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Barkas the Terrible - Barbarian Fiction

The Daggers of Mars

Barkas the Terrible was on his way to a small Jungle-City in the Richelidin realm of Mars. He was a barbarian uncivilized, on his way to the Spider Demon who lived there, Grugdilio. He and his aristocrats terrorized the spheres for a big deal, as they called themselves the emperors of the hearts. Barkas the Terrible didn't have any time to waste himself into such a slavery.

Since his people had been attacked by the army of the Spider Demon they suffered from strange heart-implants. Barkas was on his way to this skeleton-king, the Spider Demon. But when he came to the mountain near to the Jungle City, the mountain Perridor, the Spider Demon attacked him in great deal. Barkas fell to the ground. Heavy boots had kicked him, as the Spider Demon had jumped on his back from a rock. Again the Spider Demon hang at the rock, calculating the next attack. Barkas' sweating body was covered by sand now, but soon he stood up, and could block the second attack by his shield. This time he could see it coming.

The Spider Demon had a strange way of approaching the Martians. He always seemed to come out of nothing, struck them, while it was already too late for them. No one would see him coming the first time, but the second time was always like his weaker spot. He would always do a more visible attack, so that the Martians could prepare for a fight on the same level. But although the second attack was a weaker attack, after awhile the Spider Demon always seemed to win, and would put an implant in the hearts of his victims.

But this time Barkas was very fast, and quickly by his sword he could defeat the Spider Demon. The Spider Demon was screaming, roaring and shrieking, but after awhile he disappeared. Barkas was on his way to the house of the emperors, where all the aristocrats of the Spider Demon lived. No one ever saw the Spider Demon for the third time. It was like he only showed up to them once or twice. There were pits in the house of emperors, and it seemed he lived somewhere in the depths of it.

'Grugdilio, I'm coming for you !' Barkas roared when he stood before the huge stairways of the house of emperors. The stairways and also the huge house was shimmering in the sun. It was like striking Barkas the Terrible like mercyleless. But soon Barkas got in a fight with the army of the aristocrats. They weren't interested in someone coming so close to their home and secrets. After awhile Barkas could escape out of their grip, and went to the centre of the Jungle-City. 'Give up all hope,' an old woman said. 'There is no way to approach the Spider Demon. He lives in secrecy.'

'But I defeated him,' Barkas the Terrible said, 'so I can also reach for his shelter.' The old woman started to laugh at him : 'Ha, don't fool yourself, man. His weak spot is just a trick. It gives hope to his victims. Hope that they can finally destroy him, but it's a flase hope.'

'Why ?' Barkas the Terrible asked.

'Because nevermind,' the woman said, 'I see you are a stranger here. You do not know anything about the evil of the Spider God. He's a trickster, he's a deception.'

'He enslaved the hearts of my people by his implants. Now they suffer all day long,' Barkas the Terrible said.

'Oh, be glad, be very glad,' the old woman said, 'for there is horror you don't know of. Do you know the pits of the house of emperors ? There it happens. Be glad you still live here instead of there.'

But Barkas the Terrible didn't have any time to stirr up fear to himself. It was like he was immune to the words of the old woman. But more or less she had described the situation.

'Can I buy this spear ?' Barkas asked the owner of a weapon-shop. He directed his finger at a jeweled spear. 'Yes,' the man said. Barkas bought the spear and by his dagger he cut the jewels away from the spear and gave them to the old poor woman. The woman was very grateful, and said : 'May the gods bless you, barbarian.'

'Barbarian !' someone was shouting. A chinese or japanese looking man was staring at Barkas the Terrible, and directed his finger at the spear. 'I can teach you how to fight with it. You must learn special techniques if you want to beat the aristocrats and their wicked corrupted armies. Inside the house of emperors there are many gladiator-cells, and you won't get any further if you do not know about their secrets. You must learn techniques, barbarian, or they will slay you.

'Oh, but I am strong !' Barkas the Terrible roared.

'But you need intelligence, knowledge and wisdom, boy,' the old chinese man said. 'You must learn skills and not just using your powers. They are sorcerors, mind-controllers and wicked shamans. By their illusive forces they can easily put you in their traps, and you don't want to know what they will do with you.'

Finally Barkas the Terrible listened to the old man, and went with him to his home. In the garden the old man would learn him the skills of spear-fighting. Barkas the Terrible was an excellent sword-fighter, but this was something else.

'You must see it like this,' the old man said : 'Spear-fighting is a language. It is something of the mind. The spear speaks, and you must be good at it also. You must learn the signs.'

'Whatever you say,' Barkas said to the old man. He remembered how he had to escape from the place in front of the house of emperors. They were with too many. He could use some extra skills.

The old man taught him different movements and their meanings, and he also taught him what the movements of the enemy's spears meant and what it would do to the mind. Often the gladiators inside the house had two spears, and they were drawing signs in the air to put witchcraft on their victims.

After a few lessons Barkas' skills had improved a lot, and the old man gave him a ring. It was a magical ring, an Eagle Ring. If Barkas would ever be in troubles, he had to call for the ring, and then an eagle of hell would be sent to him to help him. It was a gift to all young spear-fighters. But Barkas didn't want the gift, as he thought that the spear was enough. He said he already got rid of it's jewels. He didn't belief in jewels, as they would only enslave him.

'You do not know what you are saying, Barkas,' the old man said. 'There are certain things you do not know. And that's why you need the ring.' But Barkas had enough of all these things. He wanted to test his spear-fighting skills and left the old man. He tried to forget about what the man said about spear-language. Barkas just wanted to use his fighting skills and not his mental skills. Barkas thought that it was better not to fight mind-attacks by the mind, but by the spear. In his eyes the mind was too weak, too full of self-deception and unknown sabotage. To him it was the shortest way to destruction. Barkas believed in the spear, even more than in the sword. How many times did he use the sword to cut heads of dragons and other beasts, only to find out that the split caused two heads to grow in the place of the first.

This time he wanted to use the spear to hit and sting. In a world like this it was too dangerous to use the sword.

When he came to the house of emperors it was quiet there. Inside the house there were a lot of veils of spiderwebs, and he didn't see any gladiator-cells. He even thought that the old man and the old woman spoke lies to him, maybe to distract him. Maybe they were all part of this game. But Barkas the Terrible didn't want to use his mind in such a dangerous place like this. He counted on his spear and the cooperation. When he came downstairs he was in search for the pits. These pits were very tall, very deep, but they were all bottomless to be nothing but vertical paths to a large, huge hall.

'Grugdilio !' the barbarian roared. 'I am back ! Come fight with me !' But nothing happened. Without many problems Barkas could come into the hall deep under the pits. 'I thought this is a better place for us to fight,' a voice said. But Barkas the Terrible didn't see anything. Barkas started to laugh, but suddenly an invisible force struck him in his face. Barkas fell to the ground. 'So you're third coming is an invisible one ?' Barkas asked laughing, while he stood up again. His body was covered by sand again, and by strange slime, because of the fall. The slime was a bit reddish. On the walls he saw big moving bubbles like hearts, where the slime was coming from. It seemed the bubbles were pathways through the walls, but Barkas remembered that it could be all a trick.

'Now, come here !' Barkas said, 'let's fight ! If I win you will let the hearts of my people go !'

'And what if you lose ?' the strange voice asked.

But about that Barkas couldn't think because the Spider Demon already came down like crazy. He was in total spider-form, but Barkas recognized him. The spider was shrieking, while Barkas directed his spear at the spider. Suddenly a thin fast stream of spitting fire came out of the spider to attack Barkas. Barkas the Terrible roared as it was piercing the flesh of his upper chest near to his shoulder. Then another stream of spitting fire broke his spear. It was like fear struck Barkas all of a sudden, and he suddenly felt a terrible weakness flowing to his legs. Quickly he grasped the upper part of the spear to use it as a dagger. He had a short spear now. 'What a pity you do not wear an Eagle Ring. All the young spear fighters from the Jungle City have such a thing,' the spider spoke with a low voice.

'I do not need such a ring, as it binds me. I need my spear, and when it's broken I use it as a dagger,' Barkas roared.

'But what if the moment will come that you really need the ring,' the spider said. 'For example : What if I conquer you, chain you to a rock, and let the beasts eat from your flesh. The spear is helpless then, and also the dagger. Then you will wish you had the ring.'

'I rather die, than to wear a ring taking my mind away. If you have designed that ring it is to make helpless, dependent slaves,' Barkas roared. 'The ring will only be a pathway to more troubles. I bet it creates trouble. It's such a lie that kind of charity.' Then Barkas remembered his father saying to him always : Our god never shows up, but he is the strongest. That god is Dus.

Barkas had never prayed to Dus, the Unreachable, but this time he did, while he was raising his broken spear in the air. A strange lightening filled the hall and came down strongly on the

broken spear. The spider was staring at it from a distance. Then Barkas threw the short spear into the heart of the spider like a dagger. The spider fell down, and blood was filling the hall. Barkas never heard such shrieking before. Out of the hearts on the wall all sorts of women and children came. The hearts were beating and pulsating like crazy. Barkas didn't recognize these people, but he knew they were the prisoners of the Spider Demon. Barkas went through one of the holes, and came into another room where men had been tied together. Quickly he untied them, but they couldn't speak. Barkas knew that the secret was coming closer now. The spider was still shrieking. Finally Barkas came in a room where a huge heart and a huge brain were tied to each other. They looked like two octupi or jelly-fishes. On the walls swords hung, and a voice spoke : 'cut these hearts.' But Barkas knew that if he would take a sword to cut, then more hearts would arise. It was the heart of Mars, the heart of a demon, keeping the realms of Mars in slavery. As Barkas came closer small spiders came forth from the hearts. Soon they crept all over Barkas skin and started to eat from his flesh. Again Barkas called for Dus, the Unreachable, the god of his forefathers, but nothing happened. Then he ran back to the spider he killed, took the short spear out of it's heart, and laid it to his body. Then the spiders started to melt away. Barkas was very hungry, and started to eat from the big spider he had killed. A strange fire was moving through his body, and again he went to the two big hearts tied to each other, and also started to eat them. That day the sun didn't go under on Mars.

The next day when Barkas woke up, he was still in the room where he found the Heart of Mars, the Demon Heart. By eating it, it had made him strong, stronger than ever. It was like his mind had been melted away by the fire. But why did he need a mind when it would just deceive him ? He had the broken spear like a dagger, like the short spear, which would be his true guide, charged by the strange lightening of Dus, the Unreachable One. Barkas had slain the Spider Demon who seemed to rule this heart, but now the heart of Mars had died. A broken spear would be it's unreachable center now. And as Barkas pierced the short spear into the ground where first the heart of Mars was dwelling, more lightening came, and the rays started to move in the portals. By it's lights Barkas could see many strange demons trying to get to the center, but the portals had been sealed by the rays of Dus. The ground below Barkas' feet was opening, and Barkas stared at an enormous stairways downstairs. There were veils of spiderwebs everywhere. A strange silence was filling the place.

Strange energies were luring Barkas to come inside, like the lightening was also here in a lighter, softer and more sensitive form. 'Is this the road to Dus, where my father always told about ? You always come closer, but you never reach it,' Barkas thought to himself. Strange memories were entering him. His father always told him that it was the path of losing your mind, so that something better could enter. His father always told him that the mind was an invention of civilization, a strange electricity keeping them enslaved. That was why they were barbarians. They were named the uncivilized, and that was for so many reasons.

And he remembered his father always said : The mind is a cross, and we must bear it and overcome it, until it's a bleeding rose. Also the heart was in his eyes nothing but a cross, a prison and a path. We couldn't just escape from it, but we had to go all the way to the exit. Was this the exit ?

There were certain religions on Mars saying that the cross would turn into a sword, and the indians believed in the stake turning into a spear. But Barkas didn't want to have anything to do with religious thoughts.

Deep down at the bottom of the stairs he found a man making crosses and stakes. The man was painting them by strange smelling paints and also stuck jewels to them. The man said : 'The heart is a cross made of the jewels of roses, and the brains and the mind is a cross made by the jewels of the spider. Come, I will show you how you can get rid of them.' And the man pointed his finger towards a dark bridge in the distance, going across a ravine. 'That is the ravine of hearts,' the man spoke. 'If you will come across it, then you have defeated the evil of your own heart.'

'Oh, but I need evil to survive,' Barkas thought. But on the other hand, he knew where such evil could bring him. It would create troubles after troubles. With mixed thoughts he went to the bridge, but as soon as he stepped on it, the bridge melted away, and he fell into the ravine. Here the hearts were like spiders and started to eat from his flesh. He also saw snakes between them, and jewels. Soon he was crying for help, and the man came to the ravine to throw a sort of stick to him. 'You need this stick !' he roared. 'It is to open the flower !'

'What flower ?' Barkas roared in terrible pains. 'What do you mean ?' Then Barkas saw an amazing large flower appearing before him. 'Throw the stick into the flower !' the man roared, which Barkas did. It was like heaven opened itself to Barkas. The flower opened up and swallowed Barkas. Then the flower flew away. The flower flew all across the ravine, and soon Barkas was in a new land. The flower spat him out. It was like he was in a sort of paradise. Here in this place many indian tribes lived. They all seemed to worship some sort of stake on a high mountain. The indians said it was the stake of lusts. Lusts were in their eyes the most dangerous, but also the most important powers of existence. On the stake of lusts their lusts would be cleansed and purified. For every indian here it was a sacred path to reach this stake, although many never ever reached it in their lives. The ones who had reached the stake had the mission to bring down and deceive all the others. That was why they used to call it the unreachable stake.

There was a legend that the stake was made from stones of a secret flower. Some claimed to have seen the stake, but no one could ever touch it, as it always went away. Only some indians in history would have been at the stake, and these indians they worshipped.

One day Barkas made a trip on the mountain. He found a rose, a speaking rose, and it was bleeding. He remembered the words of his father about the bleeding rose. The rose spoke in languages he didn't understand, and there were stones all around her. Would these be the stones of the secret flower ? He took some of the stones, but then the flower started to cry, so he laid them down again. Then the flower said : 'Please, do not tell anyone that I was here.' And then the flower with the stones disappeared. His father always said that when you give love to a flower, she will grow in you as something more precious than a heart, and that was by the memory.

But Barkas still thought about Dus, the Unreachable. Did he have anything to do with this all ? When he finally came down from the mountain he suddenly lost his grip and slid into a thornhedge. The thorns got deep into his flesh, and the more he moved and tried to get out, the more it pierced and wounded him. It only got worse. He remembered the words of his father : Remember : all thorns in your life will become your daggers. After hours of hanging in the thornhedge animals came to eat from his flesh again, especially birds and bats. Barkas cried out to Dus, but no one helped him. The next day he woke up soon from the pain. Or was it a soft voice awakening him ? There was a flower growing before him, of soft yellow, light pink and white. More and more it covered his body, and suddenly it swallowed him and flew away.

There were still many thorns in his body, and it was like by the pressure of the flower the thorns got even deeper, but it was so soft that it was different. When he opened his eyes daggers were flying before him. It was like they filled the skies. Where was he ? In the distance the orange-red sun roared softly, soaring in the sky, and the daggers reflected it's lights. Rings of strange fire were surrounding him, and he could now even see the sea below him. There were snakes swimming there. The sea was very bright, and the smell was intense, vibrating and vitalizing him. He was still surrounded by the flower. In which sense he didn't know. Then she opened up, and he could step out.

It was like the daggers were cutting his mind, so that he could get in touch with his memory and the deeper layers. For him it was an escape, as that is where the barbarian path leads to.

The Pirates of Taroon

Chapter 1. The Bleeding Ocean

One of the eyes of Moloch had a ring of rage inside. This was how he could control his slaves. He could easily kill them by the radiation. A slave-girl called Septulah, who was a snakecharmer, fell down. Another one checked her pulse. She was dead. Moloch grinned. He needed a sacrifice for today. He jumped from his throne while his large tail slowed him down, and he started to eat from the meat. A man stood behind the girl, with a bloody knife. The blood was dripping all over the girl. Another slave-girl started to cry. 'You will be on the

menu tomorrow,' Moloch roared. He rose his sword in the sky. It was hot on the ship, and soon flies devoured the rest of the meat.

'I can feel you from here,' Moloch roared to the other slave-girl. Then he took the screaming girl to his hut. Everybody started to work again. Everyday such things happened and they got used to it more or less.

Inside the heads of Moloch's slaves pink spiders lived, eating from their evergrowing flesh. They were more or less the pets of Moloch. Whenever a slave wanted to escape these spiders would induce pain, so much pain that they would fall down. Many times slaves tried to get the spiders out of them, but the spiders would secrete poison as a punishment. Many of the slaves lived in deep pain and with large burdens because of having these spiders in their heads, but Moloch was merciless. He enjoyed to see them bowing down under the weight of their burdens.

Suddenly there were pirates everywhere, with faces of scorn. They didn't come from another ship. They came out of the water. Moloch's army was in a shock. These pirates were killers. They just killed everything they saw, but some slaves they kept alive. It was a day these slaves would never forget, and years after it still burned in their memories. These pirates took out the eyes of Moloch and finally pushed him overboard, where he bled in the sea.

That day the sea turned into blood. The pirates let the ship sink, and they went to Taroon, a city underwater, where they came from. In this city the slaves would be judged. The captain of the pirates was a cruel man. He broke some arms of the slaves, and some women he chained by their necks. One slave they took his eyes off, and pushed the eyes of Moloch into the bleeding holes. 'You will always carry his scorn, until you have defeated his spirits.' Then they laughed and buried the poor slave alive. It was since then so much mystery spread throughout the ocean, and it would never stop bleeding. Since then they called it the bleeding ocean. I could escape, and was the only slave who survived Taroon. I thanked my life to the spider which lived inside me. It seemed to be the king of all of them. I was lucky.

I thought Moloch was dead, but it seemed he finally reached an island in the Bleeding Ocean, where he raised up the worst spirit-army. I reached this island after days of swimming. There was no way to describe his evil. In short time he built a complex of temples and pyramids, and he started to live in the biggest center of them all. He raised up the most horrible souls and ghosts. The spider was always with me. He lived inside of me, and we started to become friends. Moloch found three black-blue panthers which became his personal guards. When I grew up the spider granted me the most incredible powers, and one day I went to the center of the island where I slayed Moloch. But not much did I know about the curse coming over me because of that. It was like his soul came over me now, a hundredfold, chaining me, grasping me in the tightest grip I ever had on my life. He didn't want to let go. He injected the most horrible and painful venoms in me, burning me from the inside. It was like I was becoming his personal slave now. One day I swam back to Taroon. I had the sword of Moloch now and his rage, and I slayed the pirates one by one and made a mess of their city. Finally I came to the grave where they buried the slave with the eyes of Moloch. I opened the coffin, while the eyes were still glowing. One eye was bleeding, while the other had the biggest rage I ever saw. I held them both into the sky.

My eyes had been eaten away by Moloch who lived inside. I pushed the eyes deep into the holes of my head, and became the most horrible creature. My curse had been doubled. If the

spider king wouldn't live in me I would never have survived this event. Inside they battled, tearing me apart, until the spider king finally won, and my eyes seemed to come to rest. Strange lights seemed to move from my heart to my head. It was in these days I finally could forget about Moloch a bit, finding my own path. However I would be marked for life, as his eyes lived in me. And although his soul was dying, it would stay in me for eternity. That was my fate, and I had to make the best of it.

The kingly spider seemed to be an intelligent creature, and I could totally trust it in making a treasure of my past. He would make my scars shine. He ate from my powers and became my powerful boss. There were times I felt very weak because of this, but it was only to grant me greater powers afterwards. So I tried to come at peace with this weakness. It was strange seed. I could never become a king. My powers always faded away. It was like spasm. I was the strongest and the weakest person at the same time. It was like someone was stinging me all the time, someone deep inside, stinging all my muscles, so that they would never rise into kingship. There was living a strange venom inside, making me so tired for long periods of my life, like creeping through a desert eating me, my soul. I was chained inside. Moloch was still living in me.

I was like a madman, creeping through the dust, eating the dust. It led me to the wilderness, the great desert, where I came to a city after days of dying in the bloody sun. My skin was burning like tar. I felt like a zombie. The bright white stones of the city wall were huge. A huge giant-like person in white stood before me. He was the porter. I heard the screams of children coming from the city. I had a fight with this porter for many days and nights in which I finally inserted my poison into his brains. It was all coming suddenly. He fell down, and I could enter the city. There were shrieking children in wooden barrows. A strange fire was burning here. I had never seen such a place before. Inside I heard a voice laughing. 'I am ruling this city,' he roared. I felt weak. I fell down. I woke up in a bath full of soft fluids, a kingly bath in a sort of temple-like atmosphere. The pillars had been built of the brightest white. Some slave-women were also in the bath, making strange attempts to wash me. They looked like they were some sort of harem. They drank from the soft fluids of the kingly bath, and snakes seemed to come forward from the bath, sliding across the skins of the women who began to smile brightly. 'I am the ruler here,' a roman-like royal type said. He stood tall close to the bath having some leaves in his hair and was dressed in white with some golden decoration. He had slippers on. He also had a strange staff in his hand. It was like the staff of an elephant. He helped me out of the bath and showed me his throne. The air was still filled with the shrieks and screams of children, and there was also a lot of weeping.

'I understand your confusion,' he said. 'I am a roman god. The Moloch you have inside I have sent out to get you here. He's my pet.'

When I told him about the spider living inside he seemed to be surprised and shocked. 'Then you are lucky,' he said. 'The pink spider race only has one king. And we didn't know he would be among the ones Moloch used.' He showed me several doors behind which fires were burning, full of children. 'They all burn for Moloch,' the roman god said.

'Then who is the boss here?' I asked.

'I am,' the roman god said. 'But when Moloch will be grown-up, he will be.'

'For what reason?' I asked.

‘No one knows,’ the roman god said. ‘But these children burn for Moloch so that he won’t feel his own pain. He lives in forgetfulness, and as long as he lives in that mood, he won’t grow up.’

‘Oh, that’s ridiculous,’ I said.

‘Well, you better not wake him up,’ the roman god said. ‘By the way, the children need to be in the fire, to keep the flame of oblivion alive.’

‘Oh,’ I said, ‘so they need to suffer to keep your roman house guarded ? What god are you ?’

Suddenly there was knocking all over the place. Soon the spirits of Taroon came in. ‘Where is the one who destroyed our city ?’ they screamed.

‘He’s in the fire behind the walls,’ the roman god spoke.

Then the spirits of Taroon came into such a rage that they destroyed the walls keeping the fires isolated. There was fire all over the place. The spirits of the children seemed to come free. Soon the fire got neutralized in the skies. Also the spirits of Taroon were gone.

The roman god smiled. ‘It seems you carry a lot with you. It has finally found it’s place.’

I felt empty. I couldn’t think. It was like something had taken my last strength away, while I knew it was only for the king of the pink spiders to enter deeper into my heart, giving me a heart. I sunk away in myself. Like my last walls were gone, also the ones who blocked me entering deeper inside. I gained so much life, by so much death. The vision finally went away from me, and I found myself in the desert again. I didn’t know where to go, but the kingly spider would lead my path. I was wondering where I was, but then, I forgot just about everything. The eyes of Moloch were burning in my head, and they induced sleep and oblivion, this time not to grow dumb, but to grow up.

His sword was still staring at me, and a little skull attached to my belt. I couldn’t remember a lot of things. I reached another city where an old king lived with his daughters. They also seemed to recognize that the curse of Moloch lived inside of me.

‘Oh, this curse will lead you,’ the old king spoke, ‘like it has led you to this place, and it will multiply itself. The secret of bliss is just the multiplication of the curse. That is the only way to master it.’

They also seemed to know about the kingly spider who lived inside of me, more than ever. It had pierced it’s way into my heart where it had his throne. They also knew about the pirates of Taroon who seemed to follow me everywhere.

‘The curse is attracting many curses,’ the old king said, ‘finally a way to lead you out.’ I was aware of the wisdom of this king. It brought me a bit at peace with my fate. He seemed to have a strong relationship with his daughters, who seemed to be very wise as well. They often danced throughout the galleries of the palace. They lived a happy life. But the king said his daughters lived under a curse as well. In the night their spirits would come alive and they would turn into predators to go for a hunt.

We waited for the night, and the king showed me at a certain distance. I couldn't believe my eyes. They turned into blackblue panthers, very huge, and most dangerous. When I saw them returning with children in their mouths I was shocked.

'This,' the king said, 'is because these children would grow up become the worst tyrants ever existing. These ones would become the cruellest dictators, so the predators bring them to the fire.'

I saw huge ovens opening up in the walls of the palace where the panthers brought these children.

'What kind of fire is it ?' I asked the king.

'Oblivion, my son, oblivion,' the king spoke.

I didn't hear any shriek or scream. I didn't hear any of these children weeping. They went into the fire to go asleep. They were closing their eyes more and more. The day after there was a huge meal with a lot of meat and I wondered from where the meat was coming.

'Elephants, my son,' the king said.

'No, he's just joking,' one of his daughters said.

He had very attractive daughters, but I think I thought that way mostly because of what I had seen in the night. They were werepanthers. To my surprise the king had invited the spirits of Taroon and the burning children for dinner as well. The children were very sleepy. The king was very friendly to them, and his daughters also. But as soon as I was starting to eat from the meat I found myself in the desert again. This time my stomach hurt like hell, and I was vomiting. Darkness came over the desert, covering it completely, while there were signs of blood in the sky. 'What do you want from me ?' I screamed. I was following the footprints of someone. It led me to a hut in the desert, a huge hut with a big roof to which a skull of a goat or something or a reindeer had been attached. When I entered the hut an old woman was staring at me, together with a young woman. The young woman seemed to care for the old woman.

'Where do you come from,' the old woman said with an aged voice.

I didn't say anything and sat down. I was tired, so tired. 'He needs some sleep,' the old woman said. 'Bring him to one of the rooms.'

The young woman took me by the arm and brought me to the back of a hut where I got a room. The curtains were hanging in front of the low windows, and the wind was coming through, the hot desert wind, although there was some coolness in it. I sank down on the bed. The woman lay next to me, but suddenly she changed into a skeleton. I was shocked, ran to the living room again, and also the old woman had been changed into a skeleton, sitting still on her chair. But I was so tired, and went to the bedroom again, where I lay down on the bed again. I knew I was a cursed man with the eyes of Moloch in my head. My vision was tricking on me. I felt strength inside all of a sudden. Like the spider was waking up in me. 'You are in an important place,' the voice spoke. 'These ones were already dead for a long time, but you

could enter their history. You have brought them the seed of life, and they will live again. It is because of the eyes of Moloch you can do that.'

I finally understood where my curse was leading me to. The next morning I woke up, still having the skeleton by my side, but something was glowing inside. Soon the skeleton stood up, having some amazing lights. She hugged me and kissed me. Then the old woman came into the room, but she was young now.

'You have made us happy,' she said. 'You have a treasure in your eyes, sowing the seeds of light, life and love.'

I smiled. 'But I am a cursed man,' I said.

'Look where the curse has led you,' she spoke. 'It led you to bliss.'

'Oh, but you do not know what is following me,' I said. 'I need to go.' Suddenly I stood up and ran out of the room, and then out of the house. Even the house had changed now, and the desert merely looked like a jungle now, although it was still a wilderness. The dryness had disappeared a bit. I felt hunted. Like the pirates of Taroona were coming alive again. I felt it in the air. Suddenly they appeared all around me, coming from behind the bushes.

'We are looking for you,' their captain screamed. Then they were all of a sudden attacking me. I fell down, and they dragged me to a fire deep down in the jungle. Suddenly someone drove a sword into my back from behind. They all laughed. 'Look at this prince trying to tame us,' they said. 'You will never escape from us. We will always be your worst nightmare. Until we have dragged you down into Tartarus where we all belong. Suddenly they pushed me into the fire, and it was like I fell down from the highest rock into the deepest darkness. There was wilderness all around me. Snakes were staring at me. I begged this machine to stop. I felt like I was a playball of these pirates. I was at Tirmis Oracle, a ghosttown in the west of Mars, where pirates seemed to come to party, to have a good time. It was a haven town, located at the Bleeding Ocean. The dark toes of Tirmis Oracle were ten demon-machines torturing so many on the surfaces of Mars, to keep them in deep tragedy and slavery. Ten demons were locked up in these machines. I was the second one, Jeppersla. A woman named Tara from Rhodes set me free. I had been locked up in a gamble-machine, a casino for pirates. She led me to a place in Tartarus where the most dangerous stones seemed to exist : the python stones. She suffered a lot under it's radiation, so I helped her, and became the guard of these stones. The stones seemed to be important as well, as they would form the road to bliss. And all came clear in my sense, as I knew where the multiplication of the curse would lead to. I found in her a mother, and she gave life and birth to me. Still the pirates of Taroona would haunt me, and they would keep visiting Tirmis Oracle to have their evil holidays and fun. I got a new name, Barkas, son of Tara and Golem.

Tara had already freed one demon before me, and together we freed the other eight demons. But the pirates of Taroona seemed to struck even harder. We all sank away in deep paranoia, and we certainly had to pay the price to open up the machines. One of their highest captains was Drinbard. He wanted to lock us up in a bottle for what we had done. He was a member of a ruling class called the Sjarun. It was a circle of witchdoctors, zombificators, necromancers and soul-swindlers. He called for them, and we had to fight for our lives and freedom. They all wanted to let us pay for destroying Tirmis Oracle, one of their greatest prides. In this we got help from Traxwodka, the Python Knight. He was the first one Tara had freed from the

Oracle. He had a haunted face. You could see he still lived under the pressure of the Sjarun and the pirates of Taroona. In one way I asked myself if he had been really set free from the Oracle, as he still seemed to be bound in a sense. 'There is no true escape from the Oracle,' he spoke. I listened to his wisdom for hours and hours. Tara was screaming I shouldn't believe him, but I did, in a certain sense. And he was right, for after awhile we found out where it had brought us all. The demons only had sunk deeper into the machines, and those who wanted to save them entered the same fate. There was no true escape. All escape and all help in that was to get trapped deeper. Drinbard knew. I hated his face. But suddenly he turned himself to me and said : 'There is no escape, neither for me. We are all trapped in this machine.' One moment I thought he was beautiful, like he was my friend. But that thought was only a flash. I shivered. I hated to see myself becoming like Drinbard, but it actually seemed to happen. The pirates loved me all of a sudden, and they were open to me, and they made me a captain. I was one with Drinbard now, the thing I hated so much. The machine had even swallowed me deeper. I felt like frozen. But the deeper we became in these machines, the more these machines seemed to be one. There were doors between them, and there were centers between them. It was a whole complex of halls and galleries, like an arena. 'No,' I said. 'Don't let me fight my mother.' I saw Tara screaming. She was confused.

Chapter 2. The Cobra Stone

Barkas actually realized that the pirates of Taroona were also nothing but victims of the machines of Tirmis Oracle. They actually came forth from the deeper parts, where they had become one and lived in an arena. It was at this point he had some sympathy for the pirates, and he also remembered how they actually helped him to let him escape from time to time. He was one of them now, and they were friendly to him now, letting their heads hang slant. They urged him there was no escape, and they had to fight each other as friends. They had reached the center of the ten machines, and it was called the Machine of Democracy.

There were a lot of slot machines here, and the pirates loved playing them. They were in search of gold, money and treasures. 'Money is the Root of All Evil' was written on a banner somewhere on a slot machine. There were so many ghost machines here by which the pirates of Taroona could mask themselves. Barkas was shocked. They could become anything here, all for the sake of deception. 'Realize this,' one of the pirates said : 'We all worship Moloch, and there is actually no escape from him. The more you fight against this machine the more you wake him up, and the more you will get swallowed by it.'

Another pirate said : 'These are the machines of Moloch. The slot-machines to let the children play. Don't you know these are his jaws ? You can only get deeper. Aren't we all his children ? We burn forever.'

Barkas realized they were already deep in Tartarus, waiting to be trodden and squeezed between the Moving Walls in the depths of this machine. Here Diabrillis the puppetmaker worked to catch them there to turn them into puppets. Here Barkas finally found out that the

pirates of Taroona were actually creations of Diabrilis. Those who didn't get caught by Diabrilis could get so dense that they turned into python stone.

But all ways finally led to Moloch, to sink deeper into his stomach. He was a greedy monster, and actually the secret of Tartarus. He could never really die, and never really get defeated. They needed to live with him forever. But inside Barkas the king of the pink spiders lived, and it was something they feared. Also the fact that Barkas had the mysterious eyes of Moloch disturbed them. Why did Diabrilis create the pirates of Taroona ? The pink spider king was very clear in this. He told Barkas that Diabrilis created the pirates of Taroona as guards of something he feared. They fought Barkas and acted sweet to him, because he had become very close to that thing. They wanted Barkas to stay with them, even by letting him be one of them. But Barkas wanted more. In one of the nights he went with the spider king on a tour. The spider knew some tracks on secret balconies along the Moving Walls. They could see a new world from there. Tall stretched hunting fields. The spider said that Diabrilis had his own hunting fields, when someone tried to escape from his realm, he would have his ways to bring them back. The spider said that he as king was the only one who could bring someone across these fields. Here they could become flesh and blood again, but it also made them vulnerable. The only way to survive there was to become a Spider Knight. Barkas was interested as he just couldn't believe that he had to stay in this machine forever.

The spider helped him to finally getting rid of the pirates of Taroona, just by becoming a Spider Knight. Was he doomed to serve Moloch all his life, or would the spider king lead him out ? Barkas had many questions. All he wanted was to go to the core of Tartarus to find out about it's mystery. Something inside was stinging his muscles, while weakness overflowed him. A man in grey came to him, almost covered by spiderwebs, with a dark and low voice. He had a tall black jacket. 'Any power can lead you back to Diabrilis now, and to the pirates of Taroona,' the man said. 'But your weakness is your protection, your guard. I know who is stinging you inside.' A tall slimy tongue came out of the mouth of the man. He was a reptile man. 'The pirates of Taroona guard an indian race,' the man said. 'Hate and anger weakens you. But it is your immunity at the same time.'

'Why is Diabrilis afraid of the indian race ?' Barkas asked.

'For this race will bring forth a new saviour,' the man said. 'There is a way out of the machine. When someone survives the python stone, the cobra stone will hit. This stone is even darker. The python stone got created by souls squeezed and trodden between the Moving Walls, but the cobra stone is quite the opposite. It will come into existence by souls who get torn apart, stretched out.'

'How does this happen,' Barkas asked.

'What do you know about the depths of Tartarus ?' the man spoke. 'I will tell you : nothing. In the core of Tartarus there is Cobra Stone, nothing but Cobra Stone, and it exists there, because of chess, Tartarian Chess. When you move closer to the core across the boards of chess, some stones are traps, and they will actually stretch you. Some tiles will pierce you, some tiles will cut you. Just make sure you come safe to the realm of Cobra Stone.'

Barkas felt himself like hanging at a cross or stake. The words of the man had totally pierced his soul, and he felt broken inside. He knew that if he would fail at the boards of Tartarian Chess he would be nothing but a wave of the sea. It would drag him all the way back to the

Bleeding Ocean on the ship of the pirates of Taroon. He would be stretched, torn apart, and slide back. If that was his fate, then it would be. He was a Spider Knight now. He wondered if he would be skilled enough to get across these terrible boards. But the spider inside would lead him.

He was of course paranoid. He carefully walked to the first board. The tiles were white and brown. He would lose a lot of density if he would fail, and in the best case he would just go back to Diabrilis. But certainly he wanted to win. He gathered all his courage. The spider inside told him he had done this before so he would show him the way. But still it was very scary, as the boards seemed to change all the time. The tiles were even moving and switching. It was hopeless. After awhile the reptile man was back. 'I want to make a deal with you,' the man said. 'I will show you the safe track across the boards, if you would only give me the eyes of Moloch and the spider who lives inside. You won't regret it, as I will lead you safely to the Cobra Stones, and they are more powerful than anything you had before. They will be your eyes, your feet and your heart. They will be your head, your tongue and your bones, they will be your flesh and blood. And further,' the man said, 'you will be a wereman for the rest of your life, switching between all the sacred powers you need to survive.'

'That's a deal,' Barkas said. And it was true what the man told him. As within short time he reached the mountains of Cobra Stone, and it would easily live in his body to do all the things he wished, but at the same time he felt a weakness he had never felt before, and his both eyes started to bleed. He felt poisoned inside. However after a few days it went away. He felt powerful, coming forth from an incredible softness. It was like his body was so hard storing all those powers, but at the same time it was so flexible, absorbing the atmosphere. His senses had been opened, and thus his softness was his strength. He thought he had survived with the Cobra Stone, but he started to become greedy. He wanted more, as other Cobra Stones more precious than those he had were luring from the distance. And still there were some small chess boards between him and some other places. There was no inner voice anymore, no Moloch who would block him, and also the reptile man had disappeared. In his boldness and sense of invincibility he stepped on the first tile, thinking he was wise and strategic enough now to do it all by himself. It was an urge it seemed he couldn't stop. Tall thin spears seemed to come from the tile trying to pierce his flesh, but he had such an enormous control in his body now that he could make it so hard that the attack failed. Then he jumped to a second tile, still thinking he could conquer the world. But the tile was jelly and he slid across some other tiles as well. Then he took a dive to the sandy other side of the board, but it was quicksand. Barkas grasped an enormous snake who took him out. Quickly he took some of the precious stones who started to melt into his body already, integrating themselves. A strange feeling came over him. He got very tired. Suddenly it was like he got stung by many tall thin spears so sharp that his body couldn't resist it. He fell down, while a snake bit him, and he slid on the board again. This time he touched a tile which immediately fell down, while Barkas slid into the hole.

Some snakes hung at the bottoms of other tiles, and quickly caught him to bring him back. It seemed he had found some friends here who didn't allow him falling away. Barkas felt he was more than conqueror. Snakes seemed to rule here and controlled everything. He couldn't breathe very well. It went downwards with his breathing more and more, everyday, but he found small oasis in the area with brighter breath than he ever had. He went from oasis to oasis piercing the area deeper and deeper, but as long he was inbetween these oasis, he could hardly breathe. He was shocked when he finally reached the Bleeding Ocean, but this was the other side. He was scared to meet any pirate of Taroon again, although he would slay them if

he did. He was scared of making circles. The ocean was warm, even hot, and he loved swimming in it. Finally he decided to swim to a certain island in the distance. The island was very fruitful and wonderful and he decided he wanted to live here, but then he remembered his mother and his father, and maybe some other people he wanted to have here. But he also knew how dangerous their track to this place would be. He knew they had to do it all by themselves, and even if they would reach the other side of the Bleeding Ocean, there were so many islands here, that they could easily pick another island. He was at peace here.

But soon he saw a ship in the distance, coming closer. There were pirates of Taroon on it. He wanted to trade his secret to them, but it seemed they already knew. The pirates of Taroon knew it all, but they would always return to the start acting like they didn't know. They were the guards of the Cobra Stone.

The End

The Man with the Needles

The blue-skinned princess ruled in the depths of tartarus. She had a lot of monsters helping her, and creatures called the green claws by which she could suck all the energy out of someone. The secret of her power was the cobra sword. Big monkeys were her advisers. But most of all she listened to a flower in her head by which she could freeze anything. There was no way to escape from her world. She was a cobra charmer.

She had a monkey machine by which she could let the roses grow in Tartarus, all to enchant men, and lead them to her ruins, her palaces. The monkeys coming out of these machines

were big like giants, and they were always sowing the seeds. She also had a parrot machine producing the most beautiful birds. But one day she came into trouble, and Barkas had to help her. He loved to watch her huge temple, which looked like a dark castle. It was a ruin of course, but it was still beautiful. She told Barkas about a bald giant with a slant sword. He was her guard, but he went away. He told her he would go to a certain volcano but he never returned. She loved this man, he was her everything. But now she had to live with such a loss.

Barkas would never hesitate to help her. She once saved him from a horrible death. She was his everything in a sense. She was a sweet lady. Even her monsters were sad since they realized that the bald giant with the slant sword had not returned. They all feared the volcano. Strange jewels lived there, powerful enough to take over one's mind.

When Barkas came to the volcano he immediately noticed these big transparent jewels hanging at the rocks and the mountains. They also hung at hills. Suddenly a man jumped on him, and started to sting him deep in his muscles by needles. After awhile Barkas fell down of pain, severe pain. The man was very elastic and there was not much Barkas could do. He felt paralyzed, frozen by the pain, poisoned. 'Who are you ?' Barkas roared.

The man looked like a clown, like a jester, but also like a warrior, a military servant. "I won't destroy you," the man said. "I'm just protecting you against the dark indian races here. If they catch you they will insert their implants in you so that you will swell up, your body They like the meat you know."

After awhile the man took the needles out of Barkas. Barkas felt relieved. The pain was gone. 'Be well,' the man said. 'You have the immunity now.' Barkas felt a weakness but it was also giving him strange strength. Soon the man was gone, and Barkas continued his path. In a cave he found the bald giant with the slant sword. He stood tall in a cage now, while his body had swollen up. Barkas didn't hesitate one moment and cut the cage open by his sword. It didn't take long but they had already been surrounded by indians. Then the needle man jumped forward and started to sing : 'He's already immune. You can't touch him.'

'Please,' Barkas asked the man. 'Sting my brother also. He's swollen.' The needle man gave away a show while he stung the giant, while the indians were applauding. They had never seen something like this. The giant was bleeding and fell down after awhile, roaring with pain. The indians got very distracted by the funny man. They seemed to love the show. 'Take him home,' the needle man sang to Barkas. 'They do not understand the language. I will keep them amused.' Then the needle man walked towards another cage in which a giant pig lived. He opened the cage and started to do the same on the pig, while Barkas and the giant could leave. The indians were all following the man with the needles.

When Barkas got home with the giant the blue lady was very glad. She hugged Barkas and kissed him, and Barkas told her about the man with the needles. 'I want this man here,' the blue princess said. Barkas went to the volcano-area again, but he couldn't find him anymore. One day the blue princess decided to go there by herself. She greatly feared the volcano-area,

but she just had to find this man. She went together with Barkas and some of the monsters. They came into a cave which finally ended in a hall which was full of cages with swollen bodies. The bodies were all crying or screaming. The blue princess realized that there were a lot more victims of these indian races. In the distance they saw a throne, on which the man with the needles was sitting. He still looked like a jester and a warrior. He had some feathers in his hair. Barkas recognized him and told it to the princess. 'I want to thank you for setting my guard and friend free,' she shouted.

'Oh welcome, blue princess,' the man shouted back in joy.

'Is there anything I can do for you, I want to show you my gratitude,' the princess shouted.

'Come closer,' the man said.

The blue princess walked up to him without hesitating, while her monsters followed her.

'I want to ask you this,' the man said. 'I am bound to this throne. The moments I am free from it are rare. I am bound to my crown. I want to be free.' Suddenly a huge fire came forth from the ground. 'I know you would not expect me to be the king of all these indians, but I am. If I would leave my throne they would rule everything, and everything would swell up to serve as their meat. I am the only thing stopping them.'

'Yes, but you seem to be their pet,' the princess said. 'I want to take you to my ruins where you can be free.'

'Oh no, that is impossible,' the needle man spoke. 'They will take everything over like I said. Once in awhile I use my needles to set someone free or to make someone immune, but I can't do that too often.'

An old skull came forward from the flames and started to spin. 'Only when this skull shows up and takes my place at the throne, I can get away for awhile to do my needle jobs. But it is only for a short time,' the man said.

'What is it ?' the princess asked.

'It's an old skull,' the man said. 'My father gave it to me once, and it guided me to this place. Here I had my fight against the indians, and here I got my throne. They love my shows. They love my jokes. And the skull takes it over at times. They love it.'

‘But whose skull is it ?’ the princess asked.

‘Oh, I can’t tell,’ the man said, ‘for then I would get into troubles.’

The princess realized the man had some secrets. She knew what heritages could do. Quickly she smashed the skull into pieces, took the man from his throne, and went away with him. The princess recognized these sorts of skulls. She knew them. They were ancient liars. She realized it was a sweet man, and he needed to come with her, as he lived in fears here. It was a place of fear, both in truth and lies, and her instinct told her just to go once to save this man.

In her ruins the man was safe. Barkas asked her about the skull, but she didn’t want to answer. Those skulls loved to get discussed. By that their powers would grow. They worked by fables and fairytales, by legends, all to proclaim their powers by lies. The princess would silence them. She would take them out of the memory, to let them sink away in oblivion.

The End

The Prince of Zgavar

Chapter 1. The Coming of the Judges

Chapter 2. Ink from Hell

Chapter 1.

He had much power on Mars, the man with the organ. Whenever he pushed a key someone would burn. It was cruel machinery. He was an artist. He could fly in the sky with his organ, by pushing the keys, making great melody. But one day his ship exploded. Panthers were licking from his blood. He became a mess, a zombie. And people started to call him the burning one. He couldn't make any melody anymore, but his eyes spat fire. By one stare he could kill, and he couldn't control this force. He was a judge.

When the judges came on Mars things started to change. They had more power than emperors, more power than medical ones, more power than anything. They would fly in helicopters, judging countries, judging continents. They were from Tartarus.

They had intelligence rising above everything. They were movie-makers, dictators, tyrants, sultans in the clouds. They would command you to do something, or not. They were the rulers of the mind. They had their voices in your heart. And what they did was making stories, making a mess of everything, for they were such a mess themselves. They were the Lords of Chaos. Black panthers were their parents, they made the newspapers everyday. They dominated TV.

On doom's day they would fall down, as it had been prophesied in their books. Only the strongest of them would survive. It was the survival of the fittest. So they lived in rage, and judged everything, so that everyone would feel their pains and fears. They were tragic figures.

Tragic figures living in the sky. Living in helicopters, breeding the lie, the big lie. One day they would die. Only the strongest would survive.

There were screams, a man pushed away some big leaves. It was Barkas, a jungle man, barbarian. He lived deep in the jungles of Tartarus, to be safe. Never did he hear a breath of these men, these judges, as he was far away. Living on a piece of paradise. A sorcerer he was, but only by his sword. He didn't believe in magic too much, but in a good fight, like his mother. The sword was his god. Well, his own god was unreachable, Dus, the god of his father, and the god of his mother was Soms. Like his father and mother he didn't believe too much in them. He rarely prayed to them. He had been taught to use his sword.

He was never complaining too much, just dealing with the situations. He was rough, but he was also tender and soft, yes weakness would let him explode at times, then he would completely break down. He was a man after my heart.

I am the great great sorceress. I am the eater of hearts. Through my jaws they will enter, and they will live forever after they have been torn apart. My teeth are sharp and never humble, only when they are deceiving, luring, seducing. I have a great mind, a great body. I am the blue princess.

My copper burns, it's shifting the pictures of the eyes. It's shifting everything. I have spider eyes. I am the blue princess, welcoming them into the nights. My nights are great but murderous. My breaths are hot. I am the dragon. Immunity is what I will bring, by weakness, by the sting.

I am the statue of the night, in their heads I play them songs, I play them long. No, don't go to sleep, you better weep. For the days are wrong, so wrong, let me lure them to my nights, let me lure you, and start the fight. You better wake up.

Barkas was in a shock. This was the first time he heard this strange song. It enchanted him. It was martian TV. They had found him in the jungle, displaying shows in his head. By a knife he cut his head, then he took out the tall plug. They inserted it in the night. By a snake's tooth, yes, by a snake's tooth. It was a foul tooth, tall and brown.

He could behead the snake if he would find it, but it was gone.

The voice of the blue princess was still whispering in his head. He had taken out the plug, but the wound was still there, and the venom had found it's place in his body. He was a victim of martian TV now. What kind of movies would they do ? What kind of trauma's would they bring. A voice was luring him, a voice so deep. 'Welcome to the jungle.'

In that night he died, but someone woke him up again. It was the blue princess. Her voice was sharp, and then so soft. It would wake him up, it would wake him up. He was her puppet now. But it was better than anything else. She had saved him, saved him, from a horrible death.

The wound was burning his skin. He looked up and saw her, with her black panthers. She had a smile he couldn't explain. Now she wanted him further, deeper, she took away his pain.

'Barkas,' she said, 'stay close to me, I will lead you out of this TV, for TV is all zombification technique. I will teach you how to walk, I will teach you how to dance. I have been here before.'

Someone smashed the TV screen. A professor, he had done something wrong. He skipped the channels, and then found this, this lady with the panthers. Something was screaming in his head. It wasn't a good invention.

Mad professors rule Mars, helicopters in the sky. You can never trust them. They are the judges of the mind. In their books it says they will fall, that's why they make such a carnival. They want you, your soul, to die with them. They are lonely. Why not falling together ? These are the jaws of Mars, enchanting the mass. They are greedy, living to live, to survive, and nothing matters anymore. They call themselves care, they call themselves love, but they are

greedy, hungry, they want your soul. To the elevators of Mars they march, like a secret society, the Sjarun. And downstairs they have their garments.

Oh, those clowns, they fill the sky, they paint your worlds, it's all disguise. They are falling stars, eating is all they can, as they want to forget, forget, forget about the master plan. They are soul hunters, with bodies swollen up, fattened up by TV, they need to shoot you.

What's this skull on an old table. It's an old man, wanting to be young. They dance dances of illusion. You must be strong. They play mr. beautiful, all machinery, who's fattening them up, you want to see ? They like it when you dance, they like it when you grow up, to have a part of the big TV. They like you to grow up there, reach for elevators of Mars, be the big one, be the last one, be the big mouth. It is the survival of the majority, so have many heads. Have a machine of democracy.

You can buy them like icecreams on the fairground. Girl be wise and take two. For tonight is the fight, and only those with the most heads will win. It doesn't care which words you choose, it doesn't care how beautiful you are, how you have studied, or what religion you have Only those of the most heads will win, and will take it all

So stand up, open your mouth, and show your teeth, show those heads you have inside On Mars a million heads show a smile, but a billion heads show a grin. You want to know what's behind the scene ? An advanced skull, the eyes of death, and a sarcastic wide and evil grinning mouth, shouting when it laughs, a dictator behind the mass. He has secret signs on his head, all kings who like to pretend. Pretend to rule the world, it all happens on TV. Old men are isolated, sitting on chairs to watch, and they are kings, great kings, emperors, of their own households, their own puppet families. They can brag like no one can, but no one's listening.

There, deep down in the jungle, the blue princess knows all about it. She showed the fruits to Barkas, these fruits, letting so many heads grow inside. When you open your mouth it's a blast. Those forbidden fruits, those forbidden fruits Barkas took a bite and gasped Gaspd for breath She gave him a kiss. 'Now rule with me, my king,' she said. But she was terror, and Barkas ran away. What did he eat ? Did he fall ? Why did she poison him ? Or was it to protect him ? Against all the dictators rising up, wanting so much of Mars.

'You need to protect yourself, Barkas,' she said. 'Mars gets so insane. I will show you your uniform.'

But all he could do was tearing things apart.

'Let me be your rock, Barkas,' she said. But he pushed her away. 'I will induce you to sleep,' she said. 'And I will take you away. In my ruins, in my ruins, in my ruins you will be safe.'

She saved him from death, from horrible beasts. She took him away, while she was bleeding. She gave him grace.

There were guns in the air, they wanted him back. 'Go back to the volcano, to your jungle.' Dark voices they had.

They had built their TV inside. By a high voice she could break the screens. She was a siren, his siren. They brought forth voices, she was his everything. She was his echo.

On the stairways a woman stood. She was tall and lovely, tender, selling fruits. So many heads on your skin so small, you will always win, but lose so deep after awhile, for there are secrets, secrets, secrets in the sky. Voices of the dead wanting to have it differently. There was a stairway in his head since that day. He was like a roman emperor now, with a blue skin. Popes were his marionets now, the black ones and the whites, and of course the red ones. It was martian chess they played. And they would play and drink till deep in the night.

In a shock Barkas woke up. He had a psychedelic dream. He stared at a snake before him, while he was still busy. 'No, don't bite me again,' he begged the snake. But the snake was merciless and attacked. There was a warm hand on his mouth, and then it died, and it got cold.

'No, don't take me away,' Barkas screamed. The blue princess stood before him with her leopard. She had a gun in her hand. She had shot the snake. 'It almost killed you,' she said. 'Come.'

But Barkas couldn't move. Tenderly she took him in her arms. 'It will take awhile before the poison is out.

When they came to her dark castle she gave him something to eat and to drink. Panthers surrounded them. 'You are safe here,' she spoke. 'Be my guest.'

'Am I on TV ?' he asked.

'No,' she smiled. 'I just killed this snake called martian TV. They are dangerous zombificators of the dark. However many get killed by their bites.'

'I like snakes,' Barkas said.

'I like them too,' the blue princess said. 'But I just had to save you.'

'I understand,' Barkas said.

The day after she showed him the sea behind the ruins. They made a long long walk on the beach. 'Pirates use to come here,' she said. 'Oh, they are such tricksters,' she said. 'Tricksters of the mind.'

Chapter 2. Ink from Hell

She opened her mouth, I could see her jaws and her sharp teeth. She was a martian robot. Some of her black-blue gorillas were playing on the beach. She lived in my head. She clapped in her hands three times and an enormous red-skinned man came out of the sea. He had a dark voice. It was like his skin was burning. He was dark red. 'He can take the poison out of you,' she said to me. He walked towards me, pushed his hand firmly against my skin, while his hand became black. Then he spat out some black water.

He showed me his hand. Inside there was a TV screen. 'All ink,' he said.

'Is there still such ink in my head ?' I asked.

'It will take a long time before everything is out,' he said. He seemed to be the only one who could handle the ink. But he always had to spit a lot of it out. The rest he would concentrate in his hand. He said he could send images in people's heads by it.

'Barkas,' he said. 'I live by the ink. Without the ink I die.'

Then he returned to the waters and dived away. The blue princess smiled. I saw the lights in her eyes. Also her panthers seemed to be satisfied. Together we walked to her ruins again, and fell asleep in each others arms.

The End

Lirlit of Kaapsia

The Dog-skeletons

of Lokdok

Chapter 1. The Invitation

Lirlit of Kaapsia was walking on a market on Lokdok. Here she would buy some new things for her house. Most of the time she bought weapons and skeletons. Lirlit of Kaapsia believed that by the dead she would have magical powers. When she got home she found a letter on her bed. It was an invitation. She didn't know from who it was, but she knew the place. She didn't trust the letter at all, but she was very curious, so she went there, with her spear. Soon a wolf came out of the bushes and attacked her. It became a long, long fight, but finally she conquered the wolf and took his skeleton. But she didn't know that it's skeleton was still alive, and it began to speak to her : 'Don't you know, far away on the hills, the dog-skeletons live, and when they hear about what you did to me, they will come to get you.' Lirlit said she didn't care, as she was adventurous. 'But first you have to deal with me,' the wolf-skeleton said. And then he rose up to strike her. He had hit her in the cheek, while blood was flowing forth from it. But finally Lirlit smashed the wolf-skeleton against a rock. She decided to take the skull with her, while the rest of the body she left.

When she got home she smashed the wolf-skull on her bed. She was a bit angry. It was like she had hit an alarm-button, and now she had to pay for that. The skull couldn't do anything, but it told her that the dog-skeletons would smell the death of their friend, and they would look for her for sure. Lirlit got so angry, and shouted that she would go to the hills by herself to look for them. She wanted to find out about the invitation. The wolf spoke about the dog-skeletons like they were his big brothers, like they were higher than him, like they were his bosses. She had to find out, instead of waiting for them to come while she would be asleep or something. She left the village, and found her way to the hills. The dog-skeletons were sitting on a rock. Lirlit started to shout at them : 'Hey, who of you fools have sent me an invitation ?' But the dog-skeletons acted like they didn't know anything of it. Lirlit came closer, aiming her spear at them. 'Oh, ohoh,' one of the dog-skeletons said. 'I see it is serious to you, but not to us. We do not know what you are talking about.' When Lirlit told about the wolf and it's skeleton, they said they didn't know him. Lirlit didn't know what was going on. Why did she feel so much anger towards them, and why did she feel they were lying to her ? Or did the wolf lie to her ?

'Relax, lady,' another dog-skeleton said, 'you believe in fairytales and fables, and I can see you are superstitious. Why don't you come with us into the rock ? There's a huge area there.' Lirlit

was still on her guard, but she wanted to find out. Carefully she walked with them into the rock. Inside there was a large room. There were kettles with blood and on the wall there were many bones, while in front of the walls there were shrines made of bones, with ornaments and jewels decorated by organic things. There was a strange smell here, and in a sense Lirlit didn't trust them at all. 'How can I trust you ?' she asked. But the dog-skeletons didn't answer. A door behind them got closed. And one of the dog-skeletons came closer to her. 'How do you like it here ? This is a better invitation than the invitation you talked about.'

'How do you know it's better ?' Lirlit asked distrustful. The dog-skeleton bent a bit towards her, and smiled, saying : 'Because we do not attack you, we believe in peace.' Lirlit sat down and looked around her. 'I must say it is beautiful,' she said.

'Oh yes,' another dog-skeleton said, 'very beautiful.' Then another door opened and some more dog-skeletons entered. Lirlit shivered a bit inside, but then she took a straight attitude.

'Well, you have company here ?' one of the incoming dog-skeletons asked. Some others nodded.

After a drink Lirlit fell asleep. She was very tired. The dog-skeletons took her to a room deeper in the rock. Here she could sleep. It was like their baby was home now. They had searched for her such a long time, and now they had found her.

Days went on, and Lirlit got a good friendship with them, but they never told her about who she was in their eyes. They asked Lirlit to stay with them, but after awhile Lirlit wanted to go home again. She thanked the dog-skeletons for their friendship, but she really had to go now, and told them goodbye.

So they let her go, with pain in their hearts, but now they knew where she lived.

On her way home she got struck by another wolf-skeleton, and this time it was a bigger one. She was about to lose the battle but suddenly a dog-skeleton showed up. He had followed her, to keep a certain eye on her. In a minute he conquered the wolf-skeleton, and broke the bones from each other. Lirlit was very grateful. When she got home she thought about the dog-skeletons a lot. Maybe they were her protectors. She also knew that the wolf-skeletons didn't have friendship with the dog-skeletons. They didn't speak about it, but what had happened spoke for itself. Maybe there were things going on the dog-skeletons didn't want to talk about.

One day an older dog-skeleton came to Lirlit's house. When he went in he told a story to Lirlit. He told her that she was a princess in her younger days, and that they cared for her the first few years of her life, until two wolf-skeletons kidnapped her. They brought her here, where the village took care of her. The older dog-skeleton also said that they didn't know that until she had beaten the first wolf-skeleton. Then they got visions that she would return to them very soon.

Lirlit was confused and asked the dog-skeleton how she could be a princess then. Then the dog-skeleton answered : There is a palace in the North behind the hills where you got born. But there was war in the kingdom, so we went there to save you. We offered you a good home, but the rest of your family died in the war. If we wouldn't take you away from the palace, you would have died also.

Lirlit asked if she could go to that palace again. The dog-skeleton nodded, but it would be full of wolf-skeletons. The kingdom of the North was the kingdom of Kaapsia. It was in the hands of Lirlit's bloodline, but since a foreign king took control, everything was different, and soon he introduced the wolf-skeletons. The members of the palace died all, except Lirlit. The rest of the land had to live in captivity. Lirlit became very sad, but she wanted to know everything about it.

The old dog-skeleton said they had visions about her gathering an army to invade the palace again. Lirlit felt a bit excitement when she heard that. The old dog-skeleton was satisfied that Lirlit was enthusiastic about their visions, and she accepted the role in it. For years the old dog-skeleton had trained an army for the big day, the day that Lirlit, who they still called 'their princess' would invade the palace of Kaapsia again.

Lirlit went back to the place of the dog-skeletons again, with the old dog-skeleton, who showed her the room where the soldiers were. They had all sorts of sharp knives and spears, in all sorts of shapes. They had strange jewels in their skeletons, spreading a magical light over their bodies. Lirlit asked how many wolf-skeletons there would be in the palace. But no one seemed to know. It was something they needed to find out. Lirlit said she didn't feel anything for being a princess again, but she wanted to invade the palace to free the land. Maybe the dog-skeletons could rule it then. Some of the soldiers nodded. One of them told about the old king. He was a mean traitor, but no one could exactly tell how he came into war against Kaapsia, and why. In a sense Lirlit wanted to know, but first they needed to take the palace back again.

On their way to the North an old man appeared to them. It was like he came out of the nothing. One of the dog-skeletons said it was a witch-doctor. 'What is your purpose to come here ?' the man asked. 'All what you do here will fail.' And then he was gone.

But Lirlit didn't let herself become discouraged. Finally they came to the palace, but it was empty. There was no one there. Inside there were a lot of dead skeletons, bones, skulls and other organic stuff, often in the form of ornaments, or as decoration for jewels. There was a strange smell here. 'Go away !' someone whispered loud. None of the dog-skeletons was speaking. Maybe it was a ghost. There were a lot of rooms in the palace, and the dog-skeletons desired to live in this place. Also in the other parts of the land there was no living being. It seemed like death had already struck this place. They found a lot of magical objects and strange advanced weaponry in the land. It seemed like those who dwelled here were very superstitious, because they also found a lot of shrines. Lirlit knew it was very easy for them to take over the land, but one of the dog-skeletons didn't have a good feeling about it. He thought the land had become bewitched, and they had to take what they needed, and then leave as soon as possible. Lirlit thought it was a good idea.

Full of stuff the dog-skeletons returned home, and also Lirlit returned to her village. The palace and its land only had to be a memory, nothing more, nothing less. The dog-skeletons stayed in their part, and Lirlit stayed in her village.

Chapter 2. The Witch-Doctor

Lirlit thought a lot about the witch-doctor they met on their way to Kaapsia. She didn't think he was an evil man, but she had troubles in her head since he spoke out that everything she would do there would fail. Was it a curse ? The dog-skeletons had taught her that she

shouldn't be superstitious. They had their own shrines, but they said these were heritages. They didn't believe in magic, although they had visions. It was like they were very paradoxal in a sense, or didn't she just understand them. Could she trust them ? She couldn't get the words of the witch-doctor out of her head. At a certain moment she started to scream. Suddenly the witch-doctor showed up in her room, as coming out of the nothing. 'You woman,' he said, 'why have you taken away so many things from our land and palace. Now you have to pay for it deep in yourself, seeing your twisted self, yes, inner battles are in you now, and there is no medicine to stop it.' Lirlit bowed down before the witch-doctor. 'What can I do ? Can you please stop the pain I have ?'

'You must bring all that you have taken away from Kaapsia back to it, so that the pain will also flee from you,' the witch-doctor said. So that was what she decided to do. It was for her relief, and then she asked the witch-doctor, who was still with her : 'Isn't that which is from Kaapsia not from me, as I am coming forth from Kaapsia as the last survivor it seems.'

But then the witch-doctor started to laugh. 'We have lived there for thousand and thousands of years as ghosts, so it is our right to have it, above all flesh and blood.'

'The ghosts rule,' he shouted. Lirlit didn't feel well, and asked him what she would have to do further to find peace. 'There is something I need to tell you,' the witch-doctor spoke. 'Your father has captured us for a long time. By the hand of Lokdok's king we could be set free. But now we seek for revenge, for you are indeed the last survivor. You are the last block in our attempt to reach freedom.' Lirlit started to scream, as she felt like she was burning inside. She ran outside, but the ghost jumped on her. There was no one around, but soon a few dog-skeletons came. They jumped towards the ghost and started to cut it's appearance by a strange edged and shaped knife. The ghost started to scream. 'Well, you want to bring her back to superstition ?' one of the dog-skeletons asked. And then he spoke to Lirlit : 'Don't believe in those fables of magic.'

'I try not to do,' Lirlit said, 'but it has me in the grip.'

'You need help,' the other dog-skeleton said. They brought her again to the hills, where they had their place. The ghost had been gone now, but Lirlit still had problems. 'Here, drink this,' one of the dog-skeletons said, and gave her some strange juice. Immediately Lirlit fell asleep. When she woke up she was in another room. An old dog-skeleton stood before her. She didn't meet him before yet. He said : 'Don't be superstitious, but believe in your only fantasy. You don't need them, those witch-doctors. They shouldn't control your life. They actually did that since your birth, but now it is your time to come free.'

'But I can't !' Lirlit shouted. 'It's in my feelings.' Suddenly there was all knocking on the door, and soon a lot of wolf-skeletons came in. They killed the old dog-skeleton and kidnapped Lirlit. They brought her back to the palace, and put her on a throne of bones and skulls, decorated by other organic stuff. Lirlit didn't know what was going on, but it seemed they wanted her to be a princess. 'I do not want to be here !' Lirlit shouted.

'Why not ?' one of the wolf-skeletons asked.

'For you have killed my land,' Lirlit said, 'and now you killed one of my friends.'

'Oh, and what do you know about it,' another wolf-skeleton said, 'You do not know what you're talking about.'

Lirlit jumped away from the throne and tried to escape, but finally they bound her to the throne. 'Now you will listen to us for awhile,' an older wolf-skeleton roared. He seemed to be a leader of the group. 'They have lied to you,' he spoke. 'We have sent you an invitation, but you never came ... Instead of that you went to the deceiving dog-skeletons.'

'Oh, that's not true,' Lirlit said, 'I came to that place, but a wolf was attacking me. I had to kill it. I thought it was a trap.'

'No, you never came,' the wolf-skeleton roared again, 'we have sent you an invitation, because we wanted to tell you about who you are and what happened.'

But then an army of dog-skeletons arrived in front of the palace. The wolf-skeletons all ran outside, but a few stayed to guard Lirlit. 'If I am so important to you, why do you do all these things to me ?' Lirlit asked. But none of the wolf-skeletons answered that question.

Soon also the other wolf-skeletons went outside, until Lirlit was alone. After an hour or so two dog-skeletons came to her. They delivered her. The rest of the dog-skeletons and all of the wolf-skeletons had died in the fight. Lirlit was confused about what happened. 'They tried to confuse me, these wolf-skeletons,' she said.

'Well, they are confusers,' one of the dog-skeletons said. 'The witchdoctors use them to keep their victims in superstition. By the superstition they control their victims also.'

Lirlit nodded. She remembered the words of the old dog-skeleton who had been killed by the wolf-skeletons who kidnapped her. He said : 'Believe in your own fantasy.' How could she do that if she would be a princess, or a believer in some sort of spiritual government. It would control her life.

Chapter 3. Hard against Hard

Lirlit was confused. What was her role in Kaapsia now ? She knew that the more wolf-skeletons had been destroyed, the more power the witch-doctors would lose. For her it would mean : she need to lose all her faith in them to replace it by her own fantasy. The dog-skeletons would help her in that.

She chose to return to her village again. She always felt best in her own home. She was adventurous, but it would always lead her home. To her it was : home, sweet home. There was no way for her to forget about home. It was like everything started from here, and everything always ended here. There were always some dog-skeletons around to keep a certain eye on her, and she felt safe with that. She needed some guards. Espacially when she was sleeping, it was an amazing feeling. It made her warm and soft inside. She would also protect them with her life, as she saw them as true friends.

There was nothing making her more happy than the feeling that she had friends. And these friends were her friends since her birth. She was so glad that she found them back. Friends are always life-savers, letting you feel good when they are around loved cared for protected Even when it is hard against hard

The End

The Wolf-Crown

Lirlit of Kaapsia was on her way home. She had made a long journey, and now she came back to her village. When she came home there was a man sitting on her bed. It was a sort of sorcerer dressed by all sorts of small skeleton-skulls. He was like a necromancer or something. Lirlit smiled. It was a surprise. It was her uncle.

‘Lirlit,’ the man said, ‘I want you to come with me, I need to show you something.’ They had to go to a tall hill where the man lived in a sort of old tower. It looked like a castle in a sense, but it was like a den of a wild animal. When they were in the top of the tower they had a good survey there. Lirlit could see her village in the distance. It was so small from here. Then the man shrieked, while a bat showed up. It was a huge bat and it floated down on his stretched hand. Then it crept to his shoulder.

‘I want you to have it, Lirlit,’ the man spoke.

‘But why, uncle ?’ Lirlit asked.

‘It needs to help you, as there are a lot of dangers in life.’ the man said. Lirlit knew that it was just a gift from his warm heart. He cared for her a lot and didn’t want anything bad to happen in her life.

At the same time her uncle asked her to stay for awhile. He missed her, as she was the last survival of the family. Lirlit got a room somewhere high in the tower. It was very dark here, and skulls were all around. But Lirlit never had problems with that, as she believed that the dead watched over her.

In the middle of the night her uncle entered in her room. He was looking for something. Lirlit asked him what was going on. She had heard sounds around the tower. ‘I think war is already beginning,’ her uncle said. He was looking for certain weapons. Suddenly they heard wolves coming in the tower. The uncle murmured something about a wolf-war. Lirlit stood up, and took her own spear. When she went out of her room there were three wolves jumping on her. Why would wolves wage war against them ? Lirlit shrieked, and all of a sudden the huge bat entered, while he struck the wolves immediately. Blood was spouting like fountains. The bat had hit them hard, fast and deep.

Other wolves entered in, while they were calling : ‘We are looking for Lirlit of Kaapsia, sorceror. Hand her over to us.’ But Lirlit’s uncle who had finally found his weapon stood already behind Lirlit. He had a sort of whip with a sharp knife at it’s end, and in a few seconds he had hit the other wolves to the ground. But then hundreds of wolves entered the tower in roaring. ‘What do they want from me ?’ Lirlit asked.

‘You are the last survivor of the Kaapsia-bloodline,’ her uncle said. The bat was shrieking, while some of the wolves fell down. They could kill some of the wolves, but they were with too many. They ran to Lirlit’s room again, and had to jump out of the window. Fortunately they fell into a river. Lirlit’s uncle was the husband of the sister of Lirlit’s mother. He was from the Lokdok-bloodline.

In the forest they found a sort of palace, full of bones, skulls, skeletons and organic decorations, shrines, weapons and magical objects. They decided to stay here for awhile in the hope that the wolves wouldn’t find them. The wolves believed that when they would kill the last survivor of the Kaapsia-bloodline they would dominate so much more. Then they would have power over Lokdok, Lirlit’s village, and further the whole realm of Kaapsmerh. They wanted to have the throne and the crown.

Later Lirlit found out that it had to do with the fact that she was a princess of origin. If they would have her blood they would rule. In the palace they decided to stay they found an old skeleton-crown. Lirlit didn’t want to have anything to do with governmental positions. She wanted to be free. She thought that monarchal positions would bind someone to superstition to block their own fantasy. She brought the skeleton-crown to a shrine. It was a beautiful crown, and they would honour it as a sovenir, as a heritage and as a memory. Her uncle had already found out how powerful the objects in this palace of the wilderness was. It seemed like no one had been dwelling here for a long time. There was dust everywhere, and it was a mess. Maybe there was a war here, and the owners had left the palace because of that. Lirlit

was afraid of the magical beliefs of her uncle. She thought it could harm him. She was of the opinion that superstition was a way of evil spirits to take control in someone's brain. It was a prison, and they had to leave it. A crown was in her eyes nothing more than a subtle chain of a prisoner, something which controlled their minds, and by which evil spirits could work and rule.

One day her uncle went for a walk, and he pierced deeper into the wilderness. Suddenly she heard a shriek. Maybe her uncle was calling for his bat, but Lirlit didn't trust it. She ran towards the sound, and after a long run she saw smoke coming behind an open field. When she came into the next area of the forest she saw her uncle standing there between wild men having bones pierced through their noses. They had killed the bat, and they held a knife against the throat of Lirlit's uncle. Lirlit didn't hesitate for one moment and threw her spear through the head of the one with the knife. Her uncle jumped away, while Lirlit took her leg-knives to throw it into the hearts of two other wild ones. The rest of the wild men were in a shock and ran away. 'Don't let them escape,' Lirlit shouted. 'I know them, they are the ones spreading so much superstition. They have objects by which they rule the minds of so many in this area. They have even tried to zombificate our village.' But then her uncle fell down. What had happened. There was a strange sting in his back, and it was moving. It was like a small red iron feather. Lirlit took it out, while her uncle started to talk in a strange language. 'Oah, you're into delirium,' Lirlit said. That was a good sign to her. It was the sign that he didn't die, and that he tried to deal with the poison.

But to Lirlit it was very important she would follow the tribe, as they had suppressed her village for such a long time. Lirlit knew them. She ran and ran, while she could still track them. After minutes of running she saw smoke, and after awhile she entered the area of the tribe. She didn't feel any fear, only strength. She shouted and shrieked, while another bat was coming. This was a huge one, and quickly he attacked the members of the tribe. Lirlit saw that only some women and children were running away. She believed that they were nothing but prisoners of these evil men. It was a long fight, and afterwards Lirlit's uncle entered the area. There was no any man still alive. They found a lot of strange objects here. But then the wolves entered the village.

There were more and more bats in the air, and they all helped Lirlit in her fight. It was a great slaughter. The wolves couldn't win the battle. But suddenly a much bigger wolf showed up. He had the crown with the skeleton-skulls. Lirlit asked herself if it was the crown of the wild palace, or was it something else. All of a sudden headaches started to come over Lirlit. 'Don't believe in it,' she said to herself. 'Believe in your fantasy, girl.'

But the pain got stronger and deeper, and she fell to the ground, as in delirium. The wolf started to roar : 'Indigo, princess, it is time I will feed myself with your blood to become the king of Lokdok and ruler of Kaapsmerh.' And he jumped towards her, while he bit in her arm, sucking the blood out of her. Her uncle had found a weapon in one of the tents, and attacked the wolf from behind. He crashed a sharp iron blade in a strange shape into the neck of the wolf, but the wolf turned around and attacked him. Then Lirlit kicked the wolf in his back, and shouted : 'Oh, you dumb one, now you have the crown and my blood, only ghosts will control you, as they have lust to use slaves like you to dominate the atmosphere. Let the skies fall upon you.' Then the wolf ran away, and disappeared through the bushes. Lirlit's uncle

had been wounded, but Lirlit took care of it. He would survive. Also Lirlit's arm was still bleeding, but she would also survive.

After awhile women and children of the tribe entered the area again, and they were glad they were delivered from the men now. Originally they were from another tribe, and once they had been captured, while their own men and even a lot of their children got killed. Since then they had to be the wives and slaves of the invaders. They told Lirlit and her uncle that they knew where the wolves had their shelter.

Lirlit wanted to go there. The women wanted to go with her too, but other women warned them that they wouldn't survive. But Lirlit's uncle would go with them. It was a long walk, and first they had to move along stakes with skeletons tied to it. Some of the skeletons had been hung. It was a dark atmosphere. Suddenly they saw a warrior in a wolf-skin. He ran away, and then he disappeared by creeping into the bushes. Now they knew that there weren't only wolves there, but also warriors. But some of the women told that these warriors could sometimes totally turn into wolves. They came into a sort of center. Everything looked quiet. Stones had been laid here, and there were some small temples, pyramids in layers, shrines, and an indian man slowly walked towards them. His arm was stretched out, like he wanted to shake hands with them. But one of the women started to shriek. 'I have seen him in my dreams. He is the one who raped me, and he will rape us all.'

The indian man started to smile. 'This woman is confused,' he said. But Lirlit asked him who he was, and what his purpose is. Is he a part of this ? But the man didn't say anything. It really pissed Lirlit off. She took her spear, but suddenly she couldn't move herself. 'Don't believe in it,' she said to herself, 'believe in your fantasy.' And then she could move her arm again. She started to hit him by the spear, but the man was too quick, and then he ran away. 'What is this for strange behaviour,' she asked herself. Also her uncle was coming closer. Suddenly he started to roar, like he was in fire inside. Then he fell to the ground. Again he was talking in delirium. 'There is witchcraft here,' one of the women said. 'This is the way they always tried to confuse us.' But then Lirlit said : 'Let us not believe in witchcraft and all this superstition, for when we believe in it and practice it, the spirits who made it up will have control in our minds. We must use our own fantasy.'

'Oh, but it is too strong,' another woman said.

'Will you shut up now,' Lirlit shouted, 'our fantasy is stronger.' But other women started to shake their heads. 'You do not know the powers you're playing with,' an older woman said. 'The women who are still in the camp have warned us, but we didn't listen to their advice. Let's go back, for strange things are happening here, and we do not have control. What can we do ? We do not know with how many they are here ? I do not want to die, let's return.'

'Okay,' Lirlit said angry, 'all cowards can go home. But we must deal with it.' And since then a lot of the women returned to the camp. The anger towards Lirlit and her uncle started to rise, although they were the ones who had saved them out of the hands of the evil tribe. Then

suddenly Lirlit started to shriek while the air became black of bats. She was calling for her friends, something which she had learned from her precious uncle. In quick rythm the bats began to invade the temples, the layered doubledecker-piramids and the tents, but they couldn't find anything. It was like a ghost-city. No one was there, but they knew that some were hiding.

The bats shrieked, and the sky became darker and darker. They had to pierce this city in the wilderness, this wolf-city. And so they invaded it deeper and deeper. Lirlit's uncle was still talking in delirium. He was calling for some names, or it was only looking like it. 'Uncle,' Lirlit spoke, 'I want you to stop now with all your superstition. It is too dangerous to do that here. Let the bats do their job, and let our weapons speak. We must use wisdom now, and our fantasy.' But it was like her uncle was too far gone, and he spoke on in a delirious language. Lirlit got more and more angry at her uncle, and suddenly she hit him in the face, and screamed : 'Now you shut up, or I will cut your head off here, in the sand.' She knew she had gone too far now, and one of the bats, a huge one, came down to her, to bite her in the face. Blood was spouting like a fountain. The bat didn't want to let go of his bite, while Lirlit was bleeding all over. But then suddenly they heard the sound of a dull kick. Lirlit's uncle had killed the bat by his weapon. He had always sworn to his family that he would protect Lirlit by his life, no matter what circumstance.

Slowly they walked on, while more and more women were leaving them. These women knew that the curse was so strong that when they would go further they would probably kill each other. 'Lirlit, you are losing your mind by the wolfspell,' a woman was shouting, 'return !' Even the bats started to attack them now. They were in rage because they had killed one of them. They were shrieking higher than ever, and the hugest bats came down. It was a long fight. Now they had to fight their friends instead of the enemy. But Lirlit knew that it was the sacrifice they had to bring. Suddenly there were lights all over. There was thunder, and lightening, and a wolf in a black garment stood like a warrior before them. 'I am the ghost of the ancestors,' he spoke. 'Why do you challenge me.'

Lirlit tried to explain about what happened, and what the wolves did to them, but the wolf started to laugh. 'Oh, you dumb dumb mortals without a soul, only enlightened to right your own crimes. Do you know history ? Do you know both sides of the story ? Oh wanderers of the mind, do you not know that you can only escape the powers of the mind to control the minds of others ? I do not bear a crown. I have given them to my servants, my wolf-king.' Then the appearence left again. Lirlit looked at her uncle. They found out they were both very wounded because of the bat-attacks. There were no bats to help them anymore, and there were no women with them anymore. Now Lirlit and her uncle were at their own, not knowing what would happen, and where were their weapons ? In front of them there was only fog. But Lirlit's uncle took her by the arm, and they walked forwards. Suddenly they didn't feel ground below their feet anymore, and they were falling. They fell so deep like they never fell before, and suddenly it was all wet around them . They had been fallen into the river. The river was wild, and in speed they were moving towards a waterfall. They would die when they would fall from the edge. They both started to shriek and fell from the edge. They both thought this was the end, as the waterfall was very deep. But suddenly two huge bats grasped them to fly away with them. They still had friends there, it appeared. They brought them to a huge batnest high on the mountains.

The bats here were drinking out of eggs, and Lirlit and her uncle also had to drink. Suddenly they both fell asleep. When they woke up, they were in a cave in the mountain. The ground was very slimy, and huge eggs laid all around. Most of the eggs were broken open, while strange fluids were in them. Some even were full of blood, while it streamed out of it. One of the bats entered the room. He stood erected, like he was half a man, half a bat. Suddenly he turned into an old man. He looked like a necromancer. He had a very wise radiation, but also a confused one. It had a delirious effect on Lirlit and her uncle. They felt very dizzy when they looked at him. 'I am here to warn you,' the old man said. 'You must lose all your superstition, or the wolves will lead you back to your previous life, in which you were dominated by your mind.'

Lirlit and her uncle both nodded. They knew how important it was what the man said.

Then the man continued : 'The battle against the wolves is a hard battle. If they win our minds will be controlled again.'

'What can we do about it ?' Lirlit asked. Then the man started to shriek, while two bats flew into the room. Then he clapped in his hand, while the bats floated down on the bench. 'You know,' the old man said, 'parts of us are bats. And we must use them well. They have the weaponry to destroy the wolf-domination.'

'But how ?' Lirlit asked.

'Come,' the old man said, 'I will show you.' Then the man walked out of the room. Lirlit and her uncle followed him. They came in a narrow corridor with a strange smell. Then they came into another room, with a lot of dust on the ground. Lirlit started to cough. There were slimy eggs around, and from some of them snakes were coming forth, and much of slime dripped out. 'Come,' the old man said, 'this is not what I want to show you. Walk on.' Then the man opened another door. The doorhandle was decorated by very small skeleton-skulls. High sounds like shrieks came out of their mouths, and even out of the holes of their eyes. Then again they had to walk through a narrow corridor, but later they found out it was a bridge. Below the bridge there were smokey fluids, and wet towels like sheets were hanging in the air like walls. The towels were very hot, and steam was coming from them. A strange huge yellow rock stood there at the end of the bridge, and they had to climb over it. It was like burning sand under their feet. They were entering a sort of desert in a huge cave. The sand was burning. All sorts of feelings were climbing over Lirlit's body, trying to enter her head. 'Au,' Lirlit said. It was like something had burnt her. In the distance there were a lot of silver rocks mirroring so many things. There was a soft breeze. On the rocks bats appeared. They had mirroring weaponry, and while Lirlit was watching these mirrors she couldn't see the bats anymore, only herself in terrible ways. It was like her mind was taking over again, and she couldn't use her fantasy.

Suddenly she couldn't move again. It was like something had frozen her. 'Grasp the bat-weapons !' someone was shouting. But Lirlit couldn't see anything anymore, so she started to grasp in the air. Suddenly she felt like a velvet handle in her hand. And then something in her other hand. She opened her eyes and could move again. Now she could see the bats in the

mirrors. But these weren't bats, but boys. They looked like princes, but they had poor clothes in such beautiful colours. When they opened their mouths fantasy was climbing into her head. She had now received the bat-armour. She also saw her uncle in the same armour. But suddenly wolves were all around them. Now they had to use their new weapons. Within a few minutes they had slain all the wolves. It was easier than ever. The old man was applauding. He had a white garment now. His tall beard was very shiny, but suddenly he was changing into a bat again and flew away. Also the boys were changing into bats again and flew away. 'Follow us,' someone shouted. But how ? 'Just shriek,' another one shouted. And while Lirlit and her uncle shrieked, they were changing into bats, and could fly away.

High in the sky there was a palace. It was full of crowns, but they didn't use these crowns anymore. They had been laid on shrines. There were also flowers on the shrines. Upstairs there was a hall with old thrones, but they weren't in use anymore. They looked like shrines now, and some weapons were laid on them. But suddenly someone was shrieking, and flying wolves were coming out of the walls, and through all sorts of doors. Now there was a battle in the air. 'Use your fantasy,' the old man spoke. 'Use your fantasy.' And suddenly they were sitting in the room again, where they had slept. 'What happened ?' Lirlit asked.

'You were in my fantasy,' the old man said. 'and it is all real. But now you have to develop your own fantasy.'

Lirlit asked herself if she could do that. There were so many things they had to solve yet. But her fantasy would lead her in that. That was what the old man had said. They stayed on the bat-castle for a long time, and then they had to return to their own homes again. 'Practice your fantasy,' the man had said. 'Make it your own, and let it be your home.'

The End

The Wolf-Skull

Chapter 1.

Lirlit had been going to the market in her village. She had bought some stones called eagle-eyes. One she had put on her cupboard, and another one she laid next to her bed. Some had said the stones would attract good luck and contacts with the dead and extra-ordinary spirits, but Lirlit wasn't superstitious. She just liked the stones, and found it would be worth as good company. But in the middle of the night someone was waking her. It was like the wind was speaking to her, but then she saw an eagle close to an opening in her house. The eagle spoke to her that she needed to come to snake-mountain, as he wanted to show her something. When she stood outside her house, the eagle was very big. He took her in a good grip and flew with her to snake-mountain. He brought her in through an opening. 'Do you see all the treasures

here ?' he asked. Lirlit could see a shimmering hall full of misty treasures. 'I know you like stones,' the eagle said, 'and I know you will like some of the stones here.' Lirlit was very grateful towards the eagle. He took her in a grip again and flew with her inside the huge hall. The stones were beautiful, but when Lirlit touched one of the stones, it was like there was an alarm switched on. Something in her head started to shriek, and from all sides snakes came towards her. 'Why didn't you tell this ?' she asked the eagle, but the eagle flew away. 'Hey, take me away,' Lirlit screamed.

Suddenly all sorts of snakes were sliding over her body, but they didn't attack her. And after awhile Lirlit found out that these snakes didn't wish any harm on her, but were her friends. She took the stone again, stood up, and walked towards a door. The snakes were following her. In another hall there were more amazing stones. Lirlit asked herself what would be the meaning of it all. And where was the eagle ? 'I am not superstitious,' Lirlit said to the snakes, 'but what is the meaning of these stones ?' But the snakes didn't speak to her. Suddenly a man and a woman entered the hall where Lirlit was. For a moment it was like Lirlit had to vomit. The man had a tall beard, and the woman was dressed in fragile white. It was because of the smell that Lirlit was a bit upset. They smelled like snakes and slime, but also things she couldn't describe. Suddenly they started to turn into tall and thin snakes. It looked like they completely ignored Lirlit. Like they had other things to do. Lirlit appeared not to be one of their priorities. They slid towards the stones, and then they moved them towards the door they came from. Lirlit got very curious what they would do with the stones. So she decided to follow them. When she stood into the door-opening the smell even more overwhelmed her, but this time it was even luring her deeper. She saw snakes here with very big beaks, and when they opened these beaks other snakes went in, and sometimes they even took stones with them. The snakes weren't huge, and Lirlit wondered what happened to the snakes who went inside. It was a riddle to Lirlit.

Deeper inside the hall, where many snakes were moving to, an enormous statue lay on the ground. It was cut off from it's feet, enormous feet which stood next to the statue, still erected and intact. It was like a complex of doors through which the snakes slid in. Lirlit decided to follow them inside the enormous feet of the statue. Inside they saw the stones growing here. They looked like eyes, and there were even stones coming forth from them. But when the stones were separated from the others, it more began to look like stones, and it didn't grow anymore. Some of the stones were very wet, but that also seemed to stop when they got separated. Most of the stones were very shiny.

There was a tunnel in the halls of the feet to come into the fallen statue. When Lirlit came into the halls of the fallen statue there was a lot of darkness and fog. She couldn't see much, but suddenly lights turned on, and she saw snakes hanging in the air or on the walls like bags. Often these snakes were brown-red with white stripes. It was a very pure white. These snakes were very huge, and suddenly some of them fell on Lirlit. Now it was all dark, and she almost couldn't breath anymore. She tried to shriek, but couldn't get any sound out of her mouth. Then she fell into delirium. But soon the grip of the snakes wasn't tight anymore, and she could wrestle herself a way out. Then they left her alone. Still she had the feeling they didn't want to harm her, but they just wanted to test her, or just feel her. They had been sensitive to her trouble, and then they had let her go.

Suddenly the eagle appeared to her again. The eagle was glad to see her. 'It is amazing here,' she told the eagle.

‘But did you find some stones you would like to have already ?’ the eagle asked. But there were so many stones and so many halls, that Lirlit had the sense she wasn’t done with it yet. Then she asked the eagle what exactly the use of the stones is. ‘The stones protect you against superstition by which lower spirits want to dominate the mind,’ the eagle said, ‘these stones inspire you to have your own fantasy.’

‘But don’t you think that is also superstition ?’ Lirlit asked. ‘Why do I need these stones ?’ But then the eagle flew away. It was like he was telling her to find that out for herself. She felt attracted to the stones, that was a sure thing, but she didn’t want to have a new superstition. Or were these stones just her guards ? Some said stones could speak to the layers beneath the mind, to the unconscious. What if these stones were just forces of nature ? Were they made to protect the souls of those who lived in nature ? Lirlit had many questions. And it was like these stones were speaking to her in so many ways.

Deeper in the statue she found doors out of it. Now she came in halls behind the fallen statue. Eyes were watching her. Was this the domain of someone ? A wild man in a bearskin watched her, while two women were lying at his feet. ‘What is it you come to do,’ the man roared. Lirlit could see it wasn’t totally a man. He was also a sort of dog, or other predator. Maybe she needed to be at her guard now, for the women didn’t look so friendly either. ‘Lirlit,’ the man was suddenly saying, ‘I have waited for you, I missed you.’ And then he came forwards to her.

Lirlit stepped backwards, and shouted : ‘Who are you ?’

‘I am your father,’ the man said.

‘Oh no,’ Lirlit said, ‘that can’t be true, you liar. My father died in war.’

‘They said that,’ the man said, ‘but that wasn’t true. They made a mistake. I had been kidnapped for a long time by imperials, by wolf-warriors, lived my life lonely in a prison deep underground, but finally escaped. I didn’t wish to live in the empire anymore, and didn’t want to be king of Kaapsia anymore, so I started to live here, with my friends, the snakes who let me escape.’

But Lirlit still wasn’t enthousiast. ‘If that’s true, then I have to say : You did a lot of evil things in your life they told me.’

The man bowed his head, and spoke : ‘I have to admit, I was wrong many times. I was king of Kaapsia and wasn’t always righteous in the use of my powers, and that is why I have laid them down. The pressure it too big, and I lived under a strange force.’

‘And who are these women,’ Lirlit asked rude.

‘They are snakes,’ the man said. Then he clapped in his hand, and the women turned into snakes again, while they slided away. Then Lirlit stepped forwards and fell into the arms of her father.

Chapter 2.

‘There are many things I need to tell you,’ Lirlit’s father said. ‘I’m breeding the eggs of snakes here, for one day I will return to the empire to take revenge.’

‘Well, I’m on your side dad,’ Lirlit said. The man smiled. He was glad he found his daughter back.

Lirlit found out that her father had many women here. But as he said : He needed to breed a new and powerful generation to take good vengeance.

‘Your life is such an ornament,’ Lirlit’s father told her, ‘and also the things happened in your life which you do not understand are part of this treasure.’ Lirlit smiled. It was the first time in her life that she had the feeling of having a father. And it was a good feeling, especially because he was so caring.

Her father told her a lot about the power of the wolf-skulls, that these were the objects by which the imperials maintained their control. The wolf-skulls could speak and could easily take over the minds. In one of the halls an old sorceror, a necromancer lived. Lirlit’s father often went to him for advice, and this time he wanted to bring his daughter with him. They had to go to a higher place within the mountain. It was almost like a tower. It was even called the tower, or more : the Boa-Constrictor Tower. The wizard was glad to see them. He looked at Lirlit and blinked to her. Then he made a movement with his hand and asked them to follow him. On top of the tower they could have a survey as it was almost outside the mountain. It was a very high place, and from here they could see the whole empire. The wizard told them where the wolf-skulls were, and where the most powerful wolf-skulls were, but Lirlit told them that she wasn’t superstitious. She didn’t believe in all that. She believed in using fantasy. And after a long talk with the wizard she got a bit pissed off. And she shouted : ‘Okay, go on with your magic, your superstition full of fables to see how it will bring you down. I’m out of here. It’s unbelievable that an old man like you never grew up, and it’s even more unbelievable that my father searches for advice in you. Goodbye.’ And then she ran away. She took some of the stones she had found and then she called for the eagle, who took her immediately to her home.

When she got home she remembered that she had a wolf-skull by herself for one time she slayed a wolf who had attacked her. She thought it would be a good present for her father and his wizard. She didn’t want to have anything to do with such powers. She knew that to have part in any government would break you down and control your life. It was all superstition made by ghosts and spirits to dominate them all in secret. So she gave the skull to the eagle, and asked him to bring the skull to the mountain, to her father.

Her father was very glad with the present. And of course he wouldn’t use it to make a new government. Her father didn’t want to be a king again, also not as a sorceror. He would hide the wolf-skull deep in the snake-mountain so that no one could do harm with it anymore. It

would be nothing more than a sovenir and a memory. Lirlit was very proud of him when she heard the story.

The End

Zebra-Mountain

Chapter 1.

Lirlit awoke by a hand taking her in grip very rude. She opened her eyes. Two leaders of her village stood in her room, commanding her to come with them to the old chief of the village. They took her very tight and went outside. 'What's going on ?' Lirlit asked. But none of them said something. When they got to the tent of the chief they pushed her inside. 'Hey, don't be so rude,' she said loud to them.

'Go, sit down on my bed,' the chief said. He had a tall beard and was bald. Lirlit sat down, and then the chief started to tell. He clapped in his hands, and then a servant came inside the tent. He showed her all sorts of small things made by zebra-bones.

‘I don’t know what your point is,’ Lirlit said to the chief. ‘I didn’t make those things. I didn’t kill any of your zebra’s. I always enjoy going to the zebra-reservate to feed them and to have friendship with them.’

But then the chief said : ‘They found the zebra-bone-figures in your home, so you must know more about it. I’m telling you again. Sixty-six of our zebra’s have been killed lately. They left their skins, but they took the bones away.’

But Lirlit became panicked and said : ‘I do not know these figures, and I would never kill such a zebra. Why would I do that ?’

But the chief wasn’t convinced and made the decision to lock her up. At the side of the village she had to live in a cage like an animal. Lirlit wondered how the figures would come in her house. She didn’t trust the leaders. She had troubles with them before, and she thought that this could be all an act of revenge.

Everyday the old chief came to her cage to talk to her. ‘Honestly, I am very disappointed in you. I thought you were such a good and skilled woman, but how wrong I was. You have taken the life of that which was most dear to me,’ he said. If someone would do any harm to his zebra’s, then he always said he would die. And the chief became very ill. He couldn’t eat nor sleep because of what happened to his zebra’s. It was for him a disgusting sight to see the figures made of zebra-bones. And after a few weeks he died.

Lirlit didn’t have any hope. Maybe they would kill her finally, or she would have to live in this cage forever. But one day another leader came to the cage. They had another chief now, and they had decided to ban her to a slave-island, where she would work the rest of her life.

Lirlit didn’t know if she had to be glad with that or not. She would find out. Soon after the decision she was planted on a ship, and after a few days she came on the island. It was a beautiful island, but she knew she had to work here. She came to live between criminals, murderers, assassins, witch-doctors, and other evil men and women. A lot of them she knew from the past. She never could get along with them, although a lot of them she only knew by face.

She had to do hard work, and she didn’t get enough time to sleep. It was like it was all slowly driving her crazy. She had the feeling she would lose her mind if she would live here any longer. It was hot here, and there was always a lot of noise here, even in the nights. One day she couldn’t take it anymore. She began screaming and talking deliriously. Everyone thought she had gone crazy, and that would mean she would be banned to an even worse island where the sick and crazy ones lived.

This would be hell for her, for there would be even more noise, and they said slavery would even be harder there. They dropped her on a ship again. The island was very dirty and a lot of them died by all sorts of diseases. She had to sleep with a hundred sick and crazy ones in one

hall. There was too much noise to get sleep, and they had to wake up very early to work a whole day in a factory. Lirlit was scared of a lot of types here, for they didn't have control over themselves. Everyday there were a lot of murders and other sorts of crimes.

However one of the leaders here got a passion and weak spot towards her. She always told him she was unguilty, and he believed her. But he said she could never return to her village, because the ones who had lost their minds could be a danger to the city. However, he was willing to let her escape. He only asked her to spend the night with him one time. But this she refused. She would escape at her own. But after months and months she found out there was no way to escape. She was always chained, and there was no way to get it loose.

So she went to the leader again, and talked with him about it, but he was like struck in his honour. He told her he had found another woman to let her escape in her place, so everything was done now. But in a strange sense he felt compassion towards her. He decided to refuse her request to sleep with her for one night, but she would get her freedom.

Lirlit was grateful to him, but she hated her village now. She didn't have anything to do with the zebra-murders. And when she would show up again, they would ban her again. It was better for her to search for a new life somewhere else. She wanted to find out who murdered the zebra's. She didn't trust the leaders of her village. She thought that they had done it themselves because they wanted another chief. In her eyes it was nothing but a big conspiracy. So in the night she went to one of the leader's house. She broke in, and started to search throughout the house. Everyone was asleep, but she had to be careful. The house was full of zebra-bone-figures, and she thought that was strange. She went to the reservate and found out that there wasn't any zebra there anymore. Later she found out that after the chief died, and after she got banned to slave-island they killed all the other zebra's. They falsely spoke that this was the wish of the chief so that he wouldn't be without his zebra's in the afterlife.

But in the reservate there were more snakes than ever now, and some were white, and looked very strange. She had never seen such snakes before. It was like they were penetrating her mind. She got scared in a sense. And then she got the shock of her life, for in the distance they saw how such snakes attacked an ox and started to eat it. Were they the ones who also killed the zebra's ? Lirlit took her bow and an arrow to shoot one of the snakes. But then they came after her. Lirlit ran away, but they came after her. She took another arrow from her quiver and shot the second one. But then the others started to shriek in rage and in speed they jumped on her, almost reaching for her throat. They tried to strangle her, but she took a leg-knife and slayed them one by one. She got bitten horribly, and the poison was already reaching for her brains. It was like she was gliding into delirium. When she woke up a white small man with a tall white beard was staring at her. He had a very high voice, and he grasped her throat. She knew she was now fighting against a ghost also, fighting for her life.

'What did you do to the zebra's ?' she asked, while she could hardly breath.

'Don't you like the figures I made of their bones ?' the little white bearded man said.

'No,' Lirlit roared, 'for it took me to slave-island.' The man started to laugh. Suddenly he was vomitting. The skin of a zebra came out of his mouth. 'Don't you like these skins ?' the little

man asked. Lirlit tried to kick him, but she couldn't reach him. When she woke up the snakes were gone, but she was very sick now. It was already morning and she saw some of the village walking in zebra-skins. She was in rage now. She wanted to see the chief. The new chief was one of the younger leaders, but Lirlit told him what she had seen this night, about the white snakes eating an ox. And here they said that they had killed the zebra's themselves as it was the old chief's wish. She told the new chief about the condemnation that she would have killed zebra's, but the new chief said that it wouldn't matter anymore. It was now legal to kill zebra's, so whether she was guilty or not, it was an old law, changed after the death of the chief as that was his wish.

But Lirlit knew the old chief and that would never be his wish. 'Can you prove it to me that that was his wish ?' Lirlit asked. But the new chief couldn't.

Chapter 2.

Lirlit was shocked. She could now live in her village again without any problems, but now there was even a tradition of hunting zebra's to honour the old chief. It seemed that to wear zebra-skin was also a sign of honour to the old chief. But Lirlit thought that was disgusting. And she still wondered about the part of the white snakes in it. One night she broke in at the house of the new chief. But the new chief was still awake, and she saw that he was whispering some words while reading in a book he slowly started to change into a white snake. Now Lirlit knew enough. And she was pretty sure that the new chief was the boss of all the white snakes. So she took her weapon, jumped towards the snake to slay it. It was already legal in her village to slay snakes, so she didn't have anything to fear. The next day she took the skin of the killed snake and went to the center of the village. She raised the skin-snake and spoke : 'Your chief has disappeared and will not return. He has been eaten by this snake, but I have killed it.' No one had heard about the disappearing of the chief, but soon they found it out, and they believed Lirlit. Because Lirlit was a hero now, she was allowed to make a wish. So she wished that the killing of zebra's would stop. The law had to be changed again at this point. And so it happened.

But in the mountains, there was still living a small white man, collecting zebra-bones to make figures of it. And one day he came to the village to give some of his figures to the children, who thought these were nice toys. Lirlit followed him to his place. He still had the need to take over the minds of the villagers to fulfill his evil plans. He had painted the bones in all kind of colours, and it wasn't easy to see that these were zebra-bones. Then Lirlit jumped forwards and a fight started. From all sides white snakes came to attack Lirlit, while the little man tried to get away. 'I warned you,' the little man laughed hysterically, 'I told you not to come here.' Lirlit saw he walked through a door to enter a room full of zebra's. It was like he was breeding them there. After Lirlit had slain all the snakes by her legknives she went inside the room. It was only a room leading to a huge hall, a zebra-breeding.

Behind it there was a strange toy-factory, all made of zebra-bones. Lirlit was almost vomiting. It had such a strange smell. In the distance she heard the little man laughing with a

high voice. The voice got higher and higher. 'Haha,' he laughed in joy, 'how I control all the minds of these dumb villagers, giving them toys from birth on made of zebra-bones. They cannot use their own fantasy, as the toys will do that for them. Hahaha, how good I am. I'm smart, hey, I'm smart.' And then he started to talk to himself further. As quick as she could Lirlit tried to set the zebra's free, but they were tied by strange leather belts. Even her knife couldn't get through, and the little man was only laughing harder in the distance. 'I'm going to get you !' he shouted in full joy, almost like he was teasing her.

She knew that the only thing she could do now was following the little man to erase him first. She took an arrow, aimed, but couldn't see him. Then she saw him standing on a platform in front of a huge kettle. White steam was coming from the kettle. When she aimed again an iron arm was moving a wall before him. She started to walk around the wall by following some aluminium stairways. She could see the kettle again, while it was in some sort of liquid cocon, which looked like a fleece or transparent plastic. She saw ghosts coming forth from the kettle, rising, they looked like the souls of zebra's. The little man was laughing and shouting loud : 'Haha, you dumb souls will now be imprisoned in the toys forever, to be the guards of the childrens' minds, so that they can never really escape in their fantasies.' Lirlit aimed again, but another time an iron arm was moving another wall before the kettle. There was a stairway under the kettle-platform by which Lirlit could reach the other side of it. Quickly she aimed her arrow and shot into the head of the little man. The head started to spin like crazy, while the little man started to blast everything. He started to roar, while slime was coming through. Now an iron arm was moving towards Lirlit, and pushed her from the stairways. She got wounded, but she stood up again, but now the iron arm got her in it's grip. 'Hahaha,' the little man shouted, 'hahaha,' while he mocked her, 'Now you will be nothing but a soul in the kettle, hahaha. To be locked up in a toy will be your new toy.' And then the iron arm moved her upstairs again and brought her above the kettle. 'Now wait a minute,' the little man said, 'I want to enjoy this sight for awhile.' The little man's head was still spinning, and Lirlit got the expression he couldn't see much of it. Quickly she took another arrow and shot it into the body of the little man. Now the little man fell from the platform. She was still hanging above the kettle, while strange white slimy fire was coming forth from it. It was boiling, and Lirlit thought she would die by the heat. 'Stop, stop !' she was screaming. But suddenly a lot of zebra-ghosts rose from the kettle and took her out of the grip of the iron arm.

Quickly she took the little man, who looked like a doll now. There was a light smile on his face. She stepped on the platform again, and threw the doll into the kettle. Suddenly there were explosions everywhere. The platform was moving away, and she looked right into a room where zebra's had been tied to stakes, and some even looked like trees. She took her knife to free them, but she couldn't get it done. Suddenly a lot of white snakes entered the room. They stood erected, very aggressive. And again Lirlit had to fight them. They bit her very horribly, and Lirlit felt very sick all of a sudden. This time there were so many snakes. What could she do ?

And suddenly the burning doll entered the room again. 'Hahaha,' it shrieked like it had drunk a lot. Quickly Lirlit took two of the iron arms who had broken away since the explosions, and by the arms she took the doll and pushed it to the strings by which the zebra's where bound. Immediately the strings burnt away, while in shocks the zebra's got free. But the head of the

doll was moving wildly, so by one of the arms Lirlit smashed the head off. Now she could also help the other zebra's. But more and more things started to come into the fire. She tried to save as much zebra's as she could, also in the breeding, but then she had to go away, as there was too much fire. The zebra's were following her.

In the village everyone was very glad. Now they could have zebra's again in the reserve, and it would be like the old days.

The End

Golem of Pythia

The Bear-

Chainlet

Chapter 1.

As Golem walked through the snow, he entered the city of Pythia, where he was born. There was a gathering of vampires in the royal house, skilled necromancers, and Golem had some stuff to do there. He was in search for a chainlet named the chainlet of the bears. Golem knew that the vampire-tribes often used such chainlets to put it over the necks of their victims. Then the souls of these victims would burn away, so that they would be zombie-slaves for the rest of their lives.

When he walked into the royal house soldiers tried to stop him, but he took his sword and slayed them. Quickly he went to the room where the necromancers were gathering. 'Behold, I am Golem from Pythia,' he roared. 'You know what I'm coming for. I want the chainlet.' Slowly all the necromancers laid the chainlets on the table. They knew they couldn't play with Golem, as he was about to slay them all. 'Take the necklaces,' the leader of them said, 'but spare our lives.' Then Golem took the necklaces and disappeared.

He had put them in a sack, but as soon as he was outside a woman was waving to him from a certain house. If Golem had one weakness then it was women. The woman was luring him to her house, and tried to have a conversation with him. 'What do you have in your sack?' she asked. 'Oh, nothing important,' Golem said, 'only some food.' But the woman knew exactly what was in the sack. She knew why he had come to Pythia again. She offered Golem something to drink, but there was poison in it. She worked for the leaders of Pythia. When Golem drank from his cup he fell asleep immediately. The woman took the sack, and warned the necromancers. Two vampires came to bind Golem, and they took him to a dungeon under the house of the woman. There were also some old men here, living in cages. When Golem woke up after a long time, he wondered what he was doing here. Then he remembered the sack.

After awhile the woman came in, but he couldn't remember who she was anymore. Then also some necromancers and vampires came. They told him that he had been a thief, that he tried to steal the necklaces of the bears. But Golem roared: 'You bastards and fools, these chainlets are pieces of sorcery, you know that better than me.'

'Well, you will never get them,' an old necromancer said, 'for we will ban you to the islands to do hard labour for the rest of your life.' Golem got something to drink, and fell asleep again. When he woke up he was already on the slave-ship. He had been chained to a wall, and to the wall in front of him a woman had been chained. The woman spoke all sort of foul language, and was a bit confused. Golem tried to sooth her. 'What did those bastards do to you that you act like this,' he asked.

'Ah, they took my husband away and killed my children. Now I'm here to spend the rest of my life on slave-islands,' she said.

‘But what did you do to make them go so far ?’ Golem asked.

‘I had been a prostitute,’ the woman said, ‘and I refused to sleep with a high leader.’

‘Ah, I heard these kind of stories before,’ Golem said. But then the woman started to curse him and spat him in the face.

‘Easy lady,’ Golem said, ‘when I will be free I will slay these bastards.’ The woman sighed and after awhile she fell asleep.

In the morning Golem had to do a lot of hard work on the ship. If the ship would reach the island he would have to work there for a few months, and then the slave-ship would bring him to the next island. It was a group of seven islands, and they were called ‘the Islands of Death,’ as those who got banned to these islands would never leave until they would die.

Golem soon found out that they still used the woman as a prostitute on the ship. She cried a lot. Golem always tried to sooth her, but without any success. The woman wanted to die, as she had lost all her hope.

One day the woman asked him why he was here. Golem told her that he was a thief. He told her that he had stolen the necklaces of the bears, objects of sorcery, and he also explained to her what the use of these necklaces was.

On the ship the leaders, the captain and some necromancers had dinner. In a room they had big tables full of meat. Golem could smell the meat and started to get very hungry. It was bear-meat in all it’s riches. Golem remembered that he ate a lot of bear-meat in Pythia when he was young. Later he swore that he would only eat the meat of those who would attack them. However he still liked the bear-meat, especially when he was hungry. A man came in, a tall and thin man, having a plate with bread and some thin slices of lamb on it. He gave it to Golem, but Golem tried to kick it away. This food he already got for days and it came out of his nostrils. The woman got a bottle. She didn’t want to eat at all.

‘Listen, you bastard,’ Golem said, ‘go upstairs and get me some good bear-meat.’ The man immediately obeyed, and soon he returned with a large plate full of bear-meat in all sorts. ‘That’s better,’ Golem said. But then the man threw the plate through a hole into the water, and started to laugh. Then the man left. Golem was in full rage. The woman said : ‘You can better breed hate instead of losing your energy to anger.’

Chapter 2.

In the middle of the night they brought Golem upstairs, still chained. They led him to the room where the party was still going on. Everyone laughed as they heard the story from the man who brought him the plate. They took bear-meat to put it under Golem's nose, and then they threw it through a hole into the water. Golem tried to hold on to what the woman had told him. 'Breed hate, instead of losing energy to anger.' Soon the men had lost their fun, as Golem didn't react. They brought him back to the dungeon downstairs.

One day they threw an old man in the dungeon, close to the woman and Golem. The man was very confused and talked all the time. At one point Golem got so mad that he started to scream to the man. Soon a few vampires came to take the screaming Golem away. They brought him upstairs, and the captain wanted to throw him overboard. Someone who screamed like this deserved death in their eyes.

They pushed the chained Golem on a plank and by stinging him with a rod and a sword they drove him off the ship. Golem fell deep in the water, and tried to swim, but he couldn't. Suddenly he felt the strong arms of a woman. The woman swam with him in her arms to a small island somewhere. The woman was very strong. On this island there were predators in all forms who seemed to obey the woman. One of them could bite the chains of Golem open. Golem was free now.

He told the woman about the bear-chainlets, by which the invaders of Pythia terrorized the domain which used to be from his father. His father didn't live anymore, as the invaders had murdered him. His father was the king of Carkia, and throned in the main-city Pythia, where Golem came from.

The woman said that she was willing to help him. On the back of a predator they would go to Carkia again. They decided to go to the royal house in Pythia, where Golem's father used to throne. The moment they came there there was a party. They were eating from dishes full of bear-meat and other sorts of meat, like snake-meat and the eyes of eagles, hares and cows. The woman had a bow, took an arrow and shot the chief. Golem, who was very hungry, started to eat from the dishes, while soldiers started to surround the royal house. The woman had taken a lot of predators with her, and soon they were eating from all these visitors and members of the royal house. 'Where are the bear-necklaces?' Golem roared, while soldiers already entered.

But they couldn't find anything. After they had slain the soldiers they went to the house of the woman who had deceived and poisoned Golem. It was back in his remembrance again, and although he wanted to take revenge now, he also thought that she might hide the necklaces. But when they entered the house Golem got the shock of his life. Many armed women were looking at him like they could drink his blood. The women looked like predators, like vampires and dark necromancers. With them Golem's soul wasn't safe. He felt like all blood and life was streaming out of them, like he was frozen. Suddenly also the woman who saved his life had a strange look in her eyes. She jumped on Golem and tried to strangle him. When she found out she couldn't, she just kept him in a tight grip. 'What is going on ?' Golem asked. 'If you are from the enemy, why did you save my life ?'

The woman started to laugh, as Golem couldn't come out of her grip. Her arms were tight around his neck and head, and her legs were tight around his arms and body, while the other women were staring at him like they could jump on him to devour him every moment. 'We thought we could use you to get the male-government down here. Ladies, give me a bear-necklace, then we will zombificate him.'

Like a lasso one of the women threw a necklace over his head, and soon Golem was burning inside, like all his strength and powers were melting and crumbling away. The predators of the woman came in, and also more and more women. 'This is a great day,' the woman who had Golem in her grip said, 'we have enslaved the enemy of our enemy, and they will both bring each other down.'

But suddenly the woman with who Golem was chained in the ship-dungeon, the prostitute, stood in the opening of the house. She knew that Golem was in a dangerous situation with the bear-necklace around his neck, as he had told her about it. She knew she had to be very quick now, or Golem would lose his soul, and would become a zombie-slave. Golem already layed on the ground, having no strength anymore. The prostitute went to the woman next to Golem and gave her a kiss. The woman was surprised, and welcomed the new member. Then quickly the prostitute pushed the woman away, bowed and took the chainlet from Golem's head. At the same moment Golem got strength again, and rose up. Quickly she threw the chainlet like a lasso to the head of the woman she had kissed and pushed away, and the woman got caught by it. In a flash the woman lost all strength and fell on the ground.

Golem was very surprised and asked the prostitute how she escaped from the ship. 'That I will tell later,' the prostitute said. They were already in a terrible fight against the other women. More bear-chainlets got used like lasso's and they had to be very careful now. Quickly they caught the other bear-chainlets and jumped on several women to crown them with it. Immediately these women fell to the ground. After awhile they left the house with hundreds of bear-chainlets, while all the women there had become zombies. Also the predators were zombies now.

Golem brought the bear-necklaces to a mountain, where he spread them on shrines. He attached them to the shrines in such a way that they couldn't be taken away again. This was deep in the mountain, where the bear-necklaces would only be a sovenir and a memory.

The End

The Lost Women of Tergate

As Golem entered the fields he found after a long trip through the wilderness, he saw women riding on horses in the distance. It looked like they were hunting or something, but Golem

wasn't sure. The women of this land were strange, not like other women Golem met in other districts. They were still in the distance, but Golem could already see that they were different. He took his bow and an arrow, while some of the women had already taken notice of him, and came closer. One stepped from her horse and decided to walk towards him. The woman didn't talk, and she looked like she was far away in herself. In the distance some women were screaming. They had caught a young deer, and tried to kill it. Golem aimed his arrow at one of the women and shot her from her horse. The other women started to get in rage towards Golem, but Golem just didn't like to watch hunters. Suddenly strong arms took him from behind, and pushed him to the ground. Another one kicked him a few times hard in the head, and soon Golem lost consciousness. When he woke up, he had been tied to a stake. A few dark eyes watched him tight, and then she spat him in the face. She was rubbing with her hand over his body, and then she put some mud on his body. Another woman laid a knife against his throat. The young deer lay somewhere close to him, bleeding to death. Some of the women drank from it's blood and had red mouths and faces by it. Golem spat one of them in the face while she came close to him. These women were lost, and probably damned by the usual life. Who were they, and why were they living here like this. Had they been banned ?

An old woman came close to Golem. She was mocking him, and raising her hands making strange movements. 'You will die tonight, captive,' she said.

'What if I will kill you all and burn your strange camp ?' Golem said as an option. Then the old woman spat in his face, and left. After that she came back with a knife, and soon Golem was bleeding all over. Then suddenly a group of women came home from a hunt. They had caught a bison, and soon they started to slay the bison for it's meat and skin. After awhile they forced Golem to eat from the meat. Golem didn't want to eat, but then they hit him so hard on the head that he got dizzy, and in delirium he started to eat. The women made a lot of noise, but Golem was far gone, he almost didn't heard them anymore.

One woman stood before him, and smeared bison-blood on him, while she also smeared it on herself. Golem didn't know what kind of games they were playing, but he assumed that this was their tradition. When it was evening they started to dance around his stake, raising their knives, axes and tomahawks. Never before Golem heard such shrieks and yelling. The moon appeared, and some of the women were bowing. Golem had headaches.

Suddenly he heard a few shots, and some women close to him fell down. A hunter with a beard came forward. Weeping and screaming the other women ran away into the bushes. The hunter untied Golem. He told Golem that he lived close to the women-camp to keep an eye on them. They feared him, thinking he is a sort of god, because of his gun. They used to call him the thunderman.

The hunter took Golem to his home, and said he was lucky, as the women wouldn't have any mercy to him. Golem asked the man why they couldn't root them out, as they were dangerous in his eyes. But the hunter said that the women were sick. They had been banned out of their tribes because of mental diseases, and they formed their own tribe. They are bitter towards all living beings because of what their tribes did to them. Most of the time they first had to live in rejection, mocked by others day in day out. Even when they wouldn't be mentally disturbed in the beginning, they would become it later because of the scorn. Now most of them had to suffer times of abuse before they finally got banned, and that's why they are full of hate now, and very bloodthirsty and full of cruel tricks. Usually no one survives falling in the hands of these lost women.

Golum could still feel the hate breath in his neck. he wished he could help the women. But the hunter told him to give it up. These women had been wounded too deep. They would never change. All they wanted was revenge, to destroy all life around them.

One night Golem returned to the camp. He crept in one of the tents where a woman slept. He crept under the skin she was sleeping under and began to warm her. The woman embraced him, and whispered : 'Who are you ?'

'That doesn't matter,' Golem whispered, 'I just want you to know that you aren't rejected by me.'

But suddenly the woman kicked him away from her very hard. Golem became dizzy by the strike. It wasn't such a good idea to help the women like this. The woman started to scream, and Golem had to leave the camp very quickly or they would hunt him down. The day after he told the hunter what he had done. The hunter rebuked him, and warned him that if he would do something like that again, it would be his death.

But the next night he went to the camp again, and now he went into another tent. There were two women lying there, and again he crept under the skin they were sleeping under, but this time he didn't do anything. He just had to take care that he wouldn't fall asleep. Suddenly he felt an arm of one of the women. The arm was very warm, and Golem enjoyed it, but at the same time he became afraid. After awhile the woman took her arm back, and Golem could breath again. Slowly he went out of the tent, and left the camp.

The night after he went again, and this time he took also another tent. Here many women were sleeping. It was a bigger tent than the others. He could feel the atmosphere of hate threatening in this tent, although they didn't know he was in. He lay down between two women and soon they were rolling over to him. It was like they felt the warmth, but they didn't know he was an intruder. Golem knew he was in a dangerous position. He felt their legs sliding over his legs, and their heads moved closer to his head. Suddenly one of the women laid her head on his chest. Golem's heart was beating fast. After awhile the women rolled over to the other side, and slowly Golem crept out of the tent, to finally leave the camp again. It was like they were getting used to his warmth and energy like this, but if they knew he wasn't one of them, they would probably kill him by their cruel ways. The hunter explained about the rituals of these women, which was a long tradition helping them to deal with their past. It was very cruel, but they didn't have another way to survive their trauma's.

The hunter told him that he could never become friends with them, as they hated others and themselves too much to enjoy something like that. Golem knew that he could only come close to these women to let them enjoy his warmth when they were asleep, when they wouldn't be aware that he wasn't one of them.

The Twelve of Rokdod

Chapter 1.

It was across the huge desert of death, the hugest desert I had ever seen, where a city rested, a kind of a strange city. Everything was tied up and moved by strange jewelled girdles. Nothing was free, it was a city of slavery. The women and man living here looked like humans but the difference was that they had twelve toes instead of ten. The city seemed to be alive and on the other side of the city the huge desert of death started again. I was like in an oasis, and soon they told me that the twelve toes were actually the secret of their life here. It connected them to the twelve hearts of the city, twelve soldiers who had overcome death, but it was nothing but slavery waiting for them here. Their muscles had a strange colour, softer, lighter than the usual colour of humans. It was almost like a pale colour brown, but in another grade, like it had sunk beyond the brown. The energies on their skins could almost be read. They were plugged into a mysterious source. Someone led me to a cathedral where a magpie was flying around. They said he was the guard of these twelve hearts.

But they were sad, and told me that their city was dying. In past the city was much bigger, but it seemed like the desert of death was swallowing it again. Something was eating from these hearts. They told me the hearts were holding the intimacy of the universe, a path for believers, leading them to a universal marriage. Only through this marriage a sixth toe would grow on the foot, and they said I had to go on this path or I would fade away within a few days. I saw the hearts hanging on the wall, they were beating wildly, radiating soft lights. I went through a door in the wall.

It was a twelve steps plan to become married, but all I felt was girdles. Soon I would be led by these girdles also. They said it was to keep me in the city, for once in awhile the storms of death would come trying to take citizens away. I did not know what this marriage meant. I

came out at the end, and all I felt was girdles. I felt connected to these twelve hearts now, bringing me delights and deep feelings of intimacy, but yet I felt it was getting weaker, and I became hungry.

I did not know how to rescue this city. The system got weaker every day and everyday the storms came to take citizens away. At the end I knew I had to travel further through the desert of death for the oasis became hopeless. A magpie was leading me. After a journey of many years I came into the next city. It was a dull city, with easily amused people. They seemed to be very superficial, but at least they lived. Intimacy was almost a forbidden word here, but they had their pleasures. It was like a den of prostitutes, no love but lust. I didn't want to live here, I would rather die, so I decided to just move through this city, and reach for the other side. I found a huge river there, a river of death, huge like I had never seen one before. There were beaches along this river, which was almost like a sea, but these people were also very superficial, like their senses were locked. I decided to return to the place where I came from, the first city. When I came there after travelling another many years there was nothing left of that city. The twelve hearts were the only things I could find, beating in the sand. They were like fishes longing for water, desperately. The hearts had become very small. They were always hanging at the huge wall of the cathedral, unreachable, but now they were with me. When I took them in my arms, suddenly wings surrounded me, and I could fly. Energy was streaming across my body. They needed water, and I flew with them to the river of death again, within a few days. I threw them in the waters, and they immediately started to swell up. They seemed to grow with a speed like never before, and soon they were like whales, enormous creatures of nature. After swimming and enjoying the waters for many hours they swam to the beaches where they turned into princes.

They could rebuild the city here, but they always had to return to the waters to turn into whales again. But again this nature was dying.

'Isn't this the marriage ?' a voice spoke. 'A deeper death, to grasp it's deeper secret. We die when we try to grasp it, and we get hanged by it's ropes, but it draws us in, into an underground city, far beyond the desert and the river, where the clay is like mud. A deeper death, to follow the tunnel into the light.'

Something grasped me to the underground, and I was in an elevator, going into the depth. People celebrated the marriage here, a wedding day. And it was happening on a big tart, and people were consuming each other by a lighter fire, and twelve hearts started to show up like mouths, yes, like trumpets. And twelve creatures came forward to blow these trumpets.

And I found out this marriage was sweet in the mouth but bitter in the stomach, and it appeared to be just another illusion of death. And from the trumpets came blood and tears,

ropes to bind them all. And it formed masks on their faces, and they were nothing but dinner on a tall golden lions table, reaching to the other side of the huge hall I was in. There was a key of twelve, but it was nothing but death itself, but they brought fourth a thirteenth : Golem of Pythia.

Chapter 2.

Golem of Pythia lived on an island in the Zerre-sea of Carkia. In this sea a group of deaf sharks lived. It was a species who were only sharks for a few percents, but they had been called deaf sharks as they didn't communicate by speech. They looked like human beings, but they were only humans for a few percent. Their colours were based on red and white and all the several combinations between these two colours. For only a few percent they had and used other colours. They could live in the sea, but they could also live on land, on islands.

Golem wanted to join them, but they refused, because he came from the bloodline of a crown, which meant his family was royal. Although his mother was a prostitute and was never royal, Golem still had some royal blood in his veins. That's why the deaf sharks didn't have anything to do with it. He asked them how he could become one of them. This would mean he had to go through hard rituals of the deaf sharks. They would punish him to purify him, so that he would lose all the invisible crown he had above his head. This punishment would come along with twelve missions he had to solve. If he would fulfill these missions he would become one of them, but if he would fail they would kill him, as he would have the power to betray them. But the missions were so heavy that it would be the question if he could survive them at all. In every mission one deaf shark would guide him, so he would have to develop twelve friendships with them. These were called the twelve of Rokdod.

For the first mission Golem had to go to the island Rhos Z'delta, where a group of women lived who were both prostitutes, assassins and soldiers. They used to kill men after they slept with them, especially when someone had paid them to do that. They were corrupted to the bottom. They had a shrine made of goldfish-bones which Golem had to steal, to bring it to the deaf sharks. Ludium was the deaf shark who would be his companion on the road.

When they both came to the island they found out there were a lot of tourists here. The brothels on this island were an attraction. Ludium warned Golem that he had to be on his guard. The women, who had been called the white wives, could easily put their spell on men to have them in their power completely. From the morning to the evening they often worked in the army, most of them but as soon as the evening and night came they worked as prostitutes. There was a lot of enigma around them, and they could always draw new visitors in.

They had their own queen, a woman with waspian qualities. She lived in a sort of royal brothel, like a waspnest. Here would also be the shrine of goldfish-bones somewhere. Ludium brought Golem to that place. It was night. Many women were already sleeping. Some lay on the ground, while others were in their rooms. It seemed there was much business here, and the lady of the house had her own hierarchy.

Golem went through many doors, in search for the shrine. Suddenly someone knocked him on the shoulder. It was the queen. She asked Golem what he was looking for as the brothel was now officially closed for today. Golem said he needed a woman. The woman watched him closely and put her hand on his necklace. 'Hmm ... for such a necklace I would work even after closing-time.' And then she lured him to her room. Golem wondered where Ludium was, as he was in a dangerous situation. The woman could easily kill him. In her room the shrine of goldfish-bones stood. Golem tried to ask her some things about it, but the woman was already trying to put her love-spell on him. 'Oh, forgot to mention,' Golem said, 'I only sleep with bald women'

'Hmm, that's interesting,' the woman said, like he brought her to an idea. 'Hold on for awhile,' she said, and left into a sort of bathroom behind a strange curtain. The curtain had been made of peacock-feathers and all sorts of skins tied together. Golem tried to move the shrine. It had been laquered by a strange fluoresced soft light orange. But he couldn't move the object as it was connected to the wall and the ground like they were one. Then he looked into her wardrobe. But suddenly the backside of the wardrobe fell away. It was a portal to another room. He went in very quickly, and saw all sorts of skeletons of men against the wall. In some of these skeletons snakes lived. Were these her victims ? Golem didn't like the idea of standing next to them very soon. He went back to the room of the woman. He was a bit nervous, as he didn't know when he had to attack her before she would strike him to death. Ludium had warned him that the women could do that in a second, even while still in love-making. Then the woman came back already. She was bald now, but she also bore a dagger. 'I have noticed that you know much more than you ought to know, so I thought it would be better to start the battle right now.' She threw the dagger, and Golem could escape with his head just in time. The dagger pierced itself into the wall. Then Golem took the dagger, but the woman had already grasped a leg-dagger. 'Come and we do a one-on-one-fight,' she said, while she was sissing like a snake. At the same time other women came in. They grasped Golem by his legs. 'Lay him on the shrine !' the queen spoke. And in a few seconds they had laid him on the shrine, his arms and legs tied to it. The queen was raising her dagger, but then Ludium came in. 'Ho, ho !' he said, 'that's not how we do treat men.' And then he kicked the queen aside. With a strong fist he broke the shrine away from the wall and the ground, and while Golem was still on it he took it out of the room.

But the other women surrounded him, and Ludium had to kick a few times again to get them away. 'I will untie you very soon,' Ludium said, 'but first we have to get out of here.' And with the shrine and Golem on his shoulders he ran out of the royal brothel. 'You were in the den of the lion,' Ludium said to Golem, 'but you found the shrine.'

The second mission was to ride the goats of Swikkedat. Swikkedat was a place where many vampires lived. The goats of Swikkedat could bring them all along to the realms of the dead where they could feed on the dead, but they could also bring them to other places, such as hidden dungeons where they would have easy chained prey. There was a lot of risk bound to an attempt to ride a goat of Swikkedat. The goat could lead you in a trap to kill you or chain you forever, to become a living meal to other vampires. And always before you could ride such a goat there would be a powerstruggle between you and the goat. If you would lose, the same things could happen.

But the second guide of the twelve of Rokdod told Golem that he had to go to the underworld first to get the keys to ride these goats. These keys were called 'the keys of death', and for that he had to go to a certain necromancer. The second guide would lead him to that.

The necromancer appeared to be a magpie.

'You are the thirteenth of Rokdod,' the magpie said.

And then the magpie explained to Golem the same path once explained to me. I was a demon. And I realised that I was born again as Golem. My name ? Ritswik, third demon of an oracle.

Again I went across the huge desert of death, and found the city in dust. This time I could help them. I was the thirteenth heart of the city, the heart of all hearts, giving them eternal life. It was like I could go through the mirror and found myself. It was a marriage to myself, between two worlds once separated. And then I realized I had become eternal, but I couldn't move, and I was like a stone floating between two planets.

Chapter 4.

Hildred Zuwali was a cop doing investigations in dental appartments. Many people seemed to have gone to the dentist, while they didn't return anymore. Soon Hildred found out there was more going on. She found out that below the apartments there were hidden halls, tall stairways reaching into the depths of the earthcore. It was a road to an underworld she had never heard of before. She was ministering to the lost souls she found there, wandering around here in the depths of these hidden chambers. They seemed to be confused, not knowing who they were anymore, while a card holding their new identities was attached at their chests. She did not know through which pains these souls went, but she took them upstairs. These people had lost their memories, so they couldn't give her any information, and the dentists themselves denied every case against them. After many months she went to dental appartments again, to revisit these realms, but this time there seemed to be none of them anymore.

Dick Salvetti was a preacher. He had his own church. The same things started to happen there. People who went there seemed to disappear mysteriously. Hildred went there for research and found out that the realm was now below this church. Again she entered it's depth and found

many souls, who she could take up again, but they had lost their memory, and Dick Salvetti denied that he had anything to do with it. A few months later there seemed to be no such realm under the church anymore. It seemed to have moved away again. There were rumours That the strange underworld had moved to the dental apartments again, but when Hildred went there, there seemed to be none of that. It was quiet for a few years then, but then again, many people started to disappear mysteriously, and people were even speaking about a rapture.

A woman woke up, went downstairs, but her parents weren't there anymore. This young woman got panicked and called her neighbours. Soon she found out that there was no one in her city anymore but her. She went to another city where she could find a young boy and a young girl. There was smoke everywhere. They were the only survivors of these two cities, and Hildred went there for an investigation, and found out that the underworld had moved there below these cities. She found there the many souls of these cities, but they were like frozen, and she couldn't move them.

After that she went there with a team, but there was no one they could help, and soon they had to leave because of the smoke. But strange dental figures were blocking their way, looking like ancient soldiers, knights with mysterious equipment, like the angels of death. 'We are the police,' some of the team was shouting. 'If you want to stay alive, move away.'

'You are under arrest,' another agent was shouting. But the angels didn't move. Some agents were shooting already, but with no results. Soon more of these strange angels seemed to show up in other cities, taking citizens into the underworld. Hildred and her mates found themselves locked up in a strange metal box, soon enough. The walls were shifting, and the box was moving into the depths of the underground. The angels were like police officers themselves, not speaking a word. They were just staring. 'Don't touch the walls,' Hildred was shouting. 'Look at those sharp blades. We are in a mill.' Then all of a sudden the walls started to move closer to them. Through a tube they took Hildred out of the box, while the rest of her mates died horribly.

'Show me your identity,' Hildred was shouting at the angels. But none of them spoke. After hours one of the strange angels said : 'Do you believe in God ?'

'Of course I do,' Hildred said. 'I have served him since I was a little child.'

'Then why are you so panicked,' another angel said.

'Who are you,' Hildred screamed. 'And what have you done to my team. You will pay for that, you know. This will surely end in your death-penalty.'

'Silence Hildred,' another of these strange angels said. 'You know of the rapture right. Why are you opposing it.' He walked forwards almost at the point of touching her, and said : 'Those of the rapture will be led to the city of death, inside the earth, the city of light, and the rest will live between the beasts to receive the mark.'

'What mark are you talking about, the number of the beast ?' Hildred asked.

'No,' the angel said, while caressing through her hair, 'the number of the rapture.'

‘What does that mean ?’ Hildred asked.

‘Those who got raptured will move into the bodies of those left behind, and they will live in these bodies, ruled by the mark,’ the angel spoke.

‘Then who am I in this plan ?’ Hildred asked.

‘You are the one inbetween,’ the angel said, ‘the holy spirit. You will be torn apart in shatters and they will live from that substance.’

Hildred started to scream. She remembered how her friends got torn apart in the mill.

What happened to my friends ?’ she asked.

‘They are the seven spirits before the throne,’ the angel said.

‘What does that mean ?’ Hildred asked.

‘They are the seven tubes by which you will start to begin to flow, but it will be a rebirth for you, Hildred,’ the angels said, while all the faces of the other angels started to shine. ‘You will be reborn in hell.’

‘But I have always lived a good live, and went to church every sunday,’ Hildred almost stuttered, ‘so why ... why hell, why not heaven ...’

‘Because only dentists belong to heaven, you are but a simple police agent,’ another angel said rudely.

Hildred started to cry. ‘This seems so insane, who are you ? And how can I become a dentist then ?’

‘You can’t, Hildred,’ another angel said. ‘You have to be called to be a dentist, and when you haven’t been called in the space beyond time and space you never will. It’s kind of definite.’

‘What will happen to me, who are you ?’ Hildred shrieked.

‘We are ancient warriors,’ the angels spoke.

‘But why have you come, and what has this all to do with dentists, I do not understand,’ Hildred cried.

‘You will never understand,’ another angel said. Then they pushed her into a black box. Sounds of drills started to show up, and soon the box was red of the blood. Her body got used for the mission, but her spirit got reborn in hell, while the angels lived in their heavens as gods. Their upper god was a horned swine, having bible verses on his horns.

Hildred woke up in a shock. She had a nightmare. This day she had to do investigations in a dental apartment, because of a murder there. When she came there, she couldn’t find any traces. But she just didn’t trust the dentist there. He had a strange smile, and she just had a weird feeling about it. Something wasn’t right. That night she went to home early, earlier than

usual, but when she got home she got the shock of her life. She saw the dentist sitting in her home, watching tv.

Her hand slowly slid to her gun. But then another dentist stood behind her, blocking her hand and then her mouth. She woke up in a hospital, drills above her, and then she went to sleep again.

‘A charismatic movement,’ someone was saying.

‘Who are you ?’ Hildred asked.

‘God,’ the person said. He had a white coat. He showed her a drill.

‘I am in your head now,’ the person said. ‘Haven’t we done a wonderful job. You the police agent, we ... the dentists ... working together ...’

‘I do not understand,’ Hildred said. ‘Where am I.’

‘In heaven,’ the person said, while he was smiling. ‘I had some mercy on you, we have broken our own law for that. We have made only one exception in all the eternities and that is you,’ while he was winking. ‘Hildred, you are accepted in our heavens, even though you are not a dentist, and that is kind of unique and it will never happen again. Those who want to be reborn in our heavens can only do so when they accept you as a mother, a sort of female Jesus Christ, to beam them up out of their horrible circumstances.’

‘What is wrong with you,’ Hildred said. ‘You as dentists aren’t the makers of any laws, so why such pompous behaviour. I have been a law servant, and to get into heaven we should submit to the law. Have you ever read Romans 13 in the bible.’

‘Oh yes,’ the person said, ‘but that wasn’t about police agents or the clergy. It was of course about dentists. And we were right, for our control is every half a year or year, and we make sure people show up.’

‘I haven’t gone to the dentist in about three years,’ Hildred said.

‘But your heart, Hildred,’ the person said, ‘the heart, has been with us. Every half a year or year you will be tested and judged, all as the advents upward to the eternal judgement of God. We are his servants.’

‘You got to be kidding me,’ Hildred laughed. ‘Tell me that this is all just a good joke, okay ?’

‘No, it isn’t a joke, Hildred,’ the person said. ‘Look at this mirror and see how the fire is running through it.’

Hildred looked to the left and saw a mirror from which suddenly lava burst forth. ‘Please, stop that,’ Hildred said.

‘We are glad to have you, Hildred,’ the person said. ‘You are the mediator.’

‘For what ?’ Hildred asked. ‘Where am I ?’

‘You are in bed, in a coma,’ the person said. ‘So you better believe us. We have the powers to get you out, and many with you. We live here in luxury and life, in power and lust.’

‘I do not want any of that. Let me be with the poor and living an honest life and it will be enough for me,’ Hildred said.

‘No Hildred,’ the person said. ‘The poor will get poorer and the rich will get richer. The sick will get sicker and the healthy will get healthier, and you are the only one bringing them from one side to the other. If they refuse you, they will be damned to evergrowing damnation, and when they receive you as their mother and saviour they will be blessed in eternity.’

‘You are sick,’ Hildred said.

She was in a white box, with white walls, and they were about to make an even huger hell of Hildred’s life, until she was screaming : ‘Yes, yes, I will do it, whatever you want, just get me out of here.’

‘No Hildred,’ a voice spoke. ‘You refused the offer. Next patient !’

A man was watching a strange horror movie, very psychedelic, a medical story. He was a pastor. His name was Benny, Benny Savache. The next Sunday they would pray for the sick in the church, but in the middle of the service, strange angels started to show up, with drills and guns. They kind of surrounded the church, and people started screaming.

‘Stay quiet,’ Benny Savache said. ‘These are but demons. We have powers over them. These are the demons of the world, but remember your bible saying in Hebrews 10 verse 25 that you shouldn’t forsake the fellowship, so just make sure you come here every sunday, and you will be safe from them.’

‘Powerful words, pastor,’ someone was shouting.

That night Benny Savache came home, totally exhausted. An angel appeared to him, looking like a dentist. ‘You know,’ the angel said. ‘You are all oral creatures. And we are the guards of the oral, thus making us the rulers.’

‘I rebuke you, satan,’ Benny Savache screamed.

The next sunday the same things happened, and the angels made clear they wanted to use Benny Savache for healing. The pastor refused, but soon he couldn’t control it anymore, and people indeed started to heal. ‘Maybe it was God,’ the pastor thought to himself. Soon people made a lot of donations, and the pastor began to like it, still with the feeling that something wasn’t totally right.

They wanted him to be a moderator in the mental cyberspace, but he refused. On the height of his career he stopped with his ministry and drew himself back to seek for an answer. He had become very scared of the thing working through him. One day he took his car and drove into the depths of a forest.

My stone had fallen here, and I was like a statue. My head was between two worlds. I wanted to save this planet too, and I had seen a lot of things. I was the heart of hearts, the thirteenth.

The man stepped out of his car, while I was calling him. An amazing light fell upon him. I gave him the amulet of the ten stones, the ten demon-stones of an oracle. One of these stones was my own personal stone, the one of Ritswik. I told him about the journey I once made across the desert of death, and he got interested.

The Desert Tower

There was a high tower on Reticulum, where someone lived who kept them all asleep. They called him sandman. They always had to live in low consciousness because of this creature, this man. Tarkarus was his name. It was a huge tower, very wide, taking a lot of land. The steps of the stairways were all of fire, becoming hotter and hotter, so that no one could enter.

Tarkarus had a sword by which he could freeze people. He could also freeze birds, for those were the ones who visited him a lot. He was a spider. His own birds were lullabies, lulling the people to sleep, and all the creatures. He sent them out to steal their hearts. Tarkarus had a place on top of his tower, full of hearts. Those who lost their hearts not only came into a state of death, but also of second death, the low consciousness, in which they would live forever.

There was one brave man daring to face Tarkarus one day. His name was Golem. Golem was so strong that he could destroy the whole tower. It was a big day when the guards of Tarkarus fell down. Golem took his helmet, a red one with many tall stings, and became the ruler of Reticulum. The air became thick. Old skeleton gods got their thrones back.

Golem became a hero on Reticulum, building their cities again, and their monuments. Everyone had to drink from a certain red soup to wake up again, and to stay awake. Old skeleton buildings got dug up to get their place again. They all had red stones inside from which the soup flew.

Golem built his tower in a desert, but this time the steps of the stairways had to be of ice. It was a desert tower.

Tivirim the Demon Knight - Barbarian Fiction

The Squirrels of Domina

Santarax had his throne in the depths of Tartarus. He was a skeleton with a garment, a king among demons. He was the evil breed of a notorious goddess. When he got older he killed her, ate her, and got strong powers in the depths of the Martian Underworld. Finally he reached Tartarus where he settled his throne. Mean dogs of torture were his servants. He had implanted the skull of his mother in the depths of his own heart. It was the skull of sound. By this powerfull radiation he could raise his armies of slaves. An arena was what he wanted. One of these slaves was Tivirim, a barbarian man, long white hair and hellwhite eyes. He was a savage, used to live with panthers and lions of monstrous size. Since he got caught he lived

in a blue balloon, a prison. At night the skull of sound would shriek to wake them up, and then they had to fight. They were the marionets of Santarax.

The blue balloon would go from city to city, and in the middle of the night it would open up at the bottom, through which the marionets could slide to the roofs of the houses. They would plunder, murder, and abduct. All for Santarax. His wishes were their commands. After the crime the blue balloon would suck them inside again and leave. It looked like it was Tivirim's fate to die in this office. They all had strange uniforms. These uniforms secreted poison in order to make them as savage as possible. Many lost their minds and got insane. Others were confused or just very chaotic. But Tivirim never lost his sense. He just got weak and tired all the time, feeling sick.

Santarax told him he could be the general of these fools. It was a cruel initiation. By a certain poison he got an iron hand. Also Santarax implanted a piece of the skull of sound into his heart. It was a splinter. By this his voice would be like screaming and shouting in the hearts of the other marionets. He could bring them down even by a whisper.

In the depths of the castle and domain of Santarax his mother Domina still lived on, her spirit. She had been the tyrant of ages ago, and she still was. She lived there with her squirrels, who were three times worse than the marionets of her son. They could shriek and command like no one else, although they didn't go out for a hunt as much as the marionets. They showed up once in a hundred years, but then it would be a real massacre, a real slaughter. Domina was still seeking for revenge since her son had taken over her kingdom. She was the mother queen of Mars, ruler of the Sjarun, the royal upper class, and she would always be in that position.

One day she captured Tivirim, who was the general of Santarax. Two killer-squirrels brought him to her. She enjoyed to watch him. She showed him a red balloon by which the squirrels would travel, once in the hundred years. She took his uniform away and gave him a squirrel uniform. 'Oh, first you will become like tar,' she spoke harshly. Tivirim was screaming. The uniform was like burning tar. 'And then you will be my squirrel,' she laughed hysterically. Tivirim felt himself shrinking. Could these squirrels shriek so loud because of the heat, their pain ?

'That's the blessing I have for skeletons,' she said. 'So many cities to rule on Mars.'

Tivirim knew she gave high positions to the squirrels, but what kind of life would they have ? They were thieves and murderers like the marionets. But more than that : they spread gas. They knew the secret places and doorways in the undergrounds of Mars, and they had their secret pipeline-networks of gas there to control it all. But they would never live long. Their fate was horrible, as they would turn into red balloons themselves after awhile, becoming a gas-pump. They would become storages. It was an evil work of Domina, and it seemed Tivirim was in her trap. 'I won't be the next dictator,' he said. 'And I won't serve in your gas-circus.. But she was laughing at him. 'What do you want to do about it ?' she asked.

One day there was a war between the squirrels. It never really happened before. Even Domina couldn't stop it. 'Tivirim, I need you,' she said. 'There are some things I didn't tell you before. Some of the squirrels I keep alive for hundreds of years. I will take them away after awhile, but I bring them to a garden where I take their hearts out for a special tree collecting squirrel hearts for the best wine. It is how I can keep everything drunk. But listen to me : the tree is dying, and I don't know why. The squirrels are losing their drunkenness and get aggressive against each other more than ever. I think it is payback time. If I won't do anything about it, they will finally attack me.'

'That's your own fault, witch,' Tivirim said. 'That happens when you are playing with the savage forces of life and death. You do not know them.'

'You seem to be very wise,' Domina spoke. 'Please help me. If this will not end, they will finally take everything over, and they will rule with utter cruelty. Don't you understand the forces of the squirrel ?'

'So you say you actually did a good job keeping them drunk this way, just to protect Mars against their forces ?' Tivirim asked.

'Yes,' Domina said, 'definitely. If I wouldn't do something it would be way worse than thieving and murder. They would torture.'

'Ah, so what you are doing isn't torture ?' Tivirim asked.

'In a way maybe,' she said, 'but it's only to keep the greater torture away. I'm the warden of that.'

'So you are some sort of guard, some sort of porter or gatekeeper knowing a lot about the danger of squirrels ? Is that what you try to say ?' Tivirim asked. 'What you are doing now is only making it worse. Your works would be the cause of what would happen when they would break free. You have made them mad and insane.'

'But please help me,' Domina said. 'I want to repent.'

'Well, you have to bear the consequences,' Tivirim spoke. 'Don't ever challenge the forces of life and death again.'

'Please,' Domina spoke, 'help me. I will set you free, and I will keep you safe from Santarax and the marionets.'

'Okay, that is other language,' Tivirim spoke. 'I will tell you what I will do. You will take the burning tar-uniform away from me, and the implants from Santarax like the shrieking heart-splinter. Then I will become the Demon Knight again who I was, and I will lead the squirrels out of this cursed place. I will lead them across the river of doom to a place where they can be free, where there is enough food, and where they can become drunk of fruits instead of each other's blood. However they will take the blood of who will interfere with them again, and they will have fun with it. I will make them soldiers.'

‘Okay, do it,’ Domina spoke, ‘but don’t let them have revenge on me.’

‘You will have your reward, Domina,’ Tivirim spoke. ‘If you have done this from your heart, then you will be blessed.’

And thus it happened. The Demon Knight took them all across the river where they could live again, in peace, but with a great guard.

The End

The Savage

Flower

He gave me the stake of the flower. It had many stings, and it led me to the depths of Tartarus, to it’s core. It was a bottomless abyss it seemed. My hands and body was burning since I slid down along the stinging stake. It was a red stake. On the other hand it felt like velvet. Suddenly I fell. And it was indeed a bottomless abyss. I kept floating. Slowly I opened my eyes, as everything around me got more and more density. I was in a shell, very slimy. I was in an egg, like a cocoon. My body was still burning. Suddenly the flower grasped me. It’s stake was coiling around me, getting me in a tight grip. I saw more of these red flowers around me. They started to feed me. My stomach was burning. They gave me strange meat, while someone was screaming. A blue-skinned girl stood before me with her hands before her

eyes, almost weeping. 'Starda Santus,' she said. More blue-skinned people stood behind her, also speaking in a language I couldn't understand. 'To bocho afternu,' an old man spoke. He had a dark low voice.

Suddenly a blue man with a crown and staff came forward and started to roar, while he raised the staff in the sky. I could hear the sounds of trains. 'Amalemach,' he said. It seemed the blue ones ruled here. Awhile later they showed me their computers, their machinery and their communication systems, and it seemed they were very civilised and advanced, like an underground network.

They said I had opened their realm in which they had been locked up. They suddenly spoke in my language. It was the flower, the flower, which had set them free. They called me the man with the key. They were all rejoicing, and came into strange extasy. They were cutting themselves smearing the blood on each other, also on me. I guess it was their tradition. But as glad as I was I also realized they had their own captives. Because of their technology they kept brownskin and redskins locked up in the core world. These people already had a lot of freedom in this world, as it was a huge world, but they were never allowed to leave it. The blue race was scared as it was an aggressive world. This was one of the main reasons they developed their technology : to keep the core world of Tartarus locked up. They also had the hope their technology would lead them out of the blue layer one day, in which they had been trapped by strange gravity forces. They wanted to know about the upper layers of Mars, and it's surfaces, as they could never reach for it. They felt themselves like children in a toyshop.

By their computers I could reach the coreworld. The brown and red people here had some strange pale and white spots on their bodies, whiter than I ever saw. It looked like artwork. I saw strange pipelines in the air making pictures. By following the pipelines by computers I found out that they used some sort of paint for these pictures. The paint had been generated by all sorts of blood. Different combinations would make different colours. By this these cameras worked. It was for making movies and most of all : comics. The brown and red people seemed to be merely the slaves of the blue race for that. I wondered why, but I immediately understood that the blue race practised these things because they were scared of these red and brown people. Deeper in the core these people lived in cages, in blocks, like in giant comics. They had to live in these frames while cameras were making their lives miserable. Computers would manipulate the pictures. I came to the horrible discovery that these people had been used for their blood for centuries. I hoped it would be over now, since I had set the blue race free. They gave me the keys to their computers. Everything was in my hands now. I started to break the cages down, and took the poor people out. It was like a huge stairway. I was the demon knight.

I could reprogram their computers. I was a technician. The blue race more and more started to move to the upper layers of Mars, to it's surfaces and the layers in the Martian Skies. I

became the leader of the core race. Tartarus had to be transformed. Of course I wasn't against comics, but that red and brown people with those beautiful pale and white spots of the brightest white should be bred for their blood to become paint was absurd. I loved the red and brown people with their spots. Their leaders were aggressive, but I could understand. They had been tortured and hunted for such a long time by these strange computers with those pipelines. The computers were fine by itself, but they had a pig virus. They were called the shriekers, and they could activate the camera mechanism in the pipelines by their shrieks. It was a complex computer virus. It took me days before I could break the code of that virus, it's chemical structure. The blue race had developed it once to protect themselves, but it seemed the virus was full of artificial consciousness developing itself further. I could get the pig holograms out of the computer, but they seemed to get dense in the core world. In the beginning these pigs were killerpigs, so the red and brown race had to fight for their lives. Since the pigs had cast out of the computer they searched powerthrones into the depths of the coreworld. They were made of metal, and they weren't just a computercode anymore. They lost their hologrammic lives to become flesh. Only their leaders seemed to develop their metal skin further, and became terrorpigs. The rest of the pigs lost their killer-abilities and metal skin more and more finally to become cattle and prey. There was a war going on, besides the hunt. The terrorpigs developed themselves into a new race of metallic indians.

I tried to use the comic frames again, as it got out of hand. This time my aim was the terrorpig. I could melt the metal a bit, and could pierce their skins by sharp pipelines. There were reservoirs of paint inside, but their leader was the wildest chief I ever saw. And I found out about another virus : the bison virus. This one was made by the blue race once to protect the pig virus. The code could project burning bison in the sky, all to develop the metallic indians. I could break it off by a certain key. I was the Demon Knight.

It all had to do with artificial consciousness the blue race couldn't control anymore. When I could get the burning bison out of the sky, they got dense in the valleys of the core world. It all happened in the depths of Tartarus, but some bison became metal, and the rest were killers and torturers in the beginning. This virus had many hidden layers, and the red and brown race had to fight for their lives. The price of cracking a virus code was big, as it had a lot of hidden mechanisms which would jump up to attack. My work kind of activated these hidden codes. They were the guards of the virus. The more we dealt with the upper layers of the virus, the more the deeper hidden layers came into action.

The virus seemed to be a system by which others communicated. It was some sort of internet, all to keep the virus alive. I found out about a dark underground of the blue ones. There was a lot more going on than fear only. These blue ones wanted might and control. I discovered a world of virtual reality in the depths of the code. Here they bred the minds of Mars to let them bring forth paint. They kept these minds in the frames of comics. They could transform mindpower into paint, by several complex mixes. For this reason they kept their philosophic farms alive. People needed to think a lot, as a form of donation. These blue ones were authors and painters, artists.

It was a fight about paint. It was a lot about mindpaint. The computers in these virtual worlds looked like brains. And by the frames of the comics they could create the illusion of time with their corrupted timelines. These clocks were merely the brainslayers, all for paint. I could go on in the illusions of technology for years and years, but the flower who brought me here wanted my attention. It was breaking through the layers by a speed I didn't see before, much faster than the computers of the blue race. The flower started to secrete paint, and kind of broke off the laws of technology here. I had grown into a web of illusive technology, but the flower saved me out. There was a thing greater than technology, as the flower was very mystic. Yes, in my early years I had been bound by the Law of Martian Technology. I was a soldier in their army, brainwashed by so much knowledge, but there was something greater than that. The Laws of the Tartarian Flower. I found out my knowledge wasn't of any value, as the flower spoke another language. And this flower brought me to tears. It could reach my heart. I found out that all the technology was merely a trick of the corrupted elite of the blue ones, all to control our brains for paint. Everything became so artificial, while the flower showed me a greater nature, so fresh and alive, so deep and intense. It had a savage heart. I got captured by this elite of blue ones, and they mocked me and scorned me, and said I was an irrational one, as soon as I drove away further from their laws. But the flower was growing inside of me.

Rattlesnake

River

I was wandering through the desert, dying. Suddenly a major strength came into me. I wanted to build a city. Could I do that here in the draught ? I had to bring myself to the edge of the idea and jumped off. I fell down. A rattlesnake was staring at me. It confused me. It was like there was an oasis nearby. But I couldn't get a grip on it. The rattlesnake moved away, and I saw a handle in the sand. I walked up to it, as it was on a small hill of sand. I wiped the sand away and saw a wooden door. I opened it, and sank down into a cool cellar. I went downstairs and saw a room full of jewels.

I felt myself like a conqueror. I still had the idea of making myself a city. I found a big pipeline, followed it, and came through the doorway in another room full of jewels. At the

ceiling there was another door. I could go upstairs, and when I did and opened the door I was in an oasis. Here my city would be.

Rattlesnakes were my friends. They never were, but these ones were good. They gave me cold conscience, and I could breathe. I had left the cities where I had been and where I grew up, almost died in the desert, but this idea of building my own city saved me. I could lose all my anger, in my friendship with the rattlesnakes. They gave me new life inside.

I woke up. It was a dream. I was in a prison. I could never build a city. I even couldn't reach a desert. I had been sentenced to death, but I was still waiting for it, for years and years. I didn't even know how old I was. I didn't know what my crime was. I was unguilty.

I heard a woman's voice. She cried behind the bars. I didn't recognize her. She said I was her son. 'You will get your freedom,' she spoke. She had been locked up as well for so many years. Since she gave life to me she had to give me away. I grew up in prison. 'A dangerous family,' they said.

I could see the love in my mother's eyes. I never saw love in the eyes of the wardens.

I cried as well. Behind here someone stood with the face of a rattlesnake. I saw love in his eyes too. Desastrous love, overwhelming, hot. He opened the prison door and took me in his arms. He was my father. I had never seen him. He looked like an astronaut.

'I want to build a city, dad,' I said.

'You can do that now,' he said. 'I gave you that dream. I had it too. Let's build the city together.'

I wondered where. He took me to a desert. 'Walk this road,' he said, 'until you reach the oasis.'

He went away and I never saw him back, neither my mother. But I built the city with them in my memory. I had a bleeding memory.

Rattlesnakes were always around me, my friends. They gave me cold conscience. I raised cannons, made myself weapons, and cherished the treasures of the rattlesnake inside.

There was a treasure room of the rattlesnake inside of me. I could reach down deep. I became a warrior. No hunter would hunt me down. I would raise my city. I would decorate it with the mysteries of the rattlesnake.

I dug a hole around the city, in which the poison of the rattlesnake started to stream to form a river. Many reached for my city, but drowned there, while others got the luck to reach for my wall. The citywall was high, and many archers were on it, shooting the survivors of the river down. Only a few had the luck to escape from them. However, the walls were so high with so many tricks that many fell into the river again, and who would survive the river a second time ?

My city was cruel, but it had to be, for otherwise it would die. Only the friends of the rattlesnake had a chance. Those who carried the treasures of the rattlesnake deep inside.

The river became notorious. Who could cross the river ? Also the wall got notorious. Who could come across it ? And what would happen behind it ? It was a cruel city, the fruit of much suffering. I wasn't angry anymore, but had a hell of a mechanism. No one would ever drag me back again to take me for a sinner. Growing up in a prison leads to the rattlesnake like this. I was the Demon Knight. I was Tivirim. I would come down from the stairways to be a saviour and a judge, but I always returned to my city, to my friend, the rattlesnake.

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

Tartar the Slayer - Death Fiction

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 spiders tattoo, 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 End

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.

Tamar the Horrible – Evil Fiction

Hell's Bakery

In the realms of hell there was no slayer but Tamar the horrible. She had a bloodlust like no one else, and her breath was like pure fire. She was the softest woman existing, but at the same time the hardest. By certain jewels called the dakuster-jewels she had enslaved so many to be her gladiators in the wars of hell. These jewels were like chains surrounding their wrists and ankles, and these made them drunk, so that they wouldn't be blocked in fighting by the false spirits of shame and guilt, which had been sent out by the enemy to paralyze the warriors. The jewels would also take away the fear which was another strategy of the enemy to hold the warriors down. Tamar's sword was abundant in slaughter, spoiling so much blood, as blood she wanted to see on the killing fields. It was the blood which made her men drunk, and by that they could reach their dreams again, dreams which had been taken away by the enemy. Tamar taught her men that they shouldn't fear suffering, as suffering would make them drunk, and would change their visions. She taught all her men to be ascets and to search for the treasures of hell. The most horrible beasts of hell were at her side, and she taught her men that everything existed by the paradox, and that something could only survive by the paradox of the extremes. Only those who could be the meanest could be the most graceful, and only those who learnt how to be the most hatefull could handle the tools of eternal love. Only the extreme and eternal paradox could heal hearts, but could also break hearts like nothing else.

Tamar the Horrible was an enslaver of hearts to lead them to the eternal freedom. Her dakuster-jewels were notorious and feared, but also desired by many. Many were waiting for her enlightening touch in hell, but she was very selective. Only the best would be a part of her army, and the rest would suffer under her bone-breaking hands. Her initiations were most cruel, and not many could handle it. The inhabitants of hell warnt each other not to approach her, only when they had considered the cost, or in hopeless situations when there was nothing

to lose anymore. She had the winds of hell as her chariot and she was searching for nothing but blood. She taught that all life was in the blood, all knowledge and every stone of hell. They said the seven winds of hell were seven wolves who had defeated the seven lions of hell. Seven lionskulls were in the carriage of Tamar the Horrible, and these skulls had been covered by their own skins, while these skins had been covered by the skin of a zebra.

Tamar the Horrible knew how to live in domination. She was the nightmare in the heads of so many, keeping them under the heavy weights of hell, her giant swines, her giant pigs and her giant lions. Many begged to have a day off in hell, but she kept them all merciless under her heavy chains. She built cities of their blood and bones to make her dreams come true, the dreams of the eternal paradox of the extreme.

She didn't listen to dreams of others or to prophets, as she was the rule herself. She was like the temple of hell, or even it's arc. There was no one who could more silence and shrieks but her. She was the woman of twisted extremes. Dark animals were always surrounding her chariot when she was hunting : the meanest panthers, and her mocking hyena's. She had her domain in Persiot, in the East of Hell, but most of the time she lived in Grugdia, which was the South-West of hell, where the hottest and highest fires were existing. Here she ruled over those of no hope, also taking their last hopes away. Tamar was the doom of the huntingfields of hell, like hell's altar of eternal loss. She was the one who had raised the hellgates of Tantalos high, which was the frontportal.

Deeper in hell there were places like Tartarus, Atlas and Prometheus, the place of evergrowing suffering. None would easily enter her domains, as they would meet her invisible whips. These whips would torture their minds in all forms, and would make them drunk to take their minds away so that they would become the subject for more suffering when they would wake up. She would whip them into sleep only to let them slide in her traps. She would chain them by strange jewels made of goatskulls having strange evil buttons like the marks of hell which would them make a subject to the eternal torture she inflicted on them. She didn't belief in final destruction. She believed in everlasting damnation. Damned souls would be subject to torture, and this would be without an end. If there was any sleep or drunkenness, it would be to let them wake up in even worse suffering. That was the goal of all her so-called mercy. She was the personification of Evil, of evergrowing, everlasting Evil.

Many brave men tried to destroy her heart throughout ages, but they could never find her heart. The problem was they searched for it in the realms of hell, but her heart had been stored in a place called Evil, the core beyond Hell. Here her heart had been stored behind strange glass made of the tormented eyes of the damned. Everyone coming close to this glass had to pay by anger and inflictions of self-rejections to become more or less twisted spirits. The glass would always lead them astray in mindwebs of confusion where they would lose all their grown-up behaviour to become children of evil. For Tamar it was only a fragile, tender

spiderian snack. They were so helpless in this killing womb, that it would only drive them further away from their goal.

She was the mistress of Evil, of all Evil, all heartless evil. She had a heart, but it was frozen, having a strange flame letting it all burn in a strange fire. She was the world beyond hell, and anyone coming near could only fall away in paralysis. All the dreams she gave led them to greater nightmares, to the eternal ones. No one would ever awake again. It was a bottomless pit in which they would be eternal fuel for her heart.

Those who tried to get close to her got struck by a strange disease in which their minds melted away into demency. Many went insane in their attempt to approach her, and thus she became the most dangerous instrument of hell, a strange merciless machine of evil, an evil beyond all sense and beyond all understanding. It was by her cruel ways she let the spirits and souls of the damned clot until they were her tormented jewels of evil by which she ruled. The process of clotting took eternities.

There was no medicine against someone like Tamar, and this is why the rules of hell got tighter and tighter like a cruel unchangable law of evil. It was like a heavy weight pulling them all down. But one day a group of children found a young lion in the desert. The lion had the hairy skin of a giant spider, and it seemed the animal was carrying strange powers. It led the children through the glass behind which the heart of Tamar was. Tamar was upset that these children seemed to have found the key. It was a strange biological key, this lion. And it taught the children about an eternal sleep in which their hearts would be safe, and in which suffering would fade away. This was what the children needed as they suffered from insomnia by the curse of Tamar dwelling in their heads. It was like Tamar's eyes were always open, and it seemed she suffered from insomnia too. When Tamar saw the lion she felt some compassion, and also a little boy seemed to have compassion with her. 'You can caress the animal,' the small boy said to her. 'It will heal you.' When Tamar did she started to cry. She could close her eyes, and fall asleep. That day the winds of eternal sleep and eternal drunkenness went through hell like winds to make an end to so much suffering, and to set free so many slaves. Also the river of forgetfulness started to scream to bring healing. Tamar slept for three days and when she woke up she was another person. But after awhile she started to do the same things she always did. It was like these things were too deep in her, like they belonged to her and she belonged to them. There was no one who could prevent her from going this road. She had been touched by a dream only to call forth a greater nightmare, pushing the flame away to inflict an eternity of icefields like the fields of glass. It was like hell was freezing over this time, triggering an even darker flame of evil, a flame streaming from the deepest of her heart, possessing them all. She inflicted so many sour, salt and bitterness on them, so that they started to produce sweetness from deep inside to survive. She made living gingerbreads of them on which the birds of hell would float down. She became the bakerwoman of hell, raising man and women like cakes and tarts, like icecreams to be the fuel of her heart. There were many unknown predators she had to feed, coming from the depths of her heart.

There were living bakers in her heart, while she was the bakerwoman. These bakers were predators, different parts of her. One of her most evil and cruel creation she created by using these bakers was time. By time she could lock everything up, to control everything. She created time by tormenting the minds of her victims. By her whips she split their minds and actually in these splits the isolated parts got frozen by which time could rise. Time was an instrument she used to dominate hell. But she also needed time as a jewel for herself.

The pigs of hell were time-masters standing in her way. That was why deep in her realms of Evil she had temples where she sacrificed pigs. She had all kinds of ways to turn them into gingerbreads. No one was allowed to master and inflict time but her. But also numbers were objects in her hand which she could cause to rise in the minds of her victims by the invisible whips. The goats of hell were number-masters so she also hunted them. And the combinations between time and numbers caused language to grow, all to lead them further astray in their cages like bow-nets. The oxes of hell were language-masters. For a baker there was a lot to do. She was a mistress of illusion. She knew that time, numbers and letters were just strange diseases. She had her own jewels to let them rise.

The Mark of Evil

Tamar woke up in her dungeon. It was a hard night where nightmares tortured her mind, and now she woke up to this black snake who held her in prison for such a long time. The arms of

self-pity were almost strangling her, when she was there, chained to the wall, and her inner screams seemed to burn her from inside out.

‘Come on, black dove, not so sad,’ the black snake whispered. ‘I know this is what you want, for you gave it to so many, and what you give out is always your desire to get, isn’t that so right ? Well, I have a surprise for you : It will only get worse.’

Tamar was cursing, as the black snake was tightening her chains. She almost couldn’t feel her blood flow anymore. ‘You know why I am here, black snake,’ she blasted. ‘I will find my way in this dungeon of yours, I will take your sword and slay you.’

‘Hey, not so fast,’ the black snake said. ‘I know you like this party.’ Then from all sides strange animals came to bite her and eat from her flesh. There was nothing she could do, but she had asked for it in the evil night, in which she sold herself to get the power to rule the underworld. She wanted to rule hell, and it’s world beyond called the place of Evil. She didn’t know that the sword she asked for would lead her to such a place, but it was certainly the price she had to pay for bearing such a power. She now knew she would only have to defeat this black snake who had kidnapped her, and to take it’s sword, so that she would come into balance again.

‘Oh, evil morning,’ a witch was screaming in the distance. ‘I wake up after a thousand years, and see what I get on my plate, brought to me by my faithful and lovely black snake. I once killed my own raven for it to get such a precious being. Girl, I know you have the power to rule hell and all it’s places beyond. You are wearing the seal of delirium, and I will wait here until I have sifted all your powers out of your chest, as young women only deserve to die, and not bearing such forces. You have brought others down to get where you are now, but look and see you are in a dungeon, as that is the price of all your powers.’

She came closer to Tamar, and Tamar got pale. ‘Oh, you’re a beautiful black woman, caught by a black snake, my snake. Did you really think your trip would lead you to nowhere ? This is something. I am somebody, and I will show you in a few. I know exactly what to do to take your powers and how to destroy you. Don’t worry, my child, don’t worry.’

There was nothing Tamar could do. She knew she had to pay the price, and she was persisted to get the sword of the black snake, and maybe even the treasures of this old witch. This woman seemed to be the evil goddess of all elephants, and she held the treasure of all gravity in hell in her hand, a treasure by which she could cause doom and hopeless feelings everywhere.

Tamar prayed inside, something she only did when she had to. She didn't know how to deal with this situation. Her walls were sinking lower and lower in hell, even beyond the backgates, into a place called Evil. A raven was staring at her. She had never seen such a styled bird, and he was so big. 'Woman, I will have some mercy on you, as my master replaced me without mercy. I know this place like my own body, so I can guide you in it, and lead you to it's backdoors.'

'Offer accepted,' Tamar whispered. 'Get me out of here. This woman is insane.'

The raven smiled and looked at her with an undescrivable stare, while it moved it's head. 'No worries, my dear. No worries.' By it's beak he cut the chains of Tamar, and soon she was sitting on it's back. He knew the way out of this dark place.

'Wonder why this is going so easy,' the witch screamed. 'You both will have nothing to say anymore when your trip will end. Every escape here will lead you deeper into my ovens.'

'We won't be a piece of your meat anymore, witch,' the raven shouted, while a fierce tall flame came out of it's beak to devour the witch and her black snake. 'Where have you been, dear raven, and why such powers ?' the witch screamed.

The raven took the treasure of the eliphant in it's beak, while sealed doors seemed to open up. 'Hell will swallow you deeper,' the black snake roared.

Tamar took the bird tight by it's neck so that she wouldn't fall. She took notice that the bird wore a necklace around it's neck to which a stone had been attached which looked like an eye. 'It's the eye of the raven, woman,' the raven spoke. 'It's an amulet given to me when I made my journey through the underworld, and it brought me back. They spoke to me about a woman I had to give it to. Now take it, it is yours.'

Tamar took the amulet and attached it around her neck. It brought her immense powers to see, which was merely the power to consume. It was like the invisible flame. 'These eyes are merely the transformers and creators of these worlds beyond hell, and they are the powerswords of the gladiators here,' the raven said.

‘Oh, I knew the eyes aren’t to observe, but to dominate. It brings the mark of the slave,’
Tamar said.

And by the eye of the raven Tamar raised her slaves and gladiators, for she was still in a war, an everlasting war. There were so many powers who wanted to possess her, and one would be even worse than the other. She knew she had to dominate her own skull, and she could only do that by dominating the skulls around her. In this the raven was her understanding friend.

It was in these ages Tamar could raise the invisible fire to it’s heights, and she loved this fire. She bore the eye of evil now, a strange song in the middle of her chest. The invisible fire was moving along the tight rules of this song, which always seemed to be the same. It was the song of freedom she bore in her heart, a song she could sing all day long, and in the nights she whispered it.

The raven and the song brought her to Hasor, one of the major cities in the place of Evil. Here the spirits were like blankets and clothes, and they all seemed to have their place in the citywalls. She loved this place as it resonated with her heart. The raven knew this place as the place of it’s rebirth. Here the raven could shapeshift into a man. It wasn’t strange for Tamar to watch her friend being a man now. She knew about these things. Together they walked on a market in the depths of Hasor. There were many slave-markets here, cattle-markets, and most of all gladiator-markets and weapon-markets. They treated her like she was a queen now she had the eye of the raven around her neck. They feared her for they knew she was bearing the invisible fire. Ratun and Irank were two men selling wild hunterdogs on the market. These hunterdogs were white and hairy with strange diamondlike spots on their bodies. These spots were hard and looked like jewels. Ratun and Irank wanted to buy her amulet, but when Tamar turned them down they said she could take some of the dogs as a gift. Tamar got about twenty dogs, and she knew she could use them, as the raven had said to her she needed to go to the royal house to slay it’s king if she wanted to dominate Hasor. It was a must for her to dominate Hasor or she would never be the ruler of Evil.

She had never seen such mean dogs, such slayers, so she could use them very well. It was like many around her expected her to slay the king, so this gave her strength. They knew she had come here for a mission. The king ran outside the royal house when she came closer and closer and lay himself at her feet. ‘Spare us,’ he said. ‘We know we have done things wrong, but we tried our best.’

But Tamar knew he was a hypocrite. ‘It seems you only listen to one side of the story, but okay, I will have mercy on you, when you and yours will work in the depths of Hasor’s underground. I will free your slaves who worked there, and I will place them in your positions.’

‘Whatever you say, woman,’ the king said, ‘but have mercy on our souls.’

With her dogs and the raven she went into the royal house, called the slaves from the underground and gave them the positions of the upper class. The king and his aristocrats had to descend into the underground of Hasor to do heavy slavework for the rest of their lives. It was the day Tamar raised a dogthrone in Hasor, and she chose one of the best slaves to be the new king. The same day Tamar went with the raven and the twenty dogs to Chesbon, another major city of the place of Evil. Here the same happened, and soon Tamar became the new ruler of the place called Evil. These are her chronicles of her early days. The raven played a big part in settling her throne, and of course the mighty treasure of the eliphant. Tamar was a ruler like no other. She was the darkest, but she bore an unknown light. Here, in the depths of this place of Evil she would lay her heart, here she would give them all a different mark, a mark above all marks, the mark of evil.

Army of Eagles

‘Why did we choose to see. We are so young. Why did we choose to be frozen in eternal sight ? We can’t move. We are pillars in a temple of evil struck by fear. It’s coming from the arc where the eye of evil rests near. We are afraid of these lights, so why did we choose them ? We are hiding for these lights, so why do we invite them ? Aren’t we all torn up inside, watching both sides of the night ?’

Tamar slayed herself a way through the stubborn Filistines to the desert throne of a ghost terrorizing the spheres of Evil for such a long time. He looked like a blanket, and Tamar could nothing but mock him, while she held her sword, the spiritslayer, against his throat. 'Do you wanna live, bastard ?' she said with an ironical tone. 'Do you wanna live ? Live in my sword forever.' And then she beheaded him while he slid into her sword for eternal slavery. He would be another spiritslayer living in her sword, only coming out on her command. It was good life for the ghosts in her sword. They had food in abundancy and all the other pleasures of the place of evil. She cared for her ghosts like no one else did.

She slayed herself a path through the Amalekkites and the Moabites to do the same things to their ghostkings. She was the ruler of all evil, and they would all meet her sword, the spiritslayer, to live in it forever. It was another tale in a princess' headjewel of death. The princess loved to hear about how Tamar slayed the Hethites and what she did to their kings. But it was all a story. Since the princess died she listened to nothing but stories, as the reality was too much for her. She didn't care the stories were evil, as she didn't know the difference between good and evil anymore. She had been betrayed by her own family who called themselves good. If that was good, then what was evil ? It got her confused, and she found her way on the barbarian path.

But one day Tamar really came to her. The princess was shocked. She didn't know if she had to laugh or cry, to be scared or to be open. Tamar stood there almost naked with some belts across her body. 'Wanna go with me, woman ?' Tamar asked, and reached her hand out. 'You repress so much of yourself. Offer yourself to the eternal paradox of extremes and get alive in hell. It is not what you think. Your family you trusted and who were like heaven to you since you were young appeared to be messengers of hell when you figured them out. But now I will show you what hell really is.'

The princess nodded. She took off her clothes to get some skins and belts to cover herself, and then she descended with Tamar into the depths of a vortex.

'First we are going to get a sword for you, a spiritslayer,' Tamar said. 'Whoever you defeat will be a gladiator of your sword, a slave, but take care that you will treat them well. They will live in your sword in abundancy, and they come out on your command.'

'Will they be rich then ?' the princess asked.

‘Oh yes,’ Tamar said, ‘very, very rich, you will bless them with all the goods of the place of evil.’

‘But I wish death and suffering on my enemies,’ the princess said. ‘I have a revengefull heart, like I want to pay them back, so don’t you have another sword for me.’

‘No,’ Tamar said. ‘You must start with this one. You see, you can’t be evil when you never learned how to be good.’

‘I will be good to the ones I love, my friends, and those in need, but not to those who did harm to me and others,’ the princess said.

‘That’s too easy, woman,’ Tamar said. ‘You must first learn to love your enemies, to bless them, to help them, to save them, or everything will be without any value.’

The princess bowed her head. This was too much to ask from her.

Then Tamar showed her a needle, and said : ‘If you want to go to that place called Evil and to rule it all together with me, then you first need to go through the eye of the needle. When you don’t get yourself through this hole, the needle will finally get you.’

The princess spat on the ground, took the needle and tried to break it, but she couldn’t. And slowly the needle started to turn itself against her.

Tamar wasn’t disappointed. She knew the royal ones, who weren’t useful for anything. It wasn’t the first one she saw spiralling away in captivity of the needle. This pin could only be handled when going through it’s eye. It was the pin of evil bringing all those down who would be too good, too holy and too beautiful for the place of evil.

The stench of the place of Evil was unworthy in the eyes of those driven by perfumes. They always said horses smell bad, pigs too untasty, and dogs too wild. And thus Tamar was a savage on a lonely path, as even the savages were often too royal and too civilized.

One day she came in a fight against a Roman giant. It was such a horrible fight and it took such a long time that they had to make a compromise, and they became lovers. It was like this love was the price of war, and just a war undercover, and it didn't feel right. And thus it came to another fight one day, and she could finally slay him. Still she loved him, as the price of their encounter, and she visited him in the realms of death. It was here she could finally have some true sort of friendship. He begged her if she wanted to take him up to hell and the place of evil again, and she gave him the needle. Would he come through the eye of this needle, or would the needle bring him down ? He had a horrible fight against the pin of evil, in which she finally left him alone. The pin brought him to life in the good world, where he became king. It was there Tamar finally lost his love for him, and she got relieved, but she still felt the pain. It was like a red trace in her head, like a vein.

She also had such an experience with a Greek giant, and she knew that only in the depths of the place of evil she could heal. One day from the depths a new pin started to show up, sharper than ever and with the smallest eye. It was a fight for her to get herself through the eye, or the pin would drag her all the way down to the good world. And it would be a hard fall, for she was high on the rock now. Finally she survived, but the pin had wounded her very much. In the unknown depths of the place of Evil she saw more Roman and Greek giants, but this time she didn't dare to fight them, as she knew where it could lead to. These giants could take their spines out of their backs to use them like swords. But when the pin returned to her, she knew that it would help her. She went to the giants, and gave them the pin. Not long after that they were all slain by the evil pin. Because she had overcome the pin she could mold it in her hand. Sometimes it was like a thin snake-jewel around her arm, or around her head, and it could also turn into a feather. She loved to wear it in her hair, as it made her dreadful. She could come deeper and deeper in the depths of the place of Evil by it. It dragged her to the sources of the invisible blood from which she drank, while visible blood started to cover her body. By the invisible forces she could make things visible again, and it became the secret of her creative powers. Often she encountered groups of giants, which she gave the pin. No one seemed to survive the pin, but one day there was a giant called Ruben who could get through the eye of the pin. Ruben told her that he invented the pin and that he had sent it to her to take her to him. The giant told her that there were many of these sorts of pins, and that they had the mission to turn them into predators. Only the predators who could dominate the pins by getting through their eyes would survive. The rest would go down under to become the captives of the pins. The pins would lead them to the good world which was merely a breeding.

Ruben told Tamar also that one could only become a predator in the sources of the invisible forces, where the pins would lead the survivors to. 'Real giants know what it is to be small and even to be little dwarves. And those who are visible know what it is to be really invisible,' Ruben always said. And these were wise words to Tamar. Ruben told her also about his sons who were even bigger than him. All these giants could also take their spines out of their backs to use these as their swords. Pallu had the tallest and largest spine, and he even used it as a spear. Ruben told that he was really a pinmaster. One night Tamar had a lot of nightmares about the pins. She was exhausted when she awoke. She saw Ruben before her,

who had taken his spine out, and he was putting it in his throat. 'You must master sleep,' he said to Tamar. 'You must take it out of your body and use it like your sword, and you must put it in your throat and then take it out again, like your spine.' Then he taught her how she could take her spine out of her back and use it just like him. He could also take certain bones out of his leg to use them like weapons. Ruben taught her that her body was pure armory.

She needed to learn how to use it.

The night after she had nightmares again and this time she really had to wrestle against the pins. She first needed to accept their ways so that they would swallow her inside, as going through their eyes, and thus she could get them in her hands. Ruben taught her that sword and pins would first be her stakes, and later her weapons. She needed to accept suffering. She needed to be an ascet-warrior. It was not a simple way to victory. Ruben told her that she could only ride a beast after it had swallowed and digested her. This was like going through the eyes of the needle. And she discovered that some needles had many eyes, but when she finally got through, it would be the keys in her hand. It was all to open the Book of Evil, the book of so many locks. If she could set it's spirits free, it's invisible spirits, everything, yes, everything would get in line again.

These were rough nights, nights in which she thought she would lose everything, everything she had built herself on. Until she felt the soft and wet hairy walls of evil in her mind telling her all she needed to know. These were the pillars of a new world, the voices of the unknown finding their ways to the hearts where they could live forever. These voices were the invisible, yet so vibrant, full of potential, full of direction bearing the program of creation, for in a flash they would be visible, like evil red marble, and in a flash they would live forever. She had found the jewels of evil below her feet, and she could stare through the eyes she went through. She was a rider of the beasts now, a yielder of the swords, as they first rode on her and pierced her deep by their teeth. She now understood this cruel paradox, like a flaming wheel in the night, why without this there wouldn't be any life in eternity.

And also these wheels of paradoxal understanding had to be broken, their flames to be taken away, to make room for the invisible fires leading her to the greater wheels. She found the perfect car of evil after all these nights, which was merely a slayer. There was nothing she could do about it. Only the slayer would bring life, while it tore the present realities apart.

Only the slayer would bring her to the depths of potential to the awakening of mental explosions. She didn't want to live her life in jokes anymore. She wanted to open this Book of Evil, the world beyond everything. She wanted to take it's mask off and read, read, until she would reach eternal life. Only the Slayer would be able to read this book, and she was willing to let it flow all through her, through all the barricades and blocks, through all the stones and dikes. She wanted to be the watcher on the walls, to bring all these walls down. She knew it would only happen under the weight of the opened Book of Evil. All these letters were the pins she had to deal with. It would swallow her first, and then she would rise in it, and ride it like a car. It was an arable land, not a battlefield, in which she had to sow herself and nestle herself.

In the depths of Evil she would finally find the meaning of all this and come to a rebirth. In this she was nothing but a grape under the feet of evil, waiting to be drunk and to come alive in somebody. First she needed to come into someone, and then she could be someone. The Feet of Evil rested heavy on her until she would be one with the invisible forces streaming through the land. It was a land she didn't know much about, but the giants were more than willing to tell her. They had waited for her for so long. Not in a womb was her place of rebirth this time, but there where the Feet of Evil would tread her. So many pins seemed to pierce her, but it would be the only way to open the Book of Evil deep inside her heart. As long as it would stay locked it would be a tyrant to her.

The pins stung deep in her brain, but she knew it was the only way. It opened her up to the invisible forces inside. Her body wanted to connect to her brains, but her brains were locked up. They had to break it open, and they used the pins for that. So many giants she met who were making the pins. And they could only do that because they first dominated them in their minds. They went through the smallest gates, through the longest journeys under the Feet of Evil. They had spent their time to figure it all out. They taught her how to be a pinmaker herself, and how these pins would serve her as her armor. She became a pinmaster, and soon they led her to a place called invisible jewel. Here many other women like her were, and they all had gracious manners. She didn't know such dignity could exist. This place was truly like an invisible jewel. But soon she came to the understanding that these women all had secret pins, and soon it turned out into a fight. There was nothing Tamar could do against those pins. These pins were decorated like the most beautiful ornaments from all sorts of jewels, and soon she gave up all hope and sunk into despair. It struck her like nothing else, but then she remembered the paradox of the pin. She first needed to go through the eye of it. 'If you want to sacrifice me, then sacrifice me,' Tamar spoke to the women. They tied her, and brought her to a temple-like atmosphere below their realms, and it was like a garden. They tied her to a stake, and said: 'We as women of the invisible jewel have all been initiated like this. If you want to be one of us: face the pins.' And then they skinned her and ate from her like cannibals. Tamar was almost a skeleton now, but she remembered she could use all her bones like weapons. What was it she needed to do? She knew she first had to be swallowed.

A fire from above came to devour her, and she started to burn, while the fire stayed and became invisible. New skin started to grow on her, and she looked more and more like the women of the invisible jewel. 'Are you my friends or my enemies?' Tamar asked.

'That's what you decide,' the women said. 'But we know that it all works by the paradox. You can't be our friend if you can't be our enemy. But you must always be the best.'

'Well, I do my best,' Tamar said. She seemed to get a high position now under the women, and soon she was their ruler. She was a pinmaster now, and a damned good one. She got an own horse now, and the women said that the horse was made of all the pins she had survived and defeated by going through their eyes.

But the more she stayed in this realm of the invisible jewel the more she discovered about it's nature. She found out that these women could change into pins themselves. She saw how the women lured giants to their places, and whenever such a giant was in their private domains they would lock the doors and turned into pins to take whatever they wanted. They would even move across the borders of the place of evil, hell and even death to do such things, and they deceived many from the good world. They would also go across the borders of heaven to deceive angels and spirits, and those ghosts who called themselves 'god'. To them it was a good hunt, so that they could build their spiritwalls. They wanted to build their own heavens, and they wanted to test anyone to see if they would be worthy to live with them.

To Tamar love was already a strange thing, a strange war, as it always seemed to show up where the fight became too painful or exhausting. War and love were like the tides of evil, in a very complicated way. Tamar didn't want to play with these powers like the women of the invisible jewel did, but she wanted to open the Book of Love to know what it is all about, and what would be the rules. So this time it would be a war against the women themselves, and not just against their pins. They were pins themselves, and Tamar knew she had to get them there where they would be completely without weapons, without armory, so that they would show her how they were a weapon themselves. It was like they accepted from Tamar that she didn't do the things they did, because she was their new ruler. It was quite normal to them that she was different, and they trusted her. They would be in her surroundings almost naked without any weapons as helpless lambs. Tamar finally used this situation, and one by one she got them shapeshifting into the pins they were. She could break them down to the bottom, as she could throw her threads through their eyes to bind them tight. It was by this she found out about the mysteries how to turn into a pin. Tamar became the pin of evil and dominated all other pins, until she broke them down to the bottom. She sacrificed these deceivers of love to open the book. But it wasn't what Tamar expected. The Book of Love seemed to be merely a book of hunters, and it slowly brought her down. She didn't know about the price of opening such a book, and she became a paranoid creature. It made her very small, as she found out it was nothing more but a bunch of scorn. It got her so far that she wanted to destroy this Book of Love, before it would destroy her. By all it's cruelty it was turning her into the worst predator existing, letting the shadows of fear falling on everything. She wished she would never have opened this book, but it was already too late. And she more and more became a prisoner of it. The words were possessing her, making her drunk, and it's spirits filled her with an undescrivable hunger. It tore her apart, and turned her into the meanest pin to get what she wanted. Nothing mattered anymore but to quench this flame of hunger. It drove her wild and insane.

It was like the women of the invisible jewel were applauding in her head, like they were saying : 'You are now really one of us.' Of course : They had opened this book before, in the same way she did. There was no way back, as she slid in the deeper initiations of the place of the invisible jewels through this book. It was like the portal to it's depth, a vortex sucking her deeper like never before. She got that paranoid stare in her eyes, full of self-deception and seduction, all to get it done. She needed to lead the sheep astray just to protect her heart against all those swindling forces, all those undercover wars. And if she would run away, it

would only come closer, and there was nothing else she could be but to learn how to battle in the War of Love.

She was painting herself by deceiving colours, to be a chameleon in this dark night. She covered herself by the drinks making others drunk, so that they would sleep away, and she could escape. But how could she love her enemies ? It made her feel dirty, but the Book of Love had her in a tight grip, and whenever she tried to get away, the grip only got tighter, so she gave up. She was something she didn't want to be, but in a strange way it made her free, which was the grace of the paradox. She couldn't finally get a touch of who she really was, and she got the control over her life back step by step. She was now a high-heeled succubus, in a strange army. She had been bound all over by a strange light, coming from the Book of Love. She was a love-hunter now, and she knew that all women of the invisible jewel would go down like that. There was no other way.

The colours were making her drunk, and made others drunk, and she knew these were the colours of war. To buy such a drink was just the mark of the hunted, and to get drunk was the mark of the defeated, and the one getting this all done was the warmaster. And they were all both the victims and inflictors of this. There was no way in the middle. Only the extreme would lead them out. She was a pin herself now, a pin of evil, so what could she expect more ? She had been under the high heels of evil for so long, and now she had these high heels herself. It was the fastest way to get the blood flow, and to make them all drunk. She looked like a traffic light, but on one moment, and she didn't know how, she could lock the Book of Love again. She locked it like she never locked anything before. She saw someone hanging at a cross, while a large butterfly was flying around him. 'Who are you ?' Tamar asked. The man bowed his head and said : 'I'm the crucified one.' Tamar asked him if he needed any help. 'You have done this,' he said. 'You have crucified me, as I am the personification of the Book of Love. Open the book again to set me free.'

'Never will I do that,' Tamar said, 'as if there is any evil, it is that. You have to live with it, as I'm not going to open it anymore. Do you know what suffering is ruling there within it's papers. Love-slaves.'

'You wanted to open the Book of Evil,' the man said. 'I am the first chapter, and you have defeated me, consumed me. Now read the second chapter, or the Book of Evil will turn itself against you.'

'And who or what is the second chapter ?' Tamar asked.

‘You will only see if you set me free,’ the man said.

‘Oh no, I won’t,’ Tamar said persistent. Then the man and the book started to fall apart, and so many butterflies and other winged creatures became free. A smile fell on Tamar’s face and a great peace filled her like honey. ‘You have set us free,’ a voice deep inside spoke to her. ‘We will be grateful to you for eternity.’ Tamar still wondered what the second part of the Book of Evil would be, and she asked it some insects who seemed to stay close with her. ‘The Book of Love was merely the frontportal of the Book of Evil. Come closer, and we will let you see, and let you in,’ a voice spoke. But Tamar became very afraid, as what could she expect ? Another chapter leading her to destruction ? She didn’t want to be bound again like that. ‘Through the eye of the needle, is that what you really want ?’ another voice asked her.

‘Who are you,’ Tamar screamed. Then there was silence for awhile. A big butterfly started to show up before her with wings of fire. Tamar almost fainted. ‘You need to run away, Tamar, as the pages will get you,’ the butterfly said. Then it turned into another book, but Tamar couldn’t read it. It was an unknown language. ‘It will stay unknown,’ the butterfly said, ‘as I do not think you want to go through the eye of the needle.’

‘I have been through so many eyes of so many needles,’ Tamar said. ‘I’m like a needle myself now, like a high heeled boot, I’m the treader of evil. Through which eyes do you want me to go now ?’

‘Ho, ho, don’t get so irritated,’ the butterfly said. ‘Do you desire it, or you won’t get anything to know about it.’

‘I desire it,’ Tamar said, ‘I’m hungry for it, and I’m begging for it.’

Then the butterfly opened a door beyond her understanding. It was like cruel light was floating like a waterfall into her mind, burning it from inside out. It was a pin of fire standing before her all of a sudden, and then turning invisible. It was the Invisible Book standing before her. Then she fell into it, and she could only shriek and scream. Something was trying to strangle her, and she saw monkeys all around. It felt like an invisible snake around her. ‘Step into the water,’ someone said. But there was no water. ‘These are the invisible pins,’ another one said. It hurt more than everything else. It was like doors in her head were exploding, and rays of light were falling down on her. ‘How can I read an invisible book ?’ she asked.

‘Don’t ask too much,’ they said. She felt like she was in a bakery becoming gingerbread, and like an invisible sweetness was staring at her. It was smelling so sweet, and she could almost see the smell. ‘Watch the smells,’ someone said, ‘as these are the rays of the heart. The good world believes in the visible, as they are hypocrites, but the evil world is a world of smell, a dogworld. Do you know that a dog can smell forty to hundred times better than a usual soul ? His smell is so advanced that he can even hear it, see it and feel it. That is the power of the invisible. Do you want it ?’

‘Oh yes,’ Tamar said, ‘I know these are the pins of smell, and it’s breaking me down, to build me up again. If I can trigger my other senses by smell, then that will be good.’

‘It is the best part of the book,’ the butterfly said. ‘It will let you enter the world of feeling. It will make you drunk, and it will make you high, it makes you fly. You will be a feather girl, for if you will defeat the pins of smell, they will turn into feathers, and you know how to defeat them right ?’

‘Yes,’ Tamar said, ‘that is an old story. So you’re making an indian of me, right ? Well, I’m already an indian, but I know what you mean.’

And after Tamar had defeated the pins of smell and the whole Invisible Book she came to the Dog Throne, a strange hairy white throne with the strangest and rarest jewels like buttons. It was like glass was surrounding her heart, making her feel protected, safe, like no one could touch her anymore, like no one could find her anymore. It made her feel like she had soft feathers inside, giving her the feeling that she could fly. It was opening the world of feelings to her, a third part of the book, but also this part was very dangerous. She needed the dogs to survive here, and she was so glad that these dogs were the meanest of all dogs, as otherwise she would fall in other mean hands. The dogs were at her side, and since she had this dog throne she could dominate them all, all by throwing some pins in the air. She could make them wild by this, and she could even let them turn into wolves and other predators. She was now made of pins herself, all the pins she had overcome and survived, and she could ride her own body now, to control it, to possess it. All these pins she was were like her new weapons, her wild bones, and by these she ruled all the dogs to make them drunk and wild. They were the hunterdogs and they led her safely through the Book of Feelings, the third part of the Book of Evil.

The book finally hunted her down, and she got into a long fight with it. ‘Open the fourth part of the book ?’ Tamar screamed, as she felt herself drowning. I need to have some ground below my feet. But the Book of Evil was merciless. ‘Drown in me, woman,’ it whispered. Suddenly she got so much strength that she could tear the book apart, and birds seemed to come forward from it. ‘There is no fourth part,’ the book screamed. But the birds formed

words in the sky, words of gratitude. ‘Tamar,’ one of the birds said, ‘the fourth part is the part of letters to you. It will heal your heart, it will be your medicine in this dark, dark night.’

Suddenly Tamar woke up. She saw a chained book lying close to her. Clouds of delirium were surrounding it. She saw clouded arms grasping around them, and she suddenly jumped further away from the books, why she almost shrieked of paranoia. Never again would this book have a grip on her, never again. ‘Go away,’ she screamed. But it was like the arms now knew where she was, so slowly they started to move themselves and the book towards her like they were some sort of creeping and swimming on the sand. Suddenly she heard some shots.

Behind her three gorillas stood. The book was sinking away in quicksand.

‘You are safe, my dear,’ the gorillas said. ‘You have come from a long journey through the book, and now you are here. We will never let you go. Protect yourself by all means, for everything around you is evil. The good is just a swindler, trying to chain your soul, and the best is just a hypocrite, a mask, for they are both nothing but the rogues of evil. Don’t let anyone fool you ever again. ‘Then what are you?’ Tamar asked. ‘Then you must be the rogues of evil too.’

‘We all are,’ the gorillas said, ‘but we have a license to be evil. That’s the difference.’

‘From who did you get that license?’ Tamar asked.

‘From the Dog Throne,’ the gorillas said.

‘Well, I just came from the Dog Throne,’ Tamar said.

‘Oh, but then you are licensed as well,’ the gorillas said.

‘I think you are but a strange company,’ Tamar said. ‘I guess everything works by the paradox. As long as it is torn it will be safe.’

‘The splinters will get you,’ the gorillas said. ‘There’s nothing above being licensed, or you need to puzzle your way through.’

‘Well, damn those puzzles, I’ll take the license then,’ Tamar said.

The Dog Throne brought her closer to her goal, the ultimate domination, and this all by a license. She would never get this by puzzling her way through, for sometimes you just had to stop all the puzzling or it would lead you further astray. Sometimes you just had to fly on the wings of the unknown, trying to make the best of it by a sort of license, like a license to fly. But more and more Tamar started to hate the license. She wanted the adventure, the danger, for all the safety gave her the feeling she was locked up, and it bored her. She wanted to break away from this Dog Throne holding her heart, for the glass splinters seemed to find her way deeper and deeper. For a part she had to live with this, but sometimes she chose just to fly back to hell again, or even to death and the good world. There was so much to do there, and what about discovering heaven ? Heaven was to her the greatest conspiracy of all hypocrites together. Sometimes she wished to be a good old woman of the invisible jewel again, and she found out she still could be. And although the Dog Throne called her back many times she felt some good safety in that, some pleasure. It was thrilling her and exciting her in a sense. It was not like the early days. She felt a good chain in her back like a red rope pulling her back when it got too much or too dangerous. It was the paradox who gave her pleasure and made her feel good and safe, and she could never choose one side of the story anymore, as that would lead her to destruction. She was a jewel of many sides now, and still so invisible, sometimes showing up with so many flashes, bringing such powerful hooks to tear all their worlds apart, as she was a monster sent out to devour and re-create, by a license and a wild escape.

She more and more became like a dogthrone, the ultimate license, so savage and wild. It was almost eating her heart now. It was awakening the invisible fires in her, such strong fires to devour worlds. Her heart was like a volcano now, with invisible eruptions. It was her stairs to the heights of the place of Evil, where she could breathe and think, where her mind was nothing but an eruption of her heart. She loved to dwell on these eruptions, to ride them and to float on them, and most of all : to be invisible with them. That was not so difficult for her, as she often went to the good world just to throw the sands of pins into the big eyes. She was the spreader of scary dust making them all blind and letting them all fall asleep. She was in a war against these eyes now, as they never went through the eyes of the needle. They were just bragging. So she thought it was time for them to have an encounter with the pins. These eyes had created all things, and they were like the agents of heaven. These big eyes of heaven she hated more than anything, but they couldn’t escape the teeth of the dogthrone. There were an invisible world and an invisible sword waiting to break through, and through the big eyes of heaven they would do that. These big eyes were the swords of heaven, where all it’s gladiators got their fire from. In cold rage Tamar got there to slay these eyes who were just in drunkenness and sleep because of the sands of pins. It was easy for her to slay them now in the armor of her own drunkenness. She was sleepdrunk now, and that was her protection against this machine. She called forth the invisible ice to quench the fires of these eyes, and lightning started to break these eyes down. But there were so many splinters now, like high

shrieking predators of the wildest forms. It was breaking her head, as she had challenged the worst powers of nature. This wasn't evil anymore, and neither the worse. This was the worst thing which could happen to her. These were the powers who could laugh when they would see the forces of evil march. They would mock them, and scream at them, while the forces of evil would tremble before their thrones. This was the worst. And it was the worst strike in Tamar's head she ever had. It made her sick. She fell down, and she was in fear. Did she challenge eternity and all its unknown almightiness ? She couldn't think straight anymore, like she had challenged a throne higher than her dogthrone, but nothing was less true. The dogthrone started to bark like all thunder combined, and struck heaven's throne of eyes in a flash. The eyes started to melt, and got confused, and angelic watchers started to fall down to get devoured in a flash. It was dinnertime for the dogthrone now, and Tamar felt her blood flowing again. Stench was now taking over, by the brightest lightening blinding them all. Stench was now like a sword in Tamar's hand, and she yielded it against the last flashes of heaven's throne of eyes. Suddenly there were eruptions in the throne, and lava came forward. One big eye came forward from the melted throne of eyes, and started to scream. Without any hesitation Tamar pierced the Sword of Stench through it.

Then many many small eyes seemed to come forward from the big eye. What then happened Tamar couldn't recall, but the dogthrone took complete possession. She woke up in the arms of a dogman. There was no heaven anymore, and even hell had been faded away because of the explosions. There was now only the place of evil, while the world of the dead and the world of the good were two candles in front of the dogthrone. The dogman caressed her and comforted her. 'It's over, Tamar, we have won,' he said.

Tamar slid away again in a big sleep. So many slaves of heaven and hell could escape with her now in this big sleep, as the dogthrone was taking possession more and more. It was a new drunkenness coming to the world of the death and the world of the good now, and the pins settled themselves in the eyes of these worlds like flashes. The dogman took his woman and carried her to a cave where he lay her down on a place of skins. Tamar was drunk now, as everything seemed to stream from the place of evil. She felt some hands on her which seemed to wake her up. She saw the women of the invisible jewel standing around her. The dogman was holding her hand. 'Now you are truly one of us,' one of the women said. She was bearing a strange shield with a face on it. She knew this face, but she couldn't remember. 'The one of heaven has fallen,' the woman said. 'Its face is frozen now, and its eye pierced. He cannot harm us anymore.'

'Does civilization have smell ?' another woman said. 'No, only the rose, and it will create our world. You have defeated its thorns and the stings of its bees.'

'Smell has a much higher fire to consume than the eye, and it is an invisible fire to heal your heart. Nothing else can heal you like this,' a third woman said softly.

‘Smell has it’s own eye,’ a fourth woman said, almost whispering, ‘it looks like a nipple from which the milk of evil flows, our world. Don’t hesitate to drink from it.’ Then she laid her hand on Tamar’s chest while it started to burn like a sun, and a huge third nipple appeared. ‘This is the mark of all the higher women of the invisible jewel, a mark which is called the Eye of Smell. Transform and re-create our world by it into it’s finest forms. You can do it, as you are the chosen one. We went through everything you went through, and that made us one. Now rise up on your feet, and you will fly alone now, sweetie. We all have to find our own ways.’

Then the women disappeared, leaving the shield with the face to Tamar. The dogman was still holding her hand. ‘I cannot rise up now, as I am tired.’ Tamar said.

‘Take rest,’ the dogman said, and left also. The Eye of Smell was burning on her chest. It was a new form of sight, only by smell, and only registering smell, and triggering it. It was a higher fire, invisible, but producing flashes. It was like everything had been faded away. She felt like she was blind and deaf, like there were only sounds in the distance. It was the Dog Throne coming closer. When it came closer Tamar could see her own heart, and new joy started to spread itself around her. ‘I can see, I can see,’ she was almost shouting. Everything was brighter since the Eye of Smell had struck her, and the sounds were higher and lower, much softer, but louder, like she had been wrapped by it. But then everything was fading away again. Until the Eye of Smell struck again, and she felt like she was a rose, an evil rose, like she had eyes all around her.

She stood up, with a strange stare, rose her sword, and went out of the cave. There was a new sun like a giant nipple, like the Eye of Smell, and milk was floating down like a waterfall, like veils. It was like she could climb in these veils to come to it’s sources. So many roses were growing around her, roses with feathers, and when they had been grown up, they flew away to the new sun in the sky. Also in those feathers were the eyes of smell. There was still an invisible fire streaming, and it seemed to stream from the roses also, making everything so bright. It was like everything had been touched by something. Tamar could see the arms of the invisible fire, like ghosts. Tamar remembered how the key of smell could open the world of feelings. And that was what she felt. It was like another sun came out of the sun and floated down to soar above the fields. It was the Eye of Feeling, spreading so much peace and rest, so much silence. Tamar tried to grasp it, and it fell on her, it pushed her down in the grass below her. It empowered her like nothing else. It was such a devouring fire that she could only see passion. It was like she could jump out of her body to throw her skin away, and to be renewed by fire. She was fire now, the fire of feeling. She could watch by feeling now, seeing feeling all around her, and triggering it. It was like the fields were all exploding, and so many small eyes spread themselves on her forming a new skin and armory. She was almost naked, dressed by some belts and skins. She had a hairy shield, and heavenly jewelry seemed to fall upon her. This evil paradise was her heaven now, and she would be it’s princess. In drunkenness she

crept to her Dog Throne, and lay herself on it, while she almost fell asleep again. It was raining sunrays now, and she started to cry, no tears but sunrays.

The second sun was almost luring her to step into it, and that was which she finally did. It brought her to the other sun. There were flashes everywhere, and the sun started to speak. She gave birth to many children, who were all carrying the eye of smell and the eye of feeling like precious jewels. The children fell down from the suns into the veils, and rolled towards the fields below them, where the roses were waiting for them. Tamar sat on her Dog Throne, smiling from the sun, and she remembered that the feelings would bring the letters. They were rising from the fields to the sun like roses, and they finally reached her heart. She could read them, but most of all she could smell them and feel them.

It was in these days the Dog Throne started to fade away more and more, and she became a Dog Throne herself. She was the Angel of Wrath, a Dog Machine, after all these adventures she had. They had led her through all the cocoons, and now she had become them. She had striking wings now, yielding the winds of Evil like a new heaven. Here she throned as the princess of heaven, and here she was the throne, like the arc of evil who had possessed it. There were no wings like her wings, as she could strike like an army of eagles. She knew where she was coming from, and where she was going to. Whenever she spoke she almost blasted, and whenever she raised her voice she was almost barking. She was an army of dogs, and she knew where it was coming from. She had a history which couldn't be denied. She had fought for this license, and she had fought against it, but it had possessed her merciless.

If she could chose where she would set her feet on, she would set one foot on the world of the dead and one foot on the world of the good. And this was which she finally did. She was now the Angel standing Tall.

In a world of Feelings and Smell she dwelled, the place of Evil, where she had uncovered it's depths, and she had pushed her legs deep. She had so much invisible sweetness, and the women of the invisible jewel were proud of her. She was one of them, more than ever, as she had proved it. She worshipped the Eyes of Smell, and all those who carried it were welcome in her mighty kingdom. She let them dwell on the wings of heaven, and on it's clouds. She let them swim in the surroundings of it's islands, and she gave them the wealths of it's feelings. Also the Eye of Feeling she worshipped, like the womb of all Evil. It made those who carried these eyes so beautiful. She would paint the ones carrying these eyes by her colours of war, as there was still a mighty war. It was the war of evolution, a primeval scream.

One day a third sun was coming into their atmosphere. It was the eye of Evil. It was a strange power of love, a scary power. It was the bringer of fear. Now it was okay to love again no one dared to, but very thin streams of love started to fill and touch the fragile heads of those in the

surroundings of the Dog Throne. It was a careful love like a temple. No one dared to touch it, and they were running away from it. But there was no escape. The threads of fear were binding them, until real panic struck them. It made them more paranoid than they were, and it even made them autistic. It was the strike of fear, and it opened an eternal sight, something which they feared like nothing else.

‘Why did we choose to see. We are so young. Why did we choose to be frozen in eternal sight ? We can’t move. We are pillars in a temple of evil struck by fear. It’s coming from the arc where the eye of evil rests near. We are afraid of these lights, so why did we choose them ? We are hiding for these lights, so why do we invite them ? Aren’t we all torn up inside, watching both sides of the night ?’

Giants of the Past

Tamar was on her way to the mountain of the wicked golden windows where she would let her past go. It was a ritual for every warrior who had survived wars or a certain war, and it certainly healed them from wounds. The mountain of the wicked golden windows was not an easy path. It was a path full of dangers, and not many would get away alive from it’s guard, a giant. Tamar had already unsheathed her sword, and expected the worst. The giant ran towards her, and she could see his head high in the sky. He had a golden helmet of the darkest gold, and he was friendly to her. He took her up by his hands, also made of the darkest gold. He was like a machine, and he held her before his eyes. She could see the warm eyes through the helmet, and he asked her to come away with him. ‘I will bring you up on that mountain,’ he said. ‘I live on top of it in a giant house, and you will like it. Always plenty of gladiators.’

‘Well, I’m tired of all the fighting,’ Tamar said. ‘I need some peace, and also peace for my eyes.’

‘Oh, just watch,’ the giant said, ‘and you will see it is peaceful. It’s like a new game. We are all friends.’

‘I have heard so many stories about you,’ Tamar said. ‘How come you are so friendly.’

‘First of all : I like you,’ the giant said, ‘and second, I think you mean the previous guard, but he is dead. A man had slain him, and he put me in this position. He made my life well.’

‘Who is that man ?’ Tamar asked. ‘Does he live with you ?’

‘No, he also died awhile ago,’ the giant said. ‘Strange things seem to happen on the mountain of the wicked golden windows.’

In the giant house Tamar saw a lot of giants, but they didn’t seem to play games. There were a lot of doors, and inbetween these doors statues of gorillas stood holding certain weapons. Tamar got her own room in the building. But it wasn’t what she expected. The room was full of spiders, so she first had to clean it out. There were webs all over, and also a man lived here.

The man was old and dirty. ‘You didn’t wash yourself in a hundred years I guess,’ Tamar said. But the man didn’t say anything. Tamar went back to the giants and asked them if she could get a room alone, but there was no way. There was no other room free. But she could sleep in the gladiatorhall if she wished. The ceiling was made of strange golden glass, and through it Tamar could see the burning sun. ‘Can’t you do something against the light ?’ Tamar asked the giants, ‘as I want to sleep.’ But the giants shook their heads. The glass had to be uncovered. After awhile Tamar fell asleep in the hall. The next morning the sun was burning on her face. Gladiators came inside the hall and started their fights. Tamar walked away, as she didn’t want to watch it. She was still very tired, and she was in need for peace.

She went to the room where the old man was, but on her way a giant stopped her. With a smiling face he said that she could sleep in his bed if she wanted. ‘But there won’t be anyone else in the room, right ?’ Tamar said. ‘I really need to be alone, as I am tired and I need some peace.’ The giant nodded. No worries. He would be back in the evening.

Tamar went to his room, slid into his bed and slept till the evening, until he came in. He was under blood. ‘Well, you had a big fight I guess,’ Tamar said.

‘No,’ the giant said, ‘I had an accident. I slipped.’

‘Oh, okay,’ Tamar said, ‘but let me take care of the wound. You have been so friendly for me. Now I will be friendly for you.’

But the giant shook his head. ‘No, I will take care of myself, and the wicked golden windows will take care of the wounds.’

‘How do they do that ?’ Tamar asked. But the giant didn’t want to tell. She needed to go out of his room, as he needed to sleep himself now. Tamar went to the gladiator hall, but there were still fights going on. The sun was burning, and Tamar thought to herself that she couldn’t sleep any further below such a burning sun. But she wasn’t so tired anymore, and she started to watch some of the fights. ‘Hey, you want to fight against us ?’ some giants asked. But Tamar shook her head. No time for fighting. But they kept asking, and also other giants asked her, so finally it was like the spark was hitting her again, and she took the offer. She could bring down all these big guys in short time, and soon she was the queen of the whole giant building. They carried her on hands.

She wanted to know about the secret of the wicked golden windows, but no one wanted to tell. A tall black giant came into the hall. ‘Hey,’ Tamar shouted. ‘If I can beat you can I sleep in your bed for awhile ? I’m getting tired, and I have no place to stay here.’

The giant was smiling. ‘You can sleep in my bed as long as you want. I hardly sleep, and when I want to sleep I always sleep outside.’ It was like Tamar got a golden ticket. The giant brought her to his room, and said : ‘This is your room now. I never use it. I always sleep outside.’ Tamar smiled and was grateful. But she wanted to know why he slept outside. The giant didn’t want to tell. It was a good room, so that wasn’t his problem. Maybe he just loved it outside. Sometimes when she looked out of the window she could see him walking, and then he ran into the forest. One day she decided to follow him. He was on his way to the first huge golden window, the highest one on the mountain. There were warm winds coming from the window, and she saw how the giant laid himself down near the window. She saw how the giant started to sweat. She saw his skin turning pale, and wounds disappeared. It was like a new strength was floating through his body. Tamar went to another part of the golden window, and she also laid herself down. It was warm, but nothing seemed to happen. She had still her brown skin, and she still had some scars. But it was healing her soul and her mind. It was like roaring all over her, all these strange warm winds. She felt like re-organized. Things inside seemed to move, like she got a new inner structure. She saw the ghosts of her enemies standing on the other side of the golden window, and they looked like frozen by the gold.

Suddenly she saw them while they started to burn. It was like some parts in her brain started to freeze, and then like there were explosions and eruptions of sweat. She saw them rolling down from the mountain like statues, burning statues, and then peace started to come in her head, so much peace. She sighed deep. This was why the giant loved to sleep outside, and she totally understood. It was like she got addicted to it herself also, and she didn't want to sleep in the giant house anymore. Everytime when she got tired she went to the golden window.

From the outside she could see how giants were sleeping on the golden glass of the giant building itself, something which she could never see from the inside. On a golden ladder on one side of the building she could climb to the roof. Later one of the giants explained her that the golden glassy roofs would make them invisible to the enemy. When Tamar laid herself on the glass she saw that some parts of her skin became a little paler, and some wounds started to heal. She was amazed, and then she fell in a good sleep. She knew that here she was really invisible to her enemies.

'Come with us to the burning sun,' the giants said to her one day. It was like she could really breath now, and they showed her a fragile subtile golden stairs like a ladder. But she feared the burning sun would be more than she could take. 'It will burn my skin,' she told the giants. But the giants shook their heads. They said she would be really healed there, so she went with them. There were so many golden windows here, and so many gorilla-guards stood there inbetween, holding weapons. From here she could see all the golden windows of the mountain below her. There were fluids streaming across the windows here. It looked like tea. 'Don't drink that stuff,' someone shouted.

'Well, I won't do that anyway,' Tamar said.

'It will let you dance strange dances,' said the giant when he came closer to Tamar. 'You don't want to be a slave of the rythm, right ?'

'No, of course not,' Tamar said. The giant directed his finger to a ladder leading the giants higher. Tamar wanted to follow them, but the giant blocked her. 'You don't want it,' he said.

'Well, what is wrong with you, let me go,' Tamar said.

'I won't let you go. It's leading them astray. You need to be with me,' the giant said.

‘Oh, did you invent this all ?’ Tamar asked ironically.

‘No,’ the giant said, ‘but I know how it works.’

Another giant came close : ‘He is right,’ and then he walked away again. Tamar didn’t know what to do. Suddenly the fluids which looked like tea started to turn into blood. ‘Now drink,’ the giant said. Tamar went to a golden window and licked the blood from it. ‘Now you can go to the ladder,’ the giant said. Tamar followed the giant, and the ladder led them deeper inside.

Here more blood seemed to stream. ‘Never drink it when it looks like tea,’ the giant said. Tamar nodded. They came to a table with white bread. Tamar was very hungry, but the giant told her not to eat it, unless it would change into meat. When that happened she started to eat. Tamar seemed to understand how everything worked here. All sorts of spines were hanging at the walls, and these spines were made of layers of golden glass in a golden frame. ‘If you want to be a warrior of the golden windows, then take such a spine,’ the giant said. But when Tamar wanted to reach out to grasp it, he stopped her. He blocked her hand and said : ‘Wait until it is bony and full of jewels. Wait until it is a snake. First you have to defeat it, or otherwise it will enslave you.’

Tamar took the wise words of the giant, and when the spine had turned into a snake, she got in a horrible fight against it. It was like everything in her turned upside down. The snake was full of rage, and was meaner than everything else. But Tamar could kill it after awhile, and could insert it into her back. Then the giant led her to a wall where Tamar had to be attached to a rails by her spine which would be like an elevator upstairs. It led Tamar to a higher cave, while the giant was still with her. Here all sorts of wings seemed to fly. ‘Don’t touch them,’ the giant said, ‘or it will enslave you. Wait until they have become rings. Then they will be your gravity.’ When all the wings were rings after awhile Tamar took them, and could attach them to her bracelets and belts. Rays seem to come down to take her up by her rings, while the giant followed her. They came to the hugest golden window Tamar ever saw, and it was like a liquid screen through which they could come. Ghosts of the past tried to follow Tamar but they crashed against the golden screen which was suddenly very hard. Tamar could see their blood streaming across the screen, and their broken bones crumbled down like ashes and sand. ‘You will be deaf to your enemies here, Tamar,’ the giant said. In this hall where she was now tall swords were hanging at the walls. ‘Don’t grasp these, Tamar,’ the giant said.

‘Wait until they have become flames like eyes and turned into fishes. When you have defeated them, they will be your cuirass.’ Again there was a horrible fight : Tamar against these creatures. It was like she was drowning among all these fishes, and she even needed to be helped out by the giant. But later she saw the light, and fire came from them to grill the evil fishes. They dried until it was a fishbony cuirass. Tamar hugged the giant, and while she hung around his neck he brought her to a place where she could sleep. It had exhausted her very much.

‘Love, we have a place here where we will be safe,’ the giant whispered. You have mastered the golden windows now, and know about their secrets. Then the giant left her alone. After she had slept for a long time the guard of the mountain of the wicked golden windows came to her, took her in his hands and brought her to the foot of the mountain again. For the last time she stared at the first golden window on the mountain, then she turned her back to it and went into the forest. She was a woman of war, and she knew deep inside that war was her true medicine. Trips like these she would only do once in a lifetime. From that day on it was like the sky was filled with golden ladders, like the high totemstakes of a love that had passed. It tried to lure her again, to seduce her again, but her medicine lay in war. She was a wargoddess, a savage, belonging to the wilderness, where her heart was. Here she used to sleep between wild animals, and she used to hunt together with the wildest dogs. She was a dogwoman without high thoughts. She was primeval, and not holding on to the pasts from not so long ago. It was like she was on the right side of the golden windows now, watching through it to see her past melt away, and to feel her primeval heart beat again. All these giants froze by the stares of her wild animals, and they would all crumble away in her nights. They were forever frozen in her mind, with their hearts of ashes. And war would let them fade away even more, until she would be deaf to their voices, until they would be completely invisible to her. Oblivion was her bliss, and oblivion would let her swell up to the fires inside.

The Tides of Venom

Tamar was on her way to the cave of an old friend. He was very hospital to her. He had missed her. He took a jar of honey and gave it to her. Tamar was very hungry and also sleepy. It became a long night in which she tried to sleep, but her desire to talk was bigger. There some eternity in the sky that night, and Tamar was bathing in all sorts of emotions. Her friend could trigger them like no one else, and it healed her. Tamar was in a sea of emotions, and her friend stared at her the whole time. He had really missed her, and was glad she came. They ate themselves a way through the honey, and the next day her friend showed her the new blooming flowerfields behind the cave. It was a wonderfull piece of nature. Tamar saw the butterflies creeping across the flowers, and she saw the bees getting their honey. It made her happy, and it covered her sadness. It was here she wanted to be, after so many bloody fights, so many useless wars, all for nothing. Why would she always grasp her sword ? It would only bring her in deeper troubles. She guessed that she was just always looking for the adventure, the heroic adventure in which she risked everything, and which led her to the deepest pits. She knew how chains felt, and she knew how the scorn of her enemies could burn her from the inside. There were many marks on her soul binding her to the past, triggering so much anger all the time to lead her to the adventure again. Maybe it had to be this way, but she hoped her friend could do something. He was so wise beyond everything, with his blooming eyes. He was searching for her when he was staring at her, searching for her heart and deepest emotions, searching for her secrets and then to knock gently on her doors. He was a masterfriend.

She tried to get closer to him, as she wanted to feel his warmth, but he held her away. ‘Tamar, look for your own warmth,’ inside. There is so much warmth inside you have to trigger, and I am already triggering it. Take care that you will dive in it, and anchor yourself, for these moments will never come back. Let this memory be your eternal warmth. It doesn’t take much to set yourself in fire. You have the potential, and my warmth would only take it away if you would come closer to me.

‘But I want to feel your arms around me, and I want to cry in your arms,’ Tamar said. ‘That is all I ask, a friend holding me tight. But I understand you. You are so wise. Help me to understand.’

‘You cannot meet any fire in you without meeting the eternal ice in you,’ the friend spoke. ‘These powers have to stir each other up both. These are the powers leading you to the savage life. If our friendship would go too deep, it would bring forth civilization, and you do not want that and neither do I. Civilization eats the nature away, and we need the savage nature to survive, to live forever.’

After a wonderfull day Tamar had to go away. That was the best for them both. She wanted to be a hermit like he was, and an ascet, and then to be able to reach the deeper wildernesses of these realms. She was thinking about the eternal ice he spoke about.

She went to a place where big spiders were lurking in the darkness. She knew they could trigger these experiences by their hairy legs. It thrilled her. She handled all places she came like she came there for the last time, and this was also how she treated the creatures she met, like she would never see them again. She wanted to break the wheel spinning in her head by following the line. The line would never return, but always go forward. And this was why she needed to be straight, or she would come back to where she came from. Her memory would be enough, and oblivion would be the best to open the doors. Also this wheel of memory had to be broken to change into a line, a line of transformation. It was like a ray of light inside. Because all moments would never return she treated them more intense, and with much more joy. Everything was so much more precious, as it would mark her for life, once and for all. If these moments would become long periods it would get dangerous, and it would be able to destroy her heart. She was not searching for the longlasting moments, but for the flashes. The smaller the better, and she enjoyed it to search for them and leave them behind again. These light touches enlightened her life, and made her life worthy. It was like she had been covered by all sorts of jewelry, like she was bathing in the riches of life. This was the savage living. But some things were so overwhelming, like taking her away. She needed to come deeper. Something was waiting for her. She knew she had to slay all these spiders, to make armories of their skins. She became obsessed by clothes like these, all made of the skins of these defeated moments who wanted to grasp her for life. It gave her a feeling of domination.

These were the spiders of time, wanting to make her life miserable. Life needed to be flashy, until the bigger spiders would grasp her to lock her up in their dungeons. Some moments would be strong enough to grow under her skin, and to dominate her life by the encore. They would eat from her flesh, they would enter her flesh. They were the big boys of life, slayers. They were faster than anything else so that they could get her interlocked. They would make her hopeless, letting her think that there would be no way out. And old saviours would only make it worse, only binding her deeper. She needed the new saviours, the fresh flashy moments who would never return. To return was taboo, a trap. She needed to be strong, and to stretch out to these moments, and then to forget about them. This was the only way to really survive in these realms. The spiders of time could send so many fake saviours only to bring her deeper in troubles, so she had to be on her guard. The spiders would inject her by poisons making her muscles tight so that she couldn't let go of things. But she needed to relax her muscles, stretch her muscles, and then letting go. To be immune against the muscle-tightening poisons her body started to produce hyperventilation and epilepsy, and strange sorts of paralysis. It tortured her body for a long time, but she knew it was her immune-system coming up against the venom.

But it made her very angry. They let her bring forth children, and they took these children into slavery. It was a very painful experience to bring forth all these children, but it taught her to let go. Finally she escaped out of this spiderfarm one day, and she would be a warrior more than ever. No one would take her as a slave anymore. She became the worst hunter, and the breeder of evil. She was like a snake now, like a trap, as that was the only way to survive in this dangerous land. She became the exotic, a dangerous venom in the air, striking before they could strike her. If there would be a fight, she would be the first who would hit, and if there

would be a war, she would be the first to raise her knife. They had made her like this, and there was no escape. Never would she listen to any complaint anymore, as it would be a trap to bring her back to where she came from. She would attack those complainers, to let her encounter her knife. They were nothing but the dangerous shapeshiftings of the spiders of time in the air trying to possess her mind again. She had to be aware of the tides of venom.

It tortured her mind, these exotic spiders, and often all sorts of exotic snakes tried to strangle her in these jungles. She had to learn how to survive. It was the survival of the fittest here. You needed to be the best or you would lose it. And when you would lose it, you would lose it all, even yourself. The species here didn't leave anything unused when anyone would fall down. They were waiting for the blood, waiting for someone to fall, and they would trigger it to the fullest contend. They loved to raise each other up high and then to let each other fall, for it was nothing but a cruel breeding. And this made every gift and every safety suspected. These exotic species loved to fatten each other up to finally have a big meal. And only the best of it would win. In this the winner would take it all, and the loser would lose more than he had, for he would also get a miserable life, which would only get more miserable. There was no escape from the breeding, as it would only bring to a deeper trap in life or death, in which these were nothing but the tides of venom. The realm of evil was an evergrowing hell, and even worse than that. It was the worst. It was the evergrowing pain making pain-bodies, evergrowing food for the exotic species.

By hell, heaven, life and death these pain-bodies would be raised into the state of evil, as by the tides of venom. The more these bodies grew, the more the pain grew. Tamar was desperate when she fell into such a trap. How would she escape this time ? This time the locks on her body were more complicated than ever, and the question was : did she ever escape, or was the escape just the road to a worse pain ? In this land there was no escape. Escapes were merely organized by the breeders only to end up in more misery. It was a bitter grief growing in Tamar's heart.

All her dreams of victory were worthless now, hopeless. But then she remembered the words of her friend about the paradox. There were tides of venom in her own heart. By this she always led a double-life, like a many-sided jewel. She remembered his words about the eternal ice as the path to the fire. The line would break the circle, and the line would bring forth the circle, as a savage path, stirring up both sides of the night. She had her own jewel of venom inside, between so many paradoxes, between darkness and light, fire and ice, all the tides of venom, her tides, the tides to survive. This jungle would break them open, this jungle would help her reach it. She would go straight through this jungle to reach for it's sun. It would also search for her, and she would not be able to stop it. The venom was killing her brains, but in her heart it was honey, leading her to the ocean of the primeval, waiting beyond her memory. Memory could corrupt and block history, and that's why it had to be broken. The ray of the jungle would take care of that. All these primeval forms were dancing behind pale lights like stripes. These were the stripes of oblivion between her memory and the primeval. She needed to climb across this fence, this hot grid, and run to the beach. An extreme would never be pure, as it would always have the scars of it's opposite, which made it sensitive. It

would always be filthy because of this, and in a certain captivity. These were the common fractures of life. In this fatalism would have a certain absurdity, as only growing pains would bring forth and trigger the growing pleasures leading them to all directions to live the eternal life. She could swim in this sea knowing this, stretching and relaxing her muscles, while also feeling the tight chains of it all, and the tightening by which she could move it all. It brought her the fluids of another tide, it made her warm, like a hot spot in eternal ice.

All her memories were nothing but the results of this primeval dance of the eternal paradox of the extremes captivating and polluting each other to insert that what is pressuring them. And what was the sweetness behind their back ? It was the border between them and the eternal love in their understanding of this all. The ones coming from these cocoons were connected by this love, a love fire which would burn all. She had to eat herself through this honey to reach it.

Weren't we all each other's food, and weren't we all devouring each other by our fires we couldn't control. Everything was so out of order, yet so in line, like a breeder's land. No one could do anything about it. We were the gingerbreads, the bakers and the eaters all in one. Tamar wore such an amulet around her neck, as she had awakened to this reality, and it was good. It was okay, it was a certain state of mind in evolution. It was a result of the allpowerfull tides of venom, and there was nothing to do about that but just accepting it. We were the gingerbreads laying on the beach of the primeval, waiting for the big fishes to eat us away. We were but fishes on this beach waiting for the bigger ones to take us away to their caves. We were nothing but sea-banquette. Everything was growing in everything, like a complicated web. And it all formed a trap for the bigger things. It was like the rudder on a ship moving the ship to a new direction. To the island, please, where we can all lay down our dreams, to see everything in a new light.

There was streaming something in her heart, a new light, like the savage perfume, enlightening her brains, her head. She smelled it, and it opened her feelings for the new world, this tropical island. She had been too long in this tight embrace and she could finally free herself out of it by shaking it away. She crept towards the lights on the island, and she found out : There was nothing but deception, there was nothing but evil. And it enlightened here, and she got peace with that. It doesn't matter anymore when it's in a different light. We will come where we need to be.

So she gathered the jewels on the island, and started to build cities and villages, and then she left to enter into the deeper jungles of this island, finally to reach the other side of the island to swim to the next island. How deep she had come into this place of evil she didn't know, but she wanted to reach for it's core. It was just an adventure, so nothing mattered anymore. It was all just a part of a bigger story. And she found out that the story was the only one who could deal with the powers of evil. It was something deep in her heart. Something which had to be the core of this all, yes, it was the story, an eternal story, so big, that it would rise to take

possession of it all, for there was nothing but that. The eternal story had created and bound all these hearts, letting them go down under in eternal growing pains to reach for the eternal growing pleasures. And what is the pain by something you can't reach ? It is the hunger. It was an eternal Tantalos, a place called Samdia. For only the eternal growing hunger would lead to the eternal growing satisfaction anyone needed to survive the dark powers of eternity.

And there was no pain but this strange growing hunger. It grew on their back like heavy weights bringing them down, like big exotic snakes. And there was no strength which could be able to come against the incredible eternal growing strengths of these snakes. All those victims of Samdia were only sinking away in an eternal growing weakness, but Tamar knew where it would lead them to : to the almighty sources of the eternal growing strengths. They were in a snake cocoon to become these exotic snakes themselves. These snakes didn't know what good and evil was. They were beyond that, just following their instincts. They had reached the eternal growing lusts in the sky, and all they could do was falling down into Samdia. They were also the victims of this eternal evergrowing hunger, and they took so many with them in their falls. But Tamar could teach them.

Tamar brought light to this world, and hope, and became a heroic figure, but it led them to a new form of slavery. There was nothing but slavery, and this was all nothing but freedom, leading them to the dark spots in the sky : the eternal growing slavery and the eternal growing freedom. All these temporal things needed to find their place in eternity, as one big awakening. The wounds who gave blood so much would grow from scars into nipples to give milk, and still these nipples would get wounded, to get a place in eternity.

Tamar tried to come across this sea, to find it's bridges, and she found the heart of evil, fed up by so many nipples. As when a wound grows from a scar into a nipple, it will grow inside to finally find the heart and feed it. And so the heart can feed the whole body. She could put her throne here finally, and put the lights on. There was no sense of growing old here. Time stood still. This was eternity. The bridges were like snakes here, covered by the legs of big hairy spiders. They were the workers of this paradox, the masters of the tides of venom. They could let the milk and the blood flow whenever they wanted, all to keep them drunk in a higher state of mind.

The palest snakes of oblivion triggered the darkest snakes of the primeval, all coming against the memory. The memory was a prison, and these exotic snakes came to break the prison open to set it's captives free. They also set Tamar free, as they slid across her skin to tie her against the wall, and then they would bite it all open. She got the marks of oblivion and the primeval by this, all to raise up her immunity against the memory. These marks were wounds at first, but later they would grow more or less from scars into nipple-like or sole-like materials on her skin. She had to be milked a lot so that it could rain down on Samdia. Lots of milk had to be drunk to be able to break the memory. She was now the cow of evil. The milk was streaming from her body, to make them all immune. She was the medicine of evil, like the sun of milk, but by the tides of venom it also turned into blood after awhile. She could bring sleep and drunkenness to Samdia, so that they could reach her by their dreams. She was their goddess on the ladder, their heroic figure. They could forget about their hunger a bit by

her, but they started to develop a new hunger, a hunger for her. The hunger would never go away, but it would only switch, like the tides of venom. And if she could bring everything in a different light, she would do, for there was always a new day coming with the night.

She became the slayer of memory on a horse so tall, to lead them to the primeval by the tools of oblivion, by drunkenness and sleep. She was holding the cup of a milk so heavy, sometimes blood, bringing them to enlightenment, to the dark holes in the sky. She was the evil cow, a dark horserider, treading the grapes, these grapes of hunger. She was the hunter in the skies, dwelling in the clouds, with her carriage pulled forwards by dogs and catlikes, with the eagles of war by her side. Her heart was with Samdia, a heart so full of passion that you could smell it. She was a jewel held together by snake-bridges covered by spiderlegs, like a savage treasure. And the tides of venom formed the clock inside, an eternal clock, holding a fruit so pure. She was the purest jewel in my life. But one day she split. I gave one part to Africa and one part to South America, and I would be the love-bridge who would heal her. Now she's like a statue in my room, holding a bunch of comics and books. On her forehead is written :

One day I will come alive.

But she is just a story, the story which is able to hold the evil in her hands like snake-bridges covered by spiderlegs, all to connect the two parts of the split heart, the heart of evil. It's like a strange exotic fruit-basket, like the tree of Adam and Eve, saying : 'Don't eat this time, but drink from me.' It's forbidden milk if you ask me, sometimes blood, like the tides of venom, so I don't watch it a lot. I bought this strange statue somewhere on a market, for it reminded me of her, but it's not her, that I know for sure. But I don't want to throw the statue away, for maybe it will really come alive one day to prove me wrong. The statue has nice boots of cowboy-leather, and she has some feathers on her head like an indian. It reminds me of the universal bonds we have. But a writer isn't supposed to carry out on the subject like this, so I will stop and say : the last part you can tear off from the story if you wish. Make a line somewhere, I don't care where, and choose which part you will keep, and which part you will share.

Chronicles of Evil

Guldarn had defeated so many unworthy kings in his life, for example Canon, who enslaved so many only by a cursed book. These are the chronicles of Guldarn, his wars and victories, but also his suffering in loneliness, in deep dungeons, in enigmatic captivities inflicted by dragons, which finally led him to the Sword of Life, and made him invincible. This is the story of a man who did not walk away when his tribe was in problems, deep problems. But so many parts of these stories had been faded away throughout the centuries. I could only find a few pieces of it, and I puzzled with it for years and years not knowing where it would lead me to. So many parts of these pieces had been written in unknown languages, and I could only decipher them by the several pictures of the book. These pictures are still like haunted places in my mind, like places of ghosts, bearing an undecriable evil in which the heart would fade away. Therefore for my own protection I just wrote down a childish version of my translations, so I could also protect many others against these forces. It was another cursed book, even greater than the almighty book of Canon, which seemed to be worthless after Guldarn had opened it and slayed it by the Sword of Fire.

The cursed book of Guldarn's chronicles had made him invincible, and it would make those who would find it also invincible. Many brave knights tried to open the book through the centuries, and tried to get it done, but often an unknown fire coming from it would destroy them, and they became like the haunted places themselves. I therefore came with a guard, and I know that only to search for the head of Canon, the beheaded king, and by laying the head on the cover of the book, it would be opened. That was which I did. I went to the underground as a researcher, almost lost my life to encounter the forces of evil, and finally found the head of Canon to open the book. I wished I would have never done it, as the book was more than I could take. It brought me down in chains, leading me to the unknown places. This, dear reader, although I found some treasures, was the reason why I made a childish version of the book, and even some small distractions to lead some things astray, as I do not wish any of these savage forces to fall on another's head. However, it can be taken in small portions, and then it will do miracles.

I know this book will be old, very old, when it will reach your generation, the generation I call the chosen generation. You will be my only hope for freedom, as still the opened book is a heavy weight on me. I have found some lightness in some friendly passengers throughout the ages, but they were just passing by. No one could bear the light of the book by which I had been chained. Maybe in this generation, the generation I am facing, some kind of creature or

beast will be able to swallow the light to give it direction. All we need in this thing is to get direction, and then it will be a bliss after all. In my dark nights I yield this Sword of Life, and I am invincible like Guldam's likes, but in the morning another reality is barking at me. I pray for the eternal dark nights to fall upon us, where the morning is just a small island in the waves of a mightier evil, the evil which would set us free. The good is in the hands of hypocrites always turning us down by their books of guilt and shame, which are the books of lies. But in the misunderstood evil we might find a little light. Do understand that I come from a primeval age in which the evil wasn't evil, but the good was. It was the hypocrisy. May evil prevail in these days.

By the many pieces torn away I can only offer a book which is able to tear the mind, but what would happen when the book would be untorn ? I am an old man already, and when the book will reach you, I am probably much older, or I have already found the fountain of eternal youth. This is what we are doing it for, this is why we have are burdens, only to reach this fountain, and not to reach it before our time or to drink from it before our time, as then it's fires would devour us.

Guldam was in my mind the slayer of all slayers after I had read the pieces. The pieces had struck my mind, especially by their pictures. These were the haunted places in my head since then. Guldam was a barbarian knight, and later the king of all savage knights. They rode on the highest horses to bring doom on the hunting fields. By their swords they yielded the forces of the suns and their planets, and their quest was to the universal pig who dwelled in it's center as the headquarter of hypocrisy. It was this beast they had to defeat and slay, so that it would give it's eternal pigmilk which it held in for so long to spread the miseries of hunger.

Guldam finally found the pigbeast, and pierced it's heart by the Sword of Life, and he threw the body into the abyss of blood. If he wouldn't do that the pigmilk which was streaming from the slain body would be poisoned to block the road to the fountain of eternal youth forever. Guldam also knew how dangerous it was to drink from this fountain before it was the time, so he poured some of the eternal bloody pigmilk into the well, and raised veils of pigskin around it, so travelers would not haste themselves. Every veil of pigskin got it's own watcher, a savage knight. But still we do not know if this is legend, religion or reality. I am also concerned about my decipherings. Maybe I made some mistakes here and there in my attempt to get it done. How do we know we decipher something well ? Sometimes it's merely guessing.

The Handsome King

Guldam visited the king of Tra and asked her for his daughter's hand. The king of Tra was an evil man and laughed at him. So many warriors asked for the hand of his daughter, but he only wanted the best of them. So he organized a tournament to let all these men fight each other in a bloodbath of slaughter. Only the winner who would have slain them all would get the hand of his daughter.

Guldam won, and again he asked for the hand of the daughter of the king of Tra. But again the king started to laugh, and even mocked him. 'What a worthless man, and do you think I let you marry my daughter ? You must be joking me.'

This time Guldam got very mad. 'What do I need to do ? Work for you, slaying another ten-thousand men ? Say it, and I will do.'

But the king was still laughing, and said his daughter could never love such a loser like Guldam. 'Look at you,' the king said. 'Your jewelry is worthless : some bones and teeth in a chainlet, some feathers, and look at your clothes : you are almost naked, poor man, and the skins you wear are torn. My daughter needs a rich and handsome man, not a savage like you.'

Guldam bowed his head. 'Is it because of my scars you are mocking me like this ?'

'No, I have some scars too,' the king said. 'Scars are beautiful when they are godgiven.'

'Is it because my tattoos caused by snakebites and the bites of dragons ?' Guldam asked.

'No, I also have some tattoos by the bites of strange dangerous creatures. They are beautiful,' the king said. 'I just don't show them. I cover them, and that is what you first need to do, boy. You need to cover them.'

'Okay, so when I put on some wealthy clothes for which I have honestly worked, I can get the hand of your daughter ?' Guldam asked.

'Look around you,' the king said. 'My kingdom has so many men with wealthy clothes. It takes more than to be rich and having a good job. None of these men have the hand of my daughter.'

'Then what is it I need to be ?' Guldam asked.

'Come on, don't you know ?' the king laughed. 'You need to be handsome, pretty, beautiful.'

'What does that mean ?' Guldam said with inner pride.

'Come on, do I have to tell that ? Everyone knows, so don't act like you do not know.
Everyone knows what beauty is,' the king grinned.

'Even if you would kill me here,' Guldam said, 'I do not know.'

'You have to talk like they talk, you have to walk like they walk, you have to have an attitude like them, smile like them, and be the best in it,' the king said.

'Then I don't want to have your daughter,' Guldam said. 'I am Guldam. I am me, and no one else.'

Then Guldam turned his back to the king and wanted to walk away. The daughter of the king of Tra had followed the whole conversation, as she was sitting next to him. 'This is the man I want, father,' she said.

'Stop, young man,' the king said. 'My daughter found you to be worthy to be her man.'

'I could only marry her, if she would cut your head off and bring it to me on a dish,' Guldam spoke, and left.

The End

Fountain of Youth

Guldarn went to the dark realms of Canon, the killer-king who had enslaved all these realms by a cursed book.

When Guldarn came closer to the throne of Canon, bright lights coming out of balls at the sides of the throne struck Guldarn. For awhile he had to hold his hands before his eyes or it would blind him. Snakes were sliding across the balls and across the stakes these balls were resting on. Canon had the face like a skeleton, and he had been dressed in a black garment with purple jewelry. Like a dog he looked at Guldarn who had bent his head away from the lights. Slowly Guldarn faced Canon, the killer-king. Canon held the cursed book high all of a sudden. 'I know you come for this, right ?' Canon shouted.

Guldarn bowed down in pain by the words of Canon, the killer-king. It was like his words were striking his heart, letting everything tumble down, but again Guldarn seemed to get a grasp at his strength. Slowly he took his head up to face Canon, the killer-king, again. It was like fires were striking Guldarn, but he tried to ignore the burning, although it seemed to pierce him deep. The cursed book had so many locks, and could only be opened in a certain way, but then it would only show a few pages. By this Canon had enslaved them all as in a labyrinth only leading them deeper into the traps.

Guldarn stepped forwards. He rose his Sword of Fire against the killer-king. The killer-king started to laugh and stood up to come from his throne. 'Look, Guldarn, I know where you are coming for. You want the book. I am guarding the universal pig of hypocrisy in this book, holding all its pigmilk in, so that you all die of all sort of hunger. I am the ruler of Tantalos, the place of hunger-slaves. Look at all the poverty around you. Isn't it beautiful ? It keeps them running after the things they never get, and they fight each other because of it. Isn't it the masterpiece of all creation ?'

'I know you do not know anything of life, Guldarn,' the killer-king said. 'The pig is a beast, and when I would let it free, worse things than you would ever imagine would happen. If you can defeat it, the book is yours.'

An enormous creature came out of the book, with heads like snakes, claws like dragons, like all predators in one. 'And something else, Guldarn : When you have slain it, the pigmilk will come forth from its body. Its venom and it can drown the universe. Throw its body into the Abyss of Blood, or the fate of the universe will be even worse.'

It would be the worst fight Guldarn ever had. The beast dragged Guldarn through the underworld to a cave close to the Abyss of Blood. The beast tied Guldarn to a stake, and spoke : 'Prepare yourself for swimming in the Abyss of Blood, while its snakes will eat from your flesh.'

‘Too long I have been locked up,’ the beast spoke. ‘When I have thrown you in the Abyss of Blood, I will behead the killer-king, and he will have the same fate here. Then I will take his head and open my book.’

‘It will be the Book of Pigs turning all the likes of the killer-king into chicken,’ the beast spoke further. ‘But I need you to open the book. I need you to slay the killer-king. I will chain you by a chain tall enough to let you reach for the killer-king, and when you bring me his head and slain body, I will have some mercy on you.’

Guldarn knew he couldn’t begin anything against the beast, so he had to defeat the killer-king first.

‘Have you defeated the pigbeast?’ the killer-king asked when Guldarn came back to his throne. ‘No, I have to defeat you first,’ Guldarn said. He ran towards the killer-king, took his chain in his hand and threw it like a lasso around the head of the killer-king. The killer-king was screaming as it took him in a tight grip. Giant birds, the watchers of the killer-king, came forward from the throne to attack Guldarn, but Guldarn slayed them all by the Sword of Fire. Then he walked towards the killer-king, but all of a sudden fire was coming from the cursed book. Guldarn rose his shield and could hold the fire away from him. Then he pierced the book by his sword. The locks started to melt away, and a new fire charged the sword by which he beheaded the killer-king. Then he took the head and the slain body to the pigbeast in the cave near the Abyss of Blood. ‘You have forgotten something,’ the pigbeast shrieked. ‘You must go back to get the Sword of Life. Take it out of the throne of the defeated killer-king.’ Guldarn went back like he was drunk and hypnotized. Above the throne a gigantic sword had been sheathed. This had to be the Almighty Sword of Life. Guldarn took it out, and ran back to the pigbeast. ‘Now give it to me, and I will set you free,’ the pigbeast shrieked. But Guldarn knew about the intentions of the pig, and pierced its heart by the sword. By a shriek the pig threw itself into the Abyss of Blood, and sank away.

By the sword Guldarn could cut his chains away and soon he was a free man. Pigmilk seemed to come up from the well of blood, and when he tasted it he wanted more. It was taking the strange hungers of his heart away. He took a dive into the well, and he gathered all the skin of the pigbeast. He stretched it and made tents and veils around the well. He had now found the fountain of eternal youth. The milk was jumping from the bloody waters, while women came forth from the lake. They had been locked up in this abyss for such a long time.

The Women of Mwr

Not many knew of the evil women of Mwr and the evil things they did, but one day Guldarn visited them. Their camp had been surrounded by strange sew-machines in the air which would jump down on their victims. These machines were quite primitive working by huge windmills also surrounding their camp. They called the sew-machines the stalkers, and they certainly were. It was to protect the women against intruders wanting to bring their tribes down. In a cave they kept a beast called the licorice-beast. He was the one who inspired them to make the evil sew-machines on high stakes surrounding the camp, and told them how they could let them dive at intruders, and how to hunt. The sew-machines did a lot of the job. They cared for the food.

The sew-machines sewed the souls of their prisoners, until they were living vulcanoes. They would never leave the camp, for then they could betray its location. They would be food for the licorice-beast, but it had to be prepared for years and years, which was the task of the women. The beast was very selective, and he could kill the women if they would bring him unprepared food. It was a heavy burden for the women, but he helped them raising the sew-machines, the stalkers who would protect them.

But one day the beast broke free out of its cage. It was screaming and shrieking. It had been so long locked up in the darkness, and could hardly stand the light. The beast got so excited and didn't know what to do with this new energy he felt. It was the day Guldarn visited the camp and slayed the sew-machines one by one. It was love at first sight when Guldarn saw the beast. Guldarn climbed on the beast and rode it to the portals of the camp. The nature around the camp was full of purple gnats taking fluids from thistles and the wildest flowers to their hives. 'How did you find me?' the beast asked Guldarn.

'Oh,' Guldarn said. 'There was a strange advertisement in a magazine of a company for selling sew-machines. They didn't write down the address well, and it led me here.'

'Lead me to a field of licorice-plants,' the beast said. 'Only there I will get well.'

'I will,' Guldarn said. And when they came there the beast had to vomit a lot, and turned into a savage prince. He said a group of indian women had put a spell on him once, for he didn't want to marry their female chief. Only a field of licorice-plants would set him free. That's why they always called him the licorice-beast.

'But now you're free,' Guldarn said.

‘Yes,’ the prince said. ‘I studied technology, and I worked for a company of sew-machines. Shall we build our own camp here ? I don’t want to fall in the hands of these strange women again.’

Guldarn nodded. ‘I’m your man.’ The prince was the softest one he ever met, and he could melt his heart like no one else. He called the prince the mad dog, for the prince was so energetic. The prince always held his deeper knowledge away from the women, but now he could let it all stream. But this time he wouldn’t use machines and windmills for the camp.

Together they went back to the women of Mwr to capture them. They took the women of Mwr to the new camp, where they had to be sewers the rest of their lives. It was a tragic fate for the women of Mwr, but no one could mess with the savage prince without paying a price.

The sewers of Mwr became the most notorious hunters in the jungles and wildernesses of Mwr. They were the cruelest cannibals existing, preparing their food for years and years. There was no escape out of their hands, only by the desired death after the longlasting torture.

But it often never showed up, as the soul would live on, in not a few cases ending up in becoming a sewer itself. Like vulconoes they became, like city-lights, waiting for a worse beast to eat them. They were nothing but food and eaters. They were the sewers, strange guards of the new camp. Guldarn was satisfied with the idea. No one would take the savage prince away again. Guldarn himself became the personal guard of the prince, and one day the prince showed him a jar of eternal honey. ‘Oh, you’re still the mad dog, right ?’ Guldarn said, and started to eat. One day Guldarn took the prince to the beach and the sea. ‘Look at the waves,’ Guldarn said, ‘and look at the sand. This is all we have. It is our sun, our warmth, and it will shine forever, all these different lights. For the women of Mwr the story is over. But our story has just begun.’ The prince smiled. The sea looked like honey, enchanted by the sun.

He felt the burning hand of Guldarn on his shoulder, and then his whole arm around him.

There was no spell like this, and their star soared above the sea.

Guldarn smiled. He was so glad he had finally found the prince, this mad dog. Life had been a bitch to them both, and it was good now, for all these women wanted to sew anyway. But suddenly someone stood behind them. It was the female chief. She had left the camp since her women became so evil. ‘I’m so sorry about what they did to you,’ the female chief said. ‘And this all because they wanted you to marry me.’

‘You were always the best of them, but I needed to be free, free in friendship and love,’ the prince said smiling. He would never hurt this precious lady, so he needed to stay savage. ‘I have seen what you have done to the women of Mwr,’ the female chief said. ‘And it is their righteous reward. They have tortured me my whole life. They raised me and made me chief, something I never wanted to be. I wanted to be free as well, a savage like you. This is why we could get along so very well. I have placed that advertisement, so that someone would set you free.’ The prince walked to the female chief and hugged her. ‘We have grown up together there,’ the prince said. ‘They had kidnapped me from another tribe.’

‘I know everything,’ the female chief said. ‘I know, you don’t have to tell me. I know how you grew up there with horrible mixed feelings. You have found a giant of love now, this Guldarn. And I want to be in your circle of love also.’

‘You are,’ the prince said, ‘you always were, and you will always be.’ Tears came out of the eyes of the female chief. She took her headdress full of feathers from her head and placed it on the head of the prince while she kissed him. The prince took his chainlet off and hung it

around her precious neck and kissed her as well. Then they looked at Guldarn, and he took them both in his arms. Their star still soared above the waters. A ship came closer from the distance. Together they ran across the beach towards the waves. After a few hours the ship stood before them. A woman came from the ship and asked them to come aboard. Together they went on the ship, while the woman wrapped her arms around the prince. 'Do you remember me?' the woman said. 'I guess not, as you were too young when they kidnapped you. I am your mother.' Then the woman hugged the female chief and then Guldarn. 'I am so grateful to you for all what you did for my son,' the woman said. 'Stay on my ship. It is better for you than living with such a hate.'

'We didn't have another choice,' Guldarn said.

'I know, I know,' the woman said almost whispering. 'But now, choose for this. You won't regret it.'

The women led them deeper into the ship, and they decided to stay. 'My name is Tania. I am the owner and builder of the ship,' the woman said. 'And my old mother is the captain.' Soon another woman, an older one, stood between them. 'Grandmother,' the prince whispered, and hugged her.

Soon they were on full sea, heading for a new world where they could live. They all got a room on the ship. Guldarn got honored for his heroic deeds, and they got to meet the crew. It was a big ship, bigger than they had ever heard of. The female chief was one of the most passionate warriors on the ship, and actually she was the one who could raise the ship to its heights, together with the savage prince who took care of the technology. Guldarn was very proud of them. Guldarn always bore two swords: the Sword of Fire and the Sword of Life. One day he gave the Sword of Fire to the prince, and the Sword of Life he gave to the female chief. It was on this day there were more stars in the heaven than ever, and it seemed angels soared down on the ship. Tania smiled, and her old mother held her hand. 'We have reached our goals now,' the old mother said. 'Here we have always waited for.' Tania nodded, while she smiled. She was so proud of her son, for without him they wouldn't get it this far.

A man called Hurricane joined them laying his arms around both women. 'We have made it, because of these precious ones,' he said. There was a war in the air now finally establishing love, the power of love. They could come out of their prisons of hate. An old man called Green Eye came standing behind them. 'We have reached it,' he said. The angels enlightened the ship by their fires and lights, and the prince was fighting at the front. 'High Tide,' someone was calling. And then more started to call it. The power of love was falling down on them, and they came out of their prisons of anger. It was like the sea and the waters were opening up before them. The female chief climbed to the highest point of the ship where she placed the Sword of Life, while such a light fell on the ship, like it got wings. 'Come on, my swan,' she whispered. 'Fly, you can do it.'

Finally the ship came free from the waters, and rose up mightily. Ghosts had to lose their grips, while there was screaming and shrieking. Guldarn held his shield against certain rays coming from the waters. Waves started to rise against the ship, but Guldarn hit them down by his hand. A huge peacock was appearing in the sky.

'I won't let you enter,' the peacock roared. 'You belong to the sea.' The peacock tried to wound the ship, but Guldarn jumped towards the peacock and strengthened it. Then he broke its

neck by a smash. There was silence all over suddenly. The heavens were opening up to the ship and soft winds seemed to surround it. The female chief started to pluck the peacock to get it's feathers. She made a new headdress of it for herself, since she gave her previous headdress to the prince. Many more peacocks started to attack them, trying to wound them. A warrior called Tara from Rhodes came forward to do some serious attacks at the swarms of peacocks. Then a warrior called Golem battled at her side. They slayed the peacocks like butter. A woman called Lirlit came down, together with two other women called Tze-ra and Sevenlegs. The sky was full of warriors, and by their rays they tried to open the bat-portal of heaven. But no one was able to open it. Suddenly a man called Awela came forward from the ship, climbed to the highest point of the ship where the Sword of Life was. He took the sword in his hands and shouted to the bat-portal : Open yourself, in the Name of the King. But dirt fell down through the bat-portal, and the ship got swung away. The sea below them soon had become an ocean of mud. They were all heroic figures, but they could only call forth the dirt of heaven. It fell down on them in great portions. Heaven was laughing and smiling at them. All they got was it's scorn. A huge bat was coming forwards, ready to strike. One by one the crew of the ship showed up to the bat to be struck by it's rage, until a woman called Tamar the Horrible showed up from the ship. 'Give me the Sword of Life,' she shouted. She was the ruler of all evil, and the princess of heaven. When she got the Sword of Life she aimed it at the bat and spoke : 'In the Name of the Princess of Heaven and All It's Evil, Open the Doors.'

It's like a thousand cars were about to start. The dirty bat flew to the huge bat-portal of heaven and opened it.

Guldarn woke up between his cattle. He was a herd with dreams, big dreams. He was a hunter with evil thoughts. He slept on the fields, in the same mud as the pigs did. He wasn't a heroic figure, it was just a deep wish to escape the boring life he led. In the sky he saw a star falling down, and suddenly lights were falling all around him like flashes. Maybe his wish would come true.

A woman with tall white boots came down to him. She bore a tall sword. 'Are you an angel ?' Guldarn asked.

'Yes,' the woman said. 'Why did you knock on heaven's door, and why did you open it ?'

'I guess, I guess I had nothing else to do,' Guldarn spoke.

'Oh, you funny man,' the woman said. 'Here you have your sword, warrior. With this you will begin your journey through heaven.'

Then she gave him the sword which started to get in the flames. 'The Sword of Fire,' he said.

'Yes,' the woman said. 'Use it well. Dreams can come true.'

The woman took him into the sky to her house. 'Here do I live, dreamerboy,' she said. She took off her tall boots, tore them apart and made an armor of it for Guldarn. She wore white socks, took them off after awhile and also tore them. Then she threw the pieces in the fire-hearth. 'Veils of the temple,' she said. 'But you are evil enough to get through them, right ?'

'I guess so,' Guldarn said.

‘You will rise all these warriors in your head, Guldam,’ the woman said. ‘You are their father, their guard.’

‘I thought these were just my dreams,’ Guldam said.

‘It’s seed from heaven,’ the woman said. ‘You are the chosen one.’

‘Am I an almighty father all of a sudden ? I’m just a simple herd and hunter. There’s nothing special with me. I live a boring life,’ Guldam said.

‘Look where you are now,’ the woman said. She threw something into the fire-hearth like seed. ‘Now it will come alive,’ she said.

‘These veils of the temple,’ Guldam asked. ‘How do I get through ?’

‘Use your sword,’ the woman said, ‘and reach for the Sword of Life.’

‘I’m just a simple man with dreams,’ Guldam said. ‘How can I yield such powers ?’

‘You will learn,’ the woman said.

Prisoners of Heaven

When Guldarn started to make his journey through heaven, he needed to be very careful. He had the Sword of Fire to protect him, but not much did he know about the women of heaven, who were often dangerous traps. When he came in some of the fronthalls of heaven he saw a lot of stairways and strange elevators often full of women. The women looked like giants from below. They were often halfnaked like barbarian women, and they often wore a lot of feathers like they were some sort of indians. 'On platform one, prisoner Guldarn has arrived,' a computerized voice was speaking through some sort of intercom. Many women looked at Guldarn. Was he a prisoner then ? 'Hey, what kind of joke is this ?' he shouted. 'I am not a prisoner.' From the platform there was a metal stairs, and he walked upwards. Some platforms were smaller, and some were moving up or down with one or more women on them. Guldarn felt lost in this place. Where did he have to go ? He decided to walk to the next platform, and went through a door by which he came in another hall. There were also a lot of women here, but the women were often a bit smaller than the giant women. Guldarn really didn't know where he was. He thought it was some sort of strange that they called him a prisoner. It wasn't very hospital. Again he walked up some stairs and came in a higher hall. Here there were some shiny rivers with animals in it. Strange veils hung here through which he could come in other parts of the halls. The veils had a strange smell, and it almost made Guldarn drunk. All sorts of strange and dangerous webs were hanging here with tall stings close together. Guldarn knew he would be nothing but sea-banquette if he wouldn't be on his guard. The stings started to move dangerously, while Guldarn hid himself behind a veil. Guldarn moved himself through the veils, through the water. Suddenly Guldarn got stuck in a net, and it started to tear him apart. Finally he could come on the other side of the net, but he was bleeding almost all over. He was in another part of heaven now. He knew these strange webs and nets were nothing but portals of heaven, leading him deeper. But he had to pay a price to get through them. It tore him apart, but it also healed him in a strange way. After walking through a realm of low waters he came into another hall. Again many webs, and many women on platforms moving up or down. Here the webs had a lot of feathers, and unicorns were bathing in lakes between the webs and nets. In front of a ship a woman stood with a sword in a standard. It was the Sword of Light. She took the sword and aimed it at him. A fight started in which Guldarn tore the woman apart by the Sword of Fire. He knew that as a prisoner these women were his enemies. 'Prisoner Guldarn has destroyed woman of the Sword of Light,' a computerized voice said through an intercom. Guldarn raised his sword, and spoke : 'What is all this ?' He saw women reacting to the computerized voice, and they surrounded him. They didn't come closer, but they had formed a circle around him. Then they started to whisper to each other like they were gossiping, and they laughed at him. A cage came from the ceiling, and soon Guldarn had been trapped. Then the cage went upwards again with Guldarn inside. He came into a clouded realm but full of bright lights, and he got belts around his body like a horse. He saw many other men here with their arms tied behind their backs.

Whips would hold them in line. Some men had their arms free, and they had swords and shields. It was the day he found out that heaven was a circus. In the middle of the field the boss stood. It was a man with a high hat, and the biggest whip he ever saw. All the men had to go through a veil, while the smell of the veil made them drunk. Guldarn fell down, while all the other men were laughing at him, mocking him. 'Who is that man ?' the circusboss asked. 'Let him come forward.'

Guldarn crept to the circusboss. The circusboss took him tight by his hair. 'We do not need any weaklings,' he said. 'We will throw you from a mountain, or we will throw you in a fire.' But Guldarn couldn't stand on his feet anymore. His sword had been sheathed behind his back. With his last piece of strength he took the sword from behind his back and slayed the circusboss. Suddenly Guldarn had been struck by something. 'How can I die in heaven,' Guldarn screamed. A woman stood behind him with a whip. Then she struck him again. He didn't have any strength left, but he could lay the Sword of Fire against her skin, while she started screaming. 'Why are you making a slayer of me?' Guldarn screamed. It was the day heaven burst out, and beasts and dragons came forward. They had been hidden in this volcano for such a long time, living with the skins of men and women. It was the day of the dragons, like horses they fell from heaven. The throne of heaven came in sight by the eruptions, and Guldarn crept to it. He would raise his princess here, and he would be king.

On the throne drunk dogs were having a party, and a black woman had been chained to a wall. He crept to the woman and lay himself at her feet. 'Another prisoner,' he said. 'Who are you?'

Then he fell asleep. In the middle of the night he woke up. He had his strength again, so he cut the chains by his sword, and then he went to the dogs who slept on the throne. He could kill them easily. Clouds of light seemed to come from the throne, and strong but warm winds slamming him against the wall. These winds were the winds of panic. 'You must hide for the throne, seven days,' the woman said, 'or it will slay you.' So they both went behind the wall. They both went through many veils in search for the Flower of Heaven, for without this flower they would never rule heaven. But when they finally found the flower, it seemed to be a beast who swallowed them. Inside the beast it was like a temple. In full rage the beastly flower followed their trace through the veils and reached the throne, which it swallowed as well. Guldarn came into a fight with the black woman about who would sit on the throne. The black woman was very strong, and had extra-ordinary powers. She could finally overcome in, tied him and rolled him to a corner. Then she walked slowly to the throne, but while she stepped on it a predator came from the throne and devoured her. It was a tragic fate, and Guldarn could see it all happen before his eyes. He loved the black woman and had saved her life, and now he wished he wouldn't have fought with her for the throne. Love was a greater good for Guldarn than might and power, so he didn't understand why he had argued so much with her. But he was just so afraid that if she would get the throne she would abuse her powers towards him.

It could be such a love story, but it ended very tragic. The predator freed Guldarn from his ties, and licked him. Then Guldarn knew that he had been destined for the throne. Soon Guldarn sat on his throne, with the predator at his side. He had become king of heaven now, a worthy king, and the predator had become his guard. Guldarn was still very sad about the loss of his friend. He wished he would never have encountered her. Soon other women seemed to find the throne and laid themselves down at Guldarn's feet. Then they turned their backs to Guldarn, took a part of their skin off to show him some sort of mechanism. 'Tell us what to do,' they said. Then he found out the mechanism was some sort of tape-recorder by which he could speak messages. He gave them some missions, and they told him if he wanted to add something then he needed to use the intercom in his throne. They showed it to him, as it was hidden below a certain skin. He just had to push it, and then speak. Soon other women seemed to come, and this time there were more women than ever. They all started to dance around the

throne and to sing for the king. He could speak to them by the intercom. 'Stop singing, and stop dancing,' the king said. 'Don't be such hypocrites, but fight for love, and let love rule.' Then the women bowed their head and went away. One of the women came back to the king and asked : Where can we find the weapons ?

'I will teach them,' the predator said, and raise up from his place at the throne, and went away to lead the women. Then after some dark nights wild dogs seemed to come in front of the throne barking and howling like wolves and hyena's. They all laid themselves at the foot of the throne, and then one of the dogs rose up and started howling again. Then he spoke : 'Dear king, what do you want us to do now heaven is in your hands ?' The king rose from his throne and said : 'I want you to rejoice for the women have finally taken up their task. I want you to stop fighting and guarding. I want you to go to the underworld to free it's slaves and bring them here.' The dogs bowed their head and listened to their master.

After a few days the dogs came back with billions and billions of men. Again the king stood up from his throne and spoke : 'I want you to stop working, but to sacrifice yourself in the Abyss of Fire to become free of your chains. The women have stopped dancing and have taken up their tasks.' Then a huge gate opened in front of the throne. Fire came forwards and one by one the men started to jump into the fire. Fire seemed to clean the heavens that day.

One day a warrior-woman came to the king to ask him for his love. But the king gave her a mission for her women, as she was their chief. He told her to bring the men of heaven before his throne. Within a few days they all stood trembling before his throne. 'No belts this time to let you do what heaven demands. This time scars will do the work. Then he asked the chief of the women to bring the whip of the circusboss to him. When she brought it to him he threw the whip into the fire, and then he took it out again and struck the men of heaven to bring them the new scars. 'This will do. You will be sensitive from now on. Creative,' the king screamed.

Lekrum the Terrible – Barbarian Fiction

The Red Planet

Lekrum, king of Lily Land on Mars, was riding on his giant-fly, together with some others of the court. Princess Darsheba was with him. They blew on their horns, leading the war and the invasion. They were taking Mars over. But Lekrum, the barbarian king, wanted much more territory. Flies were invading the surfaces and the galaxy. Lekrum was shouting. Soft rays came from the giant flies, taking possession of the minds of many. He wanted to have his own planet, Lily Planet. It was a savage and barbarian planet. It was burning in his chest. Armies of blue monkeys were invading the planet that day. They captured the queen of Lily Planet, a savage queen, and brought her before Lekrum. The king of Lily Planet throned on a beach of skulls, like a wide desert. They captured him as well and brought him before Lekrum. All the high officials of this planet died that day. Their blood had to be mixed in a golden bath in which Lekrum had to bath, and he had to drink their blood from a golden glass. The skulls of the queen and the king of Lily Planet had to shrink to be placed at his belt. Ovias was the religious leader of the planet. Lekrum took his skull and placed it on his throne. The throne would be placed on top of a savage pyramid. It was since then Lekrum started to give away his authority and power to the ones chosen by the throne. The throne would take care of itself. It would destroy everyone who would try to grasp its power while they weren't destined for it. Lekrum went to the jungle of the planet to become a lord of the jungle. It was a savage switch, the hugest switch he ever made. He wanted the power of the flesh.

Soon he had friendship with the hugest snakes and monkeys. The snakes had beautiful and dangerous patterns to bring fear in the hearts of their enemies. However in the middle of the jungle he built his castle of skulls. Lekrum loved to sit at the beach on the other side of the jungle. He loved to swim. The beach was surrounded by the softest spiderwebs. The sea was full of snakes. He found a tiger here and a lion. There was a bridge leading to an island called Lily City, where a lot of scientific buildings were. The softos lived here, the last guarded stronghold of the planet. The softos were mean scientists.

Lekrum was watching around him, a monkey was close to his leg. Then some more monkeys came. It was like a reunion, these were all old friends. There were also monkeys bigger than himself. 'Yes, I all love you,' he spoke. He took his sword and walked towards a hut, where he slew a dark master chief, who was all dressed in black and orange, in traditional clothes. He slew many of them on that day. They were mean, possessive, and used animals to be their

medicins. Lekrum set many of these animals free these days, like he set the monkeys free one day. It was a strange camp. Many animals in wooden cages, made of branches, and some cages were made of bones. Lekrum raised his bloody sword in the air and roared. 'I am the lord of the jungle, the lord of beasts !'

Then he went to the next camp and did the same. He was bathing in blood. His skin was like bronze in the sun, bloody, very bloody. It was a day of abundant slaughter, and exodus for the animals. He led elephants out, cats, snakes and other sorts. The sky was like bleeding pearls. The sun was like setting everything in fire. Lekrum led them out and brought them to another part of the jungle. Here he would rule over them, protecting them, taking care of them. At the end of the day he was bathing in the river. A man came close to him. 'Sobrillios,' he said, 'thanks for coming, but the work is done already.' He smiled. 'A good job, Lekrum,' he said. Lekrum came out of the water. Sobrillios was a lot younger than him. He saved him once out of a prison camp.

Lekrum bound the skulls of the scientists together. Soon he had invaded their city, with all his armies. He would turn it into a ghost village. No one would rebuild the city again. He found out they were guarding a triangle-vortex by which you could enter the Lily Universe. It was like a parallel world.

It was like they were living in a gas, a different fluid, in this universe, where things were a lot brighter, and also a lot darker. Things were a lot softer here, but also a lot harder. They lived here in a totally different index of feelings. Lekrum entered this universe on his soaring chariot pulled by his white flying horses.

The houses here were built of skulls. It was a world full of skulls. Lekrum had never seen so many skulls in his life. Intelligence was what he desired. They were on their way to the stronghold of the universe : The New Spade, also called the Skeleton House. Here Bricheas ruled, a skeleton. Lekrum grasped his gun and shot the skeleton from a distance. Then they brought the skeleton house down. The skeleton had a heart called The Mellow. It was full of honey by which he had drownt the universe. They were all his slaves. Lekrum took the heart and started to eat from it. The soul of Bricheas however turned into a snake, and took the universe in a tight grip. Lekrum took his sword and beheaded the snake, and ripped it's body open. A fly came forward from the body of the snake. It was the spirit of the skeleton. It was spitting fire, but then fled to an old fortress. Lekrum went after it. The fly spat fire again. The fortress was full of hearts, from which the fly started to eat, and it grew stronger. Lekrum took his gun again and shot the fly. Voices were spreading in the universe. They were laughing. 'I'm copying myself,' the voices spoke. Also the voices started to eat from the hearts, and they were growing into ghosts, slowly getting density again like savages. They settled themselves in camps. One of these camps was called The Weapon Field. One of the savages could turn into a cobra or a swarm of bees. 'Honey you will produce,' it said. 'Honey of the heart.'

Lekrum knew it took intelligence to solve this riddle, this strange battle. The skeleton had hidden identities and hidden weapons. 'You will die on the fields,' Lekrum said. Again he took his gun and shot the savage leader, who then turned into a butterfly. 'You cannot get me,' the butterfly said. 'Some things you just can't grasp.'

It was the universe of the Lily. He was just her marionet. Lekrum was fighting the winds of illusion. He was in her temple. He had caught some of her glimpses. He was coming closer.

She had a thin band around her head. There was a spade on her chest, like a tattoo. 'The dark heart,' Lekrum said. He had a full picture of her now.

'So you come here for intelligence ?' the Lily said.

'Yes,' Lekrum said. 'I know you are hiding it.'

'Yes, in a bottle,' the Lily said. Lekrum looked to the right, and saw a bottle on a plank. He shot it open. The Lily started to laugh. 'Wrong bottle, urine of a lion,' she said. Strange gasses were spreading. He tried to aim his gun at her, but a strange wind was blowing it away. He saw a bottle hanging at the ceiling. He shot it, but it appeared to be a lamp. It was darker now. 'Come closer,' the Lily said. 'You know, I'm also just a prisoner, of a dragon. She showed him a painting on the wall of a dragon. 'Arkanar,' she said.

'What is his purpose ?' Lekrum asked.

'To rule the universe you come from by this hidden parallel universe,' the Lily said. 'There is a third universe. Which is the master universe, where he lives. It is the universe of draughts. By using others he reaches his goals.'

'How can I come there ?' Lekrum asked.

The Lily showed him a square vortex. He stepped inside. The Lily started to laugh. 'Trapped,' she said. Fires were coming over Lekrum, forming a cage. Lekrum was roaring. But the cage was moving through the underground, as an elevator, and Lekrum realized that the Lily had spoken the truth. It led him to another universe, that of the dragon. It was cold there, as soon as he stepped out of the vortex. It was night. It was a jungle here. There were giant frogs in this jungle and giantflowers. In the distance there was a dragon castle, a sort of fortress, made of bones. It was mostly built of ribs. A black dragon was there. The dragon was very friendly and soft, and spoke that actually the Lily had imprisoned him here, and that Lekrum had now been imprisoned as well. There was no way to return. Lekrum asked what the purposes of the Lily were. The dragon said she is an illusionist. The vortex was gone. 'I was a man like you in the past,' said the dragon. 'But we all become animals here. We are the forces of her illusions. She plays with us.'

'So is this an animal universe ?' Lekrum asked.

'Yes,' the dragon said. 'First you will become a savage, then an animal. Only when the dark sun and the red planet will come together you will be a human, but that is just for a few days in a month.'

'So we are were-animals then ?' Lekrum asked.

'Yes,' the dragon said.

'Unless we can unite the dark sun and the red planet together,' Lekrum said.

'No,' the dragon said. 'Everytime the red planet meets the dark sun it becomes a bit smaller. In past the red planet was much bigger. When the red planet is totally burnt then this universe will die.'

'Then isn't it better to get them separated forever, so that the red planet can live up again ?' Lekrum asked.

'No,' the dragon said. 'For then the dark sun will die, and we will be animals forever.'

'But if that will save the universe, then we do not have another choice,' Lekrum said.

'And how will you do that,' the dragon said. 'No one can mess with the planets.'

But Lekrum stared into the sky and used his red rays coming from his eyes. He could move the dark sun away from the red planet, and brought it into another orbit.

'Are you a god or something ?' the dragon asked. But then Lekrums skin started to become hairier.

'I warned you,' the dragon said. Lekrum was changing into the most horrible beast, and ran away. At least the red planet was safe. Throughout the days it started to grow bigger and bigger, and came closer to them. Lekrum had wings now and flew towards the swelling red planet, and felt he was becoming human again. It seemed he had used great intelligence.

The dragon flew also with him. 'You have broken the laws of the Lily,' he spoke. There were snake-people here and fly-people. The Lily herself seemed to be here as well, sitting on a throne. 'Well done,' she spoke.

Lekrum found out she wasn't the worst. She was just very cryptic and a gamer. But she played with people's hearts, that was a fact. She was an illusionist, a sorceress. She lured Lekrum deeper in her temple this time. He had deeper access. She showed him the bottle of intelligence. 'You have drunk from this already,' she said. 'You want some more ?' She took the bottle, which became transparent immediately, and pushed it in his heart.

Lekrum wanted to play music, as the language of intelligence, but it seemed that his lust for silence was much stronger. Music was just the veils in this temple. She had created so many heads, so many different characters, and took care of the details. 'They are nothing but masks,' said the Lily, 'guarding the rivers of intelligence. You have just a bottle of it,' she said while she laughed.

'I want to swim in it,' Lekrum said. The Lily led him to a hall with tall windows through which he could see the steaming and roaring wild rivers of intelligence. 'All leading to the sea,' she spoke. 'It is the secret of life. All the other things will die.'

'How can I come there ?' Lekrum asked.

'Let me live in the bottle of your heart,' the Lily said. 'And you will be there.'

She became transparent as well and slid into his chest. Suddenly he was surrounded by waves, as if all the walls were breaking. Suddenly he was in full sea, the sun shining bright on him. He had found his Lily. She was like seaweed inside of him, feeding him, being the light of intelligence. 'Now you are the lord of the Lily Universe, and of the red planet,' she said. From the sea a red oyster tower came forth, in which Lekrum started to live. All these visions of intelligence filled the universe like pearls. There was a red oyster path leading to the tower.

It was a path of death, a path of illusion, on which one had to become one with the Lily, finally to enter the tower. Lekrum had become the guard of the universe, and the secret of intelligence.

The Milk of Venus

Indiana, sorceress of the flesh, while Lekrum was coming closer to her, in her temple. There was a lot of blood streaming here through tubes, pipelines and tunnels. She was surrounded by rats.

'Why do you live here alone in these ruins ?' Lekrum asked.

'These aren't ruins,' Indana said. She was holding her sword above her head. 'Don't come any closer,' she almost whispered. Suddenly Lekrum grasped her arm, and she had to let her sword fall. She was wrestling to become free, but she was in a tight grip.

'What kind of things are you doing here,' Lekrum asked.

'None of your business,' she shouted. Suddenly she fell down. Snakes were coming closer. Lekrum tied her. He went deeper into the temple. Strange objects were here, and many skulls. It looked like a restless place. Many monkeys had been tied to the walls. Lekrum freed them. In the depths of the temple there was a hall in which she kept many slaves. She gave them food by which they turned into living skeletons, very powerful. She used these skeletons to wage war.

Through a door in the back of the temple you could enter a garden, in which the Fool's Hill was, a hill of skulls on which a queen throned, Korshe. She lived in the Fool's Fortress. She was a jester and a gamer. In the nights the hill was always burning, for parties. Lekrum took his bow and shot her from a distance by an arrow. She was in one of her towers, on one of the balconies and she actually fell down. She changed into a fire-spitting bird. Lekrum went to the fortress, and went upstairs. There were burning candles everywhere. He heard a voice saying : 'Who can escape from Fool's Hill, who can escape from under her foot, she treads and treads, oh, who can escape, yes, who can escape from Fool's Hill, you can never leave this thrill.' Then the voice started to laugh. The queen sat on her throne again. Lekrum came forward and shot her again. But she was just a ghost. 'I have eternal life already, but you are just a mortal,' the queen said.

She showed him a joystick. 'The joystick by which I rule,' she said. It looked like it was made from bones and teeth. It also looked like a strange skull. She could move her throne by it. And she could fly around. 'Give me the joystick, witch,' Lekrum roared.

'Oh, you will burn yourself,' she said. 'It's just not designed for you. Mortals cannot hold it.'

Lekrum came closer. 'I think these are all just games in your mind,' Lekmul said.

'Well, you cannot escape from Fool's Hill,' she said. 'You were burn under it's foot, and I have raised you up, all by a balloon inside. You are swollen now, and I can make it pop.'

She showed him a needle. 'The needle of death,' she said. 'Are you ready ? Are you ready to go back to start ?'

'No, witch,' Lekrum said. 'I'm going to end your dream.'

'Hmm, I rule over all churches and temples, over all civilisations, and now you, a simple man want to do something about that. Now that would be a joke,' she said. 'I can make you bow, I can make you rise, I can let you fall, I can make you weep, I can make you laugh.'

Snakes came forth from the walls, and surrounded Lekrum, ready to take him to hell. It was like playing chess with her. 'I know what you guard,' Lekrum said. 'I know your secret.'

'You have the pencil of death,' Lekrum said. 'You have painted all this. And I am going to break that pencil.'

Korshe grasped her heart. 'No, stay away from that,' she said.

'There is one painting inspiring you,' Lekrum said. 'The ravens' painting.'

'Who told you that,' Korshe said in a shock. 'Who are you.'

'My lions heart,' Lekrum said. 'You stole this painting from me.'

'No, that is not true,' Korshe said. 'Guards, grasp him !' she shrieked. Watchers of stone came out of the wall, stone archers and spearthrowers. 'Get him,' she said. Behind her there was a raven of stone.

'You have turned my raven into stone,' Lekrum said.

Lekrum woke up in sweat. He remembered the Fool's Hill where he was born. He remembered the ravens painting once stolen. He remembered the fortress and the old fortress. He remembered how he always wanted to live on the other side of the land. This spirit had it's nails deep into him. An insectian world was always luring him, but it was forbidden. He longed for Venus, to drink from her milk. He was in a skeleton mill. It was a funeral business. He longed to burn and rise like a phoenix. He longed for the crematorium. He longed to be reborn in the urn, to be reborn in the fire, to get free from the graveyard.

The hills were burning. The sun was bathing itself. There was a new fire in Lekrum's heart. It was like Venus was visiting Mars, and a new planet was rising : Pythia. Venus flew before him with wings of fire. Korshe was falling out of the heavens, and Lekrum was taking her place. She had always been his evil twinsister. Through the tunnel of fire he escaped. He received a winged helmet. The old fortress in his head was falling.

Samson - Barbarian Fiction

Mountain of Time

When Samson went to the underworld his fight against the Philistines went on. He had help from a few women and some giant birds who seemed to come from an unknown place. By their beaks they pierced the faces of some Philistine soldiers, while their blood started to flow. 'Oh, did you come here to punish us ?' some of the Philistines shouted. Samson took his sword and beheaded many of them. While he roared he laid his mouth against their flesh to eat. He was hungry, as when he was in the dungeon they didn't give him much to eat. Now the blood was flowing from his mouth, and it tasted good. Flesh and blood of the Philistines was always good of taste. But a few skeletons, tall and dressed in garments, were coming closer to Samson. They saw his pride and his bloodlust, and they chained him by invisible chains, by their stare. They saw his beautiful belts and jewelry, and they wondered how they could get it away from them.

A woman halfnaked came forward to Samson, and caressed his jewelry. She asked him if he would come with her, as the skeletons were looking for prey. She wanted to protect him, and she seemed to be the only one who could do that in these realms. So Samson took the offering, and walked with her to a jeweled portal. Behind the portal was her house. She gave him something to drink and some fruits to eat. 'I wonder where you are coming from, traveler,' the woman said. 'Oh, I come from the world of Philistines,' Samson said. 'I have beaten some giants, and now I want more.'

'What is it that you want, warrior ?' the woman asked.

'I want to bath in the riches of heaven and hell,' Samson said, 'but I know I have to defeat dragons and monsters for that, and a lot of Philistines and their skeletons.'

'Oh yes,' the woman said. 'But I can help you with that. I can be a warrior at your side.'

The woman showed him a red sword by which she fought, and by which she had gained a high ruler position in these realms. 'I have sent you the giant birds,' the woman said, 'and you need them to come deeper in these realms. Come with me.' Then the woman walked to a place behind her house where the giant birds were. 'Take a bird,' she said. Samson climbed on a bird and she did the same. Then the birds started to bring them across a huge ravine.

'I can tell you where you have to go, Samson,' the woman shouted. 'You need to go to the oracle for direction.'

'Where is that ?' Samson asked.

'It's on an island far away across the sea of the underworld. But the birds will bring us there,' the woman shouted.

Within a few hours they came on the island, and after walking awhile they came to an open space in the jungle behind the beach, where something like a feathered wheel stood on a stake. The woman explained to Samson how it all worked, and within a short time smoke seemed to come from the oracle and a voice spoke : 'You must defeat the lords of time, Samson, as time is such a trickster and will lead you to useless wars. Don't become a slave-gladadiator of the underworld, for the wars will make you age. Defeat the evil time lords and you will gain eternal life.'

Samson rose his sword, and the giant birds flew around him. 'Where are those evil time lords you speak about, oh oracle of the underworld, and how do I know you aren't tricking me either ? I am a warrior for life and I will not lay my sword down. My strength is in my long hair and the jewels I have gained on my weapons and on my belt. I need to use my strength, not only against evil time lords, but also against the dragons, the Philistines and their skeletons.'

'As you wish,' the oracle spoke. 'But I will only show you where the time lords live until you lay down all your other battles. It is time which has enslaved you, and time lets you fight against all sorts of illusions to trap you even deeper. Do you want to be a slave-warrior ?'

'It is good to be a slave,' Samson said. 'I am a slave of my masters. They take care of me, and I take care of them. I also am a slave of good women.'

'As you wish,' the oracle spoke. 'I cannot help you in your wishes as you have given yourself to illusions. You cannot get both sides of the coin.' Then Samson found out that the woman and her birds had vanished, and he started to think that maybe the oracle was right. Maybe he was just following illusions to get deeper trapped. He knew that the underworld was full of dangers, and he didn't trust the Philistines and their skeletons. Then the oracle showed him that help offered in the war was always of the enemy itself, as a great conspiracy and trick, the greatest of the underworld. Samson got scared, for how deep was he already ? And could he trust the oracle. It more and more seemed to be wise, but he knew the enemy could be wise too. Wisdom was a weapon. Then Samson bowed down to the oracle and begged it to tell him where he could find the time lords, and how he had to defeat them.

'Give me your sword,' the oracle said. 'Sacrifice it to me, as it was a gift of the time lords to confuse you and to bind you in time. Sacrifice also your belt.' Samson obeyed, while the oracle started to spin as by strange winds. 'The evil nights are coming Samson,' the oracle

whispered in many voices. 'They will show you that there is only evil. They will bring you to the mountain of the evil time lords, and they will show you how to master them.'

'How many evil lords of time are there ?' Samson asked.

'Hundred and seven,' the oracle spoke.

That night the evil voices came, and took Samson to the mountain in an evil storm by a carriage made of fire. The evil time lords stood tall on the dark mountain like flames. The sight struck Samson. All of a sudden he saw so many skulls around him. 'Throw those skulls at them,' the evil voices spoke, and Samson did what they asked.

'These skulls are the evil stones,' the voices whispered. Samson got confused, like the time lords struck his head by unknown powers. 'Don't challenge the lords,' a dark voice spoke.

'I will master you,' Samson roared while he rose another skull. 'I will master time and will get free of it's illusions.'

'Then you better come not any closer, or we will chain you forever,' the dark voice said.

The skulls started to burn because of the flames, and they seemed to speak. 'The death speaks by time,' the skulls said.

'Then what a pity you are all dead,' the dark voice spoke.

'Dead isn't the word,' the skulls spoke. 'We're evil, and evil is a timeless power. We speak by eternity.'

Then the flames started to shriek, and the dark voice became higher and higher. Soon they fell from the mountain into a ravine. 'Now take the mountain,' the evil voices spoke. 'Is it that easy ?' Samson asked.

'Yes,' the evil voices said. 'No need to wage any more wars.' Then the charriot came closer to the mountain, and Samson stepped out. It was here he felt his heart again, beating with a new rythm.

The Three Swords

Samson was on his way to the cruptiti-skeletons, the guards between the kingdom of death and the kingdom of hell. He slayed them all merciless by his sword. He was now carrying the Eternal Sword since he had destroyed the evil time lords. In the depths of hell he found the oracle clock, which was a timeless device like a jewel, like a riddle, and he put it into his sword. Now the sword would guide him forever. He had defeated the flames of time, but now he had to learn how to master it further. The king of the cruptiti-skeletons carried the Sword of Time, but Samson could easily destroy him by the Eternal Sword, and he threw the Sword of Time into the Abyss of Fire. Samson would dominate time now, but he also had another task : to dominate the numbers, as numbers were also the illusions in the underworld by which dragons could split themselves for some trickery. If they would split themselves by numbers they would be able to divide and turn themselves into women, men or snakes, but they could also turn themselves into objects. Samson knew that everything around him was dangerous, and that he had to come into enlightenment by mastering the numbers to find a good survey. It was by a long journey Samson finally found the Sword of Infiniti. He had two powerfull swords now by which he could go deeper in the underworld. Samson was a savage and a barbarian searching for the jungles of the underworld, and it finally brought him to the West of the garden of Eeden. He wanted to live with the predators, as they would carry the flames of eternal life. If he wouldn't become a predator like them, he wouldn't live forever. So many dangers were lurking around, so Samson had to paint himself with the colours of war and hunt, or he wouldn't survive. So many creatures wanted to take him away to let him burn in hell or rot away in the prisons of death, but Samson didn't want to waste his time like that. He wanted to go deeper, to search for the treasures of the underworld, to bath in it's riches. He had been armed already by the most precious jewelry smoothly attached to his belt.

If there were any skeletons they were at the West of the garden of Eeden, where they seemed to guard many treasures and many portals to the deeper and larger jungles of the underworld. Samson desired these treasures, and he could easily defeat the skeleton-watchers. Since he had found the swords everything seemed to be much easier. But there was another big enemy

: language. Some of the skeletons would speak spells out over him, in all sorts of unknown languages, while Samson felt like there were things breaking in his mind. Finally he found a third sword : the Sword of Silence. This sword seemed to bring forth a lot of softness, a softness stronger than any sharpness. Powers came forth from the sword so soft that they could easily break bones. He could let them crumble into powders. When he would aim his sword his enemy wouldn't be able to speak anymore, as by the softness muscles seemed to melt away, and the tongue got paralyzed. It was by the Sword of Silence Samson could finally open the portal to the jungles of flesh and blood. Here he could materialize into the natural world again to settle his throne. He would rule them all. It was called the return of Samson, and this all happened by the three swords. He became almost invincible by these three swords. He would bring justice now from this throne, and a lot of others who followed him could materialize into the natural world.

Samson had now crossed the fire which kept the natural world and the underworld apart, and this all by the power of the three swords. These three swords meant everything to him, and he carried them at his back to grasp them whenever he needed them. He still needed to master so many things, but the three swords gave him hope and strength. They led him. Nothing could give him more love and passion but these three swords. He slayed snakes and dragons by them, and came to the tops and depths of the natural world by them. Samson was a soft man. He didn't give anything for hardness, but by his softness he was very tight and powerful. He brought a new order : the order of softness. And this all by the three swords, who were his three kings. It was a long path to this kingdom, finally setting him free. He had come to the bottomless and topless pit from where strange powers seemed to stream and rule. He had worked for this pit in bitter years, but it had finally rebuilt him. He had been wounded by this pit, but it had finally healed him and empowered him almightily. It had offered him eternal life after the deep deaths, and had offered him the riches after a deep poverty. No one could stand before Samson's throne, as first weakness would let them fall, and then by a strange power at his command or by a word they would rise to their feet again. But so many weren't worth to rise again, so Samson let them sleep. So many he would lead to the eternal sleep and the eternal dreams, as in the natural life they would be too dangerous. Samson was a soft and smooth man. He would let everything slide as in a process, a process of evolution.

Traghar I

I remember the first time I met Traghar. It was in winter and I was staring at a painting in a certain hotel I was together with a friend. We were there for some business, and I remember I was totally absorbed by that painting. I went to sleep early, and I dreamt of Traghar coming to me. He had just cut off the head of some Martian demonking, and while the blood was still dripping from the head he was speaking. He told me he needed me to build a new world, a new Mars. I remember his friendly eyes and his friendly speaking. He was very kind. I just didn't understand why he needed me to rebuild Mars, and how would I do that ? Suddenly I saw a rope before my eyes, and when I took it in my hands it took me up. I was going to Mars. I couldn't believe it. I had never had such a strange dream. It was so real. First Traghar showed me the nature of Mars, the beasts, like lions, panthers and so forth. His appearance was very friendly, and he seemed to be friends with big big snakes, who slid around him all the time. I remember he asked me if I wanted to live in this world. His knife was very bloody. He looked very savage, and had some torn rags. Some cats came and seemed to care for him. After awhile big apes came forward, also caring for him. He seemed to have a lot of friends on Mars. One of his snakes also started to slide around me. The jungle was beautiful here. There were a lot of snakes, also sliding in trees. In the distance there were rivers, and I could also see some camps.

There were also big red hairy spiders with indians on them. I do not know how long I was on Mars, but too soon I woke up already. I didn't want to come out of bed. I felt sick, like I had been stung by an exotic insect or something. I was very tired and had headaches. But I was still in the hotel and the next day someone brought me home. I was still very sick, shivering from cold. What was going on ? Was this real ?

Years later I had my second encounter with Traghar. This time it wasn't a dream. He really came to my house, and started to talk. He had a spaceship in the forest, and we would go there so that we could reach Mars. I was very excited. It took a few days before we got to Mars.

When we were finally there I knew this time I wouldn't wake up, as this was for real, no dream. Traghar was very friendly, but also here I got sick and needed to sleep. Traghar gave me some pills and I started to hallucinate almost, while he rubbed a certain oil on my body with a strange smell.

In the distance it was like red smoke came from the mountains, and it was like there were big skulls resting in the higher parts of the mountains. This time Traghar showed me the head of a black demonemperor of Mars. He had the face of a monstrous panther. Traghar told me how

he went to the place of the emperor, guarded by black panthers, and how he slayed them all. After that he beheaded the emperor. There was also a horrible fight against a red snake until Traghar could plunder the treasures of the emperor. The best treasure was a magical knife of savages.

The magical knife of savages had power over lions, tigers and many other beasts of Mars, and soon Traghar became lord of the wilderness and the jungle. There was no one who could decorate the jungle like Traghar did. He was a master builder and a god. By his strength he could remove the biggest and heaviest stones and rocks, and elephants helped him in building a total new structure.

Traghar wanted to build an age of peace on Mars, after all the bloody wars. He would stand on the mountains to shout for peace. I still remember him standing there with his rags and his magical knife of savages. I remember the great love this man had for Mars. After awhile he brought me back to earth in his spaceship. I started to write books, but not about him. The books were pretty childish and I seemed to forget about him for a great deal. So many things in life totally absorbed me. The third time I had an encounter with Traghar was many years later, and this time it was an encounter of doom. In the middle of the night he came to me and baptized me in blood. This time he was in rage, and he came like a storm. There was fire and light all around me, and at the same time so much darkness.

He took me to Mars again in a storm, and this time Mars was bathing in blood. There was a big war going on. Traghar fought on the side of the bloodiest Indians you could imagine. It was a fight against monkeys. I saw spears raging through the atmosphere of dust. Finally the Indians won the war. We came into a camp where also Traghar had his tent. I can remember there were a lot of skulls of lions and tigers. It seemed like there had been a war against the cats as well, but they didn't tell much about it.

It seemed they had many problems with their attempts to establish peace. After awhile Traghar brought me back again in the storm, back to earth. Again that what had happened didn't change my life. It was all like a dream to me, and the next day I had almost forgotten about it. Traghar was my friend, but I lived on earth.

But then there was a moment I couldn't return to earth anymore. It was the day the snakes attacked earth. Everything was in fire, and there were snakes everywhere. The fourth time I had an encounter with Traghar he would never let me go. He wouldn't let me go back to earth again, so I became a part of Mars. Mars was also totally destroyed by the attacks of the snakes, but its wilderness could survive one or the other way. Traghar showed me some scars on his body, some strange spots, but by these ones he had power over the snakes somehow. Since the war against the snakes there were volcanoes of blood now on Mars, but it seemed to fertilize the wilderness in a strange way.

But still : something didn't seem right. Traghar told me that once Venus and Mars were one big planet : Pythia. He told me that if these two planets would melt together again the

destructive forces of the sun would die. I asked him how he wanted to do that, but then he took me to his spaceship and showed me a piece of Mars and a piece of Venus. He put the two pieces together and threw them in a kettle with strange liquids like paint. The two pieces started to melt and blended into the liquids, while strange snakes seemed to come forward from the kettle. They were very tall. But that was not the strangest thing. Traghar took some of the stuff and rubbed it on his body, and started to change into a snake as well. I didn't know what I saw. 'Do it to yourself now,' the snake said. I did it and it felt wonderful. The snake slid into the kettle and I did the same while we began to grow normal again. It was a magical kettle of savages. I still didn't have an idea how Traghar would melt Mars and Venus together by it, but so many snakes seemed to come forth from the kettle, and they grew bigger and bigger. 'It won't take long now,' Traghar said.

It was one of the most amazing things I saw in my life. Venus coming closer and closer to Mars until they finally melted into each other. Darkness fell upon us. The sun was becoming like a sack of hair, while it seemed to spread itself throughout the air.

In the depths of Pythia, in it's underworld, there was a huge wilderness called Lakshor. It was the hugest wilderness ever existing, and it was like Traghar had found home here. I will never forget the smile he had on his face, and how quickly he became friends with the eagles and vultures there, who were really giants. The heart of this wilderness was called Taan Naat, where the fountains and falls of blood were. But deeper in Taan Naat there were deserts and dry wildernesses, where hunger was floating like a ghost. It was a place bearing a lot of secrets. There were misty palaces in the distance, and they seemed to be made of bones. It was a long trip through the dustdesert before we reached such a palace. We went downstairs where strange fluids were flowing. It had a strange smell, but because we were under dust we washed ourselves in it. We did not know anything of this world. We decided to swim a bit further in the fluids, until we came to a place like an underground jungle. There were strange palms growing here with strange coconuts, while women seemed to wash themselves by the everflowing milk. Soon we found out that gorillas were dominating this place. The women told us that they had a temple in which they worshipped a coconut-snake. The coconut-snake would keep them in hypnosis by which they burdened and repressed the women.

The women showed us the way to this temple, and soon Traghar had slain the coconut-snake. But then her shrieking monkeys seemed to wake up, and we had to fight against their remnant for a few days. In these days the women fought on our side, but many died. In the depths of the castle Traghar found a door to a certain treasure room, but even more important : It was a doorway.

We came in a flowerfield after walking through many treasure rooms. Snakes slid here around pillars, high pillars, and it looked like heaven here. Traghar bowed down before a well and started to drink. I started to drink as well. The waters were lovely here, full of flowers.

The waters were charged by a certain seed, and we got strong hallucinations.

For Traghar it was a new beginning, also for me, and we decided to stay friends.

The End

Traghar II

I will never forget the smile on Traghar's face when he reached Orion through a secret doorway in Taan Naat. It was the flame of Pythia finally bringing him here. He had been an astronaut for awhile, and finally he had reached this piece of paradise. I could write a book about his smile. He lost so many of his burdens. He was a released man.

I woke him up the next day. I showed him his armor made of skeleton-toes. He needed such an armor here on Orion. Traghar would be an Orion warrior now. It was time for him to say goodbye to Mars. Pythia had been an excellent bridge. Taan Naat was the well of glory, the depths of Pythia, forming the connection between Mars and Orion. Here Traghar found rebirth, where he became a soldier of death. He didn't serve the old order anymore. Mars had always been a strangling python around him. It was now a war against Mars, in which Traghar wanted to get rid of the ties.

Orion raised him tall. There was no return for him anymore. He had been abducted, and he wanted it. There was no force taking him back anymore.

He raised his sword and ruled his kingdom. He stood in his jungle, on the biggest branch he ever stood on. He could watch Orion for days and days. Just staring. This was his place now. Here he had the helmet of death, and had the command over monkey armies, all against Mars. The monkeys would invade Mars to take over, and they would abduct also other Martians to this place. That was the will of Traghar.

It was on that day Traghar met Tara from Rhodes. They would rule Orion together. It was the Tucan Stone which had brought them together. I never saw them smile brighter the day they met each other and the tucan. I never forget the wild smell of banana trees of Orion that day. It was like they were about to burst forth, and to mix themselves into the sea. These were wild bananas.

Traghar had become a dark hunter now, like Tara from Rhodes. All he wanted was to rise in this place and to take possession. All he wanted was to raise his testament. He wanted to give something to the jungle. In dark nights they adorned each other. The wild fruits of Orion made them drunk, and they needed it to rule Orion, and to guard it. The candy grew in the trees here, and in the plants. It also caused drunkenness. They could forget about Mars, and find a living here.

Traghar rode on horned predators, killergoats, while Tara rode on her snakes. He was the god of war, and she was his goddess.

The End

Traghar III

Chapter 1.

Traghar came closer to the aztec beauty. It was lying on a chair, a perfect red gem almost wrapped by zebra skin. He held it in his arms like a baby, soothing it almost. Then he stepped forward to the aztec king. 'I have heard about your daughter,' Traghar said. 'Like many have, and I will assure you that I will bring her back.'

'I will reward you richly,' the king said.

Traghar went out of the aztec palace. The white stones were shining in the light of the day, and Traghar was almost blinded by the sight. How he loved to watch this palace. He ran into the jungle, where some monkeys were waiting for him. These apes cared about nothing else but Traghar and to fulfill his orders. He was a god to them. He told them about the aztec beauty, and about the princess he was looking for.

'Nachtur Kawa,' said one of the apes. Together they ran deeper into the jungle, to the place where they lived, which was almost like a village. Keenat was the name of the lost aztec princess. Traghar shouted her name. He wondered where she could be. There was no trace.

Traghar also visited the black monkey king, to tell him about the princess. No one knew where she was. Clearblue the tiger came close to Traghar. They were all sad that the princess was lost, as they loved the king. He had done so much for them. Then Traghar went deeper into the jungle, close to the steaming lake. Here he found the princess. She was bathing there and he wondered why. There were crocodiles all around her. Slowly he came closer to her. 'Why are you here ?' Traghar asked. But the girl didn't say anything.

'Did you lose your speech or so ?' Traghar asked. But the girl was all silent. Then Traghar came even more closer. It looked like she was spellstruck. She went deeper into the water and swam to the other side, together with the crocodiles. 'Hey, wait,' Traghar said loud. Then he followed her. He wanted to know what was going on. He followed her into a cave behind the lake, where a lot of apes were. They surrounded her. 'May I ask what is going on,' Traghar said. But the girl didn't answer.

Traghar wanted to take her back to the aztec king, but she didn't want. It looked like she was under a spell, or she had lost her memory. 'What can I do for you ?' Traghar asked. Then suddenly a monkey took Traghar and pushed him hard into the water. The girl hid behind this big ape. Traghar didn't want to upset her, but on the other hand he had the feeling that she was a captive. He had to use wisdom now. The monkeys became more angry, and Traghar really had to leave now, as he didn't want to cause a bloodbath because of the presence of the princess. In the night he returned to the cave, but there was no one. He went deeper into the wilderness behind the steaming lake, where he found the girl sleeping between the apes. Carefully he took her on his back, and climbed into a tree, and then went from tree to tree by lianas.

When he came into the aztec palace the princess was still sleeping. The king was glad to see her. But soon there was an invasion of apes in the palace, as they wanted the princess back. Traghar had never seen so many apes in his whole life. But this time he just had to cause a bloodbath. The pillars were shaking. Traghar called for Kendira the lion, and when the lion showed up, the bloodbath became even greater. Later the king found out that the princess was

not really the princess but a clone of her, made of rubber, and it was almost perfect. Tragar had just taken a doll. This was why the princess didn't speak.

Tragar went deeper into the jungle. After a long run of many hours he came to a temple who had two clones of her before the portal. They didn't speak, but they were armed. Tragar could escape from them and entered the temple. There another clone of the princess was sitting on a throne, but this clone could speak.

'What have you done to the princess,' Tragar asked.

'Oh, she is safe with us,' the clone said. Tragar ran deeper into the temple, into a chamber, where he found her in a golden cage. Immediately the cage started to move upwards, and disappeared through the ceiling. The clone stood behind him. 'Blood in the mornings for those who search the treasures lost,' the clone said. 'You will not find what you search for. You have to give it up.'

'Never,' said Tragar. He grasped his knife, and came into a fight with her. In the distance he heard the princess screaming. He jumped up and went through the tunnel in the ceiling, and finally through a muddy path he came to a throne where a panthress was sitting, a black panthress. She was holding an inca treasure, and said that it was a time bomb of the flood, that the whole planet would drown in blood soon.

'What do you want with the aztec princess,' Tragar asked.

'We will eat her,' the panthress said. 'Her meat will make us immune.'

Tragar knew about the inca stone. It would cause blood to rain and prey would fall down like meat, all to help the hunters. But maybe this was another stone. It was a powerful stone for sure.

'Ghosts are living in this stone,' the panthress said, 'and they have kidnapped the princess, and made so many clones of her.'

Tragar came closer to her, while she grasped her spear. 'One step closer and you are dead meat,' she said.

'My dad has a mayan stone,' the princess screamed from her cage. 'Please bring it here to neutralize these energies.'

Tragar ran back to the aztec palace, and told the aztec king what happened. He gave him the mayan stone, and Tragar ran back to the place where the princess was, but when he came to the temple it had been surrounded by monkeys. Tragar called for lions to invade the temple. They caused blood baths everywhere, but the princess was nowhere to be found.

'It is almost time this planet to be drowned in blood,' a voice said.

Tragar didn't know where the voice was coming from.

'What is that stone you have there,' the voice said.

'It is the maya stone,' Traghar said, 'the bleeding mouth, the princess asked for it.'

'Ha ha,' said the voice, 'the princess is gone.'

Traghar stared at the mud between his toes. It was like the voice was coming from the underground. When he laid the stone on the ground suddenly a light was blinding them all. The lions started roaring and the ground seemed to open itself up. There he heard the screaming of the princess again, and went into the opening. Soon he came to an open space in the underground. He held the stone to his chest. He saw her lying on a table, and she was surrounded by apes with knives. They were ready to cut her. 'Throw the stone, Traghar !' the princess shouted. With one swing he hit one of the apes. There the panthress came with the inca stone.

He took her in a grip, a tight grip. The apes were all fearing the mayan stone. 'I am losing my powers,' the panthress spoke. I see the mayan stone is stronger than the inca stone, so there will come no flood of blood. We don't need the meat of the aztec princess anymore to become immune. Then she fell down for the mayan stone and worshipped it. Traghar took the aztec princess and together they left the palace.

The king was very pleased to see her again. It was through the bushes Traghar could see so many red stones now, so many aztec stones awakening. There was a new nature coming alive on the planet Betelgeuse.

He was an aztec priest in so many ways. The aztec king could always count on him. The aztec king gave him his daughter as a gift. Together they would wander through the wildernesses and jungles of Betelgeuse. They lived here with the beasts.

Chapter 2.

Traghar was in the desert fighting against a red giant worm. It came out of the ground to attack Traghar, and he had a hard time with it. Keenat the aztec princess soon joined him, and they could get rid of it, and together they threw it into the ravine. It was dying there.

There was a desert war between the Esakites and the Nomiites. The war was about zebra oil, but the war was actually caused by a demonic pillar, the pillar of Znatun. Traghar had to bring this pillar down. He didn't want to see this fight anymore. A skeleton goddess called Pink helped him to find the pillar of Znatun. She was aware that the war didn't lead to anything. There was actually no escape from this war, as she knew that if the pillar would break it would be two times worse. But she gave Traghar a try. Maybe he could deactivate this pillar.

When he approached her in her desert palace he was amazed by all the treasures she had. 'Travel south,' she spoke to Traghar.

When Traghar approached the Pillar of Znatun he soon found out it was an oracle. Two powers were fighting each other to open an ancient door. This door was called the Door of Peace, but it clearly meant the opposite. Traghar went through the portal in the pillar, and saw the future. It was a repeat of a long forgotten past.

Traghar thought the only way to forget about this was to enter deeper into the desert, into the wilderness, to start a new life and forget about it all. He took his princess with him. She was faithful to him, loving, strong.

The crocodile lake was in the depths of the wilderness. There were sliding so many unknown reptiles here, unknown to the world above. Traghar loved the depths of the wilderness. Soon he swam together with him, and they knew he was their Lord. They loved him as well. The water was cool, yet it was slimy and warm, and mystery was boiling there. They swam together, he and she. They were wanting the gnosis, the deeper knowledge of it all, and almost begged the reptiles to show it to them. The path went to become steamy, almost like a swamp. There was an island in this lake, salty and sandy, where strange trees grew. It was indeed the land of the pillar.

And of course this was a pillar of worms, shapeshifting in the head of Traghar. It was his worm-helmet keeping him in this state. There were inca crosses in his head, ghosts from a long forgotten past. He was under the curse of a worm, the great red one. If he should have known better he would know that after the death of this red worm there would also be another part, as worms have many parts, living on separated, in this sense as the Pillar of Znaton, the causer of all war.

The great desert was lurking him, where he would find his grave of worms, and from which he would rise. It was a great place with many pillars : the pillar of sand, the pillar of water, the pillar of salt, and the pillar of blood, all dedicated to the great worm. Traghar wanted to know the secret of this cult here.

Travahl

The Jewels of Phalir

Travahl was on his way to the palace of princess Phalir. She was dressed in fur, and on her belly hung red chrystals. Travahl couldn't get his eyes off of her. She was a beauty of the

highest grade, but Travahl was a savage, so he didn't have any mercy on her. He abducted her, took her to a cave and made sure she understood his plans. He wanted the elite of Afir to fall down.

He wanted to use her for that. She needed to tell him about the place where the keys were to the underworld. In the underworld the elite had their secret conspiracies. Travahl wasn't glad with any of them. He wanted to slay them coldblooded.

Of course Phalir didn't tell him where the keys were, but she misled him and he came into a trap. Phalir wouldn't have mercy on him. Travahl came into a pit full of snakes, while guards blocked the way out. Here Travahl had to die, but savage as he was, he lived from the snake meat.

Every night he dreamt about Phalir. But soon he started to hate her more and more. Savage as he was he dug a hole in the snake pit. After months of digging he reached the underworld by himself, and slayed all the elite.

Phalir was now in his hands. He dressed her with the most beautiful stones and adorned her with the treasures in the underworld. Here he would rule with her. But Phalir hated him. It was a forced relationship. Travahl didn't seem to understand that. He saw her as an object, his object.

One night when he slept Phalir chained him, and fled. She found some hope and rest with the snakes of Mordid, a friend of hers. Mordid was the only one she could go to. And the snakes protected her, like they protected Mordid.

When Travahl woke up and found out that he had been chained he roared and screamed, but there was no one to help him. Days of hunger followed, but suddenly he got so much strength that he could break the chains.

In the forests he searched for Phalir. He missed her.

After awhile he came to the place of Mordid, and he had a fight against the awful snakeguards. But savage as he was, he soon ate from their meat and enjoyed it. He called for Phalir, but then Mordid stood before him with a sword.

'What is your wish, savage man ?' she asked.

'I ask you for the hand of Phalir,' Travahl said. 'I know she is with you. I can smell it.'

'She doesn't want you,' Mordid said. 'Why don't you lay yourself down in this fate. Go outside into the forest and cry for a few days, and then go on with your life.'

'No,' Travahl said. 'She needs me. I don't want her to fall in the hands of the elite again. Those aristocrats do not have any manners.'

Mordid aimed her sword at him, but Travahl grasped her pulse. 'Now, can't I be more clear. Phalir is mine,' he shouted.

'No, she is my sister,' Mordid said.

‘What kind of man does she want,’ Travahl said.

‘She doesn’t want a man,’ Mordid said.

‘Why not ?’ Travahl asked.

‘She cannot live with a man,’ Mordid said. ‘She has a handicap.’

‘What is her handicap ?’ Travahl asked.

‘Well,’ Mordid said, ‘Have you ever seen her naked ? She’s a spotted woman.’

‘I don’t care,’ Travahl said.

‘Well, she’s ashamed of it,’ Mordid said.

‘I think spots are beautiful,’ Travahl said.

But when he saw her he became afraid. She had turned into a spotted dog.

‘That is her secret,’ Mordid said.

The spotted dog jumped at Travahl and bit him. Travahl was bleeding. ‘Since I have your scar, can I marry you ?’ he asked.

‘I marry you,’ Phalir said. ‘For you have seen my secret and still loved me.’

Travahl got a ring around his neck, and soon they got married. Mordid was their witness. Since then Travahl lived in the underworld and ruled together with Phalir. They became a warrior couple, fighting side by side. While Mordid was their everlasting hope and fortress.

Inner Weakness

It was cold in the heart of Travahl. Together with Phalir he ruled the underworld. They had clothed themselves with the jewels of tigers. Their realm was full of the treasures of the elephant. Torches were burning everywhere, but still their hearts got colder. They often had fights.

One day Phalir broke the marriage and ran away. Travahl was broken. He slew his own tigers in rage, and hung his panthers. Phalir was everything to him, but now his heart was empty.

He dreamt about her every night. No one dared to come closer to him. He clothed himself in dread.

Ameko was a warrior close to his heart. He came to Travahl one day and offered him a spear. 'Here, take this,' Ameko said. 'Take revenge.'

But Travahl refused. He loved Phalir too much. But later he accepted the gift of Ameko, and started to hunt. Not after Phalir, but after deer. He hung the whole palace full with deer, in hope Phalir would come to him again.

But Phalir found herself another place, and built her own kingdom. She became a worse ruler than she ever was, but Travahl still didn't lose his love for her.

One day he sent Ameko to her to ask her what she wanted from Travahl for her return. She answered : 'Let him bring me the teeth of Dwahlar, and I will marry him again.' Dwahlar was a monster in the depths of the underworld. When Ameko told it to Travahl he got into rage, took Ameko's spear and went down in the underworld to slay the monster and rip his teeth out. He made a necklace of it and brought it to Phalir.

But Phalir was laughing. 'I will not return to you, Travahl,' she said. 'First bring me the head of a camel on a dish. Then I will marry you.' Travahl did what she asked, but still she wouldn't marry him. 'What do you want me to do next ?' Travahl asked.

'Dance for me,' Phalir said.

'But how ?' Travahl asked. 'I'm a savage. I cannot dance.'

'I don't care,' Phalir said. 'Just do it.'

Travahl danced. Phalir stood up from her throne after awhile. 'You fool,' she said. 'I won't marry a man who can't dance.' This time Travahl came into the worst rage, took his spear, threw it, and just missed.

'Conquer me,' Phalir said, while she grasped her knife. It became a fight on life and death. Phalir had become so much more powerful, and Travahl started to fear her. He couldn't beat her.

'You're a liar, Phalir,' Travahl said. 'You never do what you promise.'

'And you are naïve, Travahl,' Phalir said. 'You don't know the strategies of the battle.'

‘I know you try to break me,’ Travahl said. ‘I guess you look for a horse to ride on.’

‘No, Travahl,’ Phalir said. ‘I will never be with you again, unless you conquer me.’

Travahl knew that was easier said than done. But by the fights he would be close to her, although he knew she was dangerous. One day she became too dangerous for him, and he left. He went to the forest and tried to forget about her. She was too strong. She let him feel weak. But the further he went away from her, the weaker he began to feel himself, like she was inside of him. He got torn apart between fear and weakness, causing him to grieve much. But one day he slew a monster tiger and took the skin of it’s head to dress himself with. Then he went back to Phalir and challenged her.

‘So you came back to me ?’ Phalir asked mocking. ‘What did you make returning to me ?’

‘Your precious beauty, oh my Phalir, destroyed my fear of you,’ Travahl said, aimed his sword at her, but immediately faced her big knife. ‘Do you remember this one ? she asked. Then she kicked him in his stomach.

‘Please Phalir, have some mercy on me,’ Travahl moaned.

‘I don’t feel anything for losers and weaklings like you, Travahl,’ Phalir said, ‘you’re a slave of your desire, but you don’t establish anything. You are a windhunter.’

‘Then help me a bit,’ Travahl moaned. ‘You are so cruel.’

But Phalir kicked him in the stomach again, and this time ten times harder. He got slammed against the wall, and blood was dripping fast. After awhile Travahl woke up in a bloodbath. It felt like he had lost himself this time. ‘Die, you bastard,’ Phalir shouted, while she held her knife against his neck. Travahl rolled away, and could escape finally. This time he would never ever return to her again. He had to become a man, a real man, standing on himself, not depending on anyone. That was his challenge. She would forget him, as that was her nature. Her life went on. She was an independent woman, also with an inner weakness. She was too weak to handle man.

Travahl find some friendship with independent animals like black panthers. Travahl could forget about her as well this time, and found a new princess he adored. Her name was Effud. But she was almost like Phalir, and soon their friendship ended. This time Travahl already got used to it. He became coldhearted, a hard man. He became a no one’s friend, only to some snakes. He learned about their jewels, and soon he had a new obsession. He finally overcame himself.

Robert McDanen - Barbarian Fiction

Less Bad

Robert was an author and a comic-maker. He was also a painter. But one day he decided to live in the jungle for the rest of his life. He became a savage king of gorillas.

He was obsessed by someone named Tara from Rhodes. She was also a savage, once visiting the city to work in the circus for awhile, with leopards. Robert was her neighbour, and she was actually the reason he once went to the jungle to never return to the city.

Robert was a tender man, very friendly. Many thought he was the softest man existing.

The gorillas loved him very much, and protected their king. When Robert got older he became more savage and sinister. It was something he couldn't stop, but he walked with more grace than ever.

He was the one who could build a sinister dreadful jungle empire within a few years. He had found substances in the depth of the jungle, unknown exotic substances, by which he could bring the dead alive. Skeletons were his helpers, zombies his army.

This soft man became such a fright, stirring fear in the hearts of everyone hearing about his empire. He built the meanest traps, surrounding his empire, all to guard the place. He knew the jungle was the dangerous place where he could be, so he should come up with something worse.

He became a mystic and a cryptic. His domain was almost like a labyrinth. One day he returned to the city to buy some of his old comics. No one recognized him. He had clothed himself with his old clothes and his hat.

He went to a hotel to read his comics. A girl came in to bring him some water. 'Sit down,' he said. 'Do you know who I am?'

'No, sir,' the girl said.

'I made this comic,' he said.

'You did?'

 the girl asked. 'They are beautiful, I always loved them.'

'I need to go,' Robert said. He gave the comics to the girl and left the city.

He instructed his skeletons and zombies to build a ship, a ghostship, of which he would become the captain. A swordfighter he would be.

Within a few months he was on sea with his ship. He became a terror on the oceans, all on the green planet on which he lived. He became the worst reaver ever existing. It was worse than pirates. He was a barbarian.

He took possession of an island they called the Land of Horseflies, where he built an empire worse than the other. By some sort of substance on this island, an exotic substance, he could wake up the souls out of hell. The souls of hell became his watchers.

He built himself an empire of grace, of majestic, brilliant beauty, but sinister more than ever. In the center of it he placed a crystal. The walls around the island were so hot that anyone who touched them would turn into ashes. You could only enter as entering through hell.

Finally Robert McDanen saw what he had made and came to his senses. He had made the worst trap ever existing. Those who had entered through the gates could never leave, and the deeper you came in the empire, the more tragic it became. There was no grace close to the crystal, it was a place of no mercy. And you just became a part of this nature.

Robert McDanen tried to escape to his old city again, to leave his creation alone. Luckily he succeeded. His grandchildren visited the island later, not believing the stories of their grandfather. They could bring some magic to it, and it turned out to be less bad.

The Witch's Ring

The witch Mercuria ruled the land Traduria by a witch's ring. One day Robert McDanen visited her to ask the ring back. She laughed at him. How did he dare to come to her veiled castle.

‘I will give you the ring,’ she said. ‘But first defeat the seven skeletons, the one of the sea, the one of the forest, the one of the desert, the one of the city, the one of the air, the one of fire, and the one of the underground.’

It wasn't too difficult for Robert McDanen to defeat them, and soon he returned to her. She gave him the ring, but it was like a curse struck him. He bowed down in pain.

‘You have asked for it,’ she said. ‘The ring brings much suffering.’

As soon as Robert McDanen had left the castle he fell to the ground. There was dust all around him, and snakes were staring at him. The ring was already deep inside of him, in his heart, and now it was rising to his nose.

‘I’m cursed, bearing this ring,’ Robert McDanen said. ‘But I have to.’ He crept to his ship and went on the ocean. He was on his way to the dragon-king now, living in a fortress in the depths of the ocean.

When he came there he pushed the codes into the portal, he had to make a certain sound-combination, like a song, like a rhythm. When he stood before the dragon-king he said : ‘It is in me now, the witch’s ring.’

The dragon could take it out of Robert McDanen very easily, and then the dragon swallowed the ring. ‘It’s safe here,’ the dragon said. I’ve never seen nature change more than since this happened. This was always one of the stories of Robert McDanen, but none of his grandchildren ever believed him. But the fact was : Robert McDanen brought love back to the sky, and it was everywhere.

The End

Joseph the Barbarian - Barbarian Fiction

The Depth

He couldn't expect he would meet the snake when he entered the building. Such a huge snake he had never seen. Joseph the Barbarian lived in the underworld for such a long time now, but never had he seen such a huge black orange sweaty snake like this. He took his sword, but he couldn't begin anything against it. Slowly the snake was strangling him, and took him away to the lair in the distance. 'What do you want,' a skeleton said. 'Why did you come to our places. You don't belong here, so face the snake. Face it. If you overcome then this place is yours, and if not, you will be the eternal slave of this place.'

'What does that mean to be an eternal slave ?' Joseph the Barbarian roared.

'It means you will be a gladiator, but we will pay you good. Slaves do not have any lack here,' the skeleton said.

'I do not believe you,' Joseph roared. The snake was slowly strangling him, until a woman came closer to them. The woman had been dressed in all sorts of small jewelry like pearls strung together. She was like wearing the stars on her body. 'Believe me, it is better to lose,' the woman said to Joseph the Barbarian. 'You will live in abundance here, all the treasures of the underworld. You will be a slave of it, but it will protect you. You do not know about the dangers of the underworld.'

'Woman, go away,' Joseph the Barbarian roared, and then he tore the snake apart in his rage. He walked towards the skeleton while he had taken his sword again, and said : 'Although I have won from your snake, I do not want to have this place. I only came here to visit the king.'

'Oh,' the skeleton said. 'That is a pity. But okay, I will give you what you wish.' And then the skeleton led Joseph to the king.

When Joseph approached the throne, the king asked him what he wanted. 'I want to marry your daughter,' Joseph said. The king stood up and said : 'Only those who have defeated the snakes of the pit will have a chance to meet my daughter.'

'Then I will descend into that pit,' Joseph the Barbarian said. 'Where is that pit ?'

The king smiled, pushed on a button, while Joseph seemed to sink into the bottom, while he finally found himself between tall thin black snakes. Some were a bit shorter but a lot of them immediately took him in a tight grip. 'Elusiana, help me,' he shouted. He knew that it was the name of the princess. Again he saw the women with the small jewelry coming. She put on a lantern and a light fell upon her. 'I thought you did not want this place. You want the princess I see, but you will only get her if you defeat the snakes and get this place in your hands,' the woman said. In rage Joseph bit the snakes, and soon he had torn them all apart. Then the woman left.

'Don't leave me, as how do I get out of this ? He couldn't reach the balcony on which she stood, and now also the lights went away again. 'Elusiana, Elusiana, have mercy on me,' Joseph the Barbarian shouted. When he started to get real hungry he ate from the meat and blood of the snakes. It had a strange taste. After days the king threw a rope to him and took him out. 'Do you want this place now you have defeated the snakes ?' the king asked.

'No,' Joseph the Barbarian said. 'All I ask for is your daughter.'

'And why do you want my daughter above all these riches ?' the king said.

'Riches and rulership enslave, but love sets free,' Joseph the Barbarian spoke in pride.

'And why is it you want my daughter and not someone else. And do understand that you are supposed to have riches and domain when you want to marry my daughter,' the king said.

'I know your daughter,' Joseph the Barbarian said. 'She is the sweetest of all women. My heart aches for her, and I know she aches for me.'

'How do you know,' the king asked, 'as no one has ever seen the princess. She is veiled, and skeletons have imprisoned her in the depths of the underworld.'

'I saw her in my dreams,' Joseph the Barbarian said.

'Be a man,' the king said. 'Do you belief in dreams ? I do not want to have a dreamer for my daughter. You are supposed to be a worker.'

'Elusiana, Elusiana,' Joseph the Barbarian shouted. 'I know you are here. Please come to me.'

'What a lunatic you are,' the king said. 'But you have defeated the black orange giant snake and her bred, so I will give you a chance. Take this key and go to the cellars of the underworld where you will find her.'

Then the king gave him the key, and Joseph the Barbarian got access to a certain tunnel below the domain of the king.

'Elusiana,' Joseph the Barbarian shouted, while darkness fell upon him, and the king close the door behind him. 'Elusiana, I know you must be here somewhere.'

‘Joseph, king of all kings,’ Elusiana shouted from the distance. ‘Come and save me.’ Joseph slowly moved closer. He knew that the princess had also dreamt about him. These dreams would always guide her through the night she was living in. Suddenly Joseph the Barbarian got the shock of his life. Masses of skeletons marched in the distance, while the sight was striking his head, and fear came to fall upon him. They rose their weapons and suddenly they attacked like lions. Never had he seen such predators, and never he heard such roaring.

‘Elusiana,’ Joseph screamed, ‘save me as well.’ Then a fight started, and the woman of the small jewelry came to watch. Joseph didn’t have much chance against the skeletons. ‘You will never get your Elusiana,’ the woman said. ‘As you didn’t want a domain, and you didn’t want riches. You needed some presents of the king to get some grip here, but you didn’t want to have anything but his daughter. You are a fool, as it takes much more to approach the princess.’

‘My dreams and her dreams are enough,’ Joseph the Barbarian said, but the skeletons were slowly strangling him, and it was like time faded away. Soon he found himself hanging at a stake, while his body had been tortured miserably. ‘I want to die for my Elusiana,’ Joseph the Barbarian spoke. Then a light fell down in the horrible place where they had dragged Joseph too. Wolves came to surround him and ate from his flesh. Joseph gave himself as a sacrifice for the princess to free her, but it seemed more and more flames of hell struck him. It was like he got insane. ‘Elusiana,’ he whispered. Then he closed his eyes. Eyes were staring at him. ‘And Elusiana calls this the king of all kings?’ someone was saying slowly. ‘This man is insane. No one can survive in this place.’ Smoke entered the place, and when Joseph the Barbarian opened his eyes a bit again he saw the king. He also saw the daughter of the king. She had been chained. ‘Here is your man,’ the king said. ‘Why did you choose to stay in a place like this all your life just to meet this man.’

‘As I love him, father,’ the princess said.

‘You are a dreamer, Elusiana, and it will never get you anywhere,’ the king said. ‘You will always live on sand with him, as he is a dreamer as well. It takes more to reach your goals.’

‘Father,’ Elusiana said. ‘I want to thank you for all what you have done for me, but my place is just deeper in the underworld, and not on the surface.’

After the king had left she took Joseph the Barbarian from the stake, and together they went into the depths.

Tarham - Prehistoric Fiction

The Masks of War

There was a world beyond life and death, a world where women ruled. There was only one man they couldn't tame. His name was Tarham, a savage. The secret of his freedom was a crocodile chainlet. He was a free man in the jungle, among the savage animals. He lived from the hunt, and he often ate from the flesh of defeated imperials. He was as soft as he was hard, and the women thought he would be prey in the hands of their sweetest, most cunning woman. But he killed her. He was a cannibal. It was something in the chainlet making him

this way. It was a world beyond heaven and hell, where all the women wanted to do was the break the spirit of the male. They were irritated that they couldn't reach Tarham.

Tarham was on a raft, on the river, close to a waterfall. On the side of the river there were some women. But Tarham believed the crocodile chainlet would keep him safe. The women were fast swimmers. Above the river the trees were growing, and there were many lianas. He grasped one, and climbed on the tree, while he saw the women were taking his raft. Everywhere where he went women were making their huts around him, doing their works, trying to get his attention. In his own cave he called home, in it's depth, there was a crocodile chrystal, a stone keeping him satisfied so that he didn't need to eat so much blood and meat everyday. There was also the elephant chrystal, causing those who came closer to it to bleed, although Tarham himself was immune to it. Also these chrystals kept him safe.

The women had the Anaconda chrystal which grew in power everyday. They had the hope that these powers would finally break the shield of Tarham, the last man they needed to bring down. Aulaseha celebrated the triumph of the Anaconda chrystal. She sat on her throne, staring at it, and she saw Tarham falling already. 'It is time ladies,' she said. She went to her velvet horse, took her harpoon, and went with her warrior-women to the cave where Tarham lived. Tarham saw them coming from far away. There was something breaking in his head. He knew it was black magic.

'Time to give you over,' Aulaseha called. Her women were all masked, and they had strange imperial shields. Tarham had bowed his head and came out of the cave. Aulaseha threw her lasso around his neck and dragged him with her. To the depths of a dungeon she brought him. Here a hunger would eat from him, and the scorn of the women would break his pride. Here he would have to drink from the weakening milk.

Many years went by until an anaconda visited Tarham in his dungeon. Tarham had to wrestle for his life, but he was weak, and the anaconda soon had him in a deadly grip. Tarham's heartbeat was getting fast. The anaconda was ready to bite him, but then the anaconda saw the crocodile chainlet. Slowly the anaconda was biting the chainlet away, and left, while leaving Tarham halfdead. Tarham had lost his last power. He knew the snake had been sent out maybe by one of the women. The anaconda had made a tunnel through which Tarham could escape. The tunnel ended in a desert. There was a slave caravan in the desert. Tarham set the slaves free and killed the enslavers. He didn't know how he had so much power all of a sudden, more power than he ever had. He started his own tribe. Maybe the visit of the anaconda had energized him. There was a small oasis in the desert where he settled, where they could drink. After awhile he left the tribe and went to the jungle again.

Some mammoths became his friends. He killed some swines, and made a hut. He wanted to know he had granted him this power. He felt he had become invincible. When he got back to his cave there was a third chrystal : the hippo chrystal. Tarham was a savage, not having a sense of good nor evil. He just knew he had to protect himself better, to use his nostrils, and to protect his territory by his odor, like all the other animals did. The odors were thick and this time he found himself some savage women who were not like the rest. But one day he woke up, finding out that he had been tied. The women led him to a stake, and danced around him. Of course they were nothing but cannibals, like he was. Some started to feed him and others took care of his wounds, all to prepare him for the torture. One of them would become his

cannibal bride. They told him that by giving her a baby a next generation was assured. The bride led him to her tent, where there would be a marriage ritual before he would be eaten. After the marriage ritual she led him back to the stake, and they were making a fire. After the dance the women got tired and laid around the fire. Before he would be grilled he would be tortured, but he had to wait at the stake for hours and hours, for the women were sleeping. It was dark already, and the fire was getting higher and hotter. Some of the women woke up already. They took their knives and came closer to him. 'Are you prepared to let your husband die?' the women asked the bride. 'Yes,' the bride said, 'for from a woman he came and to a woman he will return.'

The torture took many days, and they laid him on an altar. But when the women wanted to bring the altar in the fire one of the women screamed: 'No, let us not go this far. He was our friend. He might be of use. Let's take a pig instead.' Tarham was already more dead than alive. 'Okay,' the women said. 'We will drag the altar to the fire, but when you give us a pig before the altar is in the fire, then the captive will live.' The woman had a fattened pig in a cage in the tent. She had to be quick. Just before the altar reached the fire she cut the ties of Tarham away by her knife, and showed the women her pig. 'Here you have it,' she said. Tarham she took to her tent. Tarham was very weak, still on the edge of death. He had horrible wounds everywhere, but the woman took care of it. Tarham could hardly speak, and was like in a coma. It took a few months until he had reached his strength again. In a certain night he slew all the women who did this to him, but the woman who saved him he kept alive. It was the only woman he would ever trust again.

But on one night he woke up finding himself tied again. The woman said she wanted him for herself, as a slave, and he would only be a good slave if she would zombificate him. Which meant she would lead him to a pseudo death and then raising him up again. The torture went deeper than before, and much longer, and she starved him. She wanted him to hunt for her, but at least she kept him alive.

Finally the monkeys saved him out of this situation. They took him into the depths of the jungle, while he was still mind-controlled, hypnotized, like he was drunk. They had to reprogram him all over again, and they would do this by their love. At the same time there was a monkey invasion in the empire of Aulaseha. It was the end of her rule. The monkeys ruled for years and years until wicked men took the rule: thieves and reavers. They did this by scientific experiments. Everyone needed to have their implants so that slavery would be assured. Again a woman took the lead. She was a zombificator by strange winds. She once got a ring of magic from a dragon, by which she got her powers. This ring was the ring of death. The worst demons came forth from the ring to assure her powers, and to fulfil her wicked commands. But her soft mouth was the true secret of her power. Her mouth was so soft that it became sharp. She had the mouths of beasts. Her riders with spiked saddle-trousers, riding monstrous pig-beasts, were everywhere to torment the mass. They took the scalps of all the previous rulers, invading their houses. The feet of the dark tribes of the new ruler looked like combat boots by all the sharp objects they were adorned with. She had a crown of fire, and a leather horned helmet, like her priests had. Her armory was combined with lingerie. Her priests would often take her crown and appear with it before the altars and the sacred objects of the god, to let it be electrified by the thunder gods. She had her own angels, having leather horned helmets as well. But some used the heads of pigs, bison, buffaloes and goats as helmets. And she was proclaiming she was God, while being surrounded by her leopards. She could communicate to her servants by skulls. But in the underground a giant-monkey was awakening by all the changes. He came upstairs to cause a massacre. And soon other giant

monkeys were awakening and joining the army. Tarham was in a deep sleep as well since the fall of the monkeys. But one of the giants woke him up. It was time for Tarham to take his throne, and to rule the giant monkeys and the world. The giant-monkeys led him to a throne made of rhino-sapphire, which was actually an elevator.

The giant monkeys were architects and builders of enormous monkey-piramids, which were huge piramids with gigantic towers on top of them. These piramids were mere storages for masks, which were to them the weapons of war. The masquerade was something holy to them, and the one with the most masks was the one who would win the war and who they called God.

It was the zombificator however who had organized all this. She was both the friend and the enemy, the ruler and the invader.

Lars Hemmerlitch-Richter - Barbarian Fiction

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 men 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 its 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

The Demonslayer - Barbarian Fiction

The Wolf Throne

I was wandering in the depths of Mars, beyond Tartarus, reaching for a city called Jericho, in the depths of the deserts. The gates were massive gold, huge stones. I lost my senses when I entered. I fell on the ground, trying to get breath, for there was dust all around me, trying to strangle me.

They threw me into a pit. I didn't know why. Maybe they didn't like wanderers. The pit was full of snakes, rats and other creatures, but I found a pipeline somewhere and could escape, deeper into Mars.

I had lost all my hope. I felt weak, sick, tired. I wouldn't be able to face another enemy. I needed some rest. I wanted to reach the ultimate oasis of Mars. There was so much dust here, so much dirt. I was covered by mud. My hair was wet by the sweat and the moisty atmosphere. I loved Mars. I had fallen in love with Mars, but everything here was strangling me.

There were big snakes sliding here, with orange stripes. They were ignoring me. They were sliding through some sort of gate in the distance. I went there, and saw sweaty snakes all together, dining on some food. There was a strange smell, everywhere there was slime and dust. I slid into another hole, and this time I came really deep. I could breathe here a bit.

I saw them sitting at a table, dark lords, and a lady with a lot of spotted dogs at her side. I held my breath, hiding myself very well. I could see they were playing a game. They had cards in their hands, and threw the dice. They were having fun. I heard them saying they were the lords of Mars. In the corners of the place they were there were black guards like cyborgs, like knights. They had strange capes. I took my sword from behind my back, then jumped forward and slew them all. It was a massacre.

Covered by blood I went through a door and found a cellar with the bottles of life. They also called them the smiles of death. I drank from them and became drunk.

A woman found me later. She brought me upstairs into a sort of castle. I didn't know if she was my enemy or friend. She showed me her room, and the rest of the castle. When I told her I had slain the dark lords of Mars she was shocked.

'I found you in the cellar,' she said. 'I thought you were a wanderer in need of food and help, but you are a murderer ?'

I said I was. I was a demonslayer.

'Oh, a demonslayer,' she said. 'Well, that is alright. Our place has been visited by demons many times, so we need that.'

I nodded. I could smell the difference between demons and real ones, but I wasn't sure about the woman.

'Tell me about yourself,' I asked.

Well, the woman seemed to be okay after she told her story. She was very friendly to me, and hoped I would stay in the castle. She also hoped I would guard the castle against demons.

‘What is your name ?’ she asked.

‘Demonslayer,’ I said. ‘That was the name my parents gave me.’

‘Do they still live ?’ she asked.

‘No, they have been killed by demons,’ I said.

‘I’m sorry,’ she said. ‘My parents have been killed too, by demons. I live here alone.’

‘What is your name ?’ I asked.

‘Monica,’ she said.

I stayed there for a few weeks, but then I went for a demonhunt. Monica described to me who the demons were who had killed her parents. They seemed to live in a mountain.

I had a fight there for days. The demons weren’t hard to kill. It was quite easy, and when I had finished my job I decided to live where they lived. I could use all these weapons and machineries. But after awhile I felt the need to travel further. I was a wanderer of heart. The atmosphere was strengling me. I wandered through a desert and again I came to the city Jericho. I had moved in a circle. This time I was armed better. I went into the city and slew the heads of the city, the chiefs. The rest obeyed me since then. I had never seen such a submissive army before. They feared me. Monica had given me a necklace of a flat mysterious skeletonhead, a skull. I took the best house in Jericho. I only stayed there for a short while. Then I moved on. But to my surprise the inhabitants of Jericho followed me. They wanted to stay with me. They seemed to be safe with me.

‘Guide me through the desert,’ I said.

One of them said : ‘I know the road to Demon City. Let’s go there and take the city.’

I said alright. It wasn’t a big deal. Our army was big enough to invade the city. ‘Wanderer, take your crown,’ someone said when I had slew many demons of the city. He led me to a throne made of strange dark bones. ‘It’s the wolf throne,’ they said. ‘The throne of the wanderer.’

I sat down and felt my heart connecting to my head. It was a city after my heart. The smaller demons we didn’t slay, only the big ones, the leaders. The small demons just obeyed their leaders, whoever they were. They were pretty harmless. As soon as I sat on the throne they took orders from me. I realized it was all about the throne. They obeyed the throne, no matter who sat on it. In that sense they looked a lot like the inhabitants of Jericho. They were fetish people. They served objects instead of people. As long as I had the throne and the crown, all was fine with them.

I was the one making Demon City big. I didn’t have problems with the fetish ones. They were okay. Demon City was a city after my heart. But the more I sat on the Wolf Throne the more I began to have problems. I became more tired than ever, weaker, and sickness became my robe. I could hardly move, to the moment I began to realize that I was about to become one with the Wolf Throne. It was devouring me. I had become a plant, doomed to become old, and to be a part of the Wolf Throne. Now I realized from who these dark old bones of the Wolf Throne were. They were of the old kings who had sat on this chair before. When I realized this it was already too late to escape. I saw dark hands coming out of the chair grasping me tightly, holding me like chains, and I saw dark teeth appear. I became bony, and my skincolour became darker. I started to look more and more like the chair itself. Finally Monica saved me. I didn’t know how she did it. I had almost lost consciousness. All I knew was she took me to her castle again, while the inhabitants of Jericho and those of Demon City followed her. ‘Who are they ?’ she asked.

‘Oh, my guards,’ I said.

‘But look where it led you,’ she said. ‘It almost killed you.’

I was like a tree. I couldn’t move. I looked like the throne. I was like an object, and that was why the fetish people were still following me. ‘I have taught them how to fight against demons,’ I said.

‘Well, it almost killed you,’ she said. ‘It’s a demon throne you sat on.’

‘It was my biggest wrestling,’ I said. ‘How did you save me from it ?’ I asked.

‘Remember the amulet I gave you ?’ she said. ‘The flat skeletonhead, attached to the necklace. I have a same amulet, and it showed me you were in troubles. It showed me the way, and by bringing the two amulets together I could get you out of it’s grip.’

She showed me her amulet, also a necklace. ‘Both amulets were from my parents,’ Monica said.

‘Well, you have been my guardian angel,’ I said to Monica.

That night the forces of the Wolf Throne were raging. When I woke up I found out that Monica was dead. There was still a curse on my head. I decided to wander again. But the fetish ones still followed me.

I came into a dark jungle where a sorcerer lived. I told him what had happened. ‘The Wolf Throne ?’ he said. ‘Yes, it eats everyone who has a hunger for might and power, and they become a part of the throne forever. You were lucky. You could escape by a woman you once helped, but she paid for it by her death. These watchers of the Wolf Throne are following you, wanting you to feed them, and if you won’t, they will feed on you.’

‘How to get rid of the curse,’ I asked.

‘The only way to come free of it is to go the Dark Path,’ the sorcerer said.

The sorcerer brought me to a hidden portal deeper in the dark jungle. I came on a dark path, and the fetish ones were still following me, but one by one they went back, until only a small group still remained. I came to a snake throne finally. A woman sat on the throne, while

snakes slid all around her. She grasped me like a snake would grasp someone, and a wrestling started. She took me to her throne, which was a very hot place, almost burning, and we started to burn more and more. The other fetish ones began to leave as well. The woman started to shriek in certain strange tones, and all of a sudden dogs came from all sides, biting me. I could kick the dogs away, but they came back and became meaner and meaner, wilder and wilder. It was a nightmare. I was bleeding all over. The throne was burning.

Then the sorcerer came. 'Blood is what they want,' he said. 'And when they have it, you burn.'

'Why aren't you helping me,' I asked. I was in strange flames. The sorcerer came closer and closer, and finally it was like some cool water was streaming across my skin. He grasped me, while the woman fell away. But the fire was still there. 'How do I get rid of the flames?' I yelled.

'Go back to the Wolf Throne. You have now reached immunity. The Wolf Throne won't have power over you, and I will deal with the woman here,' he said.

I did what he said and stumbled my way back, until I reached Demon City again, and raised myself on the throne. It was true. It couldn't grasp me anymore, and I ripped the throne apart. After a few days I went back to the snake throne where the sorcerer was still in a fight against the woman. 'Rise on the throne,' the sorcerer shouted. But I knew what to do. I ripped this throne apart as well, but it rose again after I did it. 'The Wolf Throne will also rise again,' the sorcerer said. 'It is an eternal throne. It can't be destroyed. Just rise on this throne now.'

I did what he said, and the woman died. The snakes seemed to obey me now.

'These thrones will stay forever,' the sorcerer said. 'And happy are those who know both thrones. Those who know only one will die.'

I had felt the forces of both thrones, and I knew what they could do. I felt locked up between these two thrones for a long time, but finally I got used to it. I needed them both, and I needed their armies. And of course I was very grateful I once met this sorcerer and of course Monica.

Abarsa

The Eye of Medusa

The mysteries of Mars lie in the fact that the planets of Orion form the core of Mars : Betelgeuse the ultimate core, the first layer, Alnilam, the center of Orion, is the second layer, Alnitak the third layer, Mintaka the fourth, Saiphe the fifth and Bellatrix the sixth. These were nothing but the structures of Tartarus where Abarsa the fighter king ruled. He had there his harem, trophies he won in gladiator tournaments. By these women he ruled the world, as they were his weapons. One of his most feared weapon was the Python Scythe. This one actually crowned him as the ultimate king of Tartarus. His rule was one of pestilence and disease, as he wanted to keep them all weak under his empire, and he feared his own army, as there was much betrayal. He remembered his younger days in which he fought for women. It would give him strength and power. He also remembered how these women despised him because of his power and his survival, as they were often not glad to be a trophy. He used to sell them on the slave markets in exchange for wellwilling slaves. By this he built his own empire, and once took over Tartarus completely. It was hell that day.

They also called him the killer king. By the Python Scythe he once won he could hypnotize an army. He became feared as the man with the strict death penalties, all by his new legal system. He introduced it. It was called hell. The Python Scythe was in this the all-seeing monitor, monitoring everything. And when certain laws were broken, it caused immediate death. It was a new order, a black scythe on a red flag.

Abarsa throned in Betelgeuse, the ultimate core of Mars, of Tartarus, together with his two black wolves Veron and Teron. The Python Scythe was holding the mystery of Mars and Abarsa was guarding it. He was the one who re-opened the mystery, having the keys to the core levels, as he once formed them, and in fact he was the keys. He was a Medusa Warrior, holding her eye, as he was the eye himself.

Many would fall for his Python Scythe, and those who did not risked to be struck by sudden death. The Python Scythe demanded total devotion. Medusa herself was a sense of death. He wanted to raise her. She lived inside of him as an enigma. She could only be approached by a mediator, but both the mediator and the user of the mediator would die. Abarsa knew about this, but he knew also that there was no other option. He approached her by the Python Scythe, which caught a glimpse of her, and was immediately melting. Abarsa ran away but was grasped by a fire. Hours of torment followed, in which he was losing everything. His skin was burning.

'Why have you approached me !' Medusa shouted. 'Why have you woken me !'

'As I want to recreate Mars,' Abarsa said.

'Well, you are dying for it,' Medusa spoke.

'I know,' Abarsa said.

'And I will take everything away from you,' Medusa said.

'As long as Mars will be recreated,' said Abarsa.

'Oh, I will,' Medusa spoke, 'I will.'

Soon Abarsa was surrounded by copper soldiers, who stang him by their spears.

'Give him the poison !' Medusa yelled.

An old man came forward with a cup. Abarsa became like drunk and had to drink. Then he fell down. 'Now take his powers !' Medusa said to the old man.

'He will be my armory,' Medusa spoke. 'He is my eye, he is my mask.' Then she threw his dead body in a kettle, and soon she covered herself with it's sauce. 'The queen of the universe I am.'

She took the lifeless body of Abarsa and kissed him. 'And you will be my king,' she said. She blew life into him. 'I rule over death and life,' she spoke. Then she raised the Python Scyth and gave it to him.

The Shadow of the

Dragon

Betelgeusian Fiction

The pillars in the dragonian castle-temple were high and thick. A little boy stood there ... Although he was very young he was already a gladiator in the arena of the castle-temple ... This was the sole purpose why they were raising children, that they would be warriors ... They already taught them cruel things at young age, the youngest possible.

Dormaki, an old man, a sage, was against this, but what could he do against this tight traditional system. They knew it, and once they invaded his cave, and hanged him.

The women were the rulers here, and their ways were cruel to those who dared to oppose their system, and those who dared to question them.

The boy stood there close to the pillar. It was hot. There was no escape possible for this child. These pillars holding the castle-temple were adorned with cruelty. There was a dark secret in the temple, the ring of the sirens, keeping them all enslaved.

The dark priest who had this ring in his heart had wings of fire. The child could not get away from the pillar, as the child was bound to it in the spirit of the child. The children's cry filled the air. Behind the temple there were monkeys in lava, gorillas. They moved slowly. They knew the dark secret of the temple. They had seen the dragons falling to this place, so long ago.

No one would sing songs anymore since that day, except the sirens. They bound hearts and made the children cry by causing fear. They were the shadows of the dragons.

Seroph

The Treasure

Moryana, princess of wolves, hidden in a coffin of light, in the depths of a mysterious castle. Only Seroph could reach her there, after a long battle against wolves. He reached the chainlet of wolf teeth, and could open the door hiding her secret chamber. It was a chamber of light. Seroph kissed her softly on her precious lips, and it was like a spell was touching her. She rose up, in her dress of butterflies, and they all flew away turning into bats.

Slowly she walked to the bridge behind her chamber. No one had ever been here before. She could only stare at it when she was a child, through the tall windows. Now she was here, with Seroph. It was the Coyote Bridge leading them to the Cat City. A spell had been released. There was an assignment of peace between the cats and the dogs. The princess stared at Seroph. 'You, you have awakened me,' she spoke softly. Then she went into the Cat City.

In Cat City a witch throned. She had tied her men of food, evergrowing flesh, all for the cats. She sat on a high throne, while Moryana was approaching her.

'There she comes,' the witch spoke. 'Moryana, princess of wolves, finally awoken.'

Suddenly white snakes were surrounding Moryana. 'You have been awoken from death,' the witch spoke, 'but what if I send you to hell now.'

The snakes dragged Moryana into the depths of an abyss. She was still weak, but she was awakening, and the flames of hell could not stop her from it. White snakes covered her brown body. Soon Seroph was with her. 'I will never let you go,' he said. She watched his chainlet of wolf teeth. He gave it to her, while the snakes were melting away. 'Wake up out of the illusion,' Seroph spoke softly but persistent. His words were like echoing in her.

'I feel so weak,' she said. She was sleepy.

'Come with me,' Seroph said. He took her by the hand.

'Where are we going ?' Moryana asked.

‘Not here,’ Seroph said. He led her to White Snake City, where an eye was spinning in the middle. It was like a mill. There were priests around the eye, sacrificing the men of food with their evergrowing flesh. ‘The secret of hell’s illusion,’ said Seroph softly.

‘I do not understand,’ Moryana spoke.

‘It is okay,’ Seroph said.

Moryana woke up in her coffin. She stood up, took a sword from the wall, and walked to a table. It was an oracle. She made it spin, and watched the white snake eye in the middle of the table. ‘Exactly, I dreamt of the past,’ she said. ‘The white snake eye is mine.’ The skeleton of Seroph hung somewhere at the wall. She remembered how he died, how he sacrificed his life for her. The ashes of the witch of Cat City she had somewhere in an urn. The men of food were hers now. She let them march on the walls of her mysterious castle. They were her guards. She had taught them how to fight and how to do magic. She had saved them from everlasting hell. They adored the princess of wolves, their princess. They treasured her.

Pythia’s End

Pythian Fiction

Long, long ago, when Venus and Mars were one as one big planet named Pythia. A lonesome warrior was walking through the snow with his boots made by bearskin. It was a time so deep in history that not many know of it’s contends. But I, dear reader, have the privilege to tell you about this incredible age, in which Mars and Venus weren’t split yet. How did this age end ? It was the day when Pythia got torn into pieces. It was the end of a precious but barbarous age, the Pythian Age. Pythia was the center of the universe, a planet with a strange

light, but hiding so much darkness. It was the biggest planet existing, and all the other planets could only move along. Some called it the black planet, because of its darkness. Even the sun didn't have such a central position as the black planet.

The lonesome warrior was on his way to an old friend of him : Tara from Rhodes. Golem knocked on the huge door of the castle he was confronting. A lady in a tall dress opened the door. It was very cold, and the wind struck her immediately. This was not Tara from Rhodes. Tara would never dress herself like that. 'Where do you hide her ?' Golem screamed. The girl bowed her head. 'Follow me,' she said softly. She had seen the sword Golem was bearing, and she knew she couldn't begin anything against it. 'I wonder what your name is, warrior,' the girl said. 'I am Golem,' Golem said. 'Now show me where you hide Tara.' The girl led him downstairs along old stairways with golden and leather frames and pillars, all marble deep inside. Golem could smell death, and soon they were close to the dungeons where Tara was, deep under the cellars. 'Tara,' Golem shouted. Tara jumped on Golem like a wild animal. 'Who are you,' she shouted. Golem caressed her hair. 'It's me, Golem. I'm here to set you free,' Golem said. 'Show me the tattoo,' Tara screamed. Golem tore a piece of his robe away and showed her the black-red tattoo on his shoulder. 'Yes, it's you,' Tara said. By his sword Golem cut the chains, and took her in his arms. The girl was staring at them. 'You bastards,' Tara said to the girl, 'for how many years did you lock me up ?'

The captors of Tara were the civilized order of the black planet. They had caught her and tortured her severely. They were called the Sjarun. They used black people as their slaves. But Tara was free now, by the sword of Golem, and he brought her to a secret place deep underground. Here a lot of others seemed to live who had been freed by Golem.

In short time Golem could raise an army against the Sjarun, and Tara would battle at his side. Oh how their swords loved to rip the skins of these bastards apart. The Sjarun had been the biggest threat of the planet for such a long time. Tara got pregnant and gave birth to her son Barkas. It was by the skills of Barkas they could rebuild Pythia.

But the Sjarun struck back, and this time it caused the fall and split of Pythia. One piece became Mars, and another piece Venus. It was the end of the Age of Pythia.

The End

Land of the Hypocrits

Martian Fiction

There was once a society in the Martian deserts, where a man's tribe had enslaved women. There was not the usual idea of marriage, but all these wives had been enslaved. In the desert a man spoke to his wife, she was enslaved. He spoke softly to her, and she reacted. Outside these regions she would die. Her husband protected her, but it was a dirty deal. She had mixed feelings about it, and the man also. It was kind of a necessity, as it was always on Mars with slavery : It was a way of survival. Women were too free and impulsive of nature, and would easily bring themselves and others in troubles by not serving their responsibilities, and forsaking care. This was what the men were aware of. Oh yes, they gave them great power, as there was a tight base of matriarchy. Under the umbrella of the male they could develop themselves. Free women were a curse, and they often suffered under bad circumstances, dying young. So the men invaded many bases of women, to enslave them to higher purposes. The men had predators for that, charged by an unknown source. For a woman it was almost the highest good to bow at the feet of such a man. And the guiding predators would take care that the women would not make compromises. It was a total slavery. This was what they demanded.

Males not woken up to this lived often a miserable life. They could not defend themselves, and they often seemed to get lost in tragic poverty. It was for a man essential to wake up to this reality. The devices of such female slavery were in the hands of Debrichiar, a monster tiger. He taught the men of Mars that grotesque was a weakness in their system, and that it could be fatal to the devices, so the monster held a tight discipline over the heads of the men. If a woman could make a man muscular by her devices, then the man would lose his power to her, and he would become like clay in her hands. The muscle men formed a big threat against the plans of the monster. And it would threaten the surfaces of Mars. This was why the monster once sent out a swarm of fire wasps, to sting the muscles of men. A few leaks in the body of the man would be enough, if not then Mars would turn into a disaster.

In the depths of the deserts there were fire lakes, by which men could get ready for the devices of the monster. It was the task of the fire wasps to bring them to these. Young boys always shrieked when the fire wasps brought them to the fire lakes where they had to begin their long journey, but it was to save them. The fire wasps would guide them and guard them. The fire lakes finally led to the great Ocean of Fire in the center of the desert, where they would receive the final mark, the mark to wake them up. This fire would kill the spirit of

grotesque totally. It would awaken the savage part of the man. It was a great evil there, as the secret of the sea. It gave them access to desert island, in the center of the sea.

A man in the desert tried to talk to his wife. She reacted. She had been dead for a long time. He could finally reach her, and she reacted to his quiet voice. Visions were spinning in her head, of the love of her man, and she felt loved for the first time in her life, and she could love him. He took her hands and she felt the warmth for the first time in her life. Her hand reacted to it. She was drowning in his love, and in the distance she saw the fortress. 'No, not the fortress,' she said. But inside she liked it, and finally she gave herself over to the feeling. They were one now, for the first time of their lives. The steel on his body was hot, and the steel of his carriage pulled forth by predators. Her feet were burning on it, but it didn't hurt her, it woke her up. She watched the jewelry of her husband, and kissed it.

She drew him to their tent, she put him to sleep, while his predators were waking over him. She went outside of the tent to do some laundry. Everything was hot. Soon it was like the tent was exploding. There was fire everywhere. She grasped his body, and kissed him, and he held her tight. 'Close your eyes and dream,' he said. 'We're only bringing forth evil spirits in this land of the hypocrits.'

The Invaders

Martian Fiction

In the depths of the wilderness the snakes ruled, together with the Lord of the snakes. He was once chased away to the wilderness by his partner, princess Sheleila, princess of the serpents.

She first wanted to kill him, but later she had some mercy on him, and banned him to the wilderness. Her reasons were unknown. The Lord of the snakes grieved very much about this,

but all the snakes of the wilderness were at his side. The royal serpents were on the side of princess Sheleila, their princess. In the wilderness he met someone else, a savage girl. She led him to the desert where he found a new life. In a desert fortress complex he was welcomed very warmly. New blood was moving through his veins, new life.

The queen of Horr was ruling in the deserts, she was the queen of dogs. She had built here an empire of slavery. She was the mistress of death. The secret of her power was the dog stone she once found in the ocean behind the deserts. It made her such a high rule on Mars. The stone was like tall rough scarlet chrystal, like a thick vein. A snake guarded the stone. The men here were all but grotesque, they were tall and slim, having belts with tall aprons. The wings of death were her watchers, they looked like birds made of just one wing.

She heard the story about what princess Sheleila did to her guest. She offered him a living here. It was for the Lord of Snakes five years of slavery here, and then she dumped him too. The Lord of Snakes returned to the wilderness again, in wrath. He wanted to build his own empire now, and he wanted revenge. He didn't understand why women could be so. But both the princess and the queen had too much power. He couldn't begin anything against them. One day in a cave he found an old man with a lot of wisdom. The old man had the wrath of the gods in his eyes, but on the other side he said to the Lord of the Snakes that he had to humble himself before the women. First the Lord of the Snakes went to the princess of serpents to beg for her mercy, together with the old man. He had humbled himself, and wanted to bring it to a deeper level. The princess was surprised. She always feared his male powers, but now she saw he was somewhat broken.

‘Bring me the head of the queen of Horr,’ she spoke, ‘and I will let you in.’

‘Her powers are too huge,’ he said.

‘Then I will let you die at the front of my gates,’ the princess said, and left.

Together with the old man he went to the queen of Horr to humble himself. She didn't want to talk to him at first, but later she sent a wing of death to him, who tortured him and the old man very badly.

‘What is the reason of this,’ the Lord of the Snakes screamed.

‘The reason is unknown,’ the wing of death said. ‘It is the will of the queen.’

‘She tries to break my brains,’ the Lord of the Snakes screamed.

‘She fears the male brain,’ the wing of death said.

‘So is there life after the torture and death she inflicts on me ?’ the Lord of the Snakes asked.

The Lord of the snakes decided to take a raft to leave on the ocean. He came to a strange island, everything was very hot here, a burning atmosphere. A savage woman came to him and the old man to welcome them. ‘You come from far, strangers, I can see,’ she said. She took them to her hut, where she made them a meal. ‘You must be hungry,’ she said.

The Lord of the Snakes told her how he was dumped by two royal women, losing his life more or less. ‘Oh yes,’ the woman said, ‘I know the royals. If they can find some better slaves, they dump the old ones.’

‘Do you miss them ?’ the woman asked.

‘Yes,’ the Lord of the Snakes said, ‘for they have my heart. I lost my life to them.’

‘Good,’ the woman said.

‘Good ?’

‘Yes,’ the woman said, ‘losing your grotesque male power and your male brain is essential.’

‘What sort of brain do I suppose to have ?’ he asked.

‘A chicken brain,’ she said.

The old man nodded.

‘How do I get that ?’ the Lord of the Snakes asked.

‘Go to the beach and wait for her,’ she said.

‘Wait for who ?’ he asked.

‘The queen of the flames,’ she said. ‘She can give it to you.’

‘How ?’ he asked.

‘By letting her invade you,’ she said.

The Justice

Machine

Martian Fiction

A martian prince rode with the princess of hyenas, in a hot spot of Mars called the Sun of Mars. She was older than him, kind of his mother. But they had a relationship, and ruled the Sun of Mars. His muscles had been stung by strange pins, and bound by stripes, so that his male power would not become like a wild river which couldn't be quenched anymore. She did this to him, she had tortured him, as she was afraid of his male pride.

But he could understand her, and he loved her. They were together for many years. Once they had a fight, in which she won. But he had lovingly submitted himself to her. She took care of him, and was his guard, but she could also rip him apart, and that was why he feared her.

When she would get angry, her nipples would grow big, and they would start to spit fire. These things could cause disasters on Mars. Whenever a muscle would grow on a man, an alarm went on, and the muscle had to be pierced, so that the male mind would not take control, for that was which she feared. Men lived in great fear because of her, the muscle alarms were horrible and traumatic. She had bought herself a justice machine long ago, with many switches and lamps. She was against the male mind, and wanted to plant her matriarchy. She bred special stuff in her garden, for once she would invade the whole of Mars to rule, together with her hyenas. She had the hyena gnosis in her heart demanding that all the bones of the males would be pierced and lead them to paralysis, so that she could raise them as slaves from there. She would grant them power, and she would grant them weakness, whenever she wished, and wherever. They would become her zombies in which the hyena mind would take place, and in which the male mind would die. She was of course a zombificator with her justice machine. The hyena mind would take over, to let these men bow at her feet. It was of course her fantasy, that wherever there was a male chest a female breast would rise instead. But not much did she know of the depths of this hyena gnosis, which would also turn against herself. The prize of such a machine was high. She was just a doll in the eyes of hyenas, a spoilt princess, wanting to have everything her way. They would give it to her, but then she would have to pay the prize. She would become their trophy.

By sweetness they invited her in, waiting to put her jaws in her, when she would be deep enough, to the point of no return. They were intelligent and complicated, while she wanted it the simple way, fast. She did not know much about the gnosis of hyenas living inside of her. She was just a princess.

Queen of Hyenas

Martian Fiction

She was safe with her husband in the royal cabin. Outside martian hyenas were tearing a swine up. And after that they went for a wounded bison. They left enough meat for the queen. She came outside with a spear or they would attack her as well. She dragged the meat into the royal cabin and fed her husband. No one would understand what they went through. The bison was still half living. The black queen was on her horse, armed with arrows. When she stepped from her horse her feet got red of the blood. She was from the south, and went into the cabin as well. Soon it turned into a fight. Shamia took her knife and slew the black queen.

Her husband couldn't move. He was still in a shock. He always feared the black queen, but she was dead now. His wife embraced him. 'You must eat,' she spoke. Hyenas surrounded the royal cabin. They had smelled the blood. Shamia took the body of the dead queen and threw it outside. Of course she would be hyena food now, and she deserved it. She had tortured her husband for so long. 'You are safe with me,' she whispered to her husband. He was fragile.

'I can't believe she is dead,' he said. 'I had to drink poison from her cup. I still feel so weak.'

'Here, drink some swine blood,' Shamia said, and held a cup to his lips. 'It is to heal you.' After that she gave him bison blood. Was this the woman who breastfed hyenas, and why were they against her? They were still savage. They loved and hated their mother. They would tear her up if they would see her, but they still sacrificed great pieces of their prey to her. The blood was warm, and it made him shiver. Now the black queen of the south was dead, the Tartars could invade her territorium. There would be a new queen of hyenas now. Shamia, once rejected by them, was a perfect candidate for it. She would now become the alpha-female after so many years of bitter rejection. Her husband was proud of her. The

territorium of the Tartars grew since that day. The hyenas accepted their new queen and licked her.

The Red Snake

Venusian Fiction

There was no place for me on the smoking surfaces of Venus, as I didn't have any Venusian money. I became a beggar in front of their gates. If a friendly Venusian man didn't have mercy on me I would never be able to enter the town. It was floating through the sky as in a vision, but yet so sensuous, full of stamina, and it was materializing in front of me. It was saving me out of a fire I couldn't control, when the man gave me ninehundred Stawrakka, the Venusian money. With this I could help myself a bit, and I got accepted into their community. For a few Stawrakka I could rent a house for at least a month, I could get myself some food and some clothes, but also weapons, as the spheres were very dangerous. I needed to find a job very soon, or I had to steal money and stuff to make myself a good living. I went to the first fighter's house in the neighbourhood, which was an arena ... They told me it was the best to become a gladiator to get a lot of money, and to survive here. I would get a lot of friends, and protection of the army. Within a few I had enough money to buy myself some predators. These predators could bring me anywhere, and they could protect me against unknown harm. I needed to become a good fighter, to get lots of money, so that I could buy my own house here instead of always paying rent. I was very successfull, as I had a good trainer. I had some skills from myself, but this man helped me a great deal. You could say that in these times I became a rich man, and I liked my work very much. Because I was such a good and skilled gladiator I also started to work in the army, which was a bit more dangerous. One day I checked the magazine for better jobs. I wanted to work my way higher on Venus. I quickly found out that many jobs you could only get after a big deal of study, so I started to study. I studied awhile in how to construct Venusian buildings and spaceships, but after awhile I

found a better deal. I wanted to work with the beasts underground, in the depths below the city. I needed to study how I could tame these, and how I could use them. There were so many species I didn't know anything about, so I first had to read a lot of books about them. It was an expensive study, which took a lot of Stawrakka, but because I worked well in the arena I could afford it. One day they took me downstairs and showed the beasts to me. It was awesome. The more I had studied, the more I could work with them, but sometimes I just had to go back to the arena to earn some more money. If I would get the job finally I would be one of the richest guys on Venus. One day we would go to a deeper place where unknown beasts were living which no one could ever tame. It was a challenge to the students to tame these ones, and to get more information about them, as the books didn't tell much about them. Here also the wild tribes lived, the savages of Venus, and it seemed they knew a lot more about it, but the civilized Venusians didn't have any contact with them. It was a challenge to me to try to communicate with those. Soon I found out that these ones didn't believe in money, but in blood The spoiling of blood was a great part in their daily ritual, but I was on my guard. I knew that if I wouldn't donate blood to them they wouldn't want to give me further initiation, so I took some blood from my finger, and gave it to them. It was by this that I became one of them.

They told me about the beasts and about the ways how to tame them. It seemed they could ride the beasts and use them for all sorts of heavy work, and also in warfare. There were many dark tribes here in the depths of the city. They had many skills I didn't even know about and they were almost immune against fire and many other things. They showed me the way to secret cities, and these cities had their own money-systems. It seemed it wasn't the end of my journey but just the beginning. It was in one of these cities I finally found a spaceship to leave Venus forever. I wanted to go back to where I came from. I needed to escape from this universe to get into another one. I knew where I had to go then. I first had to beat the mastermind of this universe, a skeleton. He lived in a huge temple on the edge of the universe. He was the master of death and hell, named Etrictor. If I would beat him I would take his skeleton as my armor, and I would take his spear and sword to be able to come into the other universe. It was an easy job.

In the other universe they used other sort of money, so I worked my way higher and higher. It was like they knew me, and it was true, as I came from this universe. It didn't take long before I found my planet : Haddarsch. It was like my mind was frozen. So many things here moved much slower, and other things faster. I needed to get used to a total new atmosphere, although this was the place where I was coming from. Once I had been kidnapped to the other universe by the dogs of Etrictor skeletondogs My sword was sharper than any sword, tall and thin. Sometimes it was like flames were coming from the sword. I was glad I had come home, but I didn't care about it's riches I thought a lot about the savages on Venus, how they lived by blood, and not by money The wild live attracted me, and so one day I decided to go to the underground of Haddarsch I was on my guard, but I wanted to see the beasts and the savages, and I wanted to live like them I knew that they would only talk if I would give them some of my blood, so I did, and this time I cut a piece in my arm, and that was the sign they could accept me. Since then things started to get very fast, and I worked my way to their tops. They offered me a new sword, and they made a gladiator of me in their spheres. I also became a rider of their beasts, and a warlord. I learned about their rules, their

laws and wisdom, and soon they showed me the treasures of Haddarsch. When I became king here they showed me their secret moneysystems based on the teeth of beasts. I had to study for a long time how these things worked. It was a difficult system of economy.

In these days I met the red snake, a creature who seemed to produce the highest money system of the underground of Haddarsch. Once in the month all his teeth fell out to be replaced by others. He gave me hairy clothes, and a chestplate like a shield, having such a wonderful stone. It began to sing, and sang :

All those of the red snake,

Follow me, or I'll break,

There's tension on me,

Don't be fake, but real

All those of the red snake,

Follow me,

There's power on me,

Power to ride the winds and the seven seas

The End

Eve of Evil - Evil Fiction

The Evil Jungle

It was a long way to the Westside of Eeden, through so many evil jungles and even through the gates and deserts of hell, burning so loud by all those shrieks and screams of the damned. Eve of Evil showed she ruled this place, and by her sword and spear she made a way. She had slain Adam because he came from the path of East. Eve of Evil would never give her heart to someone from the East. She wouldn't give her heart at all. She was a lady of wicked thoughts and in this all sort of heart-giving wouldn't fit. She had to protect her heart against the dangers lurking around her. When she showed up to be good, it would always turn out to be evil. Here in the Evil Jungle there was a passage to the Westside of Eeden. The Eastside was the good world, where Adam came from. He was a hypocrite in her eyes. The Westside was the evil world to which she belonged. She had slain Adam by a spear encircled by a snake, but she didn't know that his ghost was still looking for her. In the depths of the Evil Jungle the trees and bushes would grow so wicked, and they were often full of snakes. Eve bathed herself in a strange small lake with strange fluids. It looked like a sort of blood in another colour. When she looked behind her she saw a man standing there. He looked like Adam. Then he slammed her down by his weapon. He took her out of the West and dragged her to the garden. From there he showed her the east : 'Don't you like to see the good world and all it's riches ?' he said. 'Why have you chosen evil, the world so poor ?'

‘Oh, don’t you know,’ Eve the Evil smiled. ‘The good is just a servant of evil, and is even a worse form of evil.’

‘Then what is the worst ?’ Adam asked.

‘Oh, good boy, don’t you know ? After all the years you lived together with me ? I am the worst,’ Eve the Evil spoke and started to laugh.

‘Now put me down, Adam. Let me go to West again,’ Eve the Evil said, while a flame came forth from her to devour the ghost-appearance of Adam completely. When she came to the West she was satisfied she had finally dealt with the ghost of Adam. There were a lot of worms here making her mind insane. She could feel her heart beating again. She knew she had to go to the temple of evil now, in the depths of the Evil Jungle, to appear before a few skeletons. They had sent her to the garden once to trick Adam, and to lead him to destruction.

‘Salute,’ she said when she saw the first skeleton. ‘I have fulfilled the evil mission, but now I got a question for you. What is my next mission.’

The skeleton started to smile. ‘So you liked your mission, right, evil woman ? Of course I have a second mission for you now. That is to be the guard of the West.’

Then another skeleton showed his face : ‘We are proud of you, Eve. Adam is now nothing but a flame. He will only find satisfaction and life in the West.’

A third skeleton showed his face : ‘As a guard you will be the initiator, and your first initiate will be Adam. Don’t make it too easy for him to enter the West, or we will burn all. In order for him to live forever in the West he has to appear before us. If not, he will always slide away after his visit in the West, and will fall into the East again.’

‘I will tell him about the quest,’ Eve of Evil said. ‘We will make an evil man of him.’

‘Oh yes,’ the skeletons said. ‘So evil. He will be even more evil than you, Eve of Evil.’

‘Oh no, never,’ Eve of Evil said. ‘I am having the heritage of Evil, and I won’t give it to anyone else, even not to Adam.’

Then the skeletons turned their backs to Eve of Evil and disappeared. ‘Don’t you have anything to say anymore ?’ Eve of Evil shouted. ‘I will destroy the Eastside of Eeden,’ Eve of Evil shouted, ‘and I will show you all that I am the highest Evil and no one else. I am the worst, something Adam will never reach.’ But then she swallowed her words all of a sudden

and looked down on her hands. 'I have lost my powers,' she said slowly. 'They have given it to Adam and I don't know why. I have served them all my life.'

'I will make it hard for Adam to enter, and I won't tell him anything about the quest,' she said, and then she moved herself towards the large portal of the West. But the wrath of the skeletons turned against her, and they turned her into sand. This is why the Westside of Eeden has been surrounded by sand to this day. Her soul they turned into a doll, and took it to their temple. When Adam finally reached the temple of evil they told him to defeat the doll, as that would make him live forever in this place. Till today Adam is in a fight against this demonic and evil doll, which is the soul of Eve the Evil. She lives in jealousy, and has sworn to bring him down again by all means.

In his battle against the evil soul Adam got help from a sorceror named Bastin. He helped him in overcoming some of the most dangerous attacks by the evil soul. Bastin taught Adam about evil magic, and led him to a tower where he taught him how to overcome almost everything. Bastin said that it was impossible to overcome really everything, for some things would always bring him down. That was just the way it is.

Gorilla - Death Fiction

Man of War

Gorilla walked on a lonely path in the realms of death. He had lost his father, and he lost his mother in the war, and since the war he only became wilder and wilder. Yes, he was a savage man, worshipping his sword. He grew up in a tribe full of dance and music, but he hated music. Why worshipping drums and flutes and all sorts of songs ? He worshipped his spear and his knife, for that would bring him much further in this dangerous world of death. And he was proved to be right, as when the war came he was the only survivor of his tribe.

He had slain all his enemies when he got older, and he built his own city, his own camp by their bones and skins. He also made cages of these bones tied together, as he wasn't only a man of death and destruction. Gorilla glorified war, as that would be the only good guard in the afterlife. He was a good swordfighter, and a good spearfighter, but only a dagger would also do. He was a dark man, and he had to be, or otherwise he wouldn't survive here. He didn't belief in love, as love was a trap here in these realms. Therefore he worshipped hate.

Gorilla was a hard man. There was no tenderness in him. But he was also lonely and hungry for something. He had a few friends, and in friendship he would go to the extreme. He protected them by his life.

When he got older he became a slayer of giants, as giants were in his eyes the biggest threats. They caused all the earthquakes, vulcanoes and hurricanes by which they destroyed so much. Most of the time these giants were dragons, living far underground, in the sea, or in mountains, but even more often they seemed to live in vulcanoes.

Gorilla wore a necklace with the teeth and nails of his defeated enemies, and this necklace gave him power. He worshipped these teeth and nails like they were his nemesises. But when Gorilla reached over thousand years he had defeated so many enemies that he could build a city by their teeth and nails, and that was which he did. It would be a city of doom, like a temple so cursed that only priests deeply initiated by Gorilla would survive in this place.

And he raised his friends like priests, and he covered the temple by the rarest sorts of skins. Gorilla was a predator, and also his priests. many of his priests were only temporal as they couldn't live by the high standards of Gorilla, and they often died or just fled. Gorilla himself

was the highpriest. One day Gorilla found himself in a battle against a witch. She bit him dangerously in his arm, which would become a scar which would never disappear. It was since then his death magic started to increase to it's height, and the witch wished she would never have attacked him. He skinned her and gave her skeleton a place above the frontportal of his temple.

Scars were welcome in the life of Gorilla since then, as he knew where the scars would lead him. He wanted to become the king of death. But because there were already so many kings of death, he became the emperor of death, and he became the slayer of so many royals and aristocrats in the realm of death. They put a price on his head, and one day he got visited by a skeleton. The skeleton said he was the ruler of all the emperors of death. 'I can use pigs like you,' the skeleton said. The skeleton took him to the realm where pigbutchers had the final word. Gorilla became a gladiator here, and there was nothing he could do. The skeleton was carrying secrets he didn't know anything about, and these secret powers had bound him. Finally a princess who seemed to rule all the pigbutchers set him free. He thought he could be the emperor of death again, but she brought him to a much worse place : the place of pigbreeders. Here also pighunters worked, and again he became a gladiator. The ones of this area looked like pigs more or less. He couldn't see much difference between the pig and it's breeder, so he thought it wouldn't be such a big deal for him to become a pigbreeder himself.

Gorilla started a pigfarm here so that he wouldn't have to fight as a gladiator too much. The ones he defeated he took to his farm, for they were almost like pigs anyway, and he also became a pighunter. He didn't have to go to the forests for that, but he could find them in the houses of the aristocrats and other royal or religious houses. Since he was looking more and more for the rarer forms of pigs like the winged pigs the farm more and more started to turn into a featherfarm. He seemed to have found the ideal form between a pig and a chicken, and he more and more started to breed them for their feathers. Gorilla became obsessed with feathers, and if he could only pluck their feathers he would be satisfied enough to set them free. Gorilla could make anything of these rare feathers as they had all sorts of qualities.

The End

Abraham the Barbarian - Barbarian Fiction

The Food of Secrets

Abraham was a savage barbarian living in the underworld with Sara, his love, and his family. They lived in caves and on the hills, and bones seemed to surround them everywhere they went. Sara was like a goddess in making jewelry and ornaments, sometimes very huge. She could make the most precious webs and decorated them by feathers. Abraham was a warrior and a hunter. The family was a large group to which also the slaves belonged, and in times of war they all fought. It was a dangerous place in a dangerous age. Abraham was like a predator, and a mighty king. When he roared you could hear it in the far distance, and his echo seemed to come everywhere.

Abraham lived together with the beasts. He would ride on them, and wage war. They were killers, killers like he was. They lived by meat and blood of their enemies, and they often hunted, although they also bred cattle. Abraham had food by which he could change predators into cattle. It was the secret Sara told him when they married. And this was what he used to threaten his enemies. He would send out spies to poison the food of his enemies by the food of secrets, so that they would turn into cattle. Abraham dominated these worlds by fear. He was a dreadful man, one of the worst ever existing. When they heard his voice, many shivered inside.

But one day Abraham and Sara came into a fight, and Sara threatened Abraham she would show him some more mysteries. Abraham had respect to Sara, and he knew he couldn't mess with her, so he decided to leave. He got one half of the slaves and cattle, and Sara the other half. Sara became a dangerous woman, a sorceress, and all she wanted to do was to take revenge on Abraham. One day she sent a spy. She had given the spy some poison which would turn the victim into a predator who would be always in hunger. Abraham the Barbarian was her target. Abraham didn't know what was happening to him when he ate his dinner. His skin got green and strange brown, his eyes yellow with black stripes in the middle, and his nails started to grow. He was almost becoming an animal, like a dark alien.

Abraham immediately knew that this had come from Sara, so he swore revenge as well. He knew where she had her camp and came to tear her whole camp down. He found her in a tent, but then he felt like weakness took him over. He was still in love with her, and he begged her to take the spell away from him. Then she gave him some stuff which would turn him into a pig as well, and he became some sort of strange mix, like a dog. He was now a giant barbarian. 'Make me normal,' he begged Sara, while his voice had changed so much, but Sara didn't want to do. 'Please,' he said, while he bowed down for her at his knees. 'Teach me your sorcery, and let me become a sorceror as well.' After some nights Sara had some mercy on him, and gave him some food to become normal again. Although he had become such a big ruler, he knew that she ruled him by all her sorcery. That's why he wanted to learn sorcery as well, as he felt like he was her slave. It took him so much to get a word out of her mouth that it made him very tired. This time he gave her all he had and left the camp forever. He would wander now to the horizon to start a new life and to find out about sorcery himself. Although he found out that it wasn't an easy task, he didn't return to Sara as he knew what she could do to him. One day he met a real sorceror, who seemed to know a lot more about the spells Sara used. There wasn't a way to heal for Abraham, as she had pushed her spells too deep, and it seemed Abraham had to carry that like a burden. It made Abraham full of rage, but he didn't want to return, for she could burden him even more. Even her healings were deceptions leading him to deeper slavery to her. Although he had gone away from her, she had come deeper in his heart. It made him insane, and there was no healing for it. It was his fate that she would come only deeper and deeper, and Abraham the Barbarian wondered why. What had he done to deserve this ?

Jeremiah the Barbarian - Barbarian Fiction

The Last Door of Fire

There was no slayer like Jeremiah. He was the nightmare on the battlefields spoiling nothing but blood. He had the most women of all warriors, all in a harem. He had chained his women tightly, and they had to dance for him. He was an evil man. He had palaces like no one had them, where he kept his snakes, most of the time giant snakes. He lived in a domain full of waterfalls, dined with ghosts, and was a necromancer. He lived in the depths of the underworld, and he had freed himself from his prophetic chains.

He dined with special women, women with wisdom, and he had some grace for these often royal women. They often came from other kingdoms, many unknown to them. Most of these women were exotic. He traded in silver and gold, and showed them his secrets, while they showed him theirs. He was part of a mighty circle, but one day his dominion fell down. Warrior-women seemed to invade his palaces and they left blood everywhere they came. They killed his snakes, and polluted his properties.

A man called Andreas helped him in his battle against the women. He didn't know where Andreas came from. Later also someone called Paul helped him. It turned into some evil nights, in which he finally lost everything, as Andreas and Paul seemed to be from the enemy. How could he trust them. He felt stupid, and they led him to a dungeon in the depths of the underground. Never there would be a man like Jeremiah the Barbarian again. For they would let his traces disappear forever. One day they sent some dogs to his dungeon who started to eat from his flesh and drink from his blood. This was the sad fate of Jeremiah the Barbarian, the man who had so many enemies. His spirit went into the depths of hell, where the kings of hell tormented him even further. He went through the gates of evil where he begged for some mercy on him, but there wasn't any. All mercy was false anyway. True mercy didn't exist, as it was all part of the breeding of evil. It was a trick of Tantalos to make slaves. Jeremiah the Barbarian got confused as his spirit was fading away even more, towards the portals of the Prometheus. Here his spirit would have to do slave-work forever, but one day a man set him free. He knew that true freedom didn't exist so he doubted the man. Although he was grateful he couldn't believe it. 'But then, trust the paradox,' the man said. 'Don't hang on to one side of existence anymore, a certain part of your mind. Don't repress yourself like that anymore, but

be free.' Jeremiah nodded. It was like the burdens were falling away. There was not but one side of everything. There were many sides, and he had to stop judging the wheel of it, and stop judging the judging. He needed to let it all flow, even the judging. He was now free by the paradox. Crucified, but victorious.

It led him to the cross of the underworlds, where dogs were eating him again, and he could only smile with the smile of suffering, as he had found the power of the paradox, a strange power flowing so fast, without any taboo, without any conditions or restrictions. It led him to strange jewelry making him wise. It led him to the deer of hell to ride. There was no good or evil in the experience, as there was only wilderness, unknown instincts. There was a life higher than his mind. The mind was always judging good and evil, as an insane king, but this was something else. This was lust triggering the flame of love. What was hate and what was love. The mind couldn't tell, as the mind was limited. But the lust was unlimited. The lust became the new judge, leading them back to the unknown ages of secrets, secrets once washed away by the floods of time. How these lusts needed to be set free he found out soon, as he went to the Abyss of Snakes with its many caves full of bony pillars and lakes of strange fluids. Here the lusts got born, and he found out that by his touch he could set them free.

Behind veils in the Abyss of Snakes the Woman of Snakes lived. She was the maker of fogs and spiders. Jeremiah the Barbarian knew he had to be at his guard by approaching this woman. She would have the powers to damn him forever. But by his knowledge Jeremiah the Barbarian knew she couldn't inflict fear on him. Spirits of scorn started to come forth from her, now he had survived her attacks of fear by his knowledge. The spirits of scorn were like cold cutting winds, but again he could defeat them by his knowledge. It made him proud to see how these spirits crashed at the rocks. Then skeleton spirits came trying to strike his mind by confusion. Finally he laid himself at her feet and fell asleep. The Woman of Snakes laughed, as he couldn't shield himself against her powers of sleep. He was like a weak flower in her hands, and she could turn the clocks of his mind. Snakes slid across his helpless body, ready to strangle him, and to drag him into the depths of the Abyss, but the woman stopped them. She wanted to have some time alone with him. She turned into a dragon, and took him into her private place, where she laid him on a bed. When he woke up she spoke : 'Have you forgotten about the riddles of ages ? They are still more powerful than you, for you do not know about their secrets.'

'My lusts will solve them, as they also come from the unknown ages,' Jeremiah the Barbarian said. Then she took a knife and cut his hand, while some blood fell down. 'See here,' she said, 'the blood of all ages, all that is you. I will drink it and become more powerful than you will ever be.' But when she drank something struck her. 'Didn't you know that the blood will set us all free ?' Jeremiah the Barbarian said. Then she fell down, and said : 'You, you must do it. Ride the winged bull and you will know what I mean.' And then her spirit descended into the depths of the Abyss.

Jeremiah the Barbarian stood up, walked through a door and came in a field full of bisons and bulls. He also saw mustangs, and suddenly a sort-like creature with wings. He stepped on it, and it flew away. The bull brought him to a high platform where he met two barbarians

named David and his son Solomon. They stood close to a door of fire. 'Come and enter,' the barbarian named David said. Jeremiah the Barbarian went through the door of fire and came in a field full of sheep with their lambs and snakes. 'Take a snake,' said Solomon and ride through the fields of sheep and lambs, or you will fall asleep. Only the snake can lead you through. Jeremiah did what he said. Took a snake and rode it. It was a long trip between the sheep and their lambs, but finally Jeremiah the Barbarian reached the next door of fire. With his snake he went through, and here he met de Woman of Snakes again. 'It is here, between those riddles, you need to dwell, always having your snake close to you. Dwell with the snakes between the sheep and the lambs, and they cannot harm you.' Jeremiah the Barbarian went back to the fields of sheep and lambs, and dwelled there with the snakes, while the barbarians David and his son Solomon were there also. They led Jeremiah the Barbarian to a hill from which they had a good survey. 'In the night all these sheep and lambs will turn into pigs, and then the birds will slide down from the heavens, and the snakes will come up from the hells to prey on them. Be sure you will be on the hills, so that you won't be one of them,' the barbarian named David said.

'In the mornings the pigs will always change into oxes-like creatures like bulls, cows, mustangs, bison, wilderbeasts and such. Then the lions will come from all sides to prey on them, but be sure you will stay on the hills,' the barbarian named Solomon said. 'The afternoons will take long here, and then the chicken of hell will come to prey on everything. Be sure you stay on the hills, until the evening falls.'

'There is no way to control the circle of nature here,' the barbarian named David said. 'It is a strange nature, and it is a tight system, so forget anything you want to change about it. But we as barbarians will all live on the hills where we have our own parts.'

Then another group of barbarians came called Samuel, Ruben, Judas, Daniel, Aser, Dan, Zebulon and Naftali. And then another group came, and the hill got full. They made their tents on the hill to watch how the tides would fall down. 'We have a new one here,' the barbarian named David screamed. 'His name is Jeremiah the Barbarian.' They all started to applaud and yell, and Jeremiah the Barbarian felt welcomed. He knew he had found his home now after a long trip of so many contradictions. The barbarian named Samuel came forward with a horn full of blood, and smeared it on Jeremiah the Barbarian's face. 'I anoint you now by the warpaint of blood. Be a warrior and succeed.' All the men were applauding, and then the barbarian named Naftali came forward, while he bore a skull full of blood. Then he smeared also blood on Jeremiah the Barbarian, but this time on his neck. 'You are finally washed by the blood, as long as you spoil it.' Again the men were applauding. Jeremiah the Barbarian rose his sword, and said: 'By the blood we will all succeed. Let the hills be baptized in blood to be our eternal shelter.' And again the men applauded. They could only go through the fields to reach the doors of fires when there would be sheep, lambs and snakes. There were more than a hundred doors of fire all hiding their own secrets, and when they would have reached them all, they could be on the huntingfields whenever they wanted. But for now the hill was their only shelter.

When Jeremiah the Barbarian had become very old he reached the last door of fire behind which he found the fountain of youth, and the Sword of Growth. He met a tall barbarian with

a large white-like beard carrying the sword, and gave it to Jeremiah the Barbarian. 'Go, my son, as you have now found the eternal water. Whatever you touch on the huntingfield will become gold.' Then he gave precious jewelry to Jeremiah the Barbarian and left in a cloud. When Jeremiah went back through the door of fire he knew the huntingfields were his now, but first he had to defeat it's predators. A war started, and Jeremiah ended up in a strange farm where he was nothing but meat, and they kept him for blood. It seemed the fire was first destroying him, imprisoning him and enslaving him until he could really wear it and ride it. He cursed the doors of fire for what they had done to him. It was like time turned into slow motion when he had returned through the last door of fire. It was doom striking him more than ever, and where were his friends now ? Jeremiah learned that nothing was within his grasp. Everything was illusion, trapping him deeper and deeper, but the knowledge about the paradox still brought a smile to his face at times. He could hold on to it like an almighty stake in his life, like the totemstake of hope. It gave him wings at times, and it could let him make fire stream from his hands and mouth, saving his friends from their ignorant moments. He realized that he often knew more than them, so he offered much grace to them. Together they would make it. Together they would solve the riddle of this strange area, and area staying in his mind for eternity, but showing it's depths more and more. It always came back to him as it was the principle of life. He had found the headdress of life on day, full of feathers, and he became a chief of so many millions of barbarians on the hill, all leading them to the West of Eeden, the last door of fire.

They would also meet the barbarian man with the white-like beard, to receive the Sword of Growth, some jewelry and water from the fountain of youth to live forever. And waking up in a farm was just a riddle emphasizing this. They were both predators and cattle, and what was the true weapon ? Wasn't it the slavery in which they were living, the imprisonment and the suffering ? It was the strength of the totemstake coming from unknown depths, coming from a deeper weakness and softness in which they had lost everything to gain even more than everything, for this time it would be eternally, to open the doors of the West of Eeden. They could only ride something if they had lived in it first. And this was the secret knowledge of the Sword of Growth which made it so powerfull. It was a key and at the same time a fall.

Jesus the Barbarian - Barbarian Fiction

West of Eeden

When Jesus went to the underworld, and also when he rose up to the heavens, he came into a heavenly army, an army of slayers. He slayed himself a way to the throne on which demons had settled them down, and he slayed them one by one. Blood was flowing all over. To Jesus the Barbarian hell and heaven was the same. It had been invaded by dark priests, and this time Jesus had come to show them the sword. The dogs were trembling around the throne, but the highpriest stood up from his seat, and directed his finger at Jesus. In an unknown language he cursed Jesus, and told his priests to throw him into the Abyss of black lions. They grasped Jesus at his shoulders, but then Jesus showed them the belt he got from Mary of Magdalen, a barbarian woman. She was a sorceress, and had made the belt of the most precious jewelry to lay the most powerfull spell on it. When the dark priests saw the belt they got struck by a light, and then Jesus the Barbarian pushed his sword deep into the belly of the highpriest. He stood there like frozen now, and called for the dogs. This time bigger dogs seemed to enter the place. They bit Jesus in his arms and dragged him to the Abyss where they pushed him in. Jesus was crying and shrieking when the black lions attacked him. His sword seemed to be of no power here, and also his belt couldn't begin anything against them. Suddenly an almighty power seemed to come over Jesus the Barbarian and he tore the black lions apart in a few flashes. Easily he broke their necks, and he wondered where the power was coming from. He ripped the skins off their flesh, dressed himself by it, and tried to climb out of the abyss. That took awhile, but finally he reached the top. He had an almighty survey now, like he had found the eye of the eagle. He started to wander through the heavens in search for meat and blood, as he was very hungry.

In the middle of the heavens he found an oracle. Flames seemed to get forward from the spinning oracle. 'None of you will stand in my way,' Jesus roared and slayed the oracle. High shrieks seemed to come forth, almost deafening Jesus. Demons started to come forth from it to strike Jesus. He had to pay a high price to come any further in heaven or hell. It was like pins were piercing him, and like he got nailed to the slain wheel. The wheel started to spin, and went to a lake of blood. Jesus went up and down and was shrieking as well. But again the strange almighty power seemed to strike Jesus the Barbarian and he could free himself from the wheel, while it sank away in the lake of blood. Jesus the Barbarian was raising his sword

again, and this time the power struck it really hard. Jesus got swept into the lake of blood again. Then he stood up and seemed to have control over the sword. It was like he had the grill of heaven and hell in his hands, and he slayed a lot of demons and angels by it. There was war in heaven and hell. Jesus the Barbarian had risen. The almighty power also seemed to strike the belt of Jesus, and it would take Jesus the Barbarian up. It was the eagle's eye which Jesus seemed to have found. It had been set free by abundant slaughter. Jesus the Barbarian rose his sword, and fire came forth from it. Also his belt seemed to be in fire. Heaven became a bloodbath that day, as Jesus had returned. He didn't have any mercy to them, as one day they pushed him away. Dark priests had thrown him in the Lake of Fire, where the dogs swam. But he had returned now, and angels were falling away that day, as he came back with revenge in his heart. They had thrown him in a cradle and sang the songs of hell for him, but he was a barbarian. They had thrown him into lakes of snakes, and they took his weapons away from him, but a sorceress called Mary of Magdalen had anointed him and let him return by her spells. It became an evil night, and when Jesus the Barbarian was done he returned to her and gave her the jewels she desired. He had stolen them for her, as he was a thief with high skills. He was now winged again, and came to anoint her as well, so that she could fly with him. Back to that old place from which they fell away one time.

He anointed her with blood, and gave her wings by his spell. The wings of the dove he had torn, as the dove was the one who once pushed her away. The lamb he had slain, as the lamb was the one made them naked, uncovered in the cold night. The skin of the lamb he gave to her, and she felt some warmth again after years of tears. She was a barbarian as well, a robber, just like Jesus. They knew revenge would be the only way, as the love-light bringing them back. And then the eagle's eye struck her too. They were now in the clouds, heaven and hell the same. That day heaven and hell burnt, until the father of Jesus the Barbarian showed up.

'I want to welcome you back, son,' he said, while he clapped in his hands. Jesus the Barbarian hugged his father. 'Where is mother ?' Jesus asked.

'Lilith ? Oh, she is in the Garden of Eeden,' his father said.

'Oh, is it still such a beautiful place ?' Jesus the Barbarian asked.

'Yes, son,' his father said, 'but the water has turned into blood, and the trees into meat.'

'Fortunately,' Jesus the Barbarian said, 'as then we have enough to eat.'

'And your mother has become a bit more aggressive now,' his father said. 'But hey, that you can expect when snakes grow up. They become like dragons.'

'Is she a dragon now ?' Jesus the Barbarian asked.

'Yes,' his father said. 'But wrestlings are good for you. It will let you grow up. And who is she, the woman who is with you ?'

'She is Mary of Magdalen, a sorceress,' Jesus the Barbarian said.

'Well, nice to meet you,' Jesus' father said. 'And welcome to the family.'

'Father, she can heal you,' Jesus the Barbarian said.

‘Don’t speak nonsense, son,’ his father said, ‘I can’t be healed.’

‘Let me try,’ Mary of Magdalen said, and lay her hand to his heart. ‘A dragon is living in your heart, once sent out by an evil witch. Let me weave a spell through your heart and it will be okay.’ Orange fires seemed to come forth from her hands, and Jesus’ father started to scream. ‘I have pierced it already,’ Mary of Magdalen said. ‘It will take awhile before it is dead, and you may feel sick because of it, but it will make you strong.’

Jesus the Barbarian smiled and laid his arm on his father’s back and shoulder. ‘See, I told you she could do it.’

But then an evil witch seemed to show up before them. She was the witch of heaven. Jesus the Barbarian took his sword, and fire came forth to destroy her. She shrieked : ‘What is it you want to take away further ?’

‘Everything,’ Jesus the Barbarian said, ‘just everything. Not a big deal.’

‘I gave the dark priests permission to sent you away,’ the witch shrieked. ‘Look what it brought you. Only good things. All because of me, so let a part of heaven be mine, just a small part.’

‘You won’t get anything,’ Jesus the Barbarian said, ‘for once you took everything away from me. Just watch if all this will bring you any good this time.’

‘No, that isn’t fair,’ the witch screamed. ‘I gave you a good cradle, and they worshipped you by songs.’

‘Oh, I will take care they will do that to you also,’ Jesus the Barbarian said.

‘You don’t know anything of life,’ the witch said loud. It seemed she had dealt with the fire a bit, but now she was like a skeleton standing before Jesus the Barbarian. ‘You are like the slayer of the heavens, only causing blood and fire to stream, all destruction. You are not a good farmer. You don’t know about the laws of heaven.’

‘What do I have to do with your stupid laws ? I am a savage, a barbarian,’ Jesus the Barbarian said.

‘Now woman, get the hell out of here,’ Jesus’ father said. Then the skeleton seemed to fall away from the heavens like a lightbeam while she shrieked like never before.

‘I’m not a farmer,’ Jesus the Barbarian said. ‘Who does she think she is. I am a warrior and a hunter.’

‘Well, maybe she is right a bit,’ Jesus’ father said. ‘You need to use wisdom when you want to rule heaven and hell, to have a good harvest, or you will fall away again. You were young and dumb, and that tricked you. You shouldn’t listen to the dark priests with all their tales. They have tricked you bad.’

‘I understand, father,’ Jesus the Barbarian said. ‘It will never happen again. Now let’s go to the garden of Eeden.’

And when they came there, it was like a farm, like a breeding. By some sort of food the dark priests and their dogs had become cattle, especially pigs. ‘No predators around anymore,’ Jesus the Barbarian said. ‘We are the only predators. Meat enough for eternity.’ But then his mother came down. She was darker than ever, like the black dragon. ‘Son, where have you been all the time,’ she screamed. ‘I will eat you alive, because you left your mother alone.’

‘No, Lilith,’ Jesus’ father said. ‘Have mercy on him. The dark priests had led him astray.’

‘He should be at school,’ Lilith said, and struck Jesus the Barbarian by her tail. Blood was flowing everywhere. Then the father struck Lilith, and shouted: ‘Son, let me handle this. Get the hell out of here. It’s getting dangerous. Take your woman with you, or she won’t survive.’

Jesus the Barbarian grasped Mary of Magdalen and ran away with her. But Lilith had struck him deep. Awhile later he fell on the ground. Mary of Magdalen lay her hand on his chest, but couldn’t heal him. ‘You need to take some rest,’ she whispered. ‘Let’s get deeper into the garden, across the hill,’ she said.

In the depths of the garden they found a shelter. Here Lilith would never find them. ‘Here,’ Mary of Magdalen said. ‘I have a fruit of the Tree of Knowledge here. It is forbidden to eat it, but it is not forbidden to drink and suck from it.’ Strange milk came forth from it, and it healed Jesus the Barbarian. They became so drunk, and it led them to a new world, a world across the garden of Eeden, in the West. Here it was a savage world with the most beautiful jungles. There was no heaven or hell here, and there was no difference between good and evil. It was the same.