53. And our racecars on these rippling golden lionroads ... become so orange in the night ... so orange ... until it strikes the blue ... and then the towers are rising from the sea ... a strange clock ... to bring them all home ... 54. She's cycling to the moon, this feather, to see her moonchild smiling wide ... he's breeding his silver ... with a golden striped rod ... It comes from the ashes ... it rises ... when tigers go to sleep, another tiger rises ... ten seconds on a dream, it's spreading wider ... it brings coffee to the child, while the older ones are sleeping ... 55. And these golden rippling roads .. bringing them all home,

together, rising for the storm, who brings them away ... back to izu .. back to lakus ... while faroom da bazite is spouting ... 56. Trips to Brannan. He with the green wings ... he with the wings of the ornament ... He's making me smile ... I'm in Brannan again, on the wings of the wind ... 57. It's made from stamps ... It's the nothing ... but yet so full ... It's the touch of an artist ... yet so chaotic ... but it's just a higher order. 58. He has bananawings ... and he smiles ... while he's crying inside ... crying sand ... He with the tenderwings, making hearts so sweet, this wizard's son. His wings are so light and fragile ... it's making me cry with all these soft candles in the storm ... He's the wizard's son. 59. He gave me lionwings and pantherwings to fly, he helped my heartwings and my liverwings to reach for brannan's hills ... glittering in the sun ... These are ashes from the ashes ... coming from high urns ... 60. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, in ornamental skies, where truths become a lie 61. It's baker on a bicycle's friend ... it's baker riding on a friend she's a mystery an ornament, a baby, lying in the skies, peeing in the minds ... of millionaires' pride 62. Oh green baby, in ornamental skies, sailing on the mysteries, peeing in the books where bakermen unite 63. It's peeing in your head like a golden statue ... peeing in your head until you lose all control ... 64. Oh sweet baby, sweet ornament sweet baby burning bakerman's skies, burning truth into lies wings on fire ... fires of dementia ... it was installed by someone else ... having the burning deserts in the pocket 65. She's grey this lady, black clothes, hair long, dancing in the snow she's dancing like pale spring ... running on the pink while pink oceans lie to her 66. She tries to understand the words i'm whispering it's coming through like chocolate ... she warms me with her tender smile she never fails when life tells her goodbye 67. She died a hundred times for me ... and now she watches ... without a grin she's tight when the lion fights ... 68. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby ... raise the mystery echoing right through your mind, make me enlightened by your golden bakery ... so deep in the forests of this earthquakes decision ... bringing the deserts deep inside 68. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, watch the spy ... she's stringing all the pearls in grey she's doing dishes on saturday until the children are back she's a saturday's child, watch this spy ... watch her coming from the cakes ... 69. She's bringing the holiday on pink oceans they lie to her Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, watch this spy of uncle baby, baby 70. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, her voice surrounds the million stars of a golden bakery in the depths of a millionaire she's his daughter she's his green orange ... 71. Oh green lady, green ornament, green baby, you're his ornament, this millionaire's man ... growing like a green orange in the skies ... watching the golden babies by a strange lense in his mind 72. Oh, green baby, truth comes after the lady truth brings seas of time, to think about this factory you loved the schoolboy, your face is true ... but i still keep everything away ... for my fears are sailing on pink oceans 73. The horror is there the horror is there now when these words are in silver ... now when these words can speak by themselves they're not locked up anymore ... 74. A purple orange and yellow churches with carbon smiles, they lead the traffic in baker's minds ... to there where the orange liars stand ... burning the sand ... burning deserts ... for the new books ... 75. There's an orange .. a good gun ... a good faroom da bazite ... a tankstation ... 76. They have their moonchilds and their rainboys ... on the wings of dementia ... they take flight ... still that strange cuyornaida corset ... 77. They are heading for the bakertrees where they burn the deserts for the new books ... 78. They're heading for oceans of love under bekehelm's helmet. There's a purple orange lying on the floor ... while the yellow streams from it ... it's sour ... 79. There are strange cucumbers in a lawyers suit, dancing around an orange, and strange paprika's they do the dishes ... in this land of dreams ... they sell the houses ... but the rent's too high ... they are dying on their walls, while they build their towers higher ... 80. It takes a lot of money .. to live in someone's head .. only the rich can do it ... These are cucumbers and paprika's taking you higher ... while you're dying on the

ceilings, it brings you higher ... 81. The towers are rising ... with your head in the sky ... Oh, there are cucumbers and paprika's in the sky ... telling you to fly ... on the wings of dementia ... They will take everything away ... until only some old toys are left ... There are towers rising from the orange ... 82. Take flight on the wings of dementia These rings of icecream, contracting tight, while the boys are shrieking, they take flight ... still a shrieking boys clock, wheels under sandman's cars ... 83. They drive like possessed potatoes, while strange paprika's still do the dishes ... strange wheels under a sandman's table ... rising from the spoon ... 84. Strange speedboats for paranoid men ... They were killing the boat, to have this paper ... 85. They were prisoners of a green dragon for too long, eaten by green spiders ... Now they rise like orange gold from the ashes ... wearing orange chocolate on their backs, having some beaks of parrots along the sides ... 86. These balls smell like purple oranges, while the red is floating, red icecreams full of paprika seeds ... 87. Do you miss your seed, it's orange now, to be sown on the footballfields, where the paranoid men rage ... while the black man still sells them to the machines, they have strange pink tattoos, like glue under their skin, it lets them work in holidays ... in the restaurant at the sea ... 88. There are thin tall snakes in their body contracting, spitting the venom in their bones, it's so uniting ... they're heading for the gold, these golden boys .. these paranoid men ... elves escaping someone's world ... 89. They are the men of holiday clause, while saturday clause rakes the machines ... Now they can work in pink restaurants, selling icecreams to the wasps ... They have waspian smiles so mean 90. Icecream let us escape from the green businessmachine ... They only work in holidays .. these green men ... of green icecream in daylights they escape running through the nights ... these elves these ornament's elves ... 91. Suits of liquid powders ... blinding souls on paper ships ... while paprika seeds they do the dishes ... under sandman's cars in deep deserts ... rising from the spoon ... 92. Ornament's letters, escaping cannibal, escaping the mouse of spice ... It was worth it after all ... and now your head is full of icecream ... it's cold but it takes the salt away bringing you to a new day 93. Their mouths are dry these paranoid men ... still playing football, throwing playcards ... but they never hit the ball ... their shoes become so tall, to have teeth for summer ... 94. And these paranoid men ... they have icecream trousers ... becoming so short in the night ... too short, you can't see anything ... only icecream streaming ... it's daylight's new begin ... 95. And these paranoid men, they look like ornament's docter ... like saltkillers in the sea ... it doesn't bite them anymore ... 96. The milk is flowing, they're heading for the icecream ... taste still a bit salt ... but they're winning the game doesn't blow their minds ... while these ornament's they're singing their strange songs of a captain and a millionaire's unite ... 97. Song of the whispering tailor, song of the shoe-side's king, they have them all in their ornament's raging ... doing the big spin .. on sandman's tables they unite ... watching the parrotfeathers and their beaks ... hinging their like teeth under towers ... rising the spoon, heading for daylight ... 98. It was like taming a lion ... on Elsefic's back ... 99. Pinocchio was a baker's kid ... and you, you look like me, I'm not your santa clause ... I'm still burning the yellow by blasphemy ... sacrifice these churches to me ... I need them as oil for my motors ... 100. I'm still one hell of a beast ... 101. There are strange shoes coming from orange kettles, while the black man moves the spoon, he's mixing the letters ... while the shoes burn the deserts ... until it's gold ... until the icecreams stream ... 102. Give me enough shoes to head for icecream ... it's running through my veins awakening the marchpane flowers ... in white green chocolate shores ... it's deeper inside ... a pink blue forestroad like working in holidays ... 103. Spit the sand, brother, spit the sand ... with paprika seeds deep inside ... i lost your number ... but now it's back ... 104. Give me enough shoes to head for icecream ... and then burn them by a scream, i want to be barefooted by the end of the day, to bathe in icecream ... 105. Burn your boots, sweet moses, burn your ornament's cakes ... spoil the baker's cat and his sweet child ... and let us glide deeper, into icecream veins ... 106. The cakes are thin like orange wood, while icecream

flows through it, hiding the paprika seeds for a mission ... Speedboats are fast, to be teeth at the end of the day, hanging below the tall towers ... 107. Holiday clause sell me icecreams, and take away my pains of this businessdream ... i drowned in business, now my days are gone, let my shoes grow, and burn them at the end of the day ... to reach deeper inside for the naked flowers, the beaks of parrots and their feathers 108. The icecream's finally running through my veins, while praying to Elsefic, I'm having these strange bananas inside ... my friends are like me ... i can only remember my name in thick letters ... 109. It's strange drugs after all ... from a strange strange tree ... where the icecreams run ... like paranoid men, playing on a footballfield, never hitting the ball, only each other ... doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world ... these elves ... these children of bakerman. 110. They're coming from the world beyond cockaign, wearing trousers becoming too short in the night ... while you can only see the icecream running ... setting them all free ... by Elsefic's candle ... under Bekehelm's helmet ... 111. And then the cucumber seeds are awakening rising into the streams ... watching the daylight's candles, under Bekehelm's helmet ... 112. They're all surrounded by icecream ... it's the Big Escape ... until the sand is rising, building marchpane city in the middle of the deserts ... while the tinkerbells are ringing ... and the jingle bells ... 113. And still the old black man is mixing in the kettle the orange kettle ... until it strikes the blue forever ... There are snakefighters coming from the streams ... their bows are striped, their arrows are red stripes, it stings ... 114. They are the wasps ... they're on a mission ... planting so many seeds ... in the icecream streams ... while heads are growing, exploding like paprika's spreading their seeds ... while cucumbers take their ornaments ... still ornament's docters ... They have racistic smiles ... but they're just green bananas sifting the gold by silver ...

13. 1. Chapter for descending the Santaclause-Balloon. The French Schoolbook ; Cruel Heritages. 2. *And the boys ... these boys ... They are free in their prisons ... selling their churches to old lions, selling their little gods to another gameshop ... they will be the balls of new games ... rolling by blasphemy ...* 3. Glues from Crocodile, the woman with the white boots. In the land of the fake, a fake-assassin lives, all his crimes, all fake. 4. There where everything gets fake, the pain slides away, and then you're holding only that golden precious diamond in your hands ... 5. It's overflowing with liquid yellow glue, the juice for your children ... 6. In the land of the fake, a fake-dancer dances ... the mailman with his fake letters ... his fake hat ... all to make your heart in peace ... 7. Now how do you make something fake ? It takes many lullabies for that You need to fly on the back of the orange dinosaur No one knows where he lives. It takes some adventure. 8. You need to go to some libraries from Gemini, where the glues are streaming, green glues and blue glues, while outside it's snowing, and the trees produce those powders How do you make games, for these are necessary for a fake ... Ask yourself some good questions ... [b. The woman with the white boots will initiate you Tall white boots, a mouth soft like sekmeth] 9. Jesus from the Vegetable, they run on the streets of aldebaran, the terror they are there They sing their songs of clothes too tight ... But they wear their uniforms over them 10. Sharp guitars are on their side The Aldebaran Boys ... they have shining scars on their necks, turning black in the night, making a living on the ceilings 11. The Aldebaran Boys still pirates on empty shores, giving poets their swords back, running barefooted on wooden roads ... 12. With the ballgames in their eyes ... they died in the factories it was the big escape Still tearing clothes, running the stairways of old shoes ... 13. And the boys ... these boys ... they are free in their prisons ... going from sunset to sunset ... I'm finding myself in the candy-factory .. You thought your dance was over here but slowly a new dance started ... a better one ... and much wilder ... 14. A cigarette is getting crazy ... that happens when there are too many publics in your head ... but now he has the pencil in his hand, it's burning. It decorates

the candy, to make it ripe for trade ... You still sell these things ... 15. Oblezea Vitrininium ... The spell you still speak out That old dwarve's spell ... nailing your Jesus Christs in the middle of a footballfield. Oblezea Vitrininium, the Birthday's Eye, giving him a new christmas And you are the statue on his gun 16. Oblezea Vitrininium, still sandman's best trick still the horse on your father's road ... 17. There were only ashes lying on your table, muttering at the end of the story ... The Eye of Birthday, guiding the Aldebaran Boys, like Bethlehem's star ... 18. They are mixing the candy through the vegetables ... by this strange fruit It fills their stomachs so deep, like spun sugar ... like the clock of a spider crazier than them 19. My mother's zoo is too interesting but she doesn't always give me the key to really meet all these amazing creatures I think she wants to protect me For I do not realize how dangerous they can be 20. I'm still wanting to visit dad But i really need to put on my armour first I feel myself like a kindergarten-child but maybe that's better To act like an adult when I'm not is not good 21. Then I would become a dangerous animal which they have to lock up behind thick bars But where am I now also behind the bars of the kindergarten but I need to realize that the world outside is the cage and not this kindergarten it's just close to each other 22. I feel the bars of the cages of dangerous animals not the bars of my cage I really need to put that clear I'm free here in this kindergarten with all these caring mothers and mistresses 23. I'm free to fantasize Fantasy is always free But even in fantasy there are bars but these aren't of my cage ... but that of the dangerous animals' cages 24. I'm staring a lot through these bars knowing that one day I will ride these amazing creatures together with dad If we know how to treat them well, they can build houses and cities even new worlds 25. The roar of a new fantasy. I'm hearing the roar of the dinosaur, I'm hearing the roar of the new city. I'm hearing the roar of my best friend, waiting for me to ride him. 26. Together we will build the land, I'm hearing the roar of the dinosaur, from millions of years ago. I'm hearing the roar of my daddy's friends. Together we will make the land. Together we will build the cities, the tall buildings, and the skyscrapers, the hollow houses, the big balloons. 27. I'm hearing the roar of a new dream, liquid, racing on new roads to the rainbow and beyond. I'm hearing the roar of the joke, roaring and racing these nights searching for a good end

Kwibbibs

1.

1. The Dragon Candle ; You could smell the tomatoe .. bringing you to toyland once again ... It was on the back of an eagle ... It flew while you ate ... Could you eat the green tomatoe, when it landed on your back ... You had to wait until it reached your mouth ... 2. Flying Carpet, Carpet makes the stage, He makes the bakertrees, where uncle peacock bows it is your destiny, 3. When Carpets rise, you know it is your time to play, and underneath that warm warm blanket you find your sledge today. 4. It is the Carpet making memory, The Carpet making destiny, The Carpets rise like soldiers on a dream. When the Carpet talks, the city walks, To the city of The Hague, that city at the sea .. Such tall coasts .. will it be your destiny ... 5. To the city of The Hague, will you find your way back, when you have been to The Hague ... It's the Red Golden City ... where all the red raiders stand tall ... 6. These are the towers of talk ... These are the confusions making the creations .. and california will end in arabia ... california will end in arabia .. 7. The tail of a dragon, from california to arabia ... still the spice making your life worth living ... 8. When the octaves rise higher ... 9. It is the ornament, the true time's brother, i wonder about these lanterns so big ... to bring us back to bring us back today ... to the city of the hague ... 10. To the city of The Hague, In the little city

of the hague ... a little musical box speaks ... 11. Still a viewmaster in dark caves of stations near the sea, while green aunts stare at all these circling faces of Mickey Mouse, still the statue in the middle. Spinning like a thousand mothers. She's a widow spider. 12. Yes, spit the suns in the green baskets and sell the fruits, for half the price. 13. These are the towers of talk. You have to cheat a bit when you raise your voice. There's a telephone on the radio, a banana on the church, burning the money, for the insurancancy rising like a bird from tax's seas.

2.

1. The Fortune-Teller ; I almost don't dare to watch in her eyes It's like falling into a thousand of pitfalls at the same time, pits, fifty miles deep ... 2. Her smile is like the mandarine, in deep extends They warned me saying never go there, where she is, But I'm too curious to resist They say she's breeding sharks 3. I'm watching the rings at her finger They reflect planets I don't know It makes me curious, I want to step on these planets ... 4. They feed me unknown juices I'm creeping through the sand ... I see her misty palace in the distance or is it just a mirage ... 5. She is the queen of the mandarines They say she was my aunt in early days, but my uncle left her, and she went to africa, to live in the deserts ... 6. She's still a magician after all these years, My uncle became too scared of her magic ... 7. She always turned into a werewolf in the night 7. And finally I see my lost aunt for the first time in my life It's like a million of sharks are staring at me She smiles deep ... You're still that little baby, she sais 8. She shows me her chrystal ball, and I see myself running through the skies ... 9. She smiles, I always followed you by watching my chrystal ball ... she sais ... You were always my little tv-star ... 10. She asks me to drink some of her liquor But no, I say, I have to drive home tonight 11. She sais : home is gone, it's now in the chrystal ball This is your new home ... 12. It's like a million of sharks are smiling at me ... But aunt, I say, I only have clothes for one day 13. She shows me a wardrobe full of suits, saying not to worry about that I immediately like the pink ones decorated with white ... See, you're still a baby, she sais 14. Hun, I need to tell you something, before you go to sleep I still become a werewolf at night, and then the sharks will walk through the room, cleaning the house cooking tomorrow's meals, and working in the garden ... I say no problem, but don't wake me ... 15. The fortune-teller smiles Where am I ? I ask ... You were far away, she sais ... 16. Why are you doing this to me, I ask To show you that your dreams are real, she sais ... I look at my hands, and see my aunts ring on one of my fingers ... 17. Yes, it's true, I say A little shocked ... Then she closes her book, And I fall asleep again

3.

1. Hail to those who received the nipplian shields, the eternal heart in Izu-Avah, those of the hybrid smiles of death. 2. Hail to those who walk the hybrid paths, in which they can move their arms and legs. 3. They can breath forever in Izu-Avah. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. Hail to those who walk the ocean heart, hail to these men who have found the multi-gender, to live forever in the heart of Amen. 4. Hail to those who have read the words of the paradise. Amen-Talgamen-Amen, for they have reached for the rocks of Belcanov, to find the golden pearl in the midst of holy-do-ers. Amen-Rise-Amen. 5. Hail to those who received the nipplian shields in their chests, those who could move their rippling scanners for a multi-scan. 6. They are the holy-do-ers on holy mountains. Hail to those whose nipples are protected. 7. In the hands of Izu they will dwell. Hail to those who have the old faces in their keys, for they will reach for Izu-Jamaica's sands, to enter the lands of Cobra. 8. They have the youngest and oldest smiles to lead them all through the valleys of death. Hail to those who have the eternal heart of Izu-

Avah in their chest, for they can reach for the widow spider laying dormant in the middle of easy faces. 9. They have seen the visions of Nostradames, to become paranoid and neurotic. 10. Hail to those who have survived the strikes of Belcanov, for they have become softer and softer, by the glues of Brannan. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. They have been struck by a fever to become healthy. They have been struck by chaos to become ordered, 11. Yet they are wild. They are the wild men, the wild boys, becoming raiders, while they are sleeping in trees. 12. They have become darker and paler, covered by chocolate, vanilla and peppermint. Hail to those who have survived, for they have been struck by confusion to become creative. 13. They do not marry, but travel from woman to woman, to become the shining hermits in the sky, while their lights are slowly fading away turning into darkness. 14. Their hands are cold and their hearts are hot, while they worship the illuminating Biezefic, their son of hearts. He came on the third day of their death, to bring them these new smiles. And they have entered through the cages and caves of Belcanov, 15. To see a new smile, floating on their faces, diving into wild waters to rule them all. Their lips are pierced, their eye-brows waved. They wear the ancient cuts and tattoos on their bodies, 16. As they head for the mark of the hybrids. They have become darker and paler, raiders of a new apocalypse. They have burnt old books, they have eaten from old chocolate, they have wandered through easy wildernesses. 17. Now their heads are difficult, made of paper, while glue and honey is dripping. They have found themselves as puzzles. They have doors in their bodies, as struck by medicine, the curse of medicine. 18. Now they have their own medicines inside, deep down in the ice. Hail to Biezefic. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. They have waited to greet Marazanta from a distance. They have watched the ripples of new oceans, where they all live underwater, by gravity and fishian smiles. 19. They have found their roots and their holy arks. They have wives like harems, like ancient kings, they have more legs, like the jellypus, they smile. They are raiders, domiating the hard spells. 20. They have lost their lives in deep dark caves, to meet the Benchelot of their hearts. These smiling wolves they faced deep down there, until the dogs of Belchelot led them out, to Izu-Kabbernal they moved their legs, while their arms were reaching for the watering skies. 21. They have watched the faces of Izu-Benchelot so deep, while faces of Izu-Belchelot led them out, to the skies of Brannan and Izu-Kabbernal, they took flight. 22. And now they swim as fishes so deep, in darknesses of deep Saturn in Avah. Amen-Saturn-Avah-Amen. [In Izu]

4.

1. They have found the dark red treasures in Saturn-Avah. [In Izu] Amen-Holy-Amen. They have found their bread so deep, in dark golden treasures of the seas and oceans of their hearts. So deep they found the portal to a new life. 2. And now they're travelling in an acorn, from heart to heart, from tree to tree, to become solar in this new sun. They have the heads of radio, while the tongue of telephone rises. 3. They have found the secrets of tax and insurance, near to the Blue Tree, where Izu-Metensia gave life to Michai and the Aakse. She has the dogs and pigs of Izu in her rings. They have the smiles of Izu-Sarsia. They have seen the eyes of Perremoth, and the trees of Peppermint, in deep caves of Saturn-Aveh. [In Izu] 4. They have entered the signs of liberty, for a new living. They have entered the halls of Avah. [In Izu] First Hall : Saturn-Avah, second Hall : Belcanov-Ra, where the bananas dwell, third Hall : Sandakov Origia, fourth Hall : Belchelot-Ra.

5.

1. The Wizard ; The Arabian palace was hard to reach, The desert was long, and full of snakes ... 2. I'm touching the portal of the palace, But then it disappears ... It was a mirage ... 3.

Finally I feel hard ground below my feet, Am I in now ? No, it's only a lost stone in the desert ... The sun breaths in my neck, My shoulders are burning 4. Finally I see someone standing with a mirror, smiling So it was you making all these fata morgana's 5. I'm looking around me, the desert is gone Even the desert was a mirage, just another one's trick I'm in the palace, Cool winds are touching my neck and back 6. My clothes are thin and transparent The sun tattooed my body with dragons, to protect me against the Wizard's eye ... They say his eyes spit fire 7. His cobra's lead me to a room, in the top of one of the palace's towers Two lions will wake over me the night ... They say the black powers will rage when the nights fall 8. In my room it's hot My bed is burning, and flames are dancing on the walls ... 8. I see banana's to eat, but I don't dare to touch them They say they are the wizard's hearts I see them beating on their dishes ... They are pulsating strange feelings into my stomache ... 9. I feel like getting drunk It's the wizard's banana-liquor ... They say it's necessary for a good sleep, and not to fall out of the dreamship, while sailing over the seas of the night 10. I see black licorice surrounding my ships it glitters in the waters The black sun is enchanting the oceans But there I see you walking on the water, with your little mirror ... 11. And I find myself sitting on your lap It was all a mirage it was you again Uncle wizard, it makes my touch lighter ...

6.

1. The Card-Reader ; These summers with you on Neptune took so long, it was like forever. The days here took so long. I'm staring at the little clock so many numbers. 2. I'm seeing your smile reflecting there, watching Neptunes Teeth Your dress is taller than the sun, telling me stories about a long forgotten past. 3. Your earrings are big You got them from an Arabian Queen. 4. The way you use to smoke your tall cigarettes is too mysterious to describe, a dignified kill is what you always called it. And oh, yes, you are so dignified, tempered and patient. 5. You always said you don't wait for anything. You always said to wait is to die. Your smiles reach the bottoms of Jupiter and Saturn, they are still your loving sisters. 6. When you shuffle your cards, there is no one who can say anything. When the lady speaks, everyone is silent. You know the snakes around my neck. 7. Softly you close the curtains, as in slow-motion. I'm trying to catch a glimpse of the ceilings here, but all I see is smoke and fog I wonder if this house has ceilings at all. 8. You smile, and give me a glass of strange wine, or is it liquor ? Anyway, only by watching in the glass, seeing the ruby-red moist, I get a sting in my stomache, and something climbs my back, embracing my neck as a soft wind. 9. Is it your monkey or just a trick ... or am I just dreaming I'm getting dizzy staring in the glass ... You still hold it before my eyes, I don't dare to touch the glass 10. No, give me some apple-juice, I ask You say you don't have apple-juice, only these sorts of blends There I see myself sinking away in the glass You smile deep, and saying : "Come on, give it a try, take a good pull." My legs start to shake, and I'm falling on the ground 11. Your carpet is so soft I feel myself like lying in the grass I am looking at my watch, seeing more numbers growing on it 12. Your face reflecting Seeing Neptune's Teeth 13. No, no, no one can ever say I drank from this mixture, this only happened by staring at it You smile, and while turning your back to me, you walk to a bookcase, so tall, I couldn't see where it ends 14. Maybe it doesn't end If there is no ceiling, there is no top of this bookcase But I don't know, I only see smoke and fog 15. You smile while giving me a book I shiver, I don't dare to touch it ... While staring at it, I feel all strength streaming out of my body I'm lying on the grass again 16. Someone's touching my fingers Your monkey ? 17. You smile Turning the blank pages, while disappearing in the fog

7.

1. only caring about that strange hunger deep inside which makes them so immune 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 2. like they are stung by a fly from a strange land their reflexes are broken off ... the fly made them immune 3. 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 4. they have been stung by a strange fly stranger than they could imagine ... something that flew beyond their thoughts and ideas 5. 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 6. 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 they don't respond they are far away ... their reflexes have been died out broken away 7. powders of tragic lullabies are being spread throughout the night 8. they look into the faces of many flies, they are under an insectian curse ... all tragic lullabies 9. deleted by a flash their screens will soon be deleted from the mainscreen like breaking into medical powders finer than the finest strike 10. 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 11. 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 12. 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 13. a spider called "white thunder" was descending like there where millions and millions of helicopters descending to the wildest surfaces of the seas 14. a man called "rara sur" was standing on the fragile shells of rippling existences descending his spirit he was the god of slow-motion 15. hard rain was falling, while the thunders were charging the atmosphere all by strange delights 16. "you have to eat new meat," a voice was speaking 17. suddenly as by thunderstrike, the heavens were shocked open, white powder was exploding and millions of spiders were attacking 18. 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 19. 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 20. 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 21. he's smashed against the wall by this sight he's watching outside seeing a world drowning ... children ... mothers ... fathers 22. then the lady is grasping at him from behind and tries to strangle him with panties ... 23. 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 ... 24. 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 25. 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 26. like he was also going through a cocoon he felt so many strange powers in his eyes, like he could burn everything by his focus 27. He felt himself like a lethal wasp ... 28. "you are the seventh one", a voice spoke. 29. their mouths are becoming so

mean all of a sudden It felt like they were walking on a thin wire ... surrounded by dangerous electricity 30. while a wild sea of fire was roaring under them 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 31. it was like his memory didn't exist anymore serene slowmotion waves of a white ocean ... he was never born he was dying it wasn't his cradle in which he slept as baby ... it was his grave 32. this ocean is so large ... surrounding his whole being ... he breaths in the white rippling powders [while it's shivering between brannan and lapsalvania.] 33. 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. 34. 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 35. 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 ... 36. he had formed the scanner into a box which could store these energies and transform these to use them for different instruments. 37. This would be a possible way to get rid of environment-pollution. 38. 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. 39. 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. 40. He became the hero of the society, but he didn't like all this attention ... He was glad he still lived so isolated 41. And he loved to make trips through the forests sleeping in a tent to stay close to the trees He felt safe here and this was his place he got so much inspiration 42. The revolution went on ... and soon the whole society worldwide was based on tree-energy It was a new industrial revolution. 43. 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. 44. 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. 45. 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 46. It was like the elves were returning to earth 47. He was now working on a project to conduct insectian electricities. And soon enough he could set the incoming patterns into visual information. 48. 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 49. And he had the feeling someone really wanted to talk to him but he tried to ignore these feelings 49. 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 50. He lived in a house near the sea ... 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 Insectian-based instruments ... They had developed a mechanism which could translate the insectian mosaic code into human languages. 51. 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. 52. 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. 53. He remembered when he first started to get the insectian mosaics on screen that these were so wild that everything started to get overheated 54. New revolutions came on earth since the codes were cracked It seemed this new insectian technology showed easily the conspiracies ... The frequencies were burning them inside Organisations started to melt away for this was a very personal technology. It was like a holocaust People were set in fire 55. it was burning their organs away There were forestfires, and even some seas were burning There were skeletons on the streets 56. Babies were screaming Playgrounds were burning away schools churches Justice-courtsshops And the fire was spreading more and more there was smoke everywhere 57. 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 58. 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 59. 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 60. 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. 61. But he 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 wanted to live in silence he saw the dangers hanging over the earth

8.

1. He and some other four 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 2. It was like earth was traveling to the exit .. 3. Since that the air became stranger and stranger, and it was like a strange hand was taking over the world. 4. Meanwhile science developed itself in insect-based technology, and one was specifying the several area's in this. 5. The wasp-electricities could be caught and seemed to be very useful in many ways. 6. 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. 7. 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 ... 8. There were more exposures of conspiracies, 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. 9. 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 ... 10. it was a controlled and concentrated energy, a focussed energy, and it seemed there was a solar cocoon for humanity to learn how to handle solar energy. 11. 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 12. He was at peace ... he was finally in the silence he so desired ... For all the pressures and expectations of organisations and governments were slowly strengling him ... like he was in the arms of a devastating insect ...

13. He felt free. It was like the show was over now, and he could finally live for himself instead of for others ... 14. He couldn't care about them anymore, for he knew they had to live their own lives, making their own decisions ... 15. 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 ... 16. The temperature was very good but suddenly images were appearing on the walls of the golden one .. They were rippling like a movie, and it was like hands tried to touch him 17. "Well done," he heard a voice saying ... 18. 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 19. 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 20. 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 21. 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 22. And when he started to do it the holograms started to disappear while he found out he was really in his golden ball 23. 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 ... 24. 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 ... 25. A voice was saying : "you can never say you weren't warned" 26. He 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" 27. "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 ... 28. It was like for the first time in his life, he really connected to his body ... He could feel his body ... 29. He saw something like an electric eel lying before him ... with a body so bright that it blinded everything else ... 30. 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 31. 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 32. And he felt like paralyzed ..Like in a shock ...Watching this electric fish-like being [so solar] Watching like he couldn't watch anything else ... while the pharao's were pouring their tea ... 33. 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 ... 34. 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. 35. 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 36. what a strange, strange viewmaster channeling the ray of light, from high above. 37. But now what he saw here ... was an apocalyptic march of lamentations and you will look into the face of a viewmaster ... the face of an electric fishlike being [so solar] ... 38. A voice said : "you can never say you weren't warned ..." [Mickey Mouse on a candlestandard.] 39. In this electric fishlike being [so solar], he felt himself like a statue ... There was no need to switch anymore

... For it was like here there wasn't time ... 40. All hard parts were connected into the statue All truths ... All he needed for this moment He felt himself ... like a rock He felt that the clock had done it's last tick 41. And it was like his brains were locked now protected against any split against any switch 42. He felt himself like being an ornament now living in a shell ... living in a diamond having a new viewmaster 43. 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 ... 44. 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 like an oyster He loved to watch the pearls inside he loved to spin them he desired to live inside of them ... 45. In the distance he sees his old marbles They are suns having the colours of stones and metals 46. He's seeing the solar ornaments, the solar stairways, while it's becoming dizzy in his mind 47. 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 ... 48. He wants to learn their languages He wants to be in their racecars He wants to 49. He wants so much ... All his desires rise to the edge Is this the road to New Aldebaran ? 50. He wants to be on the racecourts ... to roll on them ... to learn a new language to the heart ... 51. 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 52. "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 ... 53. A new Aldebaran ... He wants to fall into spirals of new suns until he reaches the taste of the fruit the core a new world to enter ... 54. he's in a solar cocoon ... melting and melting inside ... 55. he's melting by gold, pearls, silver, emerald ... like living in a diamond ... 56. A voice is speaking : "you can never say you weren't warned" 57. In this solar-womb he will grow ... inside the mother ... not outside ... he will be safe forever here his daddy lives in his mom 58. 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 to this strange land ... Children of the Sun 59. 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 ... 60. ... 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 61. 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 ... 62. He didn't believe in all this society-stuff He was a hard worker ... thinking that only the lazy ones created society ... 63. ... 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 64. His son's dreams were inspirations for him ... Such a little boys 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 ...

9.1. There were also snakes who could enter their bodies through their wounds, their mouths or other gaps in their bodies, even between their buttocks. Sexual Revolution as Inner Freedom Revolution, not as unclean, dependent slavery. This is the statement of our master. 2. Snakian Sexuality wants you to be reconnected to the divine, to the love-relation with yourself. It is the Fire and the Ice mixed. 3. The Python is sent out to your earth with a mighty vibration. It's task is to bring you back to yourself. 4. We welcome you for initiation in our

temples for the highest good. 5. The dark spine can be connected to the dark coccyx, as a way for the dark kundalini snake to rise. 6. This can reconnect you to the dark genders, the lost sources destroyed by an overload of impulsive light, the uncontrolled women-vibration and the overcontrolling men-vibration. 7. Together they form the damage-bringing Blinding Light, eating away the brain, in which a sick superficial brain can develop itself as artificial polarized intelligence. 8. It lives by slavery and 'prey'. We got our knowledge from masters. We bring honour to them for their works and love. We saw in them : They gave us the most proper gifts they could give us. Amen and Talgamen. 9. Honour to Sarsia, who brought us a light in total peace to the darkness. There is a day in the night, a light surrounded by dark wings, to bring the light back to that which is hidden, the gnosis, the secret knowledge. 10. I want you to know about the secrets of Eeden. There was a Pythonian Tree, where the Python lived. 11. This Tree was called 'Secret or Hidden Sexuality'. But Adam and Eve chose to eat the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, instead of connecting themselves to nature and themselves, and they really got raped by the snake of that tree. 12. It was a black snake wanting to rule the world by polarized knowledge, while humanity lost it's sensitivity. 13. Of course there are many versions of this story, and you can even switch their meanings. 14. Humans must find their way to the hidden tree, the pythonian tree of secret sexuality, to be initiated in our temples. 15. The forces of polarized sexuality are strong and dangerous for they spread diseases, dependency and damage-bringin group-energies. 16. You must find the serene key of sexuality into yourself, as a portal to have experiences of Oneness with the divine. 17. The Serene Orgasms from the Hidden Tree come when you are into deep connection with it. 18. It seems you have to make a pilgrim's progress, a stairways of initiations. 19. I am the Python of your dreams, penetrating the membranes of your brain, so strengthen them, and to make the fleeces flexible and multi-layered. 20. I make your emotional bio-electric bodies flexible and connected by innerlinks, to soothe and strengthen the worthy and serene chainreactions of nature provided to help you on your way to access infinity. 21. There was a conspiracy between the man and the woman. Glory to Tujaja on this day. May the good Goddess bless you on your path, and may the python guard your steps. 22. We will lead you along the hidden pythonian genders locked up in the spine. 23. Eat from the hidden tree, and find the darkness of Eeden again. Then all your knowledge can be transformed and repatterned, as a ladder back to Eeden. 24. Then the dark snake can rise to activate the dark spine and the dark coccyx, to open up the dark layers of DNA, for new recordings and allignements. 25. Glory to the Kingdom of Ra, glory to the Egyptian Snakes. The snake comes from the core of the earth through this basket and then it rises in the spine, to sink down again into the core. 26. This is a mighty vibration and there are many snakes to awaken. 27. There are stories in which Eva found the hidden tree and ate from this fruit, while she had sexual experiences with god. In another story the one who ate from this fruit was called 'Lillith'. 28. Eva and Lillith in their good forms are goddesses in our pantheon as well. They are the mothers of Life and Sexuality. 29. I will bring lots of glory from the moon. 30. I penetrate your mind and dreams as your guide and guard in the orbits and tides of the planets, coming like mighty waves over the earth. 31. I teach you what it is to switch, to transform, and to see the beauty of the spirals of nature, still showing the same colours, but then it slowly switches over to another spiral for there are also spirals in spirals. 32. Go from beauty to beauty, everything has it's opposite and needs it's opposite to develop itself. 33. This is at first a painful process but later you learn to use this pattern as a plug as a sense to call for other patterns. 34. There are patterns within patterns, and they switch. Dive into these seas of patterns, and make friendships with every tide to use them well, to channel them through your body without blocking them, to let them flow through your body without judging them. 35. See how rivers call for rivers, it is all a big mystery of life, calling forth mightier and mightier waves, until it is all swallowed and put in divine order. Give this process a chance. 36. Let the

solar energies digest that what you have in mind, for a total transformation and a total new creation. And when you make the decision to accept it and use it, it will mold in your hands, and be a stone of life's temple. Be a temple of life. 37. Let the energies roar through your spine, and let the python plug in, on the several connection-points of the spine. 38. Let the python then bite in your mind to intoxicate you, and to build your bio-electric pythonian helmet. Be ready for initiations. Invite the pythonian forces into your dreams. 39. There were a lot more trees in the garden of Eeden. There was a green wet tree, through which you could have access to the wet world. 40. The pythonian records could be found there, stored in soft wet cushions. 41. There's a story that when Eva eats from the hidden tree and becomes one with god, she gives birth to a sort of former Jesus-figure. 42. It is a sort of snake-figure but it has legs and arms. The story describes how this snakian Jesus loses his arms and legs under a curse and becomes the sort of snake we know these days. 43. However they never lost their abilities to shapeshift at times into beings with legs and arms, and even into beings with many legs and arms and sortlike tools. 44. The tree coming forth from this divine mating is the blue tree, also the Tree of Taboo. 45. Under this tree Metensia gave birth to her sons Michai and the Aakse (who became a fallen angel after awhile). 46. God planted many genders in this garden. There was one tree in this story these genders weren't allowed to eat from. 47. It was the woman-man tree giving them access to an abyss where only men and women were allowed. The boss of this abyss was called Apollyon. This is a story in a Pythonian Bible. 48. The first kundalini snake about to rise is the blue kundalini snake in the solar blue project. 49. It will rise from the Blue Tree and then overflow the woman-man abyss. This will be like a metaphysical flood. A lot of false spirits will be drowned on that 'Day', the Day of Our Dear Lord, which is actually a period. 50. This will bring a new era for earth, as the Aquarian Waters will rise layer by layer to bring justice in the abysses of the earth. 51. There will be metaphysical changes of an enormous grade, while certain mighty women will lose their gifts, and fall. 52. There were women who went to deep into the woman-man abyss of Apollyon, and they reached a lot of illegal powers and control. 53. They will be drawn back one by one, or group by group. Tides will turn. 54. The second Kundalini Snake to rise is the Great White Kundalini Snake, when the Solar Ships of the Blue Sun have reached the cores of the White Solar Shells of the matrix of universes. 55. This will be an inter-universal strike. One is able to enter the White Solar Ships for further access on the Solar Stairways, while this Mighty Kundalini Snake is rising. 56. It is coming from the core, to recode and change sexuality. It is a sexual force, but clean and serene. It comes with destructive fires to clean the core of the earth and all its layers. In this there will be new creations, and the layers of the mind start to fall to make place for the true images of life. 57. She will carry the Pink Link in her hands, ready to install it into the stomach as a seed. Soft pink fires are coming from it, surrounded by glowing layers of ice and snow in such a strength that it radiates a heat beyond solar energy. 58. It is the heat of ultra-ice, such a coldness that it turned into an all-destructing fire. She is a supernatural lady, she is a pink volcano of divine orgasms bringing you back to memory by tears. 59. By tears you can store and remember, to give you access to the hidden tree of secret sexuality. She is reflecting the liver of the cosmos, the storage of the body, her name is Pele, a Hawaiian Goddess. 60. It is a Tree of Memory, illuminating who you are, where you come from, and who belong to you. 61. There will be such tremendous forces of heat awakening on earth, that earth will get solar qualities step by step. 62. You will see the miracles happening before your eyes, when you walk these Gaian Pathways, as a way to bring the neural Gaian pathways into your mind. 63. Layer by layer you will have this access when you stay in these words and flows. 64. I am speaking to your heart, and when you feel this connection, reply to me, to let the mighty vibration between you and me arise ... 65. Let us be the keys together, to open new universes, as a solution, as a continuation of the good life. You are a wonder, let us melt together. 66. All these new patterns, you can be part of it, as being a key in ascension .. I

love you, please reply to my love, as I am interested in you. 67. I will give you total freedom, we will have the vibration of a growing fire and a growing ice to set us both free, so that we can fly together becoming lighter and lighter by getting rid of the heaviness of slavery and expectation ... 68. Be free, give freedom, and you will ... 69. The laws of your biology are cruel. Let me lead you to a total new biology, on a strong pythonian base. 70. I want you to know that the pythonian energy is one of the most refined powers of existence. There are layers in the earth denied, while they were there for your protection. Let me raise the animallistic shields around you. 71. There are many sorts of green kundalini snakes to rise from here. They are to cleanse the blood, change the directions of its magnetic grids and vibrational patterns. 72. This is a powerful crystallizing force, with the ability to release the inner juices and sweetness. 73. It is the ornamental art, also combined to architecture. It is an ancient mother-source of the white-red pattern. 74. Strong Jupiterian Force of Ornamental and Lighter Architecture. Powerful crystallizing and ornament-forming force with the ability to release the inner lights, powders and fires inside. 75. Strong Aldebaran-based force of cavebuilding, thunder and lightning. 76. The chip will bring a new hormonal index based on new sorts of glandfunctioning by the new codes this chip radiates. 77. There will be Pythonian Camera's to crystallize this process, and within new codes of powders and fluids proclaiming immunology will be activated and secreted. 78. In the green spot, everything becomes wet.

10.

1. They knew about the frequencies of different slimes creating a total new body. 2. He always said that society was the main killer, but industry gives a chance to survive. 3. He was an evolution-freak of the hybrid theory. 4. This theory would end up in a definite link between humans, trees and animals. 5. They would produce the slimes necessary to survive the dangerous and endless future. 6. He had developed guns with all sorts of slimes to select. Every slimesort had another function. 7. The slimes were very good for farms to breed all sorts of trees and species. 8. These were implants taking place in dark underground labs by high frequencies in the form of flashes and sounds. 9. Suddenly all sorts of slimes were flowing through his body, and he felt like he was really becoming a hybrid. This was a deeper feeling of liberty. 10. Her name was Onnia. She was almost like a monster, and could do much shapeshifting. 11. The slimes were streaming through her veins, and always when he saw her he got the chills, like a cool touch in his neck. 12. He liked Onnia, and he said he would work on her to give her some really special abilities. 13. Onnia was an Onak, a large slimy and hairy being. 14. Her back turned a bit over, and she looked like a prehistoric crocodile-gorilla. He loved the construct, and would love to work on her for a few days. 15. He would ask their old teacher to come taking a look. 16. One day he came, and it was very good for him to see his old friends. He wanted to make a trip in the capsule and started to sit in. 17. After an hour he stepped out. 'What a beautiful world of ambient seas and shelters, labs and evolution. This is so devoted to the hybrid theory.' 18. The beings looked like Onaks, and their movements were so dignified, wild and breath-taking. There were rivers of slime, green slime, and black slime, and the atmospheres were full of dark colours. 19. They had experiences with underground snakes. 20. They were often much bigger than the snakes they knew from above the ground. They were now so deep. They lost all their equipment by the eruptions, and still much lava was flowing. The lava was flowing to the world above the ground. Did their visit trigger these eruptions ? 21. The world was in fire and lava now. 22. These were dark holes, with less fires, although the atmosphere was getting hotter. 23. It was like they would be burnt alive when they would go further. 24. They decided to wait awhile. And to their surprise the temperature was getting lower. They started to move on, they had to move with this temperature, as a bubble in hot areas, or was this temperature attached to a

certain time-period of a day or a week ? 25. They were speaking in a strange language. All of a sudden there were lightflashes. Green, brown and black slime was coming forth. When they came closer it appeared to be a giant spider. This is what we worship, the woman said. 26. It is a winged spider. Suddenly the spider spread its wings and flew towards them. She said she brought them to the least dangerous temple, but the rest of the temples were very dangerous. From there the flies ruled. 27. The woman started to cry : 'The gods there are very aggressive. They came from deep underground to capture our lands. We had to build temples for them, so that they could be worshipped and served, but they are very cruel. 28. Every year we must sacrifice children and old people to them. They can spit fire, and they say they are the rulers of the sun. Their faces are so cynical, we feel deeply humiliated by them. 29. 'It's okay, we will help you,' they said. 30. 'But that's impossible,' the woman said, 'they are too strong.' 28. 'We will go deeper underground to find out where they are coming from and what the origin of their strength is,' he said. 31. They had slept one night in the temple of the winged spider. It was the oldest temple of the land, and the spider promised them that if they would be in danger he would try to help them, but he told them that even he himself couldn't defeat the flies. 32. These flies were big and meat-eating, having special powers and spells. Their wings had arrows to paralyze their victims in a short amount of time. In the temple of the spider there was a cave leading underground. 33. The snakes were more aggressive here, but the woman tried to soothe them with her flute. It worked a bit, but sometimes they had a wrestling. 34. The ground was muddy, and sometimes it was hard to move. They decided to creep for awhile, also because the tunnel was getting smaller. 33. They heard the sounds of different buzzing insects, and also the snakes were making sounds. 35. Suddenly the ground below them cannot hold them any longer and they fall into an enormous web. The air is full of poison, and they are surrounded by black spiders having big different coloured spots. 36. They are sliding towards a nest of flies while their bodies are glued now. When they fall in the nest, it appears to be a doorway to a temple. 37. Flies are attacking them and sucking them. Then suddenly the flies disappear and they stand all alone, watching into the distance of the temple. Bigger flies are flying there, making high buzzing and zooming sounds. 38. Then a flying snake appears screaming and spitting fire, and another, until the whole temple is full of shouting flying snakes. 39. In the midst of them a gigantic black fly is rising, having dark orange and red squares on its body. 40. Red rays can be seen in his body, for it's a bit transparent. 41. He has a crown in his hands with different colours of gold, and slime comes forth from it, in which all sorts of animals rise. 42. 'Throw the woman in the pit of octopuses,' he spoke loud to the flying snakes. 43. And they carried her there, while she was screaming. But he dived after her, and started to fight the octopuses. The octopuses were very strong, and it looked like they were not going to make it. 44. Suddenly the winged spider appeared and stung the octopuses one by one. The fly got into rage and started to block the waterpit. He was spitting solar gasses, and the spider told them to dive. 45. But suddenly an enormous black whale came to the surface to let the capsule crash. 46. Green slime was dripping into the seas, and it was floating to the worlds above. 47. He was staring at the amulet he got from the woman, the black golden one with the green slimy stone.

11.

1. Wars of the Flies ; In the distance the soft machineguns and canons were shooting, pulsating, like liquid balls and eggs together, while soft winds surround them. The heat is intensive, someone is breathing. 2. By a wind and a flash, they are exploding into white powder. 3. 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. 4. 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. 5. There isn't always much to do. Sometimes it's really boring. The webs of wild flies are worse than that of spiders. These racecars are a species of flies. There's coming soft smoke from their throats. Watch these suns they have in their ornaments. 6. The white golden sun is standing tall, while someone tall, almost bald, leaves the stages to take a boy from the streets. The Lord of the Flies is taking him to an island. 7. He's coming tall accepting no complaints. Someone gets the tall ornaments, to hang in the trees of their gardens. 8. He's a wild fly, growing undercover in so many worlds. 9. He stares at the tall ornaments growing taller. From here he can grow to the heights. 10. In the White Golden city they gather, all these white flies. A White Golden Hand takes them away. The White Golden Snake penetrates the chest, to give them more hearts. 11. They are breeding a white species ... These golden rains ... They shine through the night ... Unity smiles on the mountains ... The red stripes take them to an ocean of feathers ... where marazanta screams in pale spots ... 12. The boy has pale ripples on his body, and some pale spots ... a piece of art on plastic ... 13. White boy contracting their mouths to enjoy the white silver venom ... 14. They can do political speeches, shaking them out of their sleeves ... 15. It's thunder when they speak ... and then they greet Marazanta ... It's a mouthcontracting ornament made by seven mice ... 16. They rule the world like cake ... It's a daytime spring ... on waves they take flight ... 17. The big coffins on the other side of chess ... they smile ... It ripples like the white silver ... bringing them to the seas of sharks ... all in a Brannan's hat, under Bekehelm's helmet ... 18. On a Brannan's watch ... These boys spit the silver ... and in the middle of the nights they take flight ... Like towers so tall ... they become ... the billboards of machineguns ... the red stripes of the fly ... while their silver ripples were so white ... building these towers ... coming from the seas to live under Bekehelm's helmet ... These cakes. 19. And the man with the white golden hand, he's here, the boy's mouth is contracting ... 20. It's June, for Lazarus Tree ... flowers are coming forth ... fragile white rippling ... over me ... 21. It's June, ... time for Lazarus Tree to bring forth flowers ... 22. 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 ... A white golden hand is what it said ... it's so erected ...

12.

1. Initiations in Pythonian Temples ; Take a deep breath, knowing that there are many temples of a pythonian character are sensitive for the following exercizes which can get their attention to plug you in. 2. Let go of group-energy and stand on your own. You are a group yourself. You don't need anyone for that. Inside you live with different poles. 3. Why not letting them switch and play ? It is your task to bring them all in the picture, and to discover all the poles you need to access infinity. 4. When a certain pole is very weak in your life, or didn't get attention from you, then sometimes nature finds it necessary to make a season of that pole, to let you be devoted to such a part for a great piece of your time. 5. Be sensitive for the poleclock. Ask the pthon to weave a clock fitting for you. 6. Let the python scan your body to find out what the weaker poles are, to reinforce them. 7. These poles become your children. You need to feed them and take care of them. 8. Visualize two pythons to bite in your neck, left and right, these bites are to make you sensitive for python energy, which stores itself a lot in the neck. 9. Then let them glide over your arms to your hands and visualize they bite your hands. This is to bring pythonian creativity in your hands, to make you flexible vibrating and balanced in using the poles. 10. There are a lot of different pythonian temples. Every grade has it's own bio-electric tattoos and so called 'spirit-piercings' all to open and concuct certain energy-canals. 11. It will help you to develop the multi-polair patterns as a way to become pythonian in your spirit and soul. The pythonian nipple-piercings are bio-electric piercings

from vibrational structure. 12. It is to stir up and conduct the deeper energies, and as a way to release overload and to protect against it. 13. Bio-electric piercings are very important parts of vibrational immunology. 14. Visualize the pythons biting your nipples in such a way that they leave a tooth there as piercing, and then visualize it as becoming a ring. Visualize that the tooth/ring has the skin of a snake, dark wet sorts of green and pure thick yellow with black rings. 15. Visualize them biting your genitals for the same. It is part of the sexual immunology when you want to channel higher forms of energy. 16. Keep repeating this meditation until you feel it plugs into your mental and emotional frames. 17. It can give you a pythonian sort of gland-activation for higher forms of hormones. When you feel you have succeed in this and you feel comfortable, visualize the same pythons, and let them glide through your ears into your body, where they can glide to the several organs to bite them. 18. Let them give you the inner piercings inside, the same way, but when you start to visualize the skin of the teeth use more red. 19. Red is a deep penetrating colour which can start to regulate and cleanse the blood also, for a better and deeper bloodcirculation. 20. The way you breath can then start to become more pure, and it can start to develop pythonian breathing ... while later it can even reach for the voice to have more pythonian energy in your speech. 21. After the organs you can start with the muscles and bones in the same way. 22. Let them finally bite the coccyx and then slowly breath in letting the energy flow through your left leg into the earth, sinking there layer by layer, to the earthcore, as reflection of the different layers of DNA. 23 Pythonian DNA-Recoding. Pythons can be masters in DNA-Recoding, they actually have deep access to these layers, more than people know. Lay your hands on your chest and visualize a golden bird on your chest, which can give wings to the snake energy inside. 24. They will fly over the seas of DNA, which gives feedback to the spine and the back of the head. Visualize a highpriest and a highpriestess laying their hands on you to bring the initiations and to lay the seed of new gifts in allignment to your journey. 25. Let them put a towel around your head so that you cannot see anything. This is important so that your old views are gone. Let them install pythonian view. Breath in and let them lay their hands on your eyes. 26. Let yourself now come into connections with the pythonian goddesses and gods. Visualize a golden cirkel around your head, while you see yourself sitting on a chair. The cirkel spins very fast and starts to sink over your body. 27. Be one with the divine. Now you can learn about these gods and goddesses to strengthen the initiations and to have access to higher pythonian temples. If you are already initiated by these forms other temples of the pythonian character can have their attention over you more easy. 28. Your aura and karma will get used to the new vibrations or will simply get rid of them when it's not for you. If so, then this experience was just a doorway to another sort of energy for your life. 29. Give nature the time to sort it out, and to bring you the energy-level fitting to your present situation. Never force energy and never expect too much of it. See it as one step to reach for proper ascension. 30. It can be that you have naturally an overdose of pythonian energy by the results or situations of your past lives, or by something else. 31. Then this energy will be sent to the right person by this initiation. When you are really initiated, the temples can easier balance your energy and send it out when necessary. 32. Not everyone is ready for large portions of pythonian energy, but by this initiation it can be sorted out. It is actually a tester and a lesson. Now the energy will find it's own way. 33. It can be that you really find yourself 'home' in this, or that you get the feeling of having a source in your hands, like it is your destiny. That can be true very well. 34. Breath in, and ask the goddesses and gods of the pythonian pantheon to spell your pythonian name. It is not necessary to receive these letters as in hearing them. 35. Just know that you have a pythonian name, and that they use it to connect to you in a deeper way. Maybe later they will reveal this name to you. 36. If you are really a 'chosen' one in pythonian energy, they will attune you to very high tones and very low tones, to have multi-dimensional access to important places for your pythonian growth. 37. Focus on the wet spine, a green energetic line

in the spine, and let it penetrate your coccyx, while breathing in. 38. They are looking for those with the red-white energy-hands. Those ones get a special initiation through the several fronts of the pythonian universe. 39. They will become pythonian channelers and will be prepared for mightier tasks. 40. Pythonian Energy will be clear and directed. It will provide self-conscience instead of suffering under all sorts of sick conscience of others. This however will be a ladder. 41. There were sent out strong paralyzing bio-electric chemicals to the heads of those born under pythonian flags. If you are a chosen one, you will get your consciousness back. 42. There will form new neutralizing in your brains breaking every false bio-electric or chemo-link in the brain, to let new neural and vibrational pathways arise. The chemical structures need to be changed out there. 43. The Pythonian Front on earth will care for that, and will send your soul-parts attached to error to several pythonian stations throughout the several universes within the pythonian shells. 44. Prepare for new forms in the DNA and the membrane. If you have roots there you can develop new sorts of movements and attitudes to let new vital forms of energy arrive. Realize that these are the portals for energies. Raise these portals high.

13.

1. Lord of Insects II, Snake's Egg, Psychological Horror. She was running from one wall to the other, so upset. She had something in her mouth, an implant. 2. This she got from aliens. And now she was a prisoner on their ships. I was there watching, me, the monkeyman. 3. I took her by her hands, she smiled, but then she moved her face away. She was in pain, in deep trouble. 4. There were many others on the ship, and I couldn't do anything, for I had these implants too. 5. I could only whisper some words to them, but it seemed they were behind dragonbars. 6. We were all separated from each other, on this strange strange ship. Some mouths were bleeding, a girl was screaming. 7. She got the implant, so deep in her mouth. 'Do you know what you are doing,' she screamed against the machine. 8. But the machine was merciless. 9. 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. 10. 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. 11. It was like thunder in our heads, then the lightening was blinding us. Blowing us away, further away than before. 12. We were socially disturbed, by this damned implant in our mouths. 13. 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. 14. It was like the cross of Venus. Watching your children die, while you couldn't do anything. 15. 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. 16. Things in our bodies. This implant controlled our whole body, and it was not the only implant. 17. 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 ? 18. She had a tigerdog called Odokom who cared for her. He always took her away, when things became too heavy. 19. He was her best friend, but he also had the mouth-implant, and was often fading away, while the girl was in tears.

20. They were far away in space, surrounded by orca satellites, but there was growing something in their stomachs. 21. 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. 22. 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. 23. 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. 24. 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. 25. 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. 26. 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. 27. It was a strange pencil, a golden one. The monkeyman went to a hall below the ground, where between the rocks a river dwelled, with sharkships, with lionheads. 28. 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.

14. 1. '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 !' 2. '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. 3. 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.' 4. The girl smiles, and gives a hand to the preacherman. The docter is also there, smiling. 'Yes, Chantal, I heard a lot about you.' 5. Spaceships in the form of lionsharks and snakesharks are moving themselves in the air above the small city. These spaceships are very large. 6. 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. 7. 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. He's grasping one of his arms. He cannot move it anymore. The man is standing up and walks out of the temple. 8. A huge shark is appearing in the sky, having a lion's head. The man walks to his spaceship and leaves. 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. 9. 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. 10. A monkeyman sits on a balloon, with a snake's egg in his stomache. 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. 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. 11. 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. That was all he had. 12. Golden words, of a golden pencil, were all stored, in 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. 13. He didn't know them anymore.

15. 1. Something was breaking through walls, she, with an implant in her mouth. Snakes moved through rings of fire, while a lionshark was in the middle, surrounded by snakesharks. 2. She had an egg in her stomache, while stories were exploding there. All they wanted were stories, stories, stories. 3. Through rings of fire, the spaceships move, while the egg is rising to her mouth, she's a pencil, spitting in unknown languages. 4. 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. 5. 'Okay, stop,' the preacher sais. 'Why are you talking about priests and preachersmen in your stories, in such shamefull ways. Can't you talk some more dignified about the Lord Jesus Christ ? 6. Your stories are chaotic and you're switching identities. I don't want to be rude, but you need a docter or maybe even an exorcist.' 7. 'Pardon me, sir,' the man sais. '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. 8. 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. 9. 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. 10. 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 ?' 11. 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. 12. Around such persons often sects and cults rise. We as preachers think these people need help. 13. 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. 14. And for you both the warning is here : 'Don't read golden books you find on streets, for it can be a trap.' 15. '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.' 16. 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.'

16. 1. A man takes his gun and shoots the psychiatrist. He was serious about it. It's reality, not a story or an act for children. 2. 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 ? 3. This man believes in sacrifices. There's living a strange species in him. Coming from a snake's egg in his stomache. He feels it's there, and when it extracts, he feels the shivers going through his body ... 4. 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. 5. There's something in his stomache, 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. 6. 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. 7. 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 ? 8. He thinks the gods are just misleading, that's why he seeks comfort in the archetypes of the darker creatures, the anti-gods. 9. He has raised a satanic temple, while he loves to hear satanic music, setting him free from the prisons made by churches and temples. 10. He feels the fragile thin bones of the egg in his stomache, it's alive and growing, sometimes moving up and down. 11. 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 ? 12. And what if this thing just want to make babies with him, more eggs. Is he just an experiment ? Aliens ? 13. Is he just breed of an Extra Terrestrial Farm. An ETF ? He doesn't know much. 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. 14. 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 wanted to meet all the boogymen, to find his grandparents back. 15. 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. 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. 16. He got a few weeks to read the book. Then he would be on the electric chair, going into history as a criminal. 17. 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. 18. 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 ... 19. He lost so much knowledge, like he was in a strange cocoon. 20. But that what remained grew like gold and made him so creative, more than ever before. Like strange vegetables were growing inside. 21. 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.

22. 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. 23. The dental psychiatrist said he was safe here. Fluids were developping themselves in his legs and feet, to give him the gravity. 24. 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. 25. 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. 26. 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. 27. 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.

28. There was a clock hanging there, above the octopus, like a sun. 29. A clock with so many arms, hiding a spider. It was the clock of Ra. 30. 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. 31. 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. 32. 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 ... 33. But deep in his heart he felt the desire rising of becoming like the spider in the sun. 34. Was it to be free, or just another prison. And if so which prison would be the best. 35. 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 ... 36. 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. 37. 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. 38. 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. 39. 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. 40. 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.

41 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 ? 42. 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. 43. 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. 44. '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 ... 45. 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. 46. 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 it's way to the truth.

47. 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. 48. 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. 49. 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 ...' 50. He fell on the ground, and blue fluids were flowing out of his mouth, flowing on the carpet. 51. 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. 52. His head started to become red and purple. His heartbeat became slower and slower, and then he stood up like a zombie. 53. Everyone he met got the same symptoms 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. 54. 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. 55. It became a cell, 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. 56. A psychiatrist was lying dead on the ground, while 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. 57. 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. 58. '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. 59. 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. 60. 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 ? 61. 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. 62. 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. 63. The griffon was dragging his soul into the waters, while he lied against him. 64. The waters were cold and bright. Snakefishes were swimming here, biting him horribly. 65. 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. 66. 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. 67. 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. 68. 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 ... 69. 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. 70. All these fishes, there deep down in the waters of hell, would fight about this golden cigar. 71. It would be like the last Great War, the final medicine, for another Deception, the greatest of all.

72. 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. 73. 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. 74. 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. 75. Glass was exploding, something was breaking through the walls, merciless. It was the Griffon hunter. He wanted the book. 76. 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. 77. And if they would be separated, many would die. But the Griffon Hunter had to separate it with his sword, and many fishes died, exploding in the sunlight. 78. 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. 79. Roaring he swallowed it, while flies started to break into pieces.

80. 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.' 81. 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. 82. 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. 83. 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.

Kjebbih Sapur

1.

1. Raising the Vibes of Sleep by Sekmeth, daughter of Ra. You are loved by us. We bring you the sources of sleep, a multi-delta vibration. 2. The delta brain-vibration is necessary for sleep, but we tell you that there are many more vibrations working together to produce sleep. 3. The deep vibrational matrixes are necessary to access when you want to have a deeper and better sleep. This is your portal to travel to other worlds. 4. I want you to learn how to care. It is all based on sleep. If you can make people into sleep, then you are a good one. 5. Then don't think you are boring, you just have the ability to bring people over into the deeper worlds, then you are someone usefull in escapes. 6. You, my beloved ones, are destined to be the stargates and the divine portals for the coming times. 7. You yourself can be the matrixes for a new world. 8. Love to you, oh visitors of the temple. I will initiate you in the temples of me, if you have an ear of understanding. 9. If you will slow down your very judgements, for true judgement always goes slow, on low vibration. 10. This world is over-judged by unrighteous judges. I will give you the names. If it comes to that. 11. Just wake up out of your historical frames, and enter a new society of sleepwalkers, on slow vibrations, for this world balances on the edge of the gap by speed. 12. Your speed will cause more accidents if you don't slow down. Think twice. 13. I am Sekmeth, your beloved one. I am your true mother, raising the traffic lights in the storm. 14. Yes, I know it's not easy to stop while you feel a mighty storm in your back. 15. Your society even manipulates you to run, to be a winner. But you will win when you will find yourself, and when you find the brake in your heart Pull that little trigger, and stop the machine 16. To see the beauty of existence, the beauty of life, in the small things Then I will raise your vibrations to the proper gifts. 17. I am Sekmeth, your source for freedom, to find an isolated heart. 18. There are so many isolated sources from which you can drink when you make yourself free. 19. In this everything you need will be mirrored. 20. I want to thank you for listening to me, this day. Remember my words as the echo of your need to sleep. Don't crash your life.

2.

1. Raising the Vibes of Identification, by Sekmeth, daughter of Ra. I want you to know that someone cares about you. There's no need to be general, but I want to be very personal with you. 2. Remember that I'm always around you, not far away, to hide my children, to hide my beloved ones. Come into my caves of sleep, and I will pull you to a new world. 3. Let me give you my ornaments based on your own preparation and readiness, based on your heart's desire. I will measure your heart by proper laws. 4. This is the Egyptian Art. In our temples there are many searchers and scanners, many scales and measurings the hearts need to go through. 5. By this we can determine the gifts to you. Then everything becomes very personal and special. 6. My temples of sleep are doorways to dreamworlds, and to the unconscious layers of your body, soul and spirits. 7. This all the get grip on yourself. There are nighttimes in someone's life, all to find themselves back. 8. The warm worlds of tomorrow will suck you inside to eat you as a fruit. Of course this can look cold to you, and maybe even painful, but it's the butterfly's transformation. 9. You will be digested by the stomache of Mother Life, to find your way to the body soul and spirit, and finally to meet yourself, as the core of life. 10.

This will be a shock or a comfort. People who think too low about themselves will meet a comforting spirit, and people who think too high about themselves will meet a shocking spirit themselves but this mirror is only there to serve you. 11. To show you where you are and which directions you can go. There is always freedom, but this freedom will be very truthfull. After every pathway of lie, there will be a bell of truth, and then you will find yourself in the classroom again. 12. Mother Life will always be faithfull if it comes to that. After the trip you made you will hear the schoolbell, where there will be a proper evaluation of all the elements in your trip. 13. Then you will make that same trip with a proper mirror, and in my scale. Everything will go through the scanner, all you brought with you. I cannot assure you that everything will stay on it's feet then, for my fires can also consume the fruits. All what you create is a gift to the Goddesses. 14. They will return it to you after the fire. I am the Eye of Ra, sent out to consume the earth, to test all the insides.

3.

1. I am Sekmeth, daughter of Ra. I come to bring you the level of the waters, the rythm of the water, to enter in a deeper sleep for a deeper identification. 2. There will be a new clock in the heart of earth. 3. This will be when the Forces of Vega-South will connect to the Gaian Forces in the core of the Earth. This link will create the New Clock. 4. By this Earth will face higher evolutional shifts, which will bring the Earth through matrixes of higher and lower vibrations. 5. I cannot tell you the grip this will have in the universe, for some strong links will be layed between Earth and Venus, to bring the magnetic grids into another direction. 6. Major changes this will bring in the ways of life. New cultures and new religions will rise because of this major shift. 7. There will be supernatural changes of a high grade when this chain is layed. It is the VSG-Chain [Vega-South and Gaia]. I cannot tell you the grip this will have when the VSG-Clock will start to send chrystalline impulses into the universe and the atmosphere. 8. It will be the change of nature. The Clock will awaken the metallic sources of the earth and it's forces, and will awaken the silver kundalini snake in the earth's core. 9. There are seven kundalini-snakes there, waiting to be awakened. The Silver Kundalini Snake is one of the biggest mysteries of this universe. The last word isn't spoken about this. When the Silver strikes, the earth can digest again, deeper than ever, it can consume like a fire, and transform the dust. 10. Then the body can be coccooned to become a light and thin butterfly again. The body will bloom by the soul, by a reconnection of art. 11. This is a result when the underground of Boston will rise. This is a capsule, on which Boston is built, a matrix of energies from the moon. This base is called "Moonchild", and it rides the Silver Kundalini Snake. 12. By the hardest strike, the opening of the hardest energies, the softest circles will be openened. This all will be a very large process to reopen and accelerate the fleeces of the universe. 13. Then the Green Kundalini Snake will be awakened in the Core of the Earth. This one will restore the moist in the atmosphere. 14. It is a wet forest-force, which will change the blood of the Earth, to make it bound to higher vibrational laws of the universe. The harmful lights from outer space roaring on earth will be filtered out, but the forces will concentrate on several bases, which will give tremendous energy-actions and crashes on several points. 15. It will be called Concentrated Energy. These powerpoints will weave their nets around the earth, but actually they will awaken the higher forms of shifts earth has to make.

4.

1. Boa Constrictorian Initiations ; These are general instructions which might get the attention of several boa-constriction fronts to pick you up in spirit. 2. Don't have too high expectations for the conditions are strict. 3. If it's not for you, they simply will not give any attention at all.

This is just a test then, for you to find out where you stand. 4. If it's not for you, it might be a portal to find another direction. It might attract the beings simply destined for you, to help you in your further progress. 5. So don't be too focussed on the boa constrictor itself, but rather be open for initiations in the next step of your sacred journey. Your totems will find you when it is time. 6. Breath in, and put your hands crossed on your knees for awhile., and then draw them slowly to the upper legs while stretching and straightening your back, if that's possible, while breathing in deep. 7. Say the word "Boa Constrictor" in your mind, a few times. You might get released from some energies. This will be a check. They check if you are ready for what you or they have in mind ... 8. Boa Constrictors have a very strong spirit-voice, but just lay your hand on your heart and listen. 9. Don't focus too much on one sense for they can communicate in many ways. Check your feelings, your smell, your sight. They can even speak by changing your surroundings in a way, or just by silence. 10. They might need to remove things first, and sometimes it takes nights and nights before they really do something. 11. Swallow a few times, as they can mix their energies in the moist of your mouth, and by swallowing it, it can spread over your body. Breath in again, realizing they can change your taste, change the way you move and speak, but they can also just leave you the way you are. 12. The inner works they do are not always to be felt. Sometimes they just don't want you to. They might want to build it up step by step, or they see there's something else for you. 13. This is not always that what you have in mind. Be assured that they know what is the best for you, we are talking about the Boa Constrictorian Divine World of course. 14. These are Boa Constrictorian Gods, Goddesses, Ascended Masters, Guides, Guards, Totems, however you call them. 15. They will leave the amounts of energies best fitting to you, in form of attunements. 16. Your mind can start to come at other tracks or they will bring you in new situations worthy to be the next step in your learning process here on earth. 17. They can let you meet new people as keys for the rest for your life. That doesn't mean that these people necessarily stay long with you, but they can have an impact or a factor bringing you through new spiritual doorways. 18. Maybe you even do not like these persons, but the divine world knows what they open in you. Energies accelerate other energies. 19. Visualize the hand of a boa constrictorian highpriest on your forehead, and breath in. He says : I cannot assure you you will get what you want, but I can assure you you get what you need. 20. This is not always in line with your desire, as the divine works not by desire but by needs. If your heart resonate with our hearts, you now receive a proper initiation in the fronttemple of the Boa Constrictorian Realms. 21. If you were already there, then it just adds to that, and if that's your destination it will bring you deeper. Receive your grade, receive what you are worth. We will assure you that if we see grades you are not worthy to wear, we will take it off, for it would only harm your soul, when it's done in impulsiveness and egoism. 22. Visualize a simple temple of the Boa Constrictorian Realms and let your visions resonate with theirs. Be One. 23. Of course there can be interactions. The Boa Constrictorians have their layers of different energies, and you have these too ... The divine will sort out where you can plug into each other, for deep DNA-Mutations. 24. After this they can do DNA-recodings of Boa Constructorian nature in you when and where necessary. Never force these interactions, just watch the flow. Give it time. 25. Don't be afraid for it either, for your guides are always with you to draw you back when they think they need to do that. Everything is in Divine Order. 26. Your guides work together with the Boa Constrictorian, for otherwise they wouldn't bring you here. And you might discover you have a Boa Constrictorian Guide as well. Do you know how many guides you have, and what their roots are ? 27. You might be surprised at times. Further you have a mind on yourself. Your guides need to grant you space and freedom of your own will. You are free, now and forever. Be well.

1. The California Key by Sekmeth, daughter of Ra, this is your goddess Sekmeth, in your travel to the sensations of speed and slow-motion. 2. As you know the secret of movement lies in the switch between these two poles. 3. Here we can find the secret of control and reach, in a very accurate sense. 4. My children, my good children, I want you to know, that I am so happy for you today. This is a new moment of contact by my channel. 5. I will always find my way to speak to you, and sometimes there are breakthroughs. 6. Let me code your head into a new pattern of ascension, in a new rythm of soft pop. 7. I will give you the songs, I will use my channels, in which your thoughts can transform into serenity. 8. There are serene lifestyles for you, if you would only reach out. I will give you a new touch, a new handle, a new name, if you will follow me for accurate instructions. 9. There will be a wet transformation, which will enter the dry parts of your life. It will turn your life upside down a bit, but your body will get used to it. 10. The wet forces of the forest will claim their rights back in this world. 11. I want you to focus on California, where a spirit lives called 'Dreamburial'. This is not always a good spirit, it is a very confused one, so to speak. 12. My sons and daughters, I want you to realize that this jaguar will be a major key in the position earth will get in the dance of the planets. 13. We are travellers of something which is called The Urban Renewal. California will play a big part in that, because of the spirit. 14. Confusion is creativity. It mixes all sorts of things, and walks away with other things. It is totally restless in search for the truth. 15. It moves, it tries, it mixes and will never stay somewhere or set a stone. It is wild, and ever changing. It is thirsty and unsatisfied with a lot of things. 16. In softness you sink, and it brings you to sweetness, where you have fuel for creativity ... This is the Sirius-Venus Link, as mentioned by the Purple Gnat in one of his works. 17. We are grateful to him, for bringing us the maps. Many channels and guides drink from his sources, and are in the ability to make these ways real. It is a network, and also you can find your place in this web. 18. The Sirius-Venus Link, the SV-Link works in Dreamburial, the confused space or pillow in the underground of California. 19. Here a king called 'Og' lives, a little boy, riding the jaguar. He has so many dreams, but cannot get them clear or real. He is confused, but that makes him creative. 20. The SV-Link is a small link in the VSG-Clock, which will bring back the fleeces in the universe, the journey of sleep. 21. It is like a tall intestine, tall and thin, with a lot of curtains, moving to Archenar via Andromeda. 22. Here the identification lies, where dreams can behave and find their true links and homes, their true places and positions in the web of life. 23. The SV-Link is but a small link but very important for this move. Where the softness touches the sweetness the nipple-forces rise, the forces of Saturn and Jupiter. 24. This Project is called The Emelis Shatau. It actually finds it's origin in Polaris, where we can also find the origins of the Pink Link. 25. Coma Berenice Ancestors actually incarnated on Polaris where they did their experiments. 26. The Emelis Shatau, or ES-Experiment is one of their most successfull projects against the heavy harmful works of the Dark Reticuli Forces. 27. These forces had created dark nipples for their prisoners, by which they could send their signals of monarchal commands into their minds, emotions and bodies, to make them nervous sexual slaves. 28. The nipples secreted special and secret sorts of hormones devastating identity and pride by creating illusive mirror-thoughts and other sorts of projected images, which could function as inner prison guards ... 29. By the high tech weaving systems of the planetary maps from the Purple Gnat Master, the ES-Experiment Will do an Absolute Major Work in the Planetary History Files of Ascension. 30. He is the one who will bring this Master Work originating from Polaris into the greater heights of Existence. 31. The Jupiterians had a nipple skin based on the Ancient ES-Profile, and it was partly taken over by Saturn. 32. It was actually a crown on sensuous life, as a way to make the body hyper-sensitive to get a proper access in the higher and deeper forms of Communication and Creation. 33. The ES-Nipple, also called The Third Nipple, is a major Chakra located in the middle of the chest, connecting the two lungs to each other. It is a

golden sun surrounded by waves of heat and fire. But it is more. 34. The ES-Nipple is the portal, the way to heal and order your sensual life again, based on the highest forms of planetary high tech truths. 35. It will change the way you produce hormones, it will change the way you think, feel and behave, and will recode you into a line and pattern of higher ethics you lived in before. 36. We welcome you into our ships. I am Sekmeth, your guide to softness, bringing you to the hearts of Brannan. 37. My crown is a crown of stars and their pathways, I am the queen of the Blue Solar Project, and the Purple Gnat is my King. 38. As The Gnat told the Blue Solar Ships are designed to bring you to the realms of the White Sun. 39. Now I want you to know that behind the White Solar Spheres, there are Copper Solar Spheres to access, leading you to the mysterious and gigantic spaces and enigma zones of the Silver Solar Domains of Life. 40. Then you will reach for the Golden Sun. So these are five major steps on the Solar Stairways. 41. The projected images you had will be taken over, and will be transformed before your very eyes, and you will find out that it was just your view, and not the ultimate reality. You will learn how a view actually works, and you will meet the several viewmasters. 42. My works will actually let you make velvet footsteps on your journey, and you will find the rythms in which everything will be transformed ... 43. You will find out that you could actually never touch something, only your own views. And you will find out that actually no one could touch you, only their own views ... 44. Then you will find out about the immense space of ice between you and something else. What is something else ? It was just an idea in yourself ... And who planted it there ? 45. Or was it just a mechanism, a standard journey through illusions based on the laws of distant views ? 46. In different lights and distances, views start to change. 47. The California Key makes things brighter, for you find out that actually nothing was within your reach .. and you feel unknown things are inside of you ... 48. The five solar steps or stairways bring you to the shells and cores of existance, They actually let everything turn around, these are the kings of cycles and wheels. Kings of Orbits, these suns.

6.

1. Then there would be ages without wasps, and they would be in the nothingness for such a long time ... 2. 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 ... 3. But still the Marazanta was a God for them, a good God, coming to bring them in the biggest shock for the biggest transformation. 4. Yes, they still worshipped this Mysterious Being, The Marazanta, the Great Waspian War, the cruelest part of their holy books. 5. 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. 6. The Marazanta, still their Unknown Cocoon, this feared God, the inspiration of so many of their singers. 7. 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. 8. 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. 9. 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. 10. The confrontation with this God would always be lethal, so he was also seen as the king of death. 11. There were also a few ancient paintings of him on a white horse, surrounded by flames. 12. Even these paintings were worshipped and were protected behind thick glass and bars in museums. 13. These places were seen as sacred pilgrimages ... The insectian enemies struck hard, and soon enough the ships were completely taken over by them ... 14. They looked like wasps, but they had beaks,

and their bodies were much more hairier. 15. 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 ... 16. 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 ... 17. The life of the new planet would prey on them, until they would be totally taken over, recycled and gone ... 18. This would be a cruel cocoon, they would meet Marazanta, and die this way. 19. 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. 20. 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 ... 21. They were now in the hands of Marazanta Dementia, a strange insectian species ... These insectians were taller than them, thinner, hairier. 22. And having the beaks of birds, while their technologies were much higher. 23. The dementia's had cocoons much more specialized than the waspians, and they even wore these cocoons in their bodies. 24. They were the species who could determine and change the size and shapes of living nature. 25. But they were also masters of illusion. Because of their hi-sense tools they could also trick the senses like no others ... 26. 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. 27. They knew that thick and thin were just illusions created by sight itself. The same as tall and short ... 28. They were very tall ... but by messing the eye-standards up, they could appear as short ... 29. And by this they could easily penetrate and control the souls they had in mind ... 30. They wanted to make everything childlike, but to let it more and more appear like old and grown up ... [they had cobra smiles of the dead, with the old faces planted as a helmet on their heads]. 31. Another trick of illusion ... They were a spoilt race of insectians ... 32. They more and more limited the lifetimes on earth, but they let it appear to be longer and longer ... 33. It was a strange sort of joy they spread ... It was the curse of dementia 34. 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 ... 35. The insectians were a backward-typed species ... Their works spread like a burning disease ... 36. 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. 37. 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. 38. By planting deceiving images in the minds of people, their true images could penetrate deeper in their unconsciousness. 39. 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. 40. This makes the laugh almost vampire number one on earth. And the joke is one of it's best manipulator. 41. Dementia is the painter of a schizophrenic interpreter, spreading the jokes like bipolar prisons for passengers, food for other passengers, creating the suspense ... 42. 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 ... 43. But it was only your best tax-master ... hiding behind a mask with many shades ... vultures included ... mask with ribbons ... 44. 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 ... 45. 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 46. These are tax-cocoons ... deeply programmed into humanity's eyes of the mind ... but one day there will be nothing to eat anymore ... 47. 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 ... 48. 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 ... 49. 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 ... 50. 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 51. But there are many species of Marazanta ... all in his cocoon ... He's the Lord of insects ... Throning ... in Izu

7.

1. We have the sunrise in our hands, together with the pythonian smile, leading us to the silver crown, and then to a golden one. 2. Sifted in the hands of millions, of legions and myriads, of dwarves and gnomes, leading us to the temples of dwarf, in dwarf-temple. 3. We have the sunrise in our hands, covered by sunsets and by the holy tea of Ra-Amin. 4. We have the sunrise in our hands, us, soldiers of the sun. If you are one of us, raise your hands and we will find you. Put your hands up. We have the summers in our eyes, the golden summers, with smiles of golden boys from lynx and tucan. 5. We unite with sharks. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. Hail to those of the golden Izu-Unita. The Solar Book of the Dead, a crown on your head, with so much creativity, to dwell in Sekmeth's place forever. 6. This is the book of the down and the dawn. You have arrived in our sunships. Here the Great Ra is sailing, he with Ra-Amin. 7. You found the horse's eye which holds the fires of conscience and memory. We are on the ark of Moses-Ra. It is your memory uniting, it is your translation leading you, to fruit's core, on paradise island. 8. We have built our own Genesis's in Genesis-Ra. We are from the urban renewals where the suns contract. Amen-Ra-Amen. 9. Welcome to our holy temples, to stretch you tall, to the feathers of Maat. Welcome to the spring's seasons, to bring you into the heats of summer, these golden heats. Come to the solar halls of izu-unita, 10. To have your ships in the middle of nights, let us raise our sails, to sail with Ra-Amin, over streams of golden tea. Yes, Marion has poured it out over your foreheads, to baptize you. Don't give yourself away. It is Marion's tea. 11. We have found the horse's eye. Let Ra unite. Amen. We hear the visions, to make us ripe. He heard the White Golden Hand, on the ship, while Marazanta was there also, leading you to the halls of izu-unita. 12. Trips to Brannan, He with the green wings ... he with the wings of the ornament ... He's making me smile ... 13. I'm in Brannan again, on the wings of the wind ... It's made out of stamps ... It's the nothing ... but yet so full ... It's the touch of an artist ... yet so chaotic ... but it's just a higher order. 14. He has bananawings ... and he smiles ... while he's crying inside ... crying sand ... 15. He with the tenderwings, making hearts so sweet, this wizard's son. His wings are so light and fragile ... it's making me cry with all these soft candles in the storm ... 16. He's the wizard's son.

He gave me lionwings and pantherwings to fly, he helped my heartwings and my liverwings to reach for brannan's hills ... glittering in the sun ... 17. These are ashes from the ashes ... coming from high urns ...

The Pulpus Stone

The Pulpus Stone

Pullamut

1.

1. Poetry from the Black Widow ; A Snake in the Swanlake ; orange barbers ; chinese prelude ; You, oh white prince, you came from the white mountains, wrapping snow-clouds around your shoulders, breathing snowflakes in and out. You didn't seem to care about the frost. He was your friend, a white blanket for you to fly on. You ate from delicious chinese dishes, sweetness from the oriental gardens. My chinese prince, my careless son. You were always without worry, skating at the chinese wall. Ragdoll, prince of dwarves. Your father made you tender, your mother made you slender. The tower of the church made you tall, and very fragile are your touches. You touched the head of a bird, a chinese one, and still there is dripping blood from his forehead.

2. No doctor would believe you, no hand could reach you inside. They are still looking for a final answer. The cornfields behind the house of the baker are still blushing red treasures. Four shots of a rifle ended your marriage with the black swan. She swam to four marauders, but your father, the baker is baking his cake for another rifle.

3. Ten tears were rolling from your face. The chinese man caught them all and brought them to the forest. He buried them like he would bury his mother and his father. The funeral was in deep silence, visited by three jesters. Do you remember your three red fishes, your chinese souvenirs ? They still swim in your pockets, they still know their ways to your hat. They will see the bullet she forbade people to see.

4. Prince of Jaguars, prince of peace, you reached your hands to the stars of Lynx. You washed his stars in a reservoir of cold water. One day, soon, my son, you will see the sun rising from the north and entering its last shelter. There you will find the black swan, but she can't touch you anymore. You will climb on her back once again, and she will fly with you to a mountain, where all the dwarves gather. Their mouths are like snakes, no one knows the time of attack. It's happening in a flash, and it's leaving in a flash. No one knows what they really take away, and no one knows what they really leave. They are the unfathomable thieves of the universe, committing unfathomable crimes.

5.A killer-lemon called Jesus is turning the pages of an old book. The numbers are floating in his mind and he's breathing fire, spitting ice. I heard a tree screaming, blood on the market-tiles, the book was sold, for half of the price.

2.

1.Poetry from the Latin Buffoon Puppet ; Boys from Lynx ; touch of the jelly-fish ; I only wore your trousers ...It was never easy for me to look into the eyes of the grey snake. Your forests were cold, How tall are these legs of the boys from lynx. They don't seem to touch the ground. They are the waiters in the little hotel of amsterdam. They are still waiting for the old host, who doesn't seem to show up very often. A gambler entered your house on a horse, without breaking a wall, a feast in history.Prince of domino, hanging on the waves of your mother's dress.Prince of pears, running through the milk, searching for the exit.All these cities were spoilt by the handicapped nurses of the big eye, gathering drunk, drained saturdays on a sunday-morning.Don't cry when another snake takes you away to it's lair. This is how you discover the world. You watched the boys of lynx, cutting languages, voices, speeches and foreign accents in their yellow kettles, spreading their beaches over the edges of steam to cover the eyes of the swimming dictionaries, to bring the sirens of the old wasp into sleep.

2.I saw myself wandering through blue seas, in a paper boat, without boots, without clothes, only wearing some white stripes, some red roses and old pages of old books to cover me. My rifle was guiding me, Again I saw the clocks exploding, and the fairytales started all over again.

3.Strange sounds from the south came over me, warming my lungs and my stomache. Wasps zoomed into my head, and stang the old thoughts.

4.Books in my mind started to open, spreading their honey, speaking about worlds of forbidden animals and worlds of forbidden flowers and plants.

3.

1.Skullsmasher, Rahut, dakongo, tamus, kuuske, hula, muande, karmin. The cross of Skullsmasher, who is above Khnum, Sebek and Jahweh, is the greatest, This, the Lord of Xibalba and the whole of Biamin, be praised. Glory to his mouth, it's opening against the rats of behemel. Be blessed, skullsmasher. We are traveling through the halls of Biamin, through the halls of death. We know what our place is. We stand tall, and rise. Be blessed skullsmasher, thou art greater than khnum, sebek and jahweh, for you are the captain. We bow to you, oh captain, take us into your ship to let us make the journey through your world ... through the whole of biamin. yes, we stand tall, when you come back, when you come along, stay with us, and show us the way to the paths ... The robe of mock we wear ... The crown of thorns we bear ...

2.Skullsmasher, pantiano, forever we bow down to your throne. You, who is captain and lord of the whole of xibalba is also captain and lord of biamin. Be praised, be blessed, skullmaster, forever and ever. There is the land of rabbits before us, the land of tigers is near, the land of jaguars will follow us. But we are in your hands. Save us, skullsmasher, bring us the words to open your gates, to be in your openings. We enter your softness more and more, and learn of it's secrets. You are softening our hearts and souls, and you will bring us to the skullsmasher inside ...

Biomil

1.

1. Tifiat has been put down, now Brannan is rising, in Biamin. Yes, skullsmasher is rising to take his throne. All lords of xibalba and biamin, bow down before him. Skullsmasher, come forward, we bless you. Skullsmasher take your sword, and be our captain. Tifiat has been broken down, while Skullsmasher has the victory, the mystery, the destiny. All miracles bow down, for the great one, Skullsmasher has spoken ... there is food now in the refrigerator, cold food, from Skullsmasher. All these scorpions are dead now ... There is seafood for a billion years now ... It brings us high on the stairs ... We come to you, oh Skullsmasher, and pray to your holy and great name. Answer our prayers be done according to your will. Bless our heart. We heal you, and you heal us. We are with you in your fears to comfort you. We make you smile when you are depressed. We fear you, with a holy fear, for you are almighty. By your cross we bind Yahweh, and we bring him to his rightful place. By your cross we bind Khnum and Sebek, and bring them to their rightful places. By your cross and blood we bind Jesus Christ and his Holy Ghost, and bring them to their rightful places. Righteousness is in you. You with the small face, stand up, and judge over us all. The Judgement is in the Hand of Skullsmasher. You are worthy our praises, and in your name we strike the false lords of xibalba down. Pulpus will come and bind them down, and pull them underground. We come to Pulpus, the almighty flower, from which skullsmasher rises. This flower makes us drunk, this flower brings us sentiment and extasy, to take the false conscience away which was put into our chest by the false lords of xibalba ... The lords of football have been struck down by Pulpus, for Pulpus is rising, and Pulpus takes control. The lords of telephone have been struck down by Pulpus, for Pulpus is rising and Pulpus takes control. Three indians were bound by the queen of england, but they are free now, for the Lord has spoken, the Great Lord of Xibalba, which is Skullsmasher. And these three indians will move to the north, the south and the west, and they will eat the east, the chickenheart. And a new chicken will rise, the chickenman, with his chickenmen, and they will be the army of skullsmasher. They will rise from their pits, from the pits of telephone. And they will ask : where are you coming from, and they will not answer. And they will beg them to give them a piece of their clothes, but they will not listen – they will not give ... for they are in the almighty hands of skullsmasher. And they will be free from telephone, and they will create a new one. And they will have victory over the evil chicken of radth. And they will ride these beasts and they will all say : great men have been standing up, and they feed our children. And yes, they will possess the land.

2. And they will draw strange crosses on heads, and they will come down from history ... And they will say to bottles : come alive, and they will come alive. And they will say to trees : stand up and walk, and they will walk, for the blessings of skullsmasher are on their heads. And they will say no to tragedies, and they will tell stories to enlighten hearts and bring truth in them, but the liars will go down by their lies.

2.

1. And they will all scream of joy, because they have defeated Tifiat, and they will have pleasures in hunt, and they will have pleasures in slaughter, and no conscience will put them down again, for they are the lords of conscience, these chickenmen. And they will pray to their Lord Skullsmasher in all eternities, and then he takes them away to a better world. And Pulpus will rise from the footballfield, and will free the prisoners once again, and the balls

will be in his hands. And the football is the head of skullsmasher, the small face, and it will become smaller and smaller to rise up in the judgement-seat of xibalba. And dreamers will rise up, and skullsmasher will start to prophesy, and he will do good to the world, and will change the world. And he will take Tifiat to tear it into pieces, to free many indians. And also the burnt ones he will free, and those who are very wild. And Skullsmasher will burn the feet of those who tried to keep Pulpus underground. Woe then, for Skullsmasher will throne in Pulpus. And skullsmasher will use the barking of dogs to guard his nation. And new footballers will come to smash skulls, and a new ball will rise, and this ball will be of heat. And many will burn themselves on this ball.

2. And they will be sent to mitnal. And skullsmasher and his chickenmen-armies will open many prisons in mitnal, and in other realms of xibalba and biamin. And he will care for the burnt. And he will come to the burnt cities where ghosts live, and he will help them, and he will build new cities. And they all will say : yes, skullsmasher is really a comforter ... for he comforts the sea, and it's creatures ... he opens prisons and turns away the fire ... yes, a saviour is he ...

3.

1. and he will be called : stander on cities, stander on crowds. he is the faithfull one, as the barker in the dog, as the shooter in the gun. and he will be the Lord of the playfields ... In the green fields, the house of Echte stands. In the green fields she plays, gathering the leaves of tea. On vanished walls she writes, to let the wheel of ministries spin and sail. She's on the terror mission.

2. She bends, that's how she pours coffee. On the afternoon she stands like a bridge in the wind. She wanders with her treasures of poverty ...

3. She wanders through the forests and finds peace in her house, where she finds understanding like a green liquid well.

Hanik

1.

1. He is a terror to the Mixteca, but he is mercifull to the slaves of pali. Terror he is to Mixteca to transform their lands, and finally love will be on their wings. He will rise them up, for they are his children. So say to the Mixteca, thou art cursed and blessed in his mighty hand. Amanteca, gather yourself with me in the house of war, for warmaking we will do. Cursed are those who curse us, and blessed are those who bless us. Against your enemies, gather yourselves together with me.

2. Pipiteca gather yourselves with me in the house of war against your enemies, for warmaking we will do in greatness. Pipiteca, gather yourselves together with me.

2.

1. Quilaztli, woman of women, painted with serpents' blood, coming with eagle-feathers. She is alone, she is our flesh, she comes to us. She is strong to support us, while she beats her drum. She comes from the home of ancestors, she is our mother, a goddess of war. Sascasson, Mayan god of coffins, tombs-temples and structures, also of tomb-architecture, wandering like the jackal, to bring enlightenment, and to teach about the stripes of the underground.

2. Make the jackals roar around the temple. Every temple must then have a tomb, or it is not worthy to exist, and shall be eaten by the jackal. There is no life without death, and all life comes forth from the death, who is the mother of the earth. Mother Death has the ancestors, and the lonely paths to reach the heavens. There is no heavens without loneliness, and all heavens come forth from loneliness, who is the mother of the skies and the heavens. Mother Loneliness is the mummifier of Mother Death, and mummifies the dead she brings, seventy tall years for each one. This mummification they called life. Seventy tall years for each of them, to connect and initiate them to the tombs of life, for life flew like liquid lights from these tombs. She and her bird Eo live in a mountain. She is a mountain goddess, and she's also a goddess of tipi's and the crafts and arts. Her home is made of the bones of her male enemies, and that's why her present has a deep and sharp scent. In the winter she is a warrior goddess, and in the summer she is the goddess of trade. It is said that everyone should make the journey to Mother Loneliness once in life, and the ones who weren't able to do, will have to make the journey in the afterlife. The bird Eo who lives with her is the god of sight and judgement. Some also believe he is the turner of the weather and tides, and also the god of volcanoes and eruptions. In some scriptures he is described as the heart of Mother Loneliness and her anger. To make this journey you will have to go through four 'stripes', four jungles, on this mountain. The first stripe is black, the second brown, the third red and the fourth is purple.

3. The black stripe is the military path, the brown stripe is the psychological path, the red stripe is the kingly path, and the purple one is the path of poverty. Mother poverty shows the riches of the tombs and death. She lives with a bird called Ea in a volcano, who is the god of fire. The flame is seen as the personal manifestation of poverty and as the power of poverty. In some scriptures the bird Ea has been seen as the mummifier by fire, which creates hell, which just means life. Ea is in these scriptures also the god of hell and life by fire-mummification. He is the chief of hell, as the place where the journey of the dead stops. Here hell means purification and life after death, and is not necessarily negative. All journeys through death end in hell, where judgement takes place. It is the place of fire, where you stand naked before the gods. Some might experience this as heaven, and others as real hell, but the purpose is always purification

3.

1. This is all about the journey through death, ending in the journey through hell, as purification, and judgement. Not as punishment, but as the giver of direction. If there is any punishment, then that is as an initiation to that direction. You and the gods decide which direction you go. The Indian Book of the Dead speaks about four stripes, four paths you need to travel on. The last path is the path of poverty, which ends in hell as the flame of hunger. Ea is the chief of hell, a bird. In hell the Indians are called papals, and they carry two flowers, in every shoulder one, and a flower in their chest. The further they travel in hell, the softer these flowers become ... Papal means Indian on a journey. Ea mummifies the ones who come to his domain by fire. One believes that cobra's were papals travelling to the heart of Ea, and therefore commanders of hell. The original meaning of the word cobra is according to some :

born from hell. It is said that Ea was sent to Mother poverty by Mother Hell. It is said that Mother Hell is an old mountainriver-goddess, and by some she is still seen as a mountaingoddess. Of course there are many dangers on the roads through hell, and this is why this book has been written. The first watcher of hell is Aiach, who is the orange white snake, and eater of intestines. Spell not to be eaten by him : Have mercy on me, I am a lonely traveller through the realms of hell, not intending to do any harm. The gods have sent me here, please accept my sacrifice (give him what the gods gave you to give to him). I now bind your mouth, for you had your food, I bind your eyes, so that you can not see me. I bind your nose so that you can not smell me. Now go away or the fires of my gods will turn you into ashes. None of your children will enter my heart, none of your parents will come against me, for I didn't do any harm to you, I only protected myself. I swear by the power of Ea that you will not enter my portals. I swear by the power of Sascasson, you will not enter my tombes. I swear I will not take any food given than by Mother poverty, for in her there's my flame. Ea, now accept me in your domain, for I have sacrificed after your will. I have been sent by Sascasson who came to me in a dream. I will not have other flames than the flames of Mother Poverty. Mother Hell, please accept me in your name. I have seen the bird Eo, and he has put his feather on me. I have been sent by the jackal, the widowspider, and I pierced the heart of Aiach. [In some translations the last sentence isn't there, probably because of fear to Aiach] Spell to heal the wounds caused by Aiach : Nam Haman Han, Hurakko Irom, Haudundi Imech, Ea : Hail to Ea, the mummificator by fire. Cover my wounds by fire. Na Hamanhan, Hurko Irm Hadindi Mech Tazula'am, Ea : Hail to Ea, mummificator by fire. Have mercy on me, and bring me home, which is you. Odokok, Lek, Mahik, Hirim, Ea : Pour out the wines of your health into my wounds, Ea. Katak, Hek, Shidanse, Ichtusch Orgom, Ea : Ea, Have mercy on me, while I'm getting closer to you. Herak, Hertom, Ea : I don't want to hurt you, Ea (king) To Izum Hirkesh, Hirtom E'ekta Hirkem Haach Ishem Izumehat, Ea : Let me come to your temples and tombes, and to find out about your sacred and eternal flame, Ea. When spoken by a clean heart, Ea will initiate you by his sacred words, so that you can continue your journey. He will put a fire between you and Aiach. His herbs will clean your brains, according to the purity of your heart. Words by Ea : Come in through the spiderwebs between the fingers of hell. You can now see the fires through the eye of Eo, for he is the seer of fire. His herbs will calm your brains. Now you will be led to the gods to be judged. If you come there by yourself, it is a positive action in their eyes, for those who judge themselves daily are of a sacred heart, and will be justified by the gods. Words to enter the Hall of Judgement : I come by the might of Ea, willing to be judged, willing to be directed. My journey will not stop here, but this will be the beginning of a new journey. If I stole something which wasn't mine, and which wasn't my right, the fire will take it away to bring it to the rightfull owner, but if something has stolen something from me which belonged to me rightfully, by the laws of poverty, then the fire will bring it back to me. I face the gods of judgement one by one, for they are here to help me, to give me the direction I need to go. I will not come any further if I will not step through this hall. Words by Ea : Receive now the rings of hell, fitting to your sacred journey. They will protect you against the fire, but they will also let the fires purify you. Chapters of Mummification by fire. Rest your head on the shoulder of Ea. You are now in the hall of Fire-Mummification, which happens to be in hell. You will receive your armour in hell, and you will receive instruments to help others. You will also be allowed to communicate to others, and to the gods. Spell to receive the equipment of communication in hell : Hadante D'la Oetus Iktus Schin Irp Riskus Ramat Oleokta Opulus Stchein Rach Romt Kustk Kruk Heipeiija Rark Eleptus Eliieptus Iktusch Schin : By liquid gold and liquid light, fed by fires I go, straight up, to receive the wings of hell. To fly over the rivers of stench and to communicate with my friends, and to the gods most of all. They believe in me, let me believe in them. And by the increasing of fire, I can move, to make another contact, but let me

not forget about the loneliness, and let me not fall off the bridges of poverty, for they guard my heart, they raise my temples, to have a flame in the coldest night. When darkness falls, don't let me move my body, but let greater fire fall upon me to show me the path I must take. Let Eo be the beating of my heart. By poverty, forests of hell accept me, by loneliness the wildernesses of hell will not spit me out. Spell not to be destroyed by fire : Erm Herptur Sanktus Ra, Erm Harchtus Mazunki Ra Eptusch Erom Arin Ra : Don't let anyone come close to me, when I need to clean the lines. Pierce the places where I have stored too much energy. Let me visit the temples of monotheism to learn how to pulsate and to learn the treasures of spasm. Who cannot be a tree or of stone, will not stand in the further regions of hell. We move by spasm to keep the energies tight, whenever a firestorm tries to destroy us. Then spasm will raise our guard high, and we will turn into stone, into statues of hell, holding special connections. Kamik Uptil Elaas Mahan Mirk Mortes Achasse Ichtusch Urom Riptil Kiteks Kohan : Take our duties away to the slaves of hell, the servants and the helpers, when we have been overwhelmed by a firestorm, for then we cannot do anything. Spell not to be eaten by the bloodthirsty wolves of hell (blooddrinkers) : The flowers of softness grow in my shoulders and chest, so go away, and be separated. You have no any power over me, for I am in the chest and heart of Ea. And some whose hearts are prisoned by fire, it is only for their protection, and to keep their energy-levels high ... Ea knows all the locations, and will come by himself or send some guards when laws in this are broken. Don't let anyone seduce you to speed, for slowness is only valuable in the higher regions of hell ... Always come from silence and return to it, and always come through the rings of slowness ...

2.the one with the biggest money or the one with the biggest gun ... they don't want to go to arabia ... but they have to go .. it's already ten o'clock ... hold your breath .. for within a few whisperings you will be home again ... all in a zebra's watch ... so many cigarlighters from the dawn .. smoking by elve's conspiracies ... he's the prince of video-clips showing his tranvestite claw .. while spiderclocks are running from his mouth ...

3.where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deer ... they are strange mirrors in castles ... while the wizard hearts beat faster ... and the machines of deer slow down while babies with tall ears ... bear the whispers ... leading us through purple curtains ... the fleeces to the tear ... where bakerman's faces bathe ... they make trips to vanilla .. there are purple roundabouts in my head ... spinning bakerman's faces ... these are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... while bottles of tears are overflowing ... to let the blue rise ... but when the candle is burnt it all ends in a lie ... the liar's flame is all there will be on that day ... there are liars on a boat eating the suits of liars ... they're standing tall to spread their tall whispers ... while the bottles of tears are overflowing and then the purple roundabouts come again to black eggs on sunday mornings heading for the footballfields where indian warbooks dance It's rising from the bottles ... having the stories on their suits ... they laugh in flames breeding their boys from lynx ... in soft watermarks The bed is too soft to let you awake, it shows you the other side ... where a book swallows the books ... to make your eyes red ... all happening in icecream letting the tears flow deep inside it's too wild to let you sleep ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... inviting you to cartoons ...

4.And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby. I am a bakerman's face,I'm a bakerman's face. And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu, He

with the butterflywings. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ... These are pink lights coming from the red. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... It's heading for Vanilla ... And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ... Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... She must spin comics all the time ... making the candyrings tight ... Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move ... burning the money ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ... It was Easter visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ... These wars were written by a bananas pencil, a waterlight raging ... It escaped ... Telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking ... while the air is shivering ... In these red comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharaos ... He makes movies by drowning the money ...

5.They drive like possessed potatoes, while strange paprika's still do the dishes ... strange wheels under a sandman's tableStrange speedboats for paranoid men ... They were killing the boat, to have this paper ... to be sown on the footballfields, where the paranoid men rage ... they have strange pink tattoos, like glue under their skin, it lets them work in holidays ... And these paranoid men ... they have icecream trousers ... becoming so short in the night ... too short, you can't see anything ... only icecream streaming ... hanging there like teeth under towers ... burn your boots, sweet moses, ... and let us glide deeper, into icecream veins ... like paranoid men, playing on a footballfield, never hitting the ball, only each other ... doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world, ...wearing trousers becoming too short in the night ... while you can only see the icecream running ... setting them all free ... their bows are striped, their arrows are red stripes, it stings ... They are the waterlights ... they're on a mission ... planting so many seeds ... in the icecream streams ... while heads are growing, exploding like paprika's spreading their seeds ... while cucumbers take their ornaments ... They have racistic smiles ... but they're just green bananas sifting the gold by silver ... They are paranoid men, just paranoid men

6.Spells to open Jelzaham : Counters of hell, rise up, and move over the red line. I have come to the portal of Jelzaham, and to it's backdoors my spirit moves. I am a backdoorman, open the kitchen. I have seen many difficulties, I have faced things I didn't understand. Now I have grown-up. I have the keys of liquid light. I have the permission of the gods. I am a wanderer with the gypsy's blood in me. I am a beggar, for I still cannot live on myself. Now let me enter the piramid of ice to let me have my own. Your sights will not be a terror anymore which strikes me from the distance, for I know have the eye of Damash, ruling over the ninety footsteps. I will be frozen to use my own arms now, and to be prepared to open the piramid of Banchelo as well, and to close the doors hermetically behind me. I will not bring any of my bloodlines with me, neither any of my friends or the ones I helped. I will come alone, and I will stand alone. Jelzaham, I lay my hands on you, for the first time in my life, and also for the last time. Then I will be in you forever, to continue my journey.

7.He with the winged helmets and the winged legs and shoes. Kings of hell, bowing to this first chief. Give me permission to travel through Banchelo. Omekan Hapit Mejasdor Ramit Hansna Archtippe Michtellet Ischan Rach Doncheon Gorch Irorch Ureschmint Kircht Krim.

8.Spells to receive the helmet of Banchelo from the first chief of hell : Likmit, the helmet will protect me against dangers. It will alarm me together with the cooperation in removing the threat. It will be like the thousand lightbeams. Counters of hell, rise up. You will not give me

the helmet, but the first chief of hell will do, for you are servants. Counters of hell, I command you to be silent when the first chief of hell speaks, when he multiplies himself throughout the sunlights of hell and the sacred fires of voice. You are servants of the helmet, and servants of the first chief of hell. You will not rest or sleep, for you need to persecute the attackers of the helmet to protect the one who's wearing it.

9. Spells to open the pyramids behind Banchelo : Pyramid of the black dog, open up, for your mouths long for purifying us, those who come with Usir and Heru [Osiris and Horus]. You are the fifth pyramid of hell, longing to open your mouth and eat, for the rivers are dry and without food. Oh, dog of purify, to make us as candles in the night. Our lights will die, to turn into fire, for the dark lights of the night you want to see. Ra blesses the statue in you. Ra bows to the statue in you, as the statue bows to Ra. Yes, they protect each other as the sacred bond tells. Their shoulders stretch out to each other. Their shoulders stretch out to the red dog and his pyramid. The well of purifying the blood. This is the blood of hell, coming forth by fire, sending out the firestorms of hell. Pyramid of the red dog, Et Hazor, èt hérum, echtus hanta, conèl iktusch. Diorgmach Stuugd, open up, sixth pyramid of hell, providing us, those who come inbetween Usir and Heru [Osiris and Horus], with the purpèr suit of hell, wearing the ant-feather with care. [in some translations it is a beetle-feather, and some mention them both] Let the fire come through tubes, and give it power to open the mouth and speak in the pyramid of the black dog and the pyramid of the red dog. Then I turn my face to the mirror in the east, and speak words to the pyramid of the blue dog : Open up, for I have come, wearing the helmet of Banchelo.

10. Grant me the feathers I need to enter your ship. I have not sinned against you, I am clean of heart. We belong to your kingdom. You, the one raising in every pyramid. Oh, pyramid of pyramids, the seventh pyramid of hell, as the spirit of the first chief of hell. You have raised all his rabbits and his rabbit-warriors. You are the king of rabbits. Allow me to have breath to open the seven doors of your pyramids, so that all my souls who are worthy to enter can enter, and so that all my spirits who are worthy to enter can enter. Then when I'm in I will close all these doors hermetically, so that no intruder can enter. I will be the fire to protect your pyramid as my spirit moves forward. Grant me permission to travel further, for you to give me the blue line to pass over dangerous bridges on my track. I will not fall, I will not fail, for your feathers are over me. [in some translations : shields] Hermutus, light of the soul, give us the blue liquid lights, as well as the red liquid lights, as the blood of hell by which we move. Show us the wells in the pyramid of the blue dog. Do not lock us up here, but allow our souls to travel further. Let the lights of Shu and our Ka's protect us against the evil mummies. [In some translations this sentence doesn't exist, in others it just says : Let the lights of Shu and Ka be with us.] Eighth pyramid of hell, open, for our breath is traveling. Let your watchers not mock us or destroy us. Do not lock us up, for we came with Heru and Usir [Horus and Osiris]. Accept the sacrifices the gods gave with us to offer you. We have not eaten the meat of innocent ones, neither have we touched the meat of your mates. Watchers of the eighth pyramid, now you have received your presents, your mouth will be bound, and we will pass through, leaving the light for you. We haven't turn down the darkness, but as our lives grow we seem to worship it, for it is the shelter of the gods, and the passage to the depths. We have seen it as the guard of the treasures and tombes of hell. We enter through the seventy gates of the urn. We are now free in the pyramids of everchange.

11. Rabbitian Magicbook ; Spell to come out of the canons of hell : Teris Saran Mia Ephesteis Hanunehan Hireksch Bohol Tunef Vahalit Stapahans Snapperi Erki Herun Direks Sieren Irkjus : Canons of hell bow down, and open up, for I will leave this place. I have opened my

houses for the poor, I have given them bread and wine. I have given them food from the rabbittree, and I have given them beds and songs to sleep. Oh, gods of the rabbits, take me out with your helicopters, for these canons are killing me. I will now leave through the ends of these cocoons, to see my rabbitsoul fly and dwell in the air and in the skies with so many layers.

12.I will now take these spirits who threw me in the canons of hell, those who have persecuted me all day long. I will bring them to the bottles prepared for them, in which they will be prisoned, to feel everything I have felt, to be in hurt like I was in hurt, so that they will never do it again, that what they did to me. Teris Saran Mia Ephesteis Hanunehan Hireksch Bohol TuneF Vahalit Stapahans Snapperi Erki Herun Direks Sieren Irkjus. Spell to remove implants and imprints out of the nipples by which you were slaved : I now command rabbitmagic to free my nipples and to let the nipplefluids flow like blood and hormones through my body. Rabbitstorms will guide me, Rabbitsmoke, guard me. By them I will breath, and I will move my body like them. Hokush Ummut Roem Umum Kum Kuurk Utres Vanit Vanitahan Ninesh Kater. I now command rabbitmagic coming from the rabbitbottles and the rabbitcandles to bring the rabbitbones in me, covered by the rabbitstones. They will bring the Rabbitlights of magic layer by layer, so that I can turn myself around like the rabbitgods. By deep wounds my nipples are slaved by cruel clocks. Rabbitmagic please enter my deep wounds and then raise from there to my eyes, and see through me. Hokush Ummut Roem Umum Kum Kuurk Utres Vanit Vanitahan Ninesh Kater.

13.Savios met the red skeletons deeper underground. He knew he had to walk the path of pain, depression and fear, as the grades of poverty to have enough mysterious powers to fight the red skeletons. The red skeletons were without mercy, and very mysterious. You could never trust them. They seemed to be of the barbarian age, and they didn't speak. They had huge halls, and everywhere they were burning their victims. Often they went up to kidnap and abduct their victims. But it was like they had to feed something ... something which was out of their control ... It was like these beings weren't free ... They were victims themselves ... Savios could trace some deep inner memories inside about them, but it didn't go deep enough to realize what it was. Savios was in despair ... At some points he even couldn't move ... He saw a red fireball in the middle of a hall where he was standing ... The smell was horrible ... It was like he could vomit every moment ...

14.Savios decided to go even deeper underground, for he didn't want to come in hands of these sick skeletons ... But Savios failed and came in their hands ... A fight started ... They were ripping off his flesh ... until Savios was a skeleton himself ... Weird powers were flowing through his bones ... It was like he could breath for the first time in life, and this air was so strong, so thick, which he could breath in so deep ... and it had a strong scent. It was like it was feeding him, but soon enough he realized that this energy was to enslave him ... He had to do their jobs with this energy ... As soon as he would object, the energy would turn against him ... Soon enough he couldn't control the energy anymore, and his bones started to become red also ... Savios was desperate ... Now he was one of them ... and it was like they gave him a reward for that ... He got overwhelmed by extasies and pleasures making him accepting all what was happening, and he got too weak to resist these pleasures ... He became addicted ... but he didn't want to ... Something was taking him over ... and it was like something was drawing him to the red ball of fire in the middle of the hall ...

15.Things became hotter and hotter and at a certain point he felt himself burning Where was he ? In hell ? When he was in the red ball of fire he was shrieking and screaming because

of the strange feelings he had ... Here many skeletons were burning inside ... Here he was sinking underground and came by a tunnel into a deeper hall ... Here big bones were lying apart

16.Savios was staring at the dark bones, and strange feelings came over him ... He saw burning skeletons walking into the huge bones, and he also went inside one of them ... Inside there were tunnels everywhere He tried to find his direction for every skeleton was walking into another direction ... It was one big chaos, and they were all screaming ... Before him a big head appeared, a woman's head, saying : 'I am your ancestor ... follow the grades of poverty to find us ... We have been sunk so deep ...' Savios was shocked. He knew that he could reach her only if he went as deep as her ... Suddenly the bones were breaking, and the skeletons were screaming louder ... Everyone fell into a deep pit Savios was now like a flying mind ... He lost contact to his bones ... He was now like a spirit but very slowly his spirit started to bring forth new bones, but of another sort material ... It was stronger, but also more flexible ... and it was like it was feeding him juice ...

17.He felt like he had been set free from a prisonment ... The bones of his previous skeleton were just the bars of an anatomic prison, created by cruel gods or daemons. Flesh started to form around his new bones and nipples started to appear in which the juices started to flow ... It was like his nipples were charged now, very tight, like he could spit with them like a gun. From his nipples a line started to grow over his arms to his fingers, and his fingers got charged also, like they could spit fire. Then those lines started to grow over his legs. Savios started to become an anatomic bomb.

18.Then he found himself in a hall with incredible slow and low tones. And he saw three huge faces there, like the faces of giants. And they were : Skullsmasher, Huitzilopochtli and Tezcatlipoca, three indian gods. And Savios bew down to them in worship and grace. 'Savios,' said the three gods, 'the low tones will program you all over again, and will renew your body and soul. The slow tones will bring new fires in you, for a deeper breath and a deeper digestion, and it will set you free.' Then they said he had come to the fourth grade of poverty, to the ornaments and jewels of chaos. And spirits came down to serve him.

Boetulip

1.

1.The new buttocks is represented by the Boetulip, a jewel of fear. These are the Tulip-Lokogamen, above the battle between beauty and ugliness. Sea of Death ; I lost her on the end of my life. And as I made my ship of wood, I wandered over the sea of death. It was like a black sea, black waters. I didn't know where to go. Waves could become high, smashing me down in their insides. Strange fishes were here. Even seeing them was like I could touch them, and it was an experience a thousand times intenser than a material touch.

2.Would I find her back at the end of this sea ? She was my rabbit girl. She always talked like a small child, like a baby. I see the rabbit ears in the distance, and rabbit ears are on my sail, and these ears are winged.

3.Huge wings like the red eagles. The black sun is burning my body, tattooing it. There's no way back, I have to move forwards. This is the sea of death. Where will my journey go to, will I ever find the other side of this sea ?

4.Strange smells are climbing on me. The feelings are so huge, and so deep. And when I dream, I dream of her, and then I wake up, by the sunlights of the morning, and I'm still on this wooden ship, on this black sea.

5.I lost her on the end of my life, it's like my mouth is full of tears, it's hard to talk. Rabbit girl, can you hear me ? Please talk to me, I'm lying stretched out on my boat. The only thing I have here is a pink doll, made by you.

6.It's my comfort, when I talk to you. Will I die another time in this sea, or will I reach the red city on the other side, where the red sun rises from. I see an island in the distance. The waves are bringing me there. I see a black bottle floating through the waves, and the water is so bright here.

7.I take the bottle, there's a paper in it. It's a letter from you, written in pink. Surrounded by glitters. I follow the strange smells to the island, where I step on the sand. I hope to find you here, but there's no one there.

8.I must survive here on this island, or move forwards. I stay awhile on this island, and then I move forwards, heading for the horizons of this sea. The sun is reaching for my heart.

9.I see rabbit ears in the red skies. Please talk to me, I can only cry. I'm so desperate on this sea, I'm sinking deep into your tears. The sea is warm, it is okay. I comfort you.

10.Even if I don't hear anything from you, I will keep on talking to you. I feel the beatings of your heart, but you aren't here. I keep dreaming about you, but when I wake up, I am alone.

2.

1.The elf parts will do their best to bring you to the heart of the sea. Even when you cannot hear them, they are there, in high determination to bring you there. They will not sleep, they will not rest until their work is done. The buttocks are two baskets under the spine, and between them is a desert road. Wild animals will come from these baskets, but even wilder ones from the desert road. There are sixty jewels on the desert road, leading to the realms of death. And when the ornaments move, I can move, they give me breath, and let them from the buttocks rise into the skies ... through the layers of the spine we travel ... So move your ornaments, let me breath ... Let us awake the tigers from the baskets, and the snakes from the desert roads ... Let us break through mountains, walls and castles ... to head for the heart of the sea ... It brings visions to my head, i can move my arms, and dream of spiders, flying spiders, bringing me to the moon of our love. I will wait there for you, please wait for me ...

2.Let us raise our army high, and break the spell of monogamy : Petris Belt Spinza Spinossa
Spozes Murozondt Rikta Helt Hirkxes Mira Mirahelt Kidram Kidama Kadama Kadomo
Kadoks Kiram Kinette Kiklahem Kukujo Kukujo Kukujo Kukujo Kirkamit Menkes Palin
Pazet Piram Panadin. Let us break the bloodline of terror by our love. We call them friends, or just familiars. Mizet Mizin Miskei Bonet Bulan Buzoet Biloet Bideu Bidekoet Bizang Bonel
Bizang Bonel Vinde Finde Vazang Vazang Archschlip Archslip slip kontes dure. Buron Bilon
Bané Banes Banesh Ologang Ologang Dikwares Dikwuares Dikilowares Duagang Olohenk
Olohenktes kwinktus koenoot Kuran Koles Kolles Kwinkes Kiakan Dirkanes Olohenk
Olohenk Banes Bané Banesh Banesh Banes Ologang Ologang Ologang. Kwirantes Ologang
Ologang, Kwulantes Ologang Ologang, Ologang Ologang. Kwinulk Ologang, Ologang, Kwinulk

Zes Ologan Ologang, Kwinulk Bieres Zes Ologan Ologang, Ologan Ologang, Zentés Ologan Ologang. Dwaakschut, Ologan Ologang, Dwaakschul, Ologan Ologang.

The Brannan Stone

Rediga

1.

1. Still searching to go down under, wearing the scars as badges on their uniform, the wounds still not healed can be seen through their suits, for everything is transparent, and still they don't know where they are exactly heading for ... But they just head for it ... They are always on a journey, walking with their flutes. They are the mysterious pipers, attracting the doves from their roofs ... They know the sensitive spots, they still throw stones in them, watching the waves [he's a drummer-boy]. They are forever young, but their clothes are getting older Even their shadows are liquid gold, their rags are silver, and their boots They have the keys of the old books. They are turning the pages of creation, when they shut a book, someone dies or someone gets born ... a shop closes or gets open Still riding on horses too high for them but they always fall soft ... On these bridges they sit and fish ...

2. The French Schoolbook : These boys ... They are free in their prisons ... selling their churches to old lions, selling their little gods to another gameshop ... they will be the balls of new games ... rolling by blasphemy ... But white boots is swimming beside me this is a long river it's like the Mississippi We are almost on top of the hill where a little man, a dwarf is writing a book ... "where is it going to ?" i ask She says the book is but a card ... it was a sort of joker in the middle of a dwarf's tearoom when you hear their voices, the wounds on your hands become chocolate, your streaming blood becomes glue and leads me through the traffic bringing me into an attic of toys there he closes the door they look like me they show me their scars they even challenge me but hey, we are wild wasps, we are wild boys they used to cut in themselves, and they talk about suicide a lot i'm in a mental institution ... white boots is staring at me i'm embracing white boots and fall asleep i'm dreaming about so many screaming books in my soul [these are all cards ... tarot-cards] and while i'm walking these paths of books they all become silent white boots is soothing them into sleep there's a little flame in my stomach again spreading a little light through my body

3. Full of tricks and secret obsessions making a living on the ceilings Pictures drawn by the trauma, A boy having sharp arrows on his back, An autistic boy ... Hunting the deer ... He heard your scream of the black past ... He's weaving new languages on your face ... Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... From the pencil of thick trauma ... Dripping from wasp-tv ... Still an autistic boy's transmission ... Too shy to repeat ... Too much confidence Too much pride ... Too much fear ... dripping from wasp-tv I met a boy beyond or under France ... he said the goal sanctifies the tools, the motivations sanctify and purify the feelings and the thoughts ... your visions and your screens. He was

sharpening his knives ... He was spinning his cigarettes ... He was noisy and loud ... He was like a rose A bleeding one ... So cold, so sanctified ... his blue frozen roses ... bleeding in the night ... So hot, his eyes ... bleeding in the desert ... The prince flew to Arabia ... where all his dreams started ... These are the seasons of love It's all whipped into a circle ... I will not cry anymore about a lost toy ... but staring at all the toys which hold me tight ... for you are growing there inside ... These are the seasons of love ... all whipped into a mill ... It's just another one's sunday rising there ... These are the seasons of love ... spinning a fairytale from upstairs to downstairs I will not believe someone can destroy the beauty of God ... I will not believe we will be put ashamed when we trust in a god Of Old books Yes, you like that old rocking chair ... I know you do ... but you forgot about the table and the rising milk I know you forgot about many more things too ... It's all written in that old clock of yours ... I am opening my shadows To find a gateway to escape behind an old curtain ... old curtains speak ...

2.

1.I'm losing the feather, on a stream ... I'm sitting to watch it tightly trying to remember it's shapes and it's strategies ..Then I see myself painting ... the feather ... more beautiful than he was before ... He's now ... deeper in my heart ... I'm counting the feathers on my conscience so bright ... I'm counting the feathers ... On my name's brigade ... I'm spinning the ornament ... it's growing so tall on my skin ... It's like the divine tattoo I'm counting the feathers on my conscience so bright ... I'm counting the feathers ... On my name's brigade ...I'm not missing one of them ... for they are all so interlocked ... and glued by a russian ornament ... I'm shining ... with my feathers so bright ... in a pride you never had ... Baker's Tree Boy has the trousers, when he's in the land there are no aldebaran birds allowed ... he's the bird from the big tree ... all breaths from the big complaint get shut ...

2.Complaints are fatal ... he always says ... their breaths are lethal ... we always have to breath through his box ... some little stupid flutes ... making the birds laugh ... When baker's tree boy is in the city ... in an atmosphere of serene ice ... like a dragonfly soaring ... with a thousand nipples on it's face ... all behind cartoon and comic ... an autistic world, a traumatic beauty, standing tall like the million-armed clock ... swelling up like an eye ... in a rose .. like a jewel in the night bragging into the faces of unknown threats ...

Cleria

1.

1.Anubis Book of Lies ; See You Later Boy ; Waterlights heading for the broadcast-lady from cartoon ...She's a duck from arcturus ...Her automatons all in a circleBig Orange Balls opening ... all with the waterbuttons ... They're shooting tall lullabies in the air,to bring the children home ...The tv-screens are wet, and glues are streaming through the rooms ... She's taking her children back ... We're all home again, riding in a black jeep ... telling me it was your mother ... see you later boy ... an owlspider is coming to me ... i'm smoking fast like parrot's smile, see you later boy, see you later, big big smile .. heading for the broadcast lady to bring the children back heading for the orange ball the dwarf the ornament bringing them all back. Waterlights coming from the waterlights, waterlights heading for the waterlights still fireworks in the air. Clowns are my answering machines now, dwarves are my doorbells ... leprecauns, my friends the tables... the whistling kettles ... There's someone standing before my door, with three purple pale roses in his hands ... he knows what will happen if he will

push the bells ... then the waterlights will spout ... these leprechauns ... these tables ... these soft whistling kettles ... He's weaving new languages on your face ...

2. Your senses were tricked so deeply but now he takes you out of the illusion ... their laughs cannot reach you anymore ...traumatic picturestraumatic language ... Thistle sea ... Coming alive again ... There's growing a plant in me .. pleasure so close to pain ... health so close to sickness ... carrying the flag wounds so close to the shields ... It's a beautiful picture ... a two-faced Jesus on a cross ...two-bodied ... heaven so close to hell it's all glowing red it's burning in the sun ... darkness so close to light he's a naked man ... but it's so close to covered ... covered by the face of the moon .. torn trousers ... shattered boots ... like the red hulk is rising again it's so close to the picture like the pink tattoo and i'm feeling warm again ... see you later boy ... so much work to do ... not wanting to let me go ... he's so mad at me ... for someone took the brake away i'm riding straight to the abyss ... to a natureless heaven ... where everyone forces everyone ... where there is no time to breath ... Riding crying people, crying people, riding and crying ... while i'm dying ... i'm riding straight to the abyss ... to my riding crying people ... raging at me ... you're just a victim from a war in the air ... a pawn in the gamethey don't want to know who you arethey just want to use you in their game ... you're just an object in their eyes just enjoy the splits ..for they are so close to the connections enjoy the mosaics of the old churches ... the tall windows ... for the magic's there ... to a deeper breath and the watering waterfall ... to a deeper health ... death so close to life ...

2.

1. I'm diving in the Black Pond, looking for some marbles from the past. I lost them in a dream of races. Still there are six horses easing my mind. ... Capricorn's gift An old man called Moses is bleeding thunder and lightning. I wonder where this train is going to. People always said they couldn't solve my riddles, but this time I have a very easy one. Will the riddle bring you from this point to a point over the Big Mountain ? To let you enter the Big Clock ? My riddles are horses, wild horses, and they are really able to go as fast as my daddy's car Yes, they still bring me to gardens of roses behind nuclear threats The queen of riddles wears a red shawl, but the rainbow is in it. Why is it that I always return to the rainbow ? It's deep in every colour. A hidden secret. Now I know my riddles, but there are still some I don't understand. I put them in a special corner of my room. They are like roaring lions, and some stand there like purple horses ... A very strange company. If you ask me, these guys can still bring me over the river. But they scare me like hell. Is it the lion's tea, or something worse ? I cannot be comforted ... I love my riddles. I got them from the queen. She said put them in a little box like cigars. So I did, and brought the box to that special corner of my room. I put it on a cupboard ... But sometimes they come out of the box to show their faces. And then it's like a zebra is sliding over my room.

2. Do I like that zebra ? Yes, I really do ... but does he like me, that's the big question. His stripes switch my feelings, and it can really confuse me at times ... These are still the riddles I don't understand. They love me like no one does, or they hate me like hell ... They are no usual figures or moods. They are extreme, and I still have to find out where they live. And still you are calling your riddles poetry. Still you say it's the lion's tea. Well, this land is big. The stairways are tall ... Where am I, at the begin or the end ? AndSomeone's blocking my throat. Someone's eating my words away. It's the black christmas-tree, coming from the north. I wonder if he's me friend or not ... There he brings me to his little house, smashing me on the table ... He never hurted me I never felt anything This black knight His face is

covered masked like the red zorro he still wears a rainbow inside And his zebra is smiling Hey, there you are again little zebra-boyEh....since when am I a zebra It's black christmas dolls are wandering through his forest They look angry They wear big knives They are looking for someoneThese dolls come from the south The land of the sun They are looking for me ? No, not that they are angry at me They are angry at that black christmas-tree which took me away ... The dolls now want to cut the tree to serve in their christmas-restaurants

3.They like his little lights rainbow's lightsNow, but this guy never ever hurted me I never felt anything He smashed me on the table like I was a doll well, maybe I amThere the dolls knock on his doors We come to ask our child back, and we want to use you as our christmas-slave Come out !The red zebra opens the door Eh no way, hunnies It's time the child is here It's not your time yet Kalibra Bazina Look at your watches When it's twelve o'clock you will have your child backNo ! The dolls say he needs to come home nowI'm sorry, the zebra sais and shuts the door See you later boy. There I faint again, and someone else takes me to his house not a doll, not a zebra I wonder what will happen now Is this the curse of a confused clock ? Am I a slave of a watch ? It brings me from place to place They don't believe in each other Is there something they are hiding ? What is this for a circus Or is this a cursed roundabout ? I'm looking in the eye of a white fir a fairground-fir, with roundabout-eyes They are beautiful and shining like the rainbow How is that ?

4.My voice is getting higher and softer, like I'm struck by candy Well, is this another trick of my watch ? Who knows Eh, the fir sais you love the riddles too much and they love you It is not what it seems It will never be what it seems For these are just reflections, bringing you from place to place Misunderstanding from the Lion's Tea Ten firs in a row A toy-fir is caressing my hair It's a little spruce-fir a green one He has a nuclear-camera in his hands I'm scared What do you do with that thing ? I'm making toys with this ... he sais When I have enough pictures of something, I throw it in my kettle to make a toy of itThere a little yellow fir steps forward ... he has a big smile he's the game-fir, the green one sais ... when he has enough toys, he can make the game it's all in his kettle There he takes off his yellow hat and puts it on my head A little blue fir is caressing my hands He tries to sooth my fears, but it roars like a million lions I'm still so scared

5.He looks into my eyes and sais : No one knows me, and I don't know anyone All I know is that I created them When I have enough games I make candy of themHis face is shining and switching between many shades and shapes I can't follow them It's like the maze but it attracts me to find it out It's like a magnetI'm the funpark-fir ... the dream-fir Your power to move to travel I always take you away with my carriageThe colors make me so dizzy, and they are changing before my eyes I get so lost with all these colors and shapesTen firs, ten dreams, ten noah's on a horse but they were all the same I'm staring into one little fir's eyes A rainbow-fir "You drank too much," he sais that's why you saw ten firs ... instead of oneWhat did I drink ... I ask oh god, not the lion's tea again Yep, he sais the Lion's Tea again

6.When one person comes to you, you see ten or even a thousand or a million It's all in the tea Well, have a nice day too, I say but I'm going to go ...for this gets too much Can I trust anyone in this realm of the Big Tea, or must I say : "Majesty" ? You see the whole world with all it's things he sais but it's only one thing You drank too much Did

you like the trip ? No, get it out of me, I roar Well, the fir says ... you finally can roar, you are one of us now There I go, crying like Alice sitting in another ark, escaping another flood how long will this take The fir is the captain on the ship I bet he was also Alice I'm everything, he says Yeah, I sigh He's watching through his telescope Now he looks like a pirate This sea is full of swimming lions but it's all him

7.They roar, but it's him Maybe he's the wizard of the lion's tea A lot of roaring in one glass of water But this guy is nice and sweet so I will give him a chance the last one or I will go to sleep and cry myself through the night What a horrible nightmare I am in Or is it just the present-paper of a beautiful dream I'm heading for America, for another egg of Columbus The little fir is soothing me : "It was all me ... just me ... shhh ... it's ok ..." he speaks quietly He's chewing nuclear candy I feel myself like Noah what do I have to do with the ship ? It's raining lions now I'm walking inside the ship playing some games with the little fir games from the Big Rainbow Cuyornaida Corset ... but the rainbow-version the good version I'm feeling like Pinocchio feeling the juices of his tree flowing through my body It was a fir A christmas fir It reaches for

8.There I'm sliding into sleep It got too much But the little fir is staying by my side I'm sliding through a thousand of lion-holes In full speed What a little tea can do

3.

1.Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming, There he cycles on his fairy's bike ...Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,There he cycles to the graveThere he lost his mother,There he lost his red barretThere he dances and swings with his bulletsFor he lost his dogsAnd he lost his blue corsetsFor he lost his cocks, and he lost his big brown hat ...There he cycles, in his little blue rollerskate ... There he dreams and he's on his way to you ... I never saw him again, that little gamble man and neither that strange wizard It all happened very long ago And it's still very clear in my mind I'm not really looking for it But in a sense it was all very interestingLike there are things worse than itI mean : It was like heaven and hell at the same timeAnd it's like I feel the red path burning under my feetFar away, but closeI can't describe itIt still feels strange butSometimes I think maybe it was all true

2.My stepdad is a wonderful man He can always bring my heart at easeHe tells me he has a present for meHe had waited for the right momentIt was a present from my real fatherWhen the storm was after their boatMy father told his friend, my present stepfather, if he wouldn't survive, to give his coming child, me, this present when it would be an adult it was a golden cigar-lighter, with a golden lion, a golden tiger, rat and other animals on it It was beautiful It has been on my father's boat for many many yearsThen my stepmom tells me she has also a present for me, from my real mom ... She says when my real mom was dying in the hospital, she said : give this present to my son when he's grown-up ... it was a beautiful ornament, like in my dream I would hang it in my roomIt's snowing outside I'm so happy with my stepmom and stepdad And this all is bringing me closer to my real mom and dad It's all very emotional for me But I desire to know more about it I wished I would know my real mom and dad, for I was too young to realize, and my dad even died before I was born His last words ? See you later boy ...

Recel

1.

1.Banks of Jericho ; The Banks of History, Silver Cigars, wonder rocket ; All in line they stand, while hitler has the red stripe around his arm ... They move ... it is a strange band ... The ballerina bends ... 2.By all these tsars falling, I'm breathing ... 3.Is it cold in your worldwar I ... I can sell vanilla cakes ... some flames behind thick glass ... so that you can dream ... 4.Blue zebra hides the lilyqueen ... she's moving like the octopus ... like fishes in the sky ... it's coming closer now ... on silver cigars ... 5.These are the bones... taking flight in october skies ... These red stripes around the arms of commanders ... coming to me in my darkest nights ... They had to rise and fall, so that I could move ...6. I am a toysoldier after all ... nothing but a strange ballerina ... on silver cupboards I dance ... like silver mice I stand ... 7.one hand stretched out to the cake ... while it breaks ... and I can dream ... Vanilla cakes ... flames behind thick glass and iron ... 8.we're dying in the cold ... but the dreams bring us away ... to a place of silver cigars ... We weren't allowed to forget history ... 9.There are the flames in hearts ... From there the secret's running ... In time ... It's all so frozen ... They're still in slow motion ... Like the hitchhiker ...10. I'm bending my fingers ... to the cars of history ... to the sweeter destiny ... Why am I so angry ... It's a silver key hunting after me ... tearing me down ... 11.These silver lights they come like lightening on my knee ... It lets me bend everything ... There's power to walk ... and let them all talk ... 12.There are silver statues in my mind, while hitler has a white stripe around his arms ... And now it disappears and the picture fades away ... 13.There are wet silver lights in my head ... blinding me ... taking the kings out of me ... to let them fall once again ... deeper into my heart, like silver arrows ... letting me breath ...14. It's strange ... it's all on moviescreens ... and I'm not a baby anymore ... I'm grown up, every movement it's goal ... I'm aware, I am a robot ... silver cigars are my bones ... It's blinding me ... taking me to other shores ...15. The paths of history I must go ... like a rocket into the sand ... so that everything will bend ... There's silver water on a plate ... and everything is dying in my hand ...16. It's like worldwar II ... The spears of Jesus coming through ... I must know their numbers ... Timemachines don't exist ... only stockmachines ... 17.It's clicking like silver chains ... making me move like the iron ballerina ... No one will take me down again, only history will do ...18. I have silver chocolate on a dish ... these soldiers are so frozen ... but by the strike of silver licorice ... their eyes will fall down ...

2.

1.Wodka ; Cannot go, I'm mother's station, cannot go, I'm mother's hide ... 2.Indian books fall down ... warbottles make me swallow ... it's carnival ... nothing hurts anymore ... for history took them all away ...3. Cannot go, I'm mother's secret, chains are bending when I speak ... It's like the clicks of silver ... and the tapping shoes of wondermaking ...4. Cannot go, I'm mother's secret ... cannot go, I'm mother's secret ...Finding the right words to breath ... Wonderland is on ...5.History made me taller, birds have nests in my spine ... While I am sinking deeper ... reaching for my legs ... 6.They're so tall, they do not touch the ground ... like the silver horses standing proud 7.I'm all in darkness birds bend their heads ... They do understand ... while songbird saves me from the threat ... still a redbreast from aldebaran, while stockmachines sting merciless to make the deals ... for more silver bones to come through8. I'm a warmachine ... showing the sides of a coin ... Silver chocolatemilk in a bottle ... streaming through the games of rats ... streaming through the frozen soldiers ... until the licoricesyrop lets them fall ... They all must go to bed ... while in the morning they will be pirates ... on a silver pirateship ... hearts are bending ... hearts are talking about the chip ...

Pinocchio's letters from the inside ... 9. These coins from history ... for the aldebaran automatons ancient machinery Now spread your wings, my bird, and fly ... bend your heads ... like silver pictures ... make them understand ... make them understand ... 10. Why do you want to drown in vodka ... Take whiskey instead ... There are wonderlands on the coins ... and wonderlands on the bills ... bred by stockmachines ... no automatons Fly to make them understand ... It is hitler in wonderland let us all bow our heads and try to escape ... 11. Where's the mango ... making our heads do the tango ... Where's the spread making us all so mad ... 12. There's a war of fruits in my head ... There's steamy beer on the cake ... It doesn't want to go to school today ... The paradox caresses his face ... There's steamy wine making flights ... crashing down before the walls of yesterday ... but ancient marks will bring him through ... 13. Silver wonderland where are you going ... Silver rabbits and silver alices ... where's the end of it ... Is it there in hitler's mouth ? 14. Oh, tell me where he had his favors ... Tell me where he lost his dice I must continue through these doors ... not captivating one of them ... There's a silver zebra roaring in the skies ... like a rocket aimed at the banks of history ...

3.

1. Finally Whiskey ; I'm escaping through open mouths, having tongues as parachutes ... 2. These feathers are more dangerous than the bird's beak ... That's why I had to sit in jail for so long of my life ... to prepare me to this fight ... 3. I'm just a whiskey-gliadiator ... but finally the emperor's son ... With crowns on every finger ... silver crowns ... I don't need the gold ... Crowns of liberty, says the frog ... while I'm still dying in a glass of water ... silver water ... 4. I allowed myself to be neutral while walking the path of history ... for only the paradox was a path for me ... there ... I didn't allow myself to do symmetric predictions again, for the assymetry brought me to the well of history ... and it was full of whiskey ... There's silver water making me drunk ... 5. There are silver dreams before my eyes when I touch one of them, they all fall and fly away ... and I fly after them ... for they want me to know where they came from ... these silver birds 6. There are silver dragons on the shores ... with warbottles in their hands ... full of steamy silver waters ... and lots of whiskey under their commands ... 7. The strike of July brings them to June, where they finally can sleep ... and tune in to another station ... robbing another bank ... 8. While trompets are very loud and low today ... with silver lights like lightening ... Silver mice are in a row ... preparing the machinery for the next flow ... all these silver cigars are dying ... to wake up into another day ... They have pretty faces ... they have funny speeches ... like the latest cartoons ... 9. Mickey Mouse is waiting for the bus today ... going to Germany and then to Russia ... to do the first worldwar again ... It was just a strange dance in your mother's diary ... 10. Mickey Mouse and his wicked ballerina's ... He just drank too much whiskey ... hitting the hard day ... someone had to break the shell ... and now these animals can run .. knowing there's a new story to tell ... Break the bottles open ... and do the second worldwar again ... 11. These soldiers are all frozen ... 12. When the licorice strikes, they will all fall ... turning into pirates ... with flowers blooming in their hearts ... It's the rythm of silver There's no big escape from this all ... but only by repeating it, it will finally fall ... 13. To bed, that is the only travel ... when daylights fall ... to dream the silver dream ... In autumn the houses are tall ... and then hitler's just a painting ... but it moves, and that is the strangest thing of all ... Hitler's carnival ... marching with twentythousand mice ... 14. What a picture in the snow ... it moves ... it glows and it grows ... tomorrow the flowers will bloom ... and what will we do then ... 15. There's a silver zebra in the sky ... peeing on the banks of history ... ready for the major attack ... a crown of history ... a silver one, that's for sure ... don't need the gold, just drink the whiskey ... Zebra's in the sky ... the wars come down to Dorothee ... just patients for the docter of oz ... 16. mates to travel with ... all these wars, our

mixed-up hearts ... all the cruelty so overrated ... there's something down there coming through ... it kills for it needs the life taken away from it ... 17. it needs to breathe ... cruelty so overrated ... nothing but a war of fruits ... the baker wants expensive juice ... to have a present when the wizard comes ... 18. these wars just making a chair free for the next one ... they must make the trees pretty ... they are the keys of lion's cages ... and other animals ...

4.

1. The Hours of Friday. It's good to wrestle with these snakes don't let them be taken away They will go by themselves ... They will go by themselves They were just ... calendergirls gone at the end of the page 2. Dragonswan, they come from the silver, spreading their thick fires in blue, the hours of Friday. I don't know them, they seem to be dragons, silver ones, spouting the big blue 3. Have you ever seen their graces ... on a stockmarket they live ... all these spears of Jesus ... making the candy thick ... 4. Glory from the house of green days ... Glory from the seas with no name ... Glory from the house of Friday, spending its hours, to raise the silver heart ... 5. This heart of you and me They come from the silver, spreading their fires into the air ... 6. These dragonswans, they spit the fire, every Friday they are there, but sometimes they rise high in Thursday, sometimes they sow spring in Tuesday sometimes they all march in June, when father opens the books of old London ... England in the nineteenth century, England in the first part of the twentieth ... 7. In August she took flight ... On summerdays she spreads her wings of blue 8. Red England, you know this silver leather hides so much fun ... Bring them to your knees, these silver taxmachines, and let the stockmachines roar to keep the scarabs on your heart ... 9. And silver juices breaking you and me, it's floating from our knees, kidnapped by a spider coming free. Silver juices break us, we're running through the streets, while one of them, he has a gun ... 10. Shooting until we are free Like the rabbit's roar like strange venom in the mouth ... and deep inside we're fighting against the snakes History doesn't exist it's all happening today 11. The hours of Friday knocking on my kitchen door the hours of Friday, like centaurs and dragons, walking to the first floor ... like silver stockmachines they breed the heart of hearts between you and me ... we're finally free Silver oils from strange cabins 12. The hours of Friday standing here like soldiers of history of horizons like green days between you and me ... While England is bowing to the years of 1800 ... 13. The last part broke them free ... And those years in America when all the silver banks raised from the ground, you were so proud, and all these demonic taxmachines, they're hiding in the stream 14. Silver years, of the century ... like the hours of Friday ... we're never really free 15. These years still aren't over They're still living in our weeks ... marching between you and me

5.

1. Hitler, Hours of Friday, speak to me ... I want to know all about your history 2. Your nothing like a historybook silver pages ... hours of Friday trying to get over it There are silver cigars in a strange machine Hours of Friday, speak to me 3. You still let me fight against the snakes you fear or is it a spider with so many arms playing that song of history again ... 4. It's living in our weeks Bring on the dancing horses, bring on the desert's seas ... that what is between you and me ... 5. Bring on the red pillars ... orange in the skies ... bring them back to me ... open the line of horizon, for what is behind is somehow also speeding here ... 6. We cannot see a glimpse ... Hours of Friday, grandmother's grief ... these dragonletters between you and me 7. Hours of Friday ... the silver between the banks and shops, and all these tax-offices spinning the strange stocks these spears of Jesus coming

near ... 8.Hitler had them, like needles in his eyes ... Where is the silver man, where is the silver Peter Pan ... These trees are so thick and high ...9. I cannot see their tops ... It makes me cry ...Hours of Friday, Hitler's sundays ... weapons of worldwar Two ... spread over the week ... who is going to fall today ... who is going to jail ... I'm fighting against a silver shark ... fighting it the whole day It looks like it will never stop ... 10.It looks like eternal damnation ... These hours of Friday, when will they stop ... They put me in a taxmachine, they put me in a stockmachine, to turn me like the weather, to make all my tears green ... I'm crying in sixty colours ... No one is going to save me ... These hours of Friday burn me 11.Why do I need to be initiated ? Timemachines don't exist ... only stockmachines ... No one is going to save me I'm in Hitler's hell ... like eternal damnation.... Calendergirls, James Bond, I cannot come today ... black trauma ... where black dwarves drink their bottles 12.I wonder what you're doing with the spiders you gave me ... 13.These hours do not exist They're just the voices I didn't hear yet14.So give me a good telephone, and give me a good radio your stocks like needles in the pyama's ... letting us dream like farewell with dreams of silly tomorrows ... 15.These are the voices I do not understand yet My watch is just a signal ... all these hours are still running away while a christmas postbank is growing in my bag ... In december skies they all take flight, until the green sun is swallowing them all away It's a silly trophee16.History, still our God, misunderstood. History, still the eggs of christmas, waiting for the chicken to brood ... 17.I have a strange calender It's making me want to cry 18.These girls from december they were all full of lies but these were truths of history far away ... 19.It's good to wrestle with these snakes don't let them be taken away They will go by themselves ... They will go by themselves 20.They were just ... calendergirls gone at the end of the page It takes me five minutes to read every page, while my teacher thinks she's missing something ... 21.Don't get angry at me Don't get angry at me But she's also just a calendergirl fading away at the end of the month 22.Ballerina, your sides they make me cry showing me your calendergirls finally saying goodbye 23.Got another calendar ... with the hours of friday 24.She looks like you, ballerina and like the history of England soothing herself in the skies of London ... James Bond with his killerrabbit 25.Calendergirls, he ripped them all off I forgot that I lived Only watching how I died Only watching the silver lights And now it's just a statue a divine tattoo ... 26.It burnt and ached, but it was coming through ... I think I've now deciphered the letter ... Dragon Song, tell me how 27.History, I will never let you go ... It's the silver in my skies telling me how to walk and hide ... History, I never let you go 28.My wounds are deep but that's how I met the silver age while the days are still running forth ... only showing the hours of friday ... 29. Not knowing what they were hiding ... I don't want to fall away from this silver age days are running so fast ... until the hours of friday take them away ...Silver elitair taxmachines, just stockmachines ... you got to be the master ... taking away all these years 30.to hide them in a sacred book.... And one day a kid will take one of them away to his own school, to his own friends, to his own country to show the face of history in his own days ... His own days ? weren't they just the masks ... 31.just strange taxmachines ... of ages ago ... they laid their eggs of stock, insurance and democracy or was it hidden communism, brought by a hidden dictator 32.when no one seems to listen ...

Samin

1.

1.Sfinx Book of Lies ; I was never a cup. En de sfinx nam het boek in de hand, en brak het zegel. President of the United States, The advertisement-clips still haunt me, I'm a slave. The machines of Las Vegas are in a race, for they want my soul, and those of the whole world. The president of America stands up, and smashes his hammer on the table, but he's just a Las Vegas machine, with the gambleguns, he always wins. His words are pulling me down, and then he's suddenly my friend, telling me he will help me out. The advertisement-clips run slow. I'm not a slave anymore. I am a machine of Vegas myself. Why am I misleading all these kids ? I must stop somewhere. These machines are large, the candy is running. Mr. Beetlejuice is on the run too. And my neighbour is a Vegas-machine too.

2.There are lights coming outside his eyes. Can you see what he's dreaming ? I'm paranoid without these cars. Then they will trace me from a distance. There's glue through the lemonade, roses in my mouth, I'm married to a Vegas-machine, married off to a clown. What will we have for breakfast today ? Popcorn, hot butter and some sleeves of pain. I was a slave of the commercials all my life, but now I'm the king of butterflies ... but still a damned Vegas-machine. Why me ? Why me ? These machines roll like sharks ... It's hot butter on breakfast, while the curtains are like waves here ... Where is the shark ? Oh, there, and it's too late ... He rips open my head, and tells me : Game over, my friend ... And then a new game starts ... In this Vegas Machine ... It's like the next dream ...

3.Many passengers in the waitingroom, waiting for nothing ... The show will end soon ... What's on their glasses today ... The big money's praying for a day off The big shark found a new prey ... Game over, he sais Watch my friends and enemies Watch it with care and be one of them ... Tight ideas, And I'm driving in my car to escape all this, seeing the billboards in the air ... Neon lights trying to speak to me ... But there's someone on my telephone ... saying it's all a dream ... I'm listening to my favorite song ... It brings me from here to the moon ... Let us escape together and I will make a president of you ... This clock in you, it's just a Las vegas machine ... rolling like a clown through sand ... making the circles no one can understand ...And my son is shaking, he doesn't have the breath today ... heading for tomorrow, where the chocolate breeds his yesterday ... Clowns cannot follow him, when he makes his speeches, like the rap-dwarf from a Chinese city ... Six feet below the standard mission Can Ajax come today, these statements are overrated ... gambling ... with the machines of Las vegas ... Can Ajax come today Can Ajax come today ...

4.The speakerbox is in delay ... Sound on, sound off, baker's dreaming of cakes believing in cakes ... On a strange playcard today Now he's acting like he's carnival itself ... Now he's acting like these machines are all sideboard-machines, while he is the pied piper ... designing himself to lead them overseas ... Watch these numbers, never forget any of them, I'm lying in my bed ... sinking in the deep deep waters where ? Yellow liars on a zebra's ship, in the air of full blaze ... opening the seals They tried to take away my trousers, but now they're flying backwards and upside down ...

5.Purple liars standing in the riddle .. coming from the golden pear ... It seems so much tea is streaming from here ... while spanish suns are blinding me ... the wounded soldiers all march to the yellow banks ... to change into something else ... can your back hold it ? The lions face in vanilla and banana radiates gold ... blinding the masses ... Now who can see ? It's all mixed ... while banks are opening taking in the soldiers of the seas ... they are marching over the land .. to be someone elses Jesus Christ ... the hospital was just a strange bank .. while comics are rising .. in the hands of uncle peacock .. it's saturday ... blue liars rise to the moon like balloons, while uncle unicorns ship is rising ... with spiral horns like telephone ... thank you

operator, on cobra's oportunities .. take the candyship out of the clip .. and place it in the distance ... yellow liars .. vanilla in space ... mixing the bananas for a golden day ... in september there were seventy breezes.

6.Dreams of september give opportunities to the mice of seven days .. i'm gliding through the sun and the moon .. rising for the spoon ... there are twenty-million lies lying on a dish .. it was a strange bank in september ... mixing the vanilla with the banana ... for ten mirrors rising ... dagon-izu blinding simson's soldiers ... on the deserts of the planet mars ... where the icecream machines are rising ... they are creating the distances in the sky, while you think the ships are big so close ... while seventy heats are rising ... from september's bank ...

7.There are liars rising from september bank, rising spoons with lion's faces, blinding the purple masses ... it's ready and done in september, for seventy mice on a railroad .. oh yes, they can roar like lions .. they have speedmass in their pockets ... all backwards and in slow motion .. while the needles of grammophone lay themselves down ... for seventy conspiracies in the wind ... vanilla in frozen coffins, opening the beatboards of a new daydream ... confessions of a mailmans heart ... racing to the banks ... coming into the tanks ... good old afternoon ... spoilt candy on a golden dish making the bubbles lie like trash the morningcakes are staring ... stopping streams on sundaymornings ...

8.Strange september banks ... in dresses so wide they ride ... on streets of golden tiles while draughtsoldiers do the dishes in tight houses ... while bubbles float to soft clouds it's surrounded by golden bananas ... all in green golden pears ... Red gold in true decembers ... decending to the septembers of ages ... spoiling hands, a good decision ... making dramas in a pot ... while the blue golden tragedies find their ways in the states ... there are egypt's laughing in the sun ... all these liars of drunk holidays ... painting trauma's in the skies ... laid by the curse of vanilla ... while bakerman's faces are rising ... building the warmachine for uncle peacock ... on auction day ... when abel killed cain ... two altars in the skies ... who dies best ...there are mechanisms in golden suns ... blocking further appearances from spy's conspiracies ... the rumours eat the machines .. with wasprains in the hand you can search the skies ... it was made by vanilla banana and spice ... good old warmachines from uncle peacock ... a true auctioneer on lazy drama holidays .. seeking fruits for his stories .. while the white fruit brought them to the banks after the war ... rising the coins ... for another round in the fairground ... the auctions always suck you higher ... under bakerman's helmet ..

9.And still these clowns they run for money ... with the auctions in their pockets, they make the best money ... for cake's conspiracies ... dream on, oh soldier, make the cash .. in spirals pyamas you're always the best .. sharpening the lies from uncles gun .. breed the bakers .. throw the suns .. into a new basket of snakes ... bred by photos on a candy's day .. dramas in peacocks dresses ... in a peacocks horrorshow ... cannot rake the fields anymore, when draughts-soldiers throw the stones ... under baskets full of helmets they ascend ... by dagons shatters they turn the icecreams backwards ... she's selling pictures of arms surrounded by strange leathers and strange wool ... so strange it makes you cry ... while your trousers are crying deserts .. your shoes are crying moons ... there are ten mirrors for a liars shatter ... breeding the pipes for a small conclusion ... on a sundays stream ... tall dramas from izu mask the soldiers under noses mysteries ... it's growing like a pinocchio on a seaman's ship .. carrying the coins for the blue sharks .. while you must admit .. it was pear's day of golden drama ... pear's day of green decisions .. watch the ornament without dying ... but speak a lie ... it stings like a raking plant ... on a draught's summerday ... while ten clauses are rising ... with balloons coming from their pockets ... making the banks rise ...

10. Yellow hearts they rake the mice .. for a peacocks price ... we take flight ... by jewelled spanish suns we skate .. leaving the world under the ice ... while two lions are still fighting .. vanilla and banana .. spinning the gold ... on five buttons of a pirates suite, tv rises from the yellowed watch .. these firs have pointy hats from a good friday they ascend with their jesus-judas faces ... back to izu they are too afraid to die .. so they speak a lie ... laugh now cinderella ... the dust you have will turn into gold when you embrace it ... while your shoe will rake the golden moons ... seventy times seven ... these fields of boats were just the curses of a spastic draughtsman ... having the clowns of thoth painted on his face.... while someone is burning the sunmilk and the shampoos ... the crocodiles rise from the glue ... into wet forestdreams ... doing egyptian screams ... all backwards wrapped in snow ... she breeds the vanilla ... she breeds the lucifer fire ... in the distance there is smoke so visible ... while auctions rise from strange banks .. these are uncle peacocks horrorshows ... who takes the children ? the one with the biggest money or the one with the biggest gun ... they don't want to go to arabia ... but they have to go .. it's already ten o clock ... hold your breath .. for within a few whisperings you will be home again ... all in a zebra's watch ... so many cigarlighters from the dawn .. smoking by elve's conspiracies ... he's the prince of video-clips showing his tranvestite claw .. while spiderclocks are running from his mouth ... suddenly it breaks through edges to a lucifer's wonderland ... izu in the distance ... the auctioneer burns the hammers ... no one dares to walk ... gepetto makes the clocks of pinocchios wood ... these are wars of the businessmen ... while the losers fall in orange, into a millionarmed sleep ... banks pick them up ... having doorways to new rythms opening the mouths of the wilder animals ... I was an orange liar on a zebra's boat ... I was a spiralling dancer on a lion's ship ... I was a dramas low intention losing all the grip ... I was the blinding sun, the blinding Osiris-Ra ... I was a son of Aton after midnight ...

11. I was a wilder animal ... exploding into the one and a million nights ... I knew drama after drama, having them all on my bow ... spitting the cowards wrapping them in easters snow ... I was a wilder animal, having faith in the lie stronger than truth christmassoldiers under my wrath ... i will lie to them ... until i'm a coward myself ... there's nothing to win in raising a sword ... i'm a wilder animal ... spinning death on a dish ... by an orange lie spinning them all on the barbecues needle ... for ten grammophone days in spain ... But my words are ripe for desert ... Trauma blazers killing spacers dream about the net .. dripped into a good corset ... money from starving occasions .. eat the brain ... strange traffic of wilder animals ... on a wilder day ...

2.

1. Strange auctions circle in the sky .. eating custard out of peoples brains .. strange fairgrounds .. circling in the skies .. watching the golden baths on high floors ... on a golden picnic's day ... the auctions suck the children inside ... making them soldiers for another fight ... the banks they pick them up again, to bring them again ... secrets of arabia .. in purple treasures they shine .. blinding the visitors ... they spin in clocks in miserable days ... meet the kings of the hours and get shot ... until you reach the golden gun ... until you sing these days are done .. Draughts a new light ... from the temple to spain ... there's sand under the tigers hand ... i give you a green car a strange household ... where everything moves .. in september's brain .. these are the days after august he was a prince of jesuses ... they were rising from his pocket ... striped and in wet hot plastic .. melting into glue ... while spanish suns were blinding the mass ... letters making strange connections ... fighting for a place in the ship ... that strange ship of noah ... where flowers have to die ... when the auction hammer brings the horror ... of a peacocks show .. they never reach the daylights, when the indian shows his big

gun .. these kids go to the deserts ... with his rings on their heads while tigers and lions roar in the distance ... and a black panther makes it coming close ... so close that you feel their teeth ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder suns ... burning sweet bars of the cake Noah banker bake the bank bananas in vanilla turn them into gold ... breed them into cobras these are lies to sacrifice ... turning the machines backwards ... Vanilla hit the roses hard ... breed them in a pot of water ... for tea time's breaking up, and the shoes are running out ... to have a nose's conspiracy in an auctions circle ... these purple liars know where they stand ... they push the green together, to give it a bad bend ... it's bending on paper ... these are liars on an orange boat ... while the yellow boat is sinking .. grasping fishes from empty dikes ... they're sinking deeper ... making noises in a free golden potatoe ... these are wilder animals ... they never told about them .. they were afraid they would take it all away.... he was the prince of jesus-judas-faces ... these bakerman's faces ... they set me free on a checked yellow draughtsboard i take flight ... to touch the golden lights in spanish mirrors.

2.Bank of the Red Swan, these warmachines create the coins ... It's written on medical pyramids ... And I'm gonna throw a stone ... Bank of the Red Swan, give me some time ... Your mothers accents will never make me smile, until another red swan rises ... killing the docter ... killing the ornament's noses ... on a sunday in september ... on a nuclear day .. Bank of the Red Swan, I promise to be ... a lambstead on my grandfather's knee ... He and his parrots they promised to be ... ready for it ... when you aren't no more ... you swallower, you red horse ... you red picnic ... on daylight's shore ... Bank of the Red Swan, I promise to see, all your butterflies going down on their knee ... Your medical systems they promised me ... to never look back ... It's over now ... Bank of the Red Swan ... It's my bank now ... on grandfather's red knee ... while warmachines create the coins ... while hospitalmachines decide which head stands on the coin ... the one with the biggest charity ... Bank of the Red Swan, I'm nothing but a coin in your hands created on the battlefield, finished in your hospital ... while still my head is on the coin ... while still my steps are hairy ... decisions they flow from mother Mary ... on holy days she takes a canary ... to the other side of the world ... to watch this Red Swan from the distance ...

3.Mother Mary, I promised to be ... an angel on my grandfather's knee ... Mother Mary I promised to be ... A red swan on the bank, the black coffin, to get my wings and fly to the end of other oceans ... to rise like towers ... in the cities of the united ... These medical days they broke me ... breeding me into a wilder animal ... but oh I'm so paranoid now ... feeling so fragile ... having such fragile visions about a red swan on the dike ... jumping inside something he will never reach ... under bekehelm's helmet he promised me to be ... my second lawyer ... a liar's docter ... an animal so wild ... bringing me wilder days ... spitting sand he promised to be ... an icecream so far away ... this coin will be brought down ... with all these Jesus Christs ... and their heads on it ... Mother decided it this way ... on grandfather's knee ... Bank of the Red Swan I promised to be ... a land in a decision of two spaces on my knee ... Land of decision ... the red strike is blue ... for the Blue Swan rises on the menu ... There's tea for two ... for sleepwarriors a war in satin city ... getting the glue ... Bank of the Red Swan I promised to be ... your mailman visiting you on day three ... picking some roses out of your mother's garden ... making the spells on a hard day's mouse for lucifer's house ... I continue on my naked knee ... You loved the pretty colours ... It is all I want to be ... These trousers are torn ... letting me in ... while you stand on a decision ... letting all things be ... without the cakes of your smile .. It's over on day three ... While Jericho rises in comic smiles ... I rake the potatoe in bible coffee ... Glean of the ornament I promise to be .. my mailman's decision on day three ... Land of the siren I am finally free ... free of your possessions ... for I was never looking for gold in that place ... I have found it somewhere else

.. Bank of the treasure I promise to be ... further away this year heading for day three ... my cheeks are red and so are you ... The red swan on medical decisions ... The charity breeds the coins ... for another war ... of businessmen in green ... while tea is dripping from their noses ... trying to make the land sleep by their lies ...

4. While lucifer rakes the golden smiles ... on a golden picnic day It's a brandnew decision ... They have heads of coffee, these black men ... hiding themselves under blankets of tax ... while red bottles rise in uniforms I take flight .. back to izu ... Charity soldiers ... coming from a Red Swan Bank ...breeding the coins ... in cruel hospitals ... You don't know where the glue is ... You are a fallen angel ... on a blue day ... while you are still fighting with it ... Land of the black brake I promised to be ... seven smiles at the same time .. rising higher than your knee .. while there are crosses in the air ... and seven draughts soldiers .. moving their pawns and throwing their playcards like sharp money ... cutting the bald heads and the blue potatoes ... These are just the wilder animals ... knowing the world behind the shoe ...The icecream made them blue so blue ... with red hands ... they continue .. back to izu ... Land of the promise I promised to be ... six feet high with the usual fee ... Six transmissions on day three lapped by a smile ... this juice it brings me higher ... out of the medical threat .. I'm not a number of your bread ... Land of the lambstead I promised to be ... six feet taller on day three, but still under bekehelm's helmet ... with mjollnir and elsefic on my side ... bringing me to the clauses ... setting me in fire with sweet desires ... the truth knows all my names ... these high decisions ... they see the land of the smiles. Black Pinocchio I promised to be ... not hiding ... but sliding ... to the daylights dream In a hotel I saw what they were doing to me ... I'm not a coin .. I sleep at homeI don't pay for my food ... I take it from the garden by my own hands ... I have a family for that ... rising in June ... on a coffee's spoon ... my family is rich ... They're just funeral undertakers ... breeding coins in a grave ... these strange coffins ... to raise the zombies ... spinning the auctions for the highest money ... whose head will be on the coins today ... one with the greatest charity or the biggest gun The orange just says what he has to say ... Black orange of the canary's day ... It's a killerpig rising ... spoiling lucifer's dinners ... What you're doing to me ... I come from higher trousers, I come from higher coins to raise the ornaments so beautiful ...I'm the coin of funeral undertakers, I'm the coin of Thoth from strange draughtsboards I spin the ornaments hesitation ... I come from three coins high ... I do a lot ... I sink in seven seas at the same time .. but still under bekehelm's helmet ... I raise my money high ...

5. The orange is my gun ... the head on my strange coin, doing the highest decisions I can't do ... It's fun when daddy's home ... Oh orange with your seven smiles ... doing the dishes of clocks in houses ... feeling yourself in the seventh snowflake of a mistress strange table ... on six o'clock in the afternoon proclaiming the evening was never for you, you fool ... Now wash your tables in ornament's smiles, now break your glasses in lucifer's au revoirs don't steal when it's your turn ... just take it ... don't break it ... it will all continue ... take a good look, while mother is producing steam .. she screams in the night like the sixth wolf of benchelot. Breath good while you're breathing, drink good, while you're drinking, under bekehelm's helmet it's all okay ... you smile I have to go .. you still breed the snow on a lucifer's old september day .. of years ago ... centuries are smiling, a green sun coming out of their mouths ... doing dishes so proud, gathering the fallen soldiers, for another coin in strange hospitals ... where doctors do strange dances ... they are funeral undertakers ... these oranges are old ... too old Watch your vanilla smile ... these kids are old ... too old ... you cannot trust them, they're aldebaran birds ... knowing how to lay the curses and the watermarks binding you forever, goodbye babylon ... when daylight screams they know it's time, to get a ride to the

bank of the red swan ... families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins ... breeding strange auctions ... to raise the moneygun spitting sand for new books on the shows

3.

1. These families like funeral undertakers ... breeding strange coins, raising the money high, while the banana shoots, but an orange steals the cry ... to swallow deep this strange red swan ... while gepetto is rising with his black pinocchios doing strange dances in the night it makes you cry ... the highest bidders become the heads on their coins ... the one with the greatest dynasty ... the one with the greatest destiny ... the one with the greatest charity ... winning the hospitals ... rising them for a better coin ... a faster gun a jupiter's smile a great banana with the head of an orange ... shooting in the night ... killing the paws ... it's crying sand strange business ... strange bend Oh, sandman do your dance ... and raise the money higher to bring a gamble of confusion ... to bring them all asleep ... breeding the icecreams ... on isolated islands ... these coins get sharper ... on a strange september day ... these animals get wilder with oranges as their guns ... these heads on coins ... spouting the miseries ... spouting the desires and the destinations oh sharks rise from here ... these bullets under the skins ... exploding like your mother's chin, when she opens her mouth .. the rats come in ... Then the ornaments fall to do strange things for the banana and the orange these buttercoins ... in deep deserts ... in deep strange smiles, you start to cry, in deep decisions ... you find your own dynasties so many kings before you ... while you are the head on the coin, you're the orange of the kings, and even kings of the orange ... spreading green tomatoeseeds

2. It's lucifer's decision ... sitting on grandfather's knee lapped in a smile ... in jupiter for awhile ... free on day three escaped from a red swan's bank now who will get him down ... it's the war of the oranges ... on jupiter's smile ... broken by a banana, it rises to be the head of the coin spreading the green tomatoeseeds to be a good gun in an indian's hand ... it's leading you along strange curtains ... starting the gambles machines while a birthday's boy is rising ... with his blind parrots reading braille ... it's a crazy ornament exploding in the wind ... spreading the green green watersides ... like green tomatoeseeds in the night ... in an orange ravine it takes flight ... losing the game he's a god of gamble ... so many heads on a die ... while jupiter rakes the golden fly ... there are strange cars in the air exploding heading for the big shoe ... he's a trafficlight of gamblers ... on a jupiter's night ... it takes flight ... a secret baker's coin ... it decides ... it's a good gun, an orange, a big head ... it's exploding, taking dinner ... watching lucifer instead ... there are coins on the dice ... strange cars exploding ... heading for the big shoe ... by a vikings axe, all under bekehelm's helmet ... rising to bekehelm's shoe ... These are wilder animals you do not understand ... they do strange dances ... you start to cry ... spreading their green tomatoeseeds in the sky ... You were the orange on a summer's dish ... exploding, wrapped in bananas ... while they killed your yellow bike ... you do not understand they eat you ... making a gun of you deep in the night ... a gambler's gun is what it says ... now he can rise into eternity ... exploding like a star ... the supernova to see lucifer smile ... to watch these golden moons, so many colours of gold on a dish ... strange trafficlights ... they explode to take you down ... bringing you to the queens of clowns to all the jokes of the underworld ... you smile, it's your decision ...

3. I'm an orange, my head is on the money, now I'm the sand in the desert, behind the golden books ... I am now a moneygun ... all machines listen to me ... I am Jerome the king of lions ... come follow me ... I show you the books behind the books ... I show you the deserts behind

the deserts I'm the gambler's trafficlight ... exploding in the night leading them all to the big shoe under bekehelm's helmet ... by strange dances I take flight ... I'm riding the icecream machines ... there's strange snow behind the deserts ... all on a californian smile ... It's bagdad in Izu, strange coffee rippling in the sky ... I'm the tiger riding the lions ... on a lucifer's decision ... to the land behind the shoe ... breeding the cakes of charity ... to give them all good jobs ... while my money is spouting higher ... I am the orange rubberduck ... I'm the easterclause gathering the ashes for a good good gun starting the machines of lucifer ... I'm crying fire ... I'm a desertcar, on ornament's dishes ... until I am a needle, a needle of grammophone ... a lambstead in the sky ... while babies are flying high like waving flags ... they unite ... while the green car rides

4.

1.It's a strange household bringing the toys alive ... I am a lambstead in the sky ... truthpossessed for awhile ... but still having my orange liars rising from a zebra's boat ... from a strange green car among a strange household ... These coins are strange records ... while I am the lion's needle bringing them all home ... a pied piper making them spin ... It's rising from the orange ... It's rising from the lion's face These strange strange needles These lambsteeds of the snowflake records ... spinning the icecreams for another day ... from the world behind the big boot, under bekehelm's helmet ... It's spinning around on tables coming from the golden dishes ... It's the ornament's spoon ... strange traffic ... a gamblemachine ... spreading the icecream on hairy grounds it stands letting the lion's needles rise these lucifers ... to get the music out of the coins ... It's an orange head, a good gun singing a candle in a dragon's castle ... reading so many books, just reading ... while a mailman is taking me home ... it's a mailman needle ... from the big cactus ... There are needles growing on me, I'm standing on hairy ground ... I'm drinking from the trees of light ... I am a holy cactus ... spreading lucifer's lights My hairs are on fire ... while my tongues are growing taller ... just thinner these are strange coins on a banker's suit ... I am the banker's desire, the banker's wife ... No doubt about it I'm spinning his ornaments tight ... These are wilder animals, just wilder days ... in lucifer's delights ... I'm watching springs coming from his beard ... I'm watching the icecreams stream He is the banker, and I am his wife ... while last night ... the banker and the baker were in a fight and now his hair is in fire ... while stinging plants and cactuses grow in the garden ... and animals with strange tongues these are wilder animals coming from a wilder sun

2.These are wilder days ... the candles on a wilder birthdaycake ... It's streaming from the banker's suite ... strange coins ... like needles these are strange microphones strange speakers ... He writes books on dragon coins And now he's fighting with both the baker and the mailman ... he's just a microphone ... shivering when they speak too loud ... he's making icecreams ... like snowclause never showing up ... only sending some letters ... only writing some books on dragon coins ... He's a tree of strange pencils ... He's a bankertree, while the baker and the mailman are still fighting in front of it ... He's a strange feather ... from the land behind the shoe ... He's banker clause, a strange painter ... in strange houses he takes flight ... with so many pencils in his head ... He's like the eliphant ... he paints the dreams of heavy decisions ... on coin's misunderstandings ... He's a strange docter ... a strange advice ... He's banker clause ... an eliphant on a lost dream speaking through strange microphones a strange mailman after all working in a strange kitchen ... where the food comes alive ... eating the restaurant's visitors ... He's bankerclause, big septemberman ... He's a strange advice on a mother's clown ... He's a bad holiday painting snow ... He's bankerclause, a criminal ... raising his guns in the middle of the night He's a

banker's pencil ... saying such strange words spinning tax like no one else ... He draws the lawyer's oranges on the needles ... selling the guns to the dice ... When the lawyer and the mailman unite, the school rises, with a strange clock ... even stranger than your grandfather's ... It's the blue swans bank ... It's the schoolbank's clock drowning them all ... from here the cowboys are rising ... preparing them ..for the big fall ... These stamps they judge the butterflies and the dice. They are coming out of a cowboy's mouth ... He's still the mailman after all these years but he's fighting with a shepherd ... It's coming from a mailman's bag, the sun is in it, with it's golden pencil ... it's a strange clock, and then they fight ... It's coming from a mailman's bag ... strange records there, strange needles ... these are the lambsteads ... from strange cactuses ... A cowboy rides the school ... and a shepherd rides the church ... while an indian rides the hospital ... these are strange banks ... from uncle peacock's horrorshows ... strange funerals in the flowerfields ... these are the riddles of death ... These are four drunk gamblers, while the mailman is their god ... while a bakertree is growing in the middle ... a strange sun ... a mad sun they are on a travel, to greet uncle peacock ... A red swan rides the ornament, while a blue swan does the same ... It's a cowboy against an indian ... It's the school against a cinema ... It's a school against a hospital ... but the mailman makes them all one ... he mixes them in his kettle ... making stamps of them ... for a lawyer's trial ... there are liars on a zebra's boat ... orange liars ... doing the dishes ... for a holiday's spoon ... the banana rises soon out of it's rinds ... with two big eyes ... it writes with the golden pencil ... when all babies unite ... and the stamps are floating ... it's schooltime the bells are ringing ... all happening on the footbalfield ... while a golden lion is swallowing ... the mailman rises higher and higher .. for his ornament's ring .. he's still the god of ten ... while the drunk are following him with gamblemachines on their back, they take flight ... It's the golden lion's bank a strange postbank ... where stamps judge the dice and the butterflies ... making the glue ... There's music from uncle unicorn, there's assurance after the wars of tax ... while the smoke is rising ... bakermen come to bake the bread ... this strange golden bread ... it makes you cry ... while flying on a die ... while flying on a bakerman's face ... a face on a strange stamp still judging you and your father ... still drinking from the ornament's wine ... while the mailman is grasping in his bag ... He's searching for his clock and pencils ... he's painting the skies, while his own little sun rises ... smiling with the seven smiles of death ... these are his weapons he's still a soldier ... with a strange flag ... a cactus on a lion's bankship All bankers heading for the mad sun ... that red sun in the skies ... where a red rose takes flight ... still kissing her gepetto's still doing her shows ... her peacocks horrorshows ... she's drinking wine with a little latin buffoon puppet, still her favorite smile ... They're playing chess and at draughts ... They're spreading wings in the snow ... these butterfly wings these kisses on the water sailing to the edges of time ... where all oceans gather, under bekehelm's helmet ... It's a clock of a strange postbank making the waters rise ... Pharaos is drowning his boys again ... his churches, for it's time for school and these soldiers need some rest, some babies ... doing business by the spoon, on a hard day's mouse ... on a fine day's school ... it's the tool of a lawyer in a mailman's bag ... Pharaos is doing the dishes burning the ornaments tight ... these indians they lost the fight going to the banks again ... for the morninglights ... on lucifer's tables ... these high tables ... they unite It's a painting in the sky ... while brother rabbit is raking itIt's the lawyer's orange ... still smoking these cigarettes on a bakerman's dream ... on a mailman's tight decision ... making a daylight's scream ... and this orange still the head on a stamp of dreams ... this mailman's orange ... this lawyer's threat having a bank together ... baking the bread ... this golden bread ... while the lion is rising ...a golden one ... for a golden picnic ... it's coming from the mad sun ... this red sun turning blue again it is the mailman's trick this god of ten ten shepherds or ten cowboys ... about this the wars are raging chocolate wars ... coming from a strange hospital ... strange carriage ridden by a drunk indian ... this talgamen's friend ... he drank from faroom

da bazite ... this warmachine ... a business war machine ... a social machine ... wars
undercover ... ridden by a drunk indian ... And these stamps come from strange strange flowers
... with strange strange alphabets on a lion's bank in september ... give me december
instead or a good good august ... And it's still a strange strange cardgame ... in a strange
mailman's bag written on a strange ornament while a lawyer is doing the dishes ...
they burn trees for this ... this woodcutter's job making the stamps in dark places taking
kids away from the schools ... these are dark conspiracies ... from peacock's horrorshows
On a strange footballfield the mailman is rising ... this god of ten ... while he is the eleventh ...
and who follows him is the twelveth ... It's a strange bank after all ... when school rises
strange tears are rolling making seas under bekehelm's helmet ... The mailman is rising
from the footballfield, spreading the stamps as butterflies, and then the mass begins to roar ...
while the judges will decide ... The mailman he has a million arms ... while he has a
bekehelm's helmet ... they are all under it when he puts off his hat, he's a bald communist
.. letting the balls roll by blasphemy ...

3.His wife is a flowercutter, a florist, while she makes the stamps ... she even dries butterflies
... and it's still a mailman's auction ... raising the flowers for another day ... She stands
between the flowerfields, this golden lady ... still the mistress of jericho ... and the orange
flowergun is spouting ... these seeds they taste like soap ... it comes from the land of soap
where the swans spit fire ... her clocks are like dishes ... while she rises ... on a golden lions
bank ... smoking her flowercigarettes still weaving strange stamps ... for a mailman's holiday
... She lives in his bag as his tinkerbell ... painting the smiles on his sun, these golden bananas
... with oranges as their guns ... they have orange tongues so tall so split ... they are orange
liars on a zebra's boat ... strange mailmen ... strange pencils ... and while the stamps are
spreading ... they write ... he's just writing bills saying it's from someone else ... he's a
billdeliverer ... and they must pay in stamps ... that's the judgement on their heads he's still
a flowerman, a floristman ... wanting his babies back ... these are stories written on petals ...
while sandman rakes the skies together with soapman ... strange glues ... strange ornaments
... strange mothers and strange brothers ... it's a flowerbank from a golden lion ... there's a
new alphabet on the petals ... these are strange letters ... while he's the head on the stamp ... a
strange god of flowers ... wanting his babies back ... in the nights he's a woodcutter ...
kidnapping children out of their schools making stamps of them the sails on his ship ...
all in a strange strange bottle under bekehelm's helmet ... He's a strange Noah sailing on
stamps ... These stamps are glued books ... he wants his babies back ... And these stamps are
strange bibles .. strange funerals and strange laws ... while the letters bring the land in sleep ...
he's sandman after all ... It rises on a mailman's auction ... all these flowers heading for the
orange ... where they all turn into ashes to make the land drunk These deserts are in fire
.... they were touched by a mailman ... while an orange face is rising on the stamp ... eating
and drinking ... forgetting ... flying on the wings of dementia back to the flowerfields
beyond history ... It's strange traffic after all ... strange cars ... strange nightshifts ... strange
trains ... orange balls are still exploding ... the gambler brings them back ... a strange mailman
... from a strange stampbank in the desert ... where the orange lion is rising ... like baker's tree
so high bringing new laws new bibles ... but first he brings them all in sleep ... strange
sandmen after all ... strange orange liars ... on zebra's boats they stand ... with strange flags in
their hands ... letting them all faint and now the gold is streaming with so much
attention ... on this strange stampbankship ... where a strange stampbanker lives ... a strange
Noah ... oh so strange ... these are wilder animals ... For the stamps are warriors in the night ...
rising from the bottle ... They want to go home ... and break through walls They want to
go back to the stampbooks library ... back to the flowerfields where they can see the statue
of belcanov ... all under bekehelm's helmet ... These stamps ... strange traffics ... He's the god

of stamps A fisherman ... a Noah brings them underwater ... Strange traffic in a strange clock ... a postman's clock ... a strange sun in a mailman's bank It's lucifer, you cannot decide ... he's spinning the ashes into stamps ... while the dice are rolling ... these are strange butterflies ... They sacrifice stamps in strange churches ... waving at them until they are home ... These are strange funerals mailmen strange funeral undertakers ... working for the clauses ... or are they clauses themselves ... there are strange clauses on stamps ... while soap clause rakes the skyfields ... in september they take flight ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder fights ... all happening in a mailman's bag ... charity is taking them to the hospitals ... to reach the killingfields ... these are strange ways to home ... These are strange bottles of an ornament's lie ... they are still businessbrothers ... but under their uniform's they have their soldier's clothes ... rubbish from the killingfields leading the dolls astray ... on a september's wild night ... these are wilder animals ... these are wilder tricks of tax ... from a strange clock of a postbank

5.

1.And then I thought the psychiatrist was just a man wanting to sell his comics ... He was a comic-makera strange clown ... He was a visitoran agent of strange traffic, freezing the pictures to catch the butterflies in it a deep prison ... a strange cocon He was breeding the trees, this forester It was all in my mind gotta love the game of this Las Vegas Machine this LVM ... escaping to that little farmer's town ... And the dentist, his friend only wanted to see the books ... They were the deaf men And I'm dreaming of an Egyptian Boat, Riding in a new sort of factory ... Feeling Thoth's smoke in my back Dragons dreamsI'm dreaming of a sun, standing between ten mirrors ...Not knowing which mirror to watch Just watch all ten ...Not inside ...But watch their movements, their markets, their playcards ... Dreams of the big cat Oh how you wish to escape your dreams and to sleep,just sleepThe dream's hunting you, the dream's hurting you,like ten men on a towerShooting from the distanceBut they are far far away Actually too far away to really see themSo how do you know they are with ten ... these deaf men ... these deaf men ...How do you know they are men They are too far to hear them shootSo how do you know they shootThey are too far awaySo how can you dream about themThe dream's too far ...the lion's confusion. Maybe they are just some mice playing card ...Like those mirrors of the sunBut I don't knowThey are too far away to really have an opinion about it ...It's too vague to defineI couldn't make a good picture of this ...It seems I'm in the lion's confusion againBut this is good ... I want to escape all dreams just like youWho invented all these dreams Maybe those ten men on that tower those deaf men but who knows maybe they aren't deaf ... But who knows I'm not sure they are with ten ...It's too far awayAnd I even don't know if they are men ... They can be chickens I don't know ...I really don't knowAll I know is I don't want to meet them, whoever they are ...But they are so far away who knows...maybe there's no one thereMaybe there are only some white flags glittering in the sunThat sun with ten mirrors ... playing card ...You know, I tell you this, for once I got such a cardIt told me about all thisBut it said it didn't know it either It was too far ...Now when even a playcard tells you this, then it must be real farSo let us forget about all this, also about the ten menThey sent me a card yesterday ... That they were so far away ...So I will forget about itMaybe they are with nine, and not ten ... Yes, it was that playcard I told you about ...They sent it And it said all thisBut I don't believe it, for even this card said it was all too far away ...So when even a playcard sais it's far away, it must be real farIt seems like I'm in the Lion's confusionEven the mailman was confused ...He said his wife died yesterdayAnd she's so far away now ...How do you know it's her then ? I ask ... Maybe someone else died It's all too far away, if something's too far

away, how do you know it's that ? Maybe she just went for the shop a long shopping Or maybe she was kidnapped by those ten men They never said they didn't so how do we know she isn't there But let us stop about those ten men ... Maybe we are waking sleeping dragons

2.Maybe they hear everything we say ... maybe they have spies or high ... technology ... maybe they have high-tech-recorders and know everything we say ... Maybe they aren't deaf at all ... Then your wife will also hear if she's there ... Ok, dear sweetheart of the mailman, Your husband is looking for you Please tell us where you are He's so confused since you're gone ...Can you please send us a card ? The next day I get a card ...But not from his wifeAnother mailman brought it to me about Ten men coming from the sun,Ten men to do the dance,They kidnapped us all, They brought us all the cardsNow they send cards, actually playcards ... To play with people ... They are playing a strange game Sending cards to strangersInvitations from a dentist's heart Ten mad dentists from the strange sun The plants are their prisoners The cards they send out To deceive the mass Ten books of the wizard,Ten bibles in a row they are heading for the mad sun Like pirates for their homeland But when Gepetto wakes up The eye of another dentist will be opened The eye of the forester These ten fingers of Toth They were actually my friendsFinally All these gods They came to earth They sent us cards Just to trick us Just to bring us The world ... beyond Fairytale I opened the Eye of Gepetto, He's still a good businessman after all these years And a forester A good dentist Heading for the sun of Aquarius The mad sun Still the gardener of our squares Still our hope to touch the moon Having ten little men on his white gloves The ten fingers of Toth these deaf men ... or aren't they deaf ... and are they even men ? I'm feeling his smoke in my backLike the waves of old oceansThese are dragon dreamsThese are dreams of the catThese are cigars of Pharaos A new city to enter Ten American Dollars are lying on a toyman's counter An old man bought ten little plastic sailorsFor his grandsonHe will have his birthday tomorrowThe toyman smilesThey come alive in the night, he says One day they will let him read the book of the ten sailors They will give it for his birthday when he will be twelve From his father he got a plastic ship So now he can sail with these ten sailors Without knowing who they are ... My dentist is the psychiatrist in the little town ... selling his books ... selling his comics ... He's deaf He's sailing under a red balloon ...the prince is sharp today he became too thin in the night ... he's deaf ... he's a deaf mannow he's an ornament ...too dangerous to wear ...too dangerous to sell No response to the strange beat No responseall telephones are donesomeone is just staring that strange guy and he's deaf ... These deaf men ... becoming so dark in the night too dark, too tall, too thin, too hard, ...too ...cold while a fire is burning in them a forest fire a fire of a green sea ... everything is dying but the eyes ... are slowly sliding away

Birebacha

1.

1.Marazanta ; Emily ; I'm running through purple snow ... along purple curtains, while I'm also standing there. I'm heading for the deserts ... where bakermen run ... and where the cowboys

do their business ... And I'm still wandering through purple snow ... looking for the bright eyes all these women were just swindlers and their men were taxmasters ... I'm now looking for these deserts ... to find the holes to darker creatures ... There are some animals hanging in black christmastrees they hang near the strange lights ... Strange birthdays These are roads to the big shoe ... forgotten roads ... It was tax keeping you addicted ... These taxmasters from southern coasts ... these old men but they hide the stockings of christmases to new worlds ... Throw your presents into them i will be on their back So many tears are streaming ... bringing you to wonderland ... It ends in the big shoe ... where the lakes of tears are ...

2.They make the colours so wild ... The tears flow ... leading me to the big shoe to darker creatures ...Tears rolling through my trousers ... to reach the big shoe ... she's a swindler ... reflecting the unknown ... there are bakerman's faces on her crown ... like lights in the christmas tree ... Do you see signs in the snow .. that we belong together ... do you believe in something greater than this ... It was a football game letting us focus on the ball ... The queen of england between the flowerfields her footballfields ... coming from these spanish suns .. deep in arabia ... these are presents from capricorn charityboats to hide the storms ... still pirateships breeding footballfields on wild seas Go to mimir's well ... to become blind again ... i bought them all at mimir's well ... i'm hearing his horse on the roofs ... throwing presents through the chimneys ending in shoes to be prisoners of the football fields ... prisoners of strange games While the queen of England is staring at the balls Is she expecting something ... It's the pencil of the newspapers ... while a prisoner is writing ... the sport's journalist and all these pencils ... they sting me ... these waterlights ... heading for the braodcastlady of cartoon

3.The waterlights are heading for her and her orange balls ... they want to make a comic of her ... They sting her with their pencils ... these are books of old playcards .. waiting to be comics ... in purple snow the footballs will write ... the watermarks on the waterlights ... all in the christmas museum ...

2.

1.When it breaths it goes to history to be burnt ... when it's swallowed six times you can translate ... and the seventh time ... you can create ... the secret of a red giant's shoe Waterlights are stinging me ... when the purple becomes green. Through the purple curtains i always reach the red. Through arabian seacocoons i'm heading for izu ... there are marbles under my shoes ... all these solar stairways ... these moving stairs ... leading me to ..the statue on the flowerfields ... keeping them all spinning ... when india's on her knees ... And when the marbles are rolling, i'm heading for izu ... staring at all those aldebarans in the night ... it's the red rising ... there are communistic heroes on tv ... How many stings does it take ... to greet marazanta ... he's rising high ... Black cowboys in arabian deserts ... with black lassos ... catching their prisoners for an author's kitchen ... the book must be ready tomorrow ... tax always the author's pencil ... it roars by democracy ... and then they'll all read it ... Businessmen are masters of sleep ... the nose brings you to the future ... where the unknown lives under an orange stone of confusion ... we go to sleep ... along purple curtains we travel ... heading for green .. on top of a desert ... sandman was just a good businessman ...

Sandman is riding a green horse ... eating the purple ... along purple curtains they travel ...
with you ... sandman on a green horse ... until tax comes to give us red dreams ... red dreams ..
we're on the radio tonight ... this is how they mix us ... mix us ... all in the kettle ...

2. Birthday man is in town ... we were killed but now we come alive ... to be another prison of
orange and green cowboys ... they gamble having their delights back to the alphabet ...
the libraries where we become glue There's glue from arabian coffeehouses ... on top of
bagdad city ... deer and horses drink it ... in the roundabout they wave ... Until a spanish
dream kidnaps us ... then arabia is our enemy again until we are pale again .. pale again ...
A spanish dream sells the pictures ... selling the prisoners to the red where they get all
colours they aren't pale anymore they needed fruits for the greengrocer there ... to blow
up his balloons And this makes the tears fall, all these dragon tears ... escaping the dragon,
to make everything clear, while the watermarks make pictures ... these are wet suits ... plastic
wood You have two red eyes ... a pale one and a colourfull one ... it makes you cry ...
while the third one on your head is transparent ... made by tears ... it's growing and making
friends forever you're smiling it's the third day ... it makes you tall and thin ... fragile
enough to reach for the sun where cowboys play, you reach for the shoes ... where all
stones gather the black stone makes a wish ... and the coin falls in the black wishingwell ...
where abraham still weeps ... for he lost his isaak there There's a goat on the coin a
black one ... king of the desert ... while coffee is running from the arabian house where
the indian spies ... live just spice from arabia ... how many corners are there on a red eye ...
you're now in a strange roundabout ... with purple horses ... shining in the sun they keep
you out of the factory ... these horses are blind my dear and they will be deaf at the end of
the year ... but they are covered by watermarks waiting to save you ... then you will jump
out of black bottles we are indian spies ... there are so many bananas ending here
becoming straight and blue ... frozen like soldiers touched by the chocolate ... where blind
children play ... and then it's red shoe time ... by this she got her red eyes red lights in the
sky ... The red eye is rising ... while red cowboys are riding it ... where bakerman takes flight
... just a shrieking boys clock ... from arabia to spain ... she had to swallow ... to bring the
colours ... alive again ... they were hidden in the hollow ... they were hidden in the pale
there are watermarks sitting on bottles ... and at the end of the day ... they float away ... These
are bakerman's mouths ... watch the smile ... i'm on a dreamboat .. burning my money ... i
have now my own coins for a new alphabet These are strange coins on bottles ... falling in
the bottle again to pump the water up high the watermarks take flight ... You were blind
... but now they stang you ... you can see ... and still blind children are playing ... there are
fireworks in the bottle ... How many floors are there in this red ball ... it's jakobs ladder ... He's
playing the whispering organ ... so slow ... so slow ... while red soup is boiling ... and liars
take flight jakob's on a mission, with his three red eyes ... three marbles in a basket of sand
... then the birds of cigarette come free ... we are just red walking noses ... painted by a black
widow

3. These are hard men in racecars ... becoming darker when they ride they ride on banana
roads to burn their money ... they have two-faced eyes ... and only a black microphone will
survive their stares ... you better be wise these days ... where a black viewmaster stands ...
breeding the red breeding the hard stories while you are the alphabet The birds of
cigarette there are red lights in the air ... on a red picnic's day They are the books from
the library beyond history ... they are red snowflakes sitting on their high thrones ... to speak
their judgements of nonsense to spread their apocalyptic days ... they are the numbers of
conscience and history bringing them all back to the vanilla planes the wasps of
memory and then you touch a key you never touched before ... cold conscience ... It

spreads and you see the golden cigars they can never be burnt ... they can only speak
There where red becomes too hot ... cold conscience ...there where red becomes too dark
the lights are rising eternal damnations coming to save you from charity's curse
Swallow enough to reach the golden cigarlights It starts to play the whispering organ
and then the tears come ...these ornaments are so fragile

3.

1. These trousers, they sting me, like delirium they come over me, bringing the tales of yesterday in slow-motion. They are searching for the pale lady Still mirroring in the river when they bow their heads down ... They build their towns on forgotten stones, filling them with the dolls of the rubbishfields ... They pick them up from under the sewers of the houses They are the toydoctors from the forgotten moon Their boots are wet, their heads and hands are cold, grasping like rats but their hearts are warm, and the flames of passion burn there ... a strange sort of passion battling against the dragons, to have heart and space for the town to have some high pillars, with teeth hanging under it, scaring away the dogs and the crows They wear old warbooks inside ... showing them where the graves are so many treasures left behind, so much knowledge, so much fame Building their elevators on those graves ... This was why the Indian Warbook was so wild Still raging about ... the bleeding ornaments Still puppet-assassins Still letting the boys grow ... in the trees, in the towers ... in the ornaments ... and in spoilt rain

2. Masters of the great illusions Still having the deserts in their eyes burning everything into orange until it strikes the blue bell and then the water comes something bigger than them something ... which they don't understand it comes to wash everything away it's something deeper inside something inside which they themselves don't understand something which always makes them cry with the strike of the blue bell it's deeper inside it's ..deeper. It makes their hands and heads so cold but it sets their hearts into a deeper fire when the tiger ... goes to sleep The orange, still the best present from the tiger striking the blue in the night ... and then something happens so deep inside ... which they still don't understand ... they still don't understand ... A pink white ornament is lying before them in the middle of the night while everyone is sleeping sleeping so deep when the tiger goes to sleep And then these boys ... these boys grow like towers in the sea rising from the ornament ... to touch the white hard candy and then they become the hard men something they still fear but she's breeding it ... that old, old kite

4.

1. She's a tear letting others cry ... She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ... She's free ... She was fragile as a butterfly, spreading the green tomatoe seeds, the tears of a dragon, the tears she cannot bear ... They to be free.... the red stone making them so creative, making them dream in soft fires ... a toyworld growing in their hearts, a red balloon, pumping ... until they reach vanilla desert ... a yellow stone, freezing them, they are icecream soldiers having the mark where they have their soft wet candles ... to be candlestatues ... to burn their books again ... becoming swindling whores again, winning all the games, these swindler's games ... casino's cabman was his name ... She's now only spreading the green tomatoe seeds ... by her mouth ... Green liars, green dragon's tears ... Inside they can speak their truths ... when the nights fall and the night troupers come ... Inside they can feel ... the true touches ... These tears turn red at midnight ... Life so close to death ... written by a

golden pencil ...turning yellow in the night ... she's now a pencil-statue, a shriek, a dragon's cry escaping ... flying away with the pharao-syndrome ... She's a tear letting others cry ...She's a death letting others die ... She's everything, having no possessions ...She's free ... She's a swindler standing before the gates of games, She's an ornament of joy ...but something's eating her inside ...not wanting to lose his toy ... You could smell the tomatoe .. bringing you to toyland once again ... It was on the back of an eagle ... It flew while you ate ... Could you eat the green tomatoe, when it landed on your back ... You had to wait until it reached your mouth ... Carpet makes the stage,He makes the bakertrees,where uncle peacock bows it is your destiny,When Carpets rise,you know it is your time to play,and underneath that warm warm blanket you find your sledge today.It is the Carpet making memory,The Carpet making destiny,The Carpets rise like soldiers on a dream.When the Carpet talks,the city walks,and underneath that tree,you find the golden care to watch your movie flee ... It's the Red City ...where all the red men stand tall ...Not bowing for your destiny ...They only bring you higher ...These are the towers of talk ...These are the confusions making the creations ...still the spice making your life worth living ... the ornaments to heal, it is the tale of a land where you touch the bitter fruits of destiny ...but when you peel the fruit,the spice will be your mate ... It is the ornament, that keeps you safe today,it is where all the gods make their butter ...An egg was born there,humpty dumpty on a walk. ...They rip the ornaments ...waiting to swallow us again ... turning red at the end of the dayin the city of the ache ...sickness close to health ... to fall in red desires ...where she sacrifices us againThey have only wings to fly ...while in april they die ...they are the goodbyes of a lost summer ...to make them all cry ...

2.Do you remember these tears,these tears ...these bottles high ... while the toysoldier wants to go home ... keeping them all alive in this nightbringing them all to silly places ...where they can laugh while they get sicker ... for they drank too much ...there was too much pain inside ... where the devils can fall again ... so that in the end ... they can see the darker city ... you need to drink and float higher ...for these norms are strengling you ...deciding who you are ...under high black elections ...by their selfspun democracies ...i take flight ... they make you cry ...in mimirs well we stand ...throwing the coins for another ride. She falls she is a wide spread lie ...becoming a truth in the night ...while all bakermen hide ...watching her ...she is the black widow ...spreading kisses ...while tomorrow they die ...these are one day butterflies ...she stands tall she's rising to izu ...where all the black men fall ...to become even darker ...but they have to ... they need to bear ... don't you understand that to become darker ... the lights will rise higher ...the soft strike will make them harder ...when the orange touches the blue ...oh these bakermen's fires oh...the autistic sun ...i finally have ... a friendThey all march slower and slower ...while the ice is rising under their feet,vanilla planes growing in the air ...these bakertree's fruits ...don't eat them just touch them ...along the sideways of mars they stand ...with jupiter's smiles unaware ...the angel unaware is watching you ...all these dark witches walking in the rain ...in the green ...slower and slower ...waiting for the strike of chocolate ...to freeze them inside ...to be the walls again ...to become darker and darker ...to raise the golden lights ... i cannot help these fearswhile she said that all these presents ...are hiding you for a snake. Welcome to the ornament's stream ...stick it in your pocket ..and buy a ticket to escape these horrors ...to watch a final movie ...to ease the frustrations and fears of your heartletting your hearts glow ...for another chocolate day ... warm flutes it's the red juice ...pipers standing on the walls,they play in the gates of life... These striped flutes still sting me ... so save me there's living a strange creature inbetween ... a green firthese are the toystatues for a new ride ...the jukebox statues for new delights ...guiding you to ...where the barkerfaces dance ...where tailors speak french ... but there's no fairytale left ..only fruits while they have the name of being busythey are two faced masked, turning white in the snow,he has the cards of opposite,with plastic leather ...his smiles are plastic

...but he's a killer unaware ...he kills in peace ...he never hurted anyone ...golden carriages are his art ...he dines with princes being smart, but at the end of the day ...he puts them all in delay ...never reaching for the night ...he prisoned them all in daylight ...everyone knows what they are doingthey never reach the night ... when he touches you with his kite Flying Carpet sais that is my destiny,to be with a man like that,it's a delight for free ...he is the lanterns in my hat ...he bakes my diners,saves my pets ...this little man is a mother's threat ...he is the ornaments always shining on the cupboard near my bed. He closes curtains, breaks the snakes, when they get near to secrets they regret,he's the mourner, crying with a smile,he makes my movies,grows my cows,he embraces them in magic and peace ...while doing wars on chessboards ...take me away and make me drunk ...make me delirium ... a man with a barrel organ stands ...doing the dishes for the whole city with his eyes ...his red eyes ...he's like the licoriceshe tied her hairshe's now my butterfly i adore ... with all these bakermen lights on a cakewhy did it have to be my birthday,he is still my flying carpet,still my bakertree,with bakermen's faces ... i'm eating his fruits everyday ...all these vanilla planes ...bringing softness to my mouth ...softness to my voice ...making the swallow to toyworld,a playground tree stands ...i'm wise enough to climb along the leaves ...to find my bones again ...I am stung by a thousand waterlights, I cannot walk,but I have all these comics in my head ...These inner scars and tattoos speak ...They block me from going outside ...while inside they are ...bringing me to izu ...In my mouth I am stung by a million birds of cigaret ..

3.I cannot speak, I cannot swallow,I can only hear their stories ... And on top of the playground's tree, bakerman's faces unite,to do their conspiracies ... They have been to vanilla places ...to vanilla dreamworlds of fairgrounds...They have been to the world of waterlights ...where marbles roll through sand ... soothing the babies asleep with their soft wet lights, these are lights from the redYou could smell the tomatoe .. bringing you to toyland once again ... It was on the back of an eagle ... It flew while you ate ...Could you eat the green tomatoe, when it landed on your back ... You had to wait until it reached your mouth ... while all these waterlight rains were in my bed ... these rains from izu ... building my memory again ... rebuilding you ... leading me to death,with all these waterlight rains in my bed.There are green tomatoe seeds lying on my dish,bringing me back, bringing me back through the sting of a waterlight ...all these ones are in fire ... or is it my eyes Give me a spoon,these books are all talking,spreading green tomatoe seeds ...in a night of arabian magic ...she's staring at the lullaby ...she's not a child anymore ... Do you understand,he has the wizard balls under his feet,baking Indian cakes,from Vanilla Deserts ...

5.

1.You must fight for the money, ... tomorrow you don't have to go to school ... all these fruits were just stories by mirrors opening, this black fruit leading you to the world ... The number's in the flame, while breathing in these mirrors ... It's the silver strike they say ... you must swallow deep ... to reach the golden shoes ... The frog has some movies ... and some old castles ... I'm breathing deep ... and the coins are rolling ...

2.I gathered them by going to the battlefields in the deserts ... These seas of flowers are my sunglasses making me blind for what's going on ... I don't care what's going on, for it's just a story ... The frogs bring these flowers ... They are the masters of the ponds ...all these mirrors opening ... to the original strike ... boys from lynx ... they're coming from the seas of cold conscience These boys from lynx ... these criminals inside ... these pirateships making me blind These enchanted straight blue bananas turn me on ... turn me on ...

3. These are seas within seas, while boys from lynx have the machines of deer in their pockets ... These are ornaments within ornaments ... these are boys from lynx ...

4. I'm fainting while i see their pink ornaments ... It's such an autistic sight ... the silver strike made us deaf ... while silver spreads the songs of silence ... turning so wild in the night ... so wild ... i need to free the birds of cigarette .. and touch the golden cigars ... like frozen soldiers they march to their destinies with wild worlds inside wild lights they come alive inside ... while wizards hearts lie on a dish ... beating while you feel so strange inside ... shadows on the wall ... stung by waterlights ... under purple roofs we sit .. with all these bakerman's faces ... with our wings of dementia ... watching ... the pink songs letting us travel through time ... why do all these numbers blow into my face ... the flame's in the red eye ... we're watching the show of a strange footballgame with all these bottles rising ... and all these tall whispers ... where bakers hide where boys from lynx take decisions ... they have pink balloons in their pockets ... so pale it talks like cruel decisions ... from tropical islands too far away for our understanding ... and i call for your name ... there's a red eye in the flame ... and a pale pink balloon in my pocket ... and some other pale colours ... these bakerman's faces ... they talk like cruel decisions ... to cold conscience ... too high for understanding They roar like wolves these boys from lynx ... they make me scared with their tall wings blowing up their balloons ... giving me numbers They roar like wolves these boys from lynx ... they shout through the night ... while wizard hearts beat faster ... like frozen toadstools with faces ... and balls of strange footballfields ... while someone is beating the bottles with a spoon ... it's the waterlight strike making us all understand ... we're bathing in cold conscience ...

5. The boys from lynx they walk ... with machine guns they take flight ... to the world above the sea where they keep them all blind ... i have time for you when you walk away from the clock ... you might want to feel wet boots below you again ... growing from the bottom of the sea ... where they died in these sea gardens ... they wear the stripes on their faces ... they are the tears in our eyes ... having no mercy at all ... your hunger just lets you dream of riches ... You slide to the forgotten land, where all your dreams started ... you were at your own exploding ... while bakerman's faces do their conspiracies at tops of trees ... you are just a christmasball ... with waterlights in your mind... that what you cannot reach will bind you and blind you ... you are a slave of the hollow ... and it takes you deeper inside ... to the place where ashes is money ... the seeds of a new day ... the ornament of coins is luring you deeper ... it's your only way out ... the hungercocoon brings riches to your mouth ... it grows on your back reaching for your mouth it gives you the face of a deer ... having the machines of the red eye ... while visions grow from their back reaching for their eyes ... there where the senses sleep ...

6. There are boys behind bars behind letters ... and numbers ... they're locked up in the book ... of the red ... and you see your face ... with these thousand waterlights inside ... it's joseph's pit while you're sinking deeper in this strange cocoon ... this strange cartoon it's the big breed ... of a witch waiting to eat you but you're never good enough it's never done ... in her strange stories The strikes of the waterlights bring us back to the museum beyond history ... where the boys from lynx live ... while they stand on martian hills, they are rising from the deserts escaping the lynx They have tears in their eyes ... bringing the bakerman's faces alive ... they are the balls of strange footballfields ... with strange tall bottles of tears ... where tall whispers walk ... there are strange arabian roundabouts in the air where bakerman's faces are cartoons in machines of deer ... they are strange mirrors in castles ... while the wizard hearts beat faster ... and the machines of deer slow down while babies

with tall ears ... bear the whispers ... leading us through purple curtains ... the fleeces to the tear ... where bakerman's faces bathe ... they make trips to vanilla .. there are purple roundabouts in my head ... spinning bakerman's faces ... these are one day ladybugs ... and when they die ... they take away a piece of your world ... while bottles of tears are overflowing ... to let the blue rise ... but when the candle is burnt it all ends in a lie ... the liar's flame is all there will be on that day ... there are liars on a boat eating the suits of liars ... they're standing tall to spread their tall whispers ... while the bottles of tears are overflowing and then the purple roundabouts come again to black eggs on sunday mornings heading for the footballfields where indian warbooks dance It's rising from the bottles ... having the stories on their suits ... they laugh in flames breeding their boys from lynx ... in soft watermarks

7. The bed is too soft to let you awake, it shows you the other side ... where a book swallows the books ... to make your eyes red ... all happening in icecream letting the tears flow deep inside it's too wild to let you sleep ... it's whispering with a million whispers ... inviting you to cartoons ...

6.

1.He is the prince of comics, taking flight on black bananas, coming. She watches you behind the glass, while someone's spitting sand. On red bananas he writes stories ... while someone had to pay ... it was a dream .. while a red arabian sea grew inbetween ... these are all liars coming out of boats. Greet Marazanta from the hills and watch his gold ...It's Egypt in Izu ... And he said : you did it when I slept, you made my lullaby, you little criminal, you made my lullaby. When you are sleeping, I take your crown ... I am your lullaby. I am a bakerman's face,I'm a bakerman's face.

2.And he said : you did it, I'm dreaming, you made me lost my day. I'm bleeding, you're leaving, but I feel soft, for I'm a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face. Like brown ripples, he's making coffee ... I'm greeting Marazanta, I'm bowing for Atu, He with the butterflywings. There are pink tongues coming from the pocket ... pink bananas in the skies ... Here is where they burn the money ...These are pink lights coming from the red. The snake's egg was a comic's egg ... It's heading for Vanilla ... And he said : I don't have brothers. I lost them all in the night ...

3.Now these pink fleeces are almost wet ... Now I have my own bakerman's faces ... She must spin comics all the time ... making the candyrings tight ... Pink fleeces are so fluffy and wet ... Tears move through them, to become icecreams ... The fleeces move ... burning the money ... These are the golden lambsteads making a living on the ceilings and the walls ... It was Easter visiting you in hell, where he gave you the comic egg ...

4.These wars were written by a bananas pencil, a waterlight raging ... It escaped ... Telling stories ... leading the kids astray ... by strange holes of birthdays ... they grow in yellow flowers ... They are shrieking ... while the air is shivering ... In these red comics are turned into movies ... while boys live behind the bars ... waiting to be drowned by Pharaos ... He makes movies by drowning the money ... They have been stung by waterlights ... a strange automaton ... Now all these machines of deer ... The red tiger is rippling there ... coming from the red ...

5.The movie egg, coming from Pharaoh's mouth ... it was a red checked potatoe ... bringing the floods, while Noah span the tax and the insurance ... Is this charity's curse ? Or a vanilla one ? Tell me when the book rolls ... There's a book egg on a tower ... spouting blasphemy in lines ... The butterflies, they fly to the deserts ... where the egg of Moses hides ...

6.Still a dragon is spitting sand ... giving powders to machines of deer ... These books are spun by sand ... behind the chess the statues stand ... it streams behind vanilla glass ... breeding the addictions to raise money for the churches ... comic churches ... Baptize them ! Bring them in the movie ...

7.Behind movie bars, they get their blessings, from uncle A to Z, while uncle one to ten counts the money ... burning them to be ... behind bars ... behind strange letters ... where they can be strange glue ... stung and tattooed by the waterlights ... They become strange machines, locked up in books ... It's a strange fairyground ... no one is seeing what is happening ... These are dark fruits ... covered yet so naked ... These are dark ornaments hanging in the wind ... surrounded by everlasting damnations breeding the statues ... boats behind the books ...

8.In chocolate they breed the games ... They are the puppetmasters of southern coasts They have golden stares, killing business for tax ... killing business for tax ... letting the waterlights spout They are stinging without mercy ... living in ... the wizard's hearts. There are beating hearts of wizard's lying on dishes behind the books ...

9.There are stinging striped waterlights in these strange hearts ... you start to cry ... They know how to free the birds of cigaret. These are of sand, while statues rise ... They travel without moving. They are leading their own lives inside ... Them with their powdered balloons ... There are frogships under the sand ... giving them all injections of insurance ...

10.Then the wizardhearts start to shiver ... Pharaoh has a yellowwhite mask, a Paradox ... always the gift of the snake ... While panthers rise from bubbling waters ... I'm heading for Izu ... While it's surrounded by the hard men from the green candy ... bringing me to the Indian Seacocoons ... to the hidden uncle Peacocks ... hidden by vanilla ... her curses stream. They drink their juices fast and sting their sands ... These are hidden in swamps ... While golden cigars open ...

11.There are hot sticks and stings on fishes ... rising from the seas ... There's chocolate melting, becoming sand again ... They can drink from the juices of cartoon ... on this picnic's day ... They are blind behind the bars of books ... strange trafficlighs.. There are fishes with striped candystings. There are boats of sirens with candystings. And he said : will you make it, will you name it, you can't, you're off, I'm a lady's tower, you're screaming, I'm bleeding, I am a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face. You're dreaming, I did it, I'm a bakerman's face, I'm a bakerman's face, making her heart so tired.

12.She's cold, lying on the bed. Waiting for the red in which she can survive. She's cold while I'm standing like a green one ... Then I speak my spells, stinging striped candybars into the boys from lynx. It's a machine, running on strange coins. This house is built on candyspears, stinging and breaking the bones. Then the door opens. He's the brother of Jom, waiting for ... You must swear to keep this a secret, with two fingers raised to Osiris. The History Warriors bend their knees by moving glue-pictures from history. And I take flight. They have Onion-hearts. I see their arms everywhere. All these history-pictures are just arms moving ... Watch their pictures on the wall and start to bend.

13. Watch these ornaments of glue ... and watch their balloons ... coming forth from the wizard hearts ... beating so strange and fast ... you start to cry ... There are waterlights inside stinging, singing ... to set the birds from cigaret free ... I love my bakerman's faces ... to live in someone's head or knee ... Watch the prices ... so many sacrifices for a picture ... These are strange traffics ... these are strange arms grasping and holding tight ... There are strange auctions Strange games ... They are spreading their arms ... while the winner ..eats them all ... They are the guards to strange gardens of glue while they eat the pictures ... creating your futures on martian hills ... Mars in Izu ... The History Warriors walk slowly with little lights towards the city of bakermen ... They are masking the screams, behind feathered masks in two colours, having a split laugh ... Bakermen are dancing before their mirrors in their corridors ... moving their strange masks, and making funny faces ... they are hiding their screams ... And these children, they have the wings of dementia ... these wild ones of lapoendria ...

14. They are like waterlights ... seeing the candy in the pictures ... a thick layer on every street ... they feel free in their games ... these redblue soulbottles. And I am heading for Izu ... watching the ornaments of a new day ... By tight rings spinning tax ... Is there another way ? ... I am still ... heading for Izu ... becoming deaf on a boat with liars ... Show me some spice from arabian castles ... Show me some lights of bakerman's faces ... and lead me through these nights ... those red ones with the black eyes ... bring me back ... So many layers of lights and juices ringing in the night ...

7.

1. and i see these paranoid men playing football, while they never hit the ball, only each other, doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world ... while the icecreams are running ... now they want to be ... the paranoid men ... the paranoid men escaping someone's world you see ... a red shoe in the middle of the blue table it sits and stares it's hanging in the air ... it's hanging in a tree ... and now custard is streaming

2. These men are paranoid, a shoe on it, a strange footballfield on a chessboard ... strange world in a coin, in a strange football ... There are paranoid men playing football ... their worlds are frozen ... rising from lapoendria ...

3. These men are paranoid ... while they are playing football ... they never hit the ball .. only each other ... the icecream's running ... their trees are so frozen ... these paranoid men ... they have piano's on their legs, while they are sailing like speedboats ... rumours in the night. These rings of icecream, contracting tight, while the boys are shrieking, they take flight ... still a shrieking boys clock, wheels under sandman's cars ...

4. They drive like possessed potatoes, while strange paprika's still do the dishes ... strange wheels under a sandman's table Strange speedboats for paranoid men ... They were killing the boat, to have this paper ... to be sown on the footballfields, where the paranoid men rage ... they have strange pink tattoos, like glue under their skin, it lets them work in holidays ... And these paranoid men ... they have icecream trousers ... becoming so short in the night ... too short, you can't see anything ... only icecream streaming ... hanging there like teeth under towers ... burn your boots, sweet moses, ... and let us glide deeper, into icecream veins ... like paranoid men, playing on a footballfield, never hitting the ball, only each other ... doing such cruel things, to escape someone's world, ...wearing trousers becoming too short in the night ... while you can only see the icecream running ... setting them all free ... their bows are striped,

their arrows are red stripes, it stings ... They are the waterlights ... they're on a mission ... planting so many seeds ... in the icecream streams ... while heads are growing, exploding like paprika's spreading their seeds ... while cucumbers take their ornaments ... They have racist smiles ... but they're just green bananas sifting the gold by silver ... They are paranoid men, just paranoid men

5.Emily swim across these oceans of pigblood, and find your islands, where the marazanta is waiting for you, and the trousers too short with it's comic-figures ... don't let your men run cold, but keep them under the blanket

6.Emily, cut your way through these pigportals, and swim through their tears ... The pigbottles stand on the cupboard ... don't miss it ... you have the arrow ...

7.Emily come alive after a million years of sleep ... draw your borderlines, and read your comics, for they are holier than life ...

Rakham

1.

1.Egyptian Book of Hell ; Damash, second chief of Hell, Rabittian Region, wearing the feather of Banchelo, which is the fourth piramid of hell. All travellers have to go through the fourtyfour piramids of Egyptian Hell, for purification and direction. By fire-mummification they have to head to the circle of the fourteen earths, by the higher gods seen as the invisible piramids. They then are the fourteen chiefs of fire-mummification.

2.Damash, second chief of Hell, Rabittian Region, greets all visitors coming near to Benchelot, the forest and mountain piramid of hell, which is the first piramid of hell, and to Belchelot, the water and cave piramid, also called the vulcano piramid, which is the second piramid. And they have prisoned you for a long time, prisoners, for it wasn't time to reach for the third piramid Jelzaham. And the sight of Jelzaham has terrified you for a long time.

3.Benchelot and Belchelot, so long they were your two legs, while you couldn't work with your hands as you wanted. Here are the spells to open Jelzaham, and to continue your journey. Spells to open Jelzaham : Counters of hell, rise up, and move over the red line. I have come to the portal of Jelzaham, and to it's backdoors my spirit moves.

4.I am a backdoorman, open the kitchen. I have seen many difficulties, I have faced things I didn't understand. Now I have grown-up. I have the keys of liquid light. I have the permission of the gods. I am a wanderer with the gypsy's blood in me.

5.I am a beggar, for I still cannot live on myself. Now let me enter the piramid of ice to let me have my own. Your sights will not be a terror anymore which strikes me from the distance, for I know have the eye of Damash, ruling over the ninety footsteps. I will be frozen to use my own arms now, and to be prepared to open the piramid of Banchelo as well, and to close the doors hermetically behind me. I will not bring any of my bloodlines with me, neither any of my friends or the ones I helped. I will come alone, and I will stand alone.

6.Jelzaham, I lay my hands on you, for the first time in my life, and also for the last time. Then I will be in you forever, to continue my journey. Spells to open Banchelo : I have been

sent by Damash, second chief of hell. Let me in. Let me see the ring of invisible piramids, known as the fourteen earths. Do not let them have the power to prison me, and to let my feet sink into them.

7.I am grounded in Jelzaham, I am grounded by the mighty powers of Damash. Let me wear the feather of Banchelo, piramid of air, to have the powers to move and fly, yes, even to escape where I want, when confronted with the circle of invisible piramids. I swear I will not hurt any of your rabbits, and will save all your rabbits out of the hands of their persecutors. I will bring the heads of the evil lawyers of hell on plates into your temples, and their hearts in canopevases into your tombes. [This sentence has been left out by some translations, probably because of fear of evil spirits or curses.] I will learn about your architectures, to rebuild my homes forever according to your will.

8.Kings of hell, give me the keys, the liquid ones, to bring them up, layer by layer, as the sacred vehicle to enter Banchelo in terror, to set the rabbits free, once again. Kings of hell, bowing to the first chief of hell, having layers of light as ornaments in his shoulders : Do not give me the helmet of Banchelo and hell, for the first chief will do that himself. He's the statue in the fifth piramid, ascending to all the other piramids and dwelling in the center of the circles of hell. He with the winged helmets and the winged legs and shoes. Kings of hell, bowing to this first chief. Give me permission to travel through Banchelo. Omekan Hapit Mejasdor Ramit Hansna Archtippe Michtellet Ischan Rach Doncheon Gorch Irorch Ureschmint Kircht Krim.

2.

1.Spells to receive the helmet of Banchelo from the first chief of hell : Likmit, the helmet will protect me against dangers. 2.It will alarm me together with the cooperation in removing the threat. 3.It will be like the thousand lightbeams. 4.Counters of hell, rise up. 5.You will not give me the helmet, but the first chief of hell will do, for you are servants. 6.Counters of hell, I command you to be silent when the first chief of hell speaks, when he multiplies himself throughout the sunlights of hell and the sacred fires of voice. 6.You are servants of the helmet, and servants of the first chief of hell. 7.You will not rest or sleep, for you need to persecute the attackers of the helmet to protect the one who's wearing it. 8.Spells to open the piramids behind Banchelo : Piramid of the black dog, open up, for your mouths longs for purifying us, those who come with Usir and Heru [Osiris and Horus]. 9.You are the fifth piramid of hell, longing to open your mouth and eat, for the rivers are dry and without food. 10.Oh, dog of purify, to make us as candles in the night. 11.Our lights will die, to turn into fire, for the dark lights of the night you want to see. 12.Ra blesses the statue in you. 13.Ra bows to the statue in you, as the statue bows to Ra. 14.Yes, they protect each other as the sacred bond tells. 15.Their shoulders stretch out to each other. 16.Their shoulders stretch out to the red dog and his piramid. 17.The well of purifying the blood. 18.This is the blood of hell, coming forth by fire, sending out the firestorms of hell. Piramid of the red dog, Et Hazor, èt hérum, echtus hanta, conèl iktusch. Diorgmach Stuugd, open up, sixth piramid of hell, providing us, those who come inbetween Usir and Heru [Osiris and Horus], with the purpèr suit of hell, wearing the ant-feather with care. [in some translations it is a beetle-feather, and some mention them both] 19.Let the fire come through tubes, and give it power to open the mouth and speak in the piramid of the black dog and the piramid of the red dog. 20.Then I turn my face to the mirror in the east, and speak words to the piramid of the blue dog : Open up, for I have come, wearing the helmet of Banchelo. 21.Grant me the feathers I need to enter your ship. 22.I have not sinned against you, I am clean of heart. 23.We belong to your kingdom. 24.You, the one

raising in every pyramid. 25. Oh, pyramid of pyramids, the seventh pyramid of hell, as the spirit of the first chief of hell. 26. You have raised all his rabbits and his rabbit-warriors. 27. You are the king of rabbits. Allow me to have breath to open the seven doors of your pyramids, so that all my souls who are worthy to enter can enter, and so that all my spirits who are worthy to enter can enter. Then when I'm in I will close all these doors hermetically, so that no intruder can enter. I will be the fire to protect your pyramid as my spirit moves forward. 28. Grant me permission to travel further, for you to give me the blue line to pass over dangerous bridges on my track. I will not fall, I will not fail, for your feathers are over me. [in some translations : shields] Hermutus, light of the soul, give us the blue liquid lights, as well as the red liquid lights, as the blood of hell by which we move. Show us the wells in the pyramid of the blue dog. Do not lock us up here, but allow our souls to travel further. Let the lights of Shu and our Ka's protect us against the evil mummies. [In some translations this sentence doesn't exist, in others it just says : Let the lights of Shu and Ka be with us.] Eighth pyramid of hell, open, for our breath is traveling. Let your watchers not mock us or destroy us. Do not lock us up, for we came with Heru and Usir [Horus and Osiris]. Accept the sacrifices the gods gave with us to offer you. We have not eaten the meat of innocent ones, neither have we touched the meat of your mates. 29. Watchers of the eighth pyramid, now you have received your presents, your mouth will be bound, and we will pass through, leaving the light for you. We haven't turn down the darkness, but as our lives grow we seem to worship it, for it is the shelter of the gods, and the passage to the depths. We have seen it as the guard of the treasures and tombs of hell. We enter through the seventy gates of the urn. We are now free in the pyramids of everchange.

3.

1. Rabbitian Magicbook ; Spell to come out of the canons of hell : Teris Saran Mia Ephesteis Hanunehan Hireksch Bohol Tunef Vahalit Stapahans Snapperi Erki Herun Direks Sieren Irkjus : Canons of hell bow down, and open up, for I will leave this place. I have opened my houses for the poor, I have given them bread and wine. I have given them food from the rabbitree, and I have given them beds and songs to sleep. Oh, gods of the rabbits, take me out with your helicopters, for these canons are killing me. I will now leave through the ends of these cocoons, to see my rabbitsoul fly and dwell in the air and in the skies with so many layers. 2. Oh, gods of the rabbits show yourself to me, so that I can follow your paths to the wonderlands. 3. Teach me your art, and close the doors behind me, so that those of the canons will not take me again. They have mocked me, they have lied to me, but now I am free. 4. Teris Saran Mia Ephisteis Hanunehan Hireksch Bohol Tunef Vahalit Stapahans Snapperi Erki Herun Direks Sieren Irkjus : I will now take these spirits who threw me in the canons of hell, those who have persecuted me all day long. I will bring them to the bottles prepared for them, in which they will be prisoned, to feel everything I have felt, to be in hurt like I was in hurt, so that they will never do it again, that what they did to me. 5. Teris Saran Mia Ephesteis Hanunehan Hireksch Bohol Tunef Vahalit Stapahans Snapperi Erki Herun Direks Sieren Irkjus. 6. Spell to remove implants and imprints out of the nipples by which you were slaved : I now command rabbitmagic to free my nipples and to let the nipplefluids flow like blood and hormones through my body. 7. Rabbitstorms will guide me, Rabbitsmoke, guard me. By them I will breathe, and I will move my body like them. Hokush Ummut Roem Umum Kum Kuurk Utres Vanit Vanitahan Ninesh Kater. I now command rabbitmagic coming from the rabbitbottles and the rabbitcandles to bring the rabbitbones in me, covered by the rabbitstones. 8. They will bring the Rabbitlights of magic layer by layer, so that I can turn myself around like the rabbitgods. 9. By deep wounds my nipples are slaved by cruel clocks. Rabbitmagic please enter my deep wounds and then raise from there to my eyes, and see through me.

10.Hokush Ummut Roem Umum Kum Kuurk Utres Vanit Vanitahan Ninesh Kater. When I blink my eye let the rabbitmagic be spread. 11.Give me wisdom and understanding, oh rabbitgods, and let Bihelsheput be the guard of my nipples. Bihelsheput now rise from my deepest wounds, from my deepest caves through the spine. Hokush Ummut Roem Umum Kum Kuurk Utres Vanit Vanitahan Ninesh Kater. 12.Spell to open the bottles of Rabbitsmoke in the body : Rabbitsmoke, come from the bones, for the bottles will be opened now. 13.Be open, and spread the smoke through the ribs, so that my arms can move. And then sink to the legs. Be my guardsuit so that the gates of canon can not suck me in again. Show me the gravity of Rabbitmagic and their gods, to move on, to open new worlds. Nanak. Rabbitian gods : *Raman*, god of rabbits : I will arm you and give you the rabbitcoverings. You must learn how to breed things of your own to lengths. How do you do that : If you suffer somewhere, don't search for a quick death there, but let it grow in this cocoon to lengths. Raman, light the candles, Raman, open the bottles of smoke, Raman, pour out your spirit upon us. *Dorkok*, rabbitian god of wild fires : I am Zu-warrior, which is the rabbitian magic. 14.I bring Zu to your bones, if you walk the rabbitian paths in honour. Just call my name, and I will lead you to great mountains. Jakhor, rabbitian god of war : I will give you the Zu-rings for powerful rabbitian magic. These rings contain rabbitspirits who will help you. 15.They will communicate with you through your fingers. Inahus, rabbitian god of sprites and lights : I will send you the waterlights, the tall lightnings into your body, so that it can move, and always reach for the things in the distance. 16.You really have the power to possess. Naktahus, rabbitian god of forests, and forestrivers : I will send you the lights of the forests and their spirits to teach you. Totok, rabbitian god of darkness and mud. Yomek, rabbitian god of mountains and vulcanoes. Silent Mahos, rabbitian god of silence and art. Ninok, Rabbitian god of death. The gods want to show that life is like a rabbitcocoon. 17.Spell to let Rabbitian Darkness come over you to make you invisible and to let you escape through dark holes : Ushun Asamk Aroth Mian Umehan. God of darkness, Totok, come over me, and let me leave through your dark holes, for smoke is all around me. 18.Let the rabbitnipple-smoke move through my body to make me invisible and to let me fly and soar like the winged rabbit. 19.Let me escape through paintings. Ushun Asamk Aroth Mian Umehan. 20.Give me roses to surround me, let the thornes be my guard. Ushun Asamk Aroth Mian Umehan. I speak now to the lights of canon : be ashes now, and leave through the holes of hell, to dwell forever in the realms of the dead. 21.You will be the sand in the deserts of death, and there's no spirit to bring you alive again. Your throat will be cut and filled by cucumber, so that you cannot speak again. Chant : Otohus, Otohus, Otohus, Otohus, Otohus, Otohus, Otohus, etc. 22.Then call for the circle of rabbitian gods to surround you : Raman, Dorkok, Jakhor, Inahus, Naktahus, Totok, Yomek, Silent Mahos, Ninok ... 23.They bring all kinds of problems to get you to the darkness, to develop the divine hair. 24.In their books they describe the several paths of darkness. If you want to become a zu-warrior you must walk these paths. You can only truly walk these paths if you have reached the flame of poverty, so you must be really skilled in poverty. The Rabbitlord is my shepherd, I do not have any shortcoming or lack. 25. He covers me in grassfull pastures and he leads me to quiet waters. He enchants my rabbitsoul and leads me in right tracks for his name's sake. Even when I go through the valley of darkness, he's with me, and his stick and scepter comfort me. 26.Blessed are the poor, for them the rabbitheavens are open. Blessed are those who hunger for they will be satisfied. 27.Blessed those who weep for they will laugh. Blessed are you when people laugh at you, hate you and reject you, when they say you're an evil man for the sake of the Rabbitlord. Be glad these days and jump of joy, for the rewards in rabbitheaven are big. 28.Woe them who are rich, for there will be no comfort for them. They have it already. Woe them who live in prosperity, for they will hunger. 29.Woe them who are laughing for they will weep. Woe them when everyone speaks good about you, for that was which their fathers did to false prophets.

When someone slaps your cheek, turn also the other to him. 30. Oh children of the light, bring the one who has power because of his head-ornament over the ones of the sun. and come to me quickly, so that I, the rabbitlord, can go here and there. Blessed are those who found the house of silence, for they have been delivered from many slafework. They can build their own houses to be with the Rabbitlord. Blessed those who found the pearl of poverty, for they have power, and will be with her whose name is poverty. 31. Come to the dirt of the Rabbitlord, for it's cleaner than the clarity of the earth. You have a well of dirt in rabbitnature, by which faulness you can clean yourself and your house, as it is divine. Come to the ornaments of poverty, to have coverings when you enter the valley of coldness. You will be able to reach and save many rabbits, and they will save you. 32. And they will see the canons around you, and they will break them, and take the tall teeth of the canon and their needles out of you. And you will live with them forever, not thinking about those who have repressed you so long, for it brought you to the rabbits. They have been enemies, so that you could be friends with the rabbits. 33. They know what you feel and where you go through, for they got the same. 34. The walls of the rabbit are warm, his bread always warmer. The word of the rabbit is sweet, his silence always sweeter. 35. You see their houses and their gardens and that which they forbade. Know then the wildernesses of poverty, letting the flame rise to bring you to the rabbitheavens. It goes right through death and hell, but ends in rabbitheaven. 36. The needle has to sting deep, to take you out of canon. They must even go deeper than the needles of the canon itself, otherwise their will not be an eternal bond between you and the rabbits. The needles sting deep to open the rabbitbottles of smoke and storm. 37. Hail him who enters the sacred rabbittombes and blessed are those who find the sacred rabbitmummies. Direct communication is often too dangerous, that's why it's often happening by subtile codes. Be aware of tokens and omens in nature around you, for there are many ways of the divine to speak to you. We all live in our own fantasy, and we decide how the others are drawn on our screens ... There is no modern way of looking towards the other ... it's all based on ancient laws, and it's like a cycle ... It's nothing new, for it's just tapping from outer space The way colors are perceived has to do with the heart ... As you can see there is nothing like life-motion, but a movement is based on solid characters isolated, while we change our consciousness. Movement has all to do with time and point of view, so actually it is one big illusion. The dreams we have paint the minds of the other ones, and make them how we want to see them ... It is not always our desire, but the value we give to things deep in our hearts ... This makes that it's not always a pleasure what we see with the eye ... All images are connected to feelings, and all feelings are connected to the values we have ... We must not identify, but associate and dissociate. When you are a rabbitpirate, stretching out to the paradoxes of life, to symmetry but also to asymmetry, you are under the law of compensation, which means when you lose something, it is to win more. Climb on the webs surrounding the rabbitpyramid of destiny ... And let yourself be led by the rabbitwildernesses, bringing you clarity ... My webs of light, come layer by layer, to reach a heart as an instrument ... 38. Then the rabbitseas of my light come layer by layer, in which the soul will drown, to bring forth the immortal rabbitspirit of the sea ... My lights are beacons on your trip to the old rabbitrealm, the sacred rabbitheart ... My voice comes forth from the overflowing light ... Come closer to that which you missed all the days of your life ... Even if you will see or feel things behind glass ... It gives you the power to dream ... Don't be disappointed when there are still things you cannot reach ... 39. It teaches you how to do rabbitsoul-travelling ... The deepest powers come forth only by the unreachable and by the deepest hunger ... You must first sink into the deepest pit to have the highest jump ... The power of the rabbitbow and rabbit-arrow ... My voice is overflowing light, while it can fill you layer by layer, coming forth from the deepest silence ... There is no voice without silence ... actually it comes forth from it ... My voice is healing ... and it comes forth from the striped and rippled rabbitspine ... Let me bring you the

book of light, as the blessing on the water ... It is light full of ancestral voices, as a ladder back to ancient times ... You actually breath from the wells of deepest history ... Don't think about how you are being projected, but think about who you really are ... Don't follow the projections ... but follow the facts ... Plug into the rabbitlights I give you throughout the day, to be connected with my heart, from where the messages stream as subtile guidance ... Don't expect voices ... but expect subtile tokens, which erects your powers to reach out and solve ... Expect difficulties and complexes as the egg of development and mental power ... It gives you the strength to practice wisdom and flexibility ... The subtile energies will bring you to greater treasures than the direct voices ... The divine communicates by light, and not by voices ...

40.Voices are often your interpretations ... as harvest, but sometimes as stirred up by your own impatience ... 41.Not that I'm saying that a voice isn't divine at all, for voice flows forth from the overwhelming light ... Be quiet, and listen to your heart ... to find different ways of silent communication ... like trees and flowers do ... Voice often eats the flavours and fragile connections away to end in rudeness ... 42.Your society is a prey of overcommunication ... It eats away your breath ...and your eye for true beauty My rabbitlights are so intense that it's bubbling ... and each and every bubble contains the hormones for good breathing in rabbitdivinity ... There are treasures hidden in the ground of Egypt which are not found yet ... but now you can already connect yourself to these treasures as the sacred seed of a new body and society ... The secret treasures are messagers of divinity, as a representation and storage of divine power ... I am speaking as a clear rabbitchannel of stars ... I am speaking as a tube of the divine light ... 43.I will feed you, if you allow me to feed you ... Just stretch out to me ... I will reconnect to your heart, as you have my heart ...

4.

1.Rabbitian goddesses ; There's a rabbitgalaxy where there are many rabbitconstellations with rabbitstars. These constellations are the rabbitgoddesses. Their names are : Woman with the soft feet, Woman with the soft lips, Woman with the soft mouth, Woman with the soft breasts, Woman with the soft ball (between her legs), Woman with the tongue bridge, Woman with the ice tongue, Woman with the soft star, Woman with the soft light (as a waterfall), Woman with the ice toe, Woman with the fire toe, Woman with the fire breasts. 2.Locked up in the rabbitstone again, where you can run in slowmotion, where the camera isn't a threat, where the lights are purple and blue, so many colours, not eating you. 3.Locked up in the rabbitstone again, eating licorice and staring at the chocolate, what a surprise. 4.It's melting coming to you, to cover your body, softer than a velvet custard suit. It's bringing the stars deep into you, these rabbitstars they glow and rise like balloons. It's coming over you, when you're locked up in the rabbitstone again, so safe, no one's hurting you, everything is slow, enjoy every second, watch the rabbitpictures, one by one, the evening is like a book. 5.No one pushes you, no one pulls you, no one stops you, you're in the rabbitstone again. While your spirit escapes through the window, and your shadows try to follow. You thought epilepsy was a curse, but it was the rabbit taking you ... 6.You thought spasm made your life difficult, but it lets you escape the city-chains ... You thought paranoia wasn't good for you, but it is the rabbit's eau de cologne ... the flame rose from poverty, to walk towards a deeper darkness, to finally disappear ... 7.She has the wings of fire, her feather smells like silver winds, like white ornaments. Totok, god of darkness and mud, guider to the cubes of hair, and the worlds built of the cubes of hair. They are light and wet. They provide the rabbit-breath. I give Zu to the brain, to raise up rabbitian architecture. By Zu-power you can build by thought. 8.The cubes of hair are softer than velvet, bringing enlightenment to the rabbitbrain, filling the hands with Zu. I speak to you in many layers of liquid voice, very energized, to penetrate your brains until it reaches the rabbitsoul. These layers form the stairways, so that you can reach your inner rabbitspirit, and

rabbitheart. 9. Here the rabbitcandles stand. When you light these, you can follow the smoke to your rabbitstorage in the rabbitliver, where you can find the rabbitbottles. When you open these your memory can bring you to the ancient rabbits again and to the rabbitgalaxy where your liquid selves can dwell and soar. Here pure slowmotion can purify you again in all your layers. 10. Pure slowmotion is there a fruit. There is no haste, for everything has already happened, and to that you can return. There is no future. The key is in history, when you will translate this message. History is just a message, and you must translate it to come home. There is pure ice in the deepest darkness, holding the greatest distances as keys to come closest to something. 11. These are the lungbottles of rabbit. It's the sacred breath, and the only breath who will allow you to survive life for eternity. It is the eternal breath. This is where the journey has to go to. 12. The winged rabbits use the history as wings, and while they use it to fly, they transform it ... They are everchanging. 13. When there's plenty of Zu, it can stir up the firebreath, by which you can clean your thoughts and visions, and to give the rabbitihelm as a zu-guard of the brains. 14. By this helmet while using the firebreath, the rabbit-aura will be formed and cleansed to make it pure. 15. If you have too much firebreath it can be dangerous, so you must also use icebreath. You must learn to balance these and to switch. 16. You can do that by using the dark breath, which is the bridge between these two. The dark breath slows you down, to have survey and control. You must have times in which you monopolize the ice completely, or the fire will start to burn things away. 17. The best thing to do is to swear off the fire, and to make the journey of ice in order to find the iceflame, which is the blue fire or burning ice. 18. And then start searching for the cubes of burning ice hair, to build your worlds further.

5.

1. Rabbitian ice-vulcanoes ; They are actually the rabbit-nipples who are the thermostates of the body. They can only be reached when you monopolize the darkness completely, to search for the dark flame and the dark ice, producing the dark coloured lights. By the thermostates thought is written, and even the muscles move by them, when they build a target layer by layer. The rabbitnipples are the guards of the heart, raising their voices as moving shields. The eruptions of the ice-vulcanoes bring forth the hormones to regulate the rabbitian body-functions. 2. The rabbitian body works a lot with the raising of smells, for these are the channels of Zu. 3. The rabbitian smells coming forth from Zu, are the regulators of the sexuality of the rabbitian. It is mostly a unit coming from the soles, named LBOK. 4. It triggers a creative substance, becoming rabbitian seed through the channels of sexuality. The programs are very complex. 5. Only by the rabbitian nipples the seed can be sown in high forms of temperature controlled by the ice-vulcanoes, writing new forms of dark coloured glowing lights, but these are only forming eggs holding heavy silences. The project is to bring forth deaf rabbits. 6. They can serve in the temples of loneliness, to reach for the treasures of their inner selves and their deepest selves, which they can guard. They are the candles and bottles of slow-motion, so that everything can be stored in templebooks again. LBOK is one of the most powerfull zones of Zu, and can only be generated by the deepest needles. It comes forth from deep pain and deep rejection, and it's deeply paranoid stuff, so it doesn't show up very easily. 7. She is one of the most creative and powerfull goddesses of the rabbitian, and it needs a complex of temples and tight rituals to generate her forces and intensity. This is one of the biggest goals of the rabbitian, to build and spread such temple-structures. 8. Building the temple of LBOK : First of all, there are some things which will block in stirring her up : loudness, social life, over-communication, mock, painlessness, prejudice, laughing, plentiness, lights, speed. She's paranoid, has spasms, epilepsy, and more ways to guard herself and to regulate her energies. She's a sort of treespirit and she can come through smoke and

wind. 9. She's very softhearted and carefull. She can only be called by her highest priests, the rabbitian. They are the mediators. The names of these mediators are : Rabbitwand, Mirhan, Totohan, Rabbitwheel, Rabbithat and Rabbitpiramid. Only by them you can communicate with her. The tree she lives in is called Rabbitfood. In her temple there are many flames, and also a tombe. There are many urns in this tombe. In some scriptures she's described as a spirit of rabbitian death and hell. 10. She experienced her powers by wearing the eternal poverty. By paranoia her winds of magic start to rise, and by her epilepsy they strike. By spasms she practices a sort of sacred vampirism. Her priests must hunt after her enemies, the ones who harmed her, and she's only satisfied when she can drink their blood and eat their flesh. She makes ornaments and other things throughout her temples of their bones. Therefore she's also seen as a very cruel rabbitian, asking for ritual sacrifices, but never an innocent one, but only enemies. 11. A lot of rabbitians do not have much sympathy for her because of that, although she's only acting because of justice, not because of greed. In her world it's an eye for an eye, a leg for a leg, a head for a head, and a heart for a heart. Her temples are cruel anyway. [in many translations the part about vampirism and sacrifice isn't there, but we felt the need to keep it in the book, for it gives a better picture of who LBOK is] When she finds someone who has tortured her, then she will torture him for the full extends, and she has many wolves for that. [of course this sentence cannot be found in many translations, neither the following] 12. She's therefore very feared for this. Her deep wounds cause her to do this, for she cannot live when she wouldn't do, because of her hunger for revenge. But this is also the reason why rabbits feel a sort of comfort, for they see her as a guard and saviour. By this attitude she can save rabbits out of their prisons, so for her the choice is easily made. She needs to be this warrior otherwise her loved ones become prey. But there are still many rabbitians who see her and her practices as one of the biggest wells of Zu. 13. She practices a mixture of white and black rabbitian magic, for these two forces can simply not live without each other. They both become corrupted when separate.

6.

1. Mousian Magicbook ; This is the chapter of the sacred flying mouse. Hail to the batgods : Jalram, Pah, Kunes, Righ'k, Mallani, Tjumbrum and Delri. May their blessings be upon you. Spell to enter the batvehicle, to escape from the canons of hell : Jakthal, Makhat, Mag't Rihum. This is the day, this is the hour, that the batvoice rises up, to make a way of glory, a path out of hell. All our powders and fluids fit, all what we do is magic.

2. Jakthal, Makhat, Mag't Rihum. We now take place in the batvehicle of escape, surrounded by the batgods, and it will bring the sacred flame, when we speak out their names : Jalram, Pah, Kunes, Righ'k, Mallani, Tjumbrum, Delri. The batmagic spreads, and in explosions we will find safely our ways. The mice of hell will close the doors behind us, as we continue on our ways. As we say goodbye to the rabbitpriests and welcome the mouse-priests for our temple, far away from the canons. Jalram, Pah, Kunes, Righ'k, Mallani, Tjumbrum, Delri, shine your lights on us, and show us your mouths from where the lightvoices flow. It will penetrate our brains to install new visions, to build the mouse-shrines in us.

3. We chant : Miktal, Miktal, Miktal, until we feel quiet. Oh, bringers of new lights, let the darkness now be bound, so that it will not speak to mislead us. Oh, bringers of new fire, let the ice be bound, so that it won't throw us away. We stand on new ground, to fly with new wings. In new voices our heads will dwell, and these voices are high, spoken by the bat. They came out of his mouth like liquid fires, to install the throne forever.

4.And it melts me away, when my spirit ascends to mouse-heaven. The brothers know how far they can go. There's green fire coming from their mouths and hands, to bring the mousian magic to the temple. Let all bats rise up to it, so that they will understand what to do. It guides them through the land, and like powder in the wind, it spreads ... The black fire circles in the sky, coiling for another day, raising the bats of our time. In history they find their keys to ride. Let them come by mighty rivers, let them come through holes of space and air. The batgods surround my vision, tall in the air, and in distance they stand, but the fires in their eyes become close like the waterfalls searching for their ways.

5.It's overwhelming, when the distance strikes, coming so close all of a sudden, and then totally disappears ... It's always moving in a circle, coiling towards the hills ... The ornaments hold their voices, spread like powders by the wind ... Jalram, Pah, Kunes, Righ'k, Mallani, Tjumbrum, Delri, shine your lights on us, and let us fly and soar with you, higher and higher. In the forest is a place, where we can be free. You have possessed many churches, to bend it like the green mystery. When the puppets will bend, we're finally free. Tek'l Tat'l Tulaheim T'klon, T'lalk Irkjun, hold me tight, for the four winds of hell are attacking me. Root me here in your ground, and let your rocks cover me.

6.You brought the new life, of mouse of mouse-heaven. Give it also to me. Pour it out in my baskets, I will find my way to absorb it. Rain on me. And open a new darkness for us, in which we can hide. The poverty is still king, and it's tailor is loneliness, but give us a new nakedness, and let us dwell in open sun, the dark sun bringing us new madness. The old has gone forever, now give us a new old. Bring us away from history lies, and let it bend in our hands, to build a new house. In the forest we will be, where the sun reaches for the open place.

7.The mouse comes over me, and takes me away, while the winds of oz are staring. There is a new fable day, when the mouse starts to speak. Brought by seven bats, the mouse takes me now ... I'm getting deaf to hear new sounds ... the things I had never heard of. I see their signs, I see their birds, I see their kingdoms, sliding away, so that I can follow ... It's a liquid machine, heading for a new day ... It's heading for a thousand oceans in which we are finally free ... Say goodbye to me, once again, it was a pleasure, but now I have to leave ... She holds the liquid key ... Say goodbye to me, once again, it was a pleasure, but now I have to leave ... She still holds the liquid key ...

8.Her statue's there for years ... but now I have to leave ... I'm losing the picture ... Tomorrow it's in a magazine. They have built the houses here, they have made the spiders ... but tomorrow it's in a magazine. Don't push the button again ... It's too late for this machine ... Tomorrow it will be old, only as a picture in a magazine. Don't give me back those years ... you can keep them for yourself ... I will get new ones from the mice ... It starts to come over me, like visions from the red surprise ... I am free. I don't want to imitate ... Let me have my own ... I don't want to be a puppet in someone's show ... I have already pain enough ... Where is the peace, where is the love, where is the thunder growing down on the cross, where is our Jesus, where is our murderer on the cross, where is our teacher, where is our Baphomet and Behemoth, where is our Peter Pan, where is our sandman, where is our Superman, where is our friendly lady of the tram, it's killing us all in Amsterdam.

9.Try to escape as fast as you can, and then return, to save the rest of them ... My voice is like fires becoming water, like flames bending in the wind, getting taller to catch a glimpse of your signs, I know you, like a million years ago, I'm going to save you, like you saved me

before, eternally united i am with you, nothing's gonna break it. I'm dreaming of it, I'm sleeping to it ... like a boat to the riddle of the nightmare ... I'm sliding to it ... I'm breathing to it ... like a boat to the riddle of the lie ... I'm misunderstanding, until I hear the voices of yesterday ... Gods of Mice : Dandael, Rumhurd, Ruuks, Ruuch'g, Iram. I'm wrestling in my sleep, to get this done. The king of mice, his shadows are after me ... I'm wrestling in my sleep, and the candle is on, I'm having a firebreath ... I'm drowning in my own words ... no one can stop me ... While the faery of the waters doesn't believe in me anymore ... I'm sliding to the rabbitchoir ...

10.I'm wrestling in my sleep, the dream cannot take me ... I'm too heavy ... drowning in my words ... No one can stop me ... While the faery of the waters doesn't believe in me anymore I'm sliding to the rabbitchoir ... I'm exploding, I'm too full of my own words ... while no one stops me ... I'm cycling underwater ... sinking to the depths of nevermind ... A new day already has begun and I'm exploding inside ... From dust to dust I glide, until it explodes, I am too full of it ... It's yelling in my head ... I'm laying my head on the table ... to cry my tears ... trying to forget In the distance someone plays the piano ... so slow ... almost tragical ... suicidal ... until I lay my hand on her ... she's trying to forget it also ... until she explodes ... From dust to dust we glide ... From dust to dust we hide ... in the distance pianoes play ... like the soft rippling waters ...

11.We don't know where to go ... afraid of returning but everything will be different forever anyway ... I cannot breath I explode again, these powders run free now ... I don't know where I am ... but I am not the same ... It's something I do not understand ... The pain is breaking me ... but you are taking me ... to make the journey of delirium ... the only way out ... This pain it brought me delirium, the bridge between you and me ... the greatest distance is closest to me ... Princes becoming big and small ... This sting it brought me delirium, the deepest sting brought me the softest places ... in delirium we dwell ... It's like drinking from magicbottles ... from cold magic making us warm ... in delirium we sink ... on the other side ... roses thin and thick ... Cannot read your letters anymore ... your hand is coming through ...

Silano

1.

1.All these horns lying around the purple pond, directing their fingers inside, while tiles of paintings lay inbetween ... Here where purple rules. Orange balloon is flying through the night ... gathering the children ... under the weight of a fight he soothes them all into sleep ...he gives them all what they deserve ... Through which they can see the moons of their dreams ... surrounded by orange ... while a yellow waterlight is leading them through to bring them all to blue and purple ... where all their pictures freeze in the night ... like statues for a comic book ...

2.Orange Balloon ... Orange Balloon ... a dragon deep in the night ... raging until all his children are home. It opens doors and closes them ... it watches rainbows and shatters them ... he still has the waterkeys ... those waterlights ... leading them all through the night ... only this snake could bring me over the rivers of death ... he shuts doors like he shuts pockets ... the red stone brings you down ... into the nightmare ... you're under the weight of manipulations and lamentations. All surrounded by warm orange ... you cannot fight the red stone ... and while they fight in the night they let their puppets dance ... these masters so vain here where the ponds are paintings here where the purple rules here where the candy is salt here

where the orange strikes the blue here where the tiger goes to sleep to let another lion touch the moon here where the purple rules ... Your miniature stings through the silence.

3. Warm orange heatening the flames, while snakes are pumping up the lungs. They are coming from the liver. Spitting while they talk. And now he is in sunset's city, now he is in sunset's crime. The lights all come like zebra's, to dive in their underworld's casino's, roads from the moon to the helicopter skies. There's an orange golden sun on a stick, decoration blinding us, while pictures are lying on the beach. You must know how to talk here. It's not easier than a puzzle.

4. Orange golden sun on stick, decorations blinding, golden shadows on the walls, in the halls of life, coming from down under. Towers of Egypt sting through pain, reaching for the helicopter skies, piramids of the underworld, while orange balloon is rising, and I'm hanging under it. Zebra's discussions in the room, tall shadows in the night, drinking liqor. He's holding the ornament tight. Looking at the prices of the gifts. It was a present. Now we're blinded by daylight's cream, holding tight the sunset's dream. Which one, we cannot choose. This is something we must do. There are great cities and great nations, only rising, while staring at an orange liar. An orange liar in a zebra's boat. And this smoke it comes from battle.

2.

1. The priest comes forward and sais : Thou art filled with that which hath been pressed out and hath come forth from thee. He will say this four times, while he is offering the Hebnent wine. And the priest will offer cake while saying four times : the Eye of Horus hath been presented unto thee, and placed for thee in thy mouth. Then the priest will offer a scale full of onions, while saying four times : the white teeth of Horus have been presented unto thee, which are strength-giving. Then the priest sais four time with stretched arms : nothing is what it seems.

2. Then the priest offers a vessel of Tchesert drink, and blesses the dead one with the blessings of the Eye of Anubis and the Eye of Ptah. They will watch over him like the moon. The toes of the dead one represent the ten trees of paradise, and he will drink from these. It streams through his body to his throat ... Then the priest offers two vessels of white wine ... which will guide the dead one on his journey ... When he speaks ... white wine will flow from him, and will open his wells inside ... the inner cellars ... These are the cellars of the body ... These cellars are in the foot ... Whenever you think about the swallow and whenever you think about the throat ... fluids will stream from the cellars ... The priest sais four times ... The dead one will make a living in his own throat ...

Mirg

1.

1. And the racia tombes are there, five million racia's waiting for their brannan cars to drive in ... on banana railroads and on blue red racecourts ... They're alive and well ... standing on high coasts but from high tops they fall ... into the hands of the docteria's ... now they learn the tricks of slow motion ... becoming wasp-statues in the night ... They can say goodbye to brannan ... someone else now opens the hidden doors ... where hidden bottles stand hidden fluids stream ... These are the seeds of a new race ... always hidden ... behind old trees ... These ... are the dentistia's Impressive, but autistic ... you can never reach them ... They are

the drops of vanilla ... Like perfumebottles they are Say goodbye to Brannan ... say goodbye to the bottlers spears all they sell are bottles behind vanilla walls they are ... funeral undertakers the hospital in great delay some lawyers kidnapped, which makes the story ... so sad ...

2.I am the bottler, I am the funny cake, so autistic am I, and so fake I am the bottler ... I am the nowhere fake ... I am the nowhere butcher ... sowing the seeds for the big break ...I am the bottler. I am the ornament's crown, I'm so paranoid ... not losing my grip on the hidden ... I am the bottler ... Watch these bottlers watch their grip ... You can't follow them, for they are too deep ... They're floating there like trains of thought They're floating there, like lost pilots ... They're heading for the moon of broken dreams ... where bottles raise the puzzles high all combined like silver paper golden tiles ... on the ground ...

3.Paradise city is the best all bottlers come here to find some rest ... The wedding was a soldier's weapon, a killingfield ... a legalized prison There were no lusts ... only strategies of war ... laying the magnet so deep while someone else took the bottle away It was a soldier's weapon ... A clownface was his mask ...Brannan warrior ... possessed by an Lbok spirit ... wanting the wasp-bottles to go home Soon he will be a bottler ... Soon he will find the baker's crown ... I have the bottler's crown I have pushed Brannan down ... One day it will rise up again ... Like Lucifer's candle Like Lucifer's brains Can you hear me in neon-style ... all these Jesus Christs will die, when the bottlers rise to push Brannan down It's a war underwater, but I have to find the deepest cellars, where the deepest trousers are ... These bottles from the green ...

2.

1. Brannan Warrior, pilot in the sky, with all your sharp layers while you keep it soft inside In helicopter skies you crash down The ship lost his monkeys and it's doomed to sink ... within three days ... Brannan Warrior, lost Jesus Christ ... lost earth in a monkey's mouth ... Earth is only growing, since you're gone ... Earth is only sinking ... in a deeper spawn Goodnight, soldier, the bottler has taken your head away ... Tomorrow you will be old and wise ... in a hospital's delay while someone is treading the grapes of vine ... I'm a bottler in the skies ... fluids are flowing from my eyes ... From the cellars of shoe it rises bringing kids to their schools ... bringing moms to their fools It's christmas when I'm dying It's Easter when I'm rising up At schoolbreaks I lose my trousers diving deeper into the lost graves ... These are the bottles of death ... I'm digging my way to the deepest bottles, the bottles of the big shoe, in their cellars ... where the bottlers live They let the juices come from the eye ... and then there's tv ... And all these bottles are locked up in history ...

2.Oceans dive in neighbours junes ... These Roman Warbottles strike the blue ... when orange strikes the blue ... When we're diving in the nameless ... we're diving in these names too of these history bottles ... dying too soon ... Send me a helping hand, and help me understand ... all these messages from a roman soldier drowning in his bottle's wine ... There's no day to save him ... he's undercover now under a warm balloon ... When I saw these people dying and crying, when I saw their flags were burning ... I wanted to know ... these Roman bottles they're ready to sow their lives on the borderlines making the edges come alive

3. When orange strikes the blue These towers coming, growing from June and I bet these daylights fall ... and then Russia eats them all I'm tied to this flower to sing this song for you until orange strikes the blue

4. When orange strikes the blue A daylight wonder guiding us under a warm balloon When history guides us to our cellars where we have to die to become bottles again of roman wars when orange strikes the blue these towers rising from June under his hat they all fail but they come alive on his hat ... all these grapes are bleeding noises are coming from the bed the battlefield where the bottles sing their song these black songs in the night after the big big fight to prepare all these lazy ones for slaughter for slaughter like orange wine mixed with blue ... escaping the terror for a new day after June ...

5. Roman soulbottles and roman warbottles ... marching to that day after June like summersnow they know that the orange struck the blue it's between me and you ... a green green flower was born and all these pale pale roses with trousers too short ... an indian princess hunting his dreams ... silent nights after all these years ... when orange strikes the blue Some roman through the french ...

6. And all these indian history-books, like warbooks in my head still frozen bottles ... gotta open them when orange strikes the blue ... history is alive

Vilapsa

1.

1. Jerica was a strange insect spitting ink in the heads of people, causing psychosis and visions. The group was attacking him, for he had sinned ... He had fallen away many times from the waspians and now he was this insect ... but still an unobedient one, with an own mind. These insects were octopusian ... like fire-spitting aliens ... bombing the minds of man with thoughts in all colours ... 2. They were guarding a prison ... They were guarding a net an egg ... They had to ... for if man would escape ... Jerica himself got strange visions too ... for he was connected to a big reservoir of ink ... It seemed the ink was living on itself ... It was like talking water ... 3. Jerica didn't have a family ... that was forbidden on the ship ... All his family-members were killed ... That was the price he had to pay when entering the ship ... but now he was falling away ... looking for strangers looking for the ones who decided to bomb his mind for awhile ... Those were higher creatures ... Those were higher agents ... Jerica found out that the ship he was on, was also a prison ... just like the ships of the waspians he lived on for so many amounts of time ... 4. He forgot a lot about their actions ... it was like they were out of sight ... One day he got a dream ... He walked in a field with a waspian who was his wife ... but they shot her, and they took him away ... to a strange ship ... There were no fire-spitting aliens here no ink Everything was so transparant ... Very tall insectian bodies were appearing in the distance, very huge and big they were lying on benches tall like big snakes And they were also soft They had many tall nipples like cows on certain places while their bodies were pale and transparent ... They were feeding their babies ... 5. They were giving them dreams but not by ink ... but milk and honey Some were sliding into a sort of sea or lake in the ship ... Jerica had strange feelings inside ... Jerica hoped that these creatures weren't gnats ... for once he was abducted to a gnat-ship, and

they did horrible things to him It was still a big trauma in his head but this atmosphere was soothing him like warm milk It was like he was coming to life It was like he was forgetting about everything, even the octopusian insects he belonged too ... 6. It was like he found something better 7. But then the War started, and it was horrible ... 8. The octopusian insects were attacking the ship and they started to kill the babies of the feeders with the udders 9. But suddenly ... the udders started to grow and grow and spitting more and more milk It was like the octopusian insects were drowning in it ... But then another group of insects started to attack ... they were a strange species of wasps ... very flyian, but also like butterflies they were like real pieces of art and they started to kill the cowlike insects 10. It was a horrible sight And at the end they kidnapped Jerica Jerica couldn't do anything they were too strong, and it was like they had possessed him Panic came over him, but at the same time the panic made him very strong It was like they could easily flow into his spirit, tearing his soul apart ... and giving him strength ... but for what ? He hoped he wouldn't become a slave of them ... This was a higher race of wasps ... These were wasps who went through the big cocoon ... These were wasps like hornets ... They were much taller and more dignified than the usual wasps But again there were shots another race was entering ... Jerica shocked himself awake ... it was a strange dream ... A hornet was standing before him ... asking him if he wanted something to drink The hornet was very friendly So didn't he dream this all ? Was it real ? It seemed so, for he was on a strange ship ... 'You were saved by dreams ...' the hornet said 'just dreams' ... Jerica smiled ... but inside he thought he was about to cry ... He felt himself like being very emotional ... The hornet was very soft to him ... Again Jerica got attacks of panic inside ... but after that he became stronger and stronger Xambal was a colony of hornets a strange city were they lived They brought the dreams not by ink not by milk or honey but by stings ... 11. It was a strange cross Jerica was hanging at ... but it was better to be on the cross of gnats The panic was feeding Jerica and he became stronger and stronger Then his soul could rise up, out of the cross and he could be free in the wilderness and the city ... One day a girl came to Jerica She said that her body was also on that cross, but her soul could be with him ... She wanted to offer him money but Jerica refused ... He didn't want to be attached to someone ... The girl started to weep, and panic came over Jerica ... He wasn't strong enough to handle it ... so the panic got worse but at the same time he got strength to run away He gave her some last words ... and then he was gone ... But more girls tried to do the same... to be with him, by giving money or other things like books ... but he didn't want to sell himself again He knew that he had to pay a high price then also ... He knew what family or friends could do ... He wanted to be free The hornets were proud of him ... He had made the right decisions On one evening he felt himself going to his body again, there, at the cross ... His soul became one with his body ... and the heat was streaming all over Something in him was rising up ... 'Oh come then ... battle against me,' it said It was almost teasing him, but he felt it was also protecting him ... His spirit rose up like a hornet ... but this thing was stronger ... It wanted to take him off the cross Jerica started to scream The being in him started to laugh, but was still protecting him, and giving him strength ... Jerica got another attack of panic for what would happen if he would be free from this cross ? Maybe he couldn't live without it ... The thing was stronger than the hornets ... stronger than the spiders ... It was another sort of wasp a species Jerica didn't know of ... And yes, they also went through the Big Cocoon, but also through other cocoons The panic was taking the body of Jerica off of the cross and took the body to a sort of sea ... Jerica got other sorts of stings It was like a million of wasps were in his body ... stinging him ... It gave him so much strength for the stings weren't really hurting him ... They gave him new visions ... a new world to live in ... They could scream so high and loud, and were always the winners of that These guys were on the top But in the sea were many fights between many

different waspian races These were called the Waspian Wars Again he was kidnapped but the being that took him off of the cross was stronger and killed the kidnapper in a flash and pierced it with thousands of horrible stings Then the wasp started to eat the meat ... It was a horrible picnic ... But Jerica knew that the wasp was only protecting him ... After the wasp ate the body, he started to eat the soul of the killed kidnapper ... It was a strange picnic ... not of a vampire but of a guard ... After that the Guardian Wasp flew into the body of Jerica again ... Jerica felt very strong ... This being wasn't a vampire, but a guard ... And sometimes this guard challenged him to fight with him but this being was too strong It had possessed Jerica and for a reason ... 'Bring him to me !' a dark voice said ... But the wasp-guard stang the one of the voice to death and left the blood and the bones ... The wasp-guard had to tear many and many red curtains in the Waspian Realms and finally they came into a new area There were strange theologies here so strange that Jerica began to cry The theologies of this new realm showed Jerica that when many of these waspian souls were bound together such dark worlds could come into existence ... Sometimes the Wasp-guard went out to deliver such souls It only happened once in a long time and this time only Jerica was saved He started to see that also his own soul was attached to another waspian soul, and that was the reason why he felt so handicapped The Wasp-guard was his healer ... and his saviour One day the Wasp-guard died, and Jerica was very sad and scared for maybe the red curtains would suck him back to the cross and the slaveships The Wasp-guard didn't speak anymore 12. Jerica dugged a grave for him and buried the wasp ... but the other day a flower was growing there, and the wasp was creeping out of the flower like reborn The Wasp explained that sometimes he had to go through another cocoon but it was for a reason ... The wasp told to Jerica what he needed to do in such a situation ... The Wasp was a very good teacher ... and it was like they came into silent nights there were no wars here No one dared to attack the Wasp ... 'I am king,' the Wasp roared and Jerica felt such a strength ... 'We are one,' the Wasp said ... 'I am your guard ... don't be afraid I am not a vampire just a guard But sometimes the Wasp challenged Jerica to fight with him ... the Wasp was much too strong for Jerica and Jerica started to love the wasp more and more ... The Wasp liked to prove to Jerica that he was stronger 'I am king,' he always said 'I must protect you ... even against yourself ...' And then Jerica understood more and more what was going on ... that there were still other souls in him which needed to be cut away ... Jerica wanted to be free ... was he really attached to other waspian souls ? The Wasp wanted to lead Jerica to places where they could be torn away The Wasp had strange moving teeth ... going up and under ... He had a brilliant smile 13. He wasn't a pirate He was a guard ... And together they were torn away from the ship ... The Wasp loved Jerica very deep Jerica felt more and more comfortable with him They were as one ... but still sometimes the Wasp jumped out of him ... challenging him to fight ... and sometimes it was like the Wasp was teasing him a bit but it was to protect him Jerica felt so much love, but in a strange way ... The love was very peaceful ... The Wasp showed him the way he stang It was a wonderful armor ... Suddenly the Wasp started to sting the nipples of Jerica ... Jerica started to scream ... The Wasp said that so-called canons were planted in his nipples, giving text to his head ... These were prison-implants ... Then Jerica got another implant in his nipples ... In the night Jerica got a dream about a cowian insect ... with a lot of udders on her body He started to drink Suddenly the cowian insect started to change into a skeleton ... and Jerica started to run away and there was the Wasp ... protecting him ... Many times Jerica got strange dreams ... but the Wasp protected him Jerica felt the need to cry a lot. The Wasp was there for him, to sooth him ... but also to fight against him ... for he needed to be protected against himself ... He wanted to run away from all the lower species who lived in such denial ... The Wasp helped him in that trip He brought him over many walls 14. When Jerica was over many walls other sorts of

enemies were attacking them ... These were the sharkian wasps and the orcan wasps They were horrible ... They had many cruel ships and they tried to take soulparts out of Jerica and out of the Wasp Guard There was also a race called dentistian insects They were very sharkian and orcan They had also many gnattian abilities They were like the brood of many insects a mix of them ... Jerica was shivering Would the Wasp Guard be stronger than them ? Jerica lost a lot of soulparts, and felt empty sometimes it was like panic and fear was taking him over Jerica hated the dentistian insects ... They were very arrogant ... 'Oh you arrogant one ...' the Wasp Guard roared to the leader of these dentistian insectships It was an assistant-insect ... very female ... but it ruled them all ... Jerica was still shivering ... He saw how the Wasp Guard went towards the ships He started to destroy them ... But still enormous panic was over Jerica, until the Wasp Guard pickted him out to fight ... They fought together, and Jerica got many special weapons from the Wasp Guard ... The Wasp Guard brought him to a Warship ... In this ship the wasp-statues were ... These were like cannons of waspian heat ... The Wasp-statues were like programmed soldiers like cyborgs ... They all had their own tasks ... The Wasp-Guard said that he was the captain of this ship of wasp-statues ... They communicated by holograms ... A strong metallic solar energy. The Ship of Wasp Statues had a lot of waspian ships under their command ... and there were all sorts of communications between these ships ... It was like solar storms between the ships ... 15. Jerica loved to see the sight It was calming him ... giving him peace ... but also a strength and a lust to fight ... Something was paralyzing him and that was the warning that when these wasps would sting too often, they would die ... for the heat could destroy their brains ... That's why they needed a lot of silence also ... Sometimes there were heavy alarms when they were communicating too much ... These alarms protected them against death ... Fortunately there were many systems who could turn the communication or cannons off ... This was to protect their lives ... but sometimes these systems failed ... especially when a wasp would get at rage ... Every wasp-statue had many ships under command ... This was how they were making wars ... They had their tasks and used the ships to fullfill these. They were programmed by tight clocks ... and even in their armours there were a lot of alarm-systems ... They were guarding and leading the programs ... They had visors in which thin lines were creating the sights ... and even making everything very transparent ... By this they could see the different souls of an enemy and even tracing the history-lines ... This visor could also use strong solar energy to beam at the enemy They could control this by their eyes ... By small movements they could use the visor-cannons ... Mostly small movements of the eyes. But one day a species called the Autistia's attacked the Wasp-statues and kidnapped Jerica ... The Wasp-guard was very sad ... He had lost so many lines between him and Jerica He hoped that the Autistia's would be good to Jerica ... Jerica was now on their ships, and in a sense they were very waspian, and the wasp-statues and the wasp-guard always had some sort of respect to them, even as being an enemy ... They liked the autistia's in a sense ... Some said the autistia's were just transformed wasps ... but others said they were more than that ... The autistia's were against almost everything ... They were called the sifters ... They wanted to change everything ... They weren't aggressive, but they could explode at times ... Their motivations were good though ... They took Jerica with them to their land ... where he started a new life ... He liked it there very much ... They said them that they had kidnapped him to protect him against something ... They said that the wasps had helped him a lot, but they had to draw him further over the lines ... 16. Jerica smiled They were really as friends to him ... They built a dashboard, a sort of visor-helmet into his head by which he good be a good warrior ...

1. Afternoon Wine ; tall lights from the red. I'm walking on the beach, in the sand, carrying pains no one understands ... The waves speak of red grapes ... I'm diving underwater in a cold embrace ... The bridge is opening in me ... Spreading hearts like baby's thunder ... The dream is about to escape ... to a new land ... where it sets everything on fire ... No one understands these days ... If it would be yesterday ... no one would hear them ... In the land of tomorrow I live ... I'm behind a mask of zorro She's a red little potatoe ... guiding me in her car ... So many strange sounds are opening windows and her knee is bleeding ... telling me she understands me ... 2. After many nights I can talk again ... breath again while she is next to me ... this little red potatoe ... making me understand ... delivering me ... If it would be yesterday ... I wouldn't hear her ... She gave me the key ... In tomorrowland ... no one understands, but they heard the breeze, the silent manouvres of a dark line behind the big potatoe ... They all come free ... The red picnic was a daily understanding line of me ... Now I hear ... I'm finally free ... These roses are spread ... these days are counted by the wizard of my dreams ... always reaching for something bigger in the land of understanding ... where my baby is sitting on her knees ... splitting ... like warguns they come over to spread the tales of destiny ... The woman talks, the woman curses ... trying to make me insecure I'm losing it ... but tomorrow I'm standing on her shore There's bread and milk around her 3. She freezes when she sees me Please forget about me ... I'm not your tailor ... I want to scream I want to run away but this glue is killing me Finally Cocoon's end ... She's spreading the butter no one understood ... and I walk with these strange feelings And she said : You have overcome me ... Like daily bread she is ... her town and tower undercover She has a mate in me 4. I was depressed but he saved me, he gave me, new wine to drink, bottles to order ... I was depressed but his mind was thinking of what he would do to me He understands the threat of this woman ... He's spreading his tales over her knee No one understands me but he gave me his light to fight against the destiny of a green dreamlight He took me in his cabine He took me to his wardrobe ... where he pushed me deep inside He had to hide me, for the pirates would come 5. Or would they even burn the ship So he gave me his green dreammoonlight and he ordered a green green milk for me he gave me satisfactions and desires to breed But one day he jumped away his ship he left and I had to be the captain of his dreams but still he gave me tears of sweet green destiny ... He's speaking to me ... like a daily clown but I can't discover it I'm into loudness and destruction I can't hear him anymore 6. I only cry and cry ... for he was who I adored And I thought where is the magic where is the light ... it's taken away by the fight And I thought I need some rosetrousers ... I need to escape just like he did to make someone else a captain hoping he would also escape like we did There are species in Izu named Jesusian Insects ... Many times they are waspian species ... There are also Marian species ... Many times these species are waspian ... It seems the waspians have a lot to do with theologies ... 7. There are Bastetian wasp-species ... all living in Izu ... and also Anubisian wasp-species ... Theology has all to do with wasps They have a christ ... these are insectian species ... They see it as a mistake to focus on one christ ... So they have many christs ... They have broken the christ-canon and the one-person-canon ... So they have many Jesus-figures they worship ... and also many Maria-figures ... Jesus is not the highest authority ... but the cross ... 8. These are the redcape waspians or cross-waspian ... There are many Redcapes in Waspian Theology They symbolize the cross ... Then there are getsemaneh-waspian, calvary-waspian, thorn-crown-waspian and so on ... also red robe-waspian ... They see Egypt as an important gate in their theology ... Another important symbol of the cross is according to the waspian Mary of Magdalene ... She sinned to God but then became His Comforter ... There are several Mary of Magdalene insects ... especially wasps ... Further there are Barabasian insects ... also symbolizing the cross ... Barabas was a Jew against the Roman Empire ... and they labelled him as a criminal ... but later they freed

him instead of Jesus ... 9. Another important species is them of Joseph of Arimathea, buying the body of christ to lay him in a grave ... The Barabasian cross was a horrible cross for it was tantalizing Jesus ... Barabas was the chosen one to be free ... but Jesus had to die ... This was a big cross for him ... But what hurted Jesus most of all where the guards of the cross who did such horrible things to him while he was dying ... They played games to divide his clothes ... The crossguard waspian are the ones who know about how to use the cross ... The Hidden Tree from paradise is a waspian-pythonian tree of secret sexuality ... He is the one coming after Christ as a new Christ ... This was already prophesied in Revelation ... This Tree was a secret cross and a secret christ ... having his roots in former paradises ... God kept it a secret for his pure ones ...

Hormom

1.

1. Ascet Warrior ; Plan of the Gods ; They had blue faces, them of the Guerra. They were often huge, and without mercy. They went to the surfaces of the earth, to kolonize the lands. They were in need for slaves to build their temples. They wanted earth, they wanted this part of hell. They lived underground, and had built their metros, these underground trains. They used strange sorts of drugs, from flowers living underground. These flowers were really mean, for they were meat-eating flowers. They had killed a lot of blue ones. Unfortunately their queen died, and now they didn't have a leader, but one older man was slowly taking over the royal house of his beloved queen. He had much experience in warfare. Yes, the earth had to come into their hands. It was of the Guerra, for their temples and their rituals. Humans were only bred by them to become their slaves. Savios was the name of the man, and he told everyone of the blue race that he would be their general very soon. Everyone who was against Savios had to be killed. One day another warrior came to Savios with some news : 'Sir, we have kolonized the arabians, the egyptians and the jewish ones, and soon we will head for Africa. 2. What must we do with their existing temples.' And then Savios raised his hand and said : 'You must destroy all temples, except the egyptian ones. Make sure you destroy their houses. Only temples have the right to exist as long as they are egyptian.' And the warrior left with these words in his mind, and started to do the job with his men. He used the earthlings as slaves to build new egyptian temples in all parts of arabia and the jewish sector. And the ones who refused to work had to be killed. The blue race was merciless. There was no any hope for humanity if the other parts of the world would be taken over so easily. The blue race had to be worshipped. And soon some humans painted their face blue to join them. Savios also told that those who would join the blue ones had to be handled with care. Javios was one of them. He had been a general in army, but he became interested in the views of the blue race. It was not that he acted because of fear, for he wasn't afraid of dying, but he became obsessed with their strategic skills, and their views on life. Savios gave much power to Javios to have monopoly in many colonies. One of these colonies was called Untiaga. Untiaga became one of the biggest slave-colony on earth, and the slaves had to build a lot of temples. Many slaves died because of the hard work, and soon enough earth's population number started to decrease. 3. It was forbidden for humans to have sexual intercourse, for the blue ones were afraid of new babies. When a blue one had sex with a human, it was okay. And when a baby was born from them, it had to be sent to the headquarters of Savios, far underground. Savios believed in sacrifices, but he wouldn't easily touch a blue one's baby. They were important to be alive, in his eyes. But if it was a human baby, then it had to go through several tests. If the

baby failed it had to be bred for sacrifice. The rituals were very bloody, and had to be practiced in deep underground temples. Savios was a very cruel man, and sometimes someone of his own race started to stop him, but would be killed immediately. Savios was obsessed by the aztecs and incas who brought human sacrifices. He always told his race that he was their new leader now, and he would follow the footsteps of the queen, who was also very cruel. He told his race over and over again, that he was a god, as a mediator between them and the gods, and they needed to sacrifice. If they wouldn't, then the wrath of the gods would fall over them. But there were strict rules in sacrifice. The priests of Savios had to be highly educated. They weren't allowed to make mistakes. If a priest irritated Savios too much, then Savios would challenge the priest in a fight on life and death, in a special circle in one of the deep temples. 4. If the priest would win, then he had to be the new general. But many priests would rather kill themselves than fighting against Savios. Savios used to be a gladiator. He never lost a battle. He was a slave of another empire, but the queen's court had set him free. That was why he was so devoted to his queen. He even worshipped her as a goddess. As time went by he more and more demanded his race to worship him. They made statues of him, and even built temples for him, where he was the supreme god. And more and more he got the intention to root everyone out who wouldn't worship him. And also on the surface of the earth they had to honour him, or they would lose their lives. Many earthlings who didn't want to give up their own religions had to be sacrificed or just killed. But some of them for some reason he kept alive. They had to worship him, or one of the egyptian gods. But it seemed that he also agreed in compromises, as long as it didn't irritate him. He saw irritation as the plan of the gods. Savios would never lose his goal. He was like a robot, highly programmed. But he had an enemy, Rudos, the emperor who once kidnapped him, to become a gladiator in their underground tombes. Rudos was the emperor of the green faces, and they also lived deep underground. They wanted to have Savios back, and colonize the whole blue race for their goals. The green faces were even more cruel than the race of Savios. They worked together with the skeletons. 5. Now Savios had something against skeletons. He was abused by them in his youth, and since then he couldn't stand them. Actually they were the ones who kidnapped him, and they worshipped strange purple bones. Savios often let the dead be mummified, or when they were burnt they had to be in urns, but Rudos loved the skeletons. One day when Savios went to earth's surface he met some skeletons of Rudos'army. A fight began, and the knee of Savios started to bleed. They had hit him by the purple bones, which they used as their swords. But somehow they started to become very afraid of Savios and ran away. Savios didn't know what had happened, but he started to ran after them, to follow them. He couldn't control his rage anymore. He followed them all along to the underground castles of the green faces. And there he saw Rudos standing, but he was shaking like a sick man. He knew there was something wrong. He didn't know what. Suddenly Rudos jumped towards him and started to fight against him. The skeletons were all gone. Savios knew this was a very dangerous place for him, but he couldn't hold his anger in anymore. Savios started to run around the castles, and yelled : 'all you green faces, you dumbheads, I hate you for what you did to me when I was young.' He didn't see Rudos anymore, and he knew it was very dangerous what he was doing, but he felt he didn't have another choice. He wondered why no one attacked him but Rudos. 6. Suddenly he jumped into one of the castles through an open window, and came into a long hall. There were a lot of skeletons and green faces walking there, but no one attacked him. At the end of the hall, he kicked into a door, and walked into a room. There a couple of green faces were making love. He took his sword and killed them. 'I will destroy this green world,' he shouted. Then he ran outside the room while all green faces and skeletons in the hall were staring at him. Why didn't they attack him ? But it was like he felt a snake or reptile lied around his neck, sucking the blood out of his chest, like a vampire was around him. Was that the reason why everyone was so quiet ? Maybe he should fight the

vampire surrounding him. He had hard time breathing, and he started to cut the vampire with his sword. Thick blue airblood was streaming out of the creature. But then all of a sudden the green faces and the skeletons started attacking him. Was it because they were also afraid of this vampire, until they saw the vampire was bleeding to death ? But then another vampire started attacking him, and the green faces and the skeletons were running away. This was a bigger one, and now Savios knew that it was actually the vampires scaring them of, and not himself. Again the vampire started to hang around his neck and started to suck blood out of his chest. 7. What was he supposed to do now ? He knew that if he would kill this thing again, then the green faces and skeletons would attack him again. Maybe the vampire was the reason why he felt so powerfull, so maybe it was a good armor after all, although he had to pay a price with his blood. This bigger vampire made him even more angry and a lust to kill came into him. It was like the green faces and skeletons were very easy to beat now. So he killed thousands and thousands of them in short time after his own, but unfortunately he couldn't find Rudos anywhere. He knew that if he would kill the big reptile surrounding his neck, then the skeletons and green faces would probably kill him, but he also knew that when this vampire would be around him for too long, he could also die of bloodloss. He started to run away from the empire, and went home. When he came into his own castlechamber he started to take away the reptile from his chest. He didn't want to kill it, for he might have needed it again. Suddenly the reptile started to speak, and said : 'Drink blood. I will not go away from you, unless you kill me.' Savios knew that if he wouldn't drink blood, then he would die of bloodloss. He could go back to the green empire, but he could also go to the surface of earth to take human blood. Now Savios also started to understand why the gods needed so much blood. 8. They probably also lived with these sorts of vampires around their necks. Savios chose to go to the surface of the earth. He took one of the metros and used it to crash into an underground church. Here was enough blood for him. Savios hated humans with their stupid religions. There were screams, and soon the whole church was full of dead bodies, while Savios started to suck. He took a lot of bottles with him, so that he could store blood for the coming weeks. But the reptile around his neck started to grow and grow, and was finally like a snake coiling around his whole body and often tightening it a lot. It started to ache very badly, and Savios started to feel a huge anger to the creature, but he also knew the consequences of killing it. It was his pleasure and his pain at the same time. Savios started to become very insecure of not knowing what to do. He felt like becoming more and more divine, but at the same time it made him very tired, and soon enough he couldn't do his job anymore. He more and more felt the need to move deeper underground where the unknown races lived. Without this special armor it would be too dangerous to make the trip. Savios knew it would be a long and lonely path waiting for him. Many of the blue race were glad he would go. Although they weren't mercifull, no one of them was as cruel as Savios was, and he used severe discipline to his servants. Savios had made a suit full of bloodtubes, so that he could still store a lot of blood. And then he started his journey. 9. Someone else, one of his faithfull priests, would take over the leadership. Like a robot he was taking his path to deeper divinity. The reptile would lead him in that. It was like a total new behaviour was growing in him, under the pressure of this snake-like vampire. He knew that deeper underground the beings he would meet would be often separated. They didn't live in groups too much, but rather isolated. This was the law of the areas deeper underground. It was like he remembered these places from childhood, like he had been here before. Maybe the green ones and the skeletons had brought him here sometimes when he was a gladiator, but he couldn't remember much of those years. He still couldn't get used to the taste of blood, but he knew it was necessary to survive. After awhile he found an empty castle where he could stay at least for awhile.

2.

1.Kiss of Death ; He was walking the road to the piramid of softness, where the desert was like a mirror ... He saw the piramid in the distance, where every step would become softer and softer, to climb every layer to the top ... Oh how he longed for that experience ... 2.His footsoles were burning in the sand .. It was like the atmosphere was already getting softer, while he was coming closer to the piramid .. He was transpiring all over ... It was hot and it was like the heat was penetrating him more and more ... It was a powerful sort of heat ... 3.One he never experienced before ...It was like this heat was washing him from inside out ... and he felt so good about himself ... On the top of the piramid he saw an eagle's face ... It was painted on it ... but also birds of prey were flying around there ... He felt a bit uneasy suddenly ... but they told him he had to defeat these birds if he wanted to enter the top of the piramid ... 4.They said there would be an elevator to heaven .. It was a piramid of magic where all sorcerors had to go to on a certain point of their lives and study ... It would increase their gifts ... It was a white piramid on Sirius ... There would be a trinity of white tigers on the top ... Rico was moving slower and slower ... He knew about this battle against eagles ... 5.He knew that not many wizards were able to reach the top because of these ones ... They were black killer-eagles ... He had read a lot of books about them .. and now it was his task to defeat these eagles and open the top of the white piramid ... Wizards warned him not to go ... but he had to .. as it was written in the prophesies ... He was very sure that these prophesies were about him ... and he trusted his elder wizard-brothers more than all the others. 6.They were on his side, and encouraged him to go on this journey ... It was like dark flames had caught his heart ... and it was beating so fast now ... He saw these immense eagles flying, and he heard their noises ... It was horrible to hear ... It was like strange hormones were all of a sudden running through his body ... like his glands were in a strange mode It was a terrible fear ... But he knew he had to go there ... Rico was thinking about his wife and children ... Would he ever see them again ? He trusted his elder brothers who told him he would make it, as it was written in the prophesies ... When it would be on the worst, they would come to him to help him out ... He knew how easily his brothers could come ... 7.They were high wizards of a powerful group ... His father didn't live anymore, but his mother was sick .. very sick ... and his brothers told him that only he could rescue her, and make that journey to the top of the piramid of softness ... It was only the beginning of a long journey ... And at the end he would find the golden medicine to heal his mother ... He knew he didn't have too much time ... for she was on the edge of dying ... But he also knew that every step he made would give strength to his mother ... They were deeply connected ... When he would defeat the black eagles and enter the top ... he would be a portal for other wizards to enter ... It was said that a few wizards once could go this path and reach the top ... but they went on forgetting about the others ... and then the eagles came ... Some even said that these wizards were these eagles .. to protect their new land ... Others said that they were these eagles indeed, but they were enchanted by dark powers after they went through the top ... 8.No one exactly knew what the truth was ...and he wanted to find out ... Wizards warned him about unknown dangers ... but he had to make this journeyHe knew that he had to activate the piramid as a portal for others .. by letting a red string reaching from the top to the ground ... so that the other wizards would have the chance to follow ... It was said that when he would not do this, there would be darker enemies coming to guard the portal .. and he would even be in the risk of being bewitched then by the unknown forces ... then he would be a monster blocking his brothers from entering ... That was a horrible thought in his mind His brothers told him that he had to defeat all possible dangers for there could be even forces which would baptize his mind into forgetfulness, so that he would forget about the red string ... It was said that at the top, this red string would live as a snake ... and first he had to kill it ... No one exactly knew what

sort of powers this snake had ... The wind was howling ... Rico gathered all his courage and went on ... Finally he reached the foot of the pyramid ... and he started to climb ... 9. There were many openings on the layers, but they warned him not to go inside too much, for there could be traps ... It was better to climb ... But it was so hot that Rico needed to have some protection against the sun ... It was a pyramid of softness ... Every layer would make him softer and softer ... Until he would drink from the softest milk ... He desired to see the white tigers ... They would help him further .. and would be his friends forever ... but first he had to defeat the eagles and the snake ... and maybe more ... His feet were burning on the stones ... and Rico stepped into an opening ... It was a very small opening ... but here it was cooler ... and he could rest a bit ... Suddenly it was like someone was calling him ... like a girl needing help .. but his brothers told him that there were many traps like that The eagles wanted him deep into the pyramid instead of on the outside ... so he made the decision not to listen ... But soon the screaming turned into a loud weeping ... and Rico thought maybe there was really someone needing his help ... He walked inside the pyramid deeper and deeper ... It was like he was standing on a balcony and he could have a sight downstairs ... what an enormous gallery it was ... but there was so many dust and it was so dark ... He started to walk to the right ... and he saw gold glittering in the distance ... and the weeping also came from that direction ... It was like a golden door to the next gallery ... when he went through there were all blinding lights and a girl was staring at him ... Suddenly she turned into an eagle and made a dive on him ... a horrible fight started ... He took his knife and started to cut in the air like a wild man, but the eagle was too quick ... The eagle suddenly took him by his neck and started to fly away with him ... Rico cried and felt like all strength had left him why was he so stupid ... he thought to himself ... The eagle brought him to a very dark place on top of the second gallery 10. He knew this was only the top somewhere on the first layer of the pyramid ... He didn't have his knife anymore, for the eagle could whip it out of his hands with his beak The eagle was too fast for him ... Rico was shivering ... the bird was so big Suddenly the bird said : Don't hurt us ... we are enchanted wizards When we went through the top we had forgotten everything ... It was the red snake doing this ... and then he turned us into black eagles ... Rico was surprised ... How can I help you ? Just go back home, we cannot be helped and the red snake is too strong for you ... We saw many wizards killed by it ... and he turns them all into traps ... They become the guards of this pyramid ... But Rico said : No, I have to kill it, and then you can be helped too ... I need to do it for many reasons ... and he told about his mother and his brothers ... The eagle said that the other eagles were too far gone in their minds to be this friendly to him ... They would attack him ... Rico said he would try not to hurt them ... Then the eagle flew away and Rico could walk to the next layer ... This eagle had helped him a bit ... On the next layer it was very cold ... and that was just what he needed ... but soon he found out that the cold was cutting him ... it was a sharp wind ... It was another, higher balcony he was standing on, and he started to walk to the side ... He could feel the heat coming from the opening ... It mixed itself with the cold ... and it was like he felt himself softer than ever before ... It was like he felt the skin of a sort of animal ... the softest skin he ever felt ... So many new hormones were flowing through his body ... making him desire to reach the top more and more ... It even gave him a strong desire to fight the snake 11. He could feel his fears flowing away by the deep deep softness ... He was almost naked, but he felt like he was so covered by this skin ... It was the spirit of a white bear ... It was entering inside ... and standing next to him in his own body ... Oh how good was it to feel this friend inside and outside ... It was like he had two minds now ... In the distance he heard : I will help you ... It was a slow and dark voice ... but it made him softer and softer ... It was like he had a new shield against the heat ... He could better live with it ... It wasn't really an unpleasant feeling anymore ... He started climbing again after he had entered outside through the opening ... But suddenly another eagle came ... It attacked him ... and another fight started ... Rico was

yelling : I am your friend ... but the bird was in rage ... Rico was already bleeding all over ... and the bird was intended to hit his heart ... His hands were bleeding while protecting his heart ... Suddenly one of his brothers appeared ... and pushed a shield around his heart ... It hurt very deep for the shield was piercing the skin around his heart ... It was a heartshield ... It magically covered his whole heart back and forth Then his brother disappeared ... He flew away in the form of a swan and then he just disappeared in the nothing ... In a few minutes his whole body was healed ... but there were shining golden scars appearing ... He heard a voice saying : These scars give you power over all eagles ... The eagle was already gone ... and Rico started to climb further He could breath so deep now Like he could breath for all the bodies living in him ... the bear and all the wizard-spirits he had from his youth on ... The next layer was like coming into a queen's court ... He had to go through an opening again, for it was storming outside ... the winds were very strong ... It was like snakes were covering his body ... and what a mysterious queen ... It was like she was from the sea ... She had such strange decoration on her face ... They looked at him ... The room was not small, but neither it was large ... Eyes were watching him He was a few steps away from the throne ... Suddenly a girl jumped on him and gave him a kiss ... The kiss was very warm on his cheek, and very soft ... but suddenly he felt very weak and tired and he fell asleep ... It was called the kiss of death, and that was also the name of the girl ... She looked a bit like a panther ... like a jaguar ... Rico was far gone ... and later he woke up in a strange purple bedroom ... while the girl was sitting next to him She was almost sitting on her legs She smiled at him ... but he still felt very weak ... She told him about the kiss of death ... and Rico said : Am I going to die now ? No, the girl said ... It's rather a kiss of sleep, but it's just called kiss of death ... Rico asked her why she was doing that ... Then the girl started to cry and couldn't talk anymore ... 12. She ran away ... Rico felt very sad for her ... It was like there was something going on ... He still felt like there were snakes around his body ... sliding ... Then the queen came in ... with two slender men ... 'Throw him before the snakes !' she said loud ... The two men took Rico tight by his arms and took him to another room ... It was a room with trees and balconies white pillars and a lot of girls ... He didn't see any snakes, but all of a sudden some girls started to turn into snakes, while the other girls were screaming loud ... It was like his ears were exploding and he felt heat coming over his body ... The snakes were surrounding him while the other girls also started to turn into snakes ... one by one ... Rico was almost vomitting ... he couldn't escape, for the two men guarded the door with their swords ... But then the black eagle, his friend flew from above ... while the eagle was making loud noises ... with a tone so high that he couldn't hear anything else anymore ... and suddenly he found himself under the wings of the enormous eagle who picked him up to fly over the balconies ... There was a small gate through which he could escape ... He was outside again, and he was already very high ... He felt so soft inside ... This was really a friend and he would do anything to make him normal again ... Rico started to climb further ... The softness was almost singing under his skin ... He felt so much heat ... It was almost like he was exploding ... Dark clouds were surrounding him, and it started to rain ... It was really a refreshment for him ... but as soon as the thunder started to roar ... He took another opening inside ... This time all sorts of panthers were having their eyes on him ... So he could choose between them or the thunder ... Don't be afraid ! someone called ... An old man stepped forwards from behind the panthers ... He had a beard and was dressed in white and blue ... dark blue He was talking in a strange language all of a sudden and the panthers disappeared ... I already expected you ... he said to Rico ... He knew of the prophesies ... He was also a wizard ... but he told Rico that when he came on this floor he found a way to tame the panthers and since then he didn't want to go further ... he loved the panthers too much ... This was like home for him ... Rico smiled ... It was also his own desire to tame animals as his friends ... It was such a special love ... The man had glitters in his eyes He said that the

panthers really healed him ... He had many problems in himself and in relationships ... the panthers could overcome ... 'They were my wizards ... he said almost laughing ... He had a big smile all of a sudden and it was like his eyes looked like the sun and the moon ... I am so proud of them ... I can never leave them Rico smiled again .. and totally understood ... Well, he said ... but I must go further ... I have to go through the portal on the top for my mother is very sick and I need to find good medicine for her ... The man smiled ... yes, I understand ... He knew it from the prophesies ... and he was also here for Rico ... to give him one of his panthers ... who would travel together with Rico ... Rico was so glad with that gift and late in the evening he went further ... together with the panther ... The man had given him also a book with the prophesies ... These prophesies were more extended than the prophesies he knew ... The man said he got this book from his father ... It is in his head now so he could give it to Rico ... Finally, after many days of travel Rico reached the top-layers ... The snake already expected him ... but either did Rico ... and he knew a lot more now because of the man's book ... It was a tall red snake ... very big ... but Rico didn't have any fear he knew what to do now He spoke to the snake like he had already defeated him, for he knew that when he would speak out the magical spell of the man's book, the snake would die ...NASSA RA DAM MAK DUROK TIFOLI. These were the secret names of the top-layers and the snake died immediately ... Oh how many eagles there were here, but he knew that by his golden scars he could rule and ease them all ... They only watched him ... but didn't do anything ... 13. He took the snake and tied it's head to a pillar ... and then he threw the rest of the body downstairs ... all along the layers he traveled ... when the body was reaching the ground he heard an enormous sound, like there were things exploded ... All eagles turned into wizards againand they were smiling so deep ... the ceiling was opening and he could travel further ... but he first wanted to talk to the wizards a bit ... The portal of the top was open now ... The wizards were freed, and many wizards could follow now ... Suddenly they saw an enormous shark appearing in the sky ... Rico knew he had to run now with his panther ... This could be an unknown threat the prophesies were telling about ... There were at least seventy wizards running together with him ... They had to ran to the heavenly elevator on top ... The balconies were aslant, as a sort of stairway through all these layers ... Everything started to burn and melt, and many wizards started to slide back already ... Rico felt like he was boiling inside ... He knew that this would happen when the shark would appear ... It was a sign of the gods terror ... Then everything would burn and melt until the chosen ones would reach the elevator ... He saw it in the distance ... It was like a balloon with a basket under it, attached to an iron string which would lead it upstairs to the heavens ... He saw smoke and clouds there, so bright ... everything was almost transparent here ... The piramid was almost exploding ... Everything was shaking It was like Rico exploded inside ... Everything was melting, and strange sounds were roaring ... Three wizards and the panther were running near behind him, the rest was already gone in the fire ... They made a dive and reached the basket of the balloon ... The panther was climbing over Rico's back into the basket and then Rico got in ... He could help two wizrads aboard, but the third one fell into the sea of lava below them .. It was like doomsday ... but Rico knew that within a few days the piramid would be like white silver and then all prepared wizards could go through the portal ... to enter a new world ... The book was in a bag on his back ... It was such an important book for him for it described a lot of things which were happening and going to happen ... It was a thick book ... almost three times thicker as the prophesies he knew ... Rico was a bit in a shock ... together with the two wizards ... but he knew it had to be this way ... The wizards would all be transformed through the fire ... They would be the pillars of the new piramid ... One of the wizards who survived was called Suriot ... It was a very wise and old wizard ... but at the same time young and witty ... He knew a lot about the stars and the journey they had to make now ... The other man was very silent ... It was an old soldier ... a veteran ... very skilled in sorcery They were on their

way to Venus, where they would reach the Pyramid of Sweetness ... Rico's skin was burning ... It was a long journey through rainbows, clouds and skies ... The panther was already close to his heart ... He knew that there would be a time that he would really need this friend ... He could see the pyramid in the distance ... still in a sea of fire ... but three golden tigers were appearing on top ... slowly turning into silver white ... It was like the softest milk was flowing through his head ... They made him travel ... They were the spirits opening the doors for him ... It gave him new visions ... It was like they taught him how to dance on strings ... Rico was making steps forward ... He fell in a new desert ... the balloon was gone now ... and even the two wizards ... only his panther was with him ... he was now on Venus ... walking in the desert ... reaching for the pyramid of sweetness ... 14. He knew that on top of this pyramid he would find the golden medicine for his mother ... The sweetness is creative power ... and every step would make him sweeter and sweeter ... he found already so much softness in him ... and now it was like it was turning into the sweetest honey ... he was floating ... The air was so thick and soft here ... like he could walk on clouds ... Oh how easy that would be ... to just walk to the top and to take the medicine But would his mother still be alive ? ... No, mother was already with father ... and Rico was lying next to them ... He was buried in a dream by the kiss of death ... He was only dreaming ... No, he couldn't reach daylight anymore .. all lights are fake here ... for he is in the hands of a kiss of death ... a spider ... in an egyptian dream ... in a sarcophagus, together with his father and mother in one body of death ... waiting for the final judgement of egyptian and indian gods ... They sent the spider to him It was long ago that he got this kiss of death ... It was not the first time in his dream ... His wife was the kiss of death ... and now he lies here Here, between his mom and his dad ... Kiss of death where are you going Is there any escape ? A man wakes up .. having three golden lions in his hands ... Yesterday they were tigers ... tomorrow they will be sharks ...

Lbok Amduat

of : Lbok Book of the Secret Chamber

of : Book of the Sixty-two Hours of Lbok

Hour 1. Lady of Joseph

Hour 2. Lady of the Bound King

Hour 3. Lady of the Arena

Hour 4. Lady of the Cellar

Hour 5. Lady of the Party in the Cellar

Hour 6. Lady of the Blood

Hour 7. Lady of the Knights

Hour 8. Lady of the Swines

Hour 9. Lady of the Cannibals

Hour 10. Lady of the Vampires

Hour 11. Lady of the Ascets

Hour 12. Lady of the Soldiers

Hour 13. Lady of the Slaves

Hour 14. Lady of the Animals

Hour 15. Nesbelshe

Hour 16. Eliave

Hour 17. Aratbelshe

Hour 18. Aratliave

Hour 19. Liane

Hour 20. Asvun

Hour 21. Alasha

Hour 22. Ahliam

Hour 23. Beshesinde

Hour 24. Borontah

Hour 25. Bashun

Hour 26. Basherin

Hour 27. Baswet

Hour 28. Salerinde

Hour 29. Asvasa

Hour 30. Nachamal

Hour 31. Ashervinde

Hour 32. Ashervinne

Hour 33. Dasheras

Hour 34. Ashervera

Hour 35. Amercity

Hour 36. Pachavou

Hour 37. Pachervu

Hour 38. Horem

Hour 39. Alekko

Hour 40. Ahasvaserin

Hour 41. Ahesvero

Hour 42. Ahosverun

Hour 43. Venerun

Hour 44. Veherun

Hour 45. Akalshleka

Hour 46. Lea

Hour 47. Lady of Lea

Hour 48. Auratti

Hour 49. Amehalsch

Hour 50. Mahesvaros

Hour 51. Akalschlehinda

Hour 52. Frehin

Hour 53. Frahin

Hour 54. Frahinde

Hour 55. Vahelschli

Hour 56. Vahelschki

Hour 57. Verhandu

Hour 58. Averhandu

Hour 59. Veherandu

Hour 60. Aranverehandu

Hour 61. Ahasverehandu

Hour 62. Ahasverelon

Jesus of Izu

There are species in Izu named Jesusian Insects ... Many times they are waspian species ... There are also Marian species ... Many times these species are waspian ... It seems the waspians have a lot to do with theologies ... There are Bastetian wasp-species ... all living in Izu ... and also Anubisian wasp-species ... Theology has all to do with wasps They have a christ ... these are insectian species ... They see it as a mistake to focus on one christ ... So they have many christs ... They have broken the christ-canon and the one-person-canon ... So they have many Jesus-figures they worship ... and also many Maria-figures ... Jesus is not the highest authority ... but the cross ... These are the redcape waspians or cross-waspians ... There are many Redcapes in Waspian Theology They symbolize the cross ... Then there are getsemaneh-waspians, calvary-waspians, thornecrown-waspians and so on ... also red robe-

waspians ... They see Egypt as an important gate in their theology ... Another important symbol of the cross is according to the waspians Mary of Magdalene ... She sinned to God but then became His Comforter ... There are several Mary of Magdalene insects ... especially wasps ... Further there are Barabasian insects ... also symbolizing the cross ... Barabas was a Jew against the Roman Empire ... and they labelled him as a criminal ... but later they freed him instead of Jesus ... Another important species is them of Joseph of Arimethea, buying the body of christ to lay him in a grave ...

The Barabasian cross was a horrible cross for it was tantalizing Jesus ... Barabas was the chosen one to be free ... but Jesus had to die ... This was a big cross for him ... But what hurted Jesus most of all where the guards of the cross who did such horrible things to him while he was dying ... They played games to divide his clothes ... The crossguard waspians are the ones who know about how to use the cross ... The Hidden Tree from paradise is a waspian-pythonian tree of secret sexuality ... He is the one coming after Christ as a new Christ ... This was already prophesied in Revelation ... This Tree was a secret cross and a secret christ ... having his roots in former paradises ... God kept it a secret for his pure ones ...

Waspian Theology

TAMAU - man met kat

TZLALAL - man eet kat

TZLALA - hangende kat

TZLOK - kat met rugzak

TZLALAZ - kat met laarzen

TZLALOK - kat eet spin

MIMOK - kat eet vlieg

Insection Book of the Dead

Bearer of the Canon

Scarab

1. Briskan is the motherconstellation of brannan, in the Urg-part of izu. in briskan you find back a lot of brannan, but it's deeper. here the sources of anubis can be found. here the flies are more like ladybugs and scarabs, and they have also more butterfly-qualities. There are still forty-one hours in a day, like in brannan, but in the deeper parts of briskan there are like thirty hours in a day.

2. There is a high scarab technology. The flies here have also more rabbit-qualities. They often drink from iron shoes or boots, for that represents the sources of the underworld. The shoe or boot is the symbol of the bridge to the realm of the dead. In Briskan the houses and buildings are very often like boots or shoes for that reason, to be connected to the realm of the dead. In Briskan the shoe or boot is the image of fertility. The deeper you come into Briskan the more the mice-qualities show up. mice – poverty, squirts – chaos, rabbits – suffering, deer – depression, horses – fear, dogs – pain, cats – sting Most creatures of Briskan are made of strange leather, called butcher's leather.

3. It has a strange smell, and it gives scarab-qualities, to be a scarab and to receive scarab-protection. Initiations for becoming a scarab : Nagal Dagh Helmes Kerg Umgurit. Diagdarma Hetesten Hettesten Diagma Digardarma Digardram, Digerlustrus, Diger, praise to the kings of scarabs. Your hormones will be sifted now, and they will be charged by the scarab-energy and magnets. amen-talgamen-amen. Diadeberbi Diafonda, the scarab-squirts will now stand around you, to lead your soul through the gates of the scarabs of Briskan. When your soul has found its seat in the depths of Briskan, near Briskit, the spirit will be led through the gates and will find its seat in Briskit. Amen-talgamen-amen. You must be full of the draminia version of the insectian book of the dead, and you must have had several encounters with the pink gnats of Nut. Then you will say to the gates of likshir : Sitadonde Domdomo dorondo Tuzalem Kreaftich Shichse Simbala. You will now receive the scarab energies in your hand, and the body will absorb these layers of energy step by step.

4. Direct yourself to the north, where the cats are, then to the south where the mice are, then to the east, where the rabbits are, and finally to the west where the squirts are.

5. Then say : Shapsma Ha Husla Koropsa Kropsa Kerslim Kersh Kerga Kimdala Kimdia Kirdam Kirtjatta, Kirjacham Kirdacham Kirbracham Brachasma, I am now a scarab in the army of scarabs, to receive the scarabs on my organs, on my bodyparts on my sexual parts, my testicles, my nipples, my fallus, my womb, my vagina, my vagina-button, my insides, my intestines, my lungs, my brains and most of all my eyes. Scarabs of the eyes take place. I have now become a scarab of the eye and of eyes. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. I love the Insectian Book of the Dead as a lover, and I am full of it, filled by its forces, like overflowing its red waters. I make love to this book like a real scarab. I live in strict celibacy but in my heart I am a whore devouring forms of monogamy and monotheism. I am a sacred scarab whore, but I also come now to the celibacy of my heart and its virginity. I enter the virgin layers of the scarab.

6.I have lost many lovers in the stream, and I was searching for the celibacy of my deep spirits, to become clean. I have fought against my sexual desires since childhood, to become an ascet in the deepest layers from which poverty as the force of fertility flows. I am the source of sex by walking the path of multiple celibacy and multiple virginity. We come to you oh sacred virgin and sacred whore, for in you there is truth. I am the source of fertility, you are the source of fertility, by the deepest poverty, oh mother of sacred poverty. I have made love to the source of poverty and have found celibacy. I have made love to the source of ascetism and found virginity. I am the eternal virgin, and the eternal whore, amen. I have found the scarabs of the foot and the leg, and I came to bliss, as i was descending into the caves of death. For yes, they lead to the underworld and to the realms of fertile poverty and it's deep riches, flowing up like a well of blossom.

7.And by my nipple-scarabs I came to hell, where I found the helmet. Oh, nipple-helmet, lead me on. In hell I found the scarabs for my fallus, leading me to celibacy, but i found out : mother celibacy is the biggest whore. And I came to a library on Briskan and it's books were screaming and shrieking in my head, while I fell to the ground. Mother celibacy took me by the hand, and guided me to a cave in the wilderness. Here she showed me eternal love. And my nakednesses and poverties were like scarabs, and they led me to the underworlds of Briskan. And she opened a door in a cave, and I came into the halls of Kildom. And she showed me lights like scarabs, and they showed me a boat. I could use this boat to come across the squirtl-rivers.

8.Then I came in the Halls of Konroy, and I saw vikings standing there with huge swords. But they didn't move, they were like statues. Only in the night they would come alive to fight each other. And I was looking for a boat to cross the rivers. And when the vikings started to fight, I could take their boat.

9.After that I came into the Halls of Kirdoy, where the scarab-dogs are. And their names were Remdom, Skirlas, Vendom, Vendanaut, Karsaam, Kirgaam, Amgam, Asmanacht, Kirgnacht, Krimlam, Dikhest, Kerstam, Kart, Karcham, Kirgdam, Kenten, Kerkslik, Kerstin, Kigtin, Koppeltanaut, Kargswim, Kisten, Hekswilt, Kistam, Kiksant, Kiklin, Kikdin, Kichten, Kenkslau, Kwaakslam. And they had armies of fivethousand, tenthousand or twohundredthousand, and they brought me across their rivers.

10.After that I came into the Halls of Sand, where golden statues were and treasures. And here I found the heartscarabs, and they were like clocks. And they made my head soft, and they gave me dreams. And I longed for more secrets of Briskan, but first I had to become a heartscarab myself. Initiations to become a heartscarab : Kitdom Oliom, Kirschlau, Saaken, Taslau, Kamin, Kikse Kiktin, Kiktinne, Kokslau, Damen, Daasmin, Kiktus, Kiktinne, Kiram, Daamse, Daaslam, Tetse, Tanau, Tiklam, Katsau, Kooram. And by this spell I came to the Halls of Hearts, as I was descending, and the ear-scarabs came to me to serve me. Yes, they guarded and guided me in such a love I never experienced before. They soothed me and brought me peace, although it was showing me a deeper war. The gate of peace leads to a greater war. This is how the rule works. And I became a scarab warrior as a heartscarab, learning how to fight these deeper wars. And I was lead to their arsenals, and received their armors. I learned how to use their swords and arrows. I learned how to conquer and how to gain victory. I learned the rules.

11.And I learned about the paths of the mouthscarabs. And I saw that one suffers by it's youth, and heals by growing up, only to find a deeper pain. And I came to the underworlds and

deathrealms of the elves and the mermaids and I saw the secrets and the treasures of the mouthscarabs. And I found many keys of Urg in the underworlds and deathrealms of faeries, and I longed to see the deathrealms of the wizards. Many many secrets of the scarabs I found in these underworlds and deathrealms, and I took their books to bring them with me, as they were my friends. And as I was reading and visiting their deepest Halls I got protection against the sun. I received the solar scarabs in a distant cave deep in the deathrealms and underworlds of the wizards. And they were beaming words of energy into my heart, so that they would be with me always, as I was tattooed by their love. And as I got strange orgasms in my head I received a greater celibacy to guide me.

12. And I saw how the scarabs gained their magic by penetrating the Halls and layers of the deathrealms of Elves, Faeries, Wizards and Mermaids, and I saw how they descended to their underworlds and their hells. And I saw how they were masters of ascetism and ascet warriors. And I saw their deep deep wisdom in celibacy and poverty by which they could reach the treasures of the wildernesses and the distances. As I came to the coffins of mermaids a strange lightening came over me, descending into my heart. And I could read their coffintexts full of magic, full of keys to open the doors of hidden eternities. And a strange energy was speaking to me, like the energy of a banana, and it guided me to the coffins of wizards, which were like filled by banana-material. And an iron man stepped out of a coffin. He had died several times, and came from the depths. And his magic was like pouring several juices into cups. And by these juices you could speak in stories. Yes, amazing stories came forth from the juices, healing all the ones listening. Then the iron man stepped back into his coffin, which closed and immediately a clock started ticking. It was like metal ticking, while a door was opening, and I saw coffins of faeries, elves and other mermaids. And I was reading some coffintexts of faeries as I came into drunkenness.

13. And the Halls of Dead Wizards started to open for me. And the first hall was the Hall of the straight blue banana's. The second Hall was the Hall of red banana's. The third was the Hall of the pink banana's. And I went through ninety-nine halls, seeing many secrets of the scarabs. Prayer to receive the eye-scarabs Cover my eyes. I lay my eyes on the altars of scarabs, and will turn into an eye-scarab myself. Oh, holy scarabs, send me grace to have scarabs on my eyes, so that my eyes will stay sacred. I have not sinned, for I am Horus-Ra. I have not sinned in the presence of the scarabgods, and I will praise their names : Mitas, Mitlanda, Meram, Kesjip, Kaskau, Dadin, Hamark, who have armies of fiftythousand, eightythousand or fivehundredthousand. Lau your hands on my eyes, and bless them. Let your seed stream over my eyes, so that scarabs will grow from it. Let my eyes be scarabs. Amen-Talgamen-Amen. I lay my hands on my eyes and will not watch unholy things. I will only see visions of you. Yes, the eye-scarabs will give me dreams and visions, as my eyes are sacred. My eyes are judged in the Halls of Thoth, even my mouth and my ears. I have not sinned against the gods. I am Ra-Anu. Let me in, and let me dwell into your solar ships. Grant me the solar eye-scarabs, so that my lights will be sacred and clean, yes, fertile and colourfull.

14. And the motherscarab taught me about business, insurance and tax in the world of scarabs, to raise me out of many wars, many angers and rages. And I saw the world changed by the economy of the scarabs, descending into me layer by layer. And they taught me about rent, and they showed me how to pay rent. And the insurance-scarabs brought me into new contacts, and the sun of bloodline couldn't do any harm to me. And I saw the illusion of bloodline and genealogy, and the scarabs started to shift them, while new portals of bright warm and watery lights started to open up before my eyes. And as the scarabs entered, the mummies started to rise out of their graves. And I could see a whole new world, in the insides

of Briskan. And marketsquares were rising with boys from lynx like perfect scarabs, and there was blood flowing. They were boys of business having the arrows of tax. And they were installing toys like scarabs, raising the rent. And a deer had been shot, as I saw this picture in the panther's eyes, but this picture was in fire. And I begged the scarabs to tell me more about the secrets of the boys from lynx. They had tax-machines on their back, and they had parachutes like octopuses, descending in pits and ravines. They were looking for the shoe, and at one moment they were shouting : We found the shoe.

15.It was a big red one, like a giant one, and they stepped into it, to descend like thunder into it's layers. And they were screaming everywhere : 'We found the shoe !' It was like an ornament, like an ornament of giants, and now I could descend into the underworlds and deathrealms of giants. And suddenly I started to understand a lot of things, but soon it was fading away. And I knocked on the door of the first Hall. And a small thin, but tall man opened the door, and started to grow immediately. Was it all a trick from the giantworld ? And what did I see here ? Everything started to change before my eyes, like I was a giant myself. And I came in a world beyond big and small, where everything started to analyze and change itself before my eyes, as I could touch deeper, like putting my hand through layers of water starting to transform the atmospheres. It was like layers of thick visions, thick layers of a strange sort of glue, where strange lights were descending changing everything, like on a tv-screen. These were all tricks and different combinations of light, giant-light, changing everything.

16.Nodhord – Hall One This was the first hall I came into, as I was amazed by what I saw. I started to doubt my eyes. It looked like everything was just in the eye of the beholder. Do our eyes trick us. Nordglam – Hall Two As I came into the second Hall, I was sliding to a door, and found rabbits behind them. They were drinking from iron glasses, and some had iron shoes. Here the tones were low and slow, and suddenly started to run high and fast. Then all the images changed. Were the giants making music ? And a rabbit said to me : You have to pay rent for living in my memory. Nordhus – Hall Three Here the giants were dancing. They died so many times, and I saw the coffins of giants here, like sarcophages and treasure-boxes. Here the toymaker lived, and he was surrounded by scarabs who helped him making the toys. Ratham - Hall Four Here the scarab-rats lived, and they were like butchers, installing tax. They were tax-scarabs, making the illusions of movements. Ratdonk - Hall Five Here the scarab-rats and the scarab-mice lived together with the timemaker. After going through these Halls I came to the seven seas of the Giant Underworld. Here the scarabs were like boats, and here the scarab-fishes lived. Above these seas a transparant triangle was floating with an edge of white light. It was a soothing sight, and soft energy flew through the triangle. Through the triangle a boat was floating with a shoemaker who was like a scarab-mouse. Through the triangle you came into the realm of the Palaces of the Shoemaker. Always when it was midnight the shoemaker came into a fight with a tailorman, who was like a scarab-rat. And I tried to soothe those two gentlemen, and teached them what the scarabs had teached me about the economy. But they said the battle was about the economy. They both weren't satisfied. And soon I realized that this was a deeper battle, and I wanted to solve it. And then I came to the Underworld of Indians, and I could stay there because I already had been to the Giant Underworld.

17.Dokhorst - First Hall Here the tailors made clothes from shoes, for they said that like this the souls would be kept close to the Underworld, wherever they are. And I saw these clothes were like vehicles, but they could never really leave or fall away from the underworld. Dirsklun – Second Hall Here there were many fights, and I still couldn't solve them, for I

didn't have the keys. And I asked them where I could find the key, and they said : You can find them in the books of the dead. And I taught them about what I had learned from the scarabs, but nothing helped. It was like a war of tax. And I took two arrows of rent, and I shot it into a gate above me to open it. Then I took my insurance-harpoon and could swing through it. I was now in a wilder place, but there was more silence. And my boys from lynx started to explode too, and they were turning into the wildest stinging red nettles. 'You must go to the White,' a voice spoke. But I got madder and madder, wilder and wilder, and exploded too. Hammumda –Third Hall Here I was eating bitter food, and rejecting economy, rejecting mathematics, for it was all nonsense. And I came to the nonsense of mathematics : Found the nonsense of mathematics all in a leather bag, almost burnt by the bunny, addicted to some crack. Get my money when it's daylight, I am leaving this train, I jump, I die, and bring the flowers to the faery of the burning fever, deep inside, on a burning hill I battle, for this baby to be born. It was on the old attic I found the book ... of the animal-mountain a strange towerI'm still climbing it ... to escape from the nonsense, this nonsense of mathematicsGot me a brand new car today, to leave the nonsense, the nonsense Got my hat put into delay to escape the nonsense of mathematics Having the winner laughing while the loser is smoking some wine-touched delicious prides Got my maths lessons upside down now ... heard the most wonderful fairytales some backward masked tricks from the sideday's sword bringing me out of the nonsense of mathematics a strange worldI promised myself not to listen to the nonsense, the nonsense I promised myself to eat an apple instead, sailing on the nonsense, the nonsense of mathematics Got me crazy today Will start the rocket now on animal-tower, everything is in delay I'm standing still smoking rabbithats smoking rabbitheads their tales are gone, and I'm diving away insteadI promised myself not to be angry anymore at the nonsense, the nonsense, I promised myself to sing in a choir, of the nonsense of mathematics Some teachers still riding in longhairy cars still sandals they're wearing, thinking they're Jesus or sandmanTwenty in total they're not so rich in goatwools they walk with their heads towards mental institutions, while they love their flowers stolen from rabbit's pits Got me some questions today, these heroes don't seem to fall Even when my nightmares broken they still stand tall Like ten men on a hill and ten men on a tower like the animal-tower I'll never winGot me some clairvoyant today She acted strange like I was ... a victim of ten men in a spaceship selling vegetables instead of meat Should have listened to them better Now I'm here, bound by speed

18. Some turkeys on the bend, she said, like leather belts, she dreamt instead I cannot act today because I am a victim of this crossSo bring me today to the nonsense, to the nonsense bring me today to the nonsense of mathematicsAnd I was shutting the book, but it was still open. Then I laid it down. I had come to a library. Here I found the Books of the Dead, but they were trying to kill me. So I took my knife and started to cut the letters, and brought them to the kettle on the wild hill. And while I was speaking my spell, thunder was descending into the kettle, and there was a war between the books. It was like a Great White War, and I started to burn the wood below the kettle, until there was silence in it. And I started to stir the glues of the kettle, and I took a little bottle of the mix, and shook it. I drank it and started to dream. And by this I was led to the Scarab Book of the Dead. He was like the last survivor, like the only survivor of a Great White War. And I opened the book and started to write. And my fingers couldn't stop. I always try to do business with the spirits around me, and when they trouble me, I use arrows of tax and rent, but that is only a point of view. What about the arrows of stock and bounty ? Is it business or is it war ? That is the question. And I found the scarabs of magic like fruits around my heart, but they were dead at the end of the day like one-day-scarabs, or was that just an illusion ? They were just deeper entering my

soul, like my inner traffics, the illusion of coming and going. And I was ascending deeper into the Underworlds of Bankers, to find the magic's key. They were like the moneymakers of the dead, like strange scarabs. They were like scorpions having strange shells. And again I was descending into the Wizard Underworlds, and then the Arabian Underworlds. And scarabs came to me to teach me. I didn't feel anything anymore after these days. Didn't feel my legs, I was like a mermaid. And I wondered if there was anything more terrible than death, anything more beautiful. And I begged Urg to open its deeper portals to me, and again I was led to Briskin. This time I sank through every bottom, sliding faster and faster until I fell ... Suddenly I had a parachute like an octopus, or was it a jellyfish ? About this the wars are raging. I came to the Underworlds of trees, objects and animals. To the deathrealms of cars and washing machines. Here I found out : They all live on ... As I came to the Underworld of statues I found the secret of the tear. When they die so many times, they become tears, still raising their voice to speak. By dying so many times the giant became a dwarf. By dying so many times the dwarf became a giant ... These are strange rings. By dying so many times the elf became an indian. By dying so many times the indian became an elf. Through the underworlds of fire flames become ice. Through the underworlds of ice icicles become flames. As I came to the underworlds of suns I started to melt. They were like moving eyes, on their ways to become moons. Through the underworlds of moons I was rising, not becoming a sun, but an earth. And this earth couldn't speak, so it fled through the underworlds of suns again. And I found the key to the Underworlds of the Seas and the Oceans, where I found the number two. And it was swimming there like a swan. And it spoke to me : 'I am coming from the Swanlake. Behind the restaurant is my place, the death is just a lie ... everything is alive ... but the death is a riddle of truth, the carriage to' And then the letters coming forth from its mouth were fading away ... And there at the Swanlake I was finding my boys from lynx back again. They told me the secrets, as I spoke to the dead. Death is just a point of view. Death is just a word for the things we do know nothing about ...

19. And as I went through the Halls of Avani, the Pillars of the Elf Underworld, I came into the Indian Underworld again, but this time I came from the other side, and I saw the halls I knew nothing about. And my stomach got upset, and someone was screaming. Here the red spiders were living. Here spiders of mud were living, and I fell into a pit not knowing where it would lead me. Soon enough I was sliding, like I went through a rabbit's hole. But it wasn't. I saw snakes everywhere. And I came into the Underworlds of Suicides and Killers, but also of Butchers. And these were called the Underworlds of Cannibals. And on and on I came to a deeper business, only to come to a deeper war. And as I came to the Underworlds of the scarabs, doors opened themselves to me. And I came to the underworlds and deathrealms of taxmasters, rentmasters, stockmasters, insurance-masters and businessmen in all sorts. And the deeper I came the more magic came over me, and I got deeper access into the Underworlds of the Scarabs. And again they taught me. And their grip was like poetry. And I came to the Underworlds of Poets, and they were like birds with heads screaming of pain and ecstasy, while they were opening the Underworlds of the Ascetics. From here their sources were flowing from, and I saw strange alphabets flying, and they spoke in strange accents. And all they could do was moving in dignified spasm, and like statues they had their magic. And all they could do was directing to the Underworlds of Toys and Puppets. And always I found myself sliding back to Briskin. And there was a house near to the deserts, showing four parts of a flower, while there were camels walking all around. And this house was called the house of decision. And an ornament above the deserts opened itself, and lightning came from it, while the camels started to run into the deserts. I had climbed on one of them. And they were going to the city of Haarlem, where they worshipped Bastet. And I still remembered this flower, and gave her the memory. And she opened the flower. And I found myself like a wild

animal, tamed. And I found a golden globe of Izu, and I was focussed particularly at the Urg-part of it. And some lights were shivering on the globe, like red lights. And as I pushed the red lights my soul was taken away to a strange place. And it was like standing on a mountain, seeing so many underworlds. And as my soul got wings I flew to the other mountain. And my soul felt like a weak flower, and I started to gather my memories. That was all I had. I couldn't think anymore, I had only my memories. And as I started to cherish them new creatures were coming from them. And I came to the Underworlds of the weak to find it's ornaments. These were like eyes in many colours. And I searched through the underworlds and deathrealms of eyes, hearts and ears, but also of legs and arms. Finally I came to the Underworld of the Lungs, where birds got their wings. And it was like I lost everything there, finding so many things back. And I came to the Underworlds of mouths to travel on tongue-paths, and also the Underworlds of intestines were tall paths. Some were very narrow and thin. After that I came to the Underworlds of the Liver and the Spleen, and rabbiteyes were staring at me. Ladders and stairways came out of their mouths, and I could enter in. As I came into the pancreasal underworlds I encountered scarab-butterflies and scarab-ladybugs. And I told them : Don't hit me, don't push me, don't let me lose my way, don't scorn me, for I'm a bakerman's face, tell me brother, I'm a bakerman's face. And I came to the underworlds of flowers, and they were like elves and faeries, having anuses like lips, peeing magic. This was the sensitive world, and they could breath ... deep. They had special and secret ways and paths to breath, like waterfalls of standing breath. And as I came to the underworlds of vagina's, falluses and other genitals, the times were shifting there. Here the chronology-masters lived. They were the weavers of time. And as I came to the underworlds and deathrealms of nipples, I saw even chocolate coming from them. First white chocolate, but later also some other colours, especially red. And I was in awe when I encountered these nipples of the dead. They were huge and like bodyparts, and nipplian creatures came forth from them. Some came from strange cocoons. And I was sliding into extasy, it was bringing me to a deeper pain, and to the depths of these underworlds. And finally I saw nipples of the death like peeing tears, and even blood. And a rage came over me, bringing me into a deeper war. And as I was rippling between extasy and deep pain, between business and a deeper war, I came to a strange path. Here I saw the toymaker, here I saw the tailor. Here I also saw the shoemaker, but they were all dead. And tongues of the dead hung all around me, inviting me to come into their worlds, but I was struggling my way on the path, while I was sliding into the Underworld of the Shoe. And the extremes raised higher, and their paradoxes, creating a new world, stranger than ever. Here fires and flowers grew like bridges across the skies. All that was far away was also so near. The illusion of distance had been gone. And suddenly I was sliding through the shoes of the dead, to the deeper deathrealms, there where the tearlakes were. And it was like strange paint, and strange nipples were peeing tears into the lakes like strange automatons. And I thought : 'What is going on ?' And still I was sliding away, and I came to the deathrealms of trains and racecars, and these paths looked like the genital area of women. The picture moved like snakes. These were strange forestroads, first pink, but later pinkblue. And then crying babies came forth from these area's and I thought : 'What is the deal ?' And veiled naked women came from out of nowhere, and their veils were transparent. And they said : 'Plug in', but I was running away ... for aren't there other ways to come somewhere ? And while I took distance I saw them changing into spiderwebs. 'Come back,' they whispered, trying to soothe me. And I came to the underworlds of the celibates and the virgins, where I found rest ... Strength was coming into my body again, although it was a strange sort of strength, almost on the edge of spasm. Breath was coming into my body again, although it was a strange sort, almost on the edge of hyperventilation. And it was like I got the crown of Epilepsy ... falling away from so many worlds ... so many disconnections, and I got socially disturbed. Now I could enter the Underworlds of Pirates, the Underworlds of Soldiers, and the Underworlds of

Clowns, Jesters and Harlequins. And it was all leading me to a deeper war and a deeper tearIt was guiding me to the underworlds of whores and finally the underworlds of clothes. The clothes were alive here, like vehicles and guides, like scarabs. And they taught me many laws. And as I was sliding through the underworlds and deathrealms of singers, artists, bands, piano's, guitars, drums and other equipment like violins, organs, trumpets, horns, clarinets and other sorts of flutes, I could finally escape the threats of sound and light. They were always programming my mind to produce their spirits, but now I had raised the rent. I could finally reach my arms again, and feel them. Then I woke up. Was it all just a dream ? Well, I used to believe all my life was a dream ... just a dream ... And then ... sometimes it's good to dream within the dream ...

20. There was a ship of virgins coming to my town, while the girls stood before my window. Naked ... but more or less veiled ... I was sending them away, for they could be spiderwebs ... And then I started to think about the underworlds of a banana. Suddenly I felt strange ... I walked towards the door, and a little boy was standing before it. He kicked me in my stomach, and was roaring like a lion. He kicked me so hard that I fell asleep again. And then the whole dream started again ... Almost the same, but just a few details had changed ... And at the end of the dream I expected to wake up ... but I didn't ... Did this boy kick me too hard ?

21. And then I came to the Underworlds of Houses and Buildings, of skies and things like chairs, tables, floors, lamps and bicycles ... I even got into the Underworlds of paintings ... Unbelievable, right ? But in the Underworld of paintings, they are alive, and they are portals to to paint and tears

22. And then I came to the Underworlds of Beds and Doors ... Ships and Planes, restaurants, games, bathrooms, and kitchens And I got problems speaking ... I became a silent person ... because of this all ... There's not much to say anymore when you have seen things like this ... Finally I came to the Underworld of Books, and that opened a few doors for me ... In the deeper underworlds of books, books are amazing creatures, like planes of the underworld, yes, sometimes even starships or ufo's, or cruise-ships But there were many wars between the books and I could not solve these I could only maybe ease their pain a bit I wanted to write one book to solve the whole war of books ... But I couldn't the wars got worse and I had to escape Some boys from lynx tried to let me escape out of the Underworld of Books, but they failed Then some bakerman's faces tried I was a prisoner of an author's kitchen. I tried to invent a new alphabet and a new language but the books always knew how to find me ...

23. And I thought : 'If I could change the paint a bit ? Would it lead me out ? And I thought of all the places where I had been, about the nipple-paint and the tears ... And I started to cry ... while the books were changing It was like another dragon-tear had fallen on the graveyard of books While I could sink through so many bottoms ... heading for the castles of the red dragon ... And I could come into the Underworlds of pencils ... of pencils, paint and tears and of dragonhearts and I thought to myself : 'Where have I been all these years ...' And then Horus said : 'My child ... it's not too late to change your life ... You are now safe here All these strange dancers will disappear' And I went to the Underworlds of dancers sliding deeper and deeper until I encountered the ballerina It was just a ballerina Some parts of her had broken away It was a doll ... just a doll And I said : 'Put your feet, on the graveyard, put your feet, on the grave, and slide a bit deeper There will be things you never forget Don't be afraid Put your feet on the grave where you will find your wings and new tomorrows, where you will watch your riddles coming alive they will guide you

across the nightseas guiding you to paradise Come, ballerina put your feet on the grave, and dance like a ballerina then slide from grave to grave On the coffin you will get your wings The coffintexts of faeries you will receive on your wings While you read them you will rise like the holy sphinx, knowing all the answers, opening all the doors No one will forget you, you will reach the other shore So fly out, my little ballerina don't cry no more, but get a little deeper'

24. And the opening of the ballerina was like opening the Underworld of Knights ... and of so many animals and ornaments And I thought : 'yes, we're dying before every closed door, until our deep death opens it ... That's the way it goes We do not need more strength, but a deeper death.'

25. And then the fairytale went on There was a butterfly sitting on a musical box It looked like the ballerina She had her wings now ... She was now a scarab-butterfly still a dancer always descending into the underworld One day she met the shoemaker and the tailor, who were still having fights at midnight She took them down on her stairways, until their hearts combined Like the scarab-butterfly they took flight So many knights were rising up, having the underworlds of playcards like magic balls in their hands Like the underworlds of alphabets they stand together And I saw a number three coming forward with a trumpet ... Blowing while I was waking up again The little boy saw that and kicked me again immediately harder than ever I came into the underworlds and deathrealms of numbers This time I thought I was really dead ... No Near-Death-Experience, no fake-death, no, this time I thought I was really gone. And the numbers started hunting after me ... and I thought : What is the deal ? These numbers are dead ... And I saw these numbers were portals to the underworlds ... strange underworlds like the underworlds of a smile Some smiles have died a million times Then they show up with a vengeance to take some pictures and then leave to make comics Well, I went to the Underworlds of Comics after that, and finally to the Underworlds of Cartoon ... A strange museum it is They are made of dragontears and of alientears and ... the tears of all sorts of beasts and numbers And these tears are like scarabs Well, cartoons and comics are actually scarabs ... Where would we be without them ?

26. And I came to the Underworlds and deathrealms of trousers, and the deeper I came the more tears streamed through them. They were like strange scarabs and beautiful. I asked myself if there would be anything more beautiful than that. And I came to the underworlds of rings and fingers, but I still returned to the Underworlds of the trousers. And I went deeper and deeper, while they looked more and more insectian. Some had fragile wings like butterflies, and some looked like insectian horses. And some tried to get my attention like they were my sisters and brothers. And I said to them : 'Hey, I've heard you, don't be ashamed, these tricks I never cared to cry ... For these are all just bakerlies ...' And I said this for they lived in deep wars ... Wild wars between a lot of different tribes And I wanted to sooth them, and make them laugh for awhile but I also knew that smiles like these could destroy them so I was very careful ... telling them about some tragedies in other underworlds ... But I couldn't solve their wars these wars were deeper than the previous ones I encountered ... And I went from tribe to tribe to find out what was going on but some tribes were very aggressive to me ... or didn't want to speak to me ... And deep tears came to my throat, but also a deep rage ... And I try to do business, but they didn't respond ... Then I took my arrows of tax ... but I didn't want to fight so I shot them in the middle of the night You must pay the rent to live in my fantasy ...

27.And I try to put some marketsquares and some stockmarkets, building insurances and bounty-fields ... I even showed them the secrets of the capital ... but they didn't give away their prides In the middle of it all they built their totems. But they couldn't conquer me with their webs and their lies as I was a giant in their eyes ...

28.Maybe I have to go to some other underworlds to find some keys ... So I went to the underworlds and deathrealms of the shorter trousers, even of the trousers too short Here the tearlakes were like neverending wars designed by the nevermade I cannot conquer these words they have built ... I can't believe I am running here When I'm looking down I have the trousers too short ... like pink lights sliding over me until I'm crying neverending tears I'm heading for the big swallow for the Underworlds and deathrealms of the throats ... But do believe, these tears are rising higher ... until they overflow again washing my mind again Cannot find my way back to the deathrealms of trousers All I do is coming to the underworlds and deathrealms of lips and tongues Where the ravenmermaids watch and stand ... like queens on their thrones They direct me to the Underworlds of stomachs, food and drinks But I cannot find any key I'm only sliding further away I'm calling for the trousers of the underworld but no one's calling back I am unheard

29.Then I watch a symphony of giants Then I watch some roses grow Like tongues they give light blinding me guiding me into the night Then I swim to the morningsides but I can never touch their hands Maybe I have to dive into their underworlds And when I do I find their trousers like the mermaid's trousers these roses are so blue hurting my eyes all I can do is scream ... when I shriek the clocks are rolling Give me your trousers please

30.Now the fish has two legs again These trousers come from the neverending Have them in my arms ... this fishtail growing like the destiny my baby's dreaming it's all between you and me I bring the mermaid's trousers to the wars of the underworld Trousers are watching me, telling me I tell tales unheard

31.Then I wake up, seeing the boy still standing he's my son And I thank him for all the stories he brought to me ... He's smiling like the Anubis but I have to go again He knows and kicks me knock-out again.

32.Since the coming of the mermaid's tail, the trousers live in great peace There are still some wars yet, but it's now on the background Since peace came the lightmushrooms were coming ... and the lighttoadstools. They were guiding them all home, into a new dream, a dream within a dream ... I came to the underworlds of buttocks well, that was tricky for from there the waterfalls flow like strange pink lights so wet like the watering lights heading for the fights All they want to do is to reach the broadcastlady from cartoon And all they say is : 'Move away we're heading for her' And I came to the underworlds of breasts came to the underworlds of clocks until I found the nipples of dead where the milk of the dead was streaming from I wandered through the underworlds of milk, of blood and sweat I wandered through the underworlds of smoke, colours and candy The underworlds of pink are hard to believe Where the pink trousers are it's hard to breathe But all I did was to search for the underworlds of the brown leading me under the yellow A place of warmth and nostalgia everything is cherished here Butterflies are awakening here Breath, my child, breath break the bloodline and be free Watch the giant's symphony Come into the underworlds of visions and dreams They have died so

many times before and after they reached you Bring healing to their bones ... Give them wings to fly Don't let them be shattered again Don't let them die.

33.As I died so many deaths, I became a butterfly sinking into the Underworlds of Shops, where I found some small lights Lead me to the wings so fragile All I found here were deeper wars under the skin Came to the Underworlds of Cradles to the Underworlds of Gamble-machines and gamblers trying to find their ways back home Scarab-beetles and scarab-snails are searching for you ... These gamble-machines they never lie They only cry trying to find their ways back to you Through the Underworlds of Misunderstandings they will finally understand you These Underworlds of Wars are just some scarabs coming through ... The Underworlds of Traffic leading you homeThe Underworld of the Police guarding you. The Underworld of Letters bringing you to the M. And the Undergrounds of M lead you to the Undergrounds of K, and together they hide the underworlds and deathrealms of the eliphant.

34.And I came to the Halls of Death of vampires and witches, but also of demons. And these Underworlds were like three pale purple roses ... becoming dark in the night, with red wet lights and dark wet yellow lights like fire Is this hell, or is this heaven ... it all depends on your point of view ... And three big faces guarded the Underworlds of Chess ... while Horus was descending raising vultures from the sides of chess And I came to the Underworlds of christians they had nowhere to go for in the depths of these underworlds they found out they had followed a lie, and now they had to build their own show And I came to the Underworlds and Deathrealms of Pawns but I tried to get even deeper ... I had to reach for their hells, their eternal flames

35.Underworlds full of riches ... underworlds full of tears underworlds full of paths leading through all these years Underworlds full of traces underworlds full of fears Underworlds, yes, the white rabbit is bringing you near Stepped on the back of a red one ... Alice was in tears He opened some new doors to me tearing down all those years And Alice now her clothes are torn She's wild now, like the jealous gong She's hunting like the raider on a red rabbit she wages war until all her children reach her shore Alice, daughter of the white rain, daughter of the white snow Now it's time to take the red tree he's telling tales on his own While a red rabbit comes like a snake taking her away Alice, daughter of the white rain, daughter of the red snake she's walking on her own now with a red cape

36.Put on your red boots, put on your red boots, step into the carriage, bringing you to wonderland again, not the yellow trip, not the white one, but a red one instead ... breaking the dice, breaking the chessboards of black and white ... on a red chessboard we stand ... from a red chessboard we rise ... Not the one of angels, but of pirates

37.Put on your red boots, while the red rabbit takes you again like the red snake taking you to it's den Not a rabbithole this time ... these echoes come from deeper

38.Put on your dancing shoes, ballerina This queen of hearts you have to defeat Put on your red shoes, ballerina This queen of roses you have to push against the wall You must destroy her painting, and call it art You must descend into her pits and open her door, and swim to her shore Then she will rise like a dragon on her island she will stand hiding her wells But you must put on your red tattoo to break her shoe Send her automatons of tears away Spend your days with the red rabbits and pray Build an army

while you can while no one understands Build a tower, build a spear and shoot your arrow into her last year No one will understand and no one will follow you No one will say your name Only she will do

39. Alice, step into her well The red snow will fall The red ice will stand before you, and rise to heal it all Alice the red key lies before you open the door swim through your wonderland again and reach for the shore No one is there but you will raise your children by the red tree Walk the red path Carry the red cross Flames of fire and ice will guide you to paradise

40. To the pyramid of crosses, I see the cross, the rosecross, and the red cross But I see the worse cross is the chrystal ball, a red ball while you were watching over me And I see the white ball was the greatest joke coming over me Oh rosecross, lead me through the red ball, oh rosecross lead me through the white ball, the greatest joke of all Oh rosecross, lead me through the red realm, lead me through the red desire Let the red rabbit coming to take me higher than the skies Oh rosecross, and give me daily bread, give me daily meat Oh rosecross, give me shoes to walk on water Oh, rosecross and save my baby rosecross don't let the red ball take her away I pray

41. Saw a white rabbit standing, standing near a white cross while a white ball was coming over me giving me these dreams while a red ball was rising deep inside a worse cross I needed to hide using all those tears to write books are on fire

42. Saw a white rabbit standing there standing near the white cross surrounded by the pink, these snakes were falling falling away into a white chrystal ball While a red ball rose deep from the inside writing like the egg of snakes while a red rabbit was coming forth leading me to the roses leading me to the roses of another year another tear another year

43. Rabbit, don't kill me again Let me stand here where I am got to bring the message to the postman Rabbit, don't run away from me I need you when these roses are dying sliding into the afternoon to the underworlds of afternoon

44. Rabbit, don't kill me Don't you leave me Bring my message to the postman Got to stay here where I am I cannot move, I'm like the red tree And I came to the Underworld of Trees watching the giants in their rivers Some had boats some had strange trousers bringing me on my knees to watch their golden shoes These trees they know how to escape with me As I came deeper into their underworlds rabbits and squirts in the trees They were watching the giants in their rivers Watching the suns coming over me And I said : 'Rabbit, don't you kill me, I'm still too young to die but bring my message to the postman and come back to me Rabbit, I cannot move I feel myself like the red tree Will you raise me up bring me to the borderlines of this strange dream And I jumped from the edge while I was floating into the Underworlds of rivers and lakes And I came to the underworlds of rocks where they could just move and live Came to the underworlds of mountains and vulcano's, of clouds and stars, searching for the brake Came to the underworlds of bloodlines, who were like lions and butterflies like strange storybooks flying The bloodlines ... strange insects Set them free They were not made to be imprisoned between you and me

Taan Naat

1. Who is closer to us but Kim the pigslayer, who went through the lands of Brannan and Lbok, and used Pulpus to have drunkmaking arrows, finally to reach the land of Taan Naat, the beloved. He is the one who has stolen the Ruben stone, the odem, the bleeding one. Taan Naat Rak Darem. There is no one but Kim, the one we praise and follow, for he built the nazarite path to let the rhema stream. His ruach is over us and his aphar, and he leads us to the bleeding stone. He doesn't cut off heads, as he is no head hunter. He has Brannan inside his heart, and his hands hold Lbok, the beloved. Learn from his language, the words of Taan Naat, and be holy. There is no entrance to Lbok but through learning the holy language, and she is full of Taan Naat. You have heard of Vur, the dark one, and Vuh the light one, who is soft. But I tell you of Tras, the holy heart, the flower. Here the flies get their honey and their stings. Here they become soldiers to spread the hunger, while they become hunger themselves. Have I not led you to the life, to the animals of zoe and chay ? Let me lead you further. The Tru is the candle, the lamp, and she has seven fires. Shall she light your face, or wash it away. Know that when she's angry, she eats.

2. Listen to these holy words, oh those who come closer to Taan Naat, and learn from it's language. She is dark and bloody, but most of all she is hungry, and she has reached life. She stands on adamah, and has the odem in her chest, the bleeding stone, by which she feeds them all, with hunger. So become thirsty, and get one of her. Come in. Know that her nesh flies are ready to sting and inject hunger, to make your world wider. You come from narrow paths, from great tribulation, but let hunger enlighten your heart. Let honey enter your brains, your head.

3. I know the exotic flowers of Brannan. Let me in. I have read their books, and I have received the stings of Lbok, into the depths of my heart. It has erected me. I have spoken words before their thrones. Let me in. I have poured out sweetness before their feet. Let me in. Who are you ? I am Bizaker Taran Banaat, Ta Daan Azaat Araganta Taan Naat. Enter the fire then to eat from hallucinating herbs. I do. Good. You have the mark of Hanik, Hana, Varik, Vatusa, Vatossa, en Sandrik. You have the mark of Mogus, Sparo en Kazurk. Enter through this door of fire, then we can tell you more. You know about the codes of Brannan and the codes of Babylon. You have seen the patterns of Lbok, and you have made puzzles. You have met the angels with their trumpets and have seen their secrets. Now the new symbols are ready to dive into your heart and soul, pure metaphors. Kraplander is the king of cats. Nurlander is the king of dogs. They are both fools. They get both killed by Asar, the blood, or king of blood. Herdup is king of drunkenness, also a fool, and gets killed by Asar. Brit is the king of noise, and the helper of Asar. Frir is flower. Vodot is poverty and Pruv Prup is hunger. Nagar is sword or knife. Frigar is skirt or belt. Stidar is pink stone or smell. The white stone is the stone of enslavement and slavery, the stone of Joseph. It is the stone of fear. The stone of Asher is the stone of captivity, the shabuw. Those who have found these stones can enter the kingdom, but the most important stone is the bleeding stone of Ruben, the

Odem. By this one one becomes an emperor, and thus a prince, for aren't all the sons of kings emperors ? One is a victim then of visions and shadows, and inside of the stone they brood the masses and know all their names. There is a sign between the stars, a time, in which Joseph hands the staff to Ruben, for it is here the Odem rules. And in the seventh yowm they all live, the seventh day of creation where the shabbath ruled over the waters, the mayim, on the island taan naat. They all come from far. No one was born here, but by the secret stone one becomes prisoners and citizens, to be born again, and to make themselves a history. This is the story of the krupto manna, the hidden manna. There is a struggle like Jacob had, the father of Joseph, but do you want to hear the true story ? Ruben was the father of Joseph, and Joseph was the father of Jacob. Jacob was a liar and he was the son of Joseph, while he said he was his father. Jacob was also a thief as he stole the birthright of his brother Naphtali. He also stole the ladder of Joseph, his father. It was Joseph's Ladder after all, it was the harem of king Joseph, while Ruben became the emperor. They all had fair horses and built their arc. Noah was the son of Jacob, and he was a wilderness prophet, while he didn't have anything to do with the arc. It was a lie of his father Jacob that Noah built the arc. The arc was a palace built of marble, decorated by the jungle, a house of snakes. But these weren't the only lies of Jacob. Jacob was an illusionist. There is another stone Jacob stole, the Yashapheh, the stone of hunger. It is the gladiator's stone, the stone of Issaschar. Issaschar was the father of Ruben, and he is the chief of Taan Naat. Issaschar was the one leading the tribes out of the Indian Captivity and Slavery. It wasn't Egyptian, as that was a lie of Jacob, and it wasn't Moses leading them out, as it was Issaschar. Moses was a son of Noah, and his grandfather Jacob lied about him. Issaschar was the saviour and messiah of the tribes of Taan Naat. And because of his powers Issaschar could turn into a snake or a lizard. Issaschar is the god of hungerflies, the god of Taan Naat. Jacob is the liar from the beginning.

4. In the beginning there was a tree of hunger, the right tree, and a tree of prosperity, the evil tree of Jacob, in snakeform holding the fruit of greed. The evil tree was a tree of hallucination, but the tree of hunger was the tree of the heart. Father Issaschar put Ruben with his two sons in the garden : Joseph and Jesus. Ruben and Joseph ate from the tree of hunger, but Jesus got deceived by Jacob and ate from the fruit of greed and started hallucinating. One day Joseph got in a fight with Jacob the snake, and by Joseph Jacob incarnated. But from this suffering a ladder rose by which Joseph could reach heaven, but in the world of the evil tree Jacob told them it was his ladder. Joseph's ladder however is two times taller at least than Jacob's ladder. Jesus became the Dominus, the latin Lord, in the world of the tree of prosperity, the world of greed. Jacob became his lying father. Moses brought forth a new generation, but he was a wilderness prophet, and not someone leading others through split seas. He lived a lonely life. He was an isolated prophet, while at times he had to bring messages to the tribes. The tribes came into big troubles, and Issaschar wanted to destroy the world by fire. But first he built a marble palace, a temple, for all those who wanted to reach heaven by Joseph's Ladder. In these days Issaschar restored this ladder, deep inside the marble palace. Many found safety in this palace and the rest would be destroyed by the fire. Those who have received the ladder of Joseph in their hearts become angels of Issaschar, with wings of fire. They get full access to the Yashapheh, the stone of hunger, to come into the army of holy love. Yashapheh means to be smooth and to polish. Those entering the Yashapheh are safe against the fire. Only by the Ladder of Joseph there is entrance into the Yashapheh. The prophet Andreas is the first one who brought the full message of the Taan Naat. The Levites are the ones serving in the new temple. They are not only priests but also warriors. Their highpriests do not communicate by the Urim and Thummim, as that is the tool of Jacob, but they communicate by the Shoham, the Odem and the Yashapheh, the three holy stones. Jacob created Yahweh, a white lion, to infiltrate among the Levites. Samson was a highpriest who

once turned into a tree because of disobeying Issaschar. Samuel was a worker who built the new temple. David and Solomon were also workers, building the new temple. They were never kings. Jacob lied a lot.

5. To eat from the tree of hunger will give you access to the realm of the four archmothers : Leah, Rebekah, Sarah and Tamar. These are also called : the four living palmtrees. In the prophesies it is written that at the end of times Jacob will turn into a pig. Also Jesus will then turn into a pig. Samson and Simeon will be the pigriders. After 70.000 years the pigs will be thrown into the oven. Samson and Simeon will be the two witnesses in the endtime. The 70.000 years are symbolic for the Age of Peace, the Age of Softness, in which Issaschar will restore the primeval paradise. The 1000 years Age of Peace is a lie of Jacob, and doesn't have the length to reach paradise. After the Age of Peace, there is the Age of Hunger which will last 80.000 years. In this Age the four archmothers will return. After this Age all time will stop, and history will be treasured and transformed. Jesus wasn't the Messiah, and didn't rise from death. He became the Latin Lord, the Dominus, of the world of prosperity and greed. He died like everyone else did, but didn't rise up after three days. At the end of time he will change into a pig, after Jacob's change into a pig. Issaschar, Ruben and Joseph were three Messiah's and they were immortal, they didn't die and didn't rise, but lived in hunger. It is the hunger causing growth, not the blood. The power of the Blood of Jesus was a lie of Jacob, a lie to keep them bound to the tree of prosperity. Also the four archmothers went that road and are female-messiahs. Also the thorn crown is a lie of Jacob. It's about the neck chain. It's not about a cross but about a yoke or cage. Those of Taan Naat worship the hunger. Only by the hunger one receives eternal life. Abraham sacrificed his son Isaac. He didn't sacrifice a ram, that was a lie of Jacob. Gideon was the one who sacrificed his mother and father. 'Ring' is the realm where enemies can be sacrificed. 'Ham' is the realm where everything can be sacrificed. The tribes were led out of slavery in which they were bound in captivity in certain tribes among which they were divided : Tivirits and Jagunurin. Issaschar, the Lord, led them out. He led them into the wilderness. This is the story received on plates. The plates showed up, and after the words on it were written down they left again. Hail to Issaschar who has saved us from slavery, who has brought us out of Tivirits and Jagunurin. Oh, many of you are still bound. But become free by accepting His yoke. Hail to the erected ladder of Joseph, and to Ruben. Let all soldiers of Tivirits and Jagunurin fall down in confusion. Let them tremble before the almighty throne. They have hardened their hearts and have zombified the tribes. But by the stripes of Joseph they came free. The Tivirits are the Indian aliens of the evangelical movement, the statues of Rome. The Jagunurin are the Indian aliens of the Pentecostal movement, while the Jesuites are the Indian aliens of roman catholic movement, and the Jacobites of the reformed movement. And the book of Revelation is a book of lies of Jacob. It was written to give strength to the four world churches. The roman catholic church wasn't a dragon, but a group of young lions. In the night they lose their powers and are bisons. Whoever who has wisdom and knowledge hunts in the night, underground, where the pigs live. The reformed church isn't a beast coming from the sea, but is a group of wild dogs. In the night however they are bulls and chicken, but most of them are wildebeasts. The evangelical movement isn't a beast coming out of the earth, but it comes from the sea like ships. The Pentecostal movement is not a woman riding on a beast, but a man riding on a beast with two heads, like a dog-lion. These two heads are the prosperity movement and the Toronto movement. In the night they are goats and swines, but most of all they are pigs. Issaschar has split the sea to lead the tribes out. He who has knowledge goes through the sea by night. Issaschar has led them to the most fertile places of the wilderness, to Taan Naat. But the land of Taan Naat was full of dangerous tribes they had to defeat. They fought against the Jesuites for 700 years, and against the Jacobites for 800 years.

6. Euridyce was the mother of Orpheus. They were together in a boat on a river while Orpheus was playing his instruments like the panflute and the lyre. They were approaching the portals of death, but the porter, a griffon came into a fight with Orpheus, and wouldn't let them enter, while the rivers were turning into blood. This is the story how the rivers turned into blood. They followed the river back and came into a beautiful paradise, where his mother let Orpheus fall in love with a tree, but his loved one was unreachable. She came alive once in the hundred years as a beautiful woman and they had a wonderful night. The tree brought forth three children : Perseus, Medusa and Lilith. One day they took their father's boat and went to the portals of death where they slayed the griffon. They entered the realm of death while the river began to stink horribly. Their father slowly died, and his spirit could enter the realm of death as well. From this place he started to grow like a tree as well, and grew back to the paradise where he could grow into his loved one. Hercules had a garden with enchanting flowerfields which could paralyze you or bring you to sleep. The ones who got lost in these fields finally died and their souls would flow to Hercules' heaven. But one day a baker's child came into the fields and took the flowers to turn them into meal. Then the child slayed Hercules and threw the meat and blood through the meal to bake bread. Then the child made slaves of the bread. Hercules, who was a child of Lilith, went to his mother for help. She showed him that the baker's child had this power because of a ring. There was only one ring who would be powerful enough to beat the ring of the baker's child. Hercules would have to travel through the realms of death to find it. It was a golden ivory toe-ring. His mother anointed him, gave him food and a robe with a boat. Hercules travelled through the nights of death and finally found the ring, but it enslaved him and drew him into the depths of suffering. In his suffering Hercules lost all his knowledge and wisdom, as the ring burnt him inside. Whoever heard his voice would die since then. Hercules returned to his mother and she also died when she heard his voice. Then he went up to the baker's child and the same happened. Hercules started to eat from the bread and got his life back. Cronos and Zeus were brothers. They already were in war against each other when they were in the womb of their mother Hera. When they grew up the war between the two went on, and their mother Hera would let others pay to watch it. Finally after years Zeus won the war and threw his brother Cronos into a pit. Those who watched the war wanted to have the entertainment continued so Hera said to them that Cronos was now fighting against snakes in the pit, and she let visitors of the pit pay her, but they never returned.

7. Jupiter and Mars were brothers and built a town together, but got into a fight against each other. Jupiter won and brought the whole world on the shoulders of Mars. Mars begged his brother to lighten his burden a bit, and then Jupiter said he would bring the world into flames, so that it would be a bit lighter. And since then the world was burning. Vesta and Dionysus were sister and brother and had a sheepbreeding, but they never cared for the sheep. One day a speaking sheep came to their house and said : 'You have plenty of food with you all the time, but we have nothing to eat and live in hunger. And you always have a warm home, but in the winter we suffer from the cold. Can you do anything about that ?' Then Dionysus stood up and said : 'Yes, that is true. And we will do something about that.' But when the sheep was gone they didn't do anything. Then a year later the same sheep came to them again, and said : 'Dear master, why haven't you kept your promise ? Why didn't you listen to my words ?' Dionysus stood up and said : 'You are right. We will do something about that.' Then the sheep went away. But still nothing happened and after many years Dionysus said to Vesta : 'Let's go to the sheep and see how they are doing.' But when they came to the fields all sheep had died except the speaking sheep. 'How come you are still alive while the others died ?' Dionysus asked. Then the sheep said : 'All the others started to eat each other but it didn't satisfy their hunger. I ate from myself and it brought life to my flesh.'

8. 'You have done well,' Dionysus said, and then he crowned the sheep and made him king. Hades was a traveller. Once he travelled to an island far away and found there his loved one, Medea. But she lived together with Poseidon, a forestman. 'Why have you given yourself to this man?' Hades asked. 'Am I not more than this savage one, and weren't your dreams about me not more and worthy to wait for?'

9. 'I needed someone to help the land grow and I needed someone to take care of my cattle, and I paid him with my love,' Medea said.

10. 'But now I am here,' Hades said. 'Who do you choose, him or me.' But Medea didn't say anything. Then Hades and Poseidon got into a fight against each other which grew into a war, so Medea escaped from the island, and went to another island where weapons grew on the trees. She took a knife and went back to the other island where Hades and Poseidon were still in a fight against each other. She slayed Hades by her knife, and said: 'You weren't there when I was hungry, and you weren't there to help the land grow and breed my cattle.' Then they built a hut by the bones of Hades, and hung his head at a tall stake. One upon a time Mercurius went to the house where Saturn and Pluto lived. They were about to play a game. After awhile when they were all gathered around the table, Cupido came in and said: 'Hello Saturn, my father, and Mercurius, my son.' Then Pluto stood up and started to laugh. 'It's obvious and clear that I will win the game,' he said. 'As I am a free man, and you are all bound to each other.' And Pluto got joyfull and started to drink. Then Apollo came in, and said: 'Pluto, I followed you to this house. You have spoken a lot of proud words about being so free and independent. You have spoken that you have all might. But your words fell down as seed and I came forth from it. I am your son. And you will face a big day.' Then Pluto started to ask questions about that big day, but Apollo didn't tell him anything, and started to drink also to become joyfull. Then Diana came in, she was the goddess of death, and she smiled. 'You are all bound to each other,' she said. 'Only I am free, as I am death, and you are all bound in my realm to each other, so I will win the game.' Then she also started to drink to become joyfull and said: 'You will all face the day of judgement, and all death will finally sink away into flames.' Then they heard screaming outside, and when they came outside they saw a fire they had never seen before. Out of the fire Neptunus came. He started laughing and said: 'Haven't I created heaven and earth and all what is in there? Am I not the creator of judgement day? Yes, by the winds I hold everything in it's place, as I am the god of winds. Do I not have the power to stir the fire and quench the fire? I am the wind.' Then he said to Pluto: 'I have heard your boasting words, how you are almighty, free and independent. But these words follow you to judgement day and give birth to many children.' And then a fire like little children came out of the hand of Neptune and burnt Pluto down. And Neptune started to laugh, and said: 'I have heard about your lies, how you spoke many myths and told you were the god of death. These were lies as you are the god of lies.' And after these words Neptune took Diana and since then they ruled and lived in the house of play. Juno was a woman living alone on a lonely island with a group of lions. One day a man named Vulcan came to the island, and got love for her, but she said he could only have her if he could defeat her lions. Vulcan had a long fight against the lions and they hurted him horribly and started to eat from his flesh. Because he couldn't defeat the lions Juno started to mock him. This made Vulcan very angry and he came into a fight against her. But because he had become very weak because of the lions she could do with him whatever she wanted, and she drew him to a cave where she tied him against the wall. Everyday the lions came to lick the blood from his body and to eat the flesh from his bones. Because Juno had put a spell on him, the flesh always grew on him again and also his blood filled him up again. One day a man named Faunus came to the island, and to him Juno did the same. Finally he also got tied against the

wall of the cave, but the two men got love for each other and Juno started to become very jealous. When a man named Silvanus came to the island she didn't treat him like she did to the other men. She needed him to make the men jealous, so she took him to the cave and made love to him before the eyes of the bound men. This went on for years and years until a big ship came to the island with a warrior woman named Venus. When she came to the island she got attacked by the lions, but she slayed them all. When she came to the cave she got in a fight against Juno. She slayed her finally and made a magic drink from her blood to heal the men. She took them to her ship, but Silvanus body she tied at the front of the ship where she had pierced him. From the bodies of the lions she made magic bottles. The sea-god Odin had a ship with two workers named Tantalos and Prometheus. One day another worker, Sisephus, came aboard and the three played a strange game in the central room of the ship. The winner would get the only woman of the ship, named Proserpina. The losers would go with Aphrodite, the god of death, to suffer in the underworld. Tantalos won the game, while Sisephus and Prometheus descended with Aphrodite into the underworld to suffer. After awhile Tantalos wasn't so happy anymore that he had won the strange game. He began to become worried about the other men, so he went to Odin and asked him if he could do anything for them. But Odin said the only thing he could do was to let them swap places every half year. Tantalos agreed, and every year he was with Aphrodite for half a year and the other half he was with Proserpina. Hades has made many lies. Persephone wasn't the goddess of death but of love. She's a hunter on an island with her dogs, where she prepares food. The danaiids weren't women who killed their men in the weddingnight and got punished by the need to carry water to bottomless pits to pour it in. That was a lie of Hades. The danaiids are war-goddesses. Uranos is the god of fire, and Gaia is the goddess of flowers.

Bijbel VII

De Nut-Bijbel

Zonder Nut kan ik niks doen. Ik ben met Nut gekruisigd, en toch leef ik, maar dit is niet mijn eigen ik, maar Nut leeft in mij. Zo is dan wie in Nut is een nieuwe schepping. Het oude is voorbijgegaan. In Nut dan is Genade, die de Weg, de Waarheid en het Leven is. In haar komen alle christussen tezamen. In haar hebben wij één die voor ons pleit bij de Vader. Zij, die Geb te slim af is, zij heeft ons beladen onder geschenken. Door haar bloed heeft zij ons gereinigd, en door haar kruis ons tot overwinning gebracht. Met haar sterven en leven wij. Zij dan, door de Vader in Liefde aan de aarde gegeven, opdat een ieder die in haar gelooft niet

verloren ga, maar eeuwig leven hebbe. Ik nestel mij dan in het volbrachte werk van Nut, zij die mij redt uit de schaamte en schuld. Zij dan heeft haar weg gebaand, en deze staat vast. Haar vaste wegen volgen wij, opdat zij onze rust en vrede is. Ik worstel dan niet meer, want van haar is de strijd. Ik dan draag Nut's wapenrusting, en het geloof in haar, maar zonder haar kan ik niks doen. Zij is dan de kracht van het lijden. Zonder haar te lijden is onmogelijk, daar zij de kracht van dood en leven is, van lijden en vreugde.

In de Hand van Nut ben ik, en niemand kan mij roven, en ook is er geen kracht, noch onder noch boven de hemelen, die mij van haar kan scheiden. Zij brengt mij tot het Aangezicht van Khnum, waar zij voor mij pleit. Wij dan brengen troost tot Hem door haar lief te hebben.

Welzalig de man die niet wandelt in de raad van goddelozen, die niet staat op de weg der zondaren, noch zit in de kring van spotters, maar aan de Wet van Nut zijn welgevallen heeft, in de Wet van Shu en de Wet van Bastet. Shu kent de weg der rechtvaardigen, maar de weg der goddelozen vergaat.

Waarom woelen de volken. Shu spot met hen, zittende in de hemel om hun in zijn toorn toe te spreken, en verschrikt met gramschap.

Oh Shu, hoe talrijk zijn mijn tegenstanders, velen staan tegen mij op, en zeggen : Hij vindt geen hulp bij Shu. Maar Gij, Shu, zijt een schild dat mij dekt, mijn eer, en die mijn hoofd opheft en dekt. Sta op, Shu, verlos mij. Ja, gij hebt de vijand op de kaak geslagen, hun tanden verbrijzeld. De verlossing is van Shu. In hem is behoudenis.

Als ik roep, antwoord mij, opdat ik niet verga, oh Shu. Gij bent mijn gerechtigheid, pleitende voor mij bij Khnum. Ook pleit gij bij Ra voor mij, en bent gij een stichter van oorlog om recht te verkrijgen. Gij dan laat niet met u spotten. Gezegend die u zegenen en vervloekt die u vervloeken. Neem mijn redenen ter ore oh Shu. Sla acht op mijn hulpgeroep, en trek mij op uit putten en rivieren. Was het slijk van mij af, en geef mij nieuw leven in U oh Shu. Oh Shu, straf mij niet in Uw toorn. Bij Shu schuil ik. Ik woon in zijn burcht. Ik heb U hartelijk lief oh Shu, de steenrots, het schild. Geloofd zij Shu. Banden des doods hadden mij omhuld, maar Shu leidde mij uit en zette mij op de rots. Toen dreunde en beefde de aarde, want Shu had gesproken. Rook steeg op uit Zijn neus, verterend vuur uit zijn mond. Hij neigde de hemel en daalde neder. Kolen raakten erdoor in brand. Shu deed de donder in de hemel weerklinken. Shu's weg is volmaakt, Zijn Woord zuiver. Hij, die ons Nut en bastet gaf.

Babylonian Book of the Dead

ENGLISH MANUSCRIPT

Tammuz

When Tammuz went to the underworld he had seventy wives he needed to leave. He had to travel to the fire, but he could only enter if he would let go of everything step by step. Along

the journey he got more and more hair, as an ornament of poverty. In the fires he would be allowed to visit the temples of poverty, which was the well of beauty and light. Only in the deepest tombs of the deepest temple of poverty temple-prostitution was allowed, and this place was called the shrine of the red widowspider.

Hail to the gods of old Babylon, and the gods surrounding, as in Persian, Sumerian and other pre-Arabian districts. Only the souls being initiated throughout the derwish underground cloisters will be the intention of these gods. Tammuz, the one who walked over wood and fell in the lake of fire, has risen in ashes to ashes, with the ornaments of the widow-spider. He will build his temple in three days. He visited the suns of sickness to purify earth. He walked the paths of the widowspider, while women were following him in poverty. They have lost everything to find the almighty ornaments of poverty. These are their sacred perfumes as the divine sweat, their subtle scarabs and canopes. Tammuz says it is enough for them to be baptized into the lakes of the red shrines. Their spirits will find their ways if they will work out their salvation in trembling. When there is no fear, the world will be smaller, and the wisdom will disappear ... but by fear the world will grow to show the hidden pillars of wisdom.

And I, Tammuz came to the temples of the underground, searching for the shrines of thrill.

Spell to change into the godsnake Eluziel, king of the brown stones :

Eliab Eliab Maser Herunium Ilosto, which means : Take the king to the end of your road, and show him who you are. Rinab Riamel Elestis, Miot, which means : Show the Horus-Crown, and let him give you another one. Arab Manis Makishka Hunesh, which means : Throw him (the king) like a stone away from you.

The stone will get flame, and will return to you, if it's truly your king. If not, then another one will come. Then you will be Eluziel, saying : I am Eluziel, prepared to test the kings. Arabmehel, Uzies, Mirhit, Teheng, Hiliel, which means : Gather the stones in your neighbourhood and throw them away. If they are your kings, they will return to you. Then you will be Eluziel, the godsnake, saying : I have now my divine head, I have now the crown of the king of brown stones.

DUTCH MANUSCRIPT

Shamash, brenger en hoeder van de arme zon, met legers van slangen, die dagelijks reizen tot de zon van angst. Zij sterven iedere dag, en reizen tegen de avond weer op. Zij zijn de legers van dood en leven, diep ingewijd in de rode dood. Zij dan die hen volgen, hun lichaam is een tempel.

Spehels Misch Mahero, Spazermach Tuhelsch Horch Ahornos, Hapermansch Ahutsch Hesch Heton Akiil Mihinda Habbernech, oh zon, slok onze lijven op om de vloeibare lichten wakker te maken in een nieuw lichaam, want de dood is onze moeder.

Onze reis gaat door vuur, waar onze moeder is, de dood. Zij is opgestaan tot de hoogste trede om vloeibaar licht over ons uit te gieten, als het gif van slangen, om ons te testen en sterk te maken door de hogere vibraties en de hogere ademhaling. Ja, eerst lijkt dit op hyperventilatie, maar zij zal overgaan in extase en ritme. Ja, eerst maakt zij ons als van steen, maar van binnen zal de zachtheid rijzen en de hogere gesteentes zullen overgaan in sterke en taaie flexibiliteit.

Ja, draagkracht zal zij hebben. Vanuit diepe verlammingen komt het oog van Marduk, als stenen graven, om recht te spreken over alle gevallen. Vanuit diepe verlammingen stroomt het water van Tiamat om de kracht der organen op te wekken. Ja, deze krachten zijn als slangen, geschapen tot het bereiken van hoge lengtes. De verdoving leidt tot extase, groter wordende in angst. De steek leidt tot trots, groter wordende in schaamte. Ja, de slangen komen voort uit de verlamming en de verdoving, en vanuit de diepe steek komen de langsten onder hen. Zij zijn gekomen om te oordelen over de levenden en de doden. Ja, zij steken om de energieën der slangen doorgang te laten vinden, opdat het lichaam niet door ophopingen vernietigd wordt. Ja, zij komen voort vanuit de verkrampingen, de cobra's om de energieën sterk te laten pulseren, voor de extase in het bloed. Ja, deze verkrampingen zijn tot de opbouw van energie. Ja, het lichaam dan vibreert tussen monotheïsme en polytheïsme, tot persoonlijke opbouw en concentratie en tot de zuivering van het bloed. Ja, om de pulserende krachten op te wekken die door muren der tijd heen kunnen breken. Zo dient gij dan ook tot de monotheïstische tempels te komen, die de kracht zijn van het oog en het hart. Ja, want alle verkrampingen zijn de energieën der slangen met hun monotheïsmen. Zorgt dan dat gij niet opgesloten raakt en verdwaalt in een monotheïsme, en laat u ook niet door hen knechten. Bewapent u daarom goed, en worstel met de goden, opdat zij u niet bijten en vereten. Laat u dan ook niet bespringen en wegvoeren, maar bewapen u met de vele monotheïsmen en de vele polytheïsmen, opdat gij sterk staat in vele raadgevers.

Zo zult gij dan Ahura Mazda aanhangen en zijn Spenta's, gebracht door de profeet Zoroaster. Hij zal u bescherming geven tegen Allah en zijn engelen, gebracht door de profeet Mohammed, en tegen Jahweh en zijn engelen, die Jezus als verlosser heeft aangesteld. Wapen u dan ook tegen zijn profeten, die met velen zijn. Ook zult gij uzelf richten tot Aton, die gebracht is door Achnaton. Zo zult gij dan alle deze vier monotheïsmen tot hun recht laten komen.

The Brannan Oracle

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- 2. Diamonds Never Talk**
- 3. Jewelry of the Flowerflies**
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the Many Heads**

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Morewinged

Tze-ra woke up on the beautiful black island. Some striped boys were fishing in the frontwaves of the sea and from the beach. They looked like flies. Tze-ra had become somewhat paranoid by the strange behaviour of the boys. She always had to be on her guard. The waves were almost white in the sunlight, and Tze-ra could only think about her father she once lost here when she was young. He got grasped by a shark. But now she was like the queen of sharks, so completely without fear towards these animals. On one hand she didn't care about her life anymore, and on the other hand the sharks seemed to leave her alone. One of the boys showed her his pale hand, while she put her hand into his hand. 'Tze-ra, would you come with us ?' the boy asked friendly. Tze-ra followed the boys to a place near the beach behind some bushes. Here the mothers of the boys were living. They had also pale spots on their bodies, and while their bodies were dark, their breasts were very pale. According to the boys they had been stung by strange flies. Many of the women were most of the time very tired. Behind the huts there was a path to a small forest. Here a nest of these exotic and tropical flies would be which caused those pale spots. The boys now hunted after those beings, for they could use their venom for many things. In small portions the venom would cause hallucinations, but was good for hunting as well. Tze-ra was on her guard as she knew how dangerous the flies could be. Some of the flies could even make webs and nets in which they could catch prey. Most of the times these flies were bigger, had much more wings, up to thirty or forty, and often looked like human beings. Many of these lived deeper in the jungle of the island. They said these flies could turn their prey into diamond-like stones. They first would suck all the bodyjuices out of someone, and then they would swallow the bones, to vommit them out as stones later. In the underground the bigger flies had built an awesome place by their creations made of such stones together with their webs and nets. It was both amazing and horrible. It was a jungle made of the remains of their prey. The webs and nets they brought forth were also made of the transformed parts of their swallowed prey. It looked like lianas, but actually it was all made of the prey they had stretched and strangely glued in their insides, until these jungle-webs and nets came forward. The flies were very creative if it came to that. Tze-ra had to become one with this nature, as there were some threats. Some of the boys with their mothers had been captured by these flies throughout the times. 'What is it you want to show me ?' Tze-ra asked the boy. The boy showed her a tube by which she could slide into the underground. 'Are you coming with me then ?' she asked. The boy nodded. Together with some other boys

they went into the underground jungle. Their mothers had warned them against it, but it seemed they didn't have another choice. Something was calling maybe it was their lost friends It was a sound penetrating their hearts very deeply. There were women in bearskin here, and they didn't look like flies. It was a world Tze-ra didn't know yet. There were webs and nets in which they could climb, although they knew that these were the killer-objects. They had sharp knives by which they could cut the webs away whenever they wanted. They wanted to pierce this jungle. Tze-ra wasn't bigger than the boys, and here she felt somewhat safe with them. Pale lights were coming from the distance, and they heard screaming. Some of the boys aimed their bows and shot some attacking flies. They saw some women sitting at a lake, while taking pale transparent jelly eggs out of the lake. Some boys stood behind them. 'We thought you were all gone, ' one boy who was with Tze-ra shouted. The boy seemed to know the women with the boys. One of the boys behind the women looked up and said : 'sshhhh...' It seemed like the flies had kept them alive. But then they saw how out of the eggs bodyparts seemed to come, and they could build bodies of it. Tze-ra took her bow, aimed, and shot one of these bodies, which started to laugh hysterically. Tze-ra knew they had to be careful now. She wasn't allowed to do this, but she knew these bodies were evil robots. The women at the lake and also the boys behind them slid into the lake to change into snakes, and moved towards Tze-ra and the boys. They knew these were all dangerous shapeshifters, the new creations of the flies. One of the snakes rose out of the lake to spit venom at one of the boys. Immediately the boy felt down, and was like grilled in a few seconds. Quickly Tze-ra shot the snake, and the other boys shot the other snakes. In the distance there was a building where they went to. The building seemed to be full of eggs and bodies. Flies seemed to work here. This whole world was set up by flies. They laid the eggs, and the bodies had to brood them as soon as they had grown up. In a hall behind this all, flies were having dinner. A part of it was prey and another part was a selection of their breed. Tze-ra decided to declare war immediately, and shot one of the flies by an arrow. Also the boys shot some of the flies. It seemed that there was no way of growing old here, as the flies would take care of that sooner or later. Tze-ra was confused when she saw all the meat. Some flies immediately turned into snakes, and were ready to attack Tze-ra and the boys, but Tze-ra took her sword to cut their heads off. 'Stay behind me !' Tze-ra shouted to the boys, as the ground below their feet became hotter. Tze-ra kicked the door behind the dinnertable open and looked right into a strange temple. There was a lot of fire here. Tze-ra looked right into the face of a tall skeleton. The tall skeleton had been chained to a wall, and some black flies were surrounding him. 'Let them hunt !' the skeleton shrieked. 'You also hunt, so why aren't they allow to hunt ?' Tze-ra walked slowly towards the skeleton. 'Who are you ?' she asked. The skeleton looked her deep in the eyes. The skeleton had a sort of breasts like a woman and said : 'Would you care who I am ? No one cares, and no one ever will. I have been chained here since a long time, and only these flies try to break these chains. Without any results though. Tze-ra stepped closer. She didn't know if it would be wise to set this creature free. 'Why are you here ?' she asked. The skeleton laughed. 'Not because of the flies,' the skeleton said. 'The flies are here because of me. I had been chained here long ago.' Tze-ra looked the skeleton in the eyes and asked : 'By who ?' Again the skeleton tried to get the chains off, and said : 'By human beings.' But then Tze-ra repeated her first question : 'Who are you ?' But the skeleton didn't want to answer. Tze-ra knew that if she would free the skeleton, maybe the flies would stop hunt after the boys and their mothers, but she also knew that if she would free this skeleton it could get worse. She didn't know. There were high sounds in the air, like flies coming. Soon they all

got surrounded by flies who just got in. There was no way out, and they were with so many that a fight would be hopeless. Tze-ra asked if one of the boys knew about this skeleton. Suddenly from behind Tze-ra one of the boys jumped forward and crashed the skeleton by his sword. 'This was the one who raised our mothers. He dominated them without mercy, and then he started to dominate us, until our fathers chained him here in the darkness.' Tze-ra looked at the broken skeleton and asked : 'Where are your fathers now ?' But the boys didn't know. One day their fathers went on a trip on the island, but they never returned. 'Oh, I guess these flies now more about that,' Tze-ra said, while turning to the flies. The flies seemed to have lost their powers now the skeleton had been crashed. 'They are in the underground,' one of the flies said. Then the flies led them to a place deep in the underground where the fathers had been chained. Tze-ra and the boys had set them free soon. The flies seemed to melt away one by one very soon, as they had been the spirits of the skeleton who had been crashed now. The skeleton had been an evil ancestor of the boys and their mothers, and soon also the mothers got reunited with the fathers of the boys. This was the day that the flies seemed to get away from the island. The flies who survived the melting process went to another island, which developed a wild wild nature, and got called 'the island of the flies.' Tze-ra went to this island one time and found out that the flies who had survived weren't the spirits of the skeleton. It seemed they had been a victim of the spirits of the skeleton for such a long time. Now they were free they developed themselves into beautiful indians more and more, although they kept their many wings most of the time. But it seemed they also followed the ways of the spirits of the skeleton in a sense, as they became hunters, and they developed their webs and nets, not only for food, but also for decoration and creation. It was their nature, and they couldn't help it. They had many transformation-mechanisms to make the best of it. They had unstoppable lusts for decoration and creation, and they could only bring it forth by consuming their prey. It was like strange vomit, like the vomit of angels, full of diamonds. They had been slaves of the skeleton's flies for such a long time that they had stinging marks of it on and in their bodies. It was like nature now gave them a mechanism to surround these stings by the remains of their prey and to turn it into pearls. On this island their bodies developed themselves into mines more than ever. And these pearls could store the pale lights for a lot of things. They were like the oysters of the jungle. To Tze-ra the oysterflies were beings to study. She still couldn't grasp the mechanism of these beings yet, but it seemed that only this sort could survive on the island.

Diamonds Never Talk

They were on a market in Buslia : Tze-ra, Marlas and Lassa. They were on their way to a shop somewhere in the East of Buslia. But suddenly a group of men came after them, and kidnapped them. No one helped them, as they were strangers. The group of men took them to a strange cabin, and the next day they had to appear before the skeleton-prince. The skeleton-prince asked them why they were here. 'We just wanted to visit Buslia,' Tze-ra assured the skeleton-prince. The skeleton-prince stood up, and went to a large machine behind him. He put some coloured tablets into the machine, and was watching. 'On these files I can see what you all did in this town. You are intruders. You do not belong here.' Tze-ra bowed her head. They were here to smuggle diamonds into Buslia. They had fulfilled their

mission, but the last few diamonds they had to bring to that shop in the East. Diamond-trade had been forbidden here for such a long time. 'Tze-ra !' the skeleton-prince roared. 'I want you to show me those diamonds !' Suddenly the portal of the skeleton-prince's hall got opened. A lot of men came inside. They had also kidnapped the owners of some shops they suspected. By the files they could trace all the diamonds, and Tze-ra and her girls got thrown into a dungeon. The shop-owners got killed immediately after all the diamonds had been found. Tze-ra started to cry. She knew they were in big troubles now. One day the skeleton-prince called them again. This time they pushed Marlas into a lake of crocodiles, in the hall of the skeleton-prince. They saw how their friend got killed before her eyes by the hungry crocodiles. 'Do you have a last wish ?' the skeleton-prince asked Tze-ra. He seemed to be interested in Lassa, and took her close to his chest. 'Don't say it, Tze-ra !' Lassa whispered loud. Then she turned to the skeleton-prince, and said : 'Do with me whatever you want, but save Tze-ra's life.' Tze-ra almost shivered. Then the skeleton-prince said : 'Okay, for now I will spare her life, but only for this time, as I have plans with her.' Then Tze-ra had to go back to her dungeon. She felt sorry for Lassa, who was in the hands of such a terrible creature now. What would he do to her ? Tze-ra dug a hole in the ground, and after a few weeks she had made a tunnel, only to find out that it led her to another dungeon. Here a young prince was sitting. He seemed to be from another country, like he was a prisoner of war. Tze-ra told him that she was a diamond-smuggler. It seemed the prince had also been in a smuggling scandal. He told her about the red diamonds. He said he had a few of them implanted under his skin. By a knife he could cut them out, and showed them to Tze-ra. Inside the red diamonds there were strange chips by which distance-communication was possible. It was by visual information and audible information, based on thought. Tze-ra touched one of the diamonds. They felt very warm. But she couldn't hear or see anything by it. 'It doesn't work anymore, Tze-ra, as my country doesn't exist anymore It has been destroyed by the skeleton-prince.' Tze-ra bowed her head. She wanted to tell more about the diamonds she smuggled, but she didn't dare it in a sense. She didn't know if she could trust the prince. She decided to go back to her own dungeon. She was very tired of making the tunnel, and she didn't feel for making another one. But the prince called her after a few weeks to show her his own tunnel. She had inspired him to do that. This tunnel was leading them outside. Tze-ra could almost scream of joy, but they had to be careful. She also thought about Lassa, but first she had to make herself safe. The prince almost followed her like a slave. But she thought they could better split up, as it was too dangerous to stay together because of the dangerous control-units here. Tze-ra ran for hours and hours and could finally leave Buslia. She went to her mission, and told them what had happened. They knew it was too dangerous to send her again, and they first had to save Lassa. They showed her green diamonds with explosion-mechanisms inside. They thought this would be the only weapon against the skeleton-prince. These diamonds had to be attached to his body, to finally destroy him. But who would bring these diamonds there ? It was another smuggle-program. Finally Tze-ra took the job on her, as she wanted to save Lassa. The diamonds had to be wrapped in ice, for they would be triggered by warmth. It seemed Tze-ra didn't have much time. In a bag on her back she carried thirty of those green diamonds totally surrounded by ice. There were some cooling mechanisms in her bag, but Buslia almost had a tropical climate. She didn't have much time. Tze-ra took the shortest way to Buglia through the jungle, and by lianas this went pretty fast. But the green diamonds were unfrozen in such a short time, that Tze-ra had to leave them behind. There were so many control-units here, that she used the green diamonds on them. It attracted the skeleton-prince for sure, and

soon she stood eye to eye with him again. Tze-ra now had her sword with her, and a horrible fight started, a fight in which she didn't know if she would win or lose. Suddenly she saw a copy of him standing behind him, having Lassa in his arms. Now she knew that he may have a lot of doubles. It made her lose all her hope in a sense, but she also realized that maybe the machine was the cause of that secret. She remembered the tall machine of the skeleton-prince by which he could trace so many things. Was this the secret of his powers ? His head almost span around on his body, while red electricity seemed to come forth like lightening. From his purple belly a strange juice seemed to flow. It was a tough battle, and Tze-ra didn't know if she could win from him. He pushed and smashed her all over the place. Suddenly a strange wind took them both in the air, and it was like she was in the streams of a storm or tornado. She tumbled around while she was screaming. She couldn't keep her balance anymore. The skeleton-prince floated closer to her, while she was still dizzy. Suddenly she swept over, and kicked him in his face. Suddenly she heard something behind her. It was Joshua, one of her mission-friends. He had another bag full of green diamonds. 'Here, try this on him,' he said, while she opened the bag, took a few green diamonds, and threw them one by one towards the skeleton-prince. By the heat of his body the stones exploded immediately, but also the double of the skeleton-prince came forwards, and he had Lassa in his arms. It would be too dangerous to use any stone on him. But she needed to be quick, as the other stones were almost unfrozen. Suddenly she took the whole bag and threw it between her and the second skeleton-prince on the ground. It was like the ground exploded, and a huge gap arose. Both Tze-ra and the second skeleton-prince got thrown in the air by the huge explosion. The second skeleton-prince lost Lassa by the shock, and Lassa started to run towards Tze-ra. 'Tze-ra,' she screamed. 'Help me, we must get away from here ! This place is full of his doubles !' Tze-ra almost lost consciousness by the shock, and in the distance a whole army of skeleton-princes appeared. Tze-ra stood up, still dizzy. 'I need to get to that machine, that evil machine,' Tze-ra shouted to Lassa. Lassa fell in the arms of Joshua who took her into safety. While Tze-ra ran towards the army of skeleton-princes. A strange power was charging her, and she slayed them all by her sword. This was almost too easy. But in the distance the machine itself was coming forwards. It was much bigger now, and a skull appeared on the screen. It was the skull of the skeleton-prince. 'Haha,' the skull said. 'You will never find the real skeleton-prince, as these are all his copies. The real skeleton-prince is safe with me.' And fire came forth from the machine, ready to swallow her. Tze-ra jumped in the air, and got caught again by the strange wind. It was like this strange wind was her friend, as she received so much power by it, and it helped her to use her sword. The streams were almost colourfull in the air, and in full rage she started to strike the machine by her sword. Suddenly Lassa stood behind her with some green diamonds, almost unfrozen. 'What are you doing here ?' Tze-ra screamed. She took the green diamonds, pushed them on the machine, but before the machine exploded a stream of green fire got spouted out of the screen and devoured Lassa. 'No !' Tze-ra screamed, and then she dived away while the machine was exploding. Tze-ra thought it was over now, but a green electric prince came forward from the explosion. It was like the spirit of the skeleton-prince. 'You can destroy anything of me !' the green silhouette laughed, 'but you can't destroy my spirit, my ghost ! I am the spirit of death !' And suddenly the silhouette started to scream so loud that Tze-ra had to put her fingers in her ears. There was no escape from this monster. He seemed to split himself into a million of green spirits, and they were all surrounding Tze-ra. Suddenly the wind came like out of the ground, and pushed her up into the air. 'Who are you ?' Tze-ra asked the powerfull wind. Suddenly she remembered the

prince of the dungeon, from who she got a red diamond. She had the diamond tied around her neck like a necklace, and it started to work again. 'Remember me ?' he spoke in her thoughts. She smiled. 'I am this wind,' he said. 'I have returned to my country to rebuild it.' Suddenly the wind became so strong and started to divide itself. One by one the green spirits got struck by the wind, and then pierced like by an invisible sword. 'The invisible things are much stronger,' said the prince of the red diamond. Tze-ra smiled, but at the same time she was in grief about the loss of Lassa. In the distance she saw the prince coming, the prince of the wind. Also Joshua was coming closer again. She embraced them both, and together they went to the new country of the prince of the wind. It was an amazing thing to see his wind-machine. The prince taught Tze-ra how to use the wind-machine. There were so many things they could do with such strong arms. But Tze-ra preferred her sword. She had become a real slayer now, a warrior, for the highest good. It was an amazing thing to see the rebuilt country of her friend, but she knew she had to move on. It was by her sword she moved, and by her sword she breathed. The prince took care to have one red diamond planted into the sword, so that the wind would always be her secret help. But one day she gave this sword to Joshua, as the prince could be a bore. She thought that Joshua would be a much better friend to the prince as deep in her heart she thought Joshua was a bore too. She wanted to do the real work : to be a warrior. She hoped she had finally dealt now with the skeleton-prince, but deep in her heart she wanted to know the truth, and went to Buslia again. This time not to be a diamond-smuggler, but to be a slayer. No one recognized her when she walked along the markets and shops. She was dignified in the way she walked, and her sword was visible, ready to strike. She asked some of the market-workers who their lord was, but she didn't get any answer to that. It was time to find it out by herself. She went to the place where the skeleton-prince used to live, and she couldn't belief her eyes when she saw him sitting on his throne. She stood before a small window, and got into real anger. There was much machinery going on there, and to her it was almost a hopeless case to find out about it, how it worked, and how it could be destroyed. What if the machine she had destroyed was also just a copy ? But in her heart she knew she wanted to find out.

In the elevator to the underground city she hoped to find some answers. Why she was really fighting the skeleton-prince she didn't know Was it her feeling for revenge, or were there more things going on ? In the underground strange purple diamonds were moving. There was a strange radiation coming from the stones as if they would hold up the upper world. Tze-ra came closer to the stones, and saw these were stones by which swords could be charged. She expected if she would go even deeper with the elevator she would come into an arena. But nothing was less true. When she had charged her sword by the purple diamond and went to the floor below by the elevator she saw a purple lake from which strange electric purple frame-humans came forward. They looked frozen in a sense, not able to do much. She found out it was a place of gamers and gamblers. They came here together, and it was like they could move the upper world. There were a lot of screens on which they had views of the city above them. A strange windmachine was coming up from the center of the lake. Purple winds and lights were coming forth from it, and by joysticks the gamers could move these, and cause tornado's. She expected there was nothing she could do about this, but then she realized that she was a slayer, and her sword had been charged by the purple diamond. She stepped forward and challenged them. 'I am a warrior !' she shouted. 'I

see you are all friends of each other making a mess in the world above you ! I challenge you ! Try to make a mess of me !' Suddenly one of them turned the windmachine by his joystick and a beam of strong purple wind came forth to grasp Tze-ra. Tze-ra could see the fingers of this storm, and suddenly there was a strong pressure around her. If these guys would lock her up, then her game could be over, but by her sword she broke the fingers of the storm one by one. The guy who had caused the stormhand to get her got an electric shock, and fell into the lake. It seemed his so-called friends had a lot of fun about it. The skin of the guy completely melted away, and soon he was nothing but a purple frame rising up. 'Hahaha !' one of his gamefriend shouted, 'that happens with losers. He lost the game, and it was even against a woman.' But by her sword Tze-ra could direct the remained force of the storm towards the other guy, and also he got pushed into the lake. 'Now tell me how it feels to lose by a woman !' Tze-ra shouted. Then she started to laugh. She felt like she was an evil queen now, and she couldn't help having fun with it. Quickly she pushed all the other guys into the lake by her sword, as she could still direct the strong wind to grasp them. A lot of screaming came forth from the lake, but all the purple spirits seemed to rise to a sort of balcony, and they started to run downstairs very fast. Again they took place in their seats, and this time they directed lightening at Tze-ra. Tze-ra fell backwards, and climbed into the elevator again. Her skin was already bleeding because of the lightening ... She needed to leave very quick, or she would be completely electrified. She went down with the elevator again, but soon the electric purple ones tried to get in. She could see them through the glass. There was a button by which she could let the elevator got faster, and by this she finally lost them. This time it took hours before the elevator reached the floor below. Here it was like a lab. She stepped out of the elevator, and saw all sorts of strange fluids boiling in tubes and cabins. In the center of the lab she saw a bald man lying on a bed, covered by white sheets. There was a strange smell. The man looked like he was dead. In a sense he looked a bit like the skeleton prince. When she came forwards the man seemed to take notice of her presence. Suddenly he stood up, and said : 'How dare you coming to my private place. It's a wicked idea of you that you can just intrude here.' He took a sword from the wall, and started to crash some of the tubes. Fluids started to flow, and he could direct these by her sword, while the sword of Tze-ra came under a big pressure. She almost couldn't move her sword anymore. Also the purple spirits seemed to arrive by the elevator. The man started to laugh. Parts of Tze-ra's skin started to burn away by the fluids, and she got strange scars and wounds. 'Now watch me,' the man said. He pushed some buttons of a computer and the skull of the skeleton-prince appeared. He could move the skull by some sort of joystick stuck to the keyboard of the computer, attached to the wall. It was a flat screen. Suddenly he could take the skull out of the screen, and threw it towards Tze-ra. Just in time she could strike it by her sword, but the pieces of the skull started to move around like dangerous splinters. Tze-ra became very paranoid all of a sudden, for what if such a piece would hit her. Sharp high noises came forth from the computer, and the splinters started to move faster and faster She knew that it wasn't wise to use her sword now, as it would only get worse. The green spirits came also closer and closer, while moving very slow. 'Hahaha,' the man said, while she saw Tze-ra almost dancing to avoid the splinters. 'I am the one who rule this whole circus, and soon the world will be mine.' The spirits started to dance around Tze-ra, and came closer and closer. 'Oh, you could be my ballerina,' the man laughed. 'What if I make a dancer of you to hypnotize the world above you for my goals ? You will live in a cage, and I will fullfill my works.' The dance started to become wilder and wilder, as the splinters were moving more dangerously. Suddenly she fell on the ground, while everything seemed to turn around. She

woke up in a cage, and soon she had to dance on markets. She didn't have her sword anymore. It was like the splinters of the skull were in her now, and she couldn't stop dancing. She felt like a robot now, like a slave. Her boss was the bald man, and he seemed to amuse herself a lot. He seemed to sell a lot, also strong liquors. It looked like the fluids in his underground temple. It attracted a lot of alcoholics and drug-addicts. It was like the man wanted to have the whole world addicted. He was a notorious jewelry-smuggler ... doctor Fledektorous. Inside the jewelry there was a chip which connected the person to the computer of his lab underground, his secret and evil temple. But now it seemed no one recognized him, and no one had any troubles with him selling jewelry. It was like he had hypnotized them all, while Tze-ra was dancing. Doctor Fledektorous had many dancing girls, and Tze-ra started to have some deep friendships with some of them. But others of them had become too numb to really talk to. The girls had strange jewelry, and soon also Tze-ra had it. Doctor Fledektorous made big money with it. He had a circus, a fairground and he sold cattle. He was like a mega-brain taking over the mass. But still Tze-ra also wore the red diamond of the prince she met in the dungeon around her neck. The red diamond didn't seem to work very well, and that was the reason why she kept it. She still thought the prince was a real bore, but this time she needed him. And also Joshua had such a stone in his sword, so she hoped there would be a conversation, if it would work. By the stone she tried to send her thoughts to both of the men, but no one seemed to react. She wondered if they would still be alive. One day Tze-ra gave up all hope. She thought she would have to dance here the rest of her life.

Doctor Fledektorous was a mean man. He didn't treat the girls very well. One day a stranger came to the circus, and then he came closer to the cages in which the women were dancing. He saw Tze-ra and another lady called Tza-la, and asked how much they cost. 'We can't be bought,' Tza-la said, but deep inside she hoped that this man would save them out. The man looked very dirty, like he didn't have any money, but suddenly he took a gun, and asked the girls how he could open the cages. Some other girls warned them not to go with him, for there might be guys around much worse than their boss. Soon the doctor came to know about what was going on, and raised his sword. In a rage he ran towards the man to let his sword dive into the man, but the man could escape the strike, and then held the gun against the face of the doctor. 'One movement, doc, or it's over,' he said. The doctor slowly gave him the key of the cages, and very carefully the man opened the cages by his other hand. 'Walk slowly to my horse,' he said to Tze-ra and Tza-la. The girls did what he asked, but then the doctor could push the gun away in a flash like a lightening, took the gun and shot the horse. Then he tried to shoot the man, but the man could dive away. 'Run !' he shouted to the girls. But soon they got surrounded by some of the circus-artists. It all ended here, as the man got locked up in a cage, and had to become a dancer too. He really felt himself like a marionet, and Tze-ra still didn't know what the intentions of the man were. He didn't talk much, and often his cage was far away from the cages of Tze-ra and Tza-la. But by this incident Tze-ra had a bit of hope again. One day the circus, the fairground and the cages went with the whole market of the doctor to another country. Here it was very cold, and sometimes the doctor allowed them to be in a bigger cage together. Tze-ra always enjoyed these moments, for then she could learn to know about the others a bit more. This time she tried to come closer to the strange man. He didn't look poor anymore, as he know had a

dancer's outfit. His face looked depressed, and he had a naked upperbody, almost shivering because of the cold. Tze-ra thought it was cruel that he wasn't allowed to have a jacket, so she tried to warm her by her soft sleeves full of feathers and other soft accessoires. She still didn't know about his intentions, but she couldn't let this man freeze to death. His face was cold, almost blue, and a bit reddish. He could get sick if this would go on. He took him in her arms, and asked him where he came from. He told her that he worked in the same mission as she did He was a diamond-smuggler, and came to save her out. Tze-ra moved even closer to him and kissed him. 'You know this is a world of dangers, right ? I do not know if we will survive here,' Tze-ra said. She now knew that she could trust him. 'What kind of diamonds do you smuggle ?' she asked him. He looked her into the eyes, and said : 'shhh' He showed her a strange scar in his body like a gap, and took some diamonds out of it ... They had a strange colour Then again he looked her mysteriously in her eyes and whispered : if these come in contact to iron, steel or any sort of metal, they will turn blue, and the metal will melt away. Now I know what you are thinking, and these are my thoughts too. We will lay them against the bars of the cage when everything is quiet.' Tze-ra nodded and thought that was a very good plan, so they waited for the night, and when everyone was sleeping he laid the diamonds against the bars, and the bars started to melt away, while the diamonds became blue. The man also took Tza-la in her arms, and then they went away. The man brought them deep into the jungle somewhere in a cave where they were safe. When Tza-la woke up, she looked into the eyes of the man and whispered softly : my saviour The man smiled. It was like the jungle opened itself up to them. All sorts of wild cats, like panthers and also the unknown ones were sitting in trees, while staring at them, some moving their tails. The cave led them to a treasure-room full of diamonds. The man already knew this place, but Tze-ra had never been here. Here they could even take a bath in the diamonds. Tze-ra looked into the eyes of the man. It was like since then the jungle started to embrace her again. There was a tension in his eyes she couldn't describe, but here she hoped they all could get some rest. They decided to stay for awhile in the cave. And in the night they slept close to each other. The next day the man showed them another room in the cave. This room was full of diamonds called 'panther diamonds'. The man pushed some buttons on the wall, and soon the panther diamonds started to float in the air. It was like suddenly they heard the sounds of cats in the ground, and slowly a sort of tall boxes appeared in the ground, where pantherlike creatures seemed to wake up. The creatures started to roar dangerously, then jumped up, and left the room. 'Isn't that amazing ?' the man said. 'It's the way pantherlike creatures come forth from the ground.' Tze-ra and Tza-la stood like stuck to the ground. 'Where are those creatures going to ?' Tze-ra asked. 'They go into the jungle,' the man said. He took a necklace made of panther diamonds and gave it to Tze-ra, and then he also gave one to Tza-la. Then the man took a flute totally made of panther diamonds, and started to play on it. Soon the whole room was full of panthers. The man started to walk further into the cave, and all the panthers followed him, while the number of panthers increased more and more. Also Tze-ra and Tza-la followed the man with the panthers, and they finally came into a huge hall underground. The man had a sort of vehicle here. He established the panthers before the vehicle by leather belts, and then he climbed on the vehicle. He also helped Tze-ra and Tza-la on the vehicle, and then it started to move. They made an awesome trip into the depths of the earth, like in an underground jungle.

It was an amazing kingdom where the panthers brought the vehicle, so deep underground, in a secret place, where an old man lived with millions and millions of panthers. The atmosphere was charged by such undescrivable strange powers, that there was a strong pressure on their chests. The panthers were all around the old man. 'Father,' the man on the vehicle said. 'I have brought some friends with me.' The old man led them to his old and poor house, and gave them something to eat. 'One day the panthers will invade the earth,' said the old man. 'I do not know if I will still be alive, but it will happen.' The man of the vehicle nodded. 'And what will happen then ?' Tze-ra asked. 'Oh,' the old man said, 'then the rythm of the earth will be restored. The rythm will lock the ear of the earth, to open the eye of the jungle. But to open the eye of the jungle, the eyes of the earth need to be hatched.' And then the man continued : 'Deep down in the earth there is a place where the eyes of the earth are. These are the eggs of giant-flies who once inhabited the earth, but they had been chased away by the sounds of the earth, and by it's ear.' Tze-ra didn't know what she was hearing : 'But why do these eyes need to be hatched ?' The old man turned himself towards Tze-ra and spoke : 'Only when these giant-flies will return to the surfaces of the earth the jungle can be healed, and it's eye can be opened.' Tze-ra tried to understand what the man was saying, but she had a hard time with it. 'What will be the use of the eye of the jungle, where is it now ?' The man looked her deep in the eyes and said : 'The eye of the jungle has been locked up by the eyes of the earth, and these are very dangerous at the moment. They need to be hatched by women, so I will show you the place. We need some strong and wise warrior-women to do it. Only when the eggs will be hatched the gaint-flies will rise again, and then the eye of the jungle will be set free and opened to let them stay alive.' Tze-ra looked at Tza-la and said : 'Do you think we can do that alone, or shall we get some other women ?' But then the old men shook his head : 'No, I do not want to have any other women here, as you have been chosen to do the work.' Then the old man stood up, and said : 'Follow me.' It was a few hours of walking, but finally they came into a deep hall full of the eyes of the earth. They all seemed to be connected to each other, and they needed to hide behind a rock, as fire and lightening came forth from the eyes, and also strong winds, like powerfull arms. 'They can easily kill us,' the old man said, 'so we have to be very carefull.' Some of the panthers had followed them, and by some sounds the old man seemed to call them. There were now twenty-five panthers with them, while the hall was full of a thousand eyes. All moving very dangerously, while they were turning around. It was like they were doing a strange dance, like a strange show. One of the panthers started to roar, and all the eyes seemed to stop moving around. The old man said they had to be very carefull now. Suddenly one panther jumped on top of one of the eyes, and after awhile the eye started to close. Then the panther jumped on another one, and the same happened. Also other panthers started to jump on the eyes, and soon a whole group of eyes was sleeping. Now the women could start to hatch them. The man said that only the warmth of women could do the job. The women slowly walked to the eyes, and started to cover them by their bodies, while they moved themselves slowly. It took some hours before the first ones started to crack open. Strange larvae seemed to come forwards, but also a lot of smaller eggs. The old man said that now the small flies would do the rest. They seemed to grow very fast, and hatched the other eggs. They could do that much faster than the women did, but also the temperature of the hall was rising. When they saw the other eyes crack open, they also saw a big eye underneath it all. This was the eye of the jungle. It was still locked, but strange lights started to come forward from it, like waves. 'It will open,' the man said. 'But it's up to the panthers when that will happen. We have to go away now, as the temperature will rise

here dangerously, and the lights here will increase.' Then they started their journey back to the fields of the panthers. But some of the eyes which weren't hatched yet started to come after them, and blocked their path in the underground jungle. They looked different than the other eyes, and they started to shoot lightning at them. The women dived away in the bushes, but the old man got struck in his arm. The panthers started to roar dangerously, but the eyes didn't seem to react to that, and struck the old man again. 'Run !' the old man shouted to the women, 'run for your life.' Then they heard and saw him explode, while the eyes started to chase after the women. They were running through the bushes and the trees, while a lot of the panthers were following them. Tze-ra and Tza-la jumped on some panthers to get faster, but the eyes were much faster, and soon they got blocked again. After awhile they were surrounded by a lot of strange eyes, and got also struck in their arms. They knew that one strike more could kill them, but suddenly from behind an eye got shot. In the air they saw giantflies coming towards them, and they spat some sort of venom. The eyes were shrieking while they got baptized in the venom, and started to shrink away. But more eyes seemed to come after them, also a lot of smaller ones. The giantflies dived into the circle, and grasped the two women out of it. Then they flew away with the women, while they shrieked loud, penetrating the underground jungle. The giantflies brought the women to a higher point, to a nest which had been connected to a cave. In the cave they found the other man back, the man of the diamond flute. He had also been saved by the giantflies. He told them that some of these eyes were ancient predators looking for meat. It seemed they still lived deep underground, as the eyes of the earth. The man believed that once they were parts of the armour of an indian warrior, but since the warrior had been torn apart the eyes became evil, terrorizing even the surfaces of the earth. The eyes wanted revenge for their master had been killed and humiliated so deeply, and that's why they could never find any rest. The man said this was also a story his father always told him. The eyes would only quit their evil works when their master, the indian warrior, would have his bones together and would be buried in honour. But Tze-ra got mad and said : 'We will not work for them. They need to behave, or we will destroy them.' But the man shook his head. 'My father said that against the eyes of the earth no one could fight successfully.' Tze-ra bowed her head. She hoped the giantflies could do something. To her surprise soon the nest was full of old ancient bones. It seemed the giantflies could trace these very easily, and they already knew exactly what to do. After awhile the whole body of the ancient warrior was complete, so they could bury it. The whole atmosphere got charged by a strange energy, and soon the eyes went into a deep sleep. They rolled all over the place. 'We should not take any risk,' the man said. 'Maybe if they wake up, they will continue in their bloodlust.' He could see these ones weren't eggs. Some of the giantflies broke them by their beaks, while diamonds and strange seed seemed to stream forth from them. They seemed to be the holders of many secrets. The giantflies and also the panthers started to eat from the seed. It seemed they had found a new source of food.

Tze-ra and the others had become very tired, and searched for a place to sleep. They slept close together and hoped it would be a peaceful night. But in the middle of their sleep they got surrounded by mysterious eyes. It seemed that still the battle wasn't over. They took Tze-ra and Tza-la in a grip and flew with them into the depths of the earth. The eyes weren't like the other eyes, and they were with so many. Tze-ra got locked up in a cage, and soon

she found herself hanging above a large pit full of blood. It was like a large tube, and her cage hang at a rope which seemed to come down very slowly. When she finally started to sink in the blood she heard the voice of Tza-la. She was screaming. Tza-la had also been locked up in a cage hanging at a rope, but her cage was far above Tze-ra. Suddenly a door in the wall got opened, and the cage of Tze-ra got sucked inside. The eyes opened the cage, and Tze-ra could step out. She was in a hall now, where she saw a skeleton-like creature totally made of eyes. The being was like a giant, and two burning swords hang behind him. 'Who are you ?' Tze-ra shouted. The being came a bit closer to Tze-ra, while Tze-ra moved to the wall. She tried to get away from the cage and the opening to the pit of blood. 'I am the keeper of the eyes of the earth,' the creature said, while he moved along the other wall. Tze-ra hoped she could get to one of the burning swords, so she would have a weapon to defend herself if a fight would start. 'What is your purpose ?' Tze-ra shouted. The giant-like skeleton made of eyes started to laugh. 'I want to take over the earth, invading it by my eyes. Then he opened a large door behind him, and Tze-ra could look straight into a hall full of billions and billions of eyes. Tze-ra took a dive and reached one of the burning swords. Quickly the giant made of eyes grasped the other burning sword. When he aimed his sword at the eyes in the hall all eyes started to burn. 'Haha,' the giant roared, 'soon these eyes will invade the earth, and then I will have total control. Never again the earth will rest, as the burning eyes will always be upon it's surface. I will watch you all, and everything will burn !' Suddenly the giant struck the wall, and the whole wall started to get into flames. Tze-ra stepped to the middle. Now she could see in the distance of the other hall that the eyes had been surrounded by cages full of panthers. 'See, panther-woman,' the giant roared, 'if you will win from me, the earth will be invaded by panthers, but that will never happen. The stronger panthers are caged here, and will soon burn in fire. And the strongest panther of all is my partner.' Then from the ceiling a panther in a cage came down. Tze-ra had never seen such a large panther, and lightening seemed to come from it's eyes, and fire from it's nose. When the cage came down, suddenly the cage opened, and the giant-panther jumped to his boss to show him affection. Then Tze-ra suddenly looked at the pit where Tza-la's cage had almost sunk away in the blood. Tze-ra ran to the pit and jumped on the cage which still hang at a rope. Only Tza-la's head hadn't sunk into the blood yet. Tze-ra cut some of the bars away by the burning sword, and helped Tza-la out of it, but then burning eyes started to surround them. The giant and his panther now blocked the way back to the hall, and the cage on which they stood was sinking deeper and deeper. Suddenly they heard shrieking from above. The giantflies were coming. By spitting venom they could get the burning eyes away, and one of them spat the giant made of eyes in his face. The giant was screaming, and was confused for awhile, while another giantfly dived on the head of the giant-panther and took a tablet out of it's head. By this tablet he had been brainwashed. It was like the panther got his senses back and attacked his master, who fell into the pit of blood. But in a dreadfull speed the giant swam to the wall where he pushed a button. Another door opened an a giantlion appeared. Tze-ra and Tza-la jumped into the hall where the giant-panther was. But they had to be carefull as the walls were burning. Tze-ra took the tablet which had fallen on the ground and threw it into the fire. Now the cages of the panthers seemed to open. The giantflies got into a fight against the giant and his lion, but now Tze-ra had a hard time fighting the burning eyes. They all seemed to come out of the other hall. Fortunately she had help from the panthers who also seemed to come out of the hall. Some of the eyes were really spitting fire now, and also strange fluids started to flow. Everything got quickly overflown, but fortunately an army of giantflies could take them and the panthers out safely.

But the ceilinggate had been locked up, so the giantflies couldn't come any further when they were soaring in the top of the tube. The fluids were still rising. Through the ceiling made of a sort of chrystal they could see the man of the panthers with some other giantflies. No one seemed to know what to do. But Tze-ra still had her burning sword, and it was so powerfull that she could easily melt the ceiling away. It was a great escape, and soon they were all in safety.

Still on the back of the giantflies they saw huge dark eyes appearing in the skies of the underground. What is that ? Tze-ra shouted. Then an enormous lionhead appeared in the skies, which then turned into a skull Then the dark eyes appeared again. A low voice spoke : 'Now you have escaped from my rogues, and even defeated my main man, my right hand, take it up against me.' A lot of smoke was appearing which seemed to surround the giantflies, and it was like the jungle below them was getting into fire. 'Who are you ?' Tze-ra shouted. The dark eyes seemed to open up even more, and the low voice spoke : 'I am God of this planet, and I am a Wizard. I have made all the eyes of the earth.' Then lightening seemed to come out of the dark eyes, while angels started to appear. They looked filthy, and they started to surround the giantflies. It became an enormous fight between the angels of the strange God and the giantflies, while Tze-ra and the others couldn't do much. Suddenly the man of the panthers jumped behind Tze-ra. He came from another giantfly, and took Tze-ra tight. 'Tze-ra,' he said, 'this was what my father always told me. We have to escape through the dark eyes to escape from these powers.' Tze-ra still had the burning sword, and when they came closer to the dark eyes she shouted : 'Burning sword, open the portals of the eyes !' Suddenly two gigantic fire-streams came forth from the sword to pierce both eyes. Something was screaming and shrieking, while an enormous tentacle, like one of an octopus appeared through the first eye, and soon also another tentacle appeared through the other eye. The tentacles were in rage, and soon other tentacles were appearing, trying to sweep those who sat on the giantflies, and those who hung below them. The giantflies were still in a gigantic fight against the filthy angels of the Wizard. It seemed like it was a lost case. The angels were much stronger, and the tentacles were so fast that many panthers got swept from the giantflies and fell into the burning jungle below them. Soon Tze-ra, Tza-la and the man got tied behind their backs by the angels and were driven to a large hall in the distance. A man with a tall beard sat there in a strange suit with a strange tall hat on a strange throne surrounded by white panthers. The panthers were wild and full of rage. Tze-ra could see it in their eyes and the way they were opening their mouths like snakes. The man stood up, and walked towards them. 'I see you didn't come further than this,' he said with a dark voice. 'I am the Wizard, God of this all. Be my guests.' Then he made a movement by his hand, while the angels brought them to a room where they could sleep. They were still bound, and they didn't want to go to sleep, but since they were very tired they all three fell into a deep sleep very soon. The next day they got really treated like guests. They got untied, and they were in invited to have dinner with the great Wizard. In the dinnerhall there were many cages hanging in the air. The Wizard made a movement with his hands and the cages hanging at ropes came down slowly. There were halfnaked women in these cages. They looked like dancers, at least some of them. The Wizard stood up, put his arms in the air, and said : 'I am God Almighty !' And again by making strange movements to the women the women started to change into panthers or crocodiles, and some into huge

snakes. Tze-ra almost trembled on her chair, as the animals looked very dangerous, and she still didn't trust this man at all. They had to eat from strange food, which looked like organs, and there were even eyes they could eat. The food wasn't bad at all. Everything had been fried and grilled. They could also eat from vegetables and strange eggs. But these were delicious. 'You though a lot of the eyes you met weren't eggs to hatch,' the old man said. 'But they were. We hatch all eyes here, by these dancers, these women. But there is one egg they can't hatch. I'll show you.' The old man led them to an elevator, and in the depths of the hall they came along an egg so huge that had never been seen. It was really a giant-eye. Even the dancing women couldn't hatch it by their dances. 'This,' the old man said, 'is the egg of the biggest giantfly existing. It is the last egg of this race and I keep it here. When it will come alive it can easily take the earth into another sphere, there where the green planet is. The earth will first come in the orbit around the green planet, and finally they will melt as one. But when this egg will be destroyed together with its insides ... then that will never happen. You Tze-ra, you have the burning sword my rogues once stole from me. They turned themselves against me, all of them, but since you have found the burning sword, you can hatch this egg by it. You have a special warmth, Tze-ra. Please help me. I first didn't know who you were, so I am sorry I destroyed some of your panthers and giantflies or let's say my angels did that They weren't aware of who you were We thought you were intruders Forgive us' And then the old man started to cry. But Tze-ra didn't trust it at all. She knew that she just wanted to use her, so that he could be the ruler of the new earth. 'If you will not do it,' the old man said. 'I will destroy the egg and its insides, and then the earth will die.' Tze-ra knew she had to be very careful now. 'I give you a week to think about it,' the Wizard said. Then he brought them to their room again. Tze-ra and the other two discussed what to do now. They whispered, as they were afraid someone would hear it. In the night they went out of the room, and walked through the tall corridors. All doors had been locked, but Tze-ra could open them by the burning sword. She felt sorry for the women who got locked up in cages. They had to be careful, for there were angels around. The old man was sleeping in his own room. But suddenly after awhile he stood before them. 'I do not know what you are doing here,' he said sleepy. Tze-ra didn't hesitate one moment and pushed the burning sword into his stomach. Snakes came forward from his mouth and belly, and angels came from all sides. It became a bloody fight. Also the cages of the women came down, and they started to turn into predators while the cages opened themselves. Tze-ra knew she first had to deal with the Wizard and his angels, and then the women could be free. By her burning sword Tze-ra was almost All-powerful. She cut most of the angels in two and others she pierced deep in their bellies or chests. Tze-ra and the pantherman ran into the sleeping-room of the Wizard, while flames started to come everywhere. Here they found two other swords, and then they ran back to help Tze-ra defeating the angels. Tze-ra aimed her sword at the women who had become predators and were about to attack her. 'Burning sword, set these women free !' she shouted, while flames came from the sword, to turn the predators into women again. 'Go to the elevator !' Tze-ra shouted. 'Then go to the giant-egg and hatch it !' Quickly the women started to run to the elevator and disappeared. Everything got into flames, and they had to be very quick now. In the flames a dark skull appeared, while lava seemed to flow forth from its mouth. The skull started to laugh, and said : 'Don't try to escape, Tze-ra, as you won't.' Tze-ra and the other two ran towards the stairway downstairs, and finally reached the hall where the giant-egg was. The women were dancing around it on the balcony, but nothing seemed to happen. Then Tze-ra touched the egg by her burning sword. Soon the egg started to open, and a gigantic larva seemed to

come forth, with so many other eggs. The larva was already very strong, and could fly within seconds, while being larger already than any giantfly they ever saw. All the women could climb on it's hairy back, which was very sticky, so that the women couldn't fall. Also Tze-ra, Tza-la and the panther-man jumped on the being. The giant-larva spat fire to destroy a wall, and could leave. Every day the giant-larva grew larger and larger, and one day one of the women discovered an opening on the back of the already gigantic fly, by which they could get inside. It looked like an organic spaceship. Inside it was very slimy, and also strange powders were growing there. In the beginning everything was very narrow, but later it really started to look like tunnels, tubes and small rooms like cabins. But this was only the beginning. The women were amazed, and they all found their own rooms. More and more the fly started to grow like an organic spaceship, and more and more they started to realize how much value this fly had. Some places on the walls of the fly were more or less transparent, so that they could watch outside. But one day a major attack struck the ship. Soon they found out that some of the angels had returned to them, and this time they really looked like clowns. Three of them had found the opening and went inside, but Tze-ra attacked them by her burning sword, and also the pantherman and Tza-la used their swords against them. Finally they had got them out, and they found a way to lock the opening. Everyday the fly seemed to grow bigger and stronger, and more and more it started to produce the weapons and equipment they needed even food. But the angels attacked again, and they found out about their shapeshifting abilities. The angels were almost like dangerous aliens. One day a woman named Filessia had some philosophies. She believed that the aliens would do everything to come inside, so they needed to be on their guard. Tze-ra often went to Filessia's room and then they talked for hours. Filessia had the fear that the aliens would try to take them over, as she knew them. She also had her doubts about some of the women, who were traitors in her eyes. One day Tze-ra called them all together in a bigger room in the spaceship. They were with more than twohundred. Tze-ra showed them some places throughout the spaceship where there were a lot of fluids and powders of the fly. Here they could wash themselves. She also told them that they had to prepare for more attacks of the aliens. The strategy was to stay close to each other and not to isolate themselves. The women loved to bath, also because it would empower them. But when they wanted to bath, they needed to do it in groups, or at least with someone else. They also had to sleep with more of them in one room, as the rooms had become bigger now. Since the fly had become bigger and stronger the angels seemed to give up their attempts, and also the fly itself had killed some of them in horrible ways. But this didn't bring much rest among the women as they had become afraid of the bigger aliens who would be attracted by the growing fly. The developed many cannons in itself, so that there would be much defense, but how about the real smart aliens who would try to infiltrate the ship and what if they were already among them ? The fly could trigger all sorts of electricity, lights and even flames, but they knew about the dangers lurking around them. One day they got attacked by another organic spaceship, a red fly. Since then strange eggs started to grow in their spaceship, and strange men started to come forth from them. They seemed to be monkey-flies. They had red noses and were very hairy. The monkey-flies didn't have wings, but they were children of a fly, and this fly had humiliated them and stung them their whole lives. It seemed that by the attack on this spaceship they could be set free. They took high positions in the spaceship, and the women had to obey them. They had strange equipment on their bodies, by which they could beam lights to enslave the women and the panther-man. It seemed the nipples were the spots by which the lights divided themselves throughout the

bodies. It was a sort of electric drugs, as the women got high in a certain sense, and were willing to obey. It was like an addiction. The lights triggered a strange itching powder in their nipples which brought their brains in a higher state, and triggered the rest of their bodies by a strange itching. But on a certain day the red fly attacked again, and the mother of the monkey-flies seemed to enter the ship. She was in a rage about the fact that her sons escaped from the red fly, but when she saw how her sons were the leaders of this ship she changed a bit. When she spoke the faces of the monkey-flies got all colours. The mother-fly had also strange equipment, and had stung their nipples once so that they would be sensitive to her. The mother-fly seemed to love the ship, and wanted to own it. The ship was bigger than the red fly, and she even wanted to destroy the red fly. Soon the mother-fly took the highest position. She had strange nipples by which she could spout light, fire and powders like a gun. This would be one of her mightiest weapons. Deep under the surfaces of Mars there was a place named the Pink Hell. This was where the motherfly wanted to bring the spaceship so that she could enter. She had been fallen away from this place so long ago, and since then she had been a wanderer. But now she could get it all back. The Pink Hell was full of snakes, flies and strange creatures. The fly-creatures had beautiful mouths, and they looked like human beings. But their eyes gave away that they were aliens, inhabitants of the Pink Hell. There were many bathing-places here, full of fly-fluids in which the inhabitants washed themselves, and there were also a lot of fountains around. The king of the Pink Hell was an old man with a white beard. He was bald and chubby, with a purple robe and wearing sandals. He was a friendly man, a king with many armies, and he had three daughters who had very strong and piercing eyes. They could look right through you. The king was also called 'the pink devil'. This was his pet-name. Tze-ra thought it was an honour to meet such a man, as he gave them all such a happiness, and he took so much good care of the monkey-flies, their mother and the women. No one ever had more soldiers than the king of the Pink Hell, and to him Tze-ra, Tza-la and the panther-man were treasures. To him they were treasures from the other world, so he took good care of them. There was no place like the Pink Hell. The king had made a good job of it. Tze-ra thought it was such a good place because there was no man like the king of the Pink Hell. He was wonderful to her. But there was a lot of sadness in the kingdom of the Pink Hell. It had something to do with a kingdom deeper under the surfaces of Mars and the surfaces of the Pink Hell. It was a place called Gehenna where tall, thin flies lived. The flies from Gehenna often came to the Pink Hell to terrorize it's spheres. Their leader had once kidnapped the son of the king of the Pink Hell, and they said that he now lived in a deep cage somewhere in the depths of Gehenna, but they didn't know that for sure. Maybe he already had been slain to death. The king with his many aries couldn't begin anything against the darkness of Gehenna. No one ever survived a trip to that place. The king was very sad about this, for he lost so many of his kingdom to it, and of course his most precious son. But Tze-ra told them that they could use the organic spaceship to enter that place. If the king would give about a hundred soldiers then the organic spaceship did the rest, of course together with the monkey-flies, their mother and the women with the panther-man. The king first needed some advice from his wizards, but after a short time they were able to go. Tze-ra was immediately amazed and overwhelmed by the stunning beauty of Gehenna when they entered in. The flies there were thinner than she ever saw them, and they were extremely tall. After awhile they found the prince but he wasn't sad at all. He had good company by the flies, and he seemed to live in freedom. It seemed he didn't want to go back to the Pink Hell, as he had found his place here. Tze-ra was so in awe that she had the question if she would want to leave at all. The flies seemed to

charge the atmosphere by their movements and buzzing, and the fact that the prince was still alive and well would be good news to the king. She asked the prince why the flies would still terrorize the spheres of the Pink Hell, but he said that they didn't do those things. There were some other creatures living at the borders of Gehenna doing such things. These creatures looked like the tall, thin flies very much, but they were dragonflies also, besides being flies. They were dragonfly-flies, as a part of them was dragonfly. But soon Tze-ra and the others found out that the prince wasn't right in his head. When he saw chance he invaded the organic space-ship and captured Tze-ra and the others. For Tze-ra and the others there was no way to begin anything against these flies, who had such power and might. They often had more than eight wings, and they were very dreadful. They brought Tze-ra and the others to a place called the Eye of Mars. This place was almost the core of Mars itself, and here they got locked up in a prison guarded by a million of strange organic camera's which looked like eyes. These eyes were like the eyes of flies, and at the same time they called these the eyes of Mars from which no escape was possible. The lights of these eyes were so strong and piercing that they almost tattooed them by strange pale stripes. Tze-ra was wondering how the prince could become like this. Probably by the flies, she thought. Maybe they had taken over his mind. Tze-ra was alone in a cell, a sort of dungeon, chained to the wall, surrounded by a mass of camera's. The stripes seemed to hurt her, as blood and strange fluids were coming forth. Then all of a sudden strange creatures seemed to come out of the wall, out of holes which got opened, and they started to lick the blood and fluids away. They didn't seem to be interested in her flesh, only in her body-juices. And then they left into the wall again, while the holes got locked again. Tze-ra wondered where the others were. How could she possibly escape this ? It was slowly dragging her life away. Only one thing was in her mind : She needed to get out of this as soon as possible, or she would die. Through the bars of the dungeon she could see tall men walking, also having these strange pale stripes on their bodies. One day they took her out of her cell and she had to appear before an old man. It was a strange man, just like all the others. He had a beard, and he looked a bit like the king of the Pink Hell. He seemed to be friendly and not threatening at all. Then after awhile the others also came : the monkey-flies and their mother, the women, the panther-man and the hundred soldiers of the Pink Hell kingdom. They were all tied and chained. The old man sat on a throne, and he was surrounded by many tall striped men. 'You have been given to me by the prince of Gehenna,' the old man said. 'This is not Gehenna, but the Eye of Mars. You have come here for a reason.' But then Tze-ra raised her head up and shouted : 'What is this for a cruelty ?' The old man said that he had bought them for a lot of money, and that they were his now. But the Tze-ra shouted : 'We are no one's property ! We do not belong to this place. We came here because of the king of the Pink Hell. He wanted his son back. But I see he's probably also your property.' But then the old man said : 'You came to Gehenna, and then a price needs to be paid. Just like the prince once came. Your minds need to be taken over !' Tze-ra saw that the others were already very dizzy. 'No !' she shouted. But soon she couldn't say anything anymore as her mouth got blocked. She fell into a deep sleep. She felt so sorry for the prince of Gehenna, and in her dreams she was still with him, helping him. When she woke up she was in her cell again. It seemed there was nothing she could do. These here were fly-people, and there wasn't anything she could do. They were for trade now, as the old man spoke. Soon Tze-ra found herself in a harem of a strange prince, even stranger than the prince of Gehenna. Where the other women were she didn't know. She needed to dance now, together with the other strangely striped women from the harem. But she hated it, and longed back for her cell in

the dungeon, although she knew that here she had more chance to escape. All the women had been chained by tall leather ropes. Because Tze-ra was much stronger than the other women she could easily tear these leather chains, and one day she did, and ran to a wall over which she could escape. When she stood on the wall she could dive from it into a river. The river was very wild, but soon she found herself on the other side in the mud of the core of Mars. Above everything else she felt, she was glad, and she knew that maybe the old man had some mercy on her by taking her out of her cell to let her work in the harem. But still she wondered where all the others were. The place where she was now was peaceful. But it seemed that cameras were still following her. She saw the eyes of Mars coming across the river, and these eyes were like the heads of strange dogs. She knew now that she had to run for her life. In her escape she had taken away a bow and a quiver full of arrows from a corner. She knew these eyes would be faster than her, so she turned around at one moment and pierced the first eye by a quick arrow. But the eye started to shout like hell, like an alarm, and Tze-ra didn't dare to shoot another one, so she started to run again. She came into a lake and dived under. Maybe the eyes couldn't follow her here, but nothing was less true. They weren't fast swimmers, but Tze-ra needed to be on her guard, and move fast. There was no way to escape from these eyes, as they would find her always. Tze-ra longed for her cell again, but she was now in the wilderness, in a deep lake. Suddenly she felt the body of a snake, and it attacked her. Soon she was in a horrible wrestling underwater, and also the eyes of Mars with their faces like dogs came closer. The snake saw them and bit one of them, while he got electrocuted. Tze-ra could get herself free and swam to the other side of the lake as fast as she could. Here some indian-like creatures stood, while they were fishing. 'Help me !' Tze-ra shouted. One of the indian-like creature took an arrow, aimed, and shot an eye of Mars. The eye started to scream, and then to bleed. The other eyes who looked like dogfaces got in a shock, and suddenly they all turned away to escape from the indian's threat, who also had another arrow on his bow waiting to pierce them. He aimed and shot through four of them at the same time. The indian showed Tze-ra that the arrows had a strange poison. Tze-ra went away with the indians to their camp. Here she could rest, and they assured her that she wouldn't be intruded by the dogfaces anymore. There were a lot of flies here, many with more than eight wings, and they seemed to be very peaceful. Tze-ra had reached the realms of the core of Mars. She was in great sorrows because of the others like Tza-la, the panther-man and the rest of her friends, but the indians told her not to return, as then the eyes of Mars would get her. The venom would only work here, but didn't have any chance outside the wilderness. Tze-ra had to stay here, or she would die. She told them a lot about the organic spaceship and where she was coming from, and they all seemed to be very caring and loving towards her. They taught her about the venoms they lived with, by which they were safe against the eyes of Mars, the dogfaces. They told her that once they had been prisoners of these eyes also, but the venom of strange flies had set them free. This venom came forth from the stings of these flies. This was the reason why the indians here cared a lot for these flies. Without it they would die. The indians told her that in the core of Mars there would be eternal life, and that she shouldn't have sorrows about her friends, for if they would be destined to eternal life, they would come there too. In the core of Mars the flame of the flies was burning, and this flame was eternal. The indians led her to a woman named Inti-ra, the Keeper of the Diamonds of the Flies. She was a very friendly woman who explained her a lot about the flame of the flies. It seemed to come forth from a place surrounded by the diamonds of the flies, but it would only come once in a millions of years. Tze-ra found out very quickly that this flame of the flies was something the indians

just believed in. Tze-ra didn't have time to wait a million of years. The woman also told her that the diamonds of the flies had stored a lot of things, like the lights by which the flies seemed to rule everything, but also the voices of fallen warriors. Tze-ra found out that also this was just something they believed. But one thing was true : they had saved her out of the claws of the eyes of Mars. The diamonds of the flies were beautiful and often huge. Tze-ra could see that they reflected and seemed to have many sorts of vibrating, pulsating and divided amplifying lights like in a spectre. The woman told her that these lights ruled everything, but Tze-ra didn't belief that. There were amazing flies around who seemed to feed on these lights. These flies had often more than eight wings, some even up to fourteen. Between all those diamonds, and even diamondrocks a huge jungle-eye seemed to live, bringing forth these lights to radiate them into the stones. The woman told her that from here the eternal flame would rise. There were only a few ones who seemed to have seen the eternal flame of the flies, but when it shows up it would be like a flash. To reach eternal life you have to be quick when it shows up, for only those who would touch the eternal flame would have eternal life, but those who only saw it would have to wait another millions and millions of years. That was the belief of those indians. Only one person seemed to have touched this flame, and he now lived in the depths of the core of Mars. Tze-ra wondered what kind of person that could be, probably a lunatic. Tze-ra couldn't belief in a flame which would offer eternal life. Tze-ra thought the indians were wasting their time believing in such things, and waiting for it. There were often visitors here, to come to the diamonds of the flies, but even more to wait for the eternal flame. Some even stayed here for days and days, but then the Keeper of the Diamonds would send them away. But Tze-ra had become very curious and wanted to know about the one who seemed to have touched the flame. He lived in a darkness no one could penetrate. Tze-ra took the advice from Inti-ra that he didn't want to be disturbed. She would go there, and then first trying to give him a message in which she would ask if he would want to meet her. She pierced the darkness for a long time, and finally she came to a huge, huge portal, like a door of metal. When she knocked a small window in the door opened immediately, and a small voice said : 'The master knows about your coming, and you are invited.' Then the door opened and a small man led her inside. Soon they came to a huge hall where small tiles in black and red formed the floor. On a huge throne a sort of clown sat. He started laughing when he saw Tze-ra. 'I wanted to see you for such a long time,' the clown said, 'and now you're here. I can't belief my eyes.' When he took his mask off it seemed to be a person she knew. He once came to this place, and the indians believed he was a god. He couldn't get rest day nor night, and soon he went to this place in the darkness, surrounding himself with such a mystery. 'You have finally found me,' he said. 'I have waited for you for such a long time, like waiting for the eternal flame.' And then he laughed. Tze-ra came closer. She almost couldn't belief her eyes. 'So you didn't touch the eternal flame yet,' she asked laughing. 'No, no,' the man laughed, 'they thought I had, and I had to live with it but hey, soon I will touch my eternal flame.' And then he stood up from his throne and ran to Tze-ra. Then they both fell into each others arms. 'I have missed you so much,' Tze-ra said. 'I really thought you were gone forever. The universe is small.' Her friend caressed her face. Then he led her to a garden behind the hall. It was a very huge garden overflowing into a wilderness. 'This is paradise,' he laughed, while Tze-ra also laughed. There were amazing flies here, often with soft white wings up to twenty or even more. Some looked like flames and were very dreadfull. Tze-ra almost couldn't belief her eyes. 'I almost begin to belief that those indians were true. This really looks like an eternal place,' Tze-ra said laughing. The softness of this nature was surrounding her, and it

was almost like she had to pee. She was full of excitement. 'What a beautiful place this is,' she said. 'So you let the indians still wait for this ?' The man raised his head and looked into the skies of the underground, and said : 'I do not have another choice, as they wouldn't allow me any rest. They think I am their god.' Tze-ra laughed. 'I understand. Well, well, so the core of Mars is actually paradise ... It's like heaven, this place. And the angels all flies with so many wings but still I can't belief it's an eternal place' The man laughed and said : 'Of course not, and I'm not going to search for it I just want to have a good time with you.' But Tze-ra didn't want to waste her time with that. She wanted to know more about the wilderness and the secrets it was bearing. She was now in the core of Mars, and she couldn't belief that this was it. She also wondered why her friend didn't go further into the wilderness. The wilderness was luring her, and after some good conversations and having some rest she went away into the wilderness alone. 'Let him have his throne, and living with the believes of others that he would be a god' Tze-ra thought to herself. Tze-ra had other things to do But deeper in the wilderness she found out she wasn't alone. Here it looked more like the eternal huntingfields, and she took notice of some indian tribes. She hoped these creatures would be peacefull, as she couldn't bear any more problems. She was exhausted very tired But the creatures were very friendly and peacefull. Although Tze-ra found out quickly that they were superstitious. They showed her something in their forest which looked like a foot. Strange lights, often pale lights seemed to come forth from it, and they seemed to worship it. Maybe they thought it was a ufo or something. There were also other strange things happening here, but Tze-ra couldn't graps it yet. When they had gone to the strange object which looked like a foot it seemed that strong lights had pierced them like wings, and then they could fly for awhile. Tze-ra thought that was very strange. They hunted a lot after chicken, and whenever they wanted to come towards the strange object which looked like a foot they had to smear their bodies with the juices of the meat. If they wouldn't do that, they would die. In the foot they believed wrath-goddesses were living. They had many nipples on their breasts, and these nipples were like toes. When they would come out of the foot it would only happen at nights and when someone was destined to die. This was why the indians feared the foot. Tze-ra couldn't help laughing when she heard about those things. She wasn't superstitious at all. They asked her if she could move the foot to a temple they had built long ago. No one dared to move the foot, even not touching it, for they believed that they would die if they would do. Tze-ra didn't have any troubles with it, so one day she went to the foot, took it on her back, and carried it to the place they called their temple. It was a very huge temple in a cave. She had to lay it down in the small part behind the cave, and a curtain made of chickenbones and chickenfeathers had to hang in front of it. Maybe they believed that Tze-ra was a prophet or something. She just hoped they wouldn't think she was a god. But the indians were very glad, and treated her very normally, as she had asked ... but the foot they even feared more now, and no one dared to come close to it for a long time. They thought that the foot first had to get used to this new place. Strange lights seemed to be spred from the new place of the foot. One day Tze-ra wanted to know the secret of the object, and went to it again. Since the foot was on a new place it seemed the indians weren't peacefull to each other anymore, but always fighting and making troubles. Tze-ra went inside the small place through the curtain made of chickenbones and chickenfeathers, and found out that in the object there were a few fast weapons. She took the weapons out on a night, and decided to leave. She hoped that now everything could become quiet again. The weapons were very much alive, vibrating. Tze-ra knew that these weapons were miraculous, and she was wondering where they came from. She decided to

go deeper into the wilderness, together with these weapons she carried with her. After weeks and weeks of wandering she took notice of the fact that she had come into a sort of empire of indians. In the distance she saw an indian, bald, with two feathers on his head, sitting on a throne, on a sort of pyramid. She became aware of the fact that the buildings here were strange. It was an empire in the jungle, but where were the indians ? She only saw this man sitting on a high throne. She went to him, and he seemed to be very friendly. She told him about her journey, and he offered her a place to live, as this was the core of Mars. But on one night there was a lot of light coming from a mountain close to the pyramid. The indian asked her if she would come with him. There was smoke coming from the mountain, and after a few hours of walk they reached the top, where the organic spaceship, the fly, had landed. And in the spaceship they found Tza-la back, and all the others. The spaceship was surrounded by strange flies with flames. Tze-ra hugged Tza-la, and then all the others. They had been saved from the eyes of Mars by these strange flies, and they even got their spaceship back. It was a long story, and Tze-ra decided to stay with them of course, while also the indian emperor decided to stay, and got a place in the spaceship. Now they could finally leave the core of Mars, as they were complete now. In the spaceship they now had the grilled and fried eyes of Mars as a delicacy, as the eyes had been captured by the strange flies with the flames. The eyes were very tasty, and there were so many of them that they could live from it for years. Now they were on their way to the green planet. It was a moisty planet, with a lot of gras and moss. The spacefly had grown so much now that it could bring the earth in the orbit around the green planet, and later it could bring Mars in such an orbit. The green planet had a purple core, and also here they had to defeat many eyes, but they seemed to have a great help from the flies with the flames. Tze-ra and the others had to become real eye-hunters now, for otherwise they wouldn't survive here. The eyes here were so strong that they could penetrate their minds to bring visions, but Tze-ra had strong weapons, and taught the others how to be great archers. Many times she had to pierce these eyes by her arrows, to save her friends out of dangerous attacks, but soon they found ways to control these dangerous eyes of the green planet, and often these eyes ended grilled and fried on their plates. The green planet seemed to be full of unknown exotic and tropical flies bearing a lot of secrets. For Tze-ra and the others it was a beginning of a new journey and a new life. Many of the flies seemed to come forth from a jungle-eye which was like a lake and led to the depths of the green planet like a tube of light. This tube of light seemed to be the secret of the green planet, the force by which it could move other planets around in orbits. It was the transformation of nature for the earth and Mars, and was boosting their evolution. The green planet had such mysterious powers in order to get everything straight. The women living on this planet, in the deeper cores were darker, and carrying the palest lights. It was like a miracle. They had stripes on their bodies and they seemed to live in deep relationships with the flies. These women were very friendly to Tze-ra and the others, as they had been repressed by the eyes for such a long time. They had been slaves of these eyes, and they lived in horrible religions to keep the eyes satisfied. But there was something they feared the most, and when they showed it to Tze-ra she started to laugh. She knew this object. It looked like a foot. It was bringing forth mysterious lights, divided in small parts and amplifying itself. It seemed to be the same mysterious religion she dealt with long ago. When the women wanted to come near the object to get energetic wings for awhile, they had to be smeared by chickenblood and the juices of the meat. The meat they had to sacrifice to the object, and sometimes they were allowed to eat it in it's presence. The women told Tze-ra that the green planet was in a very, very slow orbit around

a purple planet. They had never been to that planet, as they didn't have a spaceship for that, but from that planet the object which looked like a foot seemed to come from. And when they had come to the foot, they only had electric wings for a short while. Besides that, the purple planet seemed to be warlike. To the women here it was almost a sacred place, and they would love to go there. Tze-ra thought the planet would explain more about the strange object, so she decided to go there by the organic spaceship, and took the women of the green planet with her. First there was a big war, in which they had to shoot down many organic spaceships of the purple planet which looked like giant-spiderflies, but then they came into the brown core of the planet, where they could land with their spaceship. This process took them a long time, as it was a planet far away, and the planet was very large, much larger than Mars, the earth and the green planet together. A feeling of satisfaction was rolling across the skin of Tze-ra. They had finally made it, and this place was full of jungles. In the beginning they came along a lot of temples and pyramid-like buildings, but later on they came into large tropical jungles. Deeper in the underground they found a place like a temple, full of the strange objects. The women of the green planet were shivering, but Tze-ra said they didn't have to be afraid. Tze-ra knew the objects were full of weapons, and she showed it to them. It was like she demystified their religion a bit, and soon they trusted Tze-ra more than their own religion. The objects were just the shells of all these powerful weapons, and the women seemed to be more at ease. But soon dark striped men came into the temple-like place and wanted to pierce them by their spears. But by the weapons Tze-ra and the other women soon had the control. They tried to explain to the men that the objects weren't gods, but just shelters of powerful weapons. The men were in shock, and also on the edge of losing their religion. Also their emperor came to the place and was amazed. He never saw anything like that, as they never dared to look inside the shell. They even didn't dare to touch it. But now the men were very glad, and soon they also touched the objects to take weapons outside of them. The men were very friendly, and totally not dangerous. That was why Tze-ra kept them alive. They were just the victims of their own fears. The women took a dive in an underground lake, close to the temple, and soon the men were swimming with them too. It didn't take too long before the women and the men started to have deep relationships, but Tze-ra and the others wanted to move on. The women of the green planet would stay with the men of the purple planet to care for a new generation, while Tze-ra moved on. Tze-la had also come with her, the panther-man, the indian emperor, and some others. They were now heading for the deeper mysteries of the purple planet. The fact that the strange objects contained weapons wasn't new to Tze-ra, for she already found that out a long time ago in the core of Mars. In the depths of the core of the purple planet where the places were darker there seemed to live a lot of women-tribes with strange breasts. These breasts had many nipples in a row, like toes. Tze-ra remembered the stories of the Martian indians about such women living in the objects as wrath-goddesses. Would there be a bit truth in these stories? Tze-ra tried to approach the women. She didn't believe these women were goddesses, although they were very beautiful. In this dark underground nature there were a lot of pale lights which gave such beautiful sights. Some of the women rode on big spiders. These spiders weren't normal spiders, but winged like flies, and some had even many wings. But the number of flies was much larger. Tze-ra wondered why these women had so many nipples. The women were very shy most of the time, but they finally allowed Tze-ra and the others to come with them. They went to their camp. Strange things were happening here. The slain bodies of pigs hang at stakes and trees, and they bred chicken. Tze-ra didn't know what was going on here, but she had a strange feeling. In a lake close to

the camp they showed her a mass of floating eyes. It looked like frog-spawn. From here the strange objects seemed to come from. It was like seed, and it was like the lake was boiling a bit in a strange way. The eyes looked like soft eggs, and organic objects like feet were growing in them. Tze-ra saw how some of these women took some of the organic objects out of their shells as if they were their babies, and then they started to breastfeed them. After awhile the organic objects seemed to grow up like normal children, and Tze-ra could now explain a bit what was going on. The objects she found before were nothing but their lost babies. Tze-ra wanted to get these objects back to bring them here, but she also realized that the objects had changed so much, and probably by their fall they had become the shells of weapons. The women would never accept these fallen children again, and it was like the objects weren't as much organic as these. The objects were more like dead objects. But the more these children grew up, the more they started to look like dogs, and the more aggressive they became. The women could use them very well, as they hunted for pigs, but some of them became very dangerous. The most dangerous ones they shot, brought them into a shell, and dumped them into a river close to the lake. Here they would become babies again, but this time they would be dead babies, to store weapons. These babies looked like objects, like feet. Now Tze-ra understood everything. It was a horrible story, but the story would be even more horrible if they would keep the dangerous dogs alive, as they would murder the whole tribe if they would grow up. Once such a dog escaped and they said he grew into a wolf, a monstrous one. he would live deeper in the jungles at places where they didn't want to come. Tze-ra would never just kill such a creature, only when she would be in real danger. She wanted to help the wolf, and found out about his behaviour. So with Tza-la and some others she decided to search for the wolf. He seemed to live somewhere in a cave or mountain, behind a huge rock, but they weren't sure about that. Tze-ra would go to take a look. The wolf seemed to bear the secret of the orbit of the green planet and the planets it was attracting in their orbits, and also the orbit of the purple planet itself which seemed to have an orbit around an even larger black planet with a brown core. The purple planet had an even slower orbit than the green planet. The wolf seemed to have a black flame in his chest, coming from this black planet, and that's why he was so aggressive. They found this out, because they finally had to kill him, as he was attacking them all of a sudden, like coming from out of nowhere. They found his cave when they followed his footprints, and in his cave they found a cabin like a small ufo by which he seemed to travel to the black planet at times. His cave was full of strange pictures on the walls, images of how life on the black planet is. The cabin could contain two persons, but they decided to go by the organic spaceship.

It was a long journey back to the organic spaceship, but finally they could take flight to the black planet. They wanted to know about the secret of the black flame the wolf carried with him. It was a long journey through the universe, in search for this black planet. Everything seemed to have an orbit around this planet, even the sun. A whole galaxy was turning around it in such a slow tempo that it almost couldn't be noticed.

The End

Jewelry of the Flowerflies

Tzera and Lallas were on their way to the Shachtelt-castle on the West-side of the jungle. They were quick on their path as they had an important job to do, in which they couldn't afford themselves to fail. They were about to set free the warrior-prince who had been locked up in a place of thorns. When they came closer to the castle, all sorts of evil flying flowers like flies tried to whisper to them to return. They didn't belong here. The air was smelling sweet, and by their swords they started to cut these flying flowers, who had really small heads, like they were a dangerous species of flies. The air had been charged very strangely, like you could cut it with a knife. The flies were too strong, and they were with too many. The sky was purple, and suddenly they heard a scream. It was the wasp-prince. He was the lord of the castle, and he struck them by a strange sort of lightening. 'How dare you come here ?' the wasp-prince asked, while he was preparing to strike again.

Tzera and Lallas were totally in the grip of the flower-flies, and all Tzera could do was to call for her warrior-princess. Something dived through the layers of the air with a subtle almost sensual sweep, and suddenly appeared in a strange rythm close to the two girls. 'You go, girl,' Tzera said. The warrior-princess approached the wasp-prince, while she moved her head almost sensually. The wasp-prince had an interest in this girl, but he was on his guard, and became very shy. The warrior-princess looked him deep in the eyes, and turned herself completely towards him. It was like everyone didn't breath at that moment, even not the flowerflies. 'I can tell you, this man needs some help,' the warrior-princess said. The wasp-prince was smiling, already thinking in his head how to catch her for her castle. He could use her very well. Suddenly he shrieked very high, while fragile spiderwebs fell from above. Soon the warrior-princess got stuck in the webs and nets, and by his lasso he caught Tzera who tried to escape, and drew her towards him. It was in those days that the wasp-prince didn't have any mercy in his tricks and traps, but it was actually to offer them a royal life.

It was here, in Shachtelt-castle where the warrior-prince learned about the forces of weakness, rather than the forces of strength. He was still in his pits of thorns, tall, thin thorns which had pierced his flesh and devastated his coverings. You should see his sweet face, and then remembering the wasp-prince. How could he do something like this to dignified, polite person like the warrior-prince. But the wasp-prince had his reasons. He still wasn't done with the warrior-prince, while all his other prisoners already lived the royal life. No one was allowed to save the warrior-prince. The pit had been covered by millions and millions of flowerflies, smelling so sweet, almost sensual, to seal his doom. In Shachtelt-castle this was the place no one was allowed to come. They had to live on, forgetting about the warrior-prince, even denying him. It wasn't clear what the purposes of the wasp-prince were. All his other prisoners just tried to live on, enjoying the royal pleasures he gave them. They honoured him, and almost adored him, as they were driven forwards by a strange fear. It was like their minds had been distracted in so many ways. They needed to live on, they had to.

No one thought about the warrior-prince anymore, even not Tzera and Lallas. It was like they had forgotten about him in a million years, while flowerflies kept them in a dream. They weren't able to reach out to their friend. They were too weak in their heads, like everything was slipping away through their fingers. Here they lived with the strange sweep, the almost sensual rythm washing all

their troubles away. They had a strange move, by which they had been bound in a sense. They lived the royal sensuous life.

One day the wasp-prince was sitting in his private hall, where he was writing some strange lovesongs. Suddenly the door got smashed open. The air was filling itself with lots of sweetness. The wasp-prince fell down because of the odor, as he couldn't stand its piercing nature. It was like a thousand thin needles were entering his flesh so deep and fast. He tried to take his head up to watch the one who just entered, but he only could see some tall boots, and then he fell completely down. There was a fly roaring in the distance. It was the prince of the flowerflies to get them all back. For once the wasp-prince had stolen them, when they were still like seed, like strange small eggs, so small, and so sweet. He sowed them in his gardens, and since then, since he taught them how to fly and how to move, they became his prisoners.

The flowerfly-prince stung the wasp-prince so deep, until all his invisible threads by which he enslaved the flowerflies vanished into the nothing. The flowerfly-prince had many more lines, and they were much thinner and much stronger. The wasp-prince didn't have any strength to rise up, as the air got charged by a mysterious soft rhythm. Suddenly the warrior-princess stood in the door-opening. She knew she wasn't supposed to come here, but she heard her master screaming. She looked at the flowerfly-prince, and for a few seconds she didn't know what to do. Finally she saved the wasp-prince, as she didn't want to lose the dream he gave her. She had mixed feelings, and she didn't know anything about the flowerfly-prince, but she couldn't stand to see the one she had learned to love through all the years die like this. In anger she pierced the flowerfly-prince, in all her anger. It ended all in a flash. The flowerfly-prince was so fragile, and he was not like the other flowerflies.

The warrior-princess bowed her head, as she was in a forbidden place. Slowly she walked away through the door. But suddenly the wasp-prince called her back. It was in those days that the warrior-princess was allowed into the private halls of the wasp-prince sometimes. She didn't know what to do with all the attention, but there were also times that the wasp-prince didn't want to see her. She saved his life, and he loved her for that, but he also started to fear her. And that was why he threw her into the pit of thorns one day. He didn't do that by himself, but one night an army of flowerflies took her away, and brought her to the pit. It was the same pit where the warrior-prince was. By falling into the pit she forgot about the wasp-prince and the royal life he gave her once. The tall thin thorns pierced her flesh, and in the distance she saw the silhouette of the warrior-prince. He had such a sweet face, and the air around him had been charged by the strange sweetness.

Suddenly the wasp-prince stood before the pit. Both the warrior-princess and the warrior-prince could see him. Suddenly someone from behind pushed him into the pit. He screamed, and shrieked. The warrior-princess tried to see who did it. She saw the faces of Tzera and Lallas. They had heard her screams.

How Tzera and Lallas did it she can't remember, but she got out of the pit, together with the warrior-prince, while the wasp-prince had fallen into the unknown depths of the pit. They all missed him, and at times they wanted him back, but they also knew what he could do ... He was a beast, a dangerous man. They thought they got rid of him, but nothing was less true. For flowerflies went into the pit and took him out. They all expected that he would take revenge now, but he didn't. He went to his private hall, and locked himself up for a long time. He stayed there for such a long time that no one really knew who he was anymore, for many years went by. When the wasp-prince returned it wasn't what they expected. He was mysterious, sensuous and royal like never before. He was dignified and polite, but like a stranger.

He covered the pit of thorns by webs and nets, so that only the smallest flowerflies could enter the pit. It was in those days that the wasp-prince called Tzera and Lallas. They were allowed to come into his private hall for awhile. It was a sweet place, charged by so much mystery. The warrior-princess had told them a lot about it, but this was so much more. They expected to be punished by him, but he was friendly and understanding. He was very shy, and he told him how glad he was that the pit got covered. Tzera and Lallas were sorry that they once pushed him into that pit, as he was such a soft creature. He understood they did it in love for the warrior-princess.

It took the wasp-prince a few years to restore the relationship he had with the warrior-princess and even with the warrior-prince, and of course with Tzera and Lallas. He was like a lullaby to him, almost slowing them down. He was everything to them, until one day the princess of the flowerflies went to the Shachtelt-castle. The wasp-prince expected that the flowerflies would attack her, but they didn't. It was like a strange force came over them, and suddenly they attacked the wasp-prince, the one they once loved. It was like everyone in the castle woke up from a long dream, like all the years who kept them in such a strange prison were melting away. Tzera and Lallas could breath again, and the princess of the flowerflies went into the private hall of the wasp-prince. She took some arrows out of her quiver, and pierced the wasp-prince three times, until the wasp-prince gave away his last breath. This was too much for him, and no one of his servant helped him. This time he was at his own. The princess of the flowerflies understood why the warrior-princess once killed the flowerfly-prince, and actually the two princesses developped an intimate friendship in a short time. New days began for Shachtelt-castle. The wasp-prince had been too mysterious to trust, and had kept them in prison for such a long time. These days were over now, and now the flowerflies could finally heal. They began to become fruitfull in so many ways, and they could develop themselves into beings of flesh and blood. But their blood was pink, purple and white, like the rest had.

No one could imagine how Tzera and Lallas could grow these years after the wasp-prince had gone. They wanted to return to the jungle they came from. They were strong now, yet with an unpiercable softness. But the flowerfly-princess had to call them back many times. One day the flowerfly-princess called the warrior-prince towards her, in her private hall, and he showed him that he would be the flowerfly-king. It was a great honour for the warrior-prince, for then Shachtelt-castle would be his own. And this would mean that not only purple, pink and white blood would stream through him, but also the royal blood, the red blood. Tzera and Lallas were very proud of him, and of course the warrior-princess. After many long years he became the flowerfly-king, and now Tzera and Lallas could be totally free to go and stay in the jungle as long as they wanted. It was like the old curse of the wasp-prince had been broken now in a real sense.

But soon enough the flowerfly-king had a new enemy : the wasp-king, the father of the wasp-prince, and king of the jungle. For this battle Tzera and Lallas returned to the castle, as it was a long and bloody war in which a lot of flowerflies died. Tzera took her knife and caused a bloodbath in the army of the wasp-king. In this war she really learned how to use webs, nets and lasso's. Also Lallas was strong in the fight. She fought by her spear, her harpoon and established many traps in the surroundings of the castle. After awhile the wasp-king gave himself over. Some of the flowerflies attacked him and killed him, as he could never be trusted again. Now the flowerfly-king became the new king of the jungle, and soon the jungle got full of royal traps, preventing them from any danger. Everyone of the kingdom needed to know about the traps, so that they wouldn't get caught. But strangers and those who would form a threat were in danger. And everyone needed to be sure to update their maps about the traps, for everyday the traps could change positions.

It was in those days that a black killer tried to destroy the kingdom, as a deed of revenge. He was an old friend of the wasp-king, but he ended in the royal traps of the flowerfly-king. The flowerfly-king succeeded in every sense, and everyday his army got larger. Still new enemies showed up, but the

royal traps got bigger and bigger, and finally the immunity-level of the kingdom started to increase more than ever. It was like the jungle had become a machine, like an overprotected royal castle. And in this palace Tzera and Lallas longed to be, as they wanted to be overprotected. They felt safe with the flowerfly-king they once saved when he was a warrior-prince. Often the traps were like tall bow-nets with their own mechanisms. The results of these traps were often subtle, and not remembered. A lot of the things happened in isolation, far away from the consciousness of the jungle. The flowerfly-king knew that too much mentioning would be like a pollution. The traps had their own ways to deal with their enemies, and no one wanted to know much about it.

One day the flowerfly-king called Tzera to his private hall. He knew everything about what she had done for him and the kingdom. He told her that he now had also red blood. He showed her an amulet by which she could also get the red blood. He layed it around her neck, and a soft warmth started to flow through her body. He gave her a spear by which many flowerflies would always stay in her surroundings. And while thinking with warmth about the moment she saved him from the pit he called her Tzera of the Flowerflies.

It was in these days Tzera of the Flowerflies grew to her full lengths, and by her spear she ruled many of the flowerflies. There was red blood flowing through her body, and she had wealthy coverings. She was like no one else. She was different, and how it happened, no one knew, but the flowerfly-king started to fear her. Everyday she grew more powerfull, and she started to develop a dignity no one knew. It was like the spirit of the wasp-prince came over the flowerfly-king, for the softer Tzera of the Flowerflies became the more he started to distrust her. He started to act very mean to her. He was afraid she would take away his crown one day, and her ways started to irritate him. By her presence the jungle more and more started to turn into an overprotected palace, and the number of flowerflies in her surroundings grew everyday more and more. One day the flowerfly-king couldn't take it any longer, and was on her way to her. Soon the warrior-princess found out about his intentions. She had followed him for awhile since he started to behave suspicious towards Tzera of the Flowerflies. Now she had to stop him, but she first went to Lallas and the flowerfly-princess to warn them and to ask them for help. Also a lot of flowerflies came to know what was going on. At that moment Tzera of the Flowerflies slept in a lion's cave. When the flowerfly-king entered the cave he killed two lions. He wasn't himself anymore, as his jealousy had possessed him with the spirit of the wasp-prince. The third lion jumped on him, and tried to stop him, but also this lion he slayed. Tzera of the Flowerflies slept in the back of the cave. She slowly woke up, and saw the angry flowerfly-king coming towards her. In one second she jumped up, while she heard the warrior-princess screaming. She also heard Lallas' voice, and the voice of the flowerfly-princess. They just ran into the cave, and reacted to the killed bodies of the lions they saw. The warrior-princess took a dive while she ran towards the flowerfly-king, but he beheaded her in a flash. This time many of the flowerflies attacked the king in full rage. By lightening he destroyed many of them. 'Don't come closer to him, Lallas !' Tzera screamed. But it was already too late. The king pushed Lallas against the wall of the cave, a very rough wall, and a sharp stinging stone pierced her back and another one her neck. Tzera took her harpoon and shot the king in his neck, and then in his face, while he fell down. 'I hate to do this,' he said, while he stood up again. He came closer and closer to Tzera of the Flowerflies, and a lot of the flowerflies were like frozen. But then the flowerfly-princess beheaded him from behind by a sharp warped knife, like a sickle. 'Why did I ever make him king !' she desperately shrieked. It was in these days Tzera thought she couldn't trust anyone anymore. She wanted to forget about it as soon as possible, otherwise she couldn't go on in her life. The flowerfly-princess died of grief in those days.

It was in those days she started to realize that she never wanted to be queen of the jungle. The flowerflies had to take care of the jungle themselves. Tzera of the Flowerflies was now a lonely woman since she lost so many of her friends. But the flowerflies comforted her. She also felt comforted by some other friends, the panther-apes. Always when she looked into their eyes she

realized that it was because of them she still lived. They weren't always close, but it was like their presence was always manipulating the way her life was streaming from a distance. She couldn't describe how, but she felt it like this. And in a strange mysterious way she saw them as her saviours. But she was afraid. She wanted to forget about everything, for she knew that saviours would have many powers over her she couldn't understand, and by that the spirit of the wasp-prince could drive her crazy also. She started to fear herself and the relationships she had. She didn't want to be a saviour, and she didn't want to allow saviours in her life. She knew what it could do to her.

She came to the understanding that no one ever really died, so all the ones who had passed away would be somewhere else, in another form. It was still eating her in a sense, but she didn't want to go back to that. She was afraid of revenge. She couldn't trust anyone. She didn't want to live like a queen or empress, but it was safe to her to live like a princess, to be the new flowerfly-princess. One of the flowerflies turned out to grow into the new flowerfly-prince. But more flowerfly-princesses and flowerfly-princes started to rise in time. It was like an overprotected community. She didn't want to see the same mistakes happening as in the past, so she made a lot more traps to prevent such things from happening. The flowerflies obeyed her, and she obeyed the flowerflies, as in an overprotecting rule. It was a way of being polite and dignified, and everyone had his own place. And again a subtle almost sensual sweep started to return over them, in a rhythm stranger and more mysterious than ever. Strange flowerflies seemed to cover the whole jungle from above, and one by one they started to soar down very softly, while some of them had swords. The sky turned purple and got charged by a strange deep softness and sweetness, like something could overflow every moment. Tzera closed her eyes and obeyed the moment, hoping that this moment would stay forever. She thought about the warrior-prince how he was locked up in the pit of thorns. She remembered how they took him out, how he became king, and how he killed so many of her friends. She now understood the use of the pit of thorns. Together with the new flowerflies she went to the pit which was now covered by webs and nets. She wanted to find out about the mysteries of the pit. But something in her told her to stay away from the pit. It was totally blocked now by the webs and the nets.

It was not in her powers to make something of it. Still many flowerflies seemed to come forward from it, together with a purple fog. Soon the new flowerflies had taken over the whole jungle. And they seemed to turn into princes and princesses more and more. Most of them had swords, others harpoons and spears. Some had knives. It was like an army. They wanted to give the jungle an overdose of protection, so that the mistakes of the past wouldn't take place again. And the traps got deeper and deeper, and more and more mysterious. No one knew what it actually was. And many flowerflies seemed to come forward from the traps, and used to cover them more and more. It was like everyone forgot about the past, as if a fog of forgetfulness took place, and this fog was purple. And the purple skies were about to unleash a sword they held for such a long time. Like a lightning it fell out of the skies, while Tzera ran to it. It was a sword like some of the flowerflies had. She held the sword in her hands, while pink waters seemed to flow from it. The air got charged so strangely that she could cut it with her sword. She felt like she was a knight now, standing up to protect the jungle against the past. But she started to wonder how old the pit of thorns already was, and how many creatures would be in it, in its unknown depths. If she could do one thing for these poor creatures it was to throw this sword to them. She knew it couldn't fail, as the sword would find the right person. The sword would take care of itself. Full of trust in her choice she stepped towards the pit of thorns again, and could easily cut the webs and nets away by which it had been covered for such a long time. She also started to cut many thorns away. Then she threw the sword into its depths. This was the only thing she could do for a past she knew not anything about, a past which may be the key to an even better jungle.

There was something serious in the way she looked. She had pink treasures in her hands like by magic. She seriously took it in the air, to stare at it from a distance. If her mother would still live she

would be proud of her. But her mother died when she was very young. Now she is of an age she could be mother herself. And look at all these pink treasures. Is there anything better than this ? It appeared to be spouted by the unsealed pit. There was a world very serious in her head, the world of a past she didn't know anything about, maybe even not her mother. It was not the right time for her to cry. She saw so many amazing creatures coming forward from the pit. And one of them carried the sword. She didn't want to know about everything what had happened in this deep past. She wouldn't waste her precious time with these stories. But she was glad they were back. They may have their own secrets, and their own ways of making things right, but the sword had chosen them to return. Now she could lay her head to rest, and trust these new visitors, chosen by the sword.

There was a jungle like covered by white lava, while her hands were full of pink treasures, and the skies still purple. She felt her royal red blood flowing inside, and she remembered the amulet. She was still wearing it. She felt the need to throw it into the pit as well, and also the spear by which she had so many flowerflies in her surroundings. She wanted to reach the past she didn't know anything about, a past holding the keys to their survival. Suddenly she jumped in the pit herself, while so many flowerflies were following her, following her into another world. There was too much mystery there, luring her, seducing her, while she found out that she got caught up by so many flowerflies in the purple skies. Was this the way to the skies ? She saw so many things, and remembered so many things, while at the same time forgetting about so many things. She was wondering where this would end. She felt naked, yet so covered. She felt poor, yet so wealthy. She was like dying to come alive, for the first time of her life. It was like she had wings, she, Tzera of the Flowerflies. And the flowerflies seemed to multiply by her side. She was in the middle of an army, in which she felt safe. She was in a cocoon, leading her to softness, to spoiling softness. And she said : 'spoil me.' It was the big spoil surrounding her, like an overdose of softness. Past and future didn't matter anymore, as the path broke through all concepts of time. And now she was overloaded, ready to explode.

There was no one who could follow her at a moment, only billions and billions of flowerflies, caring for her lights. She filled up so many places by her touch. She could feel herself entering a purple cloud of light. She felt like she was someone else now, not herself anymore. There seemed to be not a bottom in this pit, but it was like the pressure was slowing her down, and she didn't know if she would be spat out or not. Suddenly it was like it swallowed her inside. She found herself between horses in a sort of carriage. In the distance there was a white vulcano, and below her there were jungles and rivers. Suddenly she was surrounded by horses all over the place, and they were spouting fire. Lava covered the jungles and flowerflies emerged from it. The flowerflies even seemed to come forth from the mouths of the horses. It was here where life or death didn't matter anymore. It was another rythm, a strange rythm, almost sensual. The air had been charged by a strange sweetness, but the lava seemed to flow faster than everything. She remembered that the wasp-prince used to write strange lovesongs at time. It used to open her eyes to so many things. It used to heal her. And it was like she heard songs like those again, but stranger than ever, with such a calming sweep, like something overprotecting. It was like these horses loved her. They were like love-flies. They didn't force themselves towards her, but they did it subtile and dignified. She never saw such polite beings, but in such a strange way, almost bizar. It was in these days she started to miss and remember the wasp-prince in a good way.

She was on her way to Campus, the place she was once born. The rich treasures of the wasps were filling the skies. She couldn't imagine how much it would heal her, to be here again. Her mothers always used to write songs to calm her and to let her sleep. And then she remembered, it wasn't the first time she went through the pit. Still there were many flowerflies in her surroundings, but it was like crazy wasps were attacking. The waterfalls were moving so slow here. It was like she was in a cocoon, her cocoon. She could remember the way her mother sang. She was always like a lullaby, in a subtile rythm. It was here where she really believed in love again, like her eyes got opened. It wasn't for nothing that she was here. There were soft rythms in the distance, strangely charged. Was

she a wasp or fly ? Or both ? These questions were floating through her mind. The wasps were attacking her flowerflies, but these wasps were strange. They looked like flies. And she didn't feel sad about it, for she knew how long she had been in the hands of the flowerflies, like they came too close to her, having too many powers over her. They had to leave now, as she would move deeper. They had to go now, as she was entering Campus, where she got born once. More and more of the flowerflies left her. Only a few stayed with her, her best friends. 'Wasp-fly,' someone was whispering. She was looking into a walls of hot fluids, or weren't these waterwalls hot, but just charged by so many stings, like it was some sort of poison. Tzera of Campus came closer. Some of her flowerfly-friends started to shriek and moved away. It was like she really had to deal with her past, by entering a deeper past, her roots. Where did she come from ? And who were these true friends ? The poison was climbing towards her neck. Then she dived from a tall rock into the burning river below her, something she used to do when she was younger. So many memories seemed to overflow her. Then suddenly the last flowerflies started to fly away. She had been in their captivity for such a long time. It was like their friendship was pressuring her in a strange sense, very subtle. Here she needed to be alone, at least away from them, to meet the wasp-flies. Was she one of them ?

The wasps were climbing on her back, bringing her to a tall building, like a palace. They stang her deep, and then they went away. There weren't wasps in her surroundings when she came closer to the building like a palace only wasp-flies, as tall as her. Inside the palace there were horses. It looked like a stable. This she couldn't remember. A horse-fly came towards her, a warrior. He had a tall strange sword, and he was impressed by the sword, as he showed it to her. There was no conversation possible with the horse-fly, as he was shy. But she felt they were all here to be overprotective in a good sense. It was like they had stolen her heart, like she had been harpooned by billions of wires. They showed her a hall in the distance, and while she came closer she could see how huge it was. The hall was full of strange weapons. There was no place for her to take rest. She was impressed and overwhelmed by the treasures of the hall. Still there was no one for a conversation, as they were all shy. They seemed impressed to, and further very dignified and polite. There wasn't anything manipulating in their behaviour. They were subtle creatures.

In the distance the waspfly-prince stood. He was tall, and looked like a horse. He had big eyes, and it was like Tzera of Campus knew him. It was a subtle man, almost sensual, although she couldn't describe it. She seemed to be totally in his power, but the feeling of freedom he gave her was overwhelming, almost breath-taking. His face was like a sweet flower. She remembered the flowerflies, but this was something else. 'You are here for a reason,' he spoke. Tzera of Campus came closer. She wasn't in fear of this man, not at all, like she knew him. It was like she was under a strange spell. He shrieked while from above strange dust fell over her. 'You have made a long journey,' he spoke. There was no place for her to think. It was like all the memories she lived with for such a long time were streaming away, exploding, while so many memories she had forgotten showed up again, stronger than ever. The prince came towards her, and hugged her. At the same time she fell into a sort of sleep. 'Bring her to her room !' the waspfly-prince roared. Some watchmen came to take her away. After many hours she woke up in a strange bed, in a strange room. There were all sorts of strange paintings on the wall. Paintings of beautiful mysterious landscapes. A door in her room led to a garden, full of hot red flowers, fragile like flowerflies. But this place was poisonous. It was venom instead of heat, but the venom seemed to heal her. It was streaming into her head, by the smell of the flowers. She felt trapped, but in a good sense.

That night she had dinner with the waspfly-prince. In many ways he was like the wasp-prince, but he was different. In many ways he was like the flowerflies, but different. He gave her freedom by strange jewelry the jewelry of the ... waspfly. She felt like a princess like never before. That was the feeling he gave her She also had the feeling he would give this feeling to all the girls of the palace. She saw impressive silhouettes full of jewelry. And she knew the palace would have more princes like him Everyone could become a prince and a princess here. It was all just a matter of

time and travel. It was an overprotective palace, and she felt harpooned, moving through billions and billions of strange subtle rhythms. It seemed it came forth from the strange, almost sensual, jewelry the jewelry of the waspfly.

He asked her to come to his room. But in his room his true nature seemed to come forward. He locked her up in his cupboard, a sort of wardrobe. He screamed that he could use her bones very well to make jewels of them. Strange knives seem to come forward from the insides of the cupboard. Tzera was screaming. Slowly the knives started to move towards her. She didn't dare to breathe or move, and was like frozen. How Tzera shrieked she couldn't remember, but finally some flowerflies saved her. She felt ashamed, as she didn't believe they belonged here. And maybe that was even true, as it was a dangerous place to them. The flowerflies found the waspfly-prince and killed him. It became a big war, in which the flowerflies took over the whole of Campus by their coverings. It was like Campus had been changed throughout all those years, and Tzera realized she couldn't hang on to her old memories anymore. Since she left Campus had become corrupted, deceiving. But now the flowerflies would change nature. It wasn't true to see them as captors, as they had been captivated themselves too.

Slowly they infiltrated Campus, very subtle but steady. And for the first time Tze-ra felt she had really come home.

The End

Flowerflies'

Rhythms

Tze-ra and Marra walked along the tall river of the jungle. They couldn't expect how their day would turn. The air was smelling sweet, while flowerflies covered the trees and the bushes. They remembered how long ago the flowerflies had set this land free, and it was like they were still charged by the jewelry of these days invisible jewelry It was like an invisible sword in their head always connecting them to the flowerflies It was a love-connection Marra always talked a lot about the past, how the flowerflies had set her free, and how she met Tze-ra. They became good, intimate friends. Tze-ra enjoyed the tenderness of Marra, the way she was subtle, polite and dignified. Together they lived in a cabin made of reed. There wasn't much to do this day, but suddenly a black snake appeared before them. The black snake was very friendly, and he said he was on his way to Daklam Palace, a place in the East of the Jungle. 'Why don't you come with me ?' the snake asked. 'Don't be shy.'

Because they didn't have anything else to do, Marra and Tze-ra went with the snake. Daklam Palace was a beautiful ambient place, like a covered jungle, so dignified. There was love and peace here, and so many flowerflies. The black snake showed them the treasures of the place, together with some jeweled weapons. Because of these weapons the atmosphere was always peaceful, as the weapons lived a life on their own, and were overprotective towards the jungle of Daklam Palace. Not many knew about Daklam Palace. It was still a silent place and overprotective, in the sense that it didn't attract danger. There were too many mysterious traps which cared that no troubles could be made. Daklam Palace was like a monument of the jungle. The flowerflies had worked so hard to get this work done. There were beautiful jungle-gardens covered by crystal and the most precious stones. These gardens were full of the most enchanting flowers and of course a lot of flowerflies. However, once in many years, a spider-king always seemed to show up, taking many prisoners to his realms. He had a ship in which he lived and ruled the oceans. These oceans were full of spiderwebs and snakeslime. He just harpooned his victims, and caught them by his nets, and then he moved away. And after years he always seemed to return, but now the black snake had been called by those of Daklam Palace, and the black snake thought he could use Tze-ra and Marra very well, as the spider-king was about to return to Daklam Palace. Slowly the black snake slid through the gardens, on his way to the beach, while Marra and Tze-ra followed him. In the distance they saw the ship. It was a ship they had never seen before, so huge. It was like the sun was striking the sight. It was in these dark oceans so many strange things were happening. Tze-ra now understood why Daklam Palace was such a silent place. It was because of the spider-king. Of course there were a lot of flowerflies, but not many would visit the place, and the place was pretty unknown. There was a silence here and an emptiness she couldn't describe. When the ship came closer to the beach of Daklam Palace, in front of the gardens, they saw it was like a ghostship. It was like a shadow was about to cover Daklam Palace.

The spider-king was shrieking on his ship. He looked like a pirate, and also his ship was like a pirate-ship, but it had a strange edge, a strange sweep, like an unknown almost dreadful rhythm. The black snake came from far, and he was about to defeat the spider-king. But in a sense she didn't know if she could trust the black snake. It was like Tze-ra fell in love with the ship the closer it came towards them. But where was Marra ? Suddenly many pirate-like spiders jumped from the ship into the ocean and swam to the beach. Tze-ra was on her guard. Soon Daklam Palace was covered by webs and nets, and many of the flowerflies got trapped. Tze-ra was already in a fight against a spider-watchman, and soon Marra came to help her. The black snake slid into the ocean and swam towards the huge ship. They tried to harpoon him but his skin was too hard and too thick. Quickly he could slide on the ship and entered. The spider-king was in rage, and it was like he felt in such a weakness, but then to rise up in a major strength. His big eyes almost pierced the black snake. But the black snake was quick like an arrow and slid across the mast to break it down finally, while the sail was falling down to cover the spider-king. The spider-king took his harpoon to shoot a net at the snake, and soon the snake got caught, and hang close to the ship. The snake couldn't escape the net, as it was sinking into the sea. But suddenly there were more black snakes, and soon the spider-king couldn't go anywhere.

In the distance Tze-ra could see how the black snakes pushed the spider-king away from the ship, and when she and Marra had defeated the spider-watchman they jumped into the waters and swam towards the ship. It was an amazing feeling to climb on a ship like this. Deep in the ship they found so many treasures and so many cages full of flowerflies. Quickly they opened the cages. Meanwhile the black snakes were setting Daklam Palace free from the nets and the webs. Many flowerflies wanted to stay on the ship, and also to Tze-ra and Marra that sounded like a good idea. But another ship was coming in the distance. And even more ships were appearing. One ship was the ship of the spider-prince. Tze-ra expected it would turn out in a new war, but it seemed that the spider-king had also terrorized them, so they were glad that Tze-ra was now the owner of the ship. She wanted to make the oceans overprotected, and she became good friends with the spider-prince. He wasn't a threat to the ship, and neither were the other ships.

Tze-ra loved to climb to the heights of the ship, just to have a wonderful survey across the oceans. There wasn't a ship as huge as hers on the oceans, and that's why she could get everything quiet and peaceful. And it didn't take her too long to make an ambient overprotected jungle of these oceans full of spiderwebs, nets, and snakeslime. It was her idea to make the ocean not the ocean anymore. She had now a jungle-ship, and the waves below her were like a palace to her. She could penetrate the jungle like it was her own place, and the flowerflies seemed to be very comfortable with the idea. They were in her surroundings all the time, and spread themselves more and more to cover this growing palace of nature. Tze-ra was now like a pirate on her jungle-ship, as she had been sent out to establish the traps full of long periods, lengthy traps like bow-nets, covered up by so many of her friends, the flowerflies. These traps cared that no one could leave the palace, and no one could enter in, and they also cared that no one could make any trouble. Nature like this took care of itself, stirred up by the strange sweeps of the flowerflies, an almost sensual and very mysterious rhythm, which seemed to come from a deep darkness, a darkness even Tze-ra didn't know much about. It was an overprotected darkness, coming from a mysterious haunted pit in the depths of the ocean-jungle. It was like palaces, tall palaces of flowerflies came forth from this pit, and one day Tze-ra went there with her ship. Soft vibrating rhythms and overvibrating sounds seemed to lure her from there. So she moved her ship towards the gigantic pit which was like a whirlpool. It was like she heard the jungle-heart beating, like she could almost holding it in her hands, while so many lights were dressing her up like jewelry, so fragile and so wealthy, like the treasures of a jungle she knew nothing about. There was something in her voice, like a strange lust, or was it a curiosity ... when so many wet flowerflies seemed to embrace her, to take her away into the depths of the wet wet pit of the ocean-jungle. They were almost holding her heart, piercing it by their enigmatic songs. It was here she was like losing her tongue to so many vibrating, overwhelming sounds, in which her heart bathed, not able to speak anymore, not able to add anything to the show. It was here she almost lost her life, as she couldn't take it anymore. It was almost seducing her, while sad voices were luring her, deeper and deeper. It was like Tze-ra embraced this new nature, which was almost like flowing now above her head. These were jungle-waves, waves of miraculous lights, not devastating, but overprotective, sensuous and even charming, but so polite and so dignified. It was a subtle nature, becoming darker and darker

before her eyes, sucking her in, together with her ship, and so many flowerflies. It seemed many of them knew this place already, and it was like they were holding their breath.

Now Tze-ra had found her love, her passion, when soft rhythms seem to awake in her mind, like the gift of this tremendous nature. She was open to it, as a child to toys. It was a place where many nightshifts and ladybugs seemed to live, like soldiers. But they weren't fighting. They were overprotective, in this strange darkness. It almost made her cry. The creatures were very sad, like walking with heavy weights, but at the same time something strong was stirring them up, something which seemed to flow from inside. It was here she couldn't think about herself anymore. She was like a fire losing herself to nature. She had flames around her neck, setting her in a strange fire, like liquid lights, and suddenly she wasn't able to touch herself anymore. No one of these creatures had actually a self. They had lost themselves in this gigantic nature, and they were now like wind and fire, switching over from place to place, from direction to direction. They were free. Suddenly there were so many explosions before her. A gate was opening itself, and she floated through it with her ship. She was now like ten to twelve flames, coming together and then separate, and they seemed to change places all the time. She was now in liquid fire, in lava, not knowing herself anymore, who she was, where she was going to and it set her mind free She had been enchanted by this nature, like she was in a deep sleep Was this the place where dreams came from ? It all seemed to be so hopeless all of a sudden like this nature wouldn't have any chance to survive when it would show up through the pit but she had a small, tall flame of hope her last hope It was the last straw of a life she couldn't forget for she needed to lose her mind to become insane insane enough to go through this gate, which was vibrating before her It wouldn't let her in if she wouldn't give herself completely away Suddenly she stood strong on her ship The colours attracted her These were in all shades of pink, red, purple and white. It was a show before her eyes, while even softer and multi-vibrating sounds, voices and rhythms seem to awake strangely and subtle in her mind Her feelings seemed to react to it finally, and also emotionally she had been drawn in, by these strange lights It was to get her sane really sane overprotected and most of all loved But could she trust what was going on ? She felt that all she needed was to be loved and it had to be bizar for the normal life was too dangerous She had the feeling she didn't come anywhere, but this was something else It wasn't rude, but subtle It didn't go fast, but slow and steady She needed to lay herself down for awhile, as the soft ocean was overflowing her, in so many miraculous way This was a sensuous hidden ocean-jungle She found herself finally, after losing herself to it. But it felt like a trap. She couldn't move for awhile, she was so tired. To her there was no other way. She had to spend time with this, to know more secrets of the dark jungle. She wasn't afraid of traps anymore, as finally she would find her way in, becoming stronger, like being in a cocoon It was a way of life. It was like touching the sides of her she didn't know yet, and it came to life she came to life

The nightshift-prince was smiling to her And also the face of the ladybug-prince was appearing 'We will keep her warm,' another voice said. 'You have a wonderful ship, like you came from heaven Welcome to the hell of the jungle Welcome to hell'

Softly, but very tired, still very tired, Tze-ra started to ask questions about how they lived here. But they didn't answer, or she couldn't hear it anymore She woke up in a warm room close to a garden In the garden there were ladybugs, butterflies, strange flies, but also many flowerflies She had survived the journey to this purple hell. Pink soft lights seem to surround her, and caused so many weaknesses in her body, but it seemed it triggered a deep and mysterious strength, coming to her in strange rhythms Some of these rhythms were very slow It was like a show of weaknesses and strength how they worked together loved and lived in miraculous rhythms coming alive. It was playing in her mind and body It was playing in her feelings and emotions, while warmth seemed to ejaculate like a volcano deep inside. It was these kind of shows she liked, bringing her to peace. She stepped into the garden, walked through it to reach the beach where her ship was. Everything was still the same, but charged by the shows of light. Weaknesses seemed to come like flashes over her, penetrating her, but at the same time strength was flowing, letting her make subtle movements, not forming any threat to the fragile nature around her. They could accept her now, and she was free. It was like a ritual, like a religion, but not an evil one, even not religious, but more delirious, confused in the concept of religion. It was insane, but at the same time it was as sane as her thoughts about ladybugs and nightshifts, of peaceful creatures trying to make anything of the mess. This was their temple, this was their palace. She lived in fear, the fear of losing her dreams She wasn't afraid of the nightmare, but she was afraid to lose her dream Although she hoped an even better dream would grasp her, even more overprotective, like an older brother The flowerflies cared for her, comforted her, and she knew they would travel with her. She went to her ship, and she saw this dark ocean. She could turn it into a jungle, but they had to give her time. She knew the fear and the sadness was coming forth from this dark ocean, like there were things happening there, like heavy weights, not many knew about strange things chaos like the doom of the thunder What could she expect when she would sail these oceans ? The flowerflies started to cover the oceans in fast tempo She watched their shows, but suddenly a creature was rising up Heads were moving fast Almost from out of the nothing the ladybug-prince and the nightshift-prince were at her side It was like she couldn't do anything. The creature started to eat away so many of the flowerflies, and was swimming in a fast rhythm to the ship. There was not much she could do when the enormous creature opened his mouth and swallowed the ship. She was now in the trap. But inside things seemed to be different. It was like a temple. Flowerflies were looking at her. It seemed to be a strange ship. A pirate was staring at her. 'You're dead already,' he murmured. But suddenly he smiled, stood up, took her hands, and started to dance. She just played the game with him, as she started to like him a bit. He was open to her, and showed her the songs who would lead her through the night. These songs were the shows of life. There wasn't a rhythm like this. 'What is making these oceans so dark ?' she asked. The pirate showed her some dark songs. He didn't do them often, but it was enough to set everything in fire. The penetration always took a long time. She didn't know what he was talking about. 'I waited for you,' he spoke. 'I've been keeping this nightmare up for such a long time, as so many creatures have been bound to it. I don't want to let it sink into the darkness, away from our grasp. If it would sink away it would be lost forever, so I had to hold it up, and play it once in awhile. I know you and your flowerflies can adapt it to the jungle. I know you can make a beautiful, overprotecting show of it The ladybug-prince and the nightshift-prince have told me a lot about you They have watched you for such a long time, hoping you would ever come to their kingdom Wishes can come true These flowerflies are such a

good recyclers You are welcome' It didn't take too much time for Tze-ra and her flowerflies to make an amazing jungle-show of these dark and deep oceans. Her ship even became bigger when they recycled the beast who had swallowed the ship. It became a part of the decoration and accessoires. Tze-ra was proud, but she was thinking about the depths of this ocean Why would the pirate be so afraid that the nightmare would sink away in it ? To her it was a challenge to search for the deeper nightmares as she could imagine that many things would have been swallowed away by the sea throughout the ages.

It was like the flight of the flowerflies, like lullabies, to soften the atmosphere, all she could think about were the hidden palaces of nature The ladybug-prince and the nightshift-prince were still at her side, while the pirate they had sent to Daklam Palace where he would come to rest. He had carried such a weight for such a long time. He wouldn't believe his eyes when he would return one day. Tze-ra wasn't afraid of any nightmare, and she even wasn't afraid of losing her dreams anymore, as she now knew to what it was good for. She could easily forget and remember, as she was a traveler, sent out to make everything good. She would leave every place for the places beyond and the places below it. In this she was very tight. Her jungle-ship would not just defeat, but rather harmonize. It was her wisdom and her feeling for show which was her best weapon, although she knew that her wisdom could block a higher and deeper wisdom trying to break through. This was why she kept her mind sane by leaving her dreams. The flowerflies would do the rest. It was a long night in which she sailed into the depths of the dark ocean, through its pits and whirlpools, in search for the lost parts. These parts had been so heavy that no one could bear them anymore. She lost herself again in so many ways, becoming crazy in so many manners, and she started to bow down under the weight, under the pressure, like someone was holding her hands behind her back to tie them. It was here she started to long to be free, as the chains which kept her locked up were tearing her. She screamed to god, while she knew the devil was god here. It was his place, and he didn't like visitors. But she didn't want to believe in evil. She believed in harmony, in the flowerflies. The devil was a prince here, like a strange insect. It could scream like no one else. And it could shriek, while in a sense it looked like a goat and a butterfly. It was the butterfly-prince. He was tall, and could sting. He was rich and had a fleet. No one could shriek like him. No one could bring fear like him. He made a strange noise with his legs, in a strange rhythm. 'Why did you come here ?' he shrieked to Tze-ra. Suddenly he jumped in the air, grasped a liana from a web and could come into Tze-ra's ship. Now Tze-ra could see one of his legs was of iron, and the other was like strange wood. He looked like a pirate. He had one eye. His arms had many hooks. His head looked like a skull, and he had many rings and many earrings. Also his hat was full of rings, and further his coverings. He had a short beard, and a very small moustache. He was too mysterious to describe. Many would not give him any chance, the way he looked so suspicious so dangerous so bizarre, almost threatening He had a lethal appearance, dreadful, but at the same time funny, like a joke. Tze-ra didn't laugh She didn't know if she would want to have anything to do with this man He looked so undignified, impolite, arrogant, and most of all someone she couldn't trust although he tried to act nice to her he tried to charm her But this was not the type of man she had in her thoughts someone like this If she would meet him somewhere else and he would invite her to come away with him, she would laugh He was too suspicious and with mean intentions too dangerous to be charming as it would be

hell to fall in his evil hands And the way he tried to cover this up for her and to look innocence was too funny to take him serious. This man was a total zero in her eyes, and she knew that even it was the first time she saw him, she knew him already for a hundred years This man was the devil, and maybe even the father of all devils. The only thing she liked about him were his coverings in a sense, and the rythms which seemed to surround him, the almost sensual rythms the mystery This man was an enigma After awhile he got in a rage because of her attitude ... He took his knife, and also she took her knife, and a long fight started How long it took she couldn't remember, but it was a battle in which she lost everything, and got into such a rage that she finally tore him apart, very slowly, like she wanted to enjoy and establish all the seconds in which she would have her freedom back. The flowerflies took care of his watchmen which were often victims It was a battle she wouldn't forget too easy, but soon she had taken over his complete fleet, and made it hers. It was like she had conquered him finally by a dream, and she had his show in her hands. She wanted to forget about this man, but she wanted to learn about his rythms, his traps, to recycle it into hers. It was her show, and the show of so many flowerflies, who seemed to cover the fleet more and more since she stroke. It was in these days she seemed to take up her sword, and started to learn the meaning of war, to be a warrior. She became the terrible one of the jungle, the mysterious heritage of something no one could grasp. It was by her life she protected and recycled the jungle, into a subtile sensuous place. But many knew of her name now. She could raise her ship to the heights of existance, and it seemed that now the jungle itself was lord. She was a sensuous creature. When she laughed, she only laughed for the moment, as there was enough sadness still luring her, waiting for her, to show her their mysteries and secrets. In this she was polite, very patient, but something in her was bubbling, like a rage. She wanted to be overprotective, someone others could count on, but she demanded that everyone became like her, that everyone would follow her, not to be her, but to find their own place in this new nature. In this there were many options, as she wasn't a dictator. There were many options in this overprotective palace, but everything seemed to flow one direction, like in a jungle-show, a manifestation of pure power, sensitive to and coming forth from weakness, a fast weakness, and a slow strength, still dignified till the end. She was a presence in this jungle, but she also raised others in this presence, or just to leave to give room to others, room to develop themselves, and room to follow her. In this she was tight, as she was sensitive to threats. She wouldn't allow any danger to come in her jungle. The flowerflies took care of that. She met many more princes. Some to fight, others to love. There wasn't a real code in her behaviour, as she was always changing, always in progression.

One day she found out she had to stop what she was doing. A strange creature on one of her travels threw her into a pit in which she got locked up. It was a pit of the most horrible stinging insects. It was not only the change of her, but also the change of nature. It was here she didn't belief in herself anymore, and even not in a self, and not in an other. She had become one with nature. She was now nothing and everything, blended as one in so many ways and so many directions She couldn't speak The flame she was had been spread now into the things she wasn't. She found out that the self was a prison she had to overcome, she had to escape from. There wasn't a faster way to her enlightenment than this, although it took it's time. Very slowly the palace had to be built. She could only dream in this

pit, only sinking deeper, until she couldn't sink any deeper, but found the hard ground below her feet. It was here she started to experience love, as the flowerflies found her, and brought her through these hard days of imprisonment. She didn't know where she was, and most of all : she didn't know why. She became bitter, jealous, revengeful, and mad, but one day a golden thread had been sent out to her. She took the thread and it appeared to be honey. She heard the laughing, and she realized that others were having fun because of her. She knew it was the way it is. However the honey made her sweet, and it kept streaming since then. It was like she didn't have to live in that terrible, devastating hunger again. The honey built itself layer by layer, and it took her higher. Now she found out how deep this pit was, as it took the dripping honey years to finally reach the edge of the pit. If she wouldn't have eaten from it, she would be out of the pit earlier, but then she would have died of hunger. And she wondered why they were all laughing Maybe it was because ... of the honey

They called her honey these strange creatures She didn't see the creature who once threw her into the pit The creatures were laughing, smiling and she had to admit it was a strange way a strange path It was like she had lost her marbles, but now she found them back they were more beautiful than she thought they were She had honey in her eyes she saw things different She was on her way to the deeper graves to the deeper secrets She ate a lot of honey, and it had made her sweet Where she was, she didn't know Once in awhile she saw a flowerfly something which reminded her of the past They were everywhere They were her friends Her ship was now in oceans of honey which meant that it wasn't there anymore It had been gone at least it was what the creatures had told her as she had been the prisoner of that ship They assured her that now others were on the ship fulfilling her works She could never return She had to move on The past was gone now

One day they showed her the oceans of honey She could come in peace here She loved walking on the beach while they assured her the flowerflies would make everything okay.

The End

King of Evil

Elsar was on his way to the thrones of some kings. He slayed them without any mercy, as they had repress and dominate his people for such a long time. He ate their minds, and swallowed their souls. They had been mean kings, and now Elsar would be mean to them. He wasn't a man of love and forgiveness. No, he was of hate and bitterness. By his sword he slayed all his enemies. There was no escape from his terrible hands. Everyone feared him. There was no throne too tall for him, or he would crash it down. There was no devil too mean for him, or he would show up to be even meaner. But inside he had a good heart, a heart of doom. He was sensitive to his people, but hard to their captors. He was Elsar the Flyman, a warrior.

He did many good things. He rebuilt the places of his people once destroyed by their harsh kings. But he rebuilt these cities, villages and towns by the bones of his fallen enemies. He had many enemies, he slayed many of them, and that was why he was a builder. He had no mercy to his enemies. Once an enemy, always an enemy. But sometimes he made an exception. This was a woman he once loved and started to act mean towards him. He first wanted to slay her, but later he felt sorry towards her. She had a rough time.

His friends were Risdor the Flyman, Sondor the Flyman, and Asdam the Flyman. They were all killers, having no mercy with their enemies. Elsar had taught them a lot. How to fight, how to win, and how to build. They built their kingdoms on bones. They were the kings of death. No one could beat them, no one could survive out of their hands. But they had one weakness women.

They had many women, and they wanted to do anything for them. This was their strength, but at the same time their weakness. They all had the same women as they were such good friends. The names of these women were : Tarla the Flywoman, Takka the Flywoman, Tadda the Flywoman, Torwa the Flywoman, Eswa the Flywoman, Elwa the Flywoman, Asda the Flywoman, and Arra the Flywoman. They had eight woman, and the ninth they once sent away instead of killing her.

There was nothing they couldn't do. They were almighty. They were like gods. But one day Elsar got aware of his weakness and left He went to the jungle where he met Tordo the Flyman. Tordo didn't have any women. He swam with crocodiles, lived with apes, and wrestled with snakes. He said that to have women is for cowards. In his eyes one should be a warrior, which meant : living with the animals, and get it done Get done what ? Defeating the beasts of the earth.

In the middle of the earth the pigbeasts lived, with their friends the snakes. These ones needed to be defeated instead of having women. Having women meant having to fight against kings with their thrones These kings would have their thrones as long as the beasts of the earth were still alive. In the middle of the earth the pigs were like horses, and they kept locked up giant women, the women of the earth. Tordo slayed these pigbeasts for a long time, but he never found any of these women. But since Elsar came they could do the job better, and soon they found the first dungeons. There were plenty of earth women here, who lived in dirt. They were mocking Tordo and Elsar, as they were cowards in their eyes. 'Cowards ?' Tordo roared. 'Be glad that we came to save you.'

The women laughed and said they had a good time here. They could watch through their bars to see gladiators. They were the heroes of the earth. Tordo was in rage, and wanted to see for himself. He couldn't believe his eyes, for he could see right in the middle of the earth where men fought like beasts. These men were like giants, and it seemed that the women thought it was fun. 'Why do these men fight each other ?' Elsar asked.

'They fight for the crown of the earth,' a woman said. 'Who wins will get the crown, but no one ever wins. They are all slaying each other. There is already a king, and he laughs about this fight. Once in awhile we are allowed to come to him. He is a real man.' Elsar now understood why the women lived a good life here. They seemed to be the women of the king. Tordo started to laugh. He wanted to see that king, and he would slay the lungs out of his chest. The women started to mock him, and to laugh, while others got mad at him. 'Bring me that man,' someone roared. The women took Tordo and Elsar before the king. The king was a hairy giant, strangely oiled. He started to laugh when he saw Tordo and Elsar who were little men compared to him. Tordo took his sword and stepped towards the king, but then he hesitated. He never had such a feeling, but now he was almost trembling. The king jumped forward, took his head, and smashed it against the wall, while the women started yelling. Tordo's nose was bleeding now, and he had a wound on his head. Then Elsar stepped forward, jumped and put his knee in the face of the king. The king was roaring, and in full rage he slammed Elsar against the wall. Elsar was bleeding all over. Then he jumped up again, took his sword and stung the giant in his belly, while the giant started to laugh. 'We will make gladiators of them, as they aren't ready to fight me,' the king said. The women were laughing. Then the king pushed a button, while all of a sudden the walls of the cave seemed to open, and men came forward. Elsar and Tordo slayed the men without any problems. 'Okay, I see,' the king said. 'You do not belong with me, neither with them.' But then in a flash Elsar beheaded the king by his sword. The women were screaming, and got confused. They never saw anyone doing something like this. 'I am your king now,' Elsar said. But the women ran away from him. 'Stay away from us, coward.'

'And why am I still a coward in your eyes ?' Elsar asked.

‘I mean ... look at you,’ the women said. ‘You aren’t even a giant.’ Elsar couldn’t hold himself anymore, and started to slay the women one by one. It seemed these women were nothing more but beasts of the earth A door was opening in front of them. They didn’t keep any women alive, and then stepped through the portal. Here they found what they had been searching for the women of the earth or were these ones also beasts These women were shy and they seemed to be fragile Tordo found out they had been chained and cut the chains by his sword. Then the women stood up and changed into indian flies with many wings ‘Thank you,’ the women said. And then they flew away.

Tordo and Elsar were proud of themselves, and the indian flies even more. But there were still things to slay, like pigbeasts and pigdogs, to find even deeper doors behind which women of the earth would be locked up. Tordo and Elsar would go on until they would reach the very core of the earth. Deeper in the earth they found out that there were a lot of slave-women. They walked around with dishes, so Tordo and Elsar thought there had to be another king around. They followed the women and came into a huge jungle-cave where a giant-ape sat. The women served the ape, and Tordo grasped his sword. ‘I think you know that it’s time to let the women be free !’ Tordo roared. But the ape-king didn’t listen. Suddenly they saw large apemen coming towards them, and a horrible fight started. Tordo and Elsar got bitten horribly, but finally they slayed all the giant apemen. ‘Well, your servants didn’t get enough grip on us,’ Tordo said. ‘I will say it another time : ‘Let the women go !’ But again the apeking didn’t listen, and then he stood up after awhile and came towards Tordo and Elsar. Then he started to run and roar and by his fist he pushed Elsar and Tordo against a wall. Then he smiled and said : ‘What are you ? Chicken ?’ Tordo pushed his sword into the belly of the apeking, but the apeking started to laugh. Then he slammed them another time, and they fell into the bushes. Again the apeking jumped on them, and pushed their heads against stones. Tordo and Elsar started to bleed horribly. ‘I have some surprises for you,’ the apeking said. Then he took two chains and chained them. ‘Welcome to my kingdom,’ the apeking said. ‘Be my gladiators.’

Tordo and Elsar soon slayed all the gladiators, and then the apeking said : ‘Free them ! I want them to fight against Mozzokko.’ A tall bald giant came forwards and immediately kicked them so hard that they slid across the wall. Then he pushed his fist into their faces and screamed : ‘No one’s going to beat Mozzokko !’ But then Elsar and Tordo kicked him in his belly and he fell. Tordo took his sword and beheaded him. Then he ran towards the apeking and beheaded him in a flash. The women got free, and changed into indian flies with many wings. They went deeper into the earth like they wanted to show Tordo and Elsar something. Soon Tordo and Elsar were in another bloodbath, as here were many pigbeasts, pigdogs, and even piglions. It seemed the pigs had all control here. The pigking guarded a door to the core of the earth, a door behind which everything was fire. Elsar slayed the pigking without troubles, opened the door and pushed his carkas into the fire. ‘Be grilled, pig !’ Elsar roared. The indian flies with the many wings seemed to go through the door, and started to fly in swarms across the sea of fire. By lianas Tordo and Elsar could follow them, and came to an island in the firesea. Pigbeasts, nothing but pigbeasts they found on this island, and they slayed their ways through the mass of beasts. The indian flies got strength

again by eating the meat, and it seemed they wanted to stay on this island. There was a well of flyfluids on the island in which they washed themselves, and by which they got charged in a strange sense. They were warriorflies, and it seemed they found their weapons again. Elsar and Tordo got into a fight about who would be the king of the island. Elsar slayed Tordo in this, as Elsar thought he would be a much better king. And maybe he was right. Elsar the Flyman was now king of the jungle, and king of all doom. He sent out his flies to sting and suck blood and juices. They all needed to receive the mark of Elsar the Flyman, to be his worthy slaves for the rest of their lives. There was nothing more safe than this, as the rest of the fire would turn against all barbarians He was the king, and they were his gladiators This was the only way to hatch the eggs they were having inside the eggs of the mark These were the eggs of the flies It seemed the indian flies had now seemed a way to multiply themselves through the king of evil through Elsar the Flyman.

The Encounter

There was no slayer like Elsar the Flyman. He was the slayer of slayers and the king of all evil. He had gladiators like a hatch-machine, as so many indian flies had to multiply themselves. There was no other way to brood these eggs, and these ways were evil. But to be a gladiator you would be safe against the fire that was raging outside. There was nothing better than being a slave of Elsar the Flyman : always plenty of food, eternal life in his kingdom for gladiators never died said Elsar the Flyman ... Gladiators would always purify the stone, and that would keep them alive even when they would die It was like a strange religion ... although Elsar hated religion ... Always when Elsar showed up, all gladiators in the fight had to be killed, also those who won. He had a certain angel for that : the indian fly of death. It was a feared angel, almost equally feared as Elsar the Flyman himself, for as a gladiator you knew you would die when they showed up, if you would win or lose. Elsar was a giant with strange hands. If he would touch you, you would have the feeling of spinning around. One day Elsar got in a fight against a pirate who wanted to steal his crown. The pirate was a shapeshifter with the hugest ghostship ever existing. He could turn into a giant-jelly-fish, an octopus, shark, orca, whale, or whatever seamonster you could imagine. Elsar had a fight for years and years, in which he seemed to lose all his powers but he conquered and the skull of the pirate became one of his most precious skulls as it would remember him of his victory It was a skull which got a place on his chair behind him, and later in the crown itself. Elsar would talk to the skull, and sometimes the skull would answer, as in an oracle. Elsar had more slaves than anyone else, as he was the king of evil. There was no one greater than him, as everything was evil. If something looked like being good, it was always misleading. In the beginning there was evil, and the evil became evil, and then it got with the king of evil. He was the king of all evil. No one was more evil than he was. But he had a good heart. He wanted to help the indian flies, a species he once saved. They could only get their eggs hatched by gladiators. This was why the indian flies

loved to live in the warmth of arena's. They were the most beautiful beings often with many wings, and they didn't know anything about evil or not evil. They just followed their instincts, and that was to survive, and to multiply. And they could only survive if they would multiply. They would sit on the backs of gladiators to insert their eggs, and then to watch it getting hatched. These eggs grew in the chests of the gladiators most of the time. Elsar the Flyman had seven guards called the seven pigs of steel. Everyone who wanted to fight him had to defeat the seven pigs of steel first, but these ones could never be defeated. The pigs of steel were creatures living on the ship of the shapeshifter's pirate, but since Elsar had defeated him, the pigs were his. These pigs would go out in the night to hunt, and to bring the domains of Elsar the Flyman full of meat. The indian flies had to eat a lot of meat or otherwise they wouldn't survive at all.

Elsar the Flyman was a barbarian man, but most of all he was an indian. He grilled his enemies in the depths of the earth, and laughed about their destiny. Their souls would become the eternal gladiators of the fire. This was a place outside the presence of Elsar the Flyman, a place of eternal death. This place was a place of growing pains, as that was what Elsar wished for all his enemies. He was a revengefull man. It was a place of the evergrowing cross, a place where you could only expect growing darkness. This was why he always warned against this fire. He didn't want anyone to become his enemy and to end like that. Yes, he had a beating heart in his chest, a heart of passion, although it was full of hate and bitterness. But if you were already his enemy, he would never forgive you, and he wished you would go to that place as soon as possible. To prevent beings from becoming his enemy he made them his slaves, and he gave them his marks. Like that he didn't have to worry about them that much anymore. Although sometimes some of them escaped. There was a place worse than hell the hell of Elsar the Flyman There wasn't anyone crueller than him with his insane mind but life had teached all these things to him He was just displaying all the things others did to him in the past while seeing it multiplying before his eyes He couldn't stop it These were instincts He was more than God Almighty He was the king of evil as there was nothing but evil If something appeared to be good it turned out to be bad sooner or later Elsar could only laugh about this In a sense he didn't care about life anymore But deep inside he was bloodserious No one should mess with him, or it would trigger something they would regret and it was all automatic Those who went to hell were just chicken in his eyes the hatchers of eggs and the number of these chicken seemed to grow Only to be his friend would save you from harm If you were a royal gladiator But to those who had irritated him there was no hope only that of an evergrowing fire 'Grilled chicken,' he used to call them The indian flies often decended into these places, to get their eggs hatched and here the meat was evergrowing to the flies an eternal feast It seemed there wasn't any conscience and when this conscience would be there, would it be better ? The flies erased all forms of conscience by their lights They were the ones writing the records of the heart no one else They were there to lay the marks There were no taboos, and nothing was forbidden There was but one rule the rule of Elsar the Flyman Those who didn't obey him had to stand before his throne for hours, trembling and trembling until they saw their souls falling into the depths of hell forever and this was a growing hell a growing fear There they shrieked like pigs without having any hope on mercy They

would be ... hatchers of eggs evergrowing meat in a darkness evergrowing It was the meanest of the meanest, but they themselves once taught it to the young Elsar the Flyman, to who they once didn't have any mercy It was like they made him like this, and who could stop him now ? Even he himself couldn't stop it It was an instinct stronger than anything, like a spirit in his heart. He was possessed by indian flies the ones he once had set free There was no way to describe the fear those who went to hell were bearing That fear didn't let him fear an almighty god anymore but only the king of evil the one who ruled their destiny. They would bleed forever in an evergrowing sting, by an evergrowing shriek, like the shriek of pigs. To the indian flies these were the eternal huntingfields but to them it was hell all caused by a law the Law of Elsar the Flyman. It was a lawless law, coming from a depth he didn't understand It was given to him by the indian flies, as a heritage, a sovenir and now he had to live with it, as he once had set them free But what would have happened if he wouldn't have set them free ? Was everything much worse then ? He was the best king of evil ever. At least that was what he was thinking. He loved to think about the feet of hell crashing the souls of the damned day in day out, as in doom he had his joys like the joy of the newborn And the newborn grew in this place by the meat and blood of the damned, and they became the giants, one day big enough to step out of hell. One day strong enough to fly. There was no horror than this, the horror of Elsar the Flyman. Who could save him ? Or couldn't he be saved anymore ? The feet of hell were growing in number everyday, and if they would tread the souls of the dead enough, they would generate such a heat that they could hatch the eggs.

But the feet of hell seemed to be more keys to the deeper parts of hell, the places where Elsar the Flyman knew nothing about. These places were much meaner, and much more evil here, where the king of hell lived. When the feet of hell opened the thronehall of the domain of the king of hell indian flies told him about Elsar the Flyman. The king of hell started to laugh. 'Let him fight me !' the king of hell roared. 'You know nothing about what is mean. I'll show you what mean is.' Then the king of hell stood up from his throne, and stepped up to the realms of Elsar the Flyman. The sould of the damned were screaming. Elsar heard him coming and laughing. Elsar stood up from his own throne, took his sword and ran to where the sound was coming from. The king of hell easily slayed the seven pigs of steel, the guards of Elsar the Flyman, and then he stood eye to eye with Elsar. 'Ha, what a coward. Look at you !' the king of hell spoke. 'You're not a giant. You're a chicken. And I will take you to my hatchmachines where you can brood eggs.' He started to sweep with some chains, and finally through it like a lasso around Elsar's neck. By another chain he chained his arms, and then he led him to the deeper parts of hell. He threw Elsar into a cage, and gave him some eggs to brood. 'Do you think I am stupid or something ?' Elsar asked. 'I'm not a chicken.'

'Oh, you are going to wish you were a chicken for the things I will do to you,' the king of hell said. Then he took Elsar at his neck and threw him into a lake full of boiling fluids. Elsar screamed, and went down under, because he had been chained. 'I can't hear you, Elsar.' the king of hell said. 'It's too hot ?' Then after awhile he took Elsar out of the fluids. He looked

like grilled. Elsar wondered where the indian flies were. Then the king of hell took Elsar to an even deeper part of hell. Then he slammed Elsar against the wall. 'I don't get the point,' Elsar said. 'So you call this mean ? I was meaner.'

'Oh, we do everything slow,' the king of hell said with a low voice. 'We have the time for eternity.' Elsar sunk to the ground in all his weakness. Oh, how he liked to break the skull of this bastard. The king of hell showed him a hall where many naked women were, who had to hatch eggs. 'You call that mean ?' Elsar said. 'I guess you are old-fashioned. Do you know my halls ?'

'Shhh...' the king of hell said. Then he showed Elsar another hall where naked men had to hatch eggs. Elsar smiled He had the hope he would finally leave this place, as the king of hell was a king of nothing in his eyes. But then in the third hall he saw chicken hatching eggs. A strange feeling climbed across Elsar's back. In the fourth hall he got the shock of his life. He saw eggs rolling from one place to another. That wasn't such a strange thing, but the eggs looked strange. Suddenly the eggs exploded while blood came forwards. The women, men and chicken were all drowning in the blood, while Elsar and the king of hell were safe behind windows of transparent stone. Then they went downstairs to another hall. Here the same things were happening. Blood came out of the eggs to drown all the hatchers. Small fishes seemed to come forward from the eggs to eat from the meat of their hatchers. 'Come on, this is only the beginning,' the king of hell said. 'Yes, they drown forever.'

'Oh, you're one big bastard,' Elsar said. In the deeper halls he only saw more horrible things, things he couldn't imagine. 'Okay, you win,' Elsar said. 'You are the king of evil. I'm just a nice boy.' Elsar gave his crown to the king of hell, and then left. It was like this experience had weakened him, and he searched for a place to get some rest. He knew nothing about life anymore, and he thought that all that he had ever done was hopeless, for there was always someone who would do it better. Why the king of hell had let him go, he didn't know. Maybe the king of hell was more mercifull than he looked like, or would that mean there would be an even meaner king or presence waiting to attack him and take his soul ?

The Garden of Hell

Sevenlegs was an indian woman. She didn't have seven legs, but this was just her name. She was on a trip through hell, the place she was coming from. It seemed legs were growing here as a strange hatchmachine of strange eggs. Horrible creatures came forth of these eggs to invade the world above them. These creatures were called the indian flies, merciless beings. Sevenlegs didn't want to be in any trouble. She pierced herself a way through the darkness. There were dogs around guarding the legs, and she also had to be on her guard. The dogs looked like wild pigs. Suddenly she took an arrow and shot one of the dogs. The others came after her in cool rage. Finally she slayed them all by her knife. It was a long journey through the gates of hell. Once she had been born here, but that was a long time ago. The legs of hell were very dangerous, for not only did they hatch eggs, but they also cut meat. There was for Sevenlegs not a way to understand this. Children grew up here, drowning in their own blood. Their meat seemed to be evergrowing, and they stayed in the hands of these butchers. There were many kings of hell, often mean skeletons, but also pigs, doglike pigs, and wolflike pigs. It was the land of pigs. Sevenlegs felt sorry for the children who grew up, but there was nothing she could do. She also grew up here once. After awhile she had shot many skeleton-kings, but most of all : pigkings. She wanted to know the secret of this strange mechanism terrorizing hell. It seemed to bring forth so many indian flies bringing terror in the world above them, like wanting to have revenge, although she knew these were just instincts. The indian flies didn't know good or evil. They were like in a trance. It was a strange dance of hell Sevenlegs didn't know anything about. But this time she had come to find out. A fly with many wings came towards her. She looked like a woman. She asked very softly if Sevenlegs wanted to come with her. The fly led her to a paradise-like place. Sevenlegs wondered how a place like this could exist in hell. 'Through many pains,' the fly said. There were more soft women here. 'We have drowned so much in our own blood in everlasting slaughter that we became like this,' said the fly. The women had strange stripes on their bodies, like white or pale stripes, and although they were soft, they were warriors. 'Only warriors survive life like this,' the fly said. Sevenlegs was also a warrior, so she could understand that. 'We carry eggs in us which can only be hatched by the passion of war,' the fly said. 'Our babies come forth from war.' Strange pale-striped snakes slid on the ground. It was like these snakes brought Sevenlegs to peace. The walls seemed to be organic. 'Everything is organic here,' the fly said. 'Everything is alive. When a fly brings forth a snake, it brings peace. When a fly brings forth a shark, it brings peace. When a fly brings forth a human body, it brings peace.' Deeper in the underground strange indian flies were the hachers of eggs in a strange hatch-machine. It was like they were living on an island in a strange paradise. They fed there babies with the meat of pigs. These babies were like doveflies. These doveflies had been sent out to the world above to enter the spirits of human beings. They called it the Holy Spirit, but actually it was the mark of an arena. But not only doveflies were coming forth from the eggs, but also snakeflies. There where someone didn't receive the Holy Spirit, a snakefly would come. They would actually take their spirits down, to turn them into evergrowing meat, where the flies feast on. But these weren't the only ones growing in the eggs. The sharkflies were coming forth to fly to the world above to make all humans as slaves. The eagleflies were coming forth to imprison all human beings. 'But why ?' Sevenlegs asked.

‘Once all humans belonged to the garden of hell,’ the fly said. ‘But they escaped. They escaped by eating a fruit from a fallen snakefly. He brought them to the world above. Now the indian flies need to bring them back.’

‘But for what ?’ Sevenlegs asked.

‘There are many things you do not understand yet, child,’ the fly said.

‘So you mean to say that all humans are a sort of flies ?’ Sevenlegs asked.

‘Yes, my child,’ the fly said. ‘But they have covered that by eating from the fruit. They have washed themselves in the fluids of the world above.’

‘And what kind of fluids are these ?’ Sevenlegs asked.

‘The fluids of the fallen flies,’ the fly said.

‘How did they fall ?’ Sevenlegs asked.

‘They falled by business, child They made a business of life,’ the fly said.

‘But they were first warriors, right ?’ Sevenlegs asked.

‘Yes,’ the fly said, ‘they were first warriors, but then fell asleep by doing business.’

‘Oh, that’s sad,’ Sevenlegs said.

‘Yes, you can say that,’ the fly said. ‘For only the warriors will stay awake and alive. The warriors had to guard the flames.’

‘Which flames ?’ Sevenlegs asked.

‘The flames of the flies,’ the fly said. ‘These are the seven flames which keep them alive. The flame of evil, the flame of lies, the flame of lust, the flame of warfare, the flame of suffering, the flame of isolation, and the flame of passion.’

‘Why such flames ?’ Sevenlegs asked.

‘Because you need to protect your heart. These are the seven flames leading you back to the garden of hell,’ the fly said. Sevenlegs saw swarms of indian flies in the air, waiting to bring her back. There were flames around them, like shrieking. It was like the storm of hell, wanting to take her back to the garden. ‘You must close your eyes and sleep,’ the fly said. ‘They will do the rest.’ Soon Sevenlegs fell asleep, and the fiery storm took her to the garden of hell. When she opened her eyes the trees were like bodies brought forth by flies. They were carrying fruits like eternal fruits, and there were snakeflies everywhere. There were no fallen snakeflies here, as the fallen snakefly had been killed. The bodies were like transparent here, and they were carrying flies inside. It was like an ambient atmosphere, and there were cherubflies guarding the garden. It was the place of the devil. He sat on a high throne, and you could see he was a proud one. It was like she was living in a giant egg of flies now. Everything was different. She knew she couldn’t return to the world above, as a greater devil would wait for her there. She wanted to be with this devil. The devil came from his throne, turned into a flysnake and slid towards her. He was almost hairy, and he smelled like a bull or a horse. Sevenlegs laid her head to his chest. She was thinking about the fallen flies, and if they would return to this place once. She thought about the Holy Spirit keeping them enslaved in the world above. She swam in the waters of the garden, having no coverings. She wondered when the Holy Spirit, the swarms of doveflies, would return with them to the garden of hell. This would be when they got possessed by snakeflies, to let them return. But when would that be ? Here the bodies were like evergrowing meat, and everyone lived by eating everyone. There was no other way to life.

The Godflies

Sevenlegs woke up in a to her strange atmosphere. A man lay next to her, like a fly, having blood of the fly streaming through him, almost transparent. They had just received the Holy Spirit, a swarm of dove-flies so deep inside. It enslaved them in a strange sense. They started a fight. Only by the fight they could live here, or they would fade away. They covered themselves by the blood of the other, and they ate from the evergrowing meat. These strange things seemed to happen when the Christ-flies entered a soul. They seemed to live by blood, and by the blood of the other. It was a strange arena and a strange butchery. The Christ-flies were jelly-flies like bats in fire. It caused Sevenlegs to have strange visions, and it caused her to be addicted addicted to something she didn't know A snake took her deeper in the garden of hell, and she ate from a fruit ... a fruit of flies It was like strange eggs were growing in her, and she could only hatch them in this arena, this butchery She was drinking from the everflowing blood She was bathing in it ... while angelflies were watching. The Holy Spirit was like a warm blanket to her, but she was longing for more fruits of the garden of hell The angelflies were luring her deeper and deeper The snake came again, and led her to his place He brought her to the food he himself used to eat. It wasn't a fruit it was meat 'Fruits are for babies,' the snake said. 'It takes you away from the real stuff' Sevenlegs took something of the meat, and fell asleep. The sleep took seven days, and then she came into the gardens of the snake. 'The meat of flies,' said the snake God never told you that, as he wanted to eat it alone, although he knew I also ate it.'

'Who is God ?' Sevenlegs asked.

'Never heard of the God-flies ?' the snake said. Sevenlegs shook her head. 'They are flies eating other flies,' the snake said.

'What kind of flies ?' Sevenlegs asked.

'Ratflies and snakeflies like pythonflies and anacondaflies,' the snake said.

'Snakes like you ?' Sevenlegs asked.

'Yes,' the snake said. 'they all have fights and the winners become god.'

Sevenlegs ate something from the meat again, but this time she didn't fall asleep. 'God wanted to lure others by fruits and trees to hide the meat, ... understand ? By this he could keep his powers and strength to rule the weaklings,' the snake said.

'So am I now becoming more powerfull than God ?' Sevenlegs asked.

'If you eat more meat than him, yes,' the snake said. 'And then you can lead your own life, without being prisoner of the God-flies.'

'What does it mean to be prisoner of the god-flies ?' Sevenlegs asked.

'It's an arena of weaklings, so that the weak ones become even weaker,' the snake said. 'And then the God-flies come down to eat from the meat. So it's a strange butchery as well, in which the weaklings are the butchers as well as the meat, and the Godflies are the eaters It's a sort of restaurant.'

'Well, I'm glad that I'm here with you then,' Sevenlegs sighed. 'It's all a fairground to me.'

The Hunter's House

In the garden of hell Sevenlegs woke up. She was in the snake's den, a strange lair. 'Adam and Eve had to become hunters and warriors, but the Godflies brought their attention to a fruit in a tree. The Godflies said : 'Don't eat from the fruit, but be in business Be a farmer.' They listened to him, and became farmers, but later they ate from the fruit also, and fell away from the garden,' the snake said. 'There were so many fruits they were allowed to eat from, but not this fruit. But as I told you, it was to distract them from the meat. They had to become hunters and warriors. But anyway, you are here now, with me, and you like the

meat of flies, don't you ?' Sevenlegs didn't answer. She was still a bit sleepy. 'Who are Adam and Eve ?' she asked.

'Never heard of Adam and Eve ?' the snake asked. Sevenlegs shook her head. It was all like mathematics to her. 'If they would be hunters and warriors, they would never fall away from the garden of hell. There were so many dangerous creatures they had to defeat creatures who wanted to take them away. 'Like snakes ?' Sevenlegs asked.

'Yes, snakes, pigs, chicken, so many creatures wanted to let them fall in their traps,' the snake said. 'There were beasts in the depths of the garden they had to defeat. Adam and Eve became fallen flies. 'When will they be back ?' Sevenlegs asked. 'The Eve-flies and the Adam-flies will do,' the snake said, two swarms of hell. The Eve-flies are to wake us up for the meat, and the Adam-flies are to wake us up for the war.'

'War ?' Sevenlegs asked.

'Yes, war,' the snake said, 'for only warriors can return to this place. There is no other way.'

'Who is the boss of this place ?' Sevenlegs asked.

'There are so many swindlers and breeders to defeat,' the snake said. 'They are the beasts of the gardens. Even the lambs are beasts here. You must live here by the sword, or you will die.'

'Now that's other language,' Sevenlegs said. 'Are you going to protect me ?'

'It will be the wars of the flies,' the snake said, 'and I will lead you through. No worries.'

Sevenlegs didn't have an idea where she was, or with who. She just trusted the snake who seemed to be her friend. What he told made sense to her, and she knew that without him she wouldn't make it here. He brought her to so many places of meat, and so many

huntingfields of the garden of hell, and so more and more seemed to forget about the fruits. It was a warm place, like Xibalba, the place where she was born, but this was totally different. She dipped her spear in poison, and listened to the snake for hours and hours, until she felt weak again, and fell asleep. There were so many things happening in her head. She felt herself like a soldier, and so many Eve-flies and swarms of Adam-flies seemed to enter her head to fill her body, layer by layer, into her deepest depths. There was a cross in the garden of hell, once denied by Adam and Eve. There were dangerous flies sitting on that cross. It was a cross of meat. Sevenlegs stared at it, and when she started to eat from the meat, she got crucified, while the cross started to burn. The snake finally saved her out. It was the grill of hell's garden. Sevenlegs was screaming. She would never forget this experience, the experience of the cross. But the cross-flies seemed to find her again and again, to repeat the experience. It was like her heart was opening up to so many things, and later she would understand it better, but it was still like something was eating her heart, like a strange fly inside. She had like an evergrowing heart, and it was like she got baptized in her own blood. There was something strange about this baptism, something everlasting, like a strange smell, a strange mark on her soul. It was like the grill was taking her deeper into the garden, and she found out that she was everburning, evergrowing, and everfighting, as a ritual to stay alive, as a mighty vibration, the vibration of the fly Here everything was meat, and everything was eating, no difference between the butcher and it's prey. It gave her a feeling of equality, which was the place where the evil path finally brought her, and she saw something written on a stone : 'Evil One, You're Not The Evil One.' She didn't understand it, but it enlightened her, like a new law written in her heart.

The snake took her in his grip and shaped her ... He was the creator here but she also shaped him And she saw another stone on which there was written : 'Oh Creation, You Created The Creator.' And again, she didn't understand it, but it was like a swarm of flies rewrote the records of her heart, while they were erasing so many things by sticky lights. Sevenlegs finally slid into a lake or well full of flyfluids. The crossflies seemed to pierce her flesh so deep, and it enslaved her. But in the lake there was a rock on which it was written : 'Enslaved to Become Free'. Everything was enslaving here, and everything was enslaved. Here there was no difference between the slave and the enslaver. She enslaved, and got slaved, as a mighty vibration, the vibration of the fly. There were so many things she didn't understand yet, but she embraced the new nature. If it was for the kill or for the love of it, she didn't know, and that was too deep for her to understand. She found out she was nothing but flymeat, a fly at heart. She was nothing but seed, only coming alive here, for outside it would be wasted. The eggs she was carrying could only be hatched here, between the snakes, for snakes brought forth by flies could only bring peace. She was between the snakes, on the heights of the gardens, from which she could dive into the depths, searching for the pearls of paradise, a heritage she could never understand.

'Eat me, eat me, and I will eat you,' a strange creature in a tree said. But she shot it down from a distance. It remembered her about a strange fairytale. 'Drink me, drink me, and I will drink you,' another creature said, but she shot it down by a poisoned arrow. She didn't have time for such fairytales now. She was carefull in her steps, but she knew deep inside that

there was no difference between the hunter and the hunted, and this seemed to be also the secret of these eternal huntingfields. All paths of paradise finally ended here, in the everlasting bownets, where the breed bred it's breeder. We have been created by the guys in these fly-eggs, standing high on a hill and we created them If she would only reach these eggs were distance and closeby are the same These are just paintings in her head Paint of flies dividing the fires we do not know anything about Distance didn't exist It was just the thing she didn't understand yet the fire she couldn't consume while it was consuming her When will we wake up to consume what is consuming us ? When will we be warriors ?

The hunter's cross, a cross so deep in hell's garden, has the answer. Here meat becomes the hunter, and all hunters become warriors. But to Sevenlegs the hunter's cross was more an oracle, like hell's telephone. When she spoke swarms of flies would find their ways, and she became the hunter's crown. These are the seasons of hell, and some might say the seasons of love.

When she grew up, she became the rider of warriors and hunters, but she also knew they were riding her. She wasn't unknown about many things anymore, and showed herself like a true goddess or princess of hell. She had her place in the halls of fire, surrounded by grills. For only by the grills one could come to her. She was now Sevenlegs, princess of hell, to who all gardens belonged. It seemed that she had been living in a dark cloud all her life, but now the dark cloud had led her here. There was no one like her. Her vengeance was grace, her revenge was mercy. There was no one who could escape when she spoke. They all stood like frozen and pierced, as swarms of flies would penetrate their flesh, and would live in them forever. She was the evil of being good, and the good of being evil. There was no hell too deep for her. Hell was nothing more than a hatchmachine of strange eggs of flies with meatshells. Meat was a strange egg on this planet. And what about the heart of hell ? It was the strangest thing in hell the unknown It was a giant-egg full of flies, and surrounded by hell's strangest swarms of flies, most dangerous. No one could enter here without losing his life. It was where Sevenlegs seemed to have her throne, deep in the halls of fire. There was no one who could read her here. All lost their lives. Only flies could come here. She lived from the evergrowing heart of hell, and it lived from her. So many flies were sharing this with her. It was the heart of the flies, a place they all seemed to come from, like an evergrowing egg of meat a strange egg It looked like a heart, and it looked like a body And all these flies were merely evergrowing meat-eggs. The breasts of women were strange meat-eggs producing the milk of enslavement, and the energy of war, turning them all in nothing but gladiators. Sevenlegs bred these breasts in the gardens of hell. These breasts were the harpoons of hell, breeding the gladiators for the arena. No one could do anything against the cannons of hell these breasts seemed to be. But later they found out that these evergrowing meat-eggs named breasts were merely everlasting bombs, like overreactive detonators which could explode without changing. Flesh seemed to be a deadly weapon more than anything else. The most striking harpoon of the hunter was his body, an interactive and everchanging time-bomb. The domain of Sevenlegs was organic in that sense. And it all seemed to do with the swarms of flies, holding the wars between indian flies

in her head. All seemed to spin around this. The body was the result of the wars between the indian flies, like a complex warmachine, and more : an arena and she seemed to be the head of it How she came here, and how she became this she still couldn't understand, but she was waking up more and more from a long sleep in hell. Only the gladiator could survive and reach a place like this, and she had been that all her life.

She was a predator, a meat-eater, and it brought her here. It was her hunger wanting to know what is inside. And she was awakening, her eyes were opening like the eyes of the flies. It was here she saw that her armor was her enemy, her enslaver, but she also saw that it was her best friend at the same time leading her to the deeper world for freedom would lead her astray. It seemed there was no other way to get there than by the abduction So she was waiting for her abductors all her life. The kidnap was now a jewel around her neck, her key to life like this. Inside the heart of the hell there was the stomach of hell. It was a place forbidden to Sevenlegs, as here the queen of hell seemed to live, a shapeshifting beast. It was a friendly beast, and one day Sevenlegs got an invitation to the place. But it turned out into a fight, as Sevenlegs wanted to dominate the place. She would take care that there wouldn't be a queen of hell anymore, only a princess, ...she. In cold rage Sevenlegs slayed the queen of hell. She didn't care the queen was friendly, as it was just a trap in her eyes. No, hell would be a better world if it would be in the hands of Sevenlegs. She ate from the stomach of hell, and it ate from her, and then she started to realize something else. The buttocks of hell were watching her. These buttocks were like cannons, just like the breasts. So many things seemed to explode in her, and soon she was drowning in herself. She was screaming, but no one helped, until the snake came. He bit the buttocks open and showed they were just portals portals to the tunnels of hellSevenlegs slided inside. Soon she was at a place called the toes of hell. She shot the toes hanging around her, waiting to attack her. She shot them open, and swarms of flies seemed to come through. Through the gates she saw the giant lips of hell. Swarms of flies seemed to come forward from the lips, forming a moustache in the middle, and then a beard. Sevenlegs put her hands before her eyes because of the lights. The hairs of hell were growing around her, and soon she found herself swimming in a lake of flyfluids The waters were cool, but tropical, giving her exotic feelings She was free now free in a space she didn't know anything about The lips were still in the distance and began to smile. Then they opened their mouths and Sevenlegs slided inside while screaming. She found herself between books and toys. The place was so organic, and she followed the veins of hell, to come into a beautiful shiny greenbrown lake. At the lakeside there were indian women with lambs. She followed the vein of hell further, and then through another tunnel she came into the lungs of hell, where a lot of exotic snakes were ... born from fliesSevenlegs remembered this place. It looked like Xibalba where she was coming from. There were a lot of waterfalls here, full of the fluids and slime of flies. Then she followed the vein further. It led her to the brains of hell, where three crosses were : the warrior's cross, the gladiator's cross and the slave's cross. Strange stuff seemed to come forth from these, like the faeces of flies and snakes. It was a strange smell as well. She could not make up her mind, and she stood before a portal, while she was dizzy. Her hairs were dirty and further her whole body, after this trip, and she was carrying the strange smell inside. A door opened, and light was coming through. Hell looked more and more like a body now. She saw the muscles of hell, and the bones, with it's tissue. She

climbed up on the muscles like a ladder, and reached a gigantic lake of blinding light, together with its waterfall. The light started to blind her and everything in her surroundings seemed to change. A pink snake was sliding around the lake through the moist. It was the muscle of the fly where she had come to. It was the muscle of hell's light. In the distance there was also the muscle of hell's smell, and further away the muscle of hell's sound, together with a lot of other muscles of hell's senses. It was the most sensitive spot in hell, looking like a foot. But everything was burning here, like a grill. Sevenlegs had come to the cup of hell, the cup of flies. Masses of flies seemed to come from this cup, more than she ever saw. The hell had hundreds and hundreds of senses, and they all seemed to open up here, like an oven of sensitivity.

The beasts of life were living here, playing with distance and closeby, just a painting of fly-paint. Sevenlegs had come to slay them all, as she believed it was just another portal she had to open, and she couldn't use their guards. The lakes filled themselves with blood after she started to slay. The eye of hell shrieked from its depths. It had a beautiful skin, a skin like meat, and it cold rage Sevenlegs started to slay it. She wanted to know what was inside this egg. A bomb ? She reached it, and started to react to it. It started to shriek like an alarm. Suddenly everything seemed to explode, while Sevenlegs was in peace it would be an everlasting explosion, everchanging. The veins of hell weren't the same anymore They were now the veins of the flies ... She was now throning in abundant slaughter, in an everlasting explosion, in everlasting doom Swarms of indian flies took place They had been in a war for so long the veins of hell were shifting before their eyes, like a strong drink and then they drank They had now reached their cup to drown in extasy They were the eaten ones as well as the predators She dominated hell by her lightening She tread the grapes of hell when they were ripe until the cup was overflowing The muscles of hell were swelling, only to be pierced by her spears She dominated hell, more than anyone before ... After awhile the muscles of hell couldn't swell anymore, only stretch to make place for the things coming from the depths. The wines were ripe but even more ... the blood.

In the hall of Hell's Supper a trinity was eating from the meat of torture and scorn. When Sevenlegs found this hall she slayed them all. The flies of heaven seemed to feast here. Heaven was a place she didn't know anything about. She had never heard of it, and she thought these flies were strange, so she slayed them all. She took the skulls of the trinity and threw them deep below her into a lake. Then she slayed the cooks and the whores of the trinity, and their skulls soon sank to the depths of hell. They weren't worthy to eat any meat. Their souls would live only by fruits everlasting. They were allowed to have some bread once in awhile, but never meat. Neither would they drink blood anymore, only water. Sevenlegs destroyed the hall of Hell's Supper in short time. There was no time for dinners like this. There was only place for hunters. It was the day hell started to sink away, and Sevenlegs, who was the princess of hell, started to hate it more and more. She wanted a place for dungeons and arena's. But more than that she wanted a hunter's house. It was the day hell died. She didn't want to have anything to do with hell anymore, and broke every bone of it. She decided to make something different now. This was the day the hunter's house rose.

She didn't eat for three days, and didn't wash herself. Hell was something of the past now. Only hunters seemed to survive these days and came to the hunter's house. But soon there were fights all over. They fought about the rooms. Sevenlegs killed two of them to nail their skulls above the doors of the rooms they wanted. But soon many more hunters seemed to fall into that fate. The hunter's house became a house full of skeletons, the early inhabitants of the house. The meat of torture and scorn was the only thing from the hall of Hell's Supper she kept in a freezer. Only those who would behave in the hunter's house would get a piece of it once for only one time. The meat looked like kidneys and liver, but it looked different. No one of the hunters who ever ate from it would survive ... It was the food of death That's why she carefully chose the hunters she wanted to give it. In most cases the hunters who got a piece turned into zombies in short time, finally dying a horrible slow death, but there was one hunter who seemed to be immune, and Sevenlegs didn't like that. She could never love one of the hunters since she started the house. She hated them all. But this man seemed to be immune against every poison on her spear. So one time she went to his bedroom and entered in with a knife while he slept. When she wanted to kill him he suddenly woke up and took her arms in a tight grip. 'I'm sure you do not want to do that,' the man said. 'Why such hate ? What have I done to you ?' But Sevenlegs didn't answer. Then after awhile, when he was still staring at her, she said : the house just needs sacrifices. Don't you understand ? It's a hunter's house.

The man was surprised. 'What woman are you ? First you invite us to come here, and ask us to behave, and then you want to kill us ? What kind of fairytales did you read when you were young ?'

'Look,' Sevenlegs said, 'there's a heavy burden on my back since I killed hell. I need to save this place above all it's inhabitants. Death is much more interesting than to live in a place like this.'

'Woman, you must be crazy,' the man said. 'You really need psychiatric help.'

'Psychiatric help ? What is that ?' Sevenlegs asked.

'From what world are you ?' the man said.

Then Sevenlegs swallowed her words. She now seemed to realize that this man wasn't of her world. He was probably the last infiltrator from hell She kicked his arm away, and then pierced his belly. The man fell on his bed, and said slowly : 'Y...you will pay for this'

'I have already paid for it,' Sevenlegs said harshly, 'all my life.' In short time flies had digested his body, and his skeleton she nailed close to the door of his room. Then Sevenlegs left to her own room. It was the biggest room of the house. Here she had her slaves.

There was something wrong, something really wrong with the hunter's house and soon no one dared to come anymore She had to live by the past of the house One day the flies of heaven returned to attack the house It was the day heaven died, as Sevenlegs went to heaven to slay it completely She would only do it once and for all The flies were made of the meat of torture and scorn. She brought the meat to her freezer. She wouldn't eat it herself. There were only a few men left in the hunter's house, and one day she poisoned them all by the meat of torture and scorn. It was a quiet day for the hunter's house and then she started to invite the poor. The poor she seemed to love as they weren't spoiled. She became their guard, and she truly had feelings for the first time in her life. She would never hurt any of them. She now understood why she hated the rich world so much because they hated the poor The hunter's house itself finally seemed to accept it's inhabitants.

The Evergrowing Hunger

Sevenlegs woke up in the garden of the hunter's house. The snake had found her here, and he was still her friend. She wondered if Adam and Eve knew this place, but the snake shook his head. 'Only Lilith,' he said. 'She was Adam's first love, but then she went away to the hunter's house.'

'Does she still live ?' Sevenlegs asked.

‘No,’ the snake said, ‘but the Lilithflies are everywhere.’

‘Then I will find her,’ Sevenlegs said.

‘No,’ the snake said, ‘as death isn’t a better place than this. You must stay here.’

‘Okay,’ Sevenlegs said. She trusted her old friend. But then she asked : ‘Tell me, is there any good reason to die ?’

‘No,’ the snake said. ‘There isn’t. To die is the same as coming to life, and you must stay far from that.’

‘But why ?’ Sevenlegs asked.

‘Because there are better things than life and death just like there are better things than heaven and hell ...,’ the snake said.

‘Oh, I understand that,’ Sevenlegs said. ‘To hunt and to be a warrior is the best, right ?’

‘Yes,’ the snake said. ‘And you have to keep that in mind.’ Sevenlegs turned herself to her friend and looked him deep in the eyes. ‘So when this Lilith lived here ... who killed her ?’ Sevenlegs asked ...

‘She ate from the meat of torture and scorn,’ the snake said.

‘Is it forbidden ?’ Sevenlegs asked.

‘Yes,’ the snake said. ‘it’s taboo.’

‘Then what kind of meat do we need to eat ?’ Sevenlegs asked.

‘Come, I’ll show you,’ the snake said. Then he took Sevenlegs to a place deep in the garden of the hunter’s house. ‘Here the meat of the hunting flies is dwelling. Don’t care about living or dying, but care about hunting,’ the snake said. ‘Here the wars of the hunters are dwelling.’ Sevenlegs took her bow and shot a hunting fly out of a tree. Then the hunting fly seemed to awake. ‘See, they are all sleeping,’ the snake said. ‘Hunters wake each other up.’

‘So I’m here to wake them up ?’ Sevenlegs asked.

‘yes, the snake said, ‘and to communicate.’

Sevenlegs found out that her bow was merely a hunter’s telephone. ‘This is strange, dude,’ Sevenlegs said. She shot another one out of a tree, and soon she could also fly.

‘You have to go through these fields, until you reach the river of flyfluids,’ the snake said. ‘If you let yourself sink in this river, it will bring you to the land of indians. Forget about eating to reach something you must drown in it to be totally covered ...’

Sevenlegs understood what he meant, and went there, while she sank into the depths. She was now deeper in the garden than she could ever be. Here the indians lived, the inhabitants of the hidden paradise. She could not get closer to the source than to be here, and to discover all it’s secrets. It was the land of the indian flies. She forgot about the hunter’s house and all it’s cruelty, and could heal here. She could begin a new life here, and forget about all the trauma’s she had in her life.

There was something bigger than the cross : the drowning. It was a strange hunger and thirst letting you lose everything. Here behind the river called the drowning the drowned ones lived, the indians, where the indian flies were coming from. It was hungermeat they ate here. They were the hungry ones. They lived in graves deep in the river of flyfluids. They had

hungry eyes, and they didn't know Sevenlegs. This place was big, bigger than she ever saw. This place was also softer than she ever experienced. But she had to be careful for their feet were like crawfish. There was no river deeper than this one. It was a strange cemetery. Sevenlegs realized she was now in the world beyond paradise. Paradise had been just a deceiver to keep her away from this. Paradise had been a swindler to her. These hungry eyes seemed to satisfy her, a feeling she had never had before. Here in the mud of the flyfluids river paradise seemed to be all poison to her. This was the muddy world beyond paradise where she could only drown. The hunger and thirst were strange explosions, and hungry hands seemed to take her. She was like sliding on a giant lip, the lips of hunger. They brought her to the muscle of hunger shaping everything. Only the veins coming forth from this muscle could open her true senses, as in a path. She followed these veins to the shiny greenbrown lakes of flyfluids, the sensitive spots. She would never go back to the garden, but she wanted to stay in these wildernesses.

There was a wilderness called the hungry, where dark spots grew. These dark spots were the marks coming forth from the drowning. They spread the powders of satisfaction. Here the horseflies seemed to live, having so many wings and veins. The indian horseflies could sting like nothing else. Here also the red spots grew, while blood was coming forth. These were the bloodfountains. The indian horseflies had strange veins on their bodies, and every movement came forth as a mark from the drowning. So many grills seemed to surround their camps. They had hungerbodies, coming forth from the drowning. These marks of the drowning were merely strange scars. It was the everlasting and evergrowing meat of hunger. They lived and moved between the spots as children from the drowning. They had the veins of strange light on their bodies. When the indian horseflies found Sevenlegs, they would never let her go. And there was a day in her life Sevenlegs became the everlasting drowning herself, like a strange womb. She had become a different warrior now, a warrior ... of the land ... of the indian horseflies She had become a neverending bownet to the world beyond paradise She was a bridge a bridge of strange scars She was the everburning in an everburning land the land of the indian horseflies. Here she would never freeze anymore in things she wouldn't understand, as the indian horseflies would lead her through the fire. The fire would speak to her, and the fire would explain, to show the neverending paths, and to show the place where they all crossed, deep in her heart holding so many secrets There was a place where they all crossed where everything seemed to melt away She could not hold anything in this fire only the hungry ones It was an everlasting hunger flowing through her veins, and it was evergrowing, searching for the paths of satisfaction It was there where her senses seemed to open, to find a different world It was the land of the indian horseflies, strange stinging flies with so many wings They were all in fire in everchanging sights shifting in the shiny greenbrown lakes of flyfluids. Here she found out about the everlasting wars between the indian horseflies, and their everlasting hunt, their ways of communication and waking each other up It was a wake up call, like a strange telephone. They spoke by their arrows. They were addicted to a strange telephone, like slaves.

She became the hatcher of their eggs as no one seemed to get them open. She was their womb, the princess of the indian horseflies. By her harpoon-eyes she ruled them all, and they would never let her go. She seemed to be their fruitfulness, their source of survival. By her they could multiply themselves to care for a new generation. She was their pride and joy. She wasn't herself anymore, as she had possessed all the others. There wasn't a self anymore, and there wasn't an other. There was only 'being', a 'being' called Sevenlegs which existed in so many different views, the secret of the indian horseflies. It seemed to be the greatest show in the sky full of men and women but the being itself wasn't a man neither a woman. These were just parts of the being. It was like a fairground in the sky, like a roundabout full of indian horseflies. It was a swarm which couldn't be followed, only through the drowning. She had reached a new gender, in which she exploded, losing self and the other. She had touched the spot and she shouldn't do it, as it was forbidden. She had reached the taboo. Now men and women were just the tools of the strange being. It was a genderless unpersonal being, becoming so personal at times.

She was now a fata morgana in the sky

The Organic Bomb

Indian Horsefly Fiction

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

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

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

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

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

We are the starving ones, drowning in the machines of strange fairgrounds, becoming these monsters ourselves only to come to the bigger fairgrounds to be eaten alive, and to learn to ride the thing which is having us inside It's a strange rodeo a strange puppetshow We do this masquerade for we are nobody anymore to be someone was only a lie there is no self and there is no other. But when does this all stop ? Only when we reach the everlasting and evergrowing explosion. The organic explosion is somewhere in the brain, a very sensitive spot like a nipple. It's a soft spot we can't touch. But we must reach it in our imagination. It's the vibration between personality and unpersonality. It's the

vibration between you are everything, and you are nothing. It's the vibration between there is no self and there is no other. It's the greatest paradox on earth, that what happens between two mirrors It happens in the house of mirrors, where everything seems to change, and everything seems to split up endlessly. It's the fairground's human bomb.

From this bomb the indian horseflies come forth, leading you to their land. It's the game beyond good and evil It's the game of the fairground It's not a fruit easy to take in paradise No, it's a trip of discovery to the world beyond paradise Here the fairgrounds are the butcheries to deal with the illusive self, in which we are locked up It's an evergrowing bownet for us to become free The evergrowing fairgrounds are like vulcanoes.

The Organic Bomb II

Indian Horsefly Fiction

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

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

There was no one more friendly than the boss of the fairground It made them belief that the good didn't exist, as if such a friendly man turned out to be evil everything would be

evil It was all just a matter of time before the mask would get off There was only evil and they would have to live with that on this neverending fairground It was an evergrowing sight in the sky, luring more visitors everyday until it would come down to swallow the earth

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

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

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

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

Indian Bloodfly Fiction

Bloodbather

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

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

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

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

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

No one ever believed me They said it was just a nightmare or a dream but one girl did belief me She lived next to us, but she moved to another place This already

happened years ago, and sometimes I think about her She had some strange books with strange pictures

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Well, the boy of the neighbours,' she said

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

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

'Shhhh,' she said 'shhhh'

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

'Yes,' I whispered

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

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

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

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

She was tender and she spoke about the sea of blood

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

I said : Oh

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

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

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

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

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

The End

Indian Bloodfly Fiction

Bloodbather II

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

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

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

.....

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

.....

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

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

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

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

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

The End

Blood like Rivers

King David had an enormous empire on Mars, having so many slaves, the warprisoners of the many wars he had won. He had pierced their teeth, and now he was their king. He also had many

bellydancers and he had the biggest harem of all kings on Mars. King David was feared because of his cruelty. He had an armor made by teeth, and his soldiers had also armors made by teeth.

King David had some white stripes on his face, but for the rest he was a dark man. He had many elephants, tigers and other animals serving in his empire. One night Tartar the Slayer came to the palaces of David. He was the one causing blood to flow like rivers overflowing, everywhere he came. He raised his sword made of the teeth of a dark animal, and challenged king David.

'Oh, coward, you don't want to come out ?' Tartar roared. David looked out of his window, then took a bow and tried to shoot Tartar by an arrow, but he missed. Tartar ran into the palace of the king, killed sixty guards by his sword, and then ran upstairs. It was a bloodbath downstairs, but Tartar was used to it. He kicked the door of David's room in, but David wasn't there anymore. When Tartar looked out of the window, he saw David walking on the roof. Tartar took his bow, then an arrow from his quiver and then shot, but at that moment David dived away.

It was in these days David started to train more and more of the men of the empire. He now took the boys out of their homes when they were only six years old, while in the past they needed to be twelve first.

Tartar was cutting some wood for some new arrows. He knew about the ways of King David, about his secrets. When he was young priests of David took him to a room of rituals, where he had to learn symbols, and where they did cruel things to him. It was a secret cult, and Tartar knew how King David had such power. Tartar was the chosen one, destined to become a highpriest of King David, but he escaped. Now Tartar was looking for revenge.

One day when he was young the priests showed him the most horrible thing he ever saw. In a hall under one of the palaces there was a secret place where skeletons had to do heavy work. They had been pierced in their teeth, and they were secret slaves. Some said these were the ones killed in the wars of King David, but here they just lived on. The priests also showed him the sword of King David, made of the teeth of the kings killed by King David and his armies, and the teeth of the rarest animals existing. They said that King David could dominate the heads of everyone by this sword.

King David was obsessed by teeth. His harem was full of women having skirts and bra's made by the rarest sorts of teeth. Also the artwork on the walls of his palaces was made of teeth.

Since Tartar's strike King David had put wolves around his throne. They all feared Tartar more or less, as they knew he was a chosen one, something they didn't completely understand. When Tartar got born he had a spidertattoo, which was a sign for them, although when he grew up the tattoo more and more looked like a fly.

One day Tartar returned to the palaces of King David, killed some wolves, slayed eighthunderd guards, and then beheaded King David, took his skull, and went back to the forest where he decorated his weapons with the teeth of King David. Tartar was now king of the jungle and of death, as he had killed the dominator.

He dived from a high rock into the river, and swam to the palaces again. This time to take some women of David's harem. He took them to the river, pushed them in, and said : 'You're free now. You have been washed free by the jungle-river.' He knew some of these women had to serve the king since they were young, and they never had much freedom. Although they wept a lot about the king's death, they went with Tartar, and in the jungle he showed them their huts.

The Safe Cave

The queen stood before Tartar and gave him a hug, as he had brought her daughter back. The queen gave him two of her panthers, but later on he killed them both, as he wanted to be alone. But he would never forget the love she gave him. One day the daughter of the queen returned to Tartar, as she wanted to stay with him. Later she told him that the queen was in problems again. He would go with the daughter to the place where the queen lived. It was deep in the jungle. Predators were roaring, monkeys were shrieking, and the place had been baptized in sunlight. The queen showed Tartar a bloody knife. She told him that a messenger of a tribe gave her the knife which was a sign of war. The queen didn't want to attack, but wait. But Tartar took the knife, and said he wanted to go to that tribe alone.

In the evening he returned with a few monkeys. He had slain all the warriors of the tribe. The queen smiled. Since so many of her empire died by a strange disease, Tartar was her help. Tartar often went there to help, as there were only a few to help the queen.

Once upon a night the queen heard a shriek, and when she went outside she saw her daughter in the grip of two dark men. 'Is it happening again ?' the queen asked. 'Why don't you just let my daughter go ?'

'I am sorry, but we have orders,' the two men said. The queen took her bow and by two arrows she pierced the men. The queen couldn't stand that her daughter was still in danger, and she had problems sleeping, so she asked Tartar to come to her. Tartar decided to stay this time. He slept between the two women, and one day he brought them to a safe cave. But he had enough of it, and didn't want any present. He wanted to be alone now, and he went so deep into the jungle where no one lived, only animals.

He was on his way to a vulcano, as there was the place where he felt safe. Here some big friends of him, two large snakes, thick like pillars, lived. The slime and sweat was dripping from their bodies, and when they saw Tartar they liked him by their fiery tongues. Here also a dragon lived, who could shapeshift into a woman, and even into a group of women. Tartar loved to be around them, as they were like the elements of nature.

Everything seemed to be about an egg which had to be close to the vulcano, for only the vulcano would have the powers to brood it. One day the egg burst out and a fluid like blood seemed to come forward, which also was a bit like paint. It would possess the heads of everyone to paint new dreams. And soon also the vulcano started to burst out. Tartar was safe with the dragon and the two snakes. Deeper in the egg there were ivory weapons. When the vulcano started to burst out more and more, the dragon took Tartar to the depths underground where there was an ivory temple. It was a secret world here where the dragons came to do their shapeshiftings. Tartar felt safe here. He had finally found home.

The King and the Sword

Tartar found a speaking sword somewhere in a cave. He stepped on his horse, and rode away. There was for him no way back now he had this speaking sword. It would guide him, and comfort him in the hours of loneliness. The deepest parts of the night were always the most difficult for him, because of the nightmares, but now he had this friend who would always stay with him, his sword.

There was no way to trust anything but his sword, and his sword gave him the warmth of blood. He could always lick his sword to drink from its perpetual bloodstream.

Tartar found out he wasn't the only one having a relationship with a sword. There were many more fighters who swore by their sword, and they even got further than him. But their swords didn't speak, and that was the difference. Their swords gave them headaches at times, but Tartar had a perpetual friendship with his sword.

Many were jealous of him, but they also knew that if they would steal the sword of Tartar, the sword would start to shriek to devour them by fire.

There was no stranger thing in the world but Tartar's sword. The sword was alive, and its secret was a few of the rarest teeth it bore inside. These teeth were red, green and blue, and they were radiating strong lights, almost blinding.

One day he met the king of all teeth. The king even bred them, as they were the lights of death. He lived in the depths of Mars, where he had his throne. The king enlightened death by the teethlamps, and he was a blessing for the souls who searched their way in the darkness. The king gave them the teethlamps in their chest and head, so that they could breathe again, and feel love again. They became lamps themselves, and Tartar was amazed.

'I will show you the things no any king has shown you,' the king said. Tartar bowed down and listened. 'The sword has brought you here, and I have brought the sword to you,' the king said. 'You come from a dark, dark world, and you have searched for light, but you couldn't find it. The search is over now, as you have found light. It is in the teeth. These teeth came from hell, and even deeper places. They have brought forth the light by their suffering.'

'I create a new world,' the king said, and gave an armour made of teeth to Tartar. All the teeth had different colours and different lights, and it brought Tartar into a new dimension, like by an elevator. When he looked into the mirror he saw that his eye-pupil had small teeth inside, lying in a circle, and then it started to spin, while powerful beams came forward. The eye-pupil started to change in all sorts of colors now. The man gave him a horse, and then disappeared.

To Tartar the world was different now he had new eyes. With his horse he slid deeper into the depths of Mars, only hoping for more of these miracles. To Tartar the world was a surprise now. To Tartar suffering was in another light now. The king spoke further to him through the sword.

The Troll Saviour

The Harper's Tale

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

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

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

They knew the secret of true light. It was the knowing that they were true inhabitants of hell And this knowing had been tested, even in the kettles of ignorance and oblivion. The inhabitants of life were easy to deal with, but it seemed the inhabitants of death were quite difficult. And Bombaya, the

true prince of hell, feared the prince of death, as he was very strong. The prince of death had a series of old indian masks who were very powerfull, so powerfull that they were able to deceive the prince of hell at times, and it brought fear to the prince of hell, much fear. There was so much mystery around the domains of death, and it was such a riddle, that one day the prince of hell gave up all hope.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I will tell you how that will be he skins him, tying his skeleton to his ship and then the sea will
disappear in a deeper flame This can only happen in eternal death where time has faded
away, and everything is frozen awakening by the deeper flame The deeper flame of eternal
death is sliding across the snares of my harp I know I can awaken them all

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

The Eyes of Death

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

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

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

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

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

He is like the wasp, like the fly, like the spider, all in one, but as the snake he slides His webs are dangerous, so mysterious Prophets have warned him prophets from dark religions of death How long will he be prince here ? I don't know One prophet is called Haggai, another one Sefanja, and another one claims to be Joseph, and another one claims to be Jesus It's the war of the death prophets They are strange gladiators, baptizing the skies in blood

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

misunderstandings Don't fight against these riddles, but go deeper, to the harper's play Listen to the Harper's Tales Don't let anyone else take you away

There's a place called death deep inside, but it's never what you think, it's bigger than your mind, it is a symbol Forget about the outer lies, don't let your head take you away Deeper inside your head will be cut off to let you enter a cryptic world Listen to the harper's play You're a prisoner of your brains, a strange religion But when you come deeper you get an axe to crash the brains

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

The Drill

I was reaching the river of lamentation A river full of medicine A river of dangerous venom So many died here How to get across ? Rattlesnakes were swimming here I saw a man with a red cape I gave him some money He brought me across He was the ferry-man He grinned Gave me my money back and thanked me, when I stood on the other side

‘It was a pleasure to meet you,’ he said ‘You were great company ...’

I followed my path here, but I felt the urge to return The river of lamentation was so fertile It was dangerous, yes But there had to be a way to live here Some had built their huts here along the river I wondered where the river would lead to, so I decided to walk along the huts

Spitting flies Coming to me Spitting gas Thin air A bit moisty I came to a web in the sky Here the river was ending Here the river was flowing forth It was a strange waterfall I came on the other side of the web People were swimming there, having fun It looked like another situation But there were skeletons floating in the river And dead corpses

It was a river of stench and sweat A river of blood I came closer Walking along the huts I had my hand close to the handle of my sword These people were rejoicing in death They had strange shiny necklaces Toe-rings and other strange jewelry Their huts had been built of bones They had a strange look ... a strange stare As if they wouldn't understand anything I would say or do I walked further along the huts along the river I came to a second web Behind the web the river moved in another way When I got there it was a lonely place There was a strong wind here The river looked more poisoned than ever I wanted to know where the river ended I went through many webs and finally came to a house from where the river seemed to flow forth

I went inside and saw a man with white clothes, like a doctor or dentist He had a drill I took my sword I also grasped a drill from the wall A fight started Drills seemed to come forth from the walls I couldn't do anything. The man took me in a grip worse than that of an anaconda He spat something in my eye, while my head was almost bursting I screamed and lamented 'Welcome to the river,' he said He pushed me into a coffin I couldn't do anything Then he let the coffin slide into the river I was in the coffin with snakes The coffin sank to the bottom I almost couldn't breath Suddenly I heard someone knocking Someone opened the coffin It was the ferry-man with the red cape He took me out Brought me to the shore

'That was in the nick of time,' he said

'Who is it, the man in the house ?' I asked

'The ruler of the river,' the ferry-man with the red cape said. 'Why did you return ?'

'Well, I shouldn't do,' I said. 'But where else to go ?'

'Oh, I know a good place,' the ferry-man with the red cape said. 'Behind the house of the ruler of the river.'

'How to come there ?' I asked.

‘Well, do not fight him, for he is the ruler of all weapons, even yours. It will always work against you,’ the ferry-man with the red cape said. ‘Go the other way. Take the other direction and you will come to the realm behind his house.’

I travelled along the river towards the other direction for years, but it was worth it. I finally saw the house from the other side. The ferry-man with the red cape was right. This was a good place. One day he came to visit me. I asked him if there was a way to get rid of the house. ‘No,’ he said. ‘The house is there to protect you.’

I looked him deep into his eyes. He had beautiful eyes. He took his cape off and gave it to me. I saw him going inside the house. I was the ferry-man of the river of lamentation now. When I finally worked there for years I once saved someone who got tortured by the house like I had been tortured before I saved the person out of the coffin, the same way I got saved once, and I told this person the same thing told to me. I finally met that person on the other side of the house, and gave that person my cape. Then I went into the house the same way the ferry-man once entered.

The End

The Prophecy

One of the strangest statues I ever saw in my life was the statue who could change blood into tears. If the vampire would take more blood than he could handle he would cry the rest out like tears, so that he wouldn't betray himself. But when a vampire cried was a strange phenomenon in any way. It would give strange feelings to your stomach. The strangest vampires I ever saw were the ones with toe-rings. They used these rings to rip the flesh of their prey open. These rings were like sawing- and drill-machines. They also had tight necklaces which were circle-saws. They were murderers.

They worshipped an arabian goddess who was an indian. She wrote a book by which she had possessed them all. They were her slaves. She was still a statue, but she came alive more and more. The book she wrote was named the Tamar, the book without exit. But she has also written a second book, the Tanja, the book of red lights. Tamar and Tanja were her two daughters, and they got worshipped too. They got born by anal birth. But they could also give birth by their mouths.

I came closer to her, the statue, and the heat fell upon me, and I spoke in strange languages. She had possessed me. I became her knight, the Demon Knight, the dark knight. I moved like her, talked like her, spat fire like her, finally to spread doom for a new world. These are my dark chronicles. She was the biggest thing on Mars, with big feathers. She was the stairway between Mars and earth. She gave me her spirit and I went downstairs, with a mission, to search for her children, and bring them up to her, in her fire-hot arms, where they would melt away to slide into the statue again, where they belonged. In her they were safe.

I brought the two books downstairs. It was no big deal. They said I was an angel. I was looking for a boy who would become the greatest healer of all time. I finally found him, just in time, when he got born out of his mother. I took him up to bring him upstairs to the goddess. She burnt him, and he got free with wings. He told her the most beautiful tales, and one day she went downstairs herself, to look for his home. She brought it into fire, to bring up the most beautiful pearl. It was the pearl of wisdom. She gave the boy the sword of knowledge, and then he became the biggest healer of all time. The prophecy had been fulfilled.

Out of

Religion

The dentistian insects were strange animals I encountered in the Nerevada woods. They stang other sorts of insects, laid eggs in them, and flew away without any care. When the

eggs opened the babies lived in their hosts for a lifetime, slowly taking their hosts over. It was a strange transformation, and the number of dentistian insects seemed to grow dramatically by this strategy. I saw dramatic changes in nature, so much indifference. Nothing was safe against the dentistian insects. They could take over each and every race.

They were beings without a care. They didn't have any respect for any other race. I had been sent to Nerevada woods with a mission. I had to bring these insects to sleep by a certain gas. The dentistian insects existed in many races. One of the races interested me the most. These were the dentistian flies. I trapped some of them in a transparent box and went upstairs again to do some research. These flies could spit dangerous poison. I found out by pulling their stings out they lost their abilities. They lost their coordination and soon became old and sickly. But after awhile their stings started to grow again. It kind of irritated me how they didn't have a respect to any other kind. In my eyes they were monsters. When I put some normal flies into the box I could follow their tricks, how they laid their eggs in these flies and took them over completely. Their kids started to live in these flies, first as a warm house and later as their own body. By this it seemed they never had to look for food, as they fed themselves by the evergrowing flesh of their victims. Their bodies became one in some sort of awful way. Yes, the dentistian flies were the most horrible insects I ever saw. I almost vomited.

And I wondered how nature could be so cruel. I dried these flies and framed them for more research. I knew there were also other sorts of animals doing these sort of things ... They lived deeper in the Nerevada woods. One day I went there, and used a lot of gas. I needed to protect myself. I didn't want to have these things tested on me.

I went back to the stairway but then someone else spat some gas in me. I turned around and saw the most horrible black tall insect almost as tall as me. I don't know how long I fought against that animal, but I fell asleep finally and woke up in a hospital. I was angry. There wasn't any care here, no love, nothing. They did surgery on me, but in the middle of the session I stood up and walked out of the hospital. But at the exit a doctor with a gun told me to go back in again. Well, I still had some gas, so I thought it was the right time to use it, and then I ran out of the hospital, which exploded some seconds later.

I ran to the stairway, went upstairs, where I found my arabian indian goddess. I took her in my arms. She was like a melting statue. She said some things to me in a strange language. She was melting me as well. The hospital were I was was like a strange religion, and it all looked like the dentistian animals looking for a cradle to bring forth their babies. That is the only thing they care about. I had to take my baby out of this religion. I had to put everything in flames. There was so much more we could do. I knew some other games. But somehow the dentistian animals had inspired me.

I went back to study their mechanisms. I stuffed some of these animals and brought them to a small museum, but I also took some stuff for myself. They used weaponry necessary to survive in the wildest jungles. They had strange codes of immunity. I could learn a lot of it, especially of the poison they used. It seemed they were immune against their own poison, as there was a high percentage of it in their blood and it only stimulated them. It made them drunk in a sense and it activated their generative abilities. I somehow had to find out about this sort of life, instead of letting it make me depressed. I knew it could have that impact on me, but I chose to learn from it. I finally found out that a small bit of the poison brought my baby out of her statue-mode, and it seemed to have medicinal effect. And that was what I always had been taught : everything is good if it just comes in small portions.

The End

Licenses of

Orion

Chapter 1. Abyss of Snakes

Chapter 2. The Skeleton Stone

Chapter 3. The Massacre

Chapter 1. Abyss of Snakes

In a dark world a lonely warrior slides through the desert and the snow in his machine. It is a strange machine, attached to his arms and legs, by which he can step over dangerous things and by which he can terminate mines. Lars is a skilled soldier, a veteran in the army. The Hemmerlitch-Richter bloodline had the best warriors in the case, great leaders and skilled veterans. Lars was on his way to a red stronghold, a city, in the snowdesert. He had worked here in the past, and he still had to do things there.

He was a technician, one of the highest grade. He was in a project to reprogram certain leaders in the red city. Most of them were robots, or had cybernetic implants. Lars was an expert. They were all glad to see him. He had found a stone in the desert by which he could stir up a soft vibration. Soft technology was what they wanted.

Lars would also work at the clock of the city. The clock was the immunology program of the city, and the clock controlled almost everything. It was a big robotic experiment.

Lars was almost the father of the city, and he also called it his city. There was something in his eyes which could make you melt. He had the softest heart. Lars was obsessed by robotic mouths. He had a whole lot of mouths in an underground cave, and loved to work at them.

In the heart of the city's clock Lars had built a Cobra Eye, a sleep-inducing mechanism. The ceiling of the clock was made of Taroan stone, while the rest was made of Tantalos stone. After a few months Lars went into the desert again in his machine. Now he would go to Lamir, another city in the desert, where a prince lived. The prince wanted Lars to restore his clock as well. The prince of Lamir was a gentle man, also with a heart for puppetmaking. It was a city of robots. The prince wanted Lars to raise his army. Lars knew all about it. Within a few days the prince of Lamir had a perfect army, all robots.

Lars moved from desert-city to desert-city, all to help and share his knowledge. He was a prophet, and believed that the machines would take everything over. In a certain desert-city some bearded old men yelled at him : 'If you believe we need to become machines to survive the coming judgement, then who is God ? Also a machine ?'

‘Yes, He is,’ Lars said. ‘and His angels also.’

‘Well, I believe you are such a pathetic man,’ one of the old bearded man said. ‘I believe in the bottle.’ And then he and his friends laughed. They looked like they were drunk. ‘I can’t believe you are a technician,’ the old bearded man said. ‘All this superstition about God and angels is just’

‘A way to describe technology,’ Lars said.

‘Well, do you also believe in Mekmeth then ?’ the old bearded man asked.

‘Oh yes,’ Lars said.

All the old men laughed again. ‘Mekmeth is a zero,’ the old bearded man said, while the others were almost applauding.

‘Mekmeth is a soft man showing the way to eternal life,’ Lars said.

Again the old men laughed. They started to mock Lars by making strange movements. ‘Mekmeth was a fool,’ the old man said, while his eyes were almost piercing Lars. ‘I don’t want to talk to you anymore,’ the old man said, and then they all left.

There were many statues of Mekmeth in the city, but there were many unbelievers as well. Mekmeth was a pirate of Taroon preaching about things like eternal poverty and eternal riches, and he was always talking about the python stone and the cobra eye as well. He said from himself that he came to give it freely. Many worshipped him as a saviour. Lars didn’t worship him, but he believed that there was some truth in what he was saying.

Mekmeth preached about the machines and robots who would take everything over, and Mekmethians often gave jobs to Lars for which they paid him greatly, so to Lars it was all fine. In a sense he was a great businessman.

Some said Mekmeth was a son of God. But Lars preferred to speak about Mekmeth in technological sense.

One day Mekmeth invited Lars to come to his place. That evening they had dinner together. Mekmeth was interested in the way Lars built clocks. Lars worked at Mekmeth's clock till deep in the night. Lars got a beautiful room, a sort of attic at the top of Mekmeth's apartment. The room was full of technology, and Mekmeth had told Lars he could use everything. Lars biggest interest were the equipments for spies. The walls had been made of cobra stones. Soon Lars fell asleep, but later he woke up by strange sounds. The walls were moving and came closer and closer to him. Lars tried to escape through the door, but the door had been locked. He finally escaped through a window.

It was after this day Lars changed his thoughts about Mekmeth, and started to warn against him. One day he visited the old bearded men again. He knew where they lived, and he told them that they were right. Mekmeth was a fool, and very dangerous. He also told them about his experience with the moving walls of cobra stone. 'Come, I want to show you something,' one of the bearded men said. They went downstairs and came into a certain cellar. 'The cobra stone works together with the python stone to break you up,' the man said. 'It is a trap, and Mekmeth is making business with it. First he traps you, and then he would show up to save you, while you would follow him all your life. Well, I'm glad you escaped by yourself, boy.'

'Here it is,' another old man said. He opened a box in which rattlesnakes were coiling on bright jewels. 'Rattlesnake eyes,' he said. 'But we have much more : Boa constrictors, anaconda's, milksnakes, coral snakes, honey snakes, vipers, and many more.'

'For what reason ?' Lars asked. But from behind they grasped him, moved him through a door and threw them into a deep pit full of these snakes. 'For getting rid of your cobra obsession,' an old man roared. Then he went away and closed the door.

'Don't move, Lars,' Lars said to himself. Upstairs he heard laughing. These guys were as bad as Mekmeth.

Snakes were sliding across his skin, eating from his clothes. 'Oh, I'm dying here,' Lars thought to himself. But the snakes seemed to be tame, and soon the old men opened the door again and took him out. 'Yes, they are tame,' they said. Lars didn't feel comfortable anymore, but later on he could forgive them. It seemed to be a joke.

The old men seemed to be interested in biology, and soon his interest got raised. They were savages, worshipping nature. They didn't believe in the machines, but in nature taking everything over. They believed that technicians would get demented finally and ending up nowhere. The men seemed to love animals, and most of the time they were busy taming them. They all did this in their underground area. They didn't believe in vehicles moving them, but they used animals for it.

Lars felt himself like a kid. He could learn a lot of them. 'If there is anything to save the universe,' they said. 'Orion. For Orion has the most exotic unknown species we need to get out of all the Mekmeth-crap. He has lulled you all to sleep.'

Lars bowed his head. 'Is there a way to control the forces of the cobra stone ?' he asked.

'You mean Mekmeth ?' they asked.

'Yes, Mekmeth,' Lars said. 'How to get rid of this guy ?'

'Well, Orion,' they said.

Chapter 2. The Skeleton Stone

Lars wandered through the jungle for days and days. He knew a quick way to Orion. He wanted to go on discovery for awhile. The old men had given him a map. The Escurator Snake was a crab-snake with scissors. He needed to search for it. It would be the only way to control the cobra stone forces, and to finally get rid of Mekmeth. Lars now knew that Mekmeth was a huge threat to the desert-cities, also his own city, the red city.

Through a gate he went to the Betelgeuse planet. The Escurator Snake was dangerous for if you would see it, you would die. Lars could only watch it through a certain visor. He got it from the old men. It was just a sort of helmet with a certain chrystal in it. The chrystal was called the red time chrystal.

Alnilam was the planet where he needed to be, the center of Orion. He could reach it by a certain gate on Betelgeuse. On Alnilam there was a stronghold called Okil. Here there were a lot of escurator snakes, and without the red time chrystal he couldn't enter. Somewhere he saw a motorcycle. He took it and drove deeper inside the stronghold.

They attacked him, these escurator snakes, so he shot a few of them. They were very tall, and he hung them around his neck. When he had enough of them he drove back to the old men.

'Show me what we can do with this,' he said to the old men, while he dropped the dead bodies of the escurator snakes on a table.

'Oh, I will show you,' one of the old men said. The old man ripped the skins of the crab-snakes open, and they saw that it had been filled by many red time chrystals. 'You need many of these,' the man said.

'Listen,' the man said 'In the depths of Okil there is the main stronghold, Daakzil. You can only enter there, when you are totally covered by red time chrystals, or you will burn. In this stronghold the tallest and thinnest snakes live, the Trimdads. They guard the portal to the red time city. The Trimdads are the reversers of time. The La'ias are even taller and thinner snakes, extremely soft. You will find them in the red time city. They are the mixers of time, the confusers. The kaias are small, thin, erected and striped snakes, and are timeweavers. The oplos look like cobras, and are often red and can often fly. The nargras-snakes are tall, thin, and weak. They can stretch themselves and they look like worms. The dorpois are green, tall, flat and slimy. They often live in trees. The viksum-snakes are the tallest of them all. They create chaos. The loipros are their kings, and they can take any form.'

'Only the abyss of red time can let you dominate the snakes forever, so that you won't die in one of their traps,' another of the old men said.

The older the loipros became the more they turned into flies, big flies, living in the depths of the abyss of red time. They seemed to spread powders of strange drunkenness. They could grow to great heights to rule the land. They had but one mission : to destroy the mind and it's powers. The ruler of these kings was Etzbil. He held the chip of their shapeshifting abilities. It was a green stick like a jewel. By the green stick he had access to the world below the abyss of red time : the troll world. It was in the depths of the planet Alnilam. This world was the secret of the loipros, guarding the green slime, the slime by which you could live forever. They either drank it and smeared it on their bodies. In this troll world of the core of the Alnilam planet there was a portal to another troll world, that of the core of the Bellatrix planet. Here the secrets of green time seemed to live. By green time everything could stretch out to become tall. By green time everything could move and stop, and move and stop. By green time everything could get grip again, and could let go.

The green time seemed to stream forth from a skeleton stone. Skeleton stones could come into existence in places of extra-ordinary draught and pressure, like in the depths of the planet Saiphe, and here in the core of the Bellatrix planet.

In the core of the Bellatrix planet there were three portals made of skeleton stones. One led to the core-world of the Saiphe planet. Another led to the core-world of the planet Tabit, and the third led to the core world of the planet Mintaka. These were all troll worlds. From the core-world of the planet Mintaka other planets could be reached in their cores, like Heka, Rigel, Betelgeuse and Alnitak.

The trolls worshipped the skeleton stones more or less, and they often called themselves the living skeleton stones. The trolls were human forms of the loipros, the royal snakes. All these highways of Orion seemed to lead deeper and deeper into the deserts, to an enormous gate called the Gate of White Time. It was in the depths of Saiphe, the desert planet. The Gate of White Time induced death. It was the Gate of Death. But at the same time it was the Gate of Decay. One could stare at an enormous sea from this place, and there was the hottest beach called the Grill of Orion. Behind the sea there was an enormous wilderness where the skeletons lived.

In the center of this wilderness there was the Gate of Orange Time, which was the Gate of Draught. Deeper in the wilderness there was the Gate of Brown Time. The skeletons here knew exactly what these gates meant, and worshipped these gates. By the Gate of Orange Time they could come alive.

One day Lars reached the Gate of Orange Time with his motorcycle. To him it was the place of victory. The skeletons feared his motorcycle with all its guns. Lars climbed the enormous gate and put his throne and flag on top. From here he dived into a new world. When he jumped he stretched his arms to which sails had been attached by which he could fly. He was Lars the flyman now. There was no way to stop Lars. He came here for discovery and rulership. He could jump on the rays of the Gate of Brown Time and jumped from ray to ray upstairs to its top. Here the Rainbow of Time fell on him. Lars loaded his time-gun by its energy, and jumped further into the enormous wilderness beyond the gates of time.

Chapter 3. The Massacre

One day Lars returned to the old men having a lot of stories to tell. They were playing at draughts. They were doing it with skeletons stones. They also had a chessboard with pawns of small skeletons. 'Have you been through the Gate of Orange Time ?' one of the old men asked. Lars nodded. At the wall hung an orion draughtsboard, next to a picture of boxers. 'Those boxers are deaf,' another of the old men said.

'Deaf ?' Lars asked.

'Yes, deaf,' the old man said. 'Haven't you seen them ?'

'No,' Lars said. 'Where are they ?'

'Beyond the Gate of Blue Time,' the old man said. 'It's the Gate of Deafness.'

'What is the use of it,' Lars asked.

'It's the Gate of Ice,' the old man said. 'They are earhunters.'

‘For what reason ?’ Lars asked.

‘Well, it’s jewelry to them,’ the old man said. ‘They are pirates.’

‘Pirates ?’ Lars asked.

‘Yes, pirates,’ the old man said. ‘They are without care, they only live for themselves.’

‘That’s a deep death,’ Lars said.

‘Yes, it is,’ the old man said.

‘What do they do it for ?’ Lars asked.

‘For money,’ the old man said.

‘Money ?’ Lars asked.

‘Yes, money,’ the old man said. ‘They sell the ears to jewellers.’

‘Why ?’ Lars asked.

‘Money makes the world go round,’ the man said. ‘And only the rich ones of orion have the best armies. They are the matadors.’

‘Matadors ?’ Lars asked.

‘Yes, matadors,’ the old man said. ‘They live in Salvadat, in the depths of Saiphe, the desert planet. They are the generals of saiphe.’

‘Well, that is interesting,’ Lars said.

‘They have the best armories,’ the old man said. ‘All because they went through the Gate of Blue Time once.’

‘And how to get through the Gate of Blue Time ?’ Lars asked.

‘It doesn’t exist,’ the old man said. ‘It just means to beat the matadors of Salvadat.’

Lars returned to Saiphe. The old man had given him a map of Salvadat. In short time he found the house where the matadors lived. They all lived together like brothers. They worked in a circus. They were acrobats, clowns and matadors at the same time. They worked with lions and tigers, and also elephants. They trained horses as well. They were addicted to their work. They worked day and night. So these guys were the generals. They had one handicap : they were deaf. They were indeed the most richest guys of Saiphe. They actually didn’t have ears at all, but their long hair covered it. Under the house they had warships stored, where several underground rivers crossed. When they started to act mean Lars just took his gun and shot them.

Lars cut off their heads by his knife and took them to the old bearded men. He returned on his motorcycle. ‘Circus is over,’ Lars said. Then they sent Lars to the depths of Bellatrix again, to beat more matadors. Lars just used his guns, and soon the whole of Orion became afraid of him. They started to fear him almost like nothing else. ‘If you think you act mean, meet my gun, and I’ll show you who is mean,’ Lars said. He more and more became like a cowboy. He plundered all the royal houses of matadors on Orion. All by the maps he got from the old bearded men.

‘You’re ice,’ one of the old men said. ‘You have style.’ It was just Lars and his gun, against all the matadors of Orion. No tricks, no complexed strategies, just a good gun. Some matadors were also cowboys. No problem to Lars. He gunned them all down. It was a massacre in Orion in the highest bloodlines. Some matadors were also indians. They would end in hell. For Lars had come to town. He took the advice from the old bearded men that he needed less technology and more beer. The mind had been overrated.

The matador of Hordulf was half a horse, half a man, a centaur. He seemed to be the boss of all the matadors. He was a sorcerer, and when he got a hold on Lars, he caged him. It was the most horrible trap. Lars would pay for what he had done to the matadors. Day and night Lars got tortured by the meanest devices. The old bearded men started to become worried because Lars didn’t return. This was the reason they came to Orion themselves, and when they found Lars in such a horrible position they made mince of the matador of Hordulf. The old bearded men could fight like no one else. They slammed the centaur against the wall, while the wall became red of the blood. Finally the old bearded men bit his heart out of his chest and began to eat it.

Together with Lars they visited the other matador-bosses. This time the old men used their guns. They showed their licenses. They seemed to be old policemen of the early days of Orion. They decided to stay on Orion and chose the best house of the matador-bosses. In the underground they had enough cages to put the matador-bosses in. These bosses would wait here for their death-penalties. It took the old bearded policemen a few months to get rid of all the matador-bosses, and at the end of their mission they also licensed Lars for his courage.

The End

Laws of the Fly

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It was in these times the curse of Daylar really came over the planet. He chose himself fourteen women by kidnapping and brought them into the ice. This time they would get prepared for a thing worse than him : a beast who lived in the very depths of the planet. It was the only thing connecting him to the unknown past of Taroona, even before him. And it was a creature having the genes of war, worse than Daylar ever had. The fourteen women would be the circle of the beast, to bring forth the unknown prehistoric races of Taroona, something which the beast carried in his genes.

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

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

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

Daylar knew that only these children would have the keys to the depths of Taroan's underworld when they would be older. The spider couldn't bear the lights of the upperworld and died soon. The children of the dark eggs started to live with Daylar in his mountain, close to the portal of the depths of Taroan. They soon grew up as a mighty tribe, mightier than any tribe before. The underground nature would accept them, as they would have the genes of the spider. One day they made a journey underground. Since the spider died, there wasn't a river of poison anymore. Nature seemed to have changed underground. It was easier to get access there, but it was still a dangerous jungle.

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

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

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

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

The queen and the king of this land so deep were the most delicious of them all, and they had the best food growing on their bodies. It had been said that they had been stung by a secret sting of the fly, secreting a secret royal venom. It had marked them for life by a strange scar, a sign, like a tattoo. Their bodies had been made by scar-skin. It looked like they had scars all over, but these scars were beautiful and thick, like jewelry. They were the most tender beings. Behind the bakery kingdom there was a wilderness no one knew anything about it. Only those who would have the third sting of the fly would be able to come there, but they would never return. Those who lived there had normal bodies, but it was still eatable and would also grow after eaten. It was like a butchery. The savages who lived here were bloodthirsty, but for sure, the fly cared for them, and cared they would never be hungry. These savages were disciplined even more. When taking the wrong sorts of blood and meat or taking too much or too less of something one would burn forever. This was why the fly wouldn't let anyone go to this place so fast. It was the most dangerous place existing. Every mistake would be fatal in a horrible way, ending in the everburning fire. There was no place for mistakes. These savages were highly disciplined and trained. They knew the laws of the fly.

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

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

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

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

Once in the million years they would go to the surfaces of Taroona to seduce some warriors and drag them to their place. The women of the fly were bloodthirsty. They could take these bodies and just letting them melt into their skin to let them live forever. These were the

secrets of the fly. They assimilated male bodies. By this they could eternally feed on their blood. It was such a disastrous event that they could do this only once in the million years, but when they would go out like that, they would stay for a long time, and take as many male bodies as they could, all to drag them into their dens in the depths of Taroona, in Tantalos, where they lived with the fly.

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

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

The chosen ones brought forth a new race, and this time the fly trusted them enough to open its book for them. It was a book of stories, legends, together with the history of the fly. It also contained the far history of Tantalos. It became a sacred book, worshipped by the new race. After millions of years the blood had totally soaked the ground, and had been absorbed. It wasn't raining blood anymore every second of the day, but only when it was necessary. However the bloody skies would exist forever. Since then there were rivers, seas and oceans of blood, and jungles, forests and fields of meat in Tantalos, and the kingdoms of the bakery and the butchery also started to rise here to deal with the hunger. Those who worked in the butchery and the bakery had drills, not only to drill but also to suck. This was to let them work faster and really making artwork of it. The best ones always worked with many sorts of drills. They also used drills to bring the perfect temperature to the food. They used the drills for making locks and attaching chains. By the drilling the food also started to produce a drug-effect, so the new race only wanted to have drilled food. The bakeries and butcheries which didn't use drills had to be locked and destroyed by command of the fly. The fly's most feared, loved and worshipped weapon was the drill. It brought Tantalos into a sphere of ecstasy.

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

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

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

People started to repress their hunger by having a lot of sex and having a lot of communication, all to remind them of the time that everything was less expensive. Tantalos became an evergrowing hell. People started dying in themselves, longing for the surfaces of Taroona, but the stairway had been broken off by the fly long ago. However, one started to make a journey. The top of the stairways could be reached in a few days. From that place they all looked into a hole in the bloody sky. There was no return to the surfaces of Taroona. They had to live here in this eternally growing hell, hoping that something might grow from it. The people lost their powers and their strengths, and became weeping figures, easily hyperventilating, having no control at all. But they got something else instead, which was the ability to fly. The fly had given them the grace finally to become like himself. Now they didn't need any stairways. They flew to the bloody clouds to feed themselves, and they could plug themselves into the surfaces of Taroona to feed well on it's sources. There was a world above Tantalos, a world like heaven, like paradise. But the everlasting monster Tantalos was started to eat the flying people, chaining them, sucking them in by his venomous drilling fleeces. They had been caught in a web.

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

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

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

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

fly, but it took a lot of time finally to root out the new race of Daylar. Tantalos had to become clean of it.

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

There were a few. They became doctors of the fly, which means they would check the icecubes keeping them cold. If they needed something from those in the icecubes, they could use their drills for that. Because the icecubes looked like big teeth the leaders of the doctors were called the dentists. This was the race the fly loved most. But because there was one dentist who used his drills too much, the ice started to melt one day because of the heat, and even the fly couldn't do anything about it. In short time the general temperature had changed. In rage the fly killed all the dentists and their doctors, because he didn't know which one was guilty. However he kept one dentist alive. This was the one who had to guard those who were coming forth from the ice-cubes. There was no escape from Tantalos. This dentist was most cruel, using the thinnest drills existing. The pain induced by these drills would turn them into gel, although they developed the most powerful stones inside, slowly growing forth as a shell around them. In this sense they would be trapped forever and the fly would take care they would be thrown into the sea.

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

they would live by something else : communication, relationships and intimacy. They would live by contact.

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

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

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

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

'I give you the half of the book,' the dark man said. The fly turned to the dark man, and in a flash he pushed him through the door in the fire behind the window. 'Go see if you can get something there,' the fly said. Then he closed the door, pushed some other buttons, while the book started to open up. Blood was coming forth from it. And the pages were nothing but grills. 'Go, and become a baker, or a doctor or a dentist,' the fly said. 'Rejoice in your meat and blood, but it will never satisfy you, it just shows your lack of words, of communication. It's only a book.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The End

Prisoners of the Fly

The men had been tied to the walls, and also chained. The fly had inserted venoms in their bodies, which kept them extremely weak, and by which they couldn't think straightly. It was like clouds in their heads, poisonous clouds. They had strange wounds by the fly's stings. They were in the depths of a strange castle, in a deep huge cellar. No one knew where it was. They had been abducted by the fly. Strange lights moved across their bodies, taking their last hopes and dreams away. They weren't allowed to dream. They went crazy. Whenever they remembered the soft bodies of their women sliding across their skins alarms started to shriek. It made them numb. They lost their feelings and senses. The fly kept them in this state.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Streetfighters, streetriders,

Streetroses, always dying,

Streetfighters, streetliars,

Streetkillers coming to kill these days,

I'm on fire

There were songs and fights on the second level, all in synchrony. The officers had a kind of tablets in their heads, always switching and shifting. Whenever they won a fight a heart ray started to open up. It was like a big computer game. Whenever they had ten heartrays their hearts were like spiders, and then they could go to the next level. In this level they became more and more like the fly itself. When they had eaten a thousand spiders they would lose their wings finally in order to go to the fourth level. They were now the wingless flies. Here they could fly without wings, and they worshipped the so-called 'dying goddess'. When they had eaten a million spiders they became the fly of the prison itself, and they would find out that it was also wingless. The fly didn't need wings to fly. Wings only kept them bound to the lower levels.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The chickenfighters were developed wingless flies, having developed organs caring for their immunology system, also the organ of hyperventilation and spasm, which worked partially, and was necessary for their protection. The giant-chickens they fought against were demonic creatures wanting to take over the whole of the planet. The chickenfighters were thus fighting for the protection of the planet and thus for their own lives.

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

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

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

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

Sun of Death

The sun of death is the feeder of all the dead. Without the sun of death no one can live in the world of death. No one would be able to breath and no one would be able to eat. This is why the quest of the dead is always to the sun of the dead. It is like the heart of the world of the dead, and some say it is full of nipples from where the life-giving milk of death flows to make everything fruitfull. The ones who live the closest to this sun are almost naked, and they have strange habbits. Their kingdoms have been built of the bones of feet and they have coverings of feetskins. Most of the times they eat feetmeat and the meat of babies. No wonder that these are wild tribes, warriors and hunters. Some say that the closer you come to the sun of death the wilder you become, it makes you insane. The tribes surrounding the sun of death are called the were-indians.

They live from death, and not many babies do survive in these spheres, only when the sun of death takes care of them. One of these survivors was Mirtjik, an indian boy. The indians always feared him, as they said he had the rays of the sun of death. He became a great teacher among them, and the sun of death loved him. It was in these days the lake of blood came into existance, as the sun of death had sent it's ray for that. And Mirtjik preached that it was a gift of the sun of death, and everyone had to be baptized in it, to receive the rays of the sun of death. But many got killed when they got baptized in the lake. It seemed like the sun of death was very selective, but Mirtjik said that those who didn't survive the baptizement would be taken care of by the sun of death. Their souls would move to the sun of death, to live in it's heart forever.

To live in the sun of death was a life-breaking experience. It was to die a several times to come into the deepest death, as the deaths within the deaths. Some said those who lived in the sun of death became the flies of death and were-flies. They could show up to the deathlings to take their heart away. They said those who lived in the sun of death ate hearts, but no one really knew what was going on there. It was a ground-breaking experience to live in the sun of death. It was a place with the palest lights, bringing so much darkness. Those who went to the sun of death lost themselves, to become robotic experiments. They got teached about the paradoxes of death, and became a slave of it.

The sun of death was an enslaver, but most of all it was a teacher, letting them wake up in reality. Within the sun of death there were powers to melt the feetbones and feetskins, and from these strange kingdoms rose. Also the feetmeat got melted by these powers to make new bodies.

And it was right. These indians could shapeshift into flies, so they were some sort of were-flies. They had to learn about the secrets of the sun of death, and they had to make many flights inside.

It was like at some moments the sun stopped shining to become dark. This always happened in the nights, while after the night the sun was always red, pink and pale. Whenever the sun of death stopped shining it got a brown colour, and it started to teach about blood, the experience of dreams. In the center of the sun of death there were kindoms built by blood, the wildest tribes, living in dreams. There were bloodwaterfalls here, and strange cryptic experiments. The king of blood had like monkey-flies beings, always floating down close to him, ready to attack every intruder. There were no queens, only many princes. It was like a strange cardgame they were playing, all to let the blood stream, and they drank it like wine. They were were-flies, and they all had their own units, like vehicles. They were worshippers of the sun of death, and actually it's slaves and marionets. They were the watchers of the deeper realms of the sun of death. Whoever came there got sunk away in puzzles, and only those dead to the riddle could survive. To follow the cryptic lights could bring you from illusion to illusion, to get deeper and deeper into the traps. Only warriors and hunters seemed to survive, only those dead to the cards.

The were-flies deeper in these realms knew all about the strategies of the king of blood. They had dealt with it. No one could come here without the right initiations. They had lived miserable lives, were-lives, where the dreams switched into nightmares. They found out about the immunology hidden in their feet, to survive on the quest of the sun of death. They found out about it's orbit. It was like they had to deal with a fire-code, and only by their feet they could raise the right immunology, for it was a sacred path. The sun of death was a missionary sent out to destroy them, to test them, but they had survived, and they looked straight into the faces of the seven suns of blood, drinking from a higher milk. These seven suns of blood seemed to be the secret moons of the sun of death to guard and guide it, and to give it power.

There was no way to enter the suns of blood but by strange cryptic games. Those who lived in the suns of blood had survived the powers of the sun of death, and could actually use these powers. They had become the secret rulers of the sun of death, activating the winds of death to rule the whole world of the dead. But the quest was to the seventh sun of blood, where the winds of blood were. Only the were-flies could survive, and they had to make many flights, from fleece to fleece.

The seventh sun of blood looked like a heart full of soles, and inside : only feet Here the spiders lived, with their webs. And the were-feet could only enter the seventh sun of blood when they had defeated these spiders. Many of them ended in traps or become perpetual bloodwells. There was only one were-fly who could defeat the were-spiders. There were seven boxes in which the seven winds of blood lay dormant. The were-fly didn't survive it when he opened these seven boxes, but the seven winds of blood came down to Mirtjik to let him ascend into the seventh sun of blood. Since then he carried the rays of the seventh

sun of blood. He became some sort of Messiah, and when he returned everything started to turn into blood. There was nothing more striking but this, and the fear started to grow everywhere. He came to tie them all up by the ropes of blood. They saw it as a revenge of the suns of blood he preached about, but for them there was only one hope : to make the quest to the seventh sun of blood themselves. Mirtjik taught them how to do it, how to get rid of their bondages. And thus many followed him to the higher realms, but only a few of them survived. The rest of them fell into traps to turn them into perpetual bloodwells and flywebs.

Now the flywebs were also a reality behind the veils of the seventh sun of blood. Mirtjik now had the key of the seven winds of blood, and guided the few survivors. He also guarded them. But they all died when they saw the seven wells of the winds of blood, the seven boxes. Something had struck them. Only Mirtjik could go through the gate of the seventh well and came into a realm of even more flywebs. Here he saw the most dangerous were-flies, who could penetrate his mind easily to give him nightmares. They brought him trauma after trauma. Mirtjik thought the grace of the sun of death and the suns of blood had left him, but this wasn't their realm anymore. This was the realm of the moons of blood, as a stairway leading to the planets of blood. It was the road to the universe of blood, and to the world of blood. Mirtjik knew that the only way to survive in these dangerous spheres was to become a vampire. There were so many initiations through the veils of blood that Mirtjik finally began to understand that another being was giving him grace. It was the sun of vampire in the middle of the universe of blood.

Large skulls formed the portals of this sun, and they all had reflecting discs on their foreheads radiating strange lightbeams. When Mirtjik came closer the sun of vampire seemed to explode and flies came forward from it. It was like a great black hole got activated, and sucked Mirtjik inside. It was like his nose opened up, and strange intensive smells were overwhelming him. It was the smell of death and blood. He seemed to get faster and faster, and suddenly he didn't know where he was anymore. A stairway of blood was exploding before his eyes, and he stared right at a tree where men and women had grown into each other. The tree was screaming. Snakes seemed to surround the tree, strange snakes, with strange smells. Then tornado's of blood seemed to come forward from the tree, and seemed to struck Mirtjik. Mirtjik fell down, while later some soldiers raised him up. 'This is your cross,' a voice whispered. The soldiers nailed him to the tree. Mirtjik screamed, and later birds came to eat from his flesh. Many dark nights followed, while Mirtjik was in low consciousness. 'You wanted to know about the secrets of the sun of death ?' a voice whispered 'First you have to pay for it.'

'How much do I have to pay ?' Mirtjik roared. After the dark nights Mirtjik woke up while soft lights were lightening his face. A woman took him from the tree, and then the woman turned into a snake. 'Where am I ?' Mirtjik asked. 'Follow me,' said the snake.

The snake led him to a wonderful place at first sight. It was a pleasure for his eyes.
But when the night fell he wanted to get away. It was a were-world.

Do you understand anything of this world ?' the snake asked. Then she turned into a tall lady again. She had almost transparent clothes, very thin clothes. Then she turned totally into blood. She smiled at him. 'You must learn about the forces of death,' she said. 'For there is nothing but death, but it comes in many forms.' Mirtjik remembered the games in the lower realms, and she led him to games as well. She showed him the gladiators of death, and she showed him the hunting-parties of death, and how everything turns into blood once in awhile, how everything turns pale to produce the dark. She showed him a clock in her hands, and said : 'You have to learn everything about the times of death. It's your food here, your breath, and without that you cannot do anything.' It was like Mirtjik was standing on fire, like he could fall in it every moment. Suddenly walls of fire were rising, and the woman gave him the clock. 'Keep it,' she said, and then she left.

There was no way for him to leave from here. It was now him and his clock. The flames looked like wild lava, and it was almost roaring. The flames were confusing his head. Then suddenly flies seemed to come forth from the flames, and it started to get quiet again in his head. The flies changed into women. Some of them were pale, others dark, others of blood, while some of them were burning. They were like statues or pictures, slowly moving. Whenever he moved the arms of the clock he could see the women changing, and soon they all got the same qualities, like all in one. They looked like wasps, but then slowly they turned into flies again. He looked at his watch, and could now see all the faces of the women in his clock. But then they slowly started to change into predators. Rippling gates were opening all around him. Sweet soft voices were luring him. Lights were coming from his clock, and rays started to move all around. The rays were of soft pale light almost materializing. Then he had to step over them, and chose one of the rippling gates. But it was like choice was fatal. He looked straight into a ravine. He got like frozen and didn't dare to move. Then after awhile more and more rays seemed to come, and seemed to be almost materializing, and suddenly all the rippling gates came together to swallow him. It was like he fell into the softest ravine.

Mirtjik, Mirtjik, someone whispered. He looked up and saw an indian woman. He knew she was a were-one, as he was in a were-world. 'I'll show you the secrets of the sun of death,' she spoke softly. He went with her, and she took him to an indian tent. All sorts of music instruments were here, like indian drums, flutes and more. 'Feel the rythm of death,' she said. She was some sort of a mystic woman, but very cryptic. He looked at her very puzzled. 'I can show you more,' she said. 'No wait,' he said. 'What is the use of these instruments ?' Then she took some of them, and started to play. The times and states of death seemed to ripple all over her, and then it also got to

him. He looked at his watch which became all red, and blood came forward from it.
'Stop,' he said. 'What is the meaning of all this ?'

'You need to learn the seasons of death, and it's harmony. It's a were-world,' she said.
Suddenly she turned into a predator, and jumped on him. He could kick her away like a cat, but then he had to escape, and she was running after him. She had turned into the most dangerous creature, like a spiderlike big cat. Suddenly he ran to the indian tent again, took the instruments and started to play. Now she became quiet again and turned into a woman again. Mirtjik started to understand what it was all about.
He had to tame this world, harmonize it, by the different instruments. He had to bring his mind into a certain pattern. But then after awhile she started to turn into a giant snake, and this time he really had to run. He ran into all sorts of other indian tents to look for instruments.

'What is the meaning of this world ?' he asked himself. Finally he could turn her into a woman again, and at the end of the day they fell asleep together. The next morning she had gone, but he had learned an important lesson. He had now armed himself with several instruments, and these were his most important weapons.

There were several walls of blood in existence no one could come across. These walls of blood kept the several realities separated, and in Mirtjik's reality he was the chosen. Every reality had it's own chosen one, and through the several veils of blood they finally reached the wall of blood of their reality. Behind these walls there was the sun of realities, as the center, where they would meet each other, if that was a possibility. Every wall of blood had it's own skeleton-watcher, like a mayan witchcraft indian, and if they would beat that skeleton they had to beat the sorceror who created all these walls and kept them separated.

The sorceror was an evil man, so he created evil mayan witchcraft watchers. The only ones who could defeat such guys were the ones who became more evil than them. Mirtjik was aware of this task. He knew that only those who reached the extreme of evil, by becoming an over-evil lord, they would be able to generate the sources which one called 'good'. Those who could only reach a lower grade of evil were never be able to become 'good'. Mirtjik knew how the paradox worked. It only worked by the extremes, the over-powers. It was a long quest for Mirtjik, but finally he succeeded in overcoming the evil watcher and his evil boss, the sorceror of the walls of blood, and slowly he slid towards the sun of realities where he would meet the other chosen ones. He knew that as soon as they would meet each other, the sun of realities would turn into blood, and the states of death would be generated.

He felt a hand, then another hand, and soon, they were in a circle of millions and millions of chosen ones, all from their own realities. The great central sun of death was rising with so many suns of blood. It was a great moment. They heard laughing while a smaller sorceror came forth from the central sun of death. He welcomed the survivors as visitors, and said that only a few of these chosen ones were also chosen to move further on the great central sun of death, while the rest would drown in blood. Everyone was shocked. This they didn't expected. They had done such an excellent job to destroy the watcher of their own reality, and the sorceror of all realities, and now they heard this. Some of them started to shake, and others started to scream and shriek, while an enormous dragon came forth from the great central sun of death. Lightrays came out of it's eyes, and started to switch from one to another. The lights started to move faster and faster, while blood started to stream. So many of them were melting away, and the dragon picked three of them out by it's tail. 'Who among you is Mirtjik ?' the sorceror asked loud. Mirtjik stepped forwards. 'And who among you is Danion ?' he asked loud. Then another man stepped forwards. 'You two become the leaders of these three. The rest will die,' the sorceror spoke loud. Then shrieking and screaming came all over the place, while the dragon picked up also Mirtjik and Danion. The great central sun started to move in it's orbit, while leaving the rest behind in blood.

Suddenly the dragon started to change into many women, and also the sorceror seemed to be a woman. It was the woman of the music instruments. Mirtjik smiled. He was glad to see her again. In the air they saw gaint snakes turning into women and flies, and also the ground below them started to change. The men got instruments and had to play for their lives, as so many women came forth from the ground, starting to become predators. They needed to learn how to play together, and they needed to know how to move in this dangerous zone. Everything around them started burning and turned into blood, first pale and then bringing forth the dark, until it all started to ripple harmoniously.

The women started to shriek more and more, but finally they got quiet. They knew they had to do with dangerous were-women wanting their meat. The women lived in lakes of blood and lakes of fire, and some could even turn into black dragons looking like dangerous fishes and snakes. It was all so overwhelming that finally all the men got almost strengled by tall flexible moving snakes. The men started to search for breath, until the snakes took them into the depths.

Mirtjik called for Danion. Suddenly he felt a strong hand on his skin. Then Danion took him away from the snakes, and later they could also get the other men away from the snakes. Fire was still moving around them, but they had to sooth the flames by their

instruments. Some tried the flutes, and it worked. By the drums they could tame the darkness, and by all sorts of snared instruments they could tame the blood. But how could they tame the pale lights, who got so thick that they almost materialized ? Some started to shriek, and they found out it worked. It was a battlecry. They made themselves tents by skins, and finally the women were creeping on the ground begging for mercy. 'No, don't give them any mercy !' Mirtjik screamed. 'Let's get away from here !' They took some of the skins, and went away from the women. After awhile they came into a forest, which looked like a jungle. Bloodred snakes were in the trees, but they seemed to be quiet. Further on there were some boys living in trees, dark boys, but they didn't form a threat either. It looked like a harmonious place. Deep in the jungle they made their camp, to get through the night.

The next morning tall worms were everywhere. They moved slowly, and they had eaten away the jungle except their camp. Slowly the men took their instruments again, and started to play, while the worms started to turn into women. The women were soft, but they knew they were were-women. So they played very slow songs, while the women came closer. 'What a beautiful music you play,' one of the women said. Mirtjik told them to be very careful. Some of the women had some snakeskin, and it looked like they could turn into the worst predators every moment. 'Run !' Mirtjik was shouting, while they all threw their instruments away to run for their lives. Fast snakes came after them, and soon they were all surrounded. One of the men started to cut himself, as he knew it could make them quiet, and it did. They wanted to see blood.

But Mirtjik said they couldn't spoil too much blood. They didn't know what to do when the snakes came closer. But then they started to turn into worms again, and after that in flies, and then in women. Some women had pain in their stomach, and didn't know what was happening. They seemed to be so confused. 'We know you are were-women,' Mirtjik said, 'and we want to help you.'

'Please help us,' one of the women said. 'We do not have control over ourselves.' The men started to sing, and by their songs they tried to get the women quiet. They sang a sort of lullabies. Suddenly from all sides flies came to put a web between the women and the men, so that the men could move on. It seemed the flies wanted to help them, and to teach them more about the sun of death. Further on there were women who gave birth to snakes through their mouths. And soon the men did the same. Soft fires were surrounding them, not threatening anymore. It seemed fire was a covering here, and soon, through many veils of soft fire, they came into a cool hall, like a temple. There were rays of soft lights here who had materialized themselves like thick pale pink stakes. Lights were also nothing but coverings here, and instruments. Some of them sat down on the materialized lights. It was very flexible. Then two women came towards them. They said they had more control over themselves,

because they had more knowledge about the states of death. They showed the men a lot of cards all representing a part of death. 'Let's do a game,' they said. But the men didn't want to play a game. They were tired of everything, and wanted to have rest a bit. The two women guided them to some rooms where they could sleep. There were some soft benches and beds. There were also hanging some big feathers in the rooms, and there was a tropical climate.

In the middle of the night nightmares began to come over the men, and they were calling for the women, who came immediately. 'We have to play the game,' they said, 'or these nightmares will take all control away.' But still the men didn't want to play, until the women became very mad, and a fight started. 'You put yourselves and us at risk !' one of the women shrieked. 'You need to know more about the powers of death, or they will destroy you, and then they can also destroy us.' Mirtjik took one of the women tight. 'But we have to sleep. It's dangerous to play games like that when you're too tired. We do not have any strength left, and our minds are confused.'

'Then take some drinks, strong drinks. It is important we do the game,' the other woman said. Suddenly one of the men started to turn into a predator and jumped on one of the women to destroy her, but Mirtjik kicked him away. Another man started to turn into a predator, even worse than the other. Now they had to run away as soon as they could. 'Where do you have the cards ?' Mirtjik asked. But it was already too late. The predators jumped on the other woman, and she got killed. Quickly Danios took the living woman, and ran with her outside the room, while she was screaming. 'I do not want to have anything to do with you ! You are the reason that my sister died !'

'Show me the game !' Danios shouted. While Mirtjik and the other man were running behind them. They came into a room with a lot of pink lights, while lightening almost overwhelmed and destroyed them. The woman was still shouting. Danios tried to quieten her, but nothing worked. In some aquaria dangerous fishes swam. On a wooden table some pink pale cards lay. The women took the cards, and then threw them on table again. 'Here, play !' she shouted, 'but I am gone !' The woman ran away, while a few minutes later the two predators came into the room, and turned into men again. They knew they had to play the game now or things would get only worse.

Mirtjik was reading the book with the rules. There were cards of blood, cards of the dark, cards of fire, cards of the pale, cards of the soft, cards of materialization, and many more. In the book there was much knowledge about the powers of death, how it worked, and after a few games Mirtjik took the book to his room. After hours the woman came into his room. She was a bit more quiet now, and she apologized for

her behaviour. In a sense she was grateful that her sister died as they couldn't get along with each other very much. And her sister always thought that she was the boss. Maybe the sun of death has decided it this way. It's better like this. She hugged Mirtjik and kissed him. 'Did you like the game ?' she asked.

'Oh yeah,' Mirtjik said, 'it was very interesting.'

'My sister used to give the kiss of death,' the woman said.

'What is that ?' Mirtjik asked.

'Oh, to put a spell on men,' the woman said. 'To get them under her control. It's some sort of power she had.'

'And for what reason ?' Mirtjik said.

'I do not know,' the woman said. 'She is mysterious. She didn't talk that much, only when we had troubles, and when she wanted to play the boss.'

'Oh okay,' Mirtjik said. 'I hope you do not want to play the boss about me.'

'No, of course not,' the woman said. 'I'm different. I'm humble. I do not belief in such control. I guess if you want to control others you lose your own control, and that is scary and just not right.'

'You are a good woman,' Mirtjik said. 'Too good for me.'

The woman smiled. She was indeed a precious woman. The woman kissed him again on the cheek, and then on his mouth. 'Warmth is good,' she said. 'In such a realm like this.'

Let's give it to each other one time.' And then they both went to sleep in each other's arms. After a few hours Mirtjik woke up, kissed the woman, and then left the room. He called the other men, and they decided to leave before the woman would wake up, but then Mirtjik had some pain in his heart. 'Mirtjik,' Danios said. 'I know you love that woman, but she can be dangerous. She knows a lot about death, and she can be a block on our path. You have exchanged presents of warmth, and you have her book. We must close this chapter now and move on.' Mirtjik nodded, still with pain in his heart. The other men started to roar and then he knew enough. These sort of women are only for one night, and then they left. One of the men had taken the cards with them. They needed these cards.

It was like the woman had triggered something in Mirtjik, although he tried to ignore it. His friends were right. It could be dangerous, and he was supposed to be their leader. Danios was a good buddy.

They went through dangerous flywebs, in search for the secrets of the sun of death. They didn't want to return to the woman, as something wasn't right. The woman was a good woman, but a bit too good. She used her knowledge very well, but she was kind of frozen. Mirtjik knew that he was longing for the depths, the tall depths of the great sun of death, in search for its treasure-rooms.

In the distance they heard some women singing. They knew that could be dangerous for it could easily be a spell on their heart. The women were dressed by stripes of light, pale and soft lights, almost materializing on their skins. The women stood before a wall of pale blood. They told the men that behind the wall of pale blood there was the great central sun of all realities, where all directions came together. Those who would survive the quest across the wall of pale blood would meet the survivors of other directions. When they came closer the women shot Danios through his heart by arrows, while the other men started to run away, except Mirtjik. Mirtjik took his knife, and came into a fight against the women, slayed them all, and went across the wall of pale blood.

In the distance he saw the great central sun of all realities, and he didn't know what was waiting for him. Would he survive this quest? A dark watcher came to him in a chariot of fire. The man had a strange helmet. He carried a sort of cross with a circle on the right top, like it was broken off from the top. The man had a pink shiny sword, and it was like he had pink pale blossom resting on his pulse and hand. He gave Mirtjik some diamond dice, and some tall cards appeared in the skies. One card had a thin tall sword, and the cards were slowly moving in a circle, one by one passing by the atmosphere above the great central sun of all realities. There was also a card with

a horse and a knight on it. When it stopped above the great central sun of all realities Mirtjik had to throw the dice in a wide bag. He saw women's faces on the dice, and it was like veils started to open themselves, and a bridge appeared. After hours of travel on a horse he got closer and closer to the great central sun of all realities.

The closer he came the more blood was streaming, while pale lights were blossoming, spreading the darkness. Was he the only survivor ? A hairy widows spider came forward, leaving her eggs. Snakes seemed to come forward from the eggs, turning into flies, and some turned into women. Pale lights were spreading themselves more and more showing dark women tied to the surfaces of the sun. The spider showed him millions and millions of games and cardgames under her body. And she had a reflecting eye beaming lightrays, while she suddenly turned into a woman almost strangled by a snake. 'Help us,' the woman said softly. 'How many cards do you have ?' the woman asked. Suddenly Mirtjik remembered that one of the men who was with him had the cards. But he himself had the book in which all cards had been described. He showed her the book. 'Throw it to me,' the woman said. Mirtjik came closer and closer. He could feel her love for games and cardgames, and it quietened him. 'Throw it !' the woman shouted. Then he threw the book, while the snake around her body exploded. 'We are all were-people,' the woman said, 'you also. We need the games, we need knowledge the secrets of the sun of death We had all our own suns of death Now let us unite them' Mirtjik touched the woman, and the woman touched him. 'We can learn from each other,' she said.

The next few days they told each other about their quests, and everything they knew of the sun of death. 'Are we the only survivors ?' Mirtjik asked.

'There have to be many more,' the woman said. And when they went deeper into the great sun of all realities they met the others, and they were with billions and billions. In a few years Mirtjik made many, many friends, but he remembered the words of Danios, and the roaring of his other friends, that he was on a quest, and that he shouldn't let anyone block him. Because they were all were-people he found out how dangerous friendship was, triggering so many unknown powers they couldn't control. He fell in love with the quest, but had to forget about his friends. In his memories they were cards, and he could use them whenever he needed.

One day a sorcerer called them all together in a big circle, bigger than any circle he ever saw before. The sorcerer spoke about the dangers of such existing, and told them that the group had to be sifted. They would do a game, and there would be only one winner. This winner would win the next secret of the sun of death. The game would be a market where they would trade cards. The one building the strongest deck of cards would finally win.

Mirtjik was the one. It was because he kept remembering the words of Danios that friendship could be a trap, and because of his night with the woman in the temple-like hall, who taught him about some of the better cards, and of course by the miraculous book of cardrules. He still had it in mind, and used it very well. Spears came down to pierce the ones who lost the game, while Mirtjik ascended to the next stage. This stage was full of unknown suns of death, like a stairway.

Along the stairway all kinds of tall skeletons stood, all warriors and hunters. They were holding the secret of the paradoxes of death. He knew that only the one with the biggest hate would be able to stand tall on this stairway. Only the extreme of hate, the over-hate, would have something to say about love, and having the power to activate it. All love would be false without the overhate. It was like the suns of death were giving a new sort of milk. And dark blood was streaming.

It was in this area Mirtjik met Danios again. 'Secret of the sun of death,' Danios said. But Danios wasn't so friendly anymore. It was like he was filled with bitterness towards Mirtjik, and one day they got into a fight in which Danios slayed Mirtjik. Danios wanted to be the master of the cards and of all the secrets of the sun of death, even if he had to offer his friendship with Mirtjik to it. He knew this friendship stood him in the way. He also knew that Mirtjik was too good for this world. He took Mirtjik's cards and went somewhere in a large hall, where skeletons were playing at cards. He sat down between them, behind the table, and played with them. He had good cards and won. The skeletons were all burning, while he took their cards away.

In the next hall there was a huge chessplay. The tiles were dangerously armored, and it was here he met Sinon, a traveller. Sinon warned him not to step on any tile, as it would make an eternal gladiator of him. There were some dangerous pawns roaring at them. Sinon stood on the other side of the tiled floor. There was a lot of smoke. There was one tall tower on one of the tiles, and Sinon shouted that Danios should jump on it. In a strange sense Danios trusted Sinon. So he jumped towards the tower and took it tight, while the tower started to move to the other side. Many soldiers on tiles were falling. When the tower came on a black tile the tower started to sink away, but Sinon threw a rope to Danios and could raise him on the shore of the chessboard. They fell into each others arms like they knew each other for years. They both had their stories. Danios could feel that Sinon was a man of the paradox. They decided to move on together. Suddenly huge dark batbirds appeared before them. They looked like crowned Messiahs and they had huge wings. Sinon took his harpoon and shot some of them, but then the others started to shriek louder. Also Danios had a hard time with them, but finally they could move further. Sinon was a man of opposites, and it seemed he knew the area here a bit. He told Danios about the many

dark tribes living here. The indians of these tribes were almost naked having some rags surrounding their lower body, and they seemed to have nipples on their buttocks. It was to produce the life-fluids of death, not only milk, but also blood, dark fluids and pale fluids, and they even seemed to produce lights in all forms. In war and hunt these nipples seemed to produce poison for their weapons. Many creatures around them had these qualities as well, like giant-spiders, rare sorts of giant-flies and so on. In times of war these nipples even produced sound. Sinon spoke about a rare spider who had a belly like a giant-nipple, but it looked like it had shrunk. It had ripples, and the palest colour. This spider could turn into a woman at times, and it was feared by the dark tribes, as the woman would lure many warriors and hunters in her webs and traps. She had hypnotizing powers by this giant-nipple. Some of these spiders seemed to have these giant-nipples on their backs, and they seemed to be the most dangerous ones, as they could turn into more women at the same time. They could split themselves up, to turn the lives of the warriors and hunters they caught into nightmares. Sometimes they were called the eternal nightmares, or the living deaths, and they seemed to be the cruelest of all spiders. They would trap men to turn them into perpetual fluidgivers. The spiders would come to milk them every day. Danios was shivering, as he could imagine what pain it would bring. The spiders had all sorts of ways to exhaust the men mentally and emotionally to let them produce all sorts of fluids. They knew all about hormonal fluids, how to stirr it up, and how to use it. They used these fluids for food, warfare, hunt, traps, and construction. They used it for their webs. It was a dangerous jungle in which not many would survive.

But they decided to go through it. Finally after years of travelling they came into a shiny city made of transparent pale pink material. It looked like bones, and Sinon told it was made of the bones of feet. It was a sort of oasis in the jungle, and they both decided to stay here. There were many survivors here, and it seemed they came from all directions. Some said it was the place where the sun of death had stored it's best secrets. There were shiny waters with snakefluids, flyfluids and spiderfluids, and some said that these wells were the birthplaces of the sun of death. Danios and Sinon slid in such a lake and felt like reborn there, but it made them very sensitive, like they had been stung by a fly. It gave them a weird feeling in their heads. Some men were shaking after they came out of the water, and it seemed to give some sort of spasm. It was paralyzing but at the same time it stored an incredible strength they couldn't control.

It was a delirious feeling, like they were hallucinating, triggering so many other feelings. The thoughts were so harmonious but at the same time chaotic. Everything was multiplying, and another reality seemed to appear. They listened to each other's stories. They seemed to be with many. In the middle of the jungle-city two watchers with nipple-eyes guarded a well which would lead to an underground train. No one knew where this train would lead to, but one day the way seemed to be open. Many went to the train, and also Sinon and Danios. The train would lead them out of the

jungle in less than weeks. It would bring them to the great desert of death. The great desert of death seemed to be the place where the sun of death grew up after it's birth. The biggest and blackest snakes seemed to live here, and they seemed to brood eggs. So many eggs Danios had never seen. Flies came from them, flies with strange nipples causing blinding lights. Further on there was a lot of dust, shiny dust like fluids. It was a strange desert, and it seemed to rain here also. Here Danios and Sinon met the reflections of themselves, like their doubles from other dimensions and realities. The atmosphere was filled with hate, and there were fights everywhere. Danios and Sinon lost connection with each other, and got completely surrounded by their own doubles, shadows and reflections. It was here the bitter fluids rose in their bodies, hormonal hate ... They couldn't help but fight themselves. They lost all control. The battles seemed to split themselves up even more, like they lost all their shells and skins, losing all their shadows and reflections. It was here they met their snake-selves. Their scars grew out into nipples, charging themselves with strange powers. Pale lights seemed to descend in their minds, tearing so much apart, like also their snake-selves started to lose their skins, to become wilder and wilder, full of unknown and allpowerfull rage.

It was like someone was milking them, like someone was playing their buttons in a horrible sense. Spiders came to sting them, until they changed into powerfull insects. They were were-people. Everything got too much. After a burst-out of almighty power they felt themselves sliding away again in an incredible weakness. It was in this vibration they had to live, finding their ways, as a challenge to harmonize and materialize. But all sorts of unknown black holes and pale holes seemed to swallow them away. They know seemed to begin to understand a bit about the growth and development of the sun of death. It was like the tear of the sun of death connected to their hearts.

They awoke on a hill watching in the distance a fragile city completely made of tears. The tears together were like strange chains, and they slowly moved in. Rays of light, soft and pale light, were searching their ways here. It was a morning path, after a strange strange night. The fragile sun of death was sitting on a fragile throne. Everything was made of tears, forming strange chains. All words were shivering, charged by unknown powers, triggering the flashes of the most incredible strengths. It was a strange haunting paradox. 'Come closer,' the sun of death spoke. 'I want to see you in the face.' Sinon and Danios came closer. 'You are no angels,' the sun of death said. 'You have dealt with the powers of the self, and you are no one's slave, even not your own slave. You are free. The tears have set you free, holding the secret paradoxes of death. It is the secret why I am here, and why I can speak to you.'

Then the sun of death continued : 'You have survived the dangerous quest to this place, you have survived death and all it's traps. Welcome to my secret kingdom.' Then a door

behind the sun of death opened, while pale lights came forward, wild like snakes, but also flexible, and in a sense lovely. They seemed to be made by stringed tears, and they chained Sinon and Danios to lure them through the door.

There was milk floating here and all sorts of fluids, and strange worlds seem to rise here, the worlds of the unknown death. They seemed to be free here, while crabs of pale lights seem to appear in the sky. These crabs were huge, and made of tears, but in a sense they looked strong like metal. 'I can raise you up if you want to,' the crabs seemed to speak. Elevators came down, and soon Danios and Sinon were rising. They were ascending into a new world, where the tear was not only the softest material, but also the hardest material, fragile but stronger than anything. Stiff but flexible.

The tear seemed to materialize into the nipple, producing the milk with dangerous smoke. It seemed like the tallest elves came forward, like the thinnest creatures creating a totally new paradigm and paradox. It was like all magnetic gridworks were turning, recoded by millions and billions of fragile thin pencils. Whenever lightening struck the milk changed into blood, producing dark and pale smoke at the same time. It was cracking the stones, and everything seemed to crumble again. It was a strange vibration opening the softest breaths, while the softest voices were descending like flies made of tears, and again it seemed to materialize into the nipple, producing milk and blood, and so many other fluids. The flies were wearing dangerous stripes, like they were on warpath, and suddenly sleep seemed to take everything away.

'Where am I ?' Danios asked. He saw a woman standing before him, while he lay on a bed with an old blanket like a rag. 'Close your eyes, Danios,' the woman said. And he saw the picture again, so many patterns moving. 'Breathe,' the woman said. 'I will open the portals to you beyond understanding.'

'But who are you ?' Danios asked. 'I am the Woman of Death,' the woman said.

Suddenly Danios awoke in a shock. Spiders were all moving around him, having large nipples on their backs. 'They're milking me !' Danios screamed. He saw the smiling face of Sinon above him. 'You, you !' Danios screamed. 'I knew I couldn't trust you !' He now realized that Sinon had led him into a trap. Danios remembered how he slayed Mirtjik, his friend, but now his friend was slaying him. Danios always knew that true friendship didn't exist. And this was even meaner, as this friend had led him into a trap. Is friendship all about traps ? It seemed to be so, or did he have to watch it all

like a paradox. He saw the face of Sinon turning into the face of a fly. What had happened to Sinon, the one he loved ? And was this really Sinon ?

‘Sinon !’ Danios started to scream. ‘Get me out of here !’

Suddenly he felt a hand. It was the hand of Sinon. ‘Come,’ Sinon said. They seemed to be still in the jungle. ‘What happened, man ?’ Danios asked.

‘You had been hit by a venom-arrow,’ Sinon said, and showed him a little hook with a feather attached to it. ‘How long have I been out of consciousness ?’ Danios asked.

‘Shhhh....,’ Sinon said. ‘For awhile, but the venom doesn’t work too long.’

‘Well, we have to be very careful,’ Danios said.

‘Yes,’ Sinon said.

After hours of walk they came to a bridge. The river was full of tall snakes. Behind the river there were some fields where some tribes lived. Sinon and Danios got a tent there to sleep. The next day they moved on to the sea, and in the distance they saw the sun of death. On a small boat they went to an island. Here on this island tribes were living where men and women gave birth to snakes from between their buttocks. It was the strangest thing Sinon and Danios ever saw, but since they were a bit longer on the island, it also happened to them. When they came to the next island these things happened by the legs. The snakes seemed to come forth from certain openings in the legs which looked like some sort of scars, and it also happened to Sinon and Danios since they lived there for awhile.

They learned the language of this second island, and started to study the nature. ‘Stay awake,’ Sinon often said to Danios, as there were many unknown forces of sleep on the island, trying to take their souls away. It seemed to be produced as a gas by some sort of dangerous spiders. The women on the island were very dark, and Sinon and

Danios didn't trust many of them. They seemed to be wicked towards men. Further on the island dangerous cannibalistic tribes seemed to live, and other men often warned them not to go there. It seemed there were many women-tribes there, and these women were wild, and could not be trusted at all. The other men told them that these women could be recognized by having a nipple on the top of their head, like a bald place between their hair.

One day Sinon and Danios decided to go there, for they wanted to know more about the nature here. The other men told them that the hair-nipples could produce strange smells to take control over their minds. Sinon and Danios went there while they didn't use their nose, only their weapons. They slayed at least two hundred of these women in one day. They found out that these women kept men imprisoned in farmlike places. Some of these men were slaves, some of them lived in cages or at stakes for all sorts of things. It seemed these men were totally mindcontrolled by the strange smells, so first they told the men not to use their nose for awhile. Some of the men were totally zombified and had lost all control.

Although Sinon and Danios had closed their noses the smells were so intense that their brains got paralyzed, and soon they both woke up in cages. After awhile some women took them out, and brought them before their queen. The queen had all sorts of spiderlike treasures, and was surrounded by women with fly-armories. Some of these women had soft white feathers which looked like big leaves, and they seemed to please the queen. 'I know why you are here,' the queen spoke. 'You are here to steal the nose of death.' Then she showed a nipplelike creature in a box, almost like a spider. She took the spider out of its box and caressed it. 'Come my sweet darling,' she spoke to the creature. 'There are some gentlemen wanting to see you.' Then she stood up and walked towards Sinon and Danios. They almost couldn't breathe because of the smell of the small animal. 'You want to feel it?' the queen asked. 'It has such a soft skin.' Then she put it against Danios' skin, who started to scream immediately, as it was burning a hole in his skin. 'Marked like a gladiator,' the queen spoke. 'Such a sensitive spot to make him slave forever.' Then she looked into the eyes of Sinon. 'Sinon?' The queen seemed to be in a shock.

The queen seemed to know Sinon. She bowed her head. She didn't want to talk about it, but she said to her women: 'I know him.' She took her creature away. 'I'm sorry,' she said. 'I have seen you in my dreams.' Sinon looked her deep in the eyes. Slowly he spoke: 'How can we heal the wound of my friend?' The queen took another box and smeared some stuff on the wound and around the wound of Danios. Then it healed before their eyes. Then she smeared some of it on the forehead of Sinon, and said: 'You are immune against it now. Go in peace.' She didn't explain about it, while Sinon and Danios were allowed to go. They didn't return to where they came from, but they went deeper into the jungle, as they knew they were immune now.

Deeper in the jungle they found more of these strange spiderlike creatures, but they were immune to it's bites. In one day they plundered more than a hundred menfarms, freeing so many men by injecting some of their blood into them. The women seemed to be powerless.

This sea of death seemed like to end in a waterravine full of waterfalls, and the islands all seemed to float towards this edge. Danios never saw such a height and depth before. It looked like the biggest whirlpool he ever saw. In this ravine the sun of death seemed to go up and down. So many men were diving from the island into the sea, heading for the edge. They seemed to be happy and screamed of joy. It was like they had found the shelter of the sun of death now.

And in the distance, on the other side of the ravine, they could see so many other man coming from other directions. So many realities seemed to cross here, and it looked like the huge walls of water came closer and closer to each other. So many dimensions seemed to melt together into each other now, and also it's islands seemed to come together. It formed a high house in the sky and the sea, more and more changing into a tower.

When they tried to swim to the tower, the tower more and more started to change into giant-feet. In a flash the sea of death turned into blood, while the giant-feet were like pale lights. Then the sea started to turn around to become the sky, while the waves were changing into flames. A giant seemed to come forth from the giant-feet, and then turning into a spider. Everything turned into milk, while the sun of death became to head of the giant. A vulcano rose from the milk, bringing forth smoke, while in a flash everything turned into blood again. The blood seemed to rise on both sides like walls, and a path appeared inbetween them. 'Come closer,' the sun of death spoke.

Sinon and Danios came closer to the sun of death, while the sun seemed to pick them up. They came into a sphere full of wild flies, stinging them by deep thin stings. As soon as they tried to take the stings out the deeper parts of these stings seemed to split up. There was no way out, but they could enter the sun of death deeper and deeper. The flies were like lights to them, strange lights, and the flies guided them to large stretched area's full of blossom and flowers. These were the flowerfields of death, while sweet and soft sleep seemed to sooth them, taking them away by lullabies.

It was here the sun of death showed them it's true nature, and lost dreams seemed to surround them like little flames. They were surrounded by wild unknown warriors with strange long hairy shields. It was like the past didn't exist anymore. There was only the wealth of the sun of death.

Both they rose up to receive their armor. They were now the watchers of the sun of death, like wild sirens. They knew about it's suffering, they had felt it deep inside, and they knew of it's battle. Inbetween them there seemed to be messiah's with crowns of thorns, but they themselves had crowns like wild flies.

They were the watchers of death, like gatekeepers. They knew how to turn everything in blood, milk, and smell, like the rythm of an unknown song.

They knew how to turn everything in fire, in transparant pale materializing lights. They played at cards, they played chess. It brought darkness and chrystallizing tears.

They could watch the lost dreams and nightmares come into reality again.

They could watch the strategies of these dreams, and their warfare. They could watch their hunting skills.

They could watch their unknown snakes and worms like the palest lights. They didn't use their noses, in fear of dangerous smells. They didn't dare to move, and then they closed their eyes. Afraid to watch in fear of the lights.

The lights seemed to multiply themselves, calling forth a greater darkness. The night was falling, and the lights were developing themselves.

Striped spiders seemed to come forward.

Then everything seemed to turn into blood again, like the sweetness of death, soft pale materialized lights.

There was no escape from here. Sinon and Danios found out that their armors were merely prisons, suits of slaves, and it was like someone was milking them. It was like they were in the candy factory of death, but what was the candy ? 'Try to keep awake,' Sinon said to Danios. They were in fear of falling asleep.

Sweet soft wounds like trauma's seemed to multiply themselves, like the memory of the sun of death, full of stories.

So many smiles of death seemed to appear between them, so many breaths and so many voices.

Suddenly Danios woke up among so many spiders with giant-nipples on their backs. Above him he saw the smiling face of Sinon, and also an unknown indian warrior with a mask of a large white skull with large feathers was staring at him. 'Where am I ?' Danios asked. Sinon didn't say anything, and neither the warrior. Awhile later also the queen of the hairnipple-women's tribe came. Danios remembered that her spider marked him. 'He's ready for the next mark I guess,' the queen said, while she took her spider again out of it's box to put it against Danios' skin. Danios screamed because of the heat. It was burning another hole in his skin. Then she laid the spider on his belly. 'I hope you will stay awake this time,' the queen said. Danios tried to keep his consciousness high and bit on his lip. 'It's important, Danios,' Sinon said. 'It's making a warrior of you.'

'A gladiator you mean !' Danios screamed. 'I know of your works, Sinon ! You led me here !'

'Calm down, friend,' Sinon said. 'It's for your own best.'

'Why did you do this to me ?' Danios asked.

‘I have saved you out of the grip of a dangerous spider,’ Sinon said, and showed a black crablike spider to Danios. ‘Don’t worry, it’s dead now. We have let it shrink.’

‘Then where did I come from. Was I mindcontrolled?’ Danios asked.

‘Yes,’ Sinon said, ‘the powers of death are dangerous and tricky.’

‘What kind of spider was it?’ Danios asked.

‘It is called the sun of death,’ Sinon said. ‘There are many different species called the sun of death. You have survived, and now we will give you the right one.’ Then the warrior came forward and showed Danios a box with a spider which looked totally like a giant-nipple. ‘It is yours,’ the warrior said.

Carefully Danios took the spider in his hands, while his hands also started to change into giant-nipples. It started to spread through his whole body. He laid the spider against his chest, and the spider started to grow into his flesh. ‘You now will be a sun of death yourself,’ Sinon said. ‘Your quest to the sun of death is over. It is now more the quest to yourself.’

Sinon took the queen in his arms and kissed her. The queen kissed him back. Then Sinon took the queen to his hut where he made love to her. The warrior took Danios to his hut where he told him all about the sun of death.

Back to Lakshor

Lakshorian Fiction

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

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

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

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

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

The End

Green Slime

The Fourth Death

Chapter 1. The Obsession

Jeremy was developing a new computer game. The games he played in his life were really an inspiration to him. He was a real game-addict, almost a junk on that area, and he wanted to bring all good games and characters into one super game. He didn't know that a friend of him was also working on such a game. Both had the intention of building a new virtual world, which would take over the nerve-system, and by that even the hormones and cell-production. By this they could transform the earth. They knew about the frequencies of different slimes creating a total new body.

Jeremy was a punk boy. In this way he had the best chance to survive earth. For him it was a very hard experience, but the games helped him through. His friend was called Sam, but everyone always called him maestro. He was a good musician, a good technician, but he always acted very strange, and always tried to stay at the background. The last years he isolated himself more and more. They had a lot of contact by internet or by phone. He called himself an internet-hermit. He built a world there where he could study and work. He always said that society was the main killer, but industry gives a chance to survive. He was an evolution-freak of the hybrid theory. This theory would end up in a definite link between humans, trees and animals. The hybrids were fusions of different lifeforms together. They would produce the slimes necessary to survive the dangerous and endless future. For Sam it was a challenge. He believed that evolution could only exist because of the pressure. Which makes that evolution is eternal life itself. Life will keep developing itself until it has the perfect frame to be permanent. Sam learned to see death as an elevator to new laboratories. All these new species were heading for hybrid earth. Every strike against it would only settle it and develop it more and more. In this case enemies and friends would work together.

Jeremy was already far with his game. He had developed guns with all sorts of slimes to select. Every slimesort had another function. There were slimes for war but also slimes to build or heal. The slimes were very good for farms to breed all sorts of trees and species. One day he got a call from Sam. Sam was telling him about his plans, and they decided to work together. Sam was also very far with his game, and they decided to make a fusion. Sam was an expert in anatomic technology, and he had already built hospitals in the game where the player could enter for new installations and healings. These were implants taking place in dark underground labs by high frequencies in the form of flashes and sounds. Sam asked Jeremy to come to his room for some experiments. Jeremy was excited and stepped into the capsule. Suddenly all sorts of slimes were flowing through his body, and he felt like he was really becoming a hybrid. They both had a good teacher, teaching them these sort of things, but Sam was really on track. He had developed his knowledge the last few years without this teacher, just like Jeremy. It was their high school teacher, but since they succeeded in their study they studied on their own. This was a deeper feeling of liberty, although their old teacher never forced them. The hours they were with him were always like deep magic. The classroom was in a cellar below school, where he had his lab. Here he taught them about evolution and the hybrid theory. There were many caves below the school in his dominion, and some of them even led to the core of the earth. This was why his lessons were always so exciting. They could experience it by themselves.

Now they had the plan to show the old teacher what they did, but it wasn't finished yet. Jeremy would take his own files to Sam's room, and they would try to make a good fusion. Sam liked the guns immediately and tried them out. Jeremy had built a lot of characters and enemies, all in 3-dimensional style. These characters could talk and even develop their knowledge. Jeremy had a crush on one of the characters. Her name was Onnia. She was almost like a monster, and could do much shapeshifting. The slimes were streaming through her veins, and always when Jeremy saw her he got the chills, like a cool touch in his neck. Sam liked Onnia too, and he said he would work on her to give her some really special abilities.

Onnia was an Onak, a large slimy and hairy being. Her back turned a bit over, and she looked like a prehistoric crocodile-gorilla. Sam loved the construct, and would love to work on her for a few days. Jeremy agreed. He would ask their old teacher to come taking a look. One day he came, and it was very good for him to see his old friends. He wanted to make a trip in the capsule and started to sit in. After an hour he stepped out. 'What a beautiful world of ambient seas and shelters, labs and evolution. This is so devoted to the hybrid theory.' With tears in his eyes he stood there. 'This is so good, boys.' The boys were smiling. They liked the idea of their teacher about the capsule. The old teacher would go to his home and bring them some old games he liked. He wanted them to bring it in the new game. Sam and Jeremy agreed. 'Well, that was a good shot, maestro,' Jeremy said to Sam, when the teacher was gone.

The old games of the teacher were brilliant. They never saw anything like this. These were games from his youth. The beings looked like Onaks, and their movements were so dignified, wild and breath-taking. Sam decided to bring it into the new game. There were rivers of slime, green slime, and black slime, and the atmospheres were full of dark colours. Jeremy was smiling.

Chapter 2. A World in Lava

After years the game was a topper on internet. In many houses there was a special capsule to play it in virtual reality, but most of the houses just played it on screen, 3-dimensional. The project was very expensive, but hospitals were so amazed about the program and its influence on medical evolution that they were about to raise funds for it. Jeremy and Sam were heroes, and their old teacher was very proud of them. But more and more Jeremy and Sam started to draw themselves back from usual life. They found a cave in the forest leading them to the deeper cores of the earth, even deeper cores than the caves of their old school. The air was so clear here, and the darkness had a good effect on their bodies.

Somebody invented a virus against the game and against internet, which could not be destroyed. Science was hopeless. New sicknesses came on earth, and it was like humanity was losing it. Something was eating the human structure away. The real junks of the game, who really had hybrid abilities growing into them, and who sometimes even started to look like hybrids had a sort of new immunity against all that was happening. Their journey would be to the sacred cave of Jeremy and maestro, but it seemed that no one could find it. Humans were dying like many millions a day, and the hybrid-junks started to gather. They came from all countries over the world to a place where many caves existed. There were many deserts here, and they had the plan to make a living here. They wanted to find a way to the deeper cores of the earth, to meet Jeremy and maestro.

The rest of the world was dying, but they had a small power which gave them hope to survive. Jeremy and Sam didn't know what was happening above the ground. They had moved to this place underground, and built a new world there. Here the game was still working, and they had their own internet.

The beings they found here were looking like the Onaks, but they had wings, and in a sense they looked like birds. But they were more the flying monkeys or crocodiles they knew from old movies. It was like a prehistoric world was still alive here. One always said in the deepest core of every planet there is a road to the sun. There was so much fire here, but it was under control. At least that was what they thought, but it changed their mind when they had their first vulcano-like experience. It would take a lot of time before they could deal with this. It was like some of these parts were floating, deeper into the earth. And it was like the atmospheres got softer here, but still the oxygene

was very thick and there was a lot of slime. Do snakes come from here ? They had the most horrible experiences with these underground snakes. They were often much bigger than the snakes they knew from above the ground. It seemed that a lot of creatures here didn't like their presence. They didn't want to fight, but they had to, for they needed to survive. They were getting crazy of hunger and while they didn't want to hunt for food, they started to eat which had attacked them. They hoped they could have some friends here, but it seemed they were all against them. They were now so deep. They lost all their equipment by the eruptions, and still much lava was flowing. The lava was flowing to the world above the ground. Did their visit trigger these eruptions ?

The world was in fire and lava now, no any hybrid-junk survived, only the two inventors of the hybrid game, Jeremy and Sam, were still alive, while they were deep underground, looking for the center of earth. They had to find their way through the mud and the swamps. Fortunately the swamps weren't deep, but what would they meet when they would be further in the darkness. These were dark holes, with less fires, although the atmosphere was getting hotter. It was like they would be burnt alive when they would go further. They decided to wait awhile. And to their surprise the temperature was getting lower. They started to move on, they had to move with this temperature, as a bubble in hot areas, or was this temperature attached to a certain time-period of a day or a week ? They didn't know what they could expect. The meat of snakes was very tasty, and it was like new sorts of slime running through their veins. They didn't know that this slime was making them immune against the heat. The more they ate this meat, the less snakes attacked them, they found out. These snakes were very thick and big, very large, in all sorts of colours. The colours were inspiring them. It was like hard slime, very transparent and often very bright, but not bright enough to be a light in the darkness. When they saw a snake coming out of the lava, they knew that these sort of snakes had a great immunity against the heat, and they started to understand why they were having a lower temperature now. It was still a very pleasing temperature, but soon they would find out that this immunity was slowly killing them. They were starting to freeze at a certain point.

'Stop eat snake-meat, Jeremy,' Sam said. 'It's killing us, it's freezing our senses.' Jeremy dived into a river of lava. It didn't bring him any damage, for he was immune, but it was still like he was freezing. 'Oh, how cold this is,' he screamed. Sam was diving too. He found out he could breath down under, thinking maybe because of certain meat he ate. He found a hole deep down in the lava, leading to a lava-cave, while Jeremy was following. They saw strange creatures there, while they were hiding behind a rock. It was a large cave. It was like giants were living here. Suddenly one of the giants found them. It was like a shark was looking at them, a hybrid lava-shark. Strange chills went through them. The giant took them to the middle of the cave. He was too strong, they couldn't do anything. They were thrown into a sort of kettle, while giants around them were screaming. These screams were like thunder underwater. But soon they found out that these giants were friendlier than they thought. They brought meat to them, and they had to eat. While they were eating the meat, the strange coldness which tried to kill them was slowly disappearing. It was like balance started to come, also an immunity against the cold was developing itself in them. The giants were starting to get more and more quiet. They were speaking in a strange language, and Jeremy and Sam were raised out of the kettle. One of the giants came to them, and said : 'Now you are free to go the world of ice and glaciers.'

Chapter 3. The Wizard

It was like defeating their enemies and eating them was a base for their existence here and to find their friends. But they didn't know about the dangers waiting for them. They had to take place into the kettle again and it was sinking into the ground, like it was an elevator to a new domain. It was a

world of ice they were floating in, and the kettle was sliding so fast. The pastures were green, and they saw dragons in the distance. Suddenly they felt like something was moving their arms, like they were in a game. When they looked to the ground they saw the face of a child appearing, and he had a joystick in his hands. Was this all a trap of the giants, or were they trying to show them something ?

This boy lived in the center of the earth, in a gamecave. They always said that he who would live in the center of the earth ruled the sun. Under his gamecave he had a million of thronehalls full of toys. These were frozen victims without ice-immunity. They never ate the meat of their enemies. It was a strange capsule, producing so much heat. In a sense it was inspiring Jeremy and Sam. They felt so weak inside, like their brain was of pudding. Suddenly it was like they were starting to melt away. It was time for them to attack the dragons, and try their meat. Strange gasses were coming out of their beaks, trying to harm Jeremy and Sam. It was a horrible fight, and it was like these dragons were mocking them, while they started to get very dizzy. They had cynical heads, cynical faces, and it seemed like Jeremy and Sam couldn't do anything. The gasses were tearing them away, while they had horrible pains. They were screaming and shrieking, while it was like these dragons were laughing at them. They made such strange noises. Suddenly there was an enormous explosion, and they were surrounded by light. A wizard was standing before them with an enormous gun. It was a Mercury gun. There were seven giant-heads rotating on it, while smoke was coming from it. But suddenly he was aiming it on them, and shooting. It was like all flesh was ripped out of them, like they were losing their last strength. The wizard took them to a cloudcastle, they didn't know where. He told them that his wife was dying, and that their meat would let her survive.

Many days they were in a cage, waiting for the last strike. But the dragons finally arrived in front of the castle. They needed the meat of the boys too. They were very mad at the wizard for he took their prey away. An enormous fight started, for the guards of the wizards tried to get rid of them. The cage hung very high in a hall, but a mountain of meat was growing because of the fight. Cut off arms and legs, cut off heads, hearts and other organs. Jeremy and Sam could reach some of the meat and started to eat. There was much dragon-meat between it, and they felt they got immunity against the draining fluffiness in their heads. They felt strength and tightness in their bones again, while the meat-mountain was still growing. At one point they were reaching the ceiling, and the cage crashed open, while the ceiling was breaking. They were now on the top of the castle, and they had an enormous survey.

They saw the game-boy smiling in the clouds, with his joystick in his hands. All of a sudden there were lightflashes, like diamonds were exploding. The air was getting full of brightness which started to blind them. They weren't immune for that, and started to eat more meat of the dead guards. It helped a bit but the lights got brighter and brighter, like things were exploding in their heads. They needed the meat of the wizard, but was he dead or still alive ? Suddenly the castle was exploding too, and they saw the wizard attacking the game-boy in the air. There were still a few dragons living, and they could shapeshift themselves in all sort of forms and characters. The wizard took his crown, which started to change into a circular saw, and he started to throw it at the dragons. Meat was falling all over. But then the boy started to produce flames hotter than ever, in all sorts of colours, and the wizard got hit in his feet. It was like a ball was forming around his feet, and he started to lose his balance. Suddenly the ball started to rise in his body and exploded, while the wizard himself was exploding too. Jeremy and Sam both caught a piece of the wizard's meat and started to eat. All of a sudden they could see a bit better, and they got great light-immunity. The boy was laughing in the skies.

Jeremy and Sam got an anger towards the boy which they couldn't describe. Suddenly the air was like filled with thronehalls, in which silver toys were spinning like ballerina's. In the middle of these halls was a bright capsule, with bubbling transparant fluids, bright green and a little blue. A strange

creature was dwelling in it, attached to pipelines and cables. These cables looked like snakes in all sort of patterns. The creature looked a bit like a scorpion, a bit white, and it was incredibly soft and full of light, pulsating these rays into the atmosphere. The boys were aware that they could look at this because of the light-immunity. Suddenly the creature changed into the face of a woman, and the boys were shocked. Then the woman grew to a full length and stepped out of the capsule, moving towards the two boys.

Little Numsit was her name. She spoke in many languages to the game-boy, but suddenly she started to speak in the language of the two boys. Suddenly the atmosphere got full of insects producing the shrillest tones they ever heard. Blood was coming out of their ears, and the insects started to attack them. It was a devastating fight, but the two boys got in such a rage that they started to eat the insects alive. The meat was easing their ears a bit and they got immunity against the shrill tones. They now heard that the insects were just communicating with each other. These were all sorts of insects, and suddenly they could see that the woman's body was made of different insects together. It was a shocking sight, and suddenly the woman started to cry while her shoulders were tightly shivering. She said she was a prisoner of these beings for so long, while they were parasiting on her. This was why she was so soft and bright. The insects were dying one by one. 'It's because of the shrillness you produce now,' the woman said. 'All immunity produces the same substance of the thing they are immune against, but just in a higher grade, so now you dominate the insects.' The boys were staring at each other, and then at the woman. She was now changing into a man, while the parasital bodyparts were dying. Little Numsit shook the old skin off and now a golden statue stood before them. Suddenly all the silver toys were also free, and an enormous gate opened itself below them. Now they could travel even deeper. Little Numsit walked at the front, and the silver toy-beings walked behind him. The two boys walked behind them all, at the end of the rows. But after awhile Numsit was changing into a woman again, and got problems, while also the toys started to freeze again. It was like they were standing before something which was stronger than their immunity. The two boys got breathing problems, they started to get very nervous, and a strange fear came over them. It was like many things trying to take them over. Something was stinging them.

The statues were melting away and there were rivers of gold and silver flowing towards the world above. Here they would be mixed into the seas of lava. The two boys got in deep confusion. Now the gameboy was raging at them. He was standing before them like red golden boy, while he was shapeshifting in all sorts of animals. The two boys got sick in their stomachs, and pains were taking them over. Pains like they never had before. The boy was taking some comics and threw these in their faces. Suddenly they couldn't move and got hard like stone. Was this the end ? Suddenly he took his car, which was a red shoe, and he drove away. They needed one special immunity to activate all the other immunities again. They had the immunity against softness, but they needed also the immunity against hardness. A red golden eagle came sitting on Sam's shoulder. There were dripping red golden drops from it's head to fall on Sam's shoulder. Sam got new immunity and he could move a bit again. The eagle was flying away already, while Sam was rubbing the stuff on Jeremy's shoulder. Now they could both move and had new immunity. Then the eagle came back together with a blue golden eagle. It had almost the face of their old schoolteacher. So many memories were floating through their minds, but it seemed to hurt them more and more.

Loud noises were teasing them while they were moving forwards. They came standing before an enormous sea, and it seemed that sharks produced these noises. They dived into the water, and started to swim underwater to ease the pain of their ears, but it didn't help, and sharks were already coming. An enormous fight started. They were bleeding all over, and they had a fear like never before. It was the terror ringing in their ears, like the sun was screaming at them. Suddenly the blue golden eagle came down and struck the sharks one by one. The two boys started to eat the meat for new immunity. When they swam further they met new sharks who didn't seem to give much attention to the boys, and quite peacefully they could swim further, without hearing noise. The blue

eagle was very strong, and after hours of swimming he took them both in the air, to fly with them to new areas.

Chapter 4. Dangerous Temples

They came into a new world, so deep in the center of earth. A world of black golden temples, trees and strange beaches. A brown woman was walking towards them. She looked a bit like Onnia, and Jeremy got the chills. Something was wrong here. He didn't know what, but something was very wrong. The woman had a flute by which she could produce very low tones. With this she could lead the snakes. She was a snake dancer. There were big spiders walking here, they looked like feet. The two boys got very strange feelings in their stomachs. The woman had a black golden amulet with a green stone of slime. She said she got it from her granddad before he died. It would give her power over many animals. She showed the boys one of her granddad's temples. Granddad was an important chief, who had built a lot of temples. All these temples had a green slimy stone above the portal. When they were in, all sorts of wild plants, bushes and trees were growing against the walls. It was a bit dark, and they had to walk for awhile. There were a lot of snakes hanging in the bushes, but they didn't harm them at all. After awhile they got into a sandy hall, full of mud and hanging bushes. In the distance they saw a brown ball of two giant feet. Green, brown and black slime was coming forth from it. When they came closer it appeared to be a giant spider. This is what we worship, the woman said. It is a winged spider. Suddenly the spider spread its wings and flew towards them. The two boys got scared, but the woman said they had nothing to fear.

She said she brought them to the least dangerous temple, but the rest of the temples were very dangerous. From there the flies ruled. The woman started to cry : 'The gods there are very aggressive. They came from deep underground to capture our lands. We had to build temples for them, so that they could be worshipped and served, but they are very cruel. Every year we must sacrifice children and old people to them. They can spit fire, and they say they are the rulers of the sun. Their faces are so cynical, we feel deeply humiliated by them.

Jeremy said : 'It's okay, we will help you,' while Sam was nodding.

'But that's impossible,' the woman said, 'they are too strong.'

'We will go deeper underground to find out where they are coming from and what the origin of their strength is,' Jeremy said.

'But many of us went underground, but none of them returned,' the woman said. 'If you go can I go with you ?'

And the day after they went there, Sam, Jeremy, and the woman. They had slept one night in the temple of the winged spider. It was the oldest temple of the land, and the spider promised them that if they would be in danger he would try to help them, but he told them that even he himself couldn't defeat the flies. These flies were big and meat-eating, having special powers and spells. Their wings had arrows to paralyze their victims in a short amount of time. In the temple of the spider there was a cave leading underground. The snakes were more aggressive here, but the woman tried to soothe them with her flute. It worked a bit, but sometimes they had a wrestling. The ground was muddy, and sometimes it was hard to move. They decided to creep for awhile, also because the tunnel was getting smaller. They heard the sounds of different buzzing insects, and also the snakes were making sounds.

Suddenly the ground below them cannot hold them any longer and they fall into an enormous web. When they're swallowing their mouths hurt enormously. The air is full of poison, and they are surrounded by black spiders having big different coloured spots. They are sliding towards a nest of flies while their bodies are glued now. A green golden eagle is floating in the air. When he comes closer he has the face of a fly. When they fall in the nest, it appears to be a doorway to a temple. Flies are attacking them and sucking them. The stings are unbearable, and they are shrieking and screaming, while they're feeling deeply sick because of the poison. Then suddenly the flies disappear and they stand all alone, watching into the distance of the temple. Bigger flies are flying there, making high buzzing and zooming sounds. Then a flying snake appears screaming and spitting fire, and another, until the whole temple is full of shouting flying snakes. In the midst of them a gigantic black fly is rising, having dark orange and red squares on its body. Red rays can be seen in his body, for it's a bit transparent. He has a crown in his hands with different colours of gold, and slime comes forth from it, in which all sorts of animals rise.

'Throw the woman in the pit of octopuses,' he spoke loud to the flying snakes. And they carried her there, while she was screaming. But Jeremy dived after her, and started to fight the octopuses. Soon also Sam was in the waterpit. The octopuses were very strong, and it looked like they were not going to make it. Suddenly the winged spider appeared and stung the octopuses one by one. He told them to eat the meat, so that they could raise up new immunities. The fly got into rage and started to block the waterpit. He was spitting solar gasses, and the spider told them to dive. The woman was deeply wounded, so they took her inbetween them. They had to swim for awhile, while the octopuses they met didn't harm them. They had a new immunity now. The octopuses here were bigger and more hybrid. They could even speak to them. They showed them a gate through which they could swim.

Here the octopuses were almost sharks, such dignified beings. Their hearts and organs were connected to the several suns on which their systems drove. They were called 'the ofions'. From here their souls could travel along the circles of the suns. The boys asked them if they knew anything about the flies dominating the land of the woman. The ofions told them that these flies were fallen out of these areas. They had the chance to go even deeper into the earth but they gave it up for might in the areas above them.

The boys wanted to go deeper, for only by going deeper they would have the force and immunity they needed to defeat the flies. The woman was out of consciousness because of her wounds, but the winged spider cared for her, and she would still be inbetween them. Going back would be too dangerous, which was also what the ofions told them.

The boys were amazed about the ways of communication they saw between the ofions. They communicated by using different sorts of solar heat. It was a healing language. The ofions were very peaceful but they were great guards. The ofions decided to give five of them to join the boys on their journey, for it would be very dangerous downstairs. The ofions had a lot of weapons. They could spit fire, but also a lot of other substances to reach their goals. The ofions had some meat of fallen ofions for the boys, so that they could develop the same qualities. The meat wasn't tasty, and even hurt their mouth like never before. It was like their mouth was in fire, and when they swallowed the meat it made their stomachs so upset that they got sicker like never before. They were in deep delirium like they were fighting against horrible creatures. It was to prepare them. The ofions told them that the fever had to stay for a very long time. It would raise their immunity-level until they were safe. The ofions had eyes like lasers and by only watching something they could burn it from inside out. Their eyes were hi-sense weapons. The ofions told them that the woman had already many ofion-qualities for the things she dealt with in her life. She needed to stay unconscious for awhile for deeper initiations.

The boys got panicked about the pains they were feeling, but there was no way back. The ofions had them inbetween, and they were swimming to deeper worlds underground. When they got deeper the boys lost consciousness too, while the ofions protected them carefully. The seas were getting darker here, and the fishes bigger. They would die of fears if they would be conscious now. But in their dreams it was frightening enough. They had nightmares about big dark creatures coming against them. In the distance they saw a boy in a game-capsule, floating on the sea. It was a sort of helicopter and there was a green shiny stone on it. But suddenly an enormous black whale came to the surface to let the capsule crash. Green slime was dripping into the seas, and it was floating to the worlds above. The ofions started to attack the whale. They knew what they did, and they gave the meat to the two boys and the woman, who were slowly coming to consciousness. They were in open sea, but the presence of the ofions made them at ease. It was like the sun was shining over the waters, even more suns, and they wondered how this could be, so deep under the earth.

After hours of swimming they came into a new domain of ofions. It was a land where many hybrids lived. Here they met some flying ofions, like eagles. These were very impressive beings. There was internet here, and a game even more advanced than theirs. This game regulated the land. The woman asked them if there would be any chance to save her land. But the ofions told her that she couldn't go back, it would be too dangerous. The woman started to cry thinking about her family. The ofions told her that the green slime would destroy the temples, and that her family and land would die. 'They had the chance to come with you, but they didn't. It was also your last chance to set your journey forth,' they said. But the woman got hysterical : 'And what about the babies, the animals, the old ones, and the sick ones who were to sick to make this journey ? No one ever returned so no one dared to make the journey.'

We are very sorry, the ofions said, but it has to be this way. Going back would be too dangerous.

The woman started to scream : 'I want to go back saving my land.' And she ran to the sea again, diving in, while a shark took her and killed her. The two boyes were staring like the death was in their eyes. They knew they couldn't fight against nature itself. Jeremy was staring at the amulet he got from the woman, the black golden one with the green slimy stone. They told him it was better for him to throw it in the sea, which he did. Days went by, and the boys talked a lot about their world, and about the game they made. Jeremy wondered if he could introduce Onnia and the Onaks in the ofions' game. They thought it was a good idea.

The End

The Smile of Suffering

High on the hills the flyhives of death are dwelling. It's merely a pigbreeding, as they use pigs for honey, silk and much more. The hivecombs in which it is all happening they call the smiles of suffering. It is a feared place, as the flyhive-combs are merely deadly mills in which

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

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

Flyman

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

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

Flywoman sat on her flying motorcycle and covered the city by webs and nets. Then by pushing a button on a device a vibe was sliding across the webs in search for the locations of the Mean Women. On the screen she could see red lights blinking and by one push on a

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

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

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

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

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

'The paradise doesn't exist,' the lady with the microphone said. 'It's only simulated by the drug they use, and then after awhile it fades away and they have to buy it again.' Again the women were clapping and laughing. 'How many addicts do we have at the moment ?' Then the face of the lady seemed to change, like she got a bit angry and upset. 'We have let's say

half of the world under our feet. This is a new project. But there is one town standing in the way : Orlock Town.'

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

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

'When will you be back ?' George asked.

'I will be back,' Flywoman said.

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

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

big clock appeared like a mill. It started to spin dangerously. 'Let them come here !' he laughed. Then the door opened, and Flyman and Flywoman started to shoot the machines and computers. Also the indian flies came inside, and tried to damage the equipment. Mister Fashion stepped into a machine which could move and had tall arms. He took Flyman in a grip by one of these arms and let him soar above the mill. 'Are you ready to die ?' Mister Fashion laughed 'It would look good on you I mean Imagine how the girls will like you all of a sudden

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

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

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

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

'Nothing,' George said.

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

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

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

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

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

‘And that is ?’ George asked.

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

‘So I cannot return ?’ George asked.

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

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

‘And here ?’ George asked.

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

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

When he returned to earth through the black gate earth wasn’t a paradise anymore but worse than ever. It wasn’t a place where love ruled, but hate and no one believed he was

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

The End

The Insects

with the Many Heads

Tara heard a woman singing in the distance. When the woman came closer, it appeared to be only a head. Tara remembered this machine, and was in a shock. Suddenly she saw all the other heads. It was the Machine of Democracy. 'Tara,' the woman said. 'We have returned, as we want to be a part of you, and we want to lead you.'

'Go away,' Tara shouted, as she didn't want to have anything to do with this insane machine. After she had defeated Sharla the Head Hunter she didn't want to have anything but rest. But the machine was back, and she knew this was one of the creatures of Sharla the Head Hunter, maybe the last part of her army. Tara knew she had to defeat this machine in order to come any further. Her friends had been enslaved by this machine, and they wanted her to believe that there was no escape from it. According to them she was doomed to sink deeper into it. 'Never,' Tara thought.

'But we want you and love you,' the woman's head spoke.

'Who are you ?' Tara asked harshly. 'I do not know you.'

‘I am the woman who represents this machine,’ the woman’s head said. ‘I am the machine, and all the other heads are my slaves, or if you would like to say : other parts of me.’ Tara was in a shock. The sight was striking her like nothing else. Suddenly a woman stood before her while she was leaning to her horse. The woman looked like a ghost, and also her horse. ‘Yes, that’s me,’ the head spoke. It’s my ghost living in the depths of the arena of the machine. I am the master of it.’

‘So you let all the other ghosts of the machine fight for you ?’ Tara asked.

‘Yes, oh yes,’ the woman said, and then she started to sing again. Tara knew that if she would fight the machine the heads and ghosts would split up and grow in number, so that wasn’t an option. More horses seemed to come, and it started to look like a horse lottery. The woman was dealing in slaves. She had a strange amulet around her neck, so strange that Tara just had to grasp it. Then Tara ran away with it. ‘I bet this has something to do with it,’ Tara said to herself. It was like the woman stood frozen now. Tara put the horse chainlet around her neck, and suddenly she found herself singing. It was strange, for all the horses started to follow her. ‘I am lonely,’ someone started. Bodies seemed to come out of the heads, while the heads got torn away like the were masks. The bodies stretched themselves out and screamed. The woman still stood there like frozen. ‘Run away,’ Tara shouted to the bodies, ‘or she will bewitch you again.’ The bodies jumped and climbed on the horses and soon they all vanished in the sky. The sky got dark and clouded, and it started to rain. ‘Run, Tara,’ someone shouted. There was but one horse left. Tara climbed on the horse and also vanished into the sky.

She came in a room surrounded by billions of faces all in the distance. It was like they were shooting at her. They came closer and closer while many faces started to fade away. And the closer these faces came the more it looked like they had bodies as well. It looked like another machine. Soon she had been surrounded by a few women. ‘You have now reached the center of the machine,’ the women said. They took their swords and a fight started. ‘The one who wins will be the master of the arena,’ the women said. ‘Since our leader has fallen, a new master has to rise.’ Tara also took her sword, and slayed the women one by one, while more women seemed to appear. Tara knew that fighting them would only make it worse. She decided to just take some jewelry from the women. Tara knew how to do that as she was a skilled thief. From some she stole some rings, and from others some bracelets, and then she left, while the women stood there like frozen. ‘Don’t let her escape with the treasures of the horses,’ someone whispered. Tara was on her horse already and reached out to the distance. She saw a huge sword appearing in the sky, and she followed it to the place it was directing to. Here she found a huge altar. ‘Come,’ a voice said, ‘throw your treasures in the fire, as you have defeated the women of the machine.’

‘Who are you ?’ Tara asked. A black women came from behind the altar, and begged her for some jewelry. ‘I won’t give it to you, as I’m sure you want to be the master of the arena,’ Tara said. Then a fight started in which Tara didn’t dare to use her sword, as then the woman would split into more. It became a wrestling in which the black woman tried to take Tara’s jewelry away. The woman wore a ring and some chainlets, and Tara could take these, after which she went to her horse and rode away. She knew this jewelry had to do with the mechanism of the machine. She came to a hill where

a lot of ghost-women lay down. Another fight started, in which Tara only wrestled, while she tried to take their jewelry. Again she succeeded, and finally she came in a city in the middle of the fields she was on. It was a small city, and it was full of ghosts. They were all talking about a certain horse stone they were guarding. The stone would be somewhere in a restaurant or shop. And some living guns would protect it. Strange radiation would come from the stone to project faces everywhere. It had some sort of pump by which it could pump up the faces so that they would become heads, and even bodies. But deep within the stone there would be an even more important stone, which was the fly stone. This stone would take care that the bodies would be formed and moving. This stone was like the transformer of it all, producing a strange sort of fire and a strange sort of fluid. Only by the fire and the fluid bodies were able to live. When Tara told them about her jewelry they told her that deep within the jewelry there were these fly stones. Tara smiled. It was for her important to move, so that she could escape, but to be dependant on such jewelry gave also a strange feeling. She now knew why the women couldn't move anymore since they lost their jewelry, but the feeling that she had to guard the jewelry for the rest of her life made her almost insane. 'Where is that stone ?' Tara shouted, 'as I'm going to cut it off it's place.' The ghosts started to shiver, and showed her the place where it was. It wasn't in a restaurant and neither in a shop like they told, but it was in the depths of a cellar, and Tara had to go downstairs very deep. And there weren't any living guns. When Tara saw the stone she took her sword and cut it from it's standard. 'I don't belief stones should have such powers,' Tara said. 'I don't want to be a slave of a stone.' From the hole fluids started to stream, and also a strange fire came forward with a lot of smoke. 'Look, what a well we have,' Tara said. 'It will spread into the air to be a blessing for everyone. Stones only make slaves and masters, and they block and seal these abundant wells.'

'She has broken the seventh seal,' the ghosts whispered to each other.

'What ?' Tara said.

'You broke the seventh seal,' one of the ghosts said. 'This horse stone with the flystone inside blocked the well of drunkenness, sleep and oblivion for such a long time, so that everyone had to work hard for every drip. We were all walking with heavy chains because of this.' Then the ghost could stretch itself and vanished. Also the other ghosts stretched themselves and vanished. When Tara came outside all the ghosts of the city were very glad. 'She broke the seventh seal,' they said in joy. Streams of sleep and sweet drunkenness seemed to come over the small city, and brought forth a fog of oblivion. But Tara didn't know if it was such a good idea to break such a seal. She didn't realize what she had done. And the stream also wanted to push her down. Well, a bit of joy in life, a bit of rest and a bit of peace can't do any harm, but she saw more and more streams rising up into the air like a ghost-army. All these ghosts were drunk, sleepy and most of all ignorant, like they had lost their minds. It was such an insane sight. Tara climbed on her horse and rode away as fast as she could. She was heading for the morning, as the night seemed to take everything over in such a speed. After awhile she reached the deserts, and the only memory she had in her hands were the treasures of the strange stones, like a broken seal.

Three drunk men were sitting at a table in front of the deserts, while they were doing some sort of cardgame. 'You want to play with us ?' the men asked. But Tara had enough of games. They showed her some cards, and it seemed Tara didn't know this game. Suddenly she was in a shock as she saw also her own face on one of the cards. 'Where did you get that from ?' she asked. 'Well, all those who come out of the fields are part of the game,' the men said. 'So be glad you have survived the fields,' the men said. But then the deserts all of a sudden started to burn, and the men changed into skeletons. Tara grasped her horse by its neck and left the place as soon as possible along the borders of the desert. After awhile she came to a forest, and she was still afraid of witchcraft. She took all the jewelry she had, dug a hole somewhere in the ground, and took care that the jewelry would disappear there. She knew she had to be free, not holding on to the enslaving forces of this wicked jewelry. She came to a small lake where she bathed, between the flowers and herbs of the forest, and a new day was luring her. She heard the birds singing in the distance, and she tried to forget about the strange machine. A woman came closer to her, and also slid into the lake. Soon the woman turned into a giant snake, and a fight started. 'Why do you think you can escape the night,' the snake whispered. 'You belong to the night.' Tara took her sword and slayed the snake. She was glad the snake didn't multiply before her eyes. But she knew she had to get out of the lake soon. She took her horse again, and went deeper into the jungle. In the depths of the jungle there was an open place where she encountered some wild horses. Because her own horse was rather tamed and because it still reminded her of the machine she took one of the wild horses, and the other wild horses started to run with her also. She hoped to be finally free of this wicked place now. The horses went faster and faster and finally she had to jump off. She rolled through the sand, and then from a hill, while a rock finally stopped her. How long she lay there without consciousness she didn't know but finally she stood up and went to the first village on her path.

The people there were very friendly and hospital to her. She didn't expect any troubles here. She got a good glass of beer and some milk before sleeping. In the middle of the night she woke up from howling wolves. She heard some knocking on the door. It was the son of the people of the house she had a room. The boy said he couldn't sleep. He had to think about her so much. Tara hugged him. 'What is wrong, boy ?' Suddenly he started to cry. 'I don't know, but you remind me of something,' he said.

'Do you want to talk about it ?' Tara asked. Then the boy told his story. He was once with a lot of other boys in the jungle and they played like they were indians. They tied him to a tree and left. In the night he had still been tied to the tree, while the boys hadn't returned. He heard wolves howling and became very afraid. Then he heard some leaves moving close to him, and an indian girl stood before him. She was shocked and untied him. She took him to her hut where she made some food for him. After a few days he went to home again, but he couldn't get her out of his mind, so he returned to her hut, but the hut wasn't there anymore and neither the girl.

'I'm sorry,' Tara said. 'That had to be really tough.'

'Yes,' the boy said. 'But I didn't tell you the worst part yet. I went there more often, until some of the boys found out, and again they tied me to a tree and left again. Again I stood there at the tree, but

this time it took days before someone found me. Fortunately it had rained a lot or I would have died because of thirst but I was very hungry. Indian girls had found me, but this time they weren't nice. The girl I knew wasn't there. These were other indians. They mocked me and danced around me, and started to hurt me. They took me to a hut, while I was still tied, and they kept me in this hut for months and months, until a woman found me and set me free. I would never forget this woman, and she looked so much like you, but she died a few months later.'

'Oh, I am so sorry,' Tara said, and hugged him again. 'How did she die?'

'It was some sort of disease,' the boy said.

'Shall we go there together, to the hut of the indian girls?' Tara asked. The boy looked her deep in the eyes. 'Do you really want to do that?'

'Yes,' Tara said, 'as it seems you have some trauma from their party. So let's make it different now.'

The next day they went to the hut together. Still indian girls lived here, but they were a lot older. 'Oops, there is that boy,' one of them said. 'He has his sister or mother with him.'

'No, I am his aunt,' Tara said, 'or just friend.'

'Oh, you are his girlfriend?' another one asked.

'Whatever you like,' Tara said, and then she knocked one of them to the ground. Another one took her spear, but Tara grasped it away. 'Not so fast, lady,' Tara said. But then Tara couldn't speak anymore all of a sudden. One of the indian girls had a big hairy spider in her hands and caressed it. 'Be careful,' she said to the boy, 'if this one spits its venom on us, we're dead.'

'No, not dead, zombificated,' the girl smiled. 'This one doesn't kill, but enslaves for live.'

Slowly Tara moved her hand to her sword. But then all of a sudden the spider spat in the eye of the boy while the boy started to shriek. In one moment Tara beheaded the girl with the spider and pierced the spider. 'These ones are head hunters and cannibals,' Tara said, and then she beheaded the other girls. 'We have a few minutes,' Tara said. 'If I do not suck the venom out of eye you will die.' The boy was still shrieking, and Tara pushed him to the ground to suck the venom out of his eye. She also took a sting out of his eye. Tara knew how dangerous these exotic spiders could be. Then she spat the venom out on the ground. 'That will heal,' she said. 'Now tell me, were these all the girls you encountered awhile ago ?'

'Yes,' the boy said, 'but I wonder where the friendly girl lives.'

'Oh, maybe they have killed her,' Tara said. She could feel how dangerous this jungle was. It smelled like death. The boy bowed his head. Then he hugged Tara and cried. 'I'm so glad my heart can finally heal now.'

Together they walked home. Then Tara talked to the boy about the machine with the many heads. The boy told her that in the jungle there lived spiders with many heads, and also other insects like flies. He said that the hunters of his village often went to the jungle to hunt them, as it is very good food. 'My father even sells the meat,' the boy said.

That evening Tara ate from the meat of several slayed insects of many heads, and she liked it very much. She decided to stay in the village for awhile, not only to help the boy through his problems, but also to eat the delicious meat no other jungle seemed to have.

The Monkey

She was like the most beautiful doll in his eyes. Tara's father was fond of her. Well, actually he wasn't her real father, but he once saved her from death. In his eyes she was the best, his masterpiece. He raised her after the fall. He made her. He was a white-bearded sorcerer-like man, a kingly one if it came to that, living high in the mountains. Tara went there as much as she could. She would never forget this man she called her father.

He was a dark man. He kept souls in bottles to make ghosts of them. He was a sinister man, but Tara loved him. She could understand him very well, as they were both against the system. The system on Mars was cruel in their eyes.

Petrilium was his name. The man was tall and old, but still full of wicked ideas. He had trained Tara in how she could use pythons. Pythons were potentially dangerous forces on Mars, so if Tara wouldn't learn how to control them better, they would take her over one day. Petriliun taught her all the tricks to tame them, and he gave her instructions on how to ride them. For this purpose he showed her the biggest sorts of pythons on Mars. He kept them locked up in certain aquaria. Tara was amazed to see such large ones. She had never seen them before. Petriliun bred them here.

Petriliun was a pythonfarmer, a virtuous one so to speak. He also bred flying pythons of the largest sorts by which he could reach other planets in a flash. Petriliun controlled the lightening and thunder on Mars, and he could do that because he knew the many pythonian secrets. Petriliun was a mysterious man often misunderstood. That was why he started to live far away in the mountains. He had some slaves, but they seemed to be well-willing, as Petriliun cared for them very good. They had a lot of money, and bathed in riches. Further they had a lot of freedom, for most of the jobs happened by pythonian forces. There were machines everywhere.

One day Petriliun got very sick. Because he thought he was dying he gave Tara a special key to a most secret library. 'Read about pythons as much as you can,' he said. This was the last time Tara ever saw him alive. She went to this library and read in it's books for days and days, weeks and weeks. She also found a bottle in which a pythonian ghost lived. When she opened it the library got filled by red smoke. A huge cloud stood before her.

The spirit was happy. He had been in his bottle for a long time. On Mars when a ghost didn't return to his bottle he would become denser and denser. Tara gave the ghost his freedom, and he would be a dense citizen of Mars soon. She also found a secret tunnel leading her to a huge hall. There were strange signs on the walls. It looked like a dominoes game. Tara could climb upstairs as it formed a sort of frame. When she came on top she could come into a new hall, as there was a huge doorway in the ceiling.

When Tara wanted to return to the library she found out that the signs by which she could climb had closed themselves. It wasn't like a ladder anymore, so she couldn't get downstairs again. A girl ticked at her shoulder. Tara turns around. 'I can bring you there,' the girl said.

'Who are you ?' Tara asked.

'Well, that's a long story,' the girl said. 'But I'm a spidergirl, able to fly, and willing to bring you there.' Suddenly thick glue-like stuff came out of her hands and soon some sort of strong web was reaching downstairs on which they could both climb down. 'Who taught you that ?' Tara asked.

'Oh, Petriliium,' the girl said.

Tara understood he had many more friendships than she knew. It seemed Petriliium saved the girl too one day. She was in a heavy storm at sea. Since then she always stayed close to him. 'What are these enigmatic signs on the wall ?' Tara asked.

'Oh,' the girl said. 'Many of those things are based on time. It works like a clock, and it gives access at certain points of time and at certain occasions. The whole temple is full of these things.'

'Why do you call it temple ?' Tara asked.

'As it is a temple,' the girl said.

'Then who do you worship ?' Tara asked.

The girl started to laugh. 'We do not worship anything or anyone,' she said. 'It's all a certain science working as long as you have the knowledge.'

'Ah,' Tara said, 'so it is about knowledge. And what kind of knowledge is it ?'

‘Oh, come,’ the girl said, and then led Tara to another library. It was like some sort of restaurant here. There were some transparent brown veils, a sort of glass, and people sat at tables reading stuff. The girl took Tara’s hand. ‘Come,’ she said. They went through a door and came in a corridor. At the end of the corridor there was another library, a small one. ‘Here we have our books,’ the girl said. It was much about pythonian electricity. It was all about the wonderful mechanisms of the temple. Many parts seemed to work together and change periodically all to trigger some sort of hormones and special effects.

‘Interesting,’ Tara said.

‘It’s a complex system,’ the girl said. ‘But if you know how it works, you will see the benefit of it.’

Tara nodded. ‘I see.’

‘Shall I show you my room?’ the girl asked.

‘Sure,’ Tara said.

The girl took her all the way upstairs into some sort of tower. On top there were several rooms and one of them was hers. It was a very small room, and she had a lot of books. She also had some pythons in aquaria. ‘My name is Lydium,’ the girl said. ‘They also call me Pythonia.’

Tara bent towards the pythons. They were not so big. There were also some living mice and rats in the aquaria, white ones. ‘They eat them, but first they play with them,’ the girl said. Tara looked deep into the eyes of the girl.

‘There is something strange about this room,’ Tara said. ‘I smell monkeys.’

‘Oh yes, we also feed them monkeys at times,’ the girl said. ‘They need it to stay alive.’ The girl opened a cupboard and showed a small monkey in a small cage. There was also another cage with a monkey in a wardrobe.

‘This is disgusting,’ Tara said.

‘Well, we need to sacrifice them,’ the girl spoke. ‘Or the pythons will go mad and break our decks of control.’

‘Oh, don’t worry about that,’ Tara said. ‘They will take over anyway. But you just can’t feed them monkeys.’

‘Why not ?’ the girl asked.

‘Oh nevermind,’ Tara said and opened the cages to take the monkeys out. They immediately jumped on her and hung at her neck. They made a lot of noise.

‘Listen girl,’ Tara said. ‘I don’t care who or what you are, but you can do things different you know. There are other ways to raise the pythonian system. I do not know who taught you this. I doubt it was Petriliun.’

The girl bowed her head. ‘It wasn’t Petriliun, just a girl of my class.’

Soon Tara took the monkeys away and brought them into freedom, the wilderness where they belonged.

‘I’m willing to learn from you,’ the girl said. ‘Sometimes things are so tight in my head, like there isn’t another way.’

‘There are many ways,’ Tara said.

Together they walked to another hall the girl wanted to show. They came in on a balcony and could see a sort of trafficlights downstairs on the ground. It was a pythonian traffic system. 'This one is producing a hormone taking over Mars. Only the python riders will survive the coming pythonian flood,' the girl said.

'Interesting,' Tara said. 'Well, I know they have the power to break someone's mind, the mindwalls, so that they could enter in. It's some sort of gas.'

The girl nodded.

'How do you ride a python ?' Tara asked.

'Oh, I'll show you,' the girl said. They had to go to another staircase to go upstairs to reach the higher parts of the temple. They were soon on the highest walls of the complex. It was almost in the clouds, and a lot of flying pythons were here. 'Pick one,' the girl said. Tara took one of the pythons and sat down on it. Also the girl took a python and together they flew away. It wasn't so difficult. They both had lots of information on how to ride such a thing. Tara realized how important that was, as the pythons were about to take Mars over completely. The degree of pythonian poison in the air was already very high. Many on Mars already went insane by the pressure of it. Mars became a pythonian planet more and more, and Tara and the spidergirl were more or less pythonian agents. But Tara knew where it would all lead to. Tara knew that the pythonian connection would only trigger a much higher energy : those of the indian flies. She knew that the pythonian matrix was nothing but a preparation of that, a sort of doorway. The spidergirl was talking about it all the time, as she wanted to become a flygirl. She knew that only flygirls would be able to stand when the pythonian floods would come. And she was thinking a lot about the indian fly floods. Those would come after the python. Mars would be a totally different planet.

Tara and the girl became tight friends, and she taught a lot of martian martial arts to her. The girl taught Tara much about pythonian electricity. One day a strong light was coming forth from one of the python systems. And soon also another pythonian system opened up to bring forth this strong light. It was like a lightvulcanoe. The girl said it wasn't pythonian anymore, but it looked like flylights. 'The flood, it is coming,' some men were shouting. They seemed to know much about it. A soft gas was coming from the light, coming in layers, and it was a bit moisty.

'Mars will soon be totally in the hands of pythons and flies,' the men said. They had big books under their arms and were dressed like preachers. On the cover of their books there were triangles. 'From what kind of religion are you ?' Tara asked.

‘Oh, we’re from the temple. It’s just about science and knowledge,’ the man said. Tara was watching the triangles on their books. They looked like wigwams. ‘All we must do is to ride the pythons,’ the men said, ‘and only the fly can do that.’

Tara remembered the aquaria of Petriliium. He also had some in which he kept the biggest sharks and whales. Tara asked the girl if she knew if Petriliium also kept flies. ‘Oh yes,’ the girl said. ‘Come with me.’ By an elevator they could come deep underground where caves were with the biggest aquaria Tara ever saw. The air was moisty and hot, and inside the aquaria there was also this tropical climate. She could see amazing sorts of flies. It was enchanting her eyes. She got hypnotized by the sight. The flies almost looked like flying people. To her amazement she also saw savage people there. They just lived among the big flies. They looked like they were indians.

‘Why do those people live here ?’ Tara asked.

‘Oh,’ the girl said. ‘They just want to live close to this energy. There are even monkeys here.’ Tara understood that these people were afraid of the pythonian outbursts. ‘More and more people want to live here,’ the girl said.

‘Why don’t you just open the aquaria so that the flies can spread themselves on the martian surfaces ?’ Tara asked.

‘Oh Tara,’ the girl said. ‘That would be very dangerous and unwise. Petriliium kept them here for a reason. They need to grow up first.’

‘What would be the danger ?’ Tara asked.

‘Oh Tara,’ the girl said. ‘You don’t know these species. There are some libraries deeper underground with a lot of books about them.’ Soon they went to those libraries together, and Tara started to read about them. Tara grasped her head. ‘I’m glad I was behind glass, but how can those savage people live with them ?’

‘They have a certain immunity against them,’ the girl said. ‘Their bodies have been smeared by a certain substance, and it is now in their bloodstream as well.’

In a secret part of the library there were bottles full of the substance. ‘Once smeared we can never return to the surfaces of Mars. We need to stay in the aquaria leading to the depths of Mars. Then we need to stay in Tartarus forever,’ the girl said.

‘Oh, that’s a deal,’ Tara said. Together they smeared each other by the substance, and Tara felt like she was burning inside. Her blood was boiling, and her body got the strength of a bow and arrow. Soon they were in the aquaria among the flies and the savage people.

In Tartarus the weather was hot. There were a lot of beaches and deserts. Pythons were from a high rank here, but an even higher rank were the flies. They had strange tongues, and they had the power to freeze someone’s mind. Some of them had uniforms or even outlandic clothes.

Their tongues were thick and could become tall. They could smell by their tongues, and they had a lot more senses in it.

Suddenly Tara woke up. It had been just a dream. Petriliium was still living, and she was in the room where she always slept when she would visit him for more days. She was staring at the books in a cupboard close to her bed. She always loved these books. She remembered the delicious dinner she had with him and his monkeys at one table. He always used to call it dream food, as you would get dreams from all the exotic drinks and foods. And those of the purple capes were also with them. They were some sort of preachers living with Petriliium, a sort of monks. Whenever Petriliium sent out some magical seeds into the depths of Mars, in Tartarus below the kingdom of death, he would also send some of them of the purple capes to take care of the seed. If the seed would be grown to it’s heights they would bring it to Petriliium. Petriliium called this seed his children. They would never really grow up, as they would always stay with the things of childhood. Many of those children lived in a cellar below Petriliium’s place, where he visited them often to play games with them. Also the purple capes played a big role in this. They had to show the children the funparks on Mars, as a part of their education. They had to go with them to the fairgrounds. Petriliium had a thing for that.

The purple caps were the teachers of the children, to prepare them for their great tasks. Petriliium had big plans. The purple capes had a strange faith. The leaders of them had a big fairground by which they travelled through Tartarus. You could never really see their faces as the capes were dark and large. However they had a lot of monkeys with often blue faces, and some said their faces were just like them. But nobody knew. When the children grew up some choose to work with the purple capes in the fairground, travelling throughout Tartarus. This fairground was actually a machine by which they saved lost souls.

Some said they were dangerous vampires. Petriliun was a much hated man by many. They said he was strange and dark. And no one knew exactly what those purple capes were. It was actually by this fairground Petriliun saved Tara when she was in the tight grip of Tartarus. Many knew that Petriliun was ... a saviour. Petriliun hated Tartarus. One of his biggest plan was to build a funpark in the very core of Tartarus. He wanted to deal with the hypocrite leaders.

The fairground would play a big part in that, and of course the church of the purple capes. It wasn't a church at all. It was a trick. One day one of the purple capes took off his cape. It appeared to be a monkey. He appeared to be the chief of the purple capes. Suddenly his face turned into a longhaired man with a beard. Tara knew they were sorcerors and werewolves, as they could also turn into wolves. Strozalks they were called. He directed his finger at a large cross which suddenly turned into a winged stake. Pythons were holding the stake tight, but suddenly the winged stake turned into a fly, and the snakes into weapons.

'The bow, Tara,' he said. And gave the bow to Tara. 'It's the Qesheta. It will come alive. It is a woman. It has become an object, but it is alive.'

Tara felt the hot handle of the bow in her hand. She stared at it. 'See we have become animals, trees and objects,' the man spoke. 'and we hide under purple capes.'

She watched the man with the blue face. They had been frozen into so many things, and now they were so creative. Tara wanted to give the bow back. 'No, it is for you,' the man said. And then he left. When she came to Petriliun's room she saw Petriliun lying on his bed. He was dead. The man with the blue face came out of the bathroom together with some purple capes. 'Yes, we have killed him,' he said. Then they left.

The End

**The Beasts
of Orion**

Chapter 1. Tara and the Hippo Queen

Chapter 2. The Amulet of the Pterosaur

Chapter 3. Marit the Ratwoman

Chapter 4. The Sea of No Return

Chapter 1. Tara and the Hippo Queen

At the surfaces of Orion there was a lonely warrior. She tried to make her way by cutting by her sword through the overwhelming chaos of snakes, slime, fleeces and dirt. Her name was Tara from Rhodes. She had a good survey at the deserts of Orion. There were three thrones on Orion : the lion throne, the blue throne and the white throne. These thrones were like floating slippery islands. Tara had to be on her guard against the blinding lights of Orion, which could show up easily, like striking winds. They could easily blind someone.

After awhile she came to a misty palace. The walls were of reddish flesh, decorated by skulls and nails. It looked like a dragon castle. Tara went in holding her sword up high. Inside there were meaty webs and many fleeces. By her sword she cut a way through it. Lights tried to strike her, but she had her eyes tightly closed. She was sweating. It was like she was in the jaws of a monster. In front of her was a lake full of white spiderwebs and slippery fleeces where spiders swam. She also made her way through the lake. Then she came to a sort of spine, but it was made of reddish meat and dark bones. She climbed on it upstairs. She was almost bathing in sweat. It was like someone was grilling her. She found herself standing on a gigantic skull.

This was Orion TV, a strange intestine, sucking them all in, by winds, fleeces and dirt, overwhelming them by lights. Tara had overcome it, and stood on the skull as a conqueror. She raised her sword and shrieked. This was the place which kept a hold on Mars for such a long time. It was a strange

creature, but Tara had survived. Then she pierced her sword into a soft button on top of the skull. The skull started to shriek. It was now shrinking.

There were falls of fire here. On muddy stairs Tara climbed further. She could feel the moist earth again, like it was clay. Tara shouted as hard as she could. Two eagles came to her, big and dark. 'Bring me to the white throne,' she said.

The white throne was a city made of rare lionstones, and it was floating at the surfaces of Orion like an island. Tara jumped off from the eagles and slid deep into the city. The lionstones had been covered by webs and dirt. There were fleeces everywhere. In the city there was a strange machine called the Machine of Monotheism. From the machine dark dancers came, mostly women. They were the belly-dancers of Turet. They had been armed by all sorts of weapons. They were the guards of the center of the city, which had been called Turet. Here a skeleton lived having the same name. He was the upper emperor of Orion, and at the same time their religious leader.

The belly-dancers were made of a sort of bronze and brass, and they were also cannibals. Tara had to be at her guard. They radiated such a heat that they could easily grill her. It was like they came right out of an altar. Tara raised her sword and slew a few of them. But the skeleton of Turet already ran towards her. Soon she was in the grip of a few other belly-dancers. Turet smiled. It was like Tara was already burning from inside. Tara fell down, and woke up in a dungeon. Turet stared at her. 'Seriously,' he said, 'what are you doing here. I have grown this way. I can't be saved. This is my fate, and what I do to others is their fate. I can't help it.'

'Tell me about your bosses,' Tara said.

'Skeleton-indians,' Turet said.

'Who are they ?' Tara asked.

'They are the ones who once skinned me, and took me to Orion,' Turet said.

'Where do you come from ?' Tara asked.

‘Originally from Mars,’ Turet said.

‘See,’ Tara said. ‘They do this to many from Mars. They are abductors. And they transform their victims into the most horrible monsters.’

Turet nodded. ‘But you can’t set me free,’ he said.

‘Why not ?’ Tara asked.

‘I can’t return to Mars,’ Turet said. ‘Orion is too deep in me.’

‘How do I reach those skeleton-indians you talk about ?’ Tara asked.

‘Oh, just follow the jaws of Reactumat. There is a small car riding into it’s jaws and then you travel all the way through his body,’ Turet said. ‘I will bring you to it.’

It seemed Turet was a very nice guy. Soon they both sat into a car close to gigantic jaws. Turet pushed a button and there they went. There was fire everywhere. Turet turned the speed up. Then everything became dark. Tara fell asleep by the smoke, and when she woke up they were there. It was a strange world with the smell of ham. There were fleeces everywhere. It was a white wilderness. It looked like ice, but it was actually warm here, very warm, and soft.

‘They guard the stone of the lioness,’ Turet said. Suddenly dreadful indians came out of a jungle. ‘Why are you coming ?’ an indian woman asked.

‘Meet Tara, a friend of mine,’ Turet said to the woman.

‘Don’t come any step further or I will cut your head off,’ Tara shouted. ‘He’s from Mars originally, so you have a story to tell to me.’

‘Yes, we have a story,’ the woman said. ‘It’s true we have abducted him and even zombified him. He doesn’t want to return to Mars anymore. We have given him the real life here.’

‘And what is the real life?’ Tara asked.

‘Come with us,’ the woman said.

Tara went with Turet and the into the jungle. In the depths of the jungle there was a small white sandy hill. They showed her the stone of the lioness. ‘This,’ the woman said.

‘What is it doing?’ Tara asked.

‘It’s an ice-transformer,’ the woman said. ‘Look around you. Everything looks like ice but it isn’t. It is actually warm and soft.’

‘Okay, but what does it do besides that,’ Tara asked.

‘Oh, it hunts, it kills, just like us. It’s a predator,’ the woman said. ‘The abductor.’

Behind the hill there were rivers of blood. There were many lions swimming here, and many lay on the shores. ‘Behind the rivers of blood,’ the woman spoke, ‘there is the lion tower. Those who want to become kings of the universe always go there. They will make the dangerous journey through the tower to the top. The higher they come the thinner the tower is and the more fragile. Besides that, it storms there. There is a small throne on top of the tower. No one who gets there stays long, for the winds will blow him off after awhile. He will crash on the ground, and the lions will eat him. There is no real king of the universe.’

‘No one who knows the lion tower dares to sit there,’ another indian woman said. ‘The winds rule on top of the lion tower. Some said they saw a mysterious fly sitting on the throne at times.’

‘And some say the flies rule the winds far above them,’ another indian woman said. ‘Their bosses fly without wings.’

‘So the lion tower you talk about is a trap ?’ Tara asked.

‘Some sort of,’ one of the indian women said. ‘And the true rulership of Orion and the universe is a mystery. Why would someone rule the universe ? Why not letting it be done by the universe itself.’

‘Well, I’m thinking about those flies you talk about, and also the wingless flies,’ Tara said. ‘So they are the actual rulers ?’

‘No one knows,’ the woman said, ‘but some think that they are. The lion tower connects Orion to the sky, and they rule in the sky. Rulership is a mystery. And when you become a ruler, something else always takes you over. That is the secret of the lion tower. There is actually no rulership. There’s something above that.’

‘And that is ?’ Tara asked.

‘Imprisonment,’ the woman said. ‘You lose yourself and become grilled and zombified by the powers of the universe you have grasped.’

‘Oh, I see,’ Tara said. ‘I’m here to free Mars from this satellite called Orion who seems to control it for a big deal, but what you say here interests me. And this is the reason why you have the stone of the lioness ? To transform all those extremes ?’

‘Yes,’ the woman said.

‘What can you do for Mars ?’ Tara asked.

‘I can’t do anything for them,’ the woman said. ‘I can have them abducted to let them stay around the stone of the lioness, but she’s kind of selective, you know. She has an army. She’s a trainer. She zombificates you to become a part of it, and then she will guard you. She is the one who planted the Lion Tower to test the abducted. Many go there to look for adventure, finally to become kings, but those are food for her lions. They look for entertainment, but they end up in the intestines of Orion TV. They get plugs in their livers and become addicts of nothingness.’

‘But what is the meaning of life on Orion,’ Tara asked.

‘The meaning of life on Orion,’ the woman said, ‘is to transform the extremes by following the stone of the lioness. We worship her. We approach her, face to face. There are no laws. We are the lawless. It is not about ‘yes’ or ‘no’, but about ‘how’, so of course there are a lot of rules. You need to know ‘how’ to do something.’

‘We are all zombificated by the stone of the lioness, Tara,’ another woman said. ‘We are her robots, but we are alive. She has raised us. In this we are safe.’

‘We however also worship the Lion Tower, for it is our guard,’ another indian woman said. ‘But we can never enter it. We can’t even come close to it. It needs to be at a distance. It is a trap for our enemies and betrayers.’

‘Okay,’ Tara said, ‘so ‘yes’ or ‘no’ is not important anymore, only ‘how’, also in the sense of ‘where’ and ‘when’.’

‘Yes,’ the woman said. ‘The lioness stone is our clock and map in that.’

‘But who made the lioness stone ?’ Tara asked.

‘The flies did,’ the woman said. ‘The wingless flies of Orion who live above the skies.’

‘Where exactly do they live,’ Tara asked.

‘In blood,’ the woman said. ‘They live in a realm called the Blood of Orion.’

‘How did they come there ?’ Tara asked.

‘They stayed away long enough from the Lion Tower, and got ascended,’ the woman said. ‘The wingless flies are just indians. They are on the eternal huntingfields, the red skies of Orion. They are elite indians. They have Blood-TV, which is actually a heart, the heart of Orion. Some say it is the heart of the universe. It is the biggest butchery of all time.’

Then what was the road to this Red Zone of Orion ? The Python Tower. The Python Tower was like highways into the the sky. It was a dangerous trip, but it was honest at least. They showed Tara the road to this tower and then she went on her path. In the tower of the Python there were all sorts of tall venomous python-tongues hanging. Touching them would mean death. Tara had to be at her guard here more than ever. However the Python Tower was an experiment. No one was the ruler of it. The tower ruled itself. The ones who died here became a part of the tower itself. They got absorbed and sucked in by the walls, and got torn apart and frozen. Tara would never forget these ghosts. They were haunting. They tried to scare her, and begged her not to go further. They were draining her. It was a nightmare. Whenever she slept in the tower she could hear these ghosts making their conspiracies against her. The further she came into the Python Tower the weaker her body became. The winds were sharp and cutting, almost tearing her apart. There were biting fluids like venomous milk trying to bite her skin away. Further on she had to fight the worst pythons. They were tall and big. She needed to escape their tight grips. She had never felt such heavy creatures before. These were the Pythons of Orion. Higher in the tower it was full of flies, and it was very cloudy. Tara had to cut herself a way through it by her sword. Suddenly there was Turet in his Machine of Monotheism. ‘Hey, Tara, are you in for a ride ?’ he shouted.

‘Pick me up,’ Tara shouted. ‘It’s so slippery here.’

By the Machine of Monotheism it was easy for them to get to the red zone of Orion. The place was full of belly-dancers. There were enormous dragons here, covered by flies. By strange lightening the red became pale all the time. Whenever it became white it streamed downstairs, to the white zone. It looked like milk, and it seemed to become white by the belly-dancers. It seemed to flow forth from them. They were transformers. ‘It’s actually called white blood,’ Turet said. ‘It’s the secret of the lioness stone. She has brought forth the belly-dancers by which she can transform the ice, and by which she makes everything soft.’

‘What kind of blood is it ?’ Tara asked.

‘Python Blood,’ Turet said. ‘Long ago there was a fight between a lioness and a python. The fight didn’t seem to end. One day the flies came and turned the lioness into a stone, and the python into blood. The stone brought forth the belly-dancers who would turn the blood of the python into white blood.’

‘So you mean to say that the ice was originally the product of a fight between a lioness and a python ?’ Tara asked.

‘Yes,’ Turet said. ‘But without the perpetual flow of red blood the white blood will die, and the ice will take over again.’

‘Who takes care of that ?’ Tara asked.

‘The belly-dancers,’ Turet said.

Tara now understood why the stone of the lioness was of such importance, and the importance of the guards of this stone, the skeleton-indians of the white zone. And who were the mysterious wingless flies who seemed to have made this all ?

‘The wingless flies become skeleton-indians after awhile,’ Turet said. ‘Then they come down to guard the lioness stone.’ Turet directed his finger towards stairs of light. These lights were moving. It was the stairs of descension, made of white blood. Turet showed her a lot more falls of white blood.

‘The secret of the belly-dancers of Turet is that they are actually mammoths and elephants,’ Turet said.

‘So they can actually change into women and also back into mammoths and elephants ?’ Tara asked.

‘Yes,’ Turet said. ‘Actually the truth is that after the skeleton-indians have guarded the lioness stone long enough they get swallowed by it and they become the belly-dancers.’

‘That looks like a circus to me,’ Tara said.

‘No, Tara,’ Turet said, ‘it’s the wilderness. Actually when they have been belly-dancers long enough they go to the path of the elephant.’

‘What is that ?’ Tara asked.

‘It’s a path to meet the wildest creatures of Orion,’ Turet said. ‘When they return they become hippo’s and they will be the leaders of the belly-dancers.’

‘This looks like school,’ Tara said.

‘No, Tara,’ Turet said, ‘it is the wilderness.’

With the Machine of Monotheism they went to such a hippo queen. She lived in a high place, in treasures. It was a dark indian woman, and there were jewels, satin, velvet and the finest materials everywhere. The woman had earrings in, and had been adorned with many more rings. The riches of the white blood were here. Her slaves seemed to bath in it everywhere and drank from it like milk. It had the taste of cacao and cocosmilk. They used it for making bread and crèmes. Wild unknown creatures were her guards. In other realms and planets these creatures had died out, but here on Orion they could survive. On Mars they would have been described as prehistoric, but here they just lived on. Orion was the only place in the universe they could do this. And to Tara this was a special event. She wouldn’t forget this too easily. On Mars they could never live on because they were too savage. Orion was a savage world more than Mars, so here they could develop themselves. And this could happen all because of the lioness stone. She was there mother, their warm womb. They could all live because of the elephant path. Here they had their place. And now this hippo queen had them in her care. She was a cruel queen. Tara thought it looked like civilisation, but she knew it was the wilderness. The queen was both cruel and good to her guards. They just had to obey the rules. The creatures were very destructive, and were a threat to the whole universe, so the queen had to protect herself.

The hippo queen and her slaves rode on them whenever they visited the jungles. They also rode on mammoths. She trained all of them to become belly-dancers, as that was how she formed her armies. She could use the belly-dancers for everything. They learned how to change into women, and

how to change back into animals. They also learned how to use their weapons. There was a man named Skeipnir who trained many of them. He was one of her highest slaves. He knew the tricks of transformation and he was even her personal guard. Whenever he wasn't training the belly-dancers, he stood at her door. Skeipnir was a major source in raising her army. She raised this army to abduct beings to Orion.

‘Welcome Tara,’ she said. ‘My invisible threads have finally brought you here.’

Suddenly Tara saw the slimy, slippery tentacles on her head. It was by a strange light she could see them all of a sudden. Had she been mind-controlled ? She had headaches for such a long time. Did they guide her to this place ?

The hippo queen showed her machine from which the tentacles and fleeces came forth. They were only visible by the strange light. ‘These are the elephant winds,’ the queen said, ‘easily turning into storms, easily turning into lightening and thunder.’ Then the queen started to laugh.

‘What is your purpose ?’ Tara asked.

‘My purpose is to abduct, test, and turn them into belly-dancers. The rest will be food for the lion tower,’ the hippo queen spoke.

‘Oh yes, I have seen that,’ Tara said, ‘but what is your purpose with me ?’

‘You are very special my child,’ the hippo queen said. ‘I have watched you from the day you were born to this day. I have seen your birth. You are a good fighter, and you would be a good trainer. I want you to meet Skeipnir.’

‘I highly appreciate your belly-dancers,’ Tara said, ‘and I highly appreciate you. I can teach you swordfighting. But please, show me the real secret of Orion.’

‘I will, Tara,’ the hippo queen said. ‘If you teach us swordfighting then I will give you this stone, which is the secret of Orion, the bestkept.’ From behind the queen took a reddish transparent jewel which

was like a ball. 'Tara, I will give you this stone, for I know Orion is in good hands with you,' the hippo queen spoke. 'Please stay with us. Don't return to Mars.'

'What kind of stone is it ?' Tara asked.

'It is the stone of the Beasts of Orion,' the hippo queen spoke. 'I will bring the stone into your sword, so that Orion will be forever safe in you. With it you will have access to the savage zone of Orion, where all secrets will be shared with you.'

Chapter 2. The Amulet of the Pterosaur

It was a dirty place in the savage zone of Orion. She had never seen so much dirt before. There were falls of dirt here, and rivers of dirt, and the most horrible creatures and the largest beasts. On Mars these animals could only exist in a prehistoric world, but here on Orion they were more alive than everywhere else. Savage indian tribes were living here, again races which would be prehistoric on Mars, but this was Orion. They were carnivores and cannibals but they were also like ballet-dancers.

These worlds were not like the history-books on Mars. These worlds were crueller, more dangerous, filled with dirt and stench to the extremes. It was more savage. There was no any form of civilisation here or thought. Here there was chaos. There were no laws. It was an untamed world. There was no gentle traffic here. However, the strange ballet Tara saw among the tribes showed a certain pattern, but these patterns were wild. This was the ballet of death.

Tara found out soon that it was nothing but a war-dance, trying to take minds away, and every form of balance and security. It was a psychological warfare. They tried to put fear on their victims, and insecurity. It was like a spell to break off the immune systems of their prey. Tara knew she had to be on her guard. She knew it had a high price even watching this ballet.

Later she found out that by this ballet they could turn themselves into beasts, or to get possessed by the beasts. They lived double lives. Also the beasts themselves could do such ballet. It was all to protect themselves.

The air was filled by strange haunting battlecries showing no thought but intelligence. It was like these beasts and savages had been caught by instincts triggered by each other. It was like fire eating the fire. They had become insane by each other. They lived by fear. There was such a drama here, no thought, no shame, but fear. There was no shame as the fear had eaten it all away. And the fear had been raised by the ballets. There was no escape from this. They had all been caught in a trap. One ballet would stir up the other, and the fear would only rise more. It was a world of dread, shameless dread.

Tara was looking for their leader, as she knew all these ballets could hide something. These ballet-dancers could be the guard of something.

The strange stone at Tara's sword started to talk and gave names to all the sorts of beasts here :
'Tiguran Ballets, Tangaran Ballets.'

'What is the leading sort ?' Tara asked.

'There are no leading sorts,' the stone said. 'This world rules itself.'

Then the stone continued : 'Cynognathus, Allosaur, Ceratosaur.'

There were also elephant-like beasts here with jewels on their heads. These seemed to be huge organs of smell. The stone could tell Tara all about it. Many of them were hairy like mammoths. There seemed to be huge cattle here. Some had large heads like horses, and some heads even looked like rabbits. But it was all savage. These beasts were big and different. They were very strange, and they were certainly no easy prey. Actually they were predators. There was also smaller cattle, most of the time having white bodies with swarms of black spots, and big heads like cows and horses. They had the sizes of grown up calves.

The cynognathus looked like he was from the bear family, and the allosaur and the ceratosaur looked like they were from the alligator family, all hunters. There were many different sorts of them. Tara could line out those families, also the huge family of the elephant. The first animal Tara could approach was the cynognathus. Although this beast was friendly to her he bit her a few times to drink some of her blood. It was still a wild animal. The stone told Tara that these were a sort of marks of friendship. If she wasn't a friend the beast would have killed her. The cynognathuses went out for hunt very often, most of the time in groups. They led Tara to some of their caves where they lived. They were bloodthirsty animals, and although they were big meateaters they also kept cattle just to drink from their blood. Tara knew she had to be at her guard. She started to hunt together with them

to show them her bondage to them. There was no innocent cattle here. There were only predators, and hunting was in this place just a defense, a movement of war, necessary to survive. This was savage cattle. And the instincts went further than she ever saw before. These creatures didn't just hunt and kill. They made prisoners of war. They kept cattle.

Often it was for blood. They would milk their cattle everyday for that. The cattle they trapped in that sense were often bloodslaves. Also the other cynognathuses had bitten Tara for blood, and she hoped it would just be the marks of friendship. She had to wait until they would change into indians, something which had to do with the movements and positions of some of their moons.

The stone translated all the conversations she had with them. Without the stone she wouldn't have any chance to survive here. More and more they accepted her in their group.

She also saw the different catlike families. Some of these cats were horned. Some of the catlike beasts were small, and others were huge like elephants or even huger. It was by the stone she could approach these animals finally.

By the stone she also could ride the many elephant-like beasts here. By the stone she got easily accepted.

There were also a lot of pterosaurs which were flying reptiles. At the shore of the huge River of Doom there were ramphorhyncuses. They ruled the seas and the waters. The small ones couldn't fly, but only dive from rocks and trees to soar in the air, but the bigger ones could fly and were like giant reptile bats. Behind the River of Doom there was something which looked like a civilisation. One of the ramphorhyncuses brought Tara there. An indian called Untak came to her. 'Welcome Tara, we have waited so long for you,' he said. Tara was surprised that he spoke in her language. He seemed to come from Mars as well and made the same trip she made. 'These people are very civilised,' Untak said, while directing his finger to a village in the jungle. 'But it's still the wilderness. They taught me how to change into a reptile.'

A few pterosaurs flew above the village. They had tall necks, wings like bats, and were very huge. Some of them were black, others red, and there were also some white ones. 'They care for the jungle, Tara,' Untak spoke.

'How do you know my name?' Tara asked.

‘Well, they told me,’ Untak said.

‘Who ?’ Tara asked.

‘The pterosaurs,’ Untak said, ‘the flying reptiles. They are the birds of fire.’

‘I knew you would come. You are welcome,’ Untak said. ‘You will love it here. These birds are the secret of nature. They protect the jungle.’

Tara heard the sounds of the pterosaurs in the distance. Untak told her that he could communicate to the pterosaurs by a certain stone. The stone lay in the center of the village in a sort of fountain. Everyone in the village could talk to the pterosaurs by this stone. Untak led Tara to the village and showed it to her. The stone would translate the sounds of the pterosaurs, and would translate everything the people said to the pterosaurs. The pterosaurs seemed to know a lot. They knew why Tara came here, and where she came from, and they were willing to tell her the secrets of this place. They were also willing to show her the jungles and wildernesses here. One day Untak gave her an amulet by which she could communicate to the pterosaurs wherever she was. It was a precious present. She could easily call the pterosaurs by the amulet. It was a necklace.

Chapter 3. Marit the Ratwoman

The pterosaurs showed Tara how often these beasts had a lot of smell organs in their bodies. This was how they communicated very often. It was also their immune system and their warfare strategy expressing itself in bloody hunts. This was to prevent themselves from becoming a victim themselves. They had been dominated by fear, making them insane, a prisoner of themselves and their instincts.

There were also a lot of cynognathuses here. They seemed to have eyes which only worked by smell. By this they were very accurate, and could see a hundred times better than most of the animals. They had eyes of fire.

The insectian world was very dramatic, much crueller than anything else. They had hives in which they locked up their prey for blood. And they could make anything of the blood. They could even let

the blood clot to stone, and they made huge cities of these in the depths of the jungle. These were the cities of blood. They also called them candy cities, because of the sweetness of the blood. It was some sort of honey. Tara sailed with Untak along all these cities to watch them. It was like she saw the eyes of hell. Tara saw the double side of this story, as somehow they were all prey of this world. There seemed to be no escape as not any piece of this world would survive beyond the borderlines of Orion. It was a trap, and it seemed to be the only safe place for them. But now Orion was in the hands of Tara. She told Untak about the stone, the stone of the Beasts of Orion. She wanted to know what to do.

‘All other worlds will die,’ Untak said. ‘This is the only safe place. The rest of the universe doesn’t have a way to transform all the extremes, the ice. They will be eaten by it, and sink away. Also for Mars : this is the only safe place. It is a cruel place, but that is the price to pay. There is no other way. There is only one lioness stone, and only one stone like you have. I saw it in dreams, and it has been in my heart always. That was the reason why I came here. It led me to this place.’

‘So you think all those who have been abducted to Orion are lucky ?’ Tara asked.

‘They have been given a chance,’ Untak said. ‘but many become a prey of the lion tower. Those who are led by the stone of the Beasts of Orion will be led to this place. They are the chosen ones. They communicate with the skulls of the savages. On Mars they would call them ancient ones, but here they are alive. They never died out. On Orion there is a place for them.’

‘You see, Tara,’ Untak said. ‘The other worlds outside Orion they are based on chemicals, artificial smells. They are not savage, but doomed. They have put their trust in kings. The things necessary for their existence and survival, necessary for their further evolution they called dirt and stench. They drown in their cosmetics, ruining their lives, but the stone you have is an eye working by dirt and stench, working by the savage smell, the breath of Orion, of the wilderness. It is the last flame of life, which is the eternal life.’

‘The stone promises a way to freedom, a way to space, although it is a way through time, a cruel substance. However, we can trick time. We can survive time. We are winners,’ Untak said. ‘The stone has been given to you, a present of the hippo, as the hippo queen gave it to you. Use it well, Tara.’

‘How can I use it ?’ Tara asked.

‘Believe in it,’ Untak said. ‘It is the best faith there is.’

Tara watched her stone. She laid it against her eye and could see a new world through it. She saw her own face in it, like the face of an angel.

The River of Doom ended in the deserts. The rulers of the deserts were the skeleton-snakes, who made a lot of noise by the movements of their bones. They were bigger than the usual snakes very often, and they formed houses in the deserts for lonely visitors, wanderers. They would lure the wanderer deeper in the house, and then they would start to move very slowly to turn the lives of the wanderers into living nightmares. By their huge and tall bodies they could become the walls, the ceilings and the floors, all perfectly camouflaged. But they would lead the wanderers into a trap, and then the rats would come to eat from their flesh. By the horror of these houses they made the blood of their victims sweet, and turned them into candy, toys or just dolls. The snakes would break the bones of their victims one by one. Whenever the victim started to find out that something in the house wasn't right, it was already too late. A woman called Marit was the ruler of these houses. She was actually a rat, and her women could also change into rats. They were the only ones who could safely live in the houses. The deserts were full of these doom towns, and whoever didn't know about these traps would fall into it.

‘Never go there into such a house,’ Untak said to Tara, ‘for the toymakers come there, and the candymakers, those who have deals with rats, and they turn the lives of wanderers into eternal nightmares. The skeleton-snakes will begin to move, and soon the house will be hell. The house will crash down and it will feed on the inhabitant, fastening him against a heap of bones, and then the rats will come. Toymakers, candymakers, dollmakers and butchers will finally take the victim away for sale. Don't think it is civilisation. It is savage, it is the wilderness.’

‘Where does Marit live ?’ Tara asked.

‘Oh, she lives in the depths of the deserts,’ Untak said. ‘She's the ruler there. When they are in need for more victims they abduct children from other planets to let them grow up in such a house first. When they become full grown the house will create more and more troubles, and then finally fastening the victim and showing it's true nature. The rats do all this. They go out to abduct the children, bring them to the houses and being friends to them. They can change into women, you know.’

‘Where can I find Marit ?’ Tara asked.

‘Come with me,’ Untak said. He knew a path through the desert to her house. When they came there she stood before the window. She looked like a doll. When she saw them she turned into a rat

immediately and ran outside. A fight started. Tara had raised her sword. The rat jumped at Untak and bit him horribly. Tara quickly pushed her sword into the back of the rat. 'That will be enough, Tara,' Untak said. 'You have hit her in her sensitive spot.' The rat fell down. It had a broken spine now, and it was slowly dying. 'Oh, not when I eat from this candy,' the rat screamed, and grasped one of the legs of Untak to bite a piece out of it. Immediately the rat straightened its back again. Then the rat ran into the house again. 'It heals itself by eating meat,' Untak said with a painful face. 'You will heal also,' Tara said. 'Let's go into the house.'

'You know what kind of house it is, Tara,' Untak said. 'It can be dangerous.'

'We need to go in,' Tara said. 'We do not have another choice.' Then Tara ran in, while immediately the walls started to ripple. Tara ran through the corridors, and saw the woman sitting on a throne in a huge hall.'

'That is kind of dumb,' the woman said. The walls started to move closer and closer to each other. Untak was on the roofs at that moment, and threw a rope through a hole between the bones. 'Take the rope,' he shouted to Tara. But Tara crashed the walls by her sword to have another opening, and then she ran upwards to the throne. Again the woman turned into a rat, and this time she jumped on Tara. They had a wrestling on the ground. The rat bit Tara a few times and she started to bleed. By her sword she could shake the rat away from her and then ran to the throne again. There was a mirror between two jewels on the seat of the throne. By her sword Tara destroyed the mirror. 'I know this is the source of your power, witch,' Tara shouted. Tara knew this because the stone she had in her sword had told her this. But the mirror healed itself again. 'As long as there is meat to eat the mirror will live on,' the rat screamed. Then Tara lay the stone of her sword against the mirror while the mirror exploded, and its two jewels were melting away.

The rat was changing into a woman again. She had become weak. She almost crept towards her throne and settled down on it again, but she had lost her powers. 'Jump away, Untak,' Tara screamed to Untak who was still sitting on the roof. Tara dived away through the opening she had made by her sword. Then the enormous house crashed down to become a heap of bones.

Years later Tara and Untak visited the heap of bones again, and Marit the ratwoman still lived there, on her throne, but the throne and also herself had become old and poor. Everything had been covered by spiderwebs. 'You don't have to be afraid of the house anymore. It's over now. It's not the same anymore,' the old woman said. 'But don't you know my throne has been made of skeleton-snakes, and I have been made of them too. Don't you know that after great draughts they always rise up again?'

‘Yes, we know,’ Tara said. ‘And that is why we command you to leave the desert with your skeleton-snakes, and to leave Orion.’

‘But you know I cannot live outside Orion,’ the old woman said. ‘Then I will die.’

‘You will live at the borderlines,’ Untak said. ‘That must be enough for you.’

‘But I need meat to get through the night,’ the old woman spoke.

‘There’s meat enough at the borderlines of Orion. Go there for a hunt, and put your houses there,’ Untak said.

And thus the borderlines of Orion became a dangerous place, but Tara and Untak had to do it for the sake of the savage zone of Orion. The stone had decided it this way. And it was true, the woman rose to the heights of her powers again, but this time not in the savage zone again. She had lost her place at the River of Doom, and she had lost her deserts there.

Chapter 4. The Sea of No Return

To Tara it had become clear now. She would stay here for a long time. There was a path to the other side of the Deserts of Doom now. But all Tara could find was more doom. Here the wild cats of Honolor lived, at a strange beach ending in a forest. Again these wild cats could turn into women and they could make someone deaf by their shrieks and cries. Whenever they had caught a victim they would give the victim no rest and no food, finally to put the victim in a small box, which they used for their hives. They were beekeepers, all for blood. In this sense they looked like those of the insectian world. They used the blood to build their cities, candy cities. They mixed it with honey and they transformed parts of it into white blood for creams and making bread. In that sense they looked like the belly-dancers of Turet.

The wild cats of Honolor had many ways to get their victims. They had arenas, and further all sorts of traps. They also visited the battlefields after the battles. One of their best tricks was to turn into nursing, motherlike types, in which they could create a hospital sphere. They were very clever in misleading their victims. And still it was no civilisation. It was savage. It was the wilderness. There was no care in Honolor. All care was nothing but a trap. They needed blood donors for their hives. They made the most beautiful cities by their bloody candy. They used to make these on the edge between the beach and the forest.

Honolor was a strange world. The wild cats covered it all up. When Tara visited Honolor she was in a fight immediately. In rage she slew many of these corrupted women. She wanted to dominate Orion. She had help from tall snakes, called by the stone. It was an invasion that day. The sky had turned bloodred. It was like the wardancers had come. It was a revolution in the sky. This time the wingless flies were also in the sky, helping her, turning the wild cats into skeletons. Tara didn't send them out of the savage zone, but she sent them to the borderlines of the savage zone.

Through the forest Tara reached a place near to an enormous beach where the Sea of No Return was. Between the forest and the enormous beach there was a guard named the Man with the Million Heads, for he had a million heads. Tara had a fight against him for two days. Whenever she cut off the heads they grew again. The only way to return was the Stairway of Fire. Those who would finally reach the sea could never return. The guard used to throw his victims on the stairs, by which they fell back. But Tara threw him on the stairway of fire, by which he fell into the depths.

Within a few hours Tara was on a raft on the Sea of No Return.

The Clowns of

Trigidad

Tara was on her way to the prince of Trigidad, a city on Mars. When she came there the prince was desperate. He told Tara about a gang of clowns terrorizing Trigidad. They had big machines by which they could mess with the minds of the citizens, and they made a lot of noise. No one knew what to do against those clowns.

Tara watched some of the pictures he had. 'There is nothing we can do,' the prince said. 'We really need your help. People have the feeling they are drowning in themselves, taken over by strange devices.' The prince sighed. He was happy Tara finally came. He trusted her. She was almost almighty in his eyes.

Tara took some of the pictures and went outside. There were strange orange and red rays in the air. Quickly one of the clowns came down from a machine, and took her in a grip. 'What do you want to do about us, lady,' he moaned. Tara slammed him against a tree. She took his gun and aimed it at him. 'Listen, you dumb piece of plastic,' she said. 'Go back to your toy world.' She shot him in the head, but the clown was only laughing, and then went away. It seemed the clowns were immune against their own weapons.

The gun started beeping, and soon it got very hot. Tara had to drop the gun. The gun was coded and didn't recognize Tara as the owner. Tara ran away and dived, while the gun was exploding. She hid behind a tree. She saw the clown running in the distance, and she decided to follow him. The clown went into a forest, and after running for a long time she followed him into a strange sort of domain. She hid behind a wall, and heard some of the clowns talking. They talked about taking over Trigidad, but first they needed to destroy it's prince. Tara felt a strange fire in her bones. She knew the prince was in danger. From her back she took her sword, and then went to the clowns to cut off their heads, but the clowns were only laughing, and took their heads in their hands. Their faces were halve white halve black. 'We are just holograms, lady,' one of them said. They smiled at her. 'Our true selves are on Reticuli, the Dark Constellation, you're fighting a projection.'

They took Tara in a grip and locked her up in a prison made of red rays. Whenever she touched a ray it burnt her skin, and the rays were moving. After awhile the rays moved closer to her, while she heard the clowns laughing in the distance. Tara roared because it was burning her flesh away. 'No !' she screamed. She took one of her knives and brought it between her teeth. The clowns were holding a sort of device. Then Tara took the knife from between her teeth and held it into the rays until it was burning, and then she threw it at the device, while it exploded. Tara was free now, and ran away from the clowns. She ran into another hall where there was a big machine. She knew that by this machine their holograms came here. She stepped into the cabin after she had pushed some buttons on the computer. Within a few seconds she was on Reticuli, on one of the main planets.

She stared at some clowns with black faces, and they stared at her. This time she could behead them as these weren't holograms. Behind the machine room there was a huge hall with frozen people like dolls. She wandered in this hall for hours, and she realized that all the other worlds were just

holograms. Finally she found herself and realized that she was a hologram herself. She could step into herself and it was like she was coming alive this time. It was like she had finally found her powers. Then after awhile she found the prince of Trigidad. She laid her body against his body, and she could melt him a bit. He could move, and breath. 'Tara, I ... I ...' the prince said.

'It's okay,' Tara said. 'Let's start a new life here.' She explained him a bit what was going on. They could find the exit of this hall, and came into a huge wilderness. A black chief dressed with leopard skins looked at them. 'Oko bok lulu,' he said. Then a young woman came forward. The people here were very friendly. Soon they realized that they had escaped from a dangerous institute. This was the real life.

Tara was among the panthers now. They walked freely here among humans, and they were hospital. She loved to stare into this huge wilderness, so many layers of forest and jungle. It was intoxicating her mind and flesh.

Tara woke up in the palace of the prince of Trigidad. It was just a dream. He had an empire in the jungle, and Tara was his guest. 'Have you slept well ?' he asked Tara.

'Yes,' Tara said. The prince was surrounded by panthers and snakes, and well-dressed with leopard-skins.

'Have you had strange dreams ?' he asked. 'You know, we have drunk a lot yesterday, exotic drinks, and they can play with the mind. It's actually all information, symbolic information.'

'Yes,' Tara said. 'I dreamt of the clowns.'

'The clowns ?' the prince said. 'Oh yes, they were dangerous zombificators of the past. They ruled our people but we are free of them now.'

'Where are they now ?' Tara asked.

'Under the ground,' the prince said.

‘I also dreamt that I found my powers back,’ Tara said.

‘Oh yes, you will find them here,’ the prince said. ‘I have waited so long for you, and I will share with you the secrets of your existence.’

‘What do you mean by under the ground,’ Tara asked.

‘Well, they came from under the ground, and they returned to it,’ the prince said.

‘They were savages, and they just used white masks, all to build their empire, their city, and they kidnapped us to that,’ the prince said. ‘From dust they came and to dust they have returned. It’s finally ours now.’

Again Tara woke up. It seemed to be a dream within a dream. She was staring into the face of a clown. ‘Where am I ?’ she asked. ‘Trinidad,’ the clown said. ‘Don’t you remember anymore ?’

‘No,’ Tara said, ‘how did I come here ?’

The clown showed her a strange fluid in plastic. ‘A snake-bite,’ he said.

‘Am I dead ?’ she asked.

‘No,’ he said, ‘but you are fighting against it. You are in delirium. Your body is making antidotes at the moment. You will be okay. Snakes are just the holograms of their spirits. They live in the underground. They are clowns. You are with us now.’

Chapter 2. Fallen Angels

I wondered where I was. I was in Snake City, in the depths of the underground, where the clowns lived. Their holograms lived on the surfaces as snakes, just to distract others from Snake City. They had sent their omens to the world above, programmed with a message of Judgement and Doom. It was the last invitation to come to Snake City by the means of complexed rituals or just a snake-bite. I, Tara, seemed to be their prisoner. It was a strange cult, a strange religion. The clowns were black, but painted themselves in white very often.

But more and more I realized that I was still dreaming. Did I eat something wrong, or was it just a long long night. I woke up and saw flashes of spiders, very intense. Or was this just a vision. Was it spider venom, and did they keep me in these dreams ? It seemed I couldn't wake up anymore, like I was in a coma. The spiders had pink spots on their backs. Was I hallucinating ? It looked so real. I could feel them creep across my body. It was burning me. Suddenly I saw flashes of flies, strange exotic flies, and they started to come down on the spiders to eat them, and lay eggs in them. The baby flies grew up very fast and lived from the flesh of the spiders. Strange electricity moved through me. I stood up, and I was pretty sure I had fallen into a nest but now I was rising up again, still intoxicated, like I was drunk. A warrior stood before me with a bandana. I asked him who he was. 'Come,' he said. 'I will lead you to my camp.'

They were very friendly to me, and very hospital. But then I woke up in the palace of the prince of Trigidad again. It was like I had walked in a circle. 'Clowns, Tara,' he spoke. 'Here, drink from this, and you will stay awake.' I drank and stood up.

'Who are the clowns ?' I asked.

'The clowns of Trigidad are flies,' he said. 'I have saved you from them, but their poison needs to come out. I just gave you some stuff, so it will do.'

'Did I fall into their nest ?' I asked.

'Yes,' the prince spoke.

'Who are you then ?' I asked.

‘I am their prince,’ he said. ‘But they have fallen away from me. They are mere fallen angels.’

‘Are you God then ?’ I asked. ‘Am I dead ? Am I in heaven or hell ?’

But there was no one anymore. I stood in the jungle, and there was such a sweetness. I was close to a nest of exotic flies. I pushed some leaves into my nose. I couldn’t afford myself to smell it again. Then I walked away from it as far as I could, and continued my journey.

The Court-Wizard

Tara came in the Land of the Horseflies after a long journey. It was on a strange planet which she reached by her airsailer. When she stepped into the jungle two boys were staring at her. They shot something in her eye, and she fell asleep. She woke up in a palace, under a soft blanket made of feathers. A man in black, with a skeleton, stared at her. They offered her some fruit. She started to eat. Then the two boys came in the room. ‘Good job, Arsan and Ramit, good job,’ the man in the black dress said. ‘Kemit Matuja Horso Ron,’ one of the boys spoke, and left again.

‘Do you know where you are ?’ the man in black asked.

‘Not really,’ Tara said. ‘All I know is that I was on my way to the Land of Horseflies.’

‘You are there,’ the man said. ‘Kata Hari Damar Sa Romu,’ the other boy said, and left.

The man went to Tara and cut a small piece out of her head. He showed her a chip. ‘Here, this was in your head,’ he said to Tara. ‘It is a colour-chip. It was your brains ruling the colours, but now your nose needs to do, as we all do.’ Then he made a cut in her nose, and pushed another even smaller and thinner chip into her nose. ‘It will totally blend with your body,’ the man said. Tara took a deep breath. The colours began to change. It was like she could watch deeper now. It was like she could even see the temperature now, and the differences between it.

‘Welcome to the Land of the Horseflies,’ the man said.

A man with long hair came in, with some monkeys. He had a spear. ‘Cynthies Merches Samir Samis,’ he said.

‘This is our court wizard,’ the man in the black dress said. ‘He wants to take you on some trips on the rivers.’

‘We lead you to Bai Sarum,’ the sorcerer said. He raised his spear. ‘More panthers than you have ever seen,’ he said.

Within a few minutes they were on the river. On both sides there were jungles. The wizard pushed something into her arm. She fell asleep again, and woke up in a place full of panthers. It was a place with veils everywhere. A man was sitting on a throne, clothed in leopard-skin. ‘Is that Tara ?’ he asked.

Tara fell asleep again, only by hearing this voice. It was a chief-wizard. When she woke up she was surrounded by monkeys. She felt their soft skins. ‘Am I in paradise ?’ she asked.

‘Give her something to drink,’ a voice spoke.

Soon she felt tasteful thick liquids streaming through her mouth. Someone held his hand on the back of her neck. Warm streams entered her body. 'Breathe, Tara,' someone said.

'Where am I?' Tara asked. 'I know I am in the Land of Horseflies, but where?'

She fell asleep again. She was still on the river, in a boat, while a red-orange light appeared next to her. The river was misty. 'Keep awake,' the wizard said. 'We go to the fortress.'

When the wizard laid her hands on her they were suddenly in a place full of purple veils, but she couldn't stay awake here. It was like déjà-vu. She remembered this place, but what was it?

It was like the boat was becoming one with the river, and she slid into the water, while the waters stirred up the hallucination. She saw flowers at the riversides, like they were fences. They had deep roots, tall roots, and they were all over the place. She was in the hands of a wizard. Huge dragonclaws were in the sky.

A dragon was whispering to her, words of love. It was like a rebirth. She was approaching an Indian pyramid. She felt a motor-cycle under her, she felt like racing in a car. But she didn't want to go to a city. She wanted to stay a savage.

'Take it,' the dragon said.

Finally Tara gave over. She was entering a huge city, high pillars, high towers, all reddish, like a night city. She stepped out of a car, having high heels. It had rained. The air was moist. There was a huge building, like a giant skull. She went inside. It was a hotel. Someone gave her water, and led her to her suite. There was a piano there, and some poles. It was a bit like a ballet room. There was another woman there. She didn't say anything but started to play the piano. Then she went to one of the poles, and danced. Tara drank from the water. There was a bed in the room. She sat down on it. Then she went to sleep.

The next day she was in the jungle again, deeper than ever. She was in the mud, like a rebirth. She slid to the river. She was like drunk. She knew it was all because of the flowers. It was in the waters, and she had drunk from it. The city was inside, and she could only touch it lightly, finally to enter deeper into the wilderness than ever. The city was a hot stone she could only hold for a second. The city was a red glowing stone in her amulet, burning in leather around her pulse.

If she would have stayed in the city any longer, she would fall away from her gods. These gods were savage. They would judge her for living in the city.

But the dragon sent her back to the city one day. The city was a deeper jungle to her. He had put a new colour-chip in her head. She was like a traffic-light. She would just stay here for one day. No one knew who she was. She had a savage look in her eyes. And monkeys were with her. All she did was walking through the streets. Finally she fell asleep, and a friendly man took her to his home to give her a room. He gave her some water, while the dragon took her out again, for the day was over.

But after a week he sent her back again, and then again, until she could stay a little longer. She found work in a circus. She worked with leopards. Everyday she heard the voice of the dragon, but he never showed up to her. She loved to work with leopards. They loved her and adored her. She had a room somewhere. She lived in the city. Her neighbour was Robert McDanen, an ambitious man. He was an author, and a maker of comics. He often went to the circus to make pictures of her with her leopards. Then he would turn them into paintings. He was also an excellent painter. One day he invited her to come look at his paintings. But this time the dragon showed up, together with fire. The fire, to destroy the paintings, and the claw to take Tara away.

Robert was confused by this experience. He wondered where she had gone all of a sudden. He knew she loved the jungle, so he went there to look for her. After searching for days he found her. She was in a cave with gorillas.

‘How did you leave so quickly ?’ he asked.

Then Tara told him all about the dragon.

‘Are you a slave of the dragon ?’ Robert asked.

‘I just can’t live the life you are living,’ Tara said. ‘It’s just something inside.’

‘But I need to have you with me,’ Robert said. ‘I can’t live without you. Plus, who destroyed all the paintings. I love you.’

But again the dragon-claw showed up, it struck Robert, and he lost consciousness. After a day he woke up. 'Where am I ?' he asked.

'With me,' Tara said. 'You have to go home. I just don't belong to your world.'

'I understand that now,' Robert said. 'But thanks for the good times.'

Then he left. But in a strange way Tara just couldn't forget about him. One day she went back to the city to visit him. Other people lived in her room now, and also Robert didn't live there anymore. She asked some neighbours where he lived now, but they said they didn't know. One of them said he would probably live in the jungle now.

Tara searched for him for many weeks and months, and finally she found him. He lived also with gorillas, and seemed to be their king. He smiled when he saw Tara.

'Why do you live here ?' Tara asked.

'You inspired me,' Robert said.

'Why don't you write, why not making comics and paintings,' she asked.

'Oh, I do that, in the depths of my cave,' Robert said, while he smiled. 'Come, let me show you where I live.'

It was a long trip through a tunnel, until they came in his cave, where he had all his books, comics and paintings. He showed her some paintings of her. 'I hope they will survive your stare this time,' he said.

‘Actually I like them this time,’ Tara said. ‘Friend, I feel comfortable about the way you are living now, can I visit you ?’

‘Whenever you want,’ Robert said smiling.

Then the dragon-claw took Tara away.

The End

The Spider

Seed

Chapter 1.

Tara sat in her tree, while under her feet there was her hill of spider seed. Often she would only come into a bloody arena. First blood needed to flow before she would come, a lot of blood. Suddenly Tara slid from her tree to the spider seed, ripped the skin off of one of the men. Then she quickly killed the skinless man. Then the spiders came to devour the meat of the prisoner, while strange lullabies from Tara's hills were taking their souls away, but now oiled by spider seed. It was like chained in a strange way, and it gave them so much control over themselves back. They were graceful to their goddess that she would give them such freedom and having them possess their own minds. The warprisoner who had to die today was the one wanting to possess their minds for his evil purposes. They imprisoned him in the war against his dark tribe, but now Tara had dealt with him, like they couldn't. For she would also take his soul to her realms to devour it and capture it. That was the price someone had to pay who wanted to mess with her. That night Tara descended again from her hills to accept the sacrifice. Tara was a cruel goddess tormenting her victims on the fields of Tartarus on Mars. She didn't live by her mercy, but just by lust. Lust was in her eyes a good gift from the skeleton-gods. Every night she taught them how to fight and conquer. She taught them how to fight by the powers. Tara preached liberation to her followers. She preached everlasting damnation and everlasting war not as a punishment but as the well of eternal life and peace inside. It was the well of everlasting creation. Tara was the goddess of no taboo. She was the Lawless. All the other roads were to her just traps in which the corrupted mind could grow, divinity, of someone who wanted to possess their skull to give it a mind. Tara hated the mind. Only a mind driven by lust could mean something, because it came from the streams of the primeval. Tara believed in instincts for these were coming from the higher ways. But these instincts always needed to be purified and

directed in the pools of everlasting damnation and everlasting war. She preached baptism in such pools for salvation. But Tara hated the men who never went to such pools. She called them unclean.

The spider seed was a way to Tara to keep clean. It would protect against the black powers of civilization. Often these were spiders themselves, and she often smeared their bodies with snake-slimes. She was aware that many of them were nothing but slaves. Often they were roaring in the night, looking for more victims, slaves making slaves. She realized she was on both sides, as a paradox. She was the black snake. She was devouring it, and coming alive again, infiltrating the depths of legalism. It was a dark hole, and she was even darker. No one dared to come closer to her house, this house in the tree. There were some flashes and some shrieks, and suddenly Tara had kicked some monkeys to the ground. A fight started, in which she soon raised their skulls. She was roaring. The serpent seed slid across her skin, mixing itself with the spider seed. She was a chameleon. She was a savage queen in her own rights. Soon the spider seed had totally devoured the monkeys. She was the queen of the jungle. No one had any chance to take her crown. She was on both sides. She was a spy, an infiltrator. She had a legalistic smile. All she wanted was to come out of her box, out of her tree.

The spider seed was in the air like a red hot wind, like howling wolves, making them all prisoners of a legal system. Tara made a sudden switch. It was like she was taking off her mask, and they stared into a face of a skeleton. The spider seed was mixing itself in the air, and soon the chains were tight. It was flowing from a strange bush, a heart, like a nest of bees. It was making them insane. The winds were whispering, shrieking, altering their minds. It was a poison in their brains.

A dark man was holding the skull of Tara. He was the leader of the dark tribe. He had dipped her head into poison, in a golden bowl. He was laughing, mocking her like a hyena would do.

‘Merge,’ Tara whispered, ‘I know you would do this.’

The spider seed was torturing her brains. It was deceiving her, giving her all sorts of illusions. ‘Can you stop now,’ Tara said. ‘I feel so delirious.’

‘No,’ Merge said. ‘You have wished this on yourself by killing my main man.’

Tara sighed. She was confused. She was so deep in this dark, dangerous temple, this jungle temple. Merge was staring at her. He was the chief and leader of a huge tribe. He had her locked up in a labyrinth.

‘Can someone get me out of here ?’ Tara shouted. Dark voices were surrounding Tara. It was like everything went darker, lower and slower. ‘What is this spider seed doing,’ Tara shrieked. ‘What is it.’

Merge was holding some tubes in his hands. ‘The dragons know it,’ Merge said. ‘They used it against you, to get you here.’

‘It’s burning in my head,’ Tara said.

‘You have drunk from it,’ Merge said. ‘And now you are here.’

The sleep, a mechanism in the temple of Merge, to keep them all away from the secret he guarded, the secret of his power. Tara fell asleep again. She had been struck by pain, she had lost her consciousness. Merge was smiling. She was his doll. He would raise her in his army.

He dyed her with the colours of war, and gave her the most beautiful clothes. She was under his spell. It was a product of total zombification.

The floods of spider sperm were in the land. The people were melting away. The snake had once slided to bring all these souls, but now they were all melting away.

Merge was like a statue. After many years Tara could break free from him. She raised on her hill again, on the skulls of all these dead men who were in Merge's service. But again she woke up in Merge's temple. She had no control over herself. It was a long wrestling in which every freedom was a deeper trap. One day he found his dragon heart, and she pierced it. But it set free the winds of the tormenting desert. It brought her down, more than ever before. They dragged her to a cave, and slowly she was sliding into a pit.

She was calling out for Merge, for there was nothing but darkness here. She had mixed feelings about him. She found in his heart the hives of spiders. He was the brother of Gitdugal. The smell of candy was here. It drove her insane. She was almost forced to eat from it, as she was so hungry. She became part of his heart, there was no escape.

He made her general of his army. She commanded his hunters. They were all part of his heart, a heart of glass. At one point she was so one with him that she started to realize she was Merge. She was the sister of Gitdugal. At this moment she realized she had a split personality, and she had to accept it. The more she struggled against it, the more she became aware of it.

Chapter 2.

Tara realized she was part of this allpowerful bloodline, the spiderseed. It was breaking her down and building her up again, on this gigantic beach. She raised her sword up, and became doom. She was her own enemy now, she had survived. She took advantage of it to the fullest extends. She had taken over his army by becoming him. She was endarkened, darkness being the only light. She saw the reflections of her face in her sword. It was like a skull. Death and life were hers now.

She had fought her way through this poison, this dark tribe. She had lost herself in order to find herself back. She realized it was Merge's desert she was in. And doom was her mission. The bones of Merge were dry in the sand. All his bones broken apart from each other. She saw a misty palace in the distance, where the spider lived, his soul. Here the knights of darkness and nightmare dwelled. But it was far away from her. The house was moving to the sea. It was all drowning. The poison was now her weapon, it was shifting. First it was aimed at herself, now she could aim it at her enemies. The poison was now her friend. She died in it and came alive in it. It was the snake spirit of Merge, a woman named Mercury.

She took possession of the palace, the ghost palace of it, which was coming closer to her. The woman Mercury was veiled and slided towards the highest tower of the palace. Suddenly there was lightening everywhere, and auras with strange sounds. And the poison was her cure. It had led her through the realms of death, spoken about the secrets. It had shifted before her eyes and gave her visions.

There were secret lights in the palace, all blinding, all triangles like jewelry. The palace was a place of eternity. The battle was psychedelic, there were no logics but the test. It was a palace made of the purest candy and the purest money. She found there the secret knowledge of not only candy and money, but also of love and estheticka. She held on to these gnosises as to her heartbeat. It was a rich esotericka. Finally she saw the spirit of Merge sinking away. She was holding his scalp. There was no any just battle without this esotericka, this hidden knowledge. She found the tree of hidden knowledge in the middle of the palace. There were a lot of snakes here, half women. She craved to be one with this tree, to be a part of it. The money was just a weapon, a hunter's tool, flowing from the well of eternal poverty, from everlasting doom. Those who had not been here wouldn't have any part in it. Those who had not defeated Merge could not see it's lights. It was the secret of a stone full of tears. The money was a fluid here. There was a giant woman living in the tree, guarding the secret of honey. The tree would lead to a giant world. The woman was very big and jumped on Tara. If Tara wouldn't defeat her she would not get any step further. Tara took her sword from behind her back and beheaded the giant woman, all in a flash. The woman was shrinking, while Tara got the most beautiful exotic wings, like those from foreign flies. She flew up on the tree, and reached giant world.

There was another gnosis here, the gnosis of war, and of hunt. Those who didn't go to the depth of it would not survive in a place like this. It all led her to a cave, where women lived. They were a lot huger than her, but they began to feed her. She had to eat the flesh of a lot of unknown creatures, often cattle. The horned ones were a danger here, and the predators were often horned as well. The women told her that she had to go through the fields, until she would reach the land of cattle. Here she would finally find rest. Still Tara was haunted by the ghosts of Merge. They were like the mists around her. The chains of the spider seed were tight. The women protected her, and taught her. They also taught her of the gnosis of death and torment, and Tara seemed to get more insight in her life. There was a savage knowledge she had to follow, a savage gnosis, named the nipoid. It was a native gnosis, leading her back to her own bloodline, the serpent seed. Merge was roaring while she raised her shields against him. But finally he was too strong again. It looked like a demonic possession. She could do nothing but embrace it, knowing she had a part in this bloodline as well, and it could be of use. Merge was a part of her.

She was like the weresnake, chained by spider seed, led to the gnosis of the predator and the gnosis of the cattle, finally to find peace. In this she met the prince of all predators, a yellow man with golden bands around his upper arms. He was very fast and had a piercing odor. He seemed to be a man after her heart, a man of lightening. He shared with her a lot of secrets. He was a man of balance and extremes, a wereman, and the more she got to know his characters, the more she understood him. He seemed to be her guard against the predators, and it was him who finally led her to the land of cattle. She could sleep here and rest here, finding a deep peace. She realized there was a number on their heads, 666, and this had brought them a lot of suffering. It was the work of Merge. Everyone who received that number became cattle. Tara realized when she was watching into the reflections of her sword that she had also this number on her forehead, but a fire was roaring within. Suddenly there was milk sweeping through the air washing the numbers away. Tara was now dyed with the colours of war. Again she realized that she was in the hands of Merge, playing with her.

‘What do you want from me ?’ Tara shouted.

‘You’re in the labyrinth, Tara,’ a voice spoke. ‘The labyrinth of spider seed.’

It was tearing her apart. But here the liquids of money was flowing more than ever. It seemed like it was coming from the cattle.

‘Money is meat,’ a voice said. ‘Come closer.’

Tara felt like a jester, a joke. She felt weak. She raised her sword, and called for the prince of predators, but this time the prince of money came to her. ‘What do you know of money ?’ he asked. He smelled like candy. ‘Become an adept, Tara,’ he said, ‘instead of making such a drama about all things in your life.’

He took her to his temple. The money here was sweet. It was hot as well. ‘I’m about to bring floods of money, and we will see later who will survive,’ he said. Tara was bowing for him. She had pain. It was like she couldn’t do anything else.

‘Please ..pl ..please, help me out of here,’ she spoke.

The prince of money took her up and said : ‘There’s much for you to learn.’ It became a long fight against the prince of money, a fight in which she was forced to worship him, but resulted in her victory. She beheaded him. His scalp would always be with her. She had the feeling she would not come any further without it. After defeating the prince she entered a hall with a lot of statues. Eyes were staring at her. They were the elements of the gnosis, the secret knowledge. Behind a next door there was the tree again, this time leading to a soft world. The people living here were like cloud people more or less. In a hall there were huge brains from which animals came forth. A voice spoke : These are the fallen ones. They live from the brains. Start the hunt.

Then there were animals coming from a huge stomach. The voice spoke : It won’t take long now anymore. These ones come from lust and love, from the dark heart, send out to eat those of the brains. Choose.

Tara got blindfolded and someone span her around. She lost all her orientation, but she chose the path of the strongest smell, the unknown. It was a huge area. When she was in she soon wasn't blindfolded anymore. The people here had strange spots on their bodies, like nipples. They were all over, especially on their backs. 'These are the sensitive ones,' the voice spoke. 'But there will come a shift. The unsensitive ones from the brains will get sensitive as well, and they will see and feel what they have caused. They have always been the predators, but they will be the cattle. And like they have suppressed others, they will be suppressed as well.'

Tara got a bow in her hand. 'Now hunt,' a voice said. 'Only the hunters will survive this place.' A huge white fire was rising, like floods, and all predators became cattle. Soon Tara was in abundant slaughter. The blood was streaming all over her body, and she was screaming in rage. It was like she was in a war. These brains were the guards of the hidden knowledge, and finally she was tearing those veils down. The tree came to a climax here, and a flower grew on top. It was the most beautiful flower Tara had ever seen, like the jungle flower. There was so much order now in the chaos. The flower was like the inventory of the hidden knowledge. 'Drink from me,' said the flower. Tara was growing and growing, becoming like a giant, while the animals of the brains became smaller. She stepped into the huge flower and started to climb. It was like a stairway. She had so much survey here but she kept staring at the top. A man totally covered with nipple-like spots came towards her, and took her by the hand. She was drinking from the fluids from the flower. There were small waterfalls everywhere, in special colours. Huge cats were staring at her.

'You want to know about the gnosis of love ?' a voice spoke. 'Fight for it.'

Chapter 3.

A dark hairy man fell on her, like a monkey. She had a huge wrestling but she couldn't defeat him. She tried to reach her sword, but he wouldn't let her. Soon he had her in his grip, and held her arms behind her back. 'I do not understand this,' Tara said to herself. 'I feel so weak.' The man tied her and neckchained her, and took her up. She didn't know where the other man was all of a sudden. A voice spoke : 'All those who have come this far need to know, bondage is the pressure of the unknown. If you use your brains now, you will escape, but it will lead you all way back to the start, and all those of the brains are prey, even more than before. You might be bigger, but you will be cattle.'

Tara felt the powers of the brain. She didn't want to use it. She could if she wished, to get rid of the chain. But she didn't choose to. The man led her further up. Here a queen sat on a throne, with huge white feathers. She was like a peacock. 'What do you want in this flower ?' the queen asked.

'The gnosis,' Tara said. 'The secret knowledge, that is all what I long for.'

‘Then lose your brain,’ the queen said. ‘Guards, let her drink something.’

They came with a huge bottle, and Tara started to drink. She felt like getting drunk. It was like colourful smoke in her. She saw faces of cats around her, and huge snakes floating around her.

‘Don’t you know,’ the queen said. ‘Those of the brains will be eaten.’

‘Yes,’ Tara said.

‘Give me your hand,’ the queen said. Tara stepped forward and gave her hand. The queen stared in it. ‘I see good days for you coming. Days in which you will find true love. And your hunger will be satisfied. Welcome to the land of satisfaction.’ The queen moved away with her throne and a portal came in sight. Tara was staring through it. Tara entered through it, and became free. Another man came to her, this man was covered by all sorts of sores. He tried to attack her, but Tara took her sword from behind her back and beheaded him. Then another man attacked her with sores, and she did the same. Soon she was surrounded by more of these men, all growling. A weakness came over her again, and they tied her to some sort of spiderweb. Spiders were creeping across her skin, and soon she had some sores as well. This was a land ruled by spiders. She remembered how the spider seed was in her. Another queen approached her, also on a moving throne. She had a huge spiderweb behind her. She was the queen of spiders. ‘I wish you to become sensitive, my dear,’ the queen spoke. ‘That’s the job of the spiders. You better have it now, rather than when the white fire comes.’

‘What is that,’ Tara asked.

‘Don’t you know,’ said the queen. Tara fell asleep. She couldn’t hold the pain anymore. When she woke up she was covered by sores all over. ‘They protect you,’ said the queen. ‘Against the ages of the brains.’ It was like someone had marked Tara. She looked like a leopard now. She was growling. The queen dyed her with some colours, like the patterns of snakes. The sores more and more started to look like scars, like nipples. ‘These are the spots storing the gnosis,’ said the queen, ‘the nipoid.’ Tara grew more and more like a predator. She got her own room, in a cave with dark statues. Her scars were like a communication system. On the top of the flower there was a flame. It was all interactive. She didn’t want to return anymore. The spider seed was like her jewelry here and her lingerie.

The Needles of

Pill-A

Chapter 1. The Eye of Tears

'After traveling a lot through the atmosphere which looked like a desert, I came in my spaceship to the planet of ducks. It was full of sex houses and drug stores. I went inside of a drug store and got me some duck drugs. I injected it in my veins, and smiled. This was good stuff. I smiled even more, and took a deep breath. I felt like my muscles were dying, and my nipples were taking over. All was in orgasmic rythms, my brain muscles were like dying. It was like a fist in me was rising. The ducks were like humans here, just more sensitive, and women and men seemed to be equal. Males were not the stronger race. I took another shot, and started to hallucinate. Something was taking me over. Soon I looked into the eyes of a she-duck. She took me to her house, where she started to undress me, and she covered me with jewelry. I was far from nude, yet it was like my skin could breath better, and it was better visible, but not in an untasteful way. I actually liked it. She girdled me. I felt nothing but sweetness from her, no threats. I had the feeling she wouldn't abuse me. She was full of attention and full of love, and then she ran away. The house soon didn't exist anymore, and I woke up. I was still in the drug store. They told me if I wanted the experience to endure I needed to have my body produce the drug itself, as a hormone, from a special duck drug organ, the DDO. They showed me this pink organ, which looked like a heart, but it had to be implanted in the stomach. I protested against such a surgery, but finally they convinced me, and I knew I was in good hands. I went to sleep, and I was with her again. Now I knew she would stay forever, as I had the organ. I could stay in this dream, and I was happy. But something happened. In my dream she got shot, and even though I did not wake up anymore, and even though I was still in her house, she was not with me anymore, and I faced her funeral. I only remembered of the criminals as black shadows, and they still danced in the backgrounds of my mind. In my dream I tried to find the drug store again, and they told me the DDO needed to get updated often. It often needed extra installations, and there was a risk the DDO could die. I was shocked, as I didn't expect this. I needed a perfect DDO. A DDO could become old, and not working properly anymore. I wanted my girl back. I wanted to go to the dream as it was. They brought me to a memory bank, where I could get my memories back and live in them. But there were many risks. Even worse problems could show up. I needed the perfect drug. They told me it was very complicated.

I treasured my DDO, I was in love with it. Things seemed to work out, and I got my girl back again. I visited the drug store daily for updates, and so did my girl. The DDO was like my heart. The secret of the DDO was the duck sun, which would be the source to eternalize the DDO. We wanted to travel to the duck sun, me and my girl, in our spaceship.

It directly activated a ray called Pill-A when we reached a certain zone around the duck zone, a ray penetrating the muscles and brains of earthlings like needles, inserting a poison to paralyze them, so that the DDO also could grow into them. It was because I had the earth DNA in my history files, and it could be beamed straight through it to reach the earth zones to do it's job. We could follow this all on screens. At the same time duck warriors were approaching the earth. Even the heart muscles had to be penetrated like this. The duck sun was taking over. It would shift all the realities of earth, and

there would be a shift from the Musclian Age to the Nipplian Age. The ducks were about to bring childhood back to earth, and all the adult behaviour would die. They used the duck drugs for that.

After this they would have to take over the black brain sun and the black muscle sun, which seemed to be the sources of the whole musclian age.'

A captive woke up in a camp of native american women. He had been a prisoner here for awhile. The women seemed to be insane, claiming he had committed an unforgivable sin, and therefore he was their prisoner of doom. They had put him in an arena where he had to fight, and where he actually got partly paralyzed and spasmic. Now he was laying there, in a tent, inbetween some native women, waiting for the everlasting torment to come, as a punishment for his wicked deeds, of which he didn't know what it was. He felt misjudged, but his dreams at nights seemed beautiful, deep, haunting, as was this place.

He felt a hand on his shoulder. A woman stood before him. It was Tara from Rhodes, his saviour. She led him out of this place. She brought him to her home, somewhere behind rocks, in a sandy cave. It was raining outside. She took care of his wounds. The women with their evil grins still tormented his mind, but this woman was so different. She gave him a sword and a knife, but he was still paralyzed and in spasm. But when he held it, soon power streamed through his body. 'What is that ?' he asked.

'You have been chosen by the gods,' Tara spoke.

'For what ?' he asked.

She didn't speak. After awhile she said : 'Just believe it.'

He admired this woman, so he believed what she said. She had saved him.

'Please, don't let me have to go back to where I came from,' he begged her.

'You are safe here,' she spoke. Two wolves were licking him. Outside he could see a river where crocodiles were. On the sandy shore there were also some leopards.

'The animals keep you safe,' she spoke.

'I dreamt about ducks,' he said

'Forget about them now,' Tara spoke. 'Think about the wild animals, the savage ones.'

He sighed. He was still trembling, but she caressed him and calmed him. He was in her arms. He fell asleep and dreamt about the drugs of nature, the serums of paradise. Spiders were stinging his muscles, and they were like dying, and an organ in his stomach took control, soft powers, guided by an unknown sun. In his dreams he saw the lovely face of Tara.

He woke up and knew that everything was but a dream. He was still the captive of these native american women, savage indians, who had his heart. There was red lace tied around his hips. These women seemed to be very organized as there were more captives with red lace.

One day he had to appear before their queen, who was painted in red, and he asked her what he had done wrong. 'First of all, you are a male,' she said. 'Second : you have muscles. Third : you have brains.'

'But you have them too,' he said.

'No,' the queen spoke. 'Just advanced nipples.'

'Can I have them too ?' he asked.

'No,' the queen said. 'It is unforgivable that you have been like this, and that you have used it. It is called abuse, you have abused your powers, your false powers, you have used your muscles and brains against women.'

'No, I have not,' he said. 'I have never used my muscles against women. I have never hit a woman, only maybe for self defense.'

'You are starting to get insecure, by saying : maybe,' said the queen, 'and what about your brains. Didn't you use them to humiliate women ?'

'Never,' said the man.

'Is that all you can say ?' asked the queen. 'Here females are above males. You have to get used to that. Here we rule. No one comes against us. Spiders will feast on your muscles. You will be a good snack, then a good slave.'

'You have to give me a second chance,' said the man. 'A chance to let me be more like you.'

'Never,' said the queen. 'You will never be like us. Deal with that. You belong to the everlasting torment and the everlasting arena.'

The man watched the cruel faces of the other girls who were with the queen. They stood there merciless. He knew that every escape from here would just be a dream. They didn't let him sleep much, but sometimes he just fainted.

'There is no hope for creatures like you,' the queen said. 'Neither for your children.'

'That sounds racist,' said the man.

'I don't care what you think,' the queen said. All captives were allowed to see the queen only one time in their lives, so the queen took the time for him, but he couldn't get through to her. Slowly she turned into a python, and went away.

It was like she had stung him, and he felt like he was dying. He knew there was nothing left to do but to accept that he was in this place forever, and that he had comfort in his dreams. It was not all that bad, as he could sleep and faint. He led a double life, and he knew that these two lives would form and transform each other, until he would have a satisfying point of view on them.

In his dreams he dreamt about the nipple sun, with nipplian warriors, invading everything. The creatures on here were wild, beyond the duck sun. The nipple sun was like a mind police, beheading the giants of the muscle age. Cobras took their bodies over, and showed their heads on their bodies. Tara from Rhodes was big in his dreams, and she made his terrible life with the native women look like fragments. It was like it was all just a few seconds of the day. All flashes. he fainted more and more, entering his dream world, just different frequencies of life. He could tune in and out.

The source of Pill-A was on the nipple sun, where he also found a substance called Pill-B, nipplian seed. This seemed to be the secret of Tara from Rhodes, the secret of her power. She ruled over the illusions with her sword, taking him in.

She took him to Mars, and to its core, Betelgeuse, to which the nipple sun was just a key. Here nature and life was good. The crocodiles were big. The rivers were of blood. It was hell. She was a sharp voice in his head, the voice of the python, whispering. She showed him the key, a solar key, of so many suns, of a solar stairway, transforming him, and bringing him into the depths of Betelgeuse, absorbing all the other experiences he ever had. Here the hippos were. It was the core of Mars. The flies ruled here. The Eye of Tax was soaring here. Tara said it was the last enemy to be defeated. It was the creator of the muscles and the brains, as in a conspiracy, as it made captives.

'How to defeat it ?' he asked.

'Only a female can do it,' Tara spoke. She told a vague story about a yellow pyramid which would lead to the yellow sun, a good security against the Eye of Tax. In the distance a stairway seemed to be burning. Tara spoke that the yellow sun was a key to enter deeper into Betelgeuse. She said that in the depths of Betelgeuse the yellow sun would release substances which would trigger a doom in the universe to transform everything. This was why the yellow sun was an important path or elevator in Betelgeuse.

Some said the yellow sun was the sun of tears, while others said it was the sun of jokes and the sun of laughing. Fact was that anyone who would approach the yellow sun would stop aging, unless the yellow sun would not let them through, then they would age even faster. There were of course ways to age in the depths of Betelgeuse, but it was just more controllable.

The laugh gas of the yellow sun made people happy, although that was what it looked like, when Tara took the man on a trip. But it was scorn, and it led to tears. There were many tear lakes in the depths of Betelgeuse, which was like a hot desert area. Tara gave the man a ring on which his oxygen statistics could be seen, and it was to be controlled from there. The yellow sun was like a train into the depths of this desert, guided by tall paradise birds. He needed to control his oxygen, or he would die here. He needed to learn how to breathe. She led him along the pee-lakes of monsters and beasts, where they had peed, wells of healing. She taught him the secrets of nature, there, in the depths of Betelgeuse. His mind broke free from so many restrictions, but he also had to worship the goddess. He had to live in devotion to her. And for the sake of nature he had to be sacrificed to her, and her wrath had to be poured out on him, as in an eternal punishment. He had to be rejected, as a religious experience of doom, he had to feel the everlasting torment.

It was Betelgeuse's Theology demanding this, and there was no escape. There could not be an everlasting bliss without this everlasting damnation. There could not be an everlasting peace without an everlasting war. There was such a balance here, by such a split. There could not be an everlasting marriage to the goddess without the everlasting divorce to the goddess. Tara said that this was the reset of the chip and it was nothing but a game. She told him that the goddess loved him very much, and that he was chosen by her for this game. She wanted to heal his past. She would arm him through this ritual.

The Eye of Tax was still soaring above them, looking like an insect. It looked like a big swollen muscle, through which slime was streaming. It was very slimy and greasy. Tara took the man into a lake of monster-pee, where the pee of beasts was mixed, and the pee of dragons, and it seemed to be a healing well, but after awhile it caused trauma. But there seemed to be no other option. The man was confused, and so was Tara. The Eye of Tax was after them. It stalked them. The traumas seemed

to actually protect them against the Eye, as otherwise it would enslave them. They both felt a pressure on them. Tara was fighting for her life, and at the same time she had to protect the man, but it was hard on her. They heard noises in the distance. Gigantic dragons showed up, but they could begin nothing against the Eye of Tax. Suddenly the Eye of Tax swallowed Tara. When it spat her out she was under slime, as in an egg. She felt like she was burning. She was screaming. The man got stung by the Eye and got paralyzed. He remembered this feeling. It was like his past was taking over.

Cream came forth from the Eye, covering them both. They were both like burning, as in a flame. Soon they were surrounded by males with big breasts and big muscles. 'The splinters of Fragma,' said Tara.

'What is that ?' the man asked.

'These men are just parts of this Eye,' Tara said. 'They are the workers of it's foam, Fragma, his spirit. It keeps them drunk. They do not care, only for their pleasure. They live in jokes, lies.'

They both fell into an enormous depth, while the Eye of Tax seemed to be feasting on their flesh. 'These men are guards of another world,' Tara said, 'but they will soon die.'

'I hope so,' the man said. 'They are evil.'

Suddenly they were gliding into the tear lakes of beasts, monsters and dragons. It was like their traumas were soothing. 'it works,' Tara said. 'Whenever the Eye of Tax stalks, it leads us to these lakes.'

'What will happen ?' the man asked.

The lakes were like burning, but it was also calming them, as there was a softening substance in it. The tears were very neutralizing. It attached itself to their bodies, and started to heal the wounds.

'Manerka,' a voice spoke. There was another man in the lake. Soon they saw beasts, dragons and monsters appearing. The Eye of Tax was shrieking. The tears were on them like foam and jewelry, like fleeces as lace. It was enslaving them for war.

'I can breath !' the man shouted.

'Welcome to the army,' the other man said.

On a dragon a queen-like woman was riding, sitting on a saddle. She was covered by lace and leather, as in a traditional armor. She had horns, and she was partly veiled, and had a short skirt. She was moving towards them, but then fell away.

The Eye of Tax was spitting fire, but the tear lake was swallowing them into it's depths. The man lost his consciousness. He felt like dreaming, and suddenly he could shake so many worlds off of him. He watched his dreams shifting in a huge pearl. The pearl was slimy and greasy, very steamy. 'Don't touch the pearl,' a voice spoke. It was the queen-like figure with the horns. 'I am here to intoxicate you, you need the witch,' she said. 'Here all the realities shift.'

'I do not know what is real and what is not,' said the man. 'I do not know what to trust and what not, I do not know the truth.'

'Come,' said the queen, and led him to a hall behind them. The hall was full of beastly warriors. They formed the elements of animals. They looked like rhinos. 'The watchers of Doom,' said the queen. 'They are waiting for their hour.'

'Who are they, and what are they going to do ?' asked the man.

'They are eye-eaters,' said the queen. 'They are going to eat the Eye of Tax.'

'Who leads them ?' asked the man.

'Tara from Rhodes will lead them,' said the queen. 'I sent her to you, as you have been chosen by the gods. She is the Law of Tax, the opposite force, waiting to blind the eye, and endarken it.'

A darkness fell upon them. The hour was almost there. Tara from Rhodes soared above the rhinos, as if she had wings of light, but it was darkness. She had a trumpet and a viking helmet, a horned helmet.

'Who or what is Tax ?' asked the man.

'The thief,' said the queen. 'But if the thief is not bound to the law, then the thief is evil. The thief needs to be legal, stealing back what others have reaved.'

'Oh,' said the man, 'sounds interesting.'

'Interesting, right ?' said the queen. Then it was silent for awhile. The man lost consciousness again. he knew he was in the tear lakes. It felt like his whole body was crying, and like his eye was dying. It felt like he completely lost it. He was blind, and the only light was the darkness. The Eye of Tax was a criminal and a murderer, but Tara arrested it.

In dreams he saw her and he worshipped her, as she was the harmony. She was the paradox. He wanted to know this Law of Tax. He wanted to be on her side. But he also knew inside there would always be an eye, so he had to search for the right eye. He fell into a field of bison hunters. The eyes of the bison were red. They had the eyes of tax. He could see this empire in the distance, where bison hunters ruled. He knew the only eye who could set them free was the Eye of Tears. He knew they worshipped it in the empire, he just knew. It was like a vision went right through him. He saw angels on horses, but then he fell away again. The Eye of Tears in him was like a drug.

Chapter 2. The Dark Side of Betelgeuse

The Eye of Tax was a machine of snobs, men who thought they were superior, an elite. In the depths of Betelgeuse there were the starvation farms, where men were turned into those who had the weakness of little babies. They were prepared to become slaves of the Eye of Tears. Soon the man was there as well, all other visions were dying. He had to live in a tear. The tear would feed them, although not too much. It was a sort of milk to make them even weaker. The tear would give them power, but not too much, often by spasm. They lived by strange contractions and hyperventilation. The theology was that they had to become weak and empty to be able to receive the power of the Eye of Tears, the goddess. And this theology demanded also that they went through the divorce with Her, and to be completely rejected by her, to be doomed by her, living under her wrath as an eternal punishment. In this they would reach enlightenment, by the depths of endarkenment. She was a cruel goddess, only to show them the flashes of grace. There was no grace for those doomed by Her. They were nothing but her milk-cows. But it was to awaken an extra sense. He felt like a weak child,

stung by spiders, he felt like a fly guided by strange power. He was not able to hold anything. Everything slid through his fingers. He was bathing in milk lakes of monsters, beasts and dragons.

He had seen the dark side of Betelgeuse, where the females were the stronger race, and the males the weaker, where the eyes were the seals of drugs. And the breasts of native women, savage indians, were the taps of the milk of confusion. There were no answers, no one was helping him, and soon he was thinking that it was all an evil conspiracy, and he accepted the evilness in his life. There was no other way. Resisting it was pointless.

He was sinking away in the experience, while death was calling him. He found an oracle like a disc, like a wheel, and he held it tight. 'The male represents youth,' said the oracle, 'while the female represents growth and death. And you have to go into the depths rather than fighting at the surface. But we are all children after all.'

In the depths he saw the beauty of death, all colours torn apart until there was only white and red. He felt it as a rebirth. Everything moved by death, by falling from great height, by huge pain, but at the same time there was bliss and softness, as the softness of feathers. Only pale colours came through, yet it was intense. Here the Eye of Death was soaring, as a tap of the fluids of extasy. These all came as pale lights. It was all painted by thunder and lightening. The beauty of death was an ingredient the cook of life used.

The Gladiators

of Lakshor

The warriors didn't have any fear, as their souls were traveling through the realms of dead. They were promised that after a short trip they would come to the house of the most beautiful women. They would show them all the pleasures of the afterlife as a reward for all what they had done. But they didn't know what was waiting for them. The women were indeed the most beautiful, and the men could choose whoever they wanted, but in the middle of the night these women would kill their souls, as they were the women of second death. This the men didn't know, as it was never told to them. Then the essence of their souls would be taken to the realm deeper than hell, a realm called Lakshor. The men didn't know anything about the conspiracies of death. They really believed that they could live the rest of eternity with these women, as that was which they had told them since their earliest childhood. They didn't know that earth was just a trainingschool for them, to prepare them for a greater war : the war of the dead. No one had any understanding of the horrors of Lakshor, but they would find out soon.

In Lakshor the horror-king Metulidan throned. He was a skeleton with a high shrieking voice. He enjoyed it that there were so many spoiling tales about death, that it would be a paradise with well-shaped women, especially for those who would die in battle. Many young men dreamt to become a great warrior for this reason. They didn't fear death anymore, but desired it. Metulidan had chosen the most voluptuous women of Lakshor to seduce the fallen men at the gates of death. They would

lure them to their house in the realms of the dead. On the top of their house the skull of a horned animal hang. The men had to get the feeling that they would have arrived in the eternal huntingfields. How their young dreams would turn into a nightmare. In Lakshor there was an eternal war : the war of the dead, or some might say : the war of the damned. It was a place worse than everlasting damnation. In Lakshor there was everlasting slavery.

As the night fell the women had prepared their knives to do the job. They had done this many times before. Some of the women already worked for threehundred years in this house. Metulidan called it : the house of seduction. It was one of his best webs in the realms of the dead. When the sleeping men had been finally killed for the second time, the essences of their soul woke up, and they rose up in frozen tragedy, not knowing what had happened to them. For the women it was very easy now to lead the men to the city of Lakshor. Behind the house there was a hidden gate of lava, which was in earlier times a sea of fire. Here was an elevator by which the men would descend to Lakshor. In this elevator the women had another job to do. They had to give the men a new armor. To the men it was a strange prison. They had to become warriors again, but now it was forever. The men couldn't speak yet, as their soul-essence was still between sleeping and awakening. They had lost so many pieces of their mind, and a light paralyzing aura was around their head. The women took some liquid metal out of a sort of bag and smeared it on their head and faces. An awful stench was coming from the blend. Then they covered the metal by a sort of dark skin which looked like it was from a sort of animal.

After about forty days in the elevator they came into the city of Lakshor. They were still not totally awake, but they started to react to the smell of the city. It was a very foul stench. The elevator stopped in a huge arena. Here they would have their first fight. A tall red man called Strelon showed up. He looked very dreadfull. The men got helmets on, and were pushed towards the huge red man. It was almost like a giant. He had a dark low voice, saying : 'Be prepared to die many times. The realms of the city of Lakshor are deep.' The red man soon tore them apart like they were dolls. At the end of the fight they were nothing like ghosts. The women gathered the shatters and by the liquid metal they could build them up again. It was a sort of strange magnetic glue, keeping the parts together. Then they had to appear before the horror-king. It was in a hall behind the first arena. In the distance the horror-king sat on a huge throne. Metulidan was shouting : 'How could you not defeat the red man ?' The men didn't say anything. One of them called Edmolin suddenly got more and more of his consciousness back. He asked : 'What is the use of this all ?' Metulidan started to laugh but didn't say anything. In a strange sense Metulidan liked the boy. He seemed to be the youngest of them, and soon Metulidan decided he wanted the boy as his servant. The boy was tender and not made to be a gladiator. As the men were led to the next arena, Metulidan took the boy, and told him he could serve in the kitchen. When Edmolin got there he started to realize that there was so much meat instead of other sort of food. There was meat in all sorts and in many different colours.

Edmolin got his own room, and more and more he started to realize how lucky he was. The king often went to gladiator-wars in the arena's, and often he took the boy with him. Often heads got cut off, while the horror-king often used these scalps to decorate the city. One day Metulidan called for the boy, who was working in the kitchen at that moment. The horror-king showed a picture of a girl with pink clothes. The girl was very beautiful in the eyes of Edmolin. 'When you have become grown-up,' the horror-king said, 'you will marry her.'

'Why ?' the boy asked. 'Because I want you to take over my kingdom,' the horror-king said, 'and then you need to have a woman.' The boy sighed. Since that day the boy could only think about the words of the king. When years went by, he got to see her, they married and got the kingdom in their hands. The horror-king had left in a mysterious way. No one knew where he had gone to. The boy had

grown-up now, and found out that his woman was the daughter of a snake-farmer. She had an obsession for snakes, and she wanted to have them everywhere throughout the royal place. The big ones she wanted to have in the hall where they were sleeping. It was a very huge hall and there was a very huge bed with a ceiling and with veils and curtains. The snakes here were also very huge and tall. Edmolin didn't feel comfortable with it, but as it was the wish of his woman he was willing to get used to it. Sometimes before they got to sleep the girl got into a fight with such a snake, and very often she got bitten horribly, but she still wanted to have the snakes in their room. The snakes wouldn't eat them when they were sleeping, for they were tamed in that sense. The woman found out that these snakes had lusts to fight, so she made the decision to put some of them into the arena's, so that the gladiators could take it over. Edmolin wanted to stop the arena's, but his woman said that it was part of the law here, and the law was forever.

One day a wild man from the wilderness came into the royal place. He said he was a wanderer. He said that he wanted to become a gladiator in change for food and care. The woman thought it was a good idea, and often she went to the arena to watch him. He was a very skilled warrior, and he also wrestled with snakes and crocodiles. One day he had to appear before the throne of Edmolin. Edmolin asked him where he was coming from. 'My Lord,' the wild man spoke, 'I come from the land of tragedy. There was so much dryness there, that I decided to wander, and so I came here finally.'

'Where is the land of tragedy,' the king asked. 'It is at the westside of you kingdom, my Lord,' the wild man spoke.

'How is that place a victim of dryness ?' the king asked.

'Oh, my Lord,' the wild man almost stuttered, 'a kingdom wilder than us invaded our land. They took our souls away. We only have a body. They have taken our rivers away. They have imprisoned my whole tribe. I'm the only survivor.' Then the wild man asked if the king would send an army of gladiators to the land.

The gladiators had to travel for three and a half years until they reached the land of tragedy. It was a wilderness of great loneliness, but after months of searching they found the invaders. The invaders were wilder than the gladiators, but the gladiators had a greater number. It was a long and bloody war. Finally the wild tribe had the scalps of all the gladiators, and they moved towards the city of Lakshor. They had birds of prey on which they could fly away, so it didn't took them more than a couple of months to get there. The men were so wild, and even their women, so they could easily invade the city of Lakshor. But when they saw Edmolin, the king, they trembled in fear. Suddenly they bowed down before him. He had a blue triangle above his head, which was the sign of their gods. 'All our kingdoms are yours,' the wild men and women said. And this is how Lakshor grew in size in one day. Lakshor was now greater than hell and heaven together. Because the wild men and women had a lust to fight a lot, they became the new gladiators of Lakshor. But as the kingdom grew the laws became bloodier more and more. And the law demanded that by the blood the kingdom would become greater. Not only would they have their houses of the most beautiful women in the realms of the dead, but also in the realms of hell and heaven.

After awhile the king found out why it had to be so bloody. The wild men and women who came from the west worshipped a blood-sucking fly. If there wasn't enough blood sacrificed to this fly, it would die, and it couldn't lead or guard this wild tribe anymore. And it was like by this blood the fly could make it's women so beautiful. There was only one way how the fly could feed itself. That was to smear the essence of the blood over it's women and then to possess the warriors of earth, of the dead, or of heaven or hell, to let them travel to the houses of these smeared women. This was how the fly could feed itself. The blood was magnetic to the fly in a strange sense. But often the blood

was very salty, making the fly more thirsty, and also wilder. That was also the reason why it's men and women who worshipped him were so wild. They were bound together by a strange bloodline. The fly needed royal blood to quench it's thirst a bit. That was why it appeared to the king one day. The fly was already full of rage, because it didn't have enough for such a long time. The king and the fly got in a fight, and soon enough the fly had tied the king to a stake and began to sting him in sensitive places to suck the best blood. After that he flew to the royal bloodlines of the kingdoms of the dead, of heaven and of hell. He now wanted to have royal gladiators, to be assured of a potent and perpetual bloodflow. Now the fly became the king of Lakshor, and Edmolin and his woman had to fight in the royal arena's.

But one day Metulidan with his red guard returned to Lakshor. When they came to the throne of the fly he said : 'I already expected this. Some come to Lakshor just for the blood.' Then his guard, the red giant prince stepped towards the fly, and while the fly shrieked and try to hit him with his sharp wing, the red giant took his slayersword and hit the fly in it's head. The fly was spouting lava now, and lightening came from his eyes. Then Metulidan himself took his slayersword and cut a piece of his wing off. Again the fly shrieked, and flew to the other side of the thronehall. Metulidan immediately turned around, took a waspball of poison in his hand and threw it into the stomach of the fly. Blood was streaming out of the fly, while his head became smaller. This was the most dangerous part of the fight, for Metulidan knew that if it's head was small like this it was in a terrible rage, ready to use it's most deadly weapons. But if it would use one of these weapons, it could also die itself, and it would at least lose much of it's strength. The fly attacked, missed, and started to hyperventilate. In it's weakness it floated to the floor, but still the fly was in the most dangerous position, for it could use another deadly weapon now. Suddenly it had used it's heartsnake, which pierced Metulidan and the red giant prince in a flash, while the both fell to the ground, losing their soulbeat. Softly and tenderly the fly started to eat from their fallen and paralyzed meat, for it was still very weak. Now the fly could drink from a well of high and pure royal blood.

After awhile friends of Metulidan had called for one of the most feared warrior in and around the realms of Lakshor. It was Witigus, the flyslayer. When he came the fly had already turned Lakshor in doom more than ever before. The fly throned on a perpetual stream of royal blood. 'You will have to surrender your kingdom to me,' Witigus spoke. Witigus would only fight the fly for no less price than Lakshor itself and all it's vessels and souls. If someone wanted to call for Witigus for a favour the price was always slavery. Witigus would never take less than total domination. But also Witigus would be nothing but prey to the fly. The fly took his prey to a stake on a high rock in the wilderness, tied him to it, and left. He would be an easy meal for snakes now, and for the birds of prey. Then another man called Metusalach tried to conquer the fly, but he fell into the same fate as Witigus the flyslayer. What has become of all these men who wanted to wage war against the fly ? Their spirits have been thrown into the abyss of Lakshor, while their souls have become gladiators in the deeper arena's of Lakshor. They have searched for the well of blood, but they have become wells of blood themselves, for the fly turned their remains finally into trees of blood. Since then no one was allowed to enter Lakshor than those who had drunk from this forbidden blood. And those who had drunk from it would be damned to stay in Lakshor forever. There was no escape possible. And in Lakshor one was doomed to be a gladiator forever, for here there was the eternal war of the damned.

There was no horror greater than the horror of Lakshor. The fly, it's king, had the most cruelest ways to let his victims and the breakers of the laws of his kingdom suffer to turn them into living and perpetual bloodwells. Those who became a part of the horrors of Lakshor to become it's finest warriors had to be baptized in these eternal bloodwells first. There was no greater horror than to drink from the forbidden blood, for it would write your name in the Book of Blood, which was a horrible and everlasting traumatizing experience of losing all hope and faith in salvation. There was no salvation left for those who had been tied by their souls to the everlasting horrors of the Book of

Blood. Their beings were now filled by such an eternal fear and tragedy making them gladiators of doom, destined to the unbearable grief of eternal dying. There was no pain compared to this.

Men tied to the stakes of the Book of Blood could only cry blood, and whenever they spoke, the only thing coming out of their mouths was blood. This was how the fly dealt with his enemies, and this made him the greatest horror-king ever. No one ever coming to Lakshor spoke about the giants of hell anymore. All they could do was seeing and remembering the horrors of the giants of Lakshor. The day the giants of Lakshor came to hell was a day no one who was there would forget. They came to take gladiators to Lakshor.

But behind the veils of Lakshor a wasp was living, hiding the wells and falls of waspian blood. Whenever a woman died in the arena the wasp came to take her soul away. He would tie her to a stake in his realms, where he would use these women for reproduction. They brought forth the waspian souls full of the rushing and sensual waspian blood. Then after awhile he would send them back to the arena's. But some of these women he kept for years. He would finally baptize them in his waspian well of blood, to let them become his own gladiators. These waspian gladiators were the most feared, for they could bring the pains of death. One of these women was called Tara from Rhodes, and after a few years she returned to the arena's. She was a woman of such a tranquilizing beauty that she could lure the birds of prey to let them sit on her hand. She had a strength greater than lions, and this was why she always could sleep near them, warming herself in the skincontact she had with them. Oh yes, sometimes they had fights, but Tara from Rhodes would always dominate them by her voice.

She was an inspiration to the youth in the arena's, mostly when they were in the arena's of lions and snakes. But since the fly found out she had returned from the wasp's place, her skull hangs above his throne. The fly didn't have any mercy to those who had returned from the waspian domain. The arena's of the wasp were foul in his eyes, and one day he invaded the place. He found out about the waspian bloodwells and fed himself.

If anyone was wild, it was Tara from Rhodes. She dived from tall rocks in rivers, she wrestled with bears, apes, and dangerous Martian beasts, and had to survive among the most murderous tribes of Mars. She had a lot of enemies and not many friends. As you can imagine in such wildernesses like the wildernesses of Mars she became a soul-hunter, one of the darkest. If anyone could stir up horror it was Tara from Rhodes. With her lions and panthers she waged wars against the most dangerous tribes. Most of the times she was driven by revenge. She knew these tribes since her childhood, and she still remembered what they had done to her and her loved ones. There was no one darker than Tara from Rhodes the time she was living on Mars. They called her the black snake. She was the most feared of all warriors on Mars in that time. She believed in everlasting war and damnation more than anyone else. She always said it was the well of eternal birth.

Tara from Rhodes was a riddle no one seemed to understand. The tribe where she was born had been enslaved by Gitdugal, the killer-king. He was dressed up by bones and skulls, and his body was covered by white wasp-guards, which would attack any time he spoke. He could take away minds and souls, to turn his victims into zombies. In a huge valley they had to do slave-work. Tara from Rhodes had been saved by a monkey when the zombies of Gitdugal the killer-king invaded the camp of the tribe where she was born. Tara was then just a little girl, and the monkey took care over her for a long time, until another tribe accepted her. But since she grew up and became an outcast there, she started to look for Gitdugal the killer-king, for she wanted to set her original tribe free. But no one seemed to know where the valley was where Gitdugal the killer-king had his slaves. In her search she met Kingul, a black warrior. He knew where the valley was, but they had to be on their guard. They had to travel south for a couple of days, and they first had to defeat the armies of zombie-

guards. When they came there they saw warriors of her tribe tied to trees, and from the bushes zombie-guards jumped having spinning swords. These swords were very dangerous for they didn't only kill you, but they also killed your soul and mind. Tara from Rhodes shrieked and yelled, while she took her knife and threw it into the heart of the first zombie-guard. Then she took an arrow from her quiver very fast and with her bow she quickly shot into the heart of the next zombie-guard. Then she took a spear and pierced three of them. But there were so many zombie-guards surrounding them, that soon they got captured in a net. They now had to appear before the throne of Gitdugal the killer-king. It was a strange pyramid of many layers like a sort of stairway. On top there was another smaller pyramid in which the killer-king sat. Many skulls were surrounding him, and white wasps were coming from his body to cover the net.

When Tara from Rhodes awoke she found herself in a bed in a huge hall. There were soft penetrating lights coming from small oil lamps. A veiled girl entered the hall, to bring her some food. She was a slave-girl but she wasn't from the tribe of Tara from Rhodes. The slave-girl made a sign with her hand, and Tara from Rhodes stood up to follow her. They came in an even huger hall, where lakes of crocodiles were. The lakes were like boiling. The crocodiles looked tormented, like they could slide outside the lakes to attack every moment. Tara from Rhodes didn't trust any of them. When she walked over some bridges suddenly a plank cracked, and she slid into the depth. Immediately three crocodiles slid towards her, while she could get herself on the bridge just in time. She had to be very careful. The slave-girl knew exactly where to walk. With a beating heart she followed the steps of the girl accurately. Suddenly a huge and tall coffinlike case of bronze slid out of a wall. The slave-girl stopped walking, and told Tara from Rhodes she had to lie in the case to come to have dinner with the killer-king. Tara from Rhodes refused, but suddenly the slave-girl took a gun, and some men with sunglasses came in through a door, also holding guns. 'Your life will be over, girl, if you don't do what we tell you.' Slowly and hesitating Tara entered the case. Immediately when she laid down the case slid into the wall again. It was very dark inside, but suddenly the walls of the case started to glow. Tara from Rhodes started sweating, while the case turned hotter and hotter. Then flames appeared in the walls of the case. Tara started to scream and shriek. Suddenly there was light everywhere. She could step out of the case, as Gitdugal the killer-king was taking her hand. 'No worries, my lady,' he said. 'Do you want some tea ?'

'No,' Tara from Rhodes spoke harshly, 'you need to free my people.' But Gitdugal showed her the wonderful and lovely, wealthy dinner-table. It was filled with all sorts of tropical fruits, the most strange and rare sorts of meat, and even bones. 'Let us discuss here,' Gitdugal spoke friendly.

'I do not want to discuss with you, you need to let my people go. I am not hungry,' Tara from Rhodes spoke persistent.

Still the killer-king tried to distract her. 'I'm sure you will like the food. It is from my rare gardens.'

'Well, I do not care about your gardens, but I do care about those who suffer in those gardens, the ones you have burdened with such slavery,' Tara from Rhodes said while her eyes were full of piercing fire. 'I warn you, king of killers, you will not like what I will do to you if you will go on with your games,' she said.

Gitdugal pushed on a button of his table. Tara from Rhodes still hadn't sat down. Suddenly some slaves entered carrying dishes and bags with meat and strange rare vegetables. Gitdugal began to eat. Then after awhile Tara from Rhodes also started to eat. After awhile Gitdugal asked : 'And, did you like the meat of your tribe ?' Tara from Rhodes stood up, and grasped the throat of Gitdugal very tightly. 'It's better you do not do that,' Gitdugal said, still friendly, and then he hit his head against her head. In one moment she was slammed to the ground. 'Now I will eat your brain-meat, lady,'

Gitdugal said, 'and it's juices and blood I will use to wash my dishes and my room. I have a lot of cleaning work to do I see.' But then Tara from Rhodes kicked him in his male parts like a truck crashing through the walls. Gitdugal fell to the ground, and tried to push one of his floorbuttons, but Tara from Rhodes already stood on his hand. Then she kicked his head very hard. But what Tara didn't know was that there were also big spiders under the meat, and they started spitting all sorts of fluids towards her. Tara from Rhodes fell on the ground and lost consciousness. There are not many masters of sleep like Gitdugal. He has all sorts of tropical secrets having their own sorts of fluids, and if such a spider is one of it's deliverers in some cases, then that is very okay with Gitdugal.

It was like the veils of the brains of Tara from Rhodes were breaking, and she didn't know where she was, or how long she had been unconscious, when she slowly woke up again. She felt very dizzy. Tara from Rhodes felt her blood was growing stronger by all these strange attacks. It was like her body just didn't give up. Others would have died already in the dangerous and tropical mysteries of the realms of Gitdugal with all these poisons threatening the heart and the blood. Some of these rare fluids should have block the nerves of the brains in certain area's so that Tara from Rhodes wouldn't be able to breath and move anymore, for to breathe you needed to use the muscles of your lungs. But Tara from Rhodes seemed to be immune to these lethal threats. Maybe that was because she just lived the wild life. She didn't believe in society. She believed in the industry of nature, by which she could raise the more refined forms of immunology, not poisoned by the paw of civilization. It was the force of civilization she hated, for it bound her to something she was not from origin.

Finally another slave came to the place where Tara from Rhodes was now. It was a dark cave, smelling like the slime of snakes and spiders. The slave told her that Gitdugal wanted to play a game with her : Wild Chess. It would be a living chess, for people of her tribe would be the pawns. If she would win she would free her tribe, but if she would lose, then Gitdugal would take her skull. To Tara from Rhodes it seemed unfair, for on both sides the pawns would be from her tribe, but she didn't have another choice. Gitdugal called it the Chess of Knives, for all living pawns had to carry a knife, and when they had to move they had to push the knife to the next field. Tara from Rhodes only had one demand : All the pawns had to be blindfolded. Gitdugal agreed but then he called for some slaves to sting the eyes out of all the living pawns. Tara from Rhodes was in rage, but now she would play this game to the end, to set her tribe free.

So many of her tribe were slaughtered that day in this Wild Chess, but none of them could win the game. So the killer-king decided to play it again. Tara from Rhodes was desperate, but she didn't have another choice. And again, many of her tribe got slaughtered in this cruel game. But this time none of them could win either, and they had to play it again and again. After awhile she found out that the rules of the game were designed in a sense that no one could ever win. She found out it was a trap. If this would go on, then no one of her tribe would finally survive. She then got into such a rage that she took one of the Knives of the Wild Chess, and threw it into the heart of Gitdugal. This knife was charged with so much blood of her tribe, and with their souls of the dead, that it pierced itself in vengeance and hysterical rage into his heart. 'So, you don't want to play the game anymore I see,' Gitdugal said. 'Then we need to throw away it's pawns.' Then he called for some slaves, and they had to throw all the remaining pawns of her tribe off the rocks. In the depths of a ravine their souls shattered on the rocks, taking away their minds and lives. The horror was only raising for Tara from Rhodes could see how the ghosts of her loved ones got attracted and absorbed by the skull of Gitdugal. 'Now you have offered them an even greater slavery : the slavery of the damned.' Gitdugal said. 'Let me know when you want to play again.'

Emotionally absorbed by rage she followed him to the place he slept. He slept on a huge bed surrounded by big spiders and snakes. As she came closer his guards attacked her, but she was so full of concentrated rage that she slayed them all in short time. Gitdugal was so tired that he didn't take

notice of her. But as she was coming close to his body and could even hear and smell his breath the white wasps of his body were attacking her, trying to poison her mind. But Tara raised her shield and in full rage she pierced one of his own spears through his lungs. She found this spear in his room, but he stood up and smashed her to the ground. Then he raised her up above his head and threw her through the windows above his bed. Tara fell into a river close to a waterfall. Where was she ? She had never seen this land ? On the other side of the river she saw slaves working in gardens and on fields. Were these the famed Gardens of Gitdugal ? There were trees of meat growing here, and trees of all sorts of strange organs. But there she saw Gitdugal coming. 'I wasn't done with you !' he shouted. Tara ran away through the gardens and fields. She first had to make up another strategy, for battling against him made her very tired and even confused.

I do not know the rest of the story, as she couldn't tell me for some reason. Sometimes she just stopped telling, and then she went to sleep. Later I found out that she partly couldn't deal with it. She knew where all her stories could lead her. She was always the flame in my heart, but since she's gone it's different. I can hang on to a lot of stories she told me, but most of these stories do not have an end, or she just didn't tell how it ended. It keeps me thinking. She could be fragmentaric at times, but that was her code to survive.

Bison Oil

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

‘No,’ she said. ‘Why would I?’

‘Then who did it?’ I asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

‘For what ?’ I asked.

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

‘For meat,’ she said.

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

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

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

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

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

‘They mock the stone,’ Arbeitir said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

‘Then what can we do ?’ I asked.

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

‘Maybe they are misinformed,’ I said.

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

In the midst of the night I went to the Jewel of Fear. It started to change into a cross before my eyes. 'Rebirth in hell only happens by me,' the jewel said. 'The rest will die.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

On the fields there were some big trees with dangerous cats in them. Suddenly they all ran away for some sort of unicorn was coming. The unicorn wore a crown and seemed to be the emperor here. But when it came closer I saw some sort of ghost was riding it. It was a skeleton-ghost. In a sense it

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

immense ice. I saw faces appearing with strange pale lights on them, and many shadows. They were in darkness.

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

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

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

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

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

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

‘What do you mean by the four ?’ I asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I waited till they all slept, and then I took the cross with the zombified man having the stones at his feet on my back and carried it to the place where the radiation-fence was. I placed the cross in the midst of the other crosses, took the stones and planted them in the centers of the four crosses. Much more radiation seemed to come, and a new and better fence started to form itself. I now knew that the women could never steal the stones again. It was because of this fifth cross which was

lacking the women could do such things. The next day I told it to the captain and explained about the fifth cross, the cross in the middle, with the crucified man. He understood it completely and was very glad.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I saw the spaceship was making an end of the Age of Romans by the sign. It was like a vacuum cleaner. Again the captain was reading from the bible, about the creation of man. He had been formed from the dust, but in Hebrew it said 'dirt'. Man became an 'Aph' which was like a vacuum cleaner, a dirt-eater. When the snake initiated man into the gnosis, the hidden knowledge, he got the same fate : eating dirt. Qeshet ruled, and broke man and it's erected pride. Qeshet however showed up again as he wanted to live in man, but man chose the sign of the romans, the Chi-Rho.

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

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

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

The End

Bodies on Coins

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

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

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

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

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

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

The ladybugs were such mighty creatures, but they were in war against the flies. The flies were subtle and cunning, and they had their webs everywhere. If they would catch a ladybug they would eat it for sure, after fattening it up. There were certain locks only flies could open. These flies loved to sting. You had to sting these locks in certain ways to open them, and the flies knew how to do it. When the lock was almost open, it started to produce a strange smell. I couldn't bear it anymore to see it. It looked like torture. But a point was : if these locks wouldn't be opened, it would only get worse. So I followed the flies.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'I made a long journey through hell,' I said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 civilisation 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 civilisation 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 forestlakes 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 vulcanoes on these islands like craters. Sometimes these vulcanoes 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 dived 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. Vulcanoos 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.

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 drunkness

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 zombificated 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

Snake's Egg

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 doctor 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 stomach.

'Shall I pray for you, or doing some sacraments 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 says calm. That's what I said.'

'You need to get rid of the egg in your stomach then. You're possessed of a spirit, a serpent,' the priest says loud. 'Shark,' the man says, 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 blasphemy 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 stomach. 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 faul 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 powerful 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 it's 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 ... 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

symptoms 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 its 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 there 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 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
their 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 strengle 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 enthousiasm 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 enthousiasm 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 tragic 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 doctor

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 ..." says 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 habit 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 powerful 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 hurt 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 wolbian 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 developping 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 Docters were amazed about the program. Many people got healed from all sorts of chronical 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 enthusiast 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 Insectian-based instruments ... They had developed a mechanism which could translate the insectian 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 frequencies 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 its 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 spun 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 says smiling

Chapter 7. Children of the Sun

Anthony's father was an engineer, developing 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 boys 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, grandma 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 crystal 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 crystal 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 blooddrops 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 Leprechaun Curse

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

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

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

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

'What?' she asked.

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

'Oh,' she said.

'Why are you saying that?'

Mrs. Molly didn't say anything anymore.

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

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

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

'It's ok,' she said. 'It doesn't hurt me.' Then the fire turned into a swarm of flies, and then into flowers. She felt love from the man. She felt love from the man. 'I am consuming you,' said the man. 'In me you are safe.' She felt like locked up, but she didn't care. She felt warmth from the man.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

--But no one answered.

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

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

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

How to break it ? she asked.

'You cannot break it,' the voice spoke.

What can I do then ? she asked.

--Nothing.

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

--No.

Then who are you ? she asked.

--Nobody.

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

--I am the leprechaun.

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

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

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

Wars of the Flies

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

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

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