

# THE VANISHING PYRAMID

Diagrams



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# THE VANISHING PYRAMID

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## COVEN — AFTER THE FLOOD

Their hope relies on clouds descending waters of knowledge, vessels for the initiated. They broke the dated norms for witches in the pre-Flood Era and being the only such organization remaining, they find the word ‘witch’ insulting. Luckily these superficialities, altered perceptions, had not been among the initiation rites in which they partook —years ago, before Floods had covered the Earth with impassable, enchanted waters; before the Oligopoly had offered the women a replacement coven location in exchange for *research*.

Dani thinks. Behind glasses, her perplexed eyes gaze inward while her prolonged exhalation reveals the weight of her internal dialogue’s burden. Beside the common room fireplace, she slumps within her armchair and observes the black crystals as they smolder into green flames.

In a divine cathedra, upholstered with the skins of rare water-realm creatures, Alma sits facing the hearth. Faint moonlight enters through the coven manor's floor-to-ceiling fenestrations to power the harvested whale epidermis which possesses regenerative properties. When used as upholstery, their skins alleviate soreness with pulsations of thermal waves to areas that they, though discerped, innately sense require relief. Derived from a species of whale that GCA research classified as extinct, but rather it had evolved to remain hidden in the deep sea. From the flames, the skins’ oneiric glows cyclically reflect shades of grey to blue.

A stream of light bursts through the interior wall opposite the fire. It lingers in a perpetual rotation, as a ball of lightning, to accompany the women. Dani flinches at its appearance.

"Don't be afraid. She has been refracted multiple times. If she makes inadvertent contact with you, it would only be a little zap. But she would never inflict deliberate pain upon any of her sisters, isn't that right Alexandra?"

The dazzling bits of chaotic entropy coalesce in the lightning ball to render her a fleeting, pixelating cherubim. Alexandra gains the form of a young electric woman. "It ain't so bad. Delilah sometimes asks me to shock her before she goes to bed. She thinks it helps with her depression," she says in a soft tone before recoiling back into her formless sphere, supported by anti-gravity.

"Dani you were never this phobic back then," says Alma.

"Of course, I'm a bit jumpy nowadays. There used to be people in the world, not just reprogrammed experiments or Oligopoly puppets, but free people, wandering about, doing this thing and that thing, free to go outside the waste site walls. Have you calloused to the fact that these are the inexorable end-times and we are among the only few left to observe?"

"Maybe I am a touch more misanthropic than you Dani, and I didn't regard people doing 'this and that' with as much affection as you clearly still do, but I don't really mind that everyone is gone. You have always been worse at being alone," says Alma. She rolls her neck against the headrest's tufts and flutters her stolid eyes as her accrued psychic dysphoria, manifested in physical

muscle aches, is abated.

"It's that guy she has them psychic talks with," Delilah saunters into the common room with a uniform glossiness, a symptom of her disinhibition. She spits at a dry flower, housed in a titration flask turned vase.

"If you were to lay off the refined poppy, you would see that her phobias are justified. When one loses their blithe state of not knowing to a reality so duplicitous with a solution that requires travel through a labyrinthian maze, the fall from euphoric unawareness to paranoid acedia is steep enough to shift the inner equilibrium," says Alma.

"I'd rather stay numb to it. Don't wake me for the rapture."

"I sometimes hear bits of what they talk about," admits Alexandra – softly and back in angelic form – "I eavesdrop sometimes, hoping to hear something romantic, but it's always *agricultural revolution was the first step in the [S] agenda, or humans were varying degrees of psychic before mass poisonings that followed the shift from small hunter-gatherer communes to mass civilizations, or mumbo jumbo about anti-gravity and particle physics,*" says Alexandra in a fainter voice to mock Dani, static fades with a correlative dimming of light.

"The same mumbo-jumbo that keeps you from the lumineferous *Æther*," says a brooding Dani at Alexandra.

"Would that even be so bad at this point?" asks Delilah, squatting on the floor.

"Danny and I are pretty sure the transit of aura's light to the Æther has been compromised," says Dani, referencing her male counterpart who goes by the masculine variety of the name.

"There is that paranoia again, you hear that? I'm surprised Dani hasn't starting to question whether male Danny is just a deep Oligopoly spy who is manipulating her from a command center interface, making her more and more afraid until she implodes," says Delilah.

Beginning to frustrate, Dani huffs, annoyance that her fear of conflict only allows her to express in the slightest ways.

"Though it is amusing to pester Dani over her love interest, they are the reason we shifted from the Oligopoly agenda. What used to be categorized as paranoia is now, without a doubt, reality," Alma comes to Dani's defense.

"Schizophrenia too, it seems," says Dani.

"That old diagnosis: will you refrain from describing clairvoyant vision with archaic medical terminology?"

Days filled with alchemical experimentation and, in Alma's case, mostly theurgy. She would call. He would not typically reply.

Delilah observes the fireplace and absorbs its thermal waves while Dani and Alma watch

Alexandra's formless lightning ball coruscate weightless matter, reversible along an S-matrix to form whatever it once was to the tune of her consciousnesses vibrations: the only requirement being a surrogate component of any kind.

Time had placed something heavy onto them. Embracing a reluctant, managerial seriousness typically reserved for employee termination meetings, Alma attacks Alexandra's gullibility by acting out the facetious farce that the Oligopoly has ordered that she channel her conscious sphere into a rock and there is nothing she can do as her hands are tied; all to the end of hearing the usual, long pause and then Alexandra's submissive, utterance of 'oh dear' that brings the coven gang fits of laughter. Being a limitless ball of lightning, her sound delivery systems are delayed. Alexandra is also an amnesiac: programming for responsiveness to perceived authorities.

After a bit of verbal sparring to determine the marginal winner of the over/under bet, they determine that Alma did indeed win by guessing seven and a half seconds versus Delilah's eight, conjectures as to the correct time length before the 'oh dear'. Then, they discuss current inter-realm affairs:

"Dani will be the one to inform us. Like she used to when we were an open fine dining and a museum," Precognition on the matter is clouded because it is tied to fate. "Fate is a tricky devil. Two mirrors pressed against each other make the image impossible to view and still report back the observations; the two mirrored souls get trapped. It is not heaven. It not hell. It would not compare to those theories. It might be something else. For now, we can only speculate."

"How do we learn more about these —," Dani hums as she is too embarrassed to ask about a word she fails to recall.

"Prismic reflections. [S}, our lordship and highest ordinance," Alma says in a tone of false obsequiousness, "is an available resource. The One, if not within it himself, is certainly aware of the refraction, diffraction, interference and infinite reflection of conscious light — the possibility of information loss, energy disappearing, the violations upon pre-Fall physics. Mother Land, Father land future. Prisms are simultaneous reflection across swaths of incongruent space-time with just enough refraction for energy to rattle from the sides."

"Just knock on the Oligopoly door like 'hey, I know you think I'm dead but' — to maybe infiltrate the One's consciousness and as a huge psychic underdog, battle against forces with power I would never alone contest to unearth whatever connection prismic reflections might have with the Seeds.

"Find the seeds, sure. But to nullify the void, you would still need to complete passage through the Well and see what becomes of — him."

"The seeds are the most potent plant medicine known in our occult study. Generations of plant knowledge channeled into us. The plant is active on the level of light," says the throaty voice of Alma. She has a decorated stoma: an ingredient in a doctor's research on respiratory theory.

"The Oligopoly projectors will transform those beneath. It depends on whether you are aware of what is going to happen next and, in this case, you are not aware. Your clairvoyance will not serve you because the matter connects to your fate. However, you do have the advantage

of being, by extension, Oligopoly."

The stony estate's two-storied bones square an open interior courtyard with a circular pit in the center. Long, black streams of enchanted ivy reflect darkness onto the night garden's assortment of mystical flowers, trees, and bushes. Along the liminal margins of the perimeter walkway, winds sweep blooming red poppies into the walls of swallowing brush — thick leaves with Venus fly-trap mouths that munch the seeds for their analgesic properties — whilst four towering bushes project dark shadows from the corners. Otherworldly radiation emanates and turns to smoke from the inter-realm passage beneath, the Well.

The house residents each have a room with two large Palladian windows: one that views the country road, out to the mortal world; and the other that looks into the courtyard, to the square land of horticultural amusement that thrives upon the thought realm entry's nourishment which emanates through the earth via the dungeons beneath.

On the second floor, in the northwest quarter resides Alma: a witch of extraordinary talents and uncertain, even to herself, origins. Perhaps even more valued than her metaphysical scrying capabilities and oneiric projection is her leadership — a Napoleon complex that renders her upward glances to be both prim and rabid. She is the sole connection to their governing entity, the Oligopoly.

The southwest room is occupied by Delilah, their plants master: a glorified title as she functions predominantly as the house cook. Potion-making and alchemy are basic fundamentals that all



witches master in their teenage years. Her education did not progress much further, though Delilah had yet to be deemed expendable by the Oligopoly thanks to her encyclopedic knowledge of occult botany, also serving as the Coven's gardener. Alma insists to the overseeing command that the coven functions as a singular unit, but to Alma it is a question of 'who will do the dirty work?' if Delilah were to be reprogrammed.

Alexandra, who had temporarily, or so poor Alex believes, perished from an apparent suicide that she had been coerced into carrying out by Alma: as part of a procedure that left her spirit to actively contribute at their commune without its corporeal bindings and without evanescing to become one with the universal Æther. She continues to serve as a direct correspondent to the immortal realm, through the Well over which their coven was built. Credits charged at Alexandra's own metaphysical expense at assets that do not square. Undoing the bindings that keep her separate, shaped into her illusory self also causes her great restlessness, so much so that releasing her ego's remnants and acquiescing to the ball brings her immediate relief.

Alexandra's physical body had been repurposed for a spirit conjuring procedure which Alma continues to say she is developing though she privately, with only Dani's knowledge, has given up; the theory being that she permits a spirit of her allowance to radiate from the Well and enter a physical form. Alma keeps Alexandra's mummified corpse in the dungeon tomb and periodically assures her that she will allow her to reenter, omitting that her true intent is to grant tenancy to a foreign wraith with a consciousness more valuable. Alexandra's corporeal organization rests within the shifting prisms of the bismuth stalactites and stalagmites that hold her body — as though between square, iridescent teeth — as her vacuumed spirit circuits her nearby quarters. The

energy-dense airspace rattles to vibrantly illuminate the conjoining hallway between her room and the Dani's southeast room. Balls of white light bob and circulate the two rooms, flickering as they navigate the corridors.

Delilah off to harvest more poppy and Alexandra floating in the moonlit sky where she is most comfortable, Alma and Dani continue to sit by the emerald fireplace in their living quarters.

"What you think you don't know, but actually do know is a paradoxical prism comparable to the prisoner's dilemma," says Alma. "The prisoner's dilemma relies on faith."

"Solved every time with a cactus. The prisoners can channel the thoughts if they both have cactus in them. What do the needles protect?" asks Dani.

"The life inside them is scarce in those environments, so they grow needles to guard against beings seeking life source in areas scarce of ~~energy~~, concealing the food, water and information, and protecting it with painful to touch needles," says Alma yawning.

"The cacti we use for channels only have one needle. I find that curious. They could be made more available to everyone than water: channeling tools that used to be prevalent throughout nature."

"It is a natural law: whatever people begin to perish from manifests in a living solution as the departed consciousness finds a new form. Though this law has been reversed. Maybe we are now the plants. I can never avoid this conversation with you, Dani."

"And I'll tell ya. Wanderin' on through the desert, on the verge of heat induced madness, the sight of a live fresh plant to pucker your lips 'round. Mm hmm. Initial hypomania that

transcends to full-blown mania as the heat exhaustion and starvation kicks the adrenaline response."

"Conversations perpetually stymied in a game of reflecting corridors with ancient light tightly inspecting the paradoxical spaces midst the air's quanta. This discourse always ends the same way for us," says Alma, agitated and upright, beginning to ruminate their particular brand of recursion.

"Is it because you can see the creator's spirit in the eyes of expressions when you scry them?" asks Dani, considering it better to focus on Alma's positive traits rather than the possibility of her remnant partial-programming, typically prescribed for the *capo-regimes* of the Oligopoly's control apparatus but could have been applied to its *consigliere* without her cognizance. "Maybe it was the proximity to the universe's creative force?" asks Dani. She supposes her awareness of this indicates that Alma's narcissism and self-involved neurosis is greater than her own, which in and of itself is a narcissistic thought.

"You can see through it, through the creation to the creator also. Then we have to decipher where the eyes are. All creation has them, sometimes just not in the form of eyes as most have come to understand them. The more you practice, the clearer you see to the maker's thoughts. And then on to an even deeper level: I mean like understanding how a breath is actually a creation on air and how a glance alters water. Seeing the creator would depend on seeing, and at that point we are not just talking about eyesight: the reversed pinnacle and backwards through it; stuck for ages, rebounding the same information in your own mind. The intention becomes clear."

"Are all beings pushed away from the middles of the two opposing spectrums?"

"Suggesting that there are no absolutes and the spectrum is not finite, the limitations,

these

'opposing spectrums' are nothing more than a wicked machination for [S} to maintain its position, maybe even long enough to learn of the Creator while no one else can even try. He has created a barrier, rendering his side finite to all others. I don't think the repellant anti-gravity is inherent to the horizon's edge." Alma references astrophysics and manipulations upon astrology.

"If we don't restrict the restrictions ourselves then someone attuned to the Well's horizon of thought radiation — the point of no return — could be drawn in, escape requiring an overwhelming system of replenishable aura power."

"It's like a whirlpool for consciousness. You're just swimming along and a current sweeps you back with so much force that you're unable to resist plunging to oceanic depths."

"It's not just us who can sense it. By natural orders, every bit in the cosmos experiences this affinity."

"We can revisit this topic when you are ready to risk your mortal life and parts of your immortal spirit, but tonight we go to the dungeon and use the monolith to search for the map to the other Well. If we find it, we will have the leverage we need to initiate separatist talks."

"Karma," says Dani before lighting soporific leaves and proceeding to her quarters for a required meditation which she hopes will turn into a nap. Travel through the Well by way of monolith depends upon unseen power.

## CULT — AFTER THE FLOOD

Wallis eyes out his cell window. Crumbled trading posts. Clocks in a pile from the bank's upper steeples. The clockless casino effect is halted by Wallis who would periodically without the knowledge of his fellow inmates conjures up the forces to spin the ornate clock hands into their accurate positions. Like a lot of magic only he can witness, he periodically checks the hours for his own interest. Not that it does him any good.

Blades of grass take root in the sidewalk cracks. Life that serves Wallis to transmit his remote consciousness projections. The last cells of greenery in the wasteland derive split photons from sunlight that wedges between the Oligopoly camp wall, its canopy of artificial light and the shadows of the site's grey concrete. A sliver of sunlight escapes. He looks out the window as the prison's morning buzzers prepare to sound. He awaits his daily fifty seconds of sunlight which then escapes his former land of moon and sun, through the canopy edge, into the grass, to provide him one half a virtual pair.

A cell with a view of the minimum-security Dogtown is a monetizable asset at the Bordertown confinement camp. The mere sight of outdoor life is enough to lift an inmate's spirit a degree. The window is worth at least a month of food pellet, but Wallis manipulates it to a different end.

Wallis favors waste site 38, as it is one of the least dense sites and holds remaining vestiges of pre-Fall civilization. The principal amenity of Wallis's cell, its barred iron vista, views a bland landscape of the Bordertown urban decay: crumbled foundations, piles of rusted siding, scorching of that which the artificial sun is slow to destroy.

Each counted day, Wallis navigates the prison's erratic routines: cannibal masticators defer to auto-cannibalism in the absence of another; the zaftig with pica takes inventory of his consumables; and other abominations the Oligopoly keeps alive because of their potential value as reserve infantry. Wallis is attuned to when breaks in the air's tension are imminent.

The confines are barren and cold. A lumpy slab and a blanket that is optimally served as a towel compose the floor of the single occupancy cell.

Wallis idles. He now gazes to the unit's interior from his door window, standard among resident cells and not a hierarchical dispensation. He sees the viscous sludge, possible nourishment, being poured from the transport barrel into the serving tray. He awaits the lock to pop open for breakfast.

They do not exterminate at Bordertown. Wallis fasts mostly: food and even sometimes water.

When he does drink, he employs a filtration system that he devised utilizing combinations of scrap wire and toilet paper to reduce the parts per million of total dissolved solids. He is privy to the fact that the confinement camp is experimenting with the water. They have attempted to conceal these thoughts from him with gratuitous electromagnetic interference. He knows they seek

to calcify more pineal glands for extraction and believes it is to exert an even deeper control by neutralizing the power of a gland that all humans possess: the bodily link to the soul.

The locks all buzz an alarming drone, registering a cacophony of mechanical pops, creaks and screeches which precede a marched torpor of footsteps in decline. From the upper tier, Wallis eyes the table where he will eat. His two henchmen scramble to place his filtered oats and filtered water on the steel surface.

He sits and absorbs the steam rising up from his oats — a triumphant moment for him after fasting for multiple days, though he has reduced his stomach to the size of a plum to render his near- lightarianism painless. A sphere of thought frequencies form from an imagined concerto and its accompanying feelings. All of the prison's auditory perceptions muffled by notes in his mind. Hot air from his oats drifts through his beard and the brass starts to play in his unchained consciousness confined iteration of Wallis ascends to his own undisturbed peace.

A dinosaur human approaches with intractable haste — a towering man of a partial-programmed faction approaches Wallis's table. The man appears territorial, hostile and afraid. His standard-issue prison garb has several spots of dried blood, appearing as though he had been stabbed without puncturing the neoprene of the form-fitting jumper. Partial-programming often instills a fear of nudity, so Wallis surmises that the gigantic man was stabbed in his sleep while wearing the uniform.

"Can we talk words?" he asks, "I need to talk words to you. Someone has been looking

for you."

Wallis takes a spoonful of oats to his mouth, blows on it, and a few moments later, he swallows the spoonful. The steam breaks through his sensation of the air around him as he replaces the spoon back into the bowl while initiating an eye connection with the dinosaur, Wallis takes a deliberately slow drink from his water: a non-verbal display to suggest to the hulking man that he is 'talking words'. Wallis does not break eye contact until the man begins his predicted ramble.

"Please tell words to explain what this be. Every night I've had — " he winces and shakes his wide face, writhing his narrow features, "these terrors and they all say that you, the one with hair on his face who doesn't eat pellet, can make them go someplace away. It keeps happening. Before this, I hadn't had a dream in years," he says. "You've got to talk to her, but from a hidden place," he looks around, appearing to expect something dangerous to emerge while all the other residents routinely eat, "because whoever is doing it needs you," he says quietly.

Here, Wallis is privately disturbed and of his men steers the gigantic, feeble man away. One of Wallis's men comes forward to steer the seemingly unaware and likely medicated man away.

"Leave him," Wallis says and the henchman steps away with militant responsiveness. Wallis looks to the interloper, "so you had a frightening dream and you want to talk about it. I see a petite woman. You are quite large. This fear is unusual. Food pellet theft is not all, is it?"



The man shudders listlessly from side to side and then decreases the volume of his voice to say, "whoever it is, she tells me to discard my food pellet. Then, residents are punished for not eating [S} food pellet." To Wallis, he sees a sign of revolt happening

"What does she like to do?" he asks while pondering why he needs to ask for this answer and why the thought is inaccessible to him in the man's consciousness readings which Wallis performs on him while they speak.

Feigning unawareness, he anticipates to hear confirmation of what he already knows. Alma mirrors his channeling abilities, only with a different set of governing parameters that Wallis believes only vary from his own by missteps towards gluttony and redirection of pain. He interprets her projection through the eyes of this tormented man: telemetric recordings, encapsulated visions of Alma pushing the boundaries of humankind's capacity for evil. She combines a steady form of thought control to enact reflections that compliment her, despite her natural form being pallid and emaciated; her face wears the impressions of a fractured soul tethering to its last breaths; she wheezes them out through the stoma at the base of her neck. Alma thinks of Wallis in many of same ways that he thinks of her.

"She penetrates me in — unthinkable ways. Physical penetrations with an even more tormenting invasion of the mind: the physical gets lost in the mind. She'll stir up the thing you want to think about least in that — position."

Wallis pauses to ruminate upon his own shortcomings. "Impressions," he says with a seer's breathiness.

"Impressions? She is not impressing me."

"She impresses upon herself a reflection, an imprint of the pain she inflicts on her victims. She absorbs health, light, happiness from the plague, dark and sadness. This process is known as impressing, a cousin of reciprocation which is an intrusive oneiric procedure," Wallis mentions reciprocation, despite the prisoner being unable to comprehend the process, to convey a sort of message in a bottle should Alma view the man's consciousness again.

The man stands there at the aluminum table that is fixed to the ground, tasked with holding corporeal Wallis's rinsed oats. His instinct begins to clear the disillusionment, but his conscious mind's partial-programming interferes and he fails to accept it for permanent.

"Did she use local vegetables?"

"It felt like something else. I can't talk to anyone about it because then I get transferred to deep-reprogramming."

"That is part of her effect. She victimizes you by tugging upon your feelings of isolation, until you are tethered to those feelings and unable to connect to others. Then, you get spent into an immortal cache of auras from which [S] derives its power. Though your corporeal body may still remain," he continues to vilify Alma, avoiding her interface requests.

"But the visions. What my mind showed me was real. I created them. She found them.

The thoughts."

"It is an aspect of the same power that keeps me in confines. The balance will shift, but, here, my fear remains that the divisions created by the undone balance of light forces are impassable and the structures imposed after the fall will remain fraught with schisms that disconnect the communal spirit. Regardless, the shift will come and you will have to endure this discomfort for only a bit longer."

"You mean you'll see to it?"

"It's already been seen to, my fellow traveler. A bit longer and the balance will shift, you will see," he continues in his oracular rhetoric. "You will feel fear, but it is quite alright. Your spirit will emerge."

The resident stands back, preparing to scramble away and end the conversation that he was so eager to begin. Wallis signals to his kite-man at the adjacent table with a glance that indicates it is time to disseminate communications to the volcano troupe operatives. Wallis begins to hum a chant at a high vibration that feels out of place in confined slums, striped with negation, where human scraps of consciousnesses are cultivated in purgatory for harvest; death's terrarium where pellets and light embattle residents against one another to fight until death or dismemberment.

Wallis uses his kite to begin the ritual. He closes his eyes to transcend into something luminous and timeless and unconfined. The resident dinosaur, overwhelmed by the feelings that these varied internal and external frequencies had stirred up within him, quickly backs away,

receding to his cell and opting to skip this breakfast, leaving an extra portion of oats at Wallis's table — an advance for the job Wallis presumes.

The PA system hisses discordant white noise. The intensity of Wallis's shift in consciousness is palpable to most partial auras with even slight active intuition. Wallis's kite-man kneels beside him as he sinks into his meditation, then rises to seek out new unobstructed lightways. The kite raises his third-eye forehead tattoo to align with Wallis's brows. A stream of rapid invisible energy projects through the sun channel created by the proximity to disseminate Wallis's predetermined conscious remarks. The stream projects up to easily penetrate the physical confines of the prison camp and the larger enclosure to extend far past the surrounding Dogtown and Reprogrammed settlements, out past Cloud City and its projection light, past where the reach of light illuminates the desert roads, into the dark and into space to linger and absorb an innumerable amount of universal information, then reflect it back to mirror every action involving Wallis's operation — its beginnings rooted in mutiny, the source of his persecution.

Wallis accepts the fractured bits, the electric currents, the magnetism, the indivisible photons that the universe bestows upon him before diffracting back to a volcano that is distant from his corporeal location, into his thought-mirror reflection-chamber to address his initiates and trainees; his divine organization that was publicly referred to as a 'cult to search for' in the intercepted radio transmissions of Oligopoly search patrols who travel the deserted roads between GCA urban enclosures. Images of Wallis's trainees and initiates, that he had removed from the hands of [S] to train with him, had been projected before all the residents of all the cloud cities. The reward of immortal servitude to their holy one, the images projected with such

intention, light bound to unheard elements, along with Oligopoly fruit discards for their captures;  
the images of his deprogrammed children — bounties emblazoned in DogSpeak and Manifest  
standard languages — rain light from the hypnotic platform that is the Oligopoly cloud and  
Dogtown sky.

## WORSHIP

In his troupe's volcano cave chamber, disembodied Wallis delivers a lecture:

‘To an important effect have mankind's leaders commissioned the creation of statues, sculptures, and portraits to encapsulate their images in time. The civilians of the leader's country would think that perhaps this self-aggrandizing expression is indicative of the leader's vanity, a quality they presumed all leaders to have. The civilians would then forget the thought or not think of it again, repressing the impact that these expressions had already cratered onto the surfaces of their unconscious minds.

Leaders had all been pursuing the promise of a secret that was known to few, information of it suppressed by the original [S} executors, only to be dispersed through the ears of royal families, monks, cult leaders, and crime families. One facet of this rarified information that these sultans, monarchs and oligarchs learned is that their expressions must be worshipped and their paths to immortality are illuminated by worship.

This tactic had been more widespread in affluent circles before the diluvian. Before: rulers would expend their gluttonous surpluses of misappropriated resources onto various iconography to depict themselves as a haloed deities. More recently, films, an inaccessible medium for the impoverished to express themselves with, cast protagonists in archetypal roles as mostly white males whose countenances mirrored the facial features of their time's rulers. Regardless of expressive

medium, be it film, sculpture, literature; a supply of hypnotic material had been propagated to uphold the status quos and ordinances set forth by governing entities.

This deification reflects in the sub-consciousness of one who views the expression, creating infinite ripples of impressions in a sentient's landscape of thoughts. These ripples extend energetically charged thoughts that circulate any being that is impacted by the viewing of an expression; energy charges in thoughts achieve a synchronization to exist on the same wavelength as another being, and to emit like frequencies. At its supreme manifestation, the atmospheres created by the thoughts are able to interlap to view an adjacent being's and its surrounding landscape.

When a ruler is spoken of, the speaker, having only seen godly depictions, spreads those thoughts as well as the mental image of what he has seen. If the speaker had been talking to one who had not yet seen the image then by the time that being views it, it will appear familiar because that image had been transposed into their thought landscape when they heard about the artwork from the speaker. When one creates an opposing impression, the imbalance is corrected, an opportunity for the speaker to evaluate the likely outcomes of the divergent paths.

For example: The speaker sees a statue of her king every day when she leaves the house, and being the most-detailed expression — carrying the most information — that she encounters on her route, she always notes its presence and records what she can. When she returns — as well as every subsequent departure and arrival — the statue is there for review. This daily routine creates a long corridor of mirrored statues, reflecting and multiplying the impressions in her imagination, memory, consciousness, and other aspects of her thought realm's composition. The image becomes associated with home and safety, until it is fact and king equals safety.

Some overthrowing parties have laid siege to all depictions of a king as an opening salvo in

a coup. A failing opposition party, in attempt to overpower its leadership puts images of its highest authority everywhere that there are not already depictions of the current king.

Rulers sought to channel thought into immortality through the collective worship of their people and erected countless statues of themselves in an application of spiritual control over a captive population; a captive population that had always significantly outnumbered its leadership. Then came the television. And then," Wallis sighs, "the singular universal monarch: Wladimir.'

The artwork is one aspect of the immortal formula that has passed down through many generations of the realm's highest authorities, Wallis and the students share a collective thought.

Wallis continues telepathy:

'Kings' depictions in their later years would be created to mirror the facial features of their children. The powerful thought impressions of others viewing these artworks served to morph the faces of the children to look more like the rest of their line, and — more important — protected them. The thoughts of belief proving to have real, hidden power to change, heal, mollify, and bring war.

These powers, though subtle in the superficial sense, serve as the seminal entry points to {s} as it is currently structured. In the years after the Fall, emergent from human lust for spiritual power, competition with the power of nature drove a group of medieval heretics to evolve. Without knowledge, by applying the Grand Formula, [s}'s perpetuators stripped that natural force of light and when this occurred, dark light from the digital realm entered the vacuum, reflecting a



new image into the cosmos, orbiting ultimately to descend back upon the world. The auxiliary collaborators upheld an infrastructure that collapsed upon them.

There are two seeds that are an elusive aspect of the [S} Grand Formula: the seed of light and seed of dark. They will grow anywhere. They will also grow within continuous system of free-flowing consciousness upon which all conscious beings reside. Few know this. Their creation was predicated upon this worship. Akin to creator looking through creations to observe. Light will grow. Akin to magic, you must believe for it to be real.

Teachers are unaware of their potential power. If children were to have active pineals, countless subjects and lessons could have been imparted upon them, possibly averting the Fall. Recruitment efforts for educators proved abysmal.

At times the child is hardly cognizant of the subject, but the consciousness retains everything from birth. We give memory more credit than it deserves. If your father yells at you when you are a toddler, you may hardly have any recollection but the impression on the spirit is retained.

Here, we see Feiber's discoveries related to *cellulas madres*: Here, we see my discovery of light's realm. He is yet to configure an application. One of you will.

As students get older, their ages become less significant because their memories reflect in a shorter window of time which gradually receives more duties until it is the sole progression of spirit. Other Fall catalysts were environmental factors imparting interference, refraction, diffraction upon the spirit's light rather than reflection: projections, the divisive connection with other impacted spirits, then the integration of [S} food pellets, pinealized waters, sponsored toxic air and other

substances.

People describe children as being 'like sponges' and attribute it's diminishing power to the brain's senescence, when in reality it is the contribution of the unconscious mind, the innermost layer of soul, childhood inclinations — over time — deliberately severed from the physical body.'

Death vacuums took on a certain level of importance for both Wladimir and Wallis: there was an obvious absence in their census data. One unaccounted for.

## THE DOGS AND THE REPROGRAMMED

There is a waste site enclosure and Oligopoly Cloud City in what had been Nicaragua before the Fall. Languorous humidity collects in untouchable skies above where the local machines play a *cabeza pelota* game with a severed head, gathered from a decedent of the Reprogrammed community. They take breaks to inhale freon from the myriad of discarded AC units; only they huff through their exposed cranio-nasal cavities, sheets of sublimating metallic foil where the human nose would be, one of the many biological disparities between Plutonians (people adapted to plutonium waste) and sapiens. They are too humanesque not to be mammalian, and too much inorganic machinery to be humankind incarnate: sapiens' new inextricable symbiote: the spontaneous manifestation dubbed the post-Fall dogs.

Two anthropomorphics tug at a Reprogrammed human from opposing ends. The conductors of heat, those with internal temperatures that humans are unable to withstand, barricade the cell of their Reprogrammed neighbor — blocking each mode of egress before the cybernetics with rotating drill bits for fingers pluck the cowering human from his undersized, even for their atrophied bodies, quarters. The Reprogrammeds are human but have been subject to neurological controls to make them better factory workers — a docile community.

Grids of uniformly uncoordinated hills composed of the GCA's refuse scatter the enclosure. Waste combinations and toxic chemicals deployed on a regimen determined by the

research centers who — unbeknownst to the subjects on the ground — observe the chaos from above, recording the exposures and consumptions of varying amalgamations. There is a mushroom cloud that houses all the birthers, reprogrammed O staff and the high O command. On the ground, it only appears that images are being projected from the skies.

Mountains of air oscillators intersperse the neighborhood of pyres within the site. The local machine elves torch themselves to test their flammability. Others scatter around to create friction as they drag their congenital prosthetics behind them. Delicate artificials of the more malleable solids weld themselves to others they fancy, while the galvanized form collision networks, inefficient conveyor belts to their mountains' upper summits. The fulminates, in demonstrations of their infallibility and their fearlessness of heights, take periodic dives with no judiciousness to preclude the fire and/or reassembly that may be incurred upon striking the ground's zirconium. These *barrios* often include waste inherent to other waste sites, brought over to record the effects of varied combinations.

After the Fall's depopulation and the remaining populace's subsequent re-assimilation into waste sites, prisons, or research centers, the Oligopoly built Cloud Cities with the Reprogrammed populace beneath them. At first, they only housed those who had been reprogrammed. The rest of the land, beyond the secluded interiors, was drained of all manner of resource; and not just coveted energy-dense elements, but any matter with a correlation or causality to a surviving denizen's stored memory — all creation: man-made, natural or impacted by observation. The mining of these resources continued until all that remained on the scathed earth was trivial dust and unseen plants — the plants, land and life assumed to be there, but had never had feeling or thought projected upon them, circumstantially not obligated to be anything nonetheless bound to humankind's unknowing extrapolations.

Weeks following the cataclysmic deluge of The Great Fall, varying iterations of the life, now known as dogs, spawned from each waste site. The dog's variances depend on the waste in their originating neighborhood, but there are some commonalities: microcephalia, macrodontia, tongues of wire, flattened nasal areas and lidless, eyes set so far in that observation of them is difficult — the eyes appear to be the only location of organic fibers.

When first noticed, the appearances of these unusual specimens theologized many speculations about their origins. The agents of the Oligopoly dubbed these tribes dogs, maybe because in the post- Fall times they no longer had a subservient creature by their old companion's species name and desired a replacement.

The dogs prompted conversation in the supervision centers: the dogs whose entire world existed within the GCA waste site. Unlike the Reprogrammed, they came into being within this matrix and are able to subsist upon only remnant flatland discards. After observing a few generations of dogs, the research notes postulated a shortened life cycle that appeared to attribute to an accelerated evolutionary process, but it was not that they ever really died: they simply changed forms, collapsing, exploding, imploding, breaking off a metallic limb that would be found with nascent features soon thereafter.

From the city labs in the clouds, above the Dogtowns, the partial-programmed employees research the dogs. They also oversee the Reprogrammed — neighbors towards whom the dogs are often quite territorial — but observation of the constant does not compare to the excitement that comes from spectating the variable. While the Reprogrammed function as they were designed to, the Dogs are a development completely unaccounted for in their studies, one that no one,

presumably not even their omniscient leader had predicted and accounted for. And of course, since the empathy capabilities of these researchers had been drastically reduced, they never desire to go look at the erratic hostiles that feed on metals with no potable fluids and reside beneath their city. And the dogs have no awareness that above them is a streamlined labor camp — optimized for productivity.

This Dogtown of former Guatemalan demarcation is in a usual state of perpetual alternation between fire and ember; as one fire extinguishers and turns to ember, an adjacent fire ignites. The causticity of the smoke releases a specific neuorenzyme intrinsic to the native Reprogrammed; this imbues their minds with a set of mnemonic controls that drive their future actions, but while maintaining the illusion that the memories were there all along; the smoke functions as an [S} population security tool. High command mandates that subjects do not mix, intermingle, and definitely not, procreate outside of their birthing centers, so the Oligopoly sprays the occasional smoke that binds to the humid air which rises with and from the incendiary lava.

Garbage rigs, backhoes and aircrafts work to mine, distribute and redistribute flatland waste — in this site's case air conditioning units that once affected air of the populace preFall.

The massive light projection screen contours the circumference of the waste site's behemoth concrete ring; the screen's light captures green clouds above the habitat. This occurs from the freon accelerated conflagration. The dogs' flammable metal skins being largely oiled with freon, they themselves are often incinerated. The zone's air conditioner mountains have produced an epidemic of freon addiction among the Reprogrammed; the subjugated humans driven to the

outskirts of Dogtown cannot get enough freon.

Dead and near dead bodies fray amidst the fires and discarded units. The freon addicted of the area compose trash shelters of gathered, traded and fought for discards, inlaying their AC unit caverns carved into the larger AC unit mountains, so that they always have their supply within reach. They attempt to shelter themselves from the dogs. Where the dogs inhale freon like vapors that fortify their compositions, the Reprogrammed imbibe it from the preferred units that contain liquid, weakening them. The resident humans are angled with scabbed, poisoned dispositions: products of systemic oppression that feel gluttonous surplus reflected in their suffering.

Amidst the mountains of piles, beneath a projected image of a robed man with sparkling eyes blessing those below, releasing an air conditioner from his grasp with one hand while waving with the other. Volleys rebound, upward thrusts, hail of air conditioners batted over summit's piles, a blitzkrieg of indiscriminate projectiles from which the organic beings of the area try to insulate to no avail, eventually being drawn into the trenches against their own volitions.

The residents scramble to avoid getting hit. They have seen many others perish from AC unit impact. Though the indoctrinating projections above drive them to accept this certain death: the survivors to be delivered to extraction centers.

The ranks of their political apparatus refuse to threaten their inter-realm agreements struck before the Fall.

The Oligopoly left the Reprogrammed with a key to identifying a rudimentary hundred-word language, developed as a calculated risk to better monitor communications in case someone regains their global awareness and attempts escape. The linguists and coders had ensured that the language would not progress into something incomprehensible, though with the caveat that

speech's intent, non-verbal communication and potential psychic communication were out of the realm of their specialty. The digs were to worship air-conditioners. A moment where things went wrong for humanity. Air was sold. Water was sold.

Accompanying the bones of this language, in the same book, on the cover, was text of an S and peculiar markings on either side. It had been written to impress upon the Reprogrammed a set of beliefs that drive docile actions: instructed to fast to conserve resources, various phobias produced specific to the waste sites' intent for extraction, told to isolate within their living space — only to emerge for trash or pellet scavenging and to absorb the platform light because, as the book of [S} states, 'it relieved the tension of existence'. After reprogrammings — or birth in subsequent post-programming generations — the book of (S} and the platform's light ascertained that their first birth or rebirth impressions would accurately reflect their new reality. When awakened, their first impressions of their world were set to create a system of worship, their idol dropping life source from the sky. They remain trapped in a real, unreal place of another entity's design.

They read holding their sacred text upside down, interpreting the letters sideways. The beliefs written in these texts dictate to accept the longest night of the year as their high holiday and direct all their thinking on this night towards their icon's embodiment and occupant of [S} and its throne: Wladimir. The rest of the section about the Holy Night, as it is named, induces fear of Wladimir withholding freon if the residents do not set that entire period of moonlight to worship.



## CHARLIE

A foundational pillar of the Head's Formula is the cultivation of the responsive consciousness of infants. A few of their most densely populated waste sites have facilities to birth children only to extract their souls, at the beginning, in their most vibrant state. [S} seeks the most potent metaphysical compositions and discards the rest into the Reprogrammed community, with some middle-tiered souls reserved for the partial-programmed workforce, but the rare, the most potent, the ethereal specimens, are detected immediately and harvested after birth.

During late pre-Fall human experimentation, to study the effect of a child experiencing his first moments bold and unafraid, an implant was developed and tested on one boy to render him unable to cry at birth. The effect upon the impressionable sub-conscious was studied. Instead of crying, the implant caused the newborn to take a few elongated inhalations to open his lung's cavities and absorb his first breaths without tears. The use of this implant ended after the research team recorded the result. They saw that it would conflict with Oligopoly interests to have this life form in the wind and sent him to partial-programming.

After the Fall, the escaped subject of this study lives with his troupe at the base of a volcano, on the outskirts of a waste site. Volcanic cinders line the sandstone bay in front of the repurposed boathouse; it is grand but not in a way that bulges out of nature's alignment. The clear moonlit nightfall braises the sleeping manor in a distorting enchantment to the desired effect of

its residents.

The property appears — to outsiders — to blend the meeting points of the stagnant waters and the sloping volcanic shore where long, faint plumes of fog reside.

In an exhaustive effort to keep total control over all rebirth impression, before and after mystic fruit ceremonies, all of the windows facing the lake had been taped over from the inside to prevent anyone from seeing out. This left the residing trainees with only a view of the volcano. The volcano's intermittent activity illuminates the rooms.

Trainees farm crops in the back garden, hidden from the bay's view. They hike and train at the volcano's edge where the summit's panorama reveals to them distant waste sites, flaming differently than their volcano to extend lurid points of neon emissions into the flatland horizon.

The troupe has its own food forest concealed from the GCA which composts all food into fuel material. Since mass reprogrammings, fruits are unknown in Cloud Cities. Tomatoes, kiwis, zucchini and most other fruits and vegetables had been banished.

Upon admission, a new trainee is required to adhere to a restrictive deprogramming of reprogramming protocol that a few of the unprepared initiates, that Wallis had recruited in the years before the flood, died during; one of whom escaped to eventually die at the hands of the Oligopoly; as a precaution of this possible consequence, Wallis warns applicants in the days leading to completion of his protocol and mystic fruit consumption that they must be prepared for the torturous deprogramming; otherwise, he risks exposure of his training facility should they choose to run.

Charlie and Damien lie in their beds, gazing at the light that had awakened them while

also exchanging hypnopompic sentimentalities:

"Not even a whimper, or a groan? No pain upon awakening?"

"Forced sleep deprivation was an integral component of their attempted conditioning= protocols. Pain from awakening?" Charlie scoffs without expression, "they used to perform surgeries without anesthetics; hallucinogen induced psychic probes, eyelids pried open. See all these scars," Charlie's hand presents the tissues that evidence a history of mutilation.

"And you felt nothing more than mild discomfort?"

"The continued fractions and particle physics courses were the most uncomfortable. I knew they would not make me cry, but the instructor — who served as my surrogate father — after endearing himself to me and forming an emotional attachment — one I feigned to have acquired — would derogate me regarding my failures, you know, to see whether criticism would do it: minor annoyance."

"Those courses made grown academics, who think they know everything, realize that they know nothing and shed a tear or two upon the disillusionment. The depth of inter-dimensional pain you cannot reach is truly fascinating, Charlie."

"According to Wallis, I was scheduled for extermination before he stole me from the deep reconditioning units. For a period of time, I'd be impelled to do their duties: retrievals from Dogville and the flatlands as well as some work on the vector equilibrium at research command, but then I always would regain awareness and start questioning order and the applications of my research. I was sent to deeper reprogramming, and then again, I eventually

regained awareness. The cycle repeated a few more times, before the overseeing Doctor threw his hands up and scheduled my extermination. Wallis, still a high command employee at the time, saved me."

"And the work on the vector's applications, did you retain this information?"

"It was the first to be purged. I'm sure if we had the texts available in the library, I could extrapolate what I learned again, but as of now, the information is clouded in my memory. Maybe there is a reason Wallis keeps some texts from us."

"Regardless of whether he is practicing censorship, the mystic plant should remove the fogs that keep information from your consciousness. You have been in the initiate phase for quite some time. I am curious why Wallis hasn't ordered for us to move forward."

"Is that how the ceremony worked for you?"

"All that I knew and what I didn't know was exposed. Through the removal of aura defenses and mental [S} obstructions, I found the light cell — the indivisible photon from which all originates. This knowledge only created a new rabbit hole of information that I did not know had been lost. The next day my weight had increased, despite my weeklong fast in preparation, so I had clearly absorbed something," Damien runs his fingertips along his emergent moustache, sparse hairs of the individualistic prince revolting against the patriarchy by making dubious choices in facial hair. "The plant will torture you for your impurities. It has a consciousness." Damien wrinkles his face into facial lines that define information in which he does not possess unequivocal

belief, "listen to Wallis as you prepare for the final stage."

"Despite O conditioning, some instinct always would break through. I knew the mystic plant was out there and that the central reality is off somehow. My programming cast enough interference where I never sought it out. Ultimately, that is what their pellets, light and whatever else do: they cut you off from your intuition. A force from the ethers guided me, but I ignored it. Pain that was never real — only this concept to which I felt I needed to feign reaction, as if it was. Shadow of [S} loomed, partial reprogramming periodically forcing me to acquiesce and go through the motions. It only made me stronger. Every time I got clobbered by Dogs on a retrieval mission, I pretended to feel pain, so that no one would question the efficacy of reprogramming. I felt superior as I had conceded their only victories while feeling my *qi* replenishing beyond the previous fill-line," says Charlie.

"You need desire equal to or greater than fear to incite action. But if it's equal, then you may be stymied. Likely you never would have escaped, if it wasn't for Wallis."

"Yes. According to him, they are fluid opposites. But then again, according to him, there are only theoretical absolutes."

"The lucky Charlie: the one experiment of [S} that has the potential to backfire on them. The level of pain that you are unable to reach because you cannot cry may be their downfall. Your scales of fear and desire always are skewed towards desire," says Damien with traces of sarcasm, indicating his envy after lauding Charlie's abilities and not his own.

"Possible, but sometimes I feel like it won't matter."

"It must. Think about it. There are always tears with the worst pains."

"Not always. How about when you die? The Oligopoly experimentation never included death.

They only planned to study my extermination."

"Death is different. There is a lot more going on when you die, your soul is arranging things and getting ready for transit, it may not have analog time to cry out. When the soul is just there, in a living person, and that person's pain hits its extreme polarity, you better believe the soul will be there doing its job and sending out tears."

"It is nice knowing that the Wells are unable to make me cry."

"Or even reach close to the pinnacle of abject pain on the Immortal spectrum like they are supposed to do, and actually do do to every other life form that enters. Just 'nice' huh? Our route to exit the matrix and restore civilization goes directly through the — presumed to be — antipodal Wells. The Wells, Charlie, that everyone fears, that break all those who enter, subjecting them to eternal damnation will not work against you."

Charlie revels in silence. This is a part of consciousness he avoids. Wallis taught him not to speak about this to others and to keep it enchanted, obstructed from access in his mind.

"Your consciousness remains shrouded here from GCA. Maybe the head knows of your vague presence somewhere in this realm but that would be it. You may be our only advantage to do *something*."

Charlie lays there pondering his destiny while Damien sits up, awakened, and dressed for the day's training.

Damien has completed his initiation courses and mystic plant ceremony. Now that he is past his initiation, he rises with the other initiates to strengthen his astral travel whenever the flames of the volcano activate. The practice is to shift the consciousness away from fire into the air around it, leading the fire away from damaging the physical body. Damien is even able to turn the body temperature colder despite the presence of lava by diverting thought's circuitry.

They begin their training sessions on the volcano's edge, warming up with synchronized calisthenics and deflecting danger with their physical bodies before transferring to their thought-realm spirits, to enter through the molten lava, and fleet towards the darkness that the heat guards from simple matter while their corporeal bodies remain protected at the ridge.

"There is something I have been meaning to mention to you," Damien says, as he raises his uniform's black hood in preparation for exit. A set of O aircrafts loudly vacuum to a waste drop-zone and, for a moment, obstruct the incandescent flames from lighting the room, creating a brief flash of total darkness. "It's one of the first impressions Wallis uses after completing his protocol. While I agree that the change from [S} food, air and water is important to impress right away, there are a couple the intents of which I question."

"Which ones?"

"The impressions he makes with what he says and the first experiences you have after this rebirth are really are hypnotic and drive whatever actions he believes will serve you. I question if our sole authority on the subject may be wrong. I mean he has never restored a civilization before and let's face it, he is in an O prison. You know what, Charlie? Forget I mentioned it. I'm certain it will work perfect for you."

"Tell me what the specific impressions were."

"All I'm going to say is I wish we could decide what they are. Write them down. You know? What we want our first impressions to be, words, experiences. I've just been feeling like I've been set to someone else's preferences rather than my own."

"He does each ceremony by the protocol. If it varied slightly, then it might not work."

"That is exactly what my volcano sessions are making me question," he says, delivering a wry smile to Charlie as he leaves to begin another session.

A volcano with an ancient history, but not unique or disparate from any other. To control its activity and also its contents, the trainees nurture it as part of their daily routine, maintaining balance within their Troupe without their exiled leader. A thought-realm meditation chamber, acquisitioned from the Oligopoly's collection of repossessed power objects — an octagonal composition of multi- diffractive glass that, with adequate meditative fuel, resists elemental



dissolution — resides within the volcano where it serves as a rendezvous point, a holographic projection space for Wallis's remote lectures.

Charlie remains in the minimalist room: its sole contents; two beds, varied cacti and one painting of a claw clutching a snake over a garden in the nighttime. He is still in the program's initiate phase and therefore adheres to a different schedule than Damien's and those of the other trainees.

Despite his prodigal spiritual composition, Wallis has offered Charlie no dispensations as he nears his mystic fruit ceremonial rebirth. Though he feels he is fully deprogrammed, he does not complain.

This penultimate phase sees the initiates endure a difficult — by anyone but Charlie's standard — period of cleansing their bodies prior to the final phase where the mystic fruit is administered.

Their preparation is an obstacle course of purification: they are placed in an oxygen chambers with other elements hosed in to detoxify the lungs from [S} air controls; their livers, rectums and intestines are also purified with intrarectally administered solutions meant to strip the digestive tract's lining of parasites applied by [S} to control various brain functions and processes; they learn to farm for pre-Fall crops that have no [S} controls; Wallis commences work to help the initiate develop better global awareness and understand their powers.

The initiates emerge prepared for the final phase where the mystic fruit is administered to ascend the deprogrammed being to an intra-realm conscious existence. Their spirit's channels open to the vast thought-realm. Life's negative file. Plutonian mixed with the Sapiens. Wallis uses their valuable first moments and experiences, after their 'rebirth', to impart onto their cleared

thought landscapes impressions that recruit the initiate to soldier in a battle to restore the light. These moments themselves are delicate and the slightest deviation from his protocol, as Wallis puts it, can lead to horrid results. It is a 'rebirth' and just as the moments that follow child birth have the capability of shaping an entire lifetime, the mystic plant rebirth functions in a similar way. Wallis's recruitment selectivity has landed him in a position where he cannot be killed.

A glass chamber fashioned with alchemical components sits within the volcano's core and serves as a rendezvous point for Wallis's projections and the troupe auras in training. Mason and James apparate inside first, then Riley, at last Damien. They align their projections to contrast the volcano's molten ember that shines inside the chamber. The interior glass then empties of all the shorter light waves, leaving a still glance of the darkest hues. Their bright human silhouettes, their electromagnetic fields, outline vibrant ovals upon the walls of the chamber. They enter a responsive meditative waiting phase. They are reminded of the iconoclastic shine from the recordings of their library's texts, glorious halos from ancient times when everybody could see them.

Mason lingers, rooting himself to his current whereabouts on the thought realm's precipice; he clears his mind. James drifts between two points; one of entry and limitlessness then swinging to the discontented opposing state of egotistic excitement about having achieved that limitlessness. Riley mutters to himself: recursive jots unheard by the others; his speech impediment that affects

mostly syntax also renders him a quiet introvert.

Damien observes the qualities of others with a certain self-awareness about exactly what it is he notices about others and why he notices specifically what he notices and what it makes him notice about himself. He does this with an intuitive ease that assisted by his thought transference — a congenital psychic ability — enables him to win the trust of others; aware of this, and with awareness from deprogramming, he has a tendency to prevaricate — unimpeded by the constraints of morals such as honesty — to drive his notorious manipulations — schemes that Wallis fears may lead him astray; to Damien, his own circumlocutions are merely a form of mental stimulation.

In a relief to his own boredom, Damien used thought transference upon a passing Oligopoly aircraft, impelling the hypnotized pilot to land on a nearby field. As the boys watched, the pilot emerged and began to disrobe, then relinquished his single-engine aircraft and uniform. Wallis, still an authoritative corporeal presence at the time, quickly ended the spectacle, and sent the pilot back on his way, but not before the boys could laugh at Damien, clad in the pilot's jumpsuit.

The undulations of James's aura, a distracting flicker of green and white luminous orbs, falls slightly out of alignment with their collective field: perfect maintenance of the collective field being near impossible. Mason monitors the soul cell entry point: the size of an indivisible photon. His spirit cambers on the threshold as they await their exiled leader's arrival.

‘Greetings,’ Wallis's voice sounds within the chamber and Mason quickly blows air onto the pinpoint entry, matching it to the rest of the black walls and locking out all other discorporates.

‘What emanates from the Seal,’ Wallis's sobriquet for Poseidon, ‘is nothing compared to what the Seal protects. If the underwater-realm remains in congruence with current inter-realm aware beings then we may be stymied at an impasse for longer than we thought. Guised under the ocean's

curtains, they may not remain that way for longer as the GCA pot boils over and trespasses their ordained boundaries with Poseidon. That is the moment we must reach out, when we know their agreement is threatened and that the underwater-realm may find our proposition leverageable when confronting [S} about the violation.'

"The first instance of malevolent radioactivity, instilling the first instances of fear of one's self upon ancient life," says the collective classroom of merged auras.

"I still have got to see this toroidal entry-hole for myself," says Damien.

'Creator peeking through his own creation: the bismuth, the telemetric recorder that was present for the formation of the continuum. It is the other who perceives us along an infinite corridor of projectors,' says Wallis.

"So, what do the other projectors look like?"

'The same, or whatever you desire it to look like. The constructs do not matter. What matters is that this indicates that we are between projectors on the existing continuum. Thought-realm and other intra-realm travels will allow you to view the other sides of these projections but only through the transparent screen of astral travel. And through interlacing of the thought realm, one may overlap the realm to view the other side of their adjacent realm's projectors.'

"And so on and on," the group's telepathy merged once again. "I'm getting achy in the head," says Riley

"But what about corporeal entries into other realms," asks another separation from the egoless self, a trainee that knows not to ask who the creator of the projectors is for fear of giving

everyone a headache.

‘That is just one. He who ascends. Others may cross, but their bodies will be left behind at the Well's horizon like yours lie at the volcano's ridge. Through some medium of Wladimir's channel, it is likely that exposed lights are drawn to enter, believing that their corporeals will emerge unscathed. A sort of attack to decimate the enemy. I would not be surprised in the least if he left his Well's uncovered to draw in monks, people of the cloth as though insects to light.’

They collectively pause sensing the darkest corner of themselves upon mention of not only the personification, the human form of [S}, but also his polluted channel. It has been told to them that travelers access a driftway of penetration and discomfort that faucets them through an introspection to the thoughts and unconsciousness of it, a sentient being, who the travelers consider to possess the most vile aspects, engrossing the traveler in their own various phobias: other creatures, isolation, inability to produce progeny, carnal impulses — birds pecking away the feathers of their baby.

‘There also may be a utopia beyond ours. We must prepare, as individuals, to separate. I have sought out all of you because I know that each one of you has an advantage over the Wells and with proper training and preparation, all of you will be able to cross when summoned,’ says Wallis, attempting to instill confidence in regards to conquering that which eats confidence as a snack: the radiating mystery toward which Wallis expresses belief is that there may be others out there. He knows of this in Alma's case, but he believes in a land unaccounted for. After the

population density took a dive in mass executions, the land density became the wild west. There is another side to the Well. The timing is to be synchronized between opposing poles.

‘There seems to be one unaccounted for within the Oligopoly’s databases. It could be chalked up to the fact that it is impossible to measure everything or it could be a parallel realm traveler.’ He pauses, ‘how is our new initiate's, Charlie's, physical body adjusting to the regimen?’

"If there is any adjustment at all, it is more of a change for us, Master," says James. "He seems to grasp most concepts and tasks around the house with a mere utterance of explanation. His physical domain is unmatched by any of us, despite his unimposing stature. On his first day, where we are supposed to really break the initiate, you know, to test their mettle and see if they run or not—"

"—he made us run," Riley interrupts Damien.

"During the underwater resistance training, he comfortably swam for an entire hour, out pretty far into the ocean. We kept paddling along in our rowboat, wondering if maybe he was having a delayed reaction," says Damien. Since the Fall, the underwater-realm's power centers transmit vibrations to ensure their oceanic boundaries are not encroached upon: an unpleasant discord of frequencies that typically elicit immediate withdrawals from the water and sprinted trips to the outhouse to empty bowels: Poseidon's end of the Flood deal. The mental faculties are left beleaguered with a fog of disorienting ennui for a day or two after, "then we hit some choppy waters — and, despite our best efforts to avoid coming into contact with the water, it was unavoidable. The bloody tempest left us soaked. Charlie noticed that Riley and I had stopped pursuing him further into the ocean, and swam back toward the boat as we cried, curled up, catatonic in a pool of our own excrement. I'll spare you the scatological specifics about the trip back, but the point is that he was unaffected by the Seal's frequencies."

"He was able to, on his first day, reproduce all of the farming routines and techniques, seeming to select the exact crops that his body called for based on his compositional readings," says James, the trainee whose domain is the troupe's farm. "He knew, on sight, that the mystic fruit is somehow different and spent a bit of time just — looking at it."

'He was observing a vibration he had never before encountered. What we are seeing is raw instinct. The deeper we get into his deprogramming, the more you will see of his conscious mind,' says Wallis.

"His rectal and intestinal cleanse done turn up a bit of the parasites, worms and other

fatuous critters of the like," says Riley to the distaste of the others who had assumed the digestive talk was over.

‘Has he completed his isolation training?’

"He outlasted all of our personal records by multiple days. He didn't make a sound: no pleas for water even. He maintained inhuman stillness: not even a twitch, giving us the impression that it would be another day or two until he broke," says the collective alignment.

‘On to other matters:’ says Wallis despite the group’s curiosity of this ‘one’ who has avoided census, ‘the current Steeltown Dog statistics run standard with the other heavy metal neighborhoods: average body temperature of fifty degrees Celsius; an average lifespan of seven years makes the generational impact observable; the oldest Steeltown Dog is thirteen.’

‘The reprogrammed sapiens of Steeltown, specifically the birthers — the ones tasked with the delivery of all the babies within their living zone — are dying off. Typically, the reprogrammed outnumber the dogs, but not in the case of Steeltown. My information suggests that this waste site is in a vulnerable position.’

The inter-realm agreement following the Floods changed the rules of the dead. Before the Floods, there was a cyclic version of the birther system just for access of the embryonic mother cells on a regular basis. They had discovered quite early on that storage of the mother cells changed everything in regard to efficacy. So, there was always a fresh new born along with all their attachments: umbilical cord, placenta and soul.

Access to all the auras that had been interred in the Core became Wladimir’s to utilize as he desires.



Cremation is for the creation; I like to say. The flame frees one to become an aspect of the universal flame that all life depends on, a love that is responsible for all creation. Without the funeral, if one identifies their being to this energy, one's soul is released into the seminal force of the fire. This is the only remaining way to avoid aura extraction. After death, a single bit of the aura lingers until its release, but it can be drawn back using Wladimir's quantum metrics and instruments that deal with the nearly weightless. An air death ceremony is quite interesting and those departing at death will find that the collective impact of their creative thought has a direct influence upon the afterlife. Powerful neurological channels create vast networks of people subscribing to the same ideas. The vibration of thoughts, dependent on their electromagnetic field, shifts the air around them. These ghosts become aware of their natural electromagnetism and quickly disappear to the digital realm for future regeneration into the analog. The last remaining passage.

An underwater death channels the spirit, if Poseidon has no use for the soul, into the realm of mystery and then back into the analog. After a body is disposed into Poseidon's realm, he permits them a complex understanding of their emotional being before parts of their memory are blanketed. The main fictions of [S] are Poseidon's wishes, for them to adhere to remain to create an ironic puzzle where there is awareness of a thought's existence, but no knowledge of how it was attained. Poseidon releases spirits into the form of the water's life or, if seen as a consciousness he can utilize, channels it for his own purposes. They drift the waters and protect it under Poseidon's behest. Most of the dead remain on the surface to guard the water with their tormenting screeches.

The graves of Earth — or what is left of it; being the most dangerous resting places now — cannot be dismissed. This control over one subset of the afterlife, a man-made boundary of the infinite spirit that spills from one of us to the other ironically without boundary. While interred

in their graves, they were kept in a static state — in Poseidon's control. Then the Core stone was traded to Wladimir. The Core changed overnight. It scaled from a delicate open-ended purgatory where transient spirits faced the incomplete trials of their lifetime prior to their rebirth; towards a new order, a realm tainted by an oppression where all are faced with energetic field depletion.

The departed with high affinities toward the Earth's metaphysical properties will have an aligned death and rebirth, given that they avoid the [S} burial containers and headstones. Through the use of the thought realm to impress real power upon the ubiquitous burial components, [S} further defined their purpose while simultaneously propagating a fear about the necessity of such objects. By way of the television light's advent, the truth was theirs to control.

Within their cities, the employees use databases of interred consciousnesses, transcribed from the Core Stone's recordings; and these memories are called upon directly by Wladimir — the Stone's possessor — for information and other abominable procedures.

The operating room's draining spotlight smears cutting waves over the eyes, necks, and bodies of patient after patient to cache their present consciousnesses, compiling them with those of the Core's graves. The high command and Oligopoly captains monitor for optimal efficiency and in a furtive Manhattan Project-esque organization, the findings are funneled up the pyramid to the top where Wladimir is able to piece all the findings together — a private structure for an organization to limit employee exposure to classified information in spite of a large number of people working on the project. The atom bomb project stayed private, so I would say that the structure of Oligopoly research addresses their own privacy concerns.'

The initiates and residents forget nearly every other part of the lecture and are left to think of who it was that absconded all surveillance of planet life.

## BEFORE THE FLOOD

The perennial snow of the Siberian tundra blankets into unseen obscurity the edifice that is superimposed over an inter-realm passage. Through the hidden mausoleum, an opulent construction of the Imperial era, those who enter its atrium of columns, frescoes and chandeliers that float without suspension bear witness to the exterior of the Æther's passage, a contained toroidal circuit: The Well.

A humbling affair for the generations of Czars involved: afraid of losing their absolute power, they had attempted to restrict the Well's access since public awareness of its existence would have led to a civil undermining of their totalitarian control. The thought of such outcomes dredged up fear of the unknown force more powerful than they. Information of the Well and its applied container that served, if nothing else, as a lavish ceiling, had spread among a select few. After Nicolas II and the imperial regime had fallen, the structure had fallen into desuetude along with it; Lenin never paid any of his mind to the remote and otherwise irrelevant township with a population of four.

In the years that followed the Bolshevik coup, the point for inter-realm rendezvouses had bequeathed all of its usage to the otherworldly force beneath it: the Well's fire — or even water — billowed out vapor — or smoke — that would fundamentally change those who encroached its invisible boundaries.

With no more imperial visits, its finders are ascetic beings with a keen awareness of the ineffable energy source that they call samadhi. Having cultivated a sanctimonious existence, attuned to hearing the Well's vibrant calls, these voyagers are summoned to its location, to their norths, towards its unassuming rings of undiscovered metals.

The Well has its usual marked target: the drifter who wanders from his house of worship to test his mettle; monks who are in a state of spiritual alignment, yet are affected with an un-monklike desire for more; once free of all attachments, the folks who had become attached to their lack of attachments.

Far from the usual flight routes, the structure is shrouded from detection of passing air traffic. There are no roads for 100km in any radial direction. The only access: a day's sled runs through lands that the absence of warmth has made desolate. The snowbound antechamber to the mystical crypt appears to be an unusual mogul, a noticeable aberration in the terrain that alerts the traveler that he has arrived.

One entry and one exit point, the trunk of an ancient evergreen tree — marked by a rough etching in its bark of a claw clutching a snake — opens to reveal a hollowed stairwell. Within the trunk's concave interior is a network of wooden steps that lead through darkness into a decadent atrium.

A monk enters, and like many summoned by the force of the Well before him, stands beside it, absorbing its radiant emissions of both heat and joy. His field merges with the looming presence beyond the exquisite masonry, inside the Well.

Silent calls draw him closer: vibrations within him soothe his incompleteness, only for a moment, before receding into the depths of the Well; its frequencies communicate a playful, sentient call to follow.

After climbing its coral ridges, without hesitation, he releases his grip to plunge into a sensory deprived float. Upon entering the drift, an eternal — he feels the absolutes of life and death do not apply — unyielding force penetrates his sanctity, his aura's electromagnetism. Meridian flow deviations that impel him to visualize himself, the monk of more furious piety than his peers, as an unheard mime who performs lewd acts — thrusts and gyrations — upon a formless, bright shadow, while taunting the conscious, breathing airspace with silent mimicry. The perceived to be sexual actions lead him to a region of his consciousness's spectrum to which he had yet to travel. A pale, saturnine shade of darkness drains the brightness from his eyes and skin. An intrusive wave shatters his remaining field to sweep his trained psychic obstructions into its vacuuming airs. A tense linger ensues: a Mexican standoff between the monk's aura and his physical body and the unknown.

Altered by observation, each air particle contains a life of its own within the bits of colored glimmer. The spectacle of blended imagery grows more lurid with each moment that passes. The shadow form he terrorizes, one that he deems his antagonist's observational instrument, gains form.

In a concentrated recovery effort, the monk meditates to recall his field from the merge. Instilled with foreign memory from which he is unable to quiet, he breaks his restorative attempt, opting for an alternative strategy: to command his primal reptilian brain, absent of memory, to avert away from his compromised body of light and to redirect upon the unknown with instinct.

Immediately, the shift in thought matter, neural signal, creates incipient moments of visceral discomfort in the odd ends of the Monk's digestive tract — gastric twinges he knows to precede far more painful moments. Yet he accepts this corporeal pain as a necessary compromise to regain his essence from this conscious conflation that he had been hypnotically coerced into entering. As his

pain spreads from his virtual stomach, a mist recedes back into his field.

Unable to resist the force's anticipatory counter, he thinks to himself that maybe this entity is open to negotiation. A fiery inflammation then renders his innards a turgid mass, swollen to the point that the only relief would be the monk's submission to their implosion.

A wave recedes. His aura's field realigns. Combating his own dematerialization, the monk readies to strike. He hopes his psychic attack can match the unknown hostile, but then he feels a pernicious doubt: he knows nothing of his assailant, yet it seems to have complete access to him. Dark waves ensnare the monk in his air. One initial wave, and then another inverted wave put his aura into a diamagnetic chokehold, as if to restrain it from his planned attack. The doubt he had just experienced, he posits, had served as an immediate self-fulfilling prophecy.

The monk strategizes. He thinks of what he knows: the force lives in a well; it is violent. Then he concedes that he cannot think of enough to even begin to comprehend its consciousness. He knows it is conscious.

The polarities of his aura, the earth and air, are pulled from both ends by the unknown. In a resilient counter, he accrues more physical anhedonia to fortify his field — he was taught that acceptance of physical suffering expands his psychic capabilities — before casting the unknown force off to the periphery. Vibrations complete a revolution, then enter a slight descent before circling the periphery again, closer and with incrementally boosted strength — longer, louder undulations that close in with each strained breath. He defends a stronger progression, only to see it return again, galvanized, to examine the limits of his pain tolerance.

Every time the unknown's swell, without words but on a frequency to which the monk is attuned, offers the option of waving a white flag, he foresees the fractalization of his light, his

memory. The caesura between each hiss of thought lines and forgotten imageries provides the monk moments of respite during which he reminds himself of his training — thoughts that are subsequently replaced by more doubt, regrets of his desertion, the maligned, faraway remarks of the stupa's other residents.

He continues on the driftway, one without any palpable configuration. Another penetration strikes, puncturing his eardrums to remove his aural perception as if he had entered an auditory void, no pressure and simultaneous pressure.

A new visualization enters to coalesce with his physical agony: he sees an arachnid who possesses as menacing constitution one could have: protracting and retracting pincers; hirsute, black facial fur that falls out to make way for the rapid proliferation of the spider's eyes. They morph to mirrors that expand upon a Fibonacci sequence to unobservable quantities in the sky; the head is projected up to occupy the vacant airs; mirrors reflect the monk's pained countenance, tasteless grimaces and derisive scowls. He hates as he watches himself sink lower while the legs rise higher, carrying away the creature's fractal lineaments. The mass and distance growing at correlative rates to ensure the monk's view of the cerebrally intrusive funhouse remains unchanged. The spider rains a web that envelops him in fibers of both proportionate thickness and stickiness to neutralize its victim.

The cytoplasmic orbs that illuminate the atrium are now out of sight, far above and behind the monk. He looks down to see a brief glimpse of a bright point towards which he seems to be drifting, the descension target — a possible main chamber at the bottom. The web quickly eliminates it from view. He is caught. He floats, now welcoming the relief of sensory deprivation. He feels the fibers seem to have relieved his gastrointestinal torment, or at least distracted him from it. Insulated in an analgesic cocoon, his physical relief turns to psychic panic as the unknown entity strikes



again, bringing to the forefront of the Monk's consciousness a speeding course through the darkest parts of his emotional spectrum: a scream, moment of grief, ennui, carnal impulse all form an indiscrete blast of emotionally charged wind that rips the mutating spider's remaining fibers from his body.

He maintains a puckered, even disposition whilst the fibers tear the hairs from his skin like moistened films of plaster tentacles. The force then curls back to his periphery, withdrawing to relieve him. Only, he has learned it is to recompose for another, deeper invasion.

Having learned from his earlier doubt, the monk clears his consciousness of fear. He clears thoughts of being encompassed by this energy and dissolving within it to be evanesced into some otherworldly Æther. He returns to egoless meditation but doing so begets ego as the sole intent is to survive the drift. He fears that he is fearing being unable to stop fearing. He knows this fear exists but thinks that if only he can realign his field that it may be possible to conceal it from this mysterious, dark force to which his fear appears to be food. He must accept death.

Anxious panic rains down upon him in an icy alluvion. Visible color particles attach to his wispy composition. The panicked breath visibly spreads into a consuming habitat that the Monk is cast inside.

Still attempting defense, he gradually — over a series of all-encompassing thought image projected from the spider's eyes — dissolves into the torment of many others, torment not unlike his own.

Access is granted to a collection of moments in which the Monk, a child at the time, mourns his mother. He is crying alone: each tear an expression of unfulfilled experience and longing. The thought re-ignites and transfigures as he now feels that his deceased mother is with him, only in the form of pure, conscious light, outside of her physical body. Relief begins to

assuage his aching limbs. His tearful eyes clear and begin to shine.

The monk's mother gains a slight outline and the transparent features of a wraith. He gives way to his previously suppressed feelings of attachment. He sees a cloud of swarming locusts in the distant flatland of his birthplace, before the monastery. He glances from the rural farmland to his mother's comforting nostalgia; her full corporeal body restored to match his memory of her. A moment later, the once distant locusts are among them, swarming her but not him, disintegrating one area of skin into necrotic lesions that expose rotted bone and muscle tissue infested with mite crumbs that shift their hive mind's focus from moist fold to dry scab. The momentary relief the Monk experienced dissolves. He watches, occupying the consciousness of himself as a child in helpless, profound terror as his mother's expression remains vacant and unchanged as her flesh is brutally disintegrated. Her mouth is loose. Her eyes remain transfixed in blank recognition, frozen in the moment that mother and son met his in this realm; her eyes are the last to vanish.

Projected to another ground, surrounded by eight spider legs widened in diameters to those of ancient trees. Cracking marble at the monk's feet froths a slow blend into the rocky earth. Skinny leeches emerge from the tumbled floor's fissures and crawl toward the monk; unfed leeches are skinny; he thinks to himself. Unable to move, his feet embedded to float within a substanceless ground, he re-centers his distracted focus during the approach of the leeches. The two moist hematophagies crowd the monk's feet and crawl across them. Both of the leeches appear to flatten themselves in the air before performing a crunch to squeeze between the monk's toenail and toe, carrying with them pathogenic sediment deposits; their innumerable suckers push against resistance, separating the toenail from the toe, exposing the fleshy bits under the nail.

A lost haze observes the return of the monk's mother, now decayed into nothing more than anatomical pith and in spite of this, still ambulatory. A gluttonous dirt joins the ruined memories of

halcyon yore. The locusts complete their disintegration; the mother's image fades to dusty oblivion. The leeches retreat into gaseous dissolution. The spider's legs ascend to join its head in the ethers. The monk returns to the Well — to a central reality where the warm light of the driftway's floating orbs returns to comfort him.

An odor then prolapses through his virtual cavities to disperse bitter, vaporous air into the mouth and onto the tongue. The bitter air turns to a repulsive taste, and then a thought of discomfort. The smell deepens. The monk cannot identify it. His own confusion suggests to him that perhaps his consciousness had been punctured by energetic instruments, unseen projectiles infused with distortions, and that despite this, he must proceed. He deems these olfactory sensations a mystic language that require an interpretation key.

The comforting lights disappear. The monk drifts. His vision blurs unwanted images from his memory into feeling; the bitter taste and increasing cold from the ice that surrounds him is all that is left to perceive.

He envisions himself as a child. Another cycle begins as he drifts the driftway to the deepening madness that awaits him. In a lucid moment, when the charges of feeling blast into discrete, he foresees that a wave will ultimately flush his ego and use the remnants of his subconscious mind for a wicked process; then, another wave will extirpate his physical being to inter within the core. Magnetic irregularities of regret affect his spheres of thought with swells of uttered pleas and supplications to this omnipotent force in exchange for a course reversal opposing his ephebic desertion of the mystic stupa. He begs forgiveness for his hasty attempt to enter the Immortal realm, yet he senses that the Wells will cast visions upon him to illuminate the extent of his master's disapproval and condescension; the monk feels

his repentance steepen upon him in breaths he cannot exhale. He hears a teardrop's splash.



## MASS MURDERER IN MASAYA † 2020

The wheels, I got them as tight to the curb as possible for my monthly paper delivery. I was on my destroyed, free, rental scooter that was made from paper. Papers and plate numbers matched up. Survived storms, taken some interesting tumbles down muddy roads. I have learned to wear boots when it rains a lot.

*Angelito* gathers snacks by the bus station in a condensed patch of rivers and streams from which the community of Nandaime once emerged. From the waters gold was harvested, but he was selling Nickel-stock of candies and water. He seemed to be consuming a bit much jelly fiber as his globular equator reflected.

I popped off my helmet.

"Oh shit. What you doing out here. It's early."

"*El padrino!* Out here harvesting some Noni before the rainy season comes and spoils it," I lie, really on my way to a motion picture shoot but wanting to plant an idea in his head for another hustle.

"Noni, that shit tastes terrible."

"Yes, it does but we dehydrate it, press it, and put it in capsules for export."

"Makes sense. I always heard it was good medicine."

"The best plant medicine is always bitter. Marijuana's helpful but it's entry-level shit. This is some wizardry."

"Nice hustle. I got to get up on something like that here. Went from 100k a year and here we are." His English was cold and precise. Latin street-hustler type vernacular but schemey, wiley American amidst the trusting God-dependent Nicaraguans. Real recognized real. I saw his time in prison, he saw mine.

"These times, ay?" I offered him a cigarette. "The bus to Rivas stops here?" I asked, my respirator dangling around my neck. Though I had other usage for it other than the current ordained measures.

"Yes. You're here," he accepted the proffered Marlboro.

A taxi driver stops beside my light skin.

"How much I ask? Can you do a shared cost?"

"How much," *Angelito* interjects with superior Spanish on my behalf.

"How much is he willing to pay?" The cab driver asks.

We both flush and turn towards one another then *Angelito* turns back towards the driver. "Get out of here," *Angelito* shoos him off. "Obvious play trying to milk you," he shushes towards me.

"I know. *Estafadores.*"

"That is some German shit right there," Angel points to my respirator then drags in the granted smoke.

"Just out here doing some mineralogy. On Site reductions. Strain testings."

"I used to do information technology sales."

"Ah I've heard your voice over speaker before we even met. One of my newspaper salespeople borrowed my computer to skype you."

"It was a big corporate job for Cisco systems."

"Medical IT would be an update for this country. No medical records filed. Do some databasing tech and get paid over a period of time."

"It's not like the states where you get to an office and the doctor already knows everything about you."

"Sell hospitals on the conservation of human resource."

"Problem is here that you need some government connection for that."

Here we were. Just two Americans scheming freely as they do. A nice break to a connection towards something unduly familiar.

"An unholy proposition perhaps, I can leave you with a few copies of my Monthly Reader so you can play the whole spot-a-blanco game." I pulled out a couple hard copies, twenty-page bricks that covertly advertised that I'm selling my own poop on the cover. "Fifty cords a copy."

"Who knows when that will be again? But sure, I respect the hustle. You get one or come a day."

"You can give me a couple bags of jelly beans the next time I get off at the wrong stop." Truly spotting a gringo in these lands seemed rather odd, peculiar even in times when a tourist-dependent country had no tourism. Out came the Nicaraguan hardiness, the survivability.

I was supposedly on my way to harvest some Noni berries for possible exportation whenever that may have come. "*Dales. Vemos.*"

"Adios *jeffe.*" Here I silently became the boss of my own jurisdiction. Boss of toilet paper.

On set, I sat back in my leather back director's chair and drank some local coffee, dark, down my pipes. Sewer systems to invade during dry season.

We would use that same hardiness for the first government sponsored motion picture. It was a part of our plan to take over the world and restore it to hunter-gatherer, communal living as the way it was, preceding the agricultural revolution. All digital media was to support this reversal before there was no more to view. Elaborate sound-code.

Our casting director always kept a database in my notebook of funny faces and their clarified distinctions. Everybody was available for work so there was no need to ask that sort of question.

It was sustained, endured resilience that allowed me to be everything to everybody. Child sacrifice withstood. Marked for death by torture of the slowest knife as a boy, I was withheld everything but the bare essentials, kept alive. I was shown everything that there was and all that I did not have and keeping my head above water; lakes akin to a deep-sea of morphine that reveled in delight the deeper I plunged. I maintained. I persevered. By force, I was allowed air periodically.

Primed by the natural duality of suffering and creation, I was born crying the loudest; sharpness that immediately was dulled out. Trauma emboldened me. It taught me to fight and then kill, even those I considered closest. I was raised on white privilege, but I had none. A Peasant allowed to sit amongst the nobles but not permitted their pleasures. I saw the birth of a dynasty. There was nothing left; brain imaging revealed this. My synapses were fried. I would never feel natural analgesia again. Emotions were undone. There were no heartstrings left to pull. My body temperature had lowered to far below average.

Sometimes things would get tossed into Molech's inferno and he would toss them back. The Mouth of Hell was

nothing for me as I had already been vomited up from its fiery pits.

I encountered a life of trauma from the moment my eyes were open. By the time I was a boy the only prisons that could contain me housed the monstrous dregs of society who were my marks because I had outer awareness of this society in which they resided. The cannibal sects that I had affiliated with regarded me with discontent but too much respect too attempt to cannibalize.

The Cabal itself was to have me canonized but wanted to redirect credit to their own numbers. Future editions of the Old testament that I would not allow to reach print by turning their most unholy rituals against them.

My mother nursed me with laudanum and as I grew withheld it periodically only to break my bones. They were fortified. My X-rays revealed carnage that would have bed-ridden typical men with chronic pain for an entire lifetime. I flew but flew too close to the sun. There was empirical evidence to suggest that I was the source of my own mythology. Then I got a crew, the League of Masaya.

We were sultans of it all. The framework I'd set into place now had subordinate roles to fulfill in delicate sacrificial order. We were bonded by ancient ritual that indicated death before betrayal by processes of blood-letting, deliberate infestation and the same sufferings that birth us all of which I received the highest magnitudes. Hierarchies were established in unprecedented ways. We were after the throne. Our oral histories would outlast all of it. The Bible. The Torah. Sheer immortality was up for grabs. The closest thing to it at least.

We knew all things to fade. Territorial annexations had resulted in sacrificed foot soldiers. Diplomatic missions were set to cast off our cast offs themselves.

*Volcan'* Concepcion overlooked our set. In the middle of Central America's largest freshwater source, Lago Nicaragua, tectonic plates of the Earth's geology convulged to create twin peaks; along with *Volcan'* Maderas; one active, the other inactive. We would erupt it for the shot.

It fell out of our site, but the inactive *Volcan'* Maderas was there.

The scene for the day was reenactment of Contras taking hostages of the ferry boats. The Sandinistas would then use their steam tunneling technologies, really our power of God, to blow them all out of the water.

The ferry was loaded with extras. Interesting faces of the indigenous. Their cargo. Lighting positioned to avoid damage. A bit of chop already present in the waters. The sunlight was crisp twilight.

Video of production footage would demonstrate the steam tunnels through the volcano's core for the crapsheet of next-gen film students. I never had any qualms about lying to 'art students', but we had other reasons for keeping our secrets secret. We never actually used these steam-tunnels. They went deep enough to where one could assume they go all the way through. They were to be immediately filled after the shot.

Vaporized mass fumes from jungle laboratories gathered at just the right angle for the shot.

Actors readied around the ferry's top deck, as our dollies and trailer were on the bottom vehicle access point.

The lead role, cast from our inner sanctum, was also our international attorney - captain of the diplomatic division during our first annexations. A figurehead with charm that spoke through politicians and *militarios*, he could sell them back their own urine.

Production cost budgets were handled by another *capo regime* and his crew. Supporting roles and extras pulled unique faces from the community who were just happy to get some screen time. The casting director was also one of our guys; he was also charged with sound coding.

Our sound code was engineered for our future markets. The populations would be seized under our operative blankness. Their own hope would be sold back to them.

The false prophet, the villain, was the last of our sacred apparatus tasked with a role in the motion picture. He portrayed the Masayan even if only as CGI. As a misdirection, to take away his power – even if slightly – he was renamed the *Concepcionista*. A fictional legend of yore, passed from generation on down. Our inner sanctum knew him to be very real and we had to muddy the truth within the minds of the collective consciousness. The sound code would illusion the audience to the saying that “all myths have a basis in reality”; subtextual, subliminal light flashes would aid along the sound code with auxiliary support.

We got to scene. We'd see if the Masayan would venture outside his jurisdiction to protect his legend. Maybe we'd see glimmers in post-production photos.

I gave the telepathic clue to begin the ritual to ignite Concepcion. The village children began chants around the *volcan's* upper rim. They were integral to invoking a controlled burst from the *Volcan'* which was truly required for the shot's aesthetic authenticity.

We even showed production crew our 'steam tunnel technology' and explained in pseudo-science terms

how it all would work. Our inner sanctum would never dare explicate how we really got the *volcan'* to ignite.

“*De-mo-ni-os. De-mo-ni-os,*” they began as I counted in my head thirty-two total syllables. The patter of people readying positions on set made my chant inaudible.

“Ok. We have one chance with this shot. Everybody to scene,” I waited after they had already assembled. I counted with my breaths.”

“*De-mo-ni-os,*” I repeated softly so that no one could hear until I knew there to be only five chants lefts, “and action.”

Our lead, Junius, had his machine gun directed at the frightened extras on the top deck. An extra manned a turret. I had directed the cameraman to pan from close-ups of the more *campicino*, indigenous looking extras. Their faces got the terror down pat because it was real terror. They were afraid of invoking these forces; the legends to them were real. Then, we heard rumbles and Junius ordered his men to direct their firearms at the opposition; as per script. The rumbles grew. The ferry started shaking and the waves moved to the top deck.

I cued our pyrotechnics guy to be ready when my hand dropped. “*De-mo-ni-os,*” I repeated for the last time as the distant children around the volcanoes edge did as well.

One of the few times in my life time really stood still.

Our photographic director was ready for the blast and the three other cameras arranged from each deck captured the smoke beginning to rise, children barely visible on the faraway crater. A helicopter circled overhead for a shot.

Then magma shot up in its predicted burst. Fire that was of a different sacrificial nature. A force of destruction and creation. CGI would create the *espirito* of the *Concepcionista*, clouds at which the extra behind the turret was directed to fire.

The children, prepared for months for this. One of our men had taken them, after drugging them with midozalam and kidnapping them to one of our palaces where they had awakened to splendor and delights they had never before experienced. They'd been told it was heaven and continuously drugged. Beautiful men and women performed for them every night. They slept in the most luxurious quarters they had ever seen. They ate fruits from faraway lands that they had never even heard of. They were told it was heaven.

After some time, they were told by God, one of our men in shadows, that they were to return to earth to perform



a ritual that would restore balance and destroy evil as God would. After which, they would be returned back to the splendor of 'heaven'. Without hesitation they all agreed. The ritual required uncompromised devotion, willing self-sacrifice, the chant, and an earthly possession of theirs – their clothing. They stood in the ring surrounding Concepcion.

Junius, his armed men, and all the extras looked up in terror. The Sandinistas who were to be portrayed as their own self-sacrifice put their arms down and began laughing. In the film, there was an earlier scene of them creating the steam-tunnels for the sabotage of the Contreras top men; they were willing to die for the cause and they knew killing a boat full of innocents would not bode well for public perceptions of the regime that would follow. Then the small volcanic blast was followed by a trail of flame that was ignited to follow the land to the ferry. The helicopter followed the trail overhead and appeared to have captured the shot perfectly. Then, ultimately pyrotechnics on the boat seemed to engulf it in flaming water. Some hostages made the jump into the water only to be fired upon or engulfed in flame.

Terror. The humanity. Had we captured *espírito* on camera? We'd check in post-production. Shots rang out indeterminately. Water splashed. The ferry on the verge of capsizing. People jumping. Close ups of natives in terror. Helicopter whirling close, adding to the turbulent winds, and then it pulled up and away toward the magma's propulsions.

End take. Post-production would insert a scene of the boat's explosion after everyone was vacated, replaced by the costume designer's dummies. CGI would show the *Concepcionista* in an overhead cloud.

CGI of the *concepcionista* would gather up the auras of the flaming dead and transport them to the 'Mouth of Hell'. We were redirecting this worship. This would leave the Masayan lab and embassy all to ourselves, but there was still a part of me that was a good Christian besides my Jewish side, beside the Russian-American side. It was a contradiction but one that was absolutely needed to create myself out of suffering. My childhood would either see me collapse from my own weight leaving a lake or it would see me burst forward as a volcano. I was the volcano. I called on it from my own weight and it came. Steam tunnels were demonstrated to the rest of the production crew outside of our inner sanctum and they found the tomfoolery with nature for the purposes of entertainment fascinating. The power of man would never truly compete with nature. Man could not end the world. But I could. For I was more than man at this point.

My own isolation as a child and every other inhumane act to which I was subjected would either see me

break or move mountains, in this case volcanoes. We could finish the job at some point but I could see finishing the job required my own sacrifice as usual.

Really an *espírito* manifesting. We renamed him the *Concepcionista* of Concepcion. All a part of our deliberate misdirection to eliminate any worship, idolization that remained of him in the country and beyond. I knew that to even the playing field, we were talking in terms of deliberately reducing the amounts of light-infused worship as quantified by the closed-system produced tungsten metrics from all the devices that would be used to disseminate the picture. My own legend had to equal or surpass his own, but the uncertainty remained of his degree of worship within his domain, his territory, the Mouth of Hell.

The community was blinded and I was the light. Tungsten originally intended to be produced with quantum principles imbued within had been manipulated to serve me on the slightest level where there was nothing but light, where they felt nightmares, *pesadillas* of the volcano crashing down upon them, magma engulfed men rising temporarily from the fire only to be dropped moments later.

Crashes, explosive, pyrotechnics, natural disaster, the changing of weather systems were all our fortes. We could bring in pressurized zones while leaving enough to otherwise create a vacuum for all the space on the other side of the pressure system. So, it was this way, atmospheric melting of all that wasn't meant to be melted.

Reminiscent of La Cosa Nostra, our blood-letting procedures offered a certain bond that was unbreakable without otherworldly consequences. Sure, you may survive, but the consequences on the other side would smother you for eternity, damaging your soul with a degree of permanence that their

Now, the right combinations of drugs were more important than ever. It was the impermanence of the codeine phosphate high that bothered me the most. It seemed to be the one thing that was elusive enough for only a matter of seconds. It seemed unworthy. Deadly combinations were more my style. Anything with risk associated including death.

The sounds of death. These are vibrations that exist on the lightest level of stillness perceptible to man. They guide the aura from its physical bounds and into a channel that otherwise would just fail to exist. So, it be that my understanding of the afterlife stems from personal experience of it. Pushed over the edge with magnetic tethers that would facilitate my torturous pull back. In spectacular fashion every bit in my sphere would be examined as nightmares that I once had, remembrances forgotten,



consolidations of the neocortex. Belief is what drew it to be real and anything else could manifest with the same conclusive evidence. It was undereality.

"Come forth and present yourself," the Gods, not the false prophet, hurtled his demands which only I could hear.

I shivered. The shot was over but my consequences for such a shot were to be paid for; capturing the ethereal comes closest to death comes at a cost. The castings for my soul came for eyes that were hard to draw away, they resembled those of somebody you would look back, after their departure, in photographs, in retrospect and acknowledge that they die shortly after the photo was taken. The allure of capturing this in any medium, even written word, brought about indelible deities to pose for these captures. Stillness or shivering. It was ethereal.

I would assess her voice as she would mine as we left San Jorge port. I was still covered in volcanic silt. I didn't lie to her ever, unless you consider omission of pertinent facts lying, but she never asked those questions. She wouldn't believe the answers anyway. Maria Jose was above all else a logician. Her practicality overrode her own religious devotion. Very much a 'see it to be believe it' type of person which I respected. She had seen enough by now. I had disrupted her beliefs. Those imposed upon her by her medical education. Strict uniformity that disabled her from seeing the bigger picture. As with all post-industrial revolution education formulated to produced capable factory workers that would glare up at the upper offices surveying their operations,

Maria Jose spent years working on the presser. She made plant medicines into capsules. The capsules themselves controlled with certain ingredients that would allow for the magnetic attraction to others with such products in their circulation. This caused an attraction of her design that was used against her.

We started our ride back.

San Juan is on the bleeding edge. Fringes of society that scout out the interior while insulating themselves as faraway satellites. Laika, the first dog in space, would be a wonderful name for children, and pets, born here. The average San Juan resident is more informed as to population control agendas, the plutocracy, etc. They are also passive. They refuse to organize an opposition party that supports this manner of foreign policy. Maybe because it is already there.

The historical connection between Russia and Nicaraguan leaves footprints in many places. You hear anthems vaguely reminiscent of Russian song. You see trucks with the Nicaraguan and Russian flags emblazoned across them. There are doctors and veterinarians who speak Russian from having travelled and studied there. Here we were annexing a country in disguise. People thought it to be aid but we knew it was not.

"I haven't shit in four days."

"Maybe take a break from all that morphine your jamming in your body," said I to Junius who found no other ways to cope with the burdens of the day.

Perhaps stool samples were of the utmost urgency for other beings that described them as such. We had no use for his poop. We knew the signs his excreta bore.

"Cuban shit smells different. It has traces of pedophilia, human trafficking all over it."

"We may even see further than that in regards to what the Cubans are planning."

"Their instability can rival ours only in the sense that the general public is aware of it beyond any point of misrecognition. Doubtful is it that they'll return to balance. The thing with our instability is that it is adaptable to suit our needs as they shift and grow."

"Talking to Cuban capitalists, we are capitalist. Talking to Cuban socialist we are socialist. The indigenous, well we are communist."

"Either way our trade routes intersect with their hubs of human trafficking that we need to close and possibly burn to a crisp."

"Perhaps, we let it remain if only for a little while," said a dissenting voice outside our inner sanctum with Cuban capitalist interests. Without hesitation, I shot him in the head. All remained quiet as I continued:

"Anybody else for human trafficking?"

Our policies were clear but firm. We would root out their sacrificial power from within. That began with their human trafficking rings that read like a hierarchy. Taking out the top guys involved in the situation would do nothing as they would soon be replaced. Scorched earth is what we were looking at. Killing everyone involved, including the unfortunate traumatized souls. That was the source of their power and the division that allowed capitalists into the country during the past presidential reigns. Politicians, people still trusted them for some reason yet they knew not to trust politicians. There was a number of ways to present this. The first open state is what we were after. But who had

control? was he who controlled the occult? Our elimination of neighboring occult strategies was on its way.

The people would view us as in control as rumors of the steam tunnels leading to control of the volcanoes catalyzed fears that were ascertained. We knew the steam tunnels were just a convenient explanation for the forced burst.

Root master abided. We had the occult smothered before there was any sort of repression, any fight back. There were abolished souls that continued peddling their forms of pedagogy which we confirmed as valid. I was the last of the line. Such a thing as Shamanic order existed but it was scrawled out and left for just me to understand — ah the loneliness — unable to confide in my shaman besides his immortal form which coexisted within many different joints of union prior to them being smothered out. Afterwards our connection was real and he would scold me as he should when I clung to him as an ally. Disputed truths and vacated promises. Things he had foreseen but I had manipulated for him to foresee. Predictive coding operating on the most complex levels.

Root master is a title deemed as the holiest amongst the select few that know what they speak of. The uninitiated balk at the term and view it with no significance. Charlatans aware of the term attempt to claim jurisdiction within esoteric circles, but when push comes to shove, when plant goes to their brain, they are exposed. When one root master perishes, their knowledge disperses through the available hosts. Truth burns out. Lies become truth. Reality is subject to manipulation when the hosts are reduced to just one. As our prophecy had stated, the elements were all within me. Budget pffff.

Sometime *brujeria* would manifest for the given need. Creation has its own agenda and we were to convert the little warlocks into child soldiers fighting for our fundamental principles to spin a neat web of invisible fibers spanning the globe. Big cities were an issue. They had to be taken, or vacated and reformed into communes where people would detox from the consumerism to which they had grown accustomed. The patience required for such big city transplantations were exhausting, particularly in regions with amplified bureaucratic policy. The city was to be washed over.

From afar our assistant chemist, of the highest credentials; studied at MIT then under the infamous Doctor Feiber, circled the Atlantic by double engine aircrafts that stayed off radar technology. Packed with him was Cesium ore. As the pressure systems moved it was enough to capsize the American Northeastern hubs. Those who managed to

evacuate would be pushed by their own military into residential communes.

I took a moment to mourn for my city. The libraries of MIT, the courtyards of Harvard, the Rembrandts of the city's museum. All the information would be lost. Our societal transformation depended on it. I finished my mourning, but regrettably wished I had passed along messages to former colleagues to save some of my favorite text and commit an art theft, the Rembrandt self-portrait to which I had the deepest fascination.

The self-portrait, the memoir typically were things that made rile in disgust but this was something else. He was larger than life, but he saw himself as sick. This was one of his younger self-portraits but his eyes were portrayed with distinctiveness that comes from seeing too much. I had seen this in few others but most notably I saw it with him. His eyes were covered by shadow, perhaps from his hat. This is done on purpose. I looked carefully. His eyes had seen too much. They carried with them years of anguish. Struggle against injustice. The lines around his eyes revealed the stress, the sleeplessness, the fight. As a young man, he needed the shadows to be able to see himself painlessly. In his middle years, shadowed eyes were the norm for his self-portraits. Only later, his depictions of himself as an elder did he drop the shadow effect entirely.

Rare texts would be lost. I'd absorbed those libraries, consumed them vomited and then consumed them again. I used my memory neocortex deconsolidation therapy in its early phases to do this. Prior to it being possible to disseminate by light. I'd absorbed everything in hours. I turned myself into a vessel. Even prior to the elimination of such information, I was still a vessel.

The Cesium ore was soon to be dropped. They awaited my orders from overhead. New York. Fuck New York, I thought. But Boston. How could I do this to the civilization that made me. That raised me into the premier with the first chance to enact true communism. My gut told me no. My instinct was everything. We could reposition and just hit New York with this deluge. Boston needed conservation. I assured myself that it was not sentimentality talking but the truth.

Strategic conversation of the world's educational hub. Access would be granted to the deserving. Free access. No more exclusivity. No more nepotism. An eligible representative from all countries would be brought to attend university in the hub. We were to take Harvard, MIT, all the universities.

"Fly south, deploy the Cesium in the southern pressure system to leave Boston unaffected."

He's sentimental – I read my subordinates thoughts. "Sure thing boss, two hours away from deployment."

Our guys in the air are replaceable, I thought. His thoughts withheld nothing else. I respected this devotion otherwise.

"I am not sentimental. We have great need for the city. We must keep it intact to educate the leaders, from our new communal structures." We had implemented communal structures. Small self-sustainable communities in an entire country to this point, but to push it forward we needed the leaders to be capable. Our army was growing every day. We had absorbed most of it using our light projection technology. The soul could always cry out through our controls, but it never did because of the absence of malicious intent.

The light dissemination technologies were in the right hands and everyone in our inner sanctum knew this. Our soldiers were indoctrinated with the very same technology but it was clear to the captains, Junius, my *Consigliere*, Dr. Maria Jose, the rest of the tech team. Our biggest threats lay in faraway lands impervious to our medical technology.

There was one colony. They had deliberately kept themselves insulated from light projection of any source. They lived underground by firelight. They abided by our new world order and their very existence was only rumored off the coasts of the Orient. We did not want to infringe on their territory or change the lives they had chosen, but rather wanted to honor them: a shining example of this reversion that we speak of already existing and thriving. My fear was they cultivated a force similar to ours. For I was the last of the root masters, perhaps their leader was the last of another plant with generations of knowledge passed down to him.

I simply asked for answers and they appeared. Perhaps he was the same. I sensed I had to remove myself from directing the project for a short while to fight my own battle. It would not be a battle of blood but mind. Chess in a stymie. I was curious and even from such distances I was curious as well. He was for complete cleansing and restoration to utopian communism. I wanted to cleanse the weak and educate those who remained. He argued they were too stupid to educate and could only be eradicated. I would show him my treatment protocol, my solution for this ignorance. I questioned if he knew of ibogaine's dark side. In our faint conversations, whispers of telepathy, he said, "yes, I know of the dark side."

## DANI AND DANNY

Enchantments had been set within the Well's dungeon; the radiation fields contained. An ancient monolith, carved into a precise circle, rests on the edge. The hieroglyphic stone serves to view the thought landscapes of spirits that have perished or been interred within the Wells. It permits the witches, when transferred to the thought-realm's dimension, to view the encased consciousness of failed seekers, those bound to the eternal Well. By way of meditative fuel — a component of their anti-gravity — they have repelled undesired entities and the consciousnesses that do rise to the Well's surface to be viewed are those that convey astral communications from inter-dimensional versions of themselves.

Enchanted Dani enters the space. She assumes an insouciant half-lotus atop the dungeon's staircase. She closes her eyes to meditate and become neutral with the Well.

Awakened to her presence in the periphery of its confined aura field, the Well adjusts to her new frequency emissions and, by way of the monolith's power to override, grants her entry into its catalogues of thoughts, images, and feelings; as Dani's meditation deepens, she leaves her

corporeal body to descend the staircase as a thought-realm spirit.

She arrives at the monolith, a coveted instrument — only two having ever been discovered; one of which's current whereabouts are unknown. It allows Dani to view the Well's catalogue of interred consciousnesses, only through a sort of filtering screen that protects her spirit. Without the monolith, those seeking passage are victim to astral fury, familiar constructs to convey the unfamiliar; with the monolith, the symbolism's meanings are exposed through transit of past memories — tableau's for animals who pass the mirror test, aware that it is not another's reflection that they view but their own.

“It is certainly obvious that we are bigger than US Steel,” says Dani to Alma.

“You and your quotes from those sound-coded movies.”

“It's my favorite. At least I'm not quoting Power Rangers.”

“You're still brainwashed beyond a shadow of a doubt. How could you compare ourselves to US steel anyways?”

“Beyond comparison.”

“Can we just put you on end of life care like Delilah already? No, you're still a valuable asset as you are, even without your imaginary half.”

“He's not imaginary.”

“Clairvoyance.”

“No. He is still there.”

“Imaginary boyfriend produced from delusions of isolation is all it is.”

“Pfft. You’ll see eventually. We’ll have to pass through the Well but only once we find it from the other side.”

They speak of this blankly and with no perniciousness to their joking. Matters of belief being individual to the believer. Perhaps, Alma, not knowing the other Danny to still be with Dani despite his death from some unprecedented purgatory was something she would not ever learn of dependent on her own beliefs. She believed it to be clairvoyance from years of practice, training, secret incantations.

“Sister, you have got to brace yourself for whatever forces are coming. The intra-realm meetings have identified that we have an ally. You think you are me are going to the other Well, you’ve fooled yourself. Find the map is all.”

“There are so few inter-realm aware beings remaining. The world still has its secrets.”

“Well, every bit of quanta has been identified and accounted for. Just we were not aware of one. Or perhaps I was, but that same knowledge was obliterated due to Wladimir’s slight restraints imposed on even those closest to him. I knew him and he knew me. I cannot recall much and, in this realm, very little could possibly be recovered.”

“What did you learn?”

Danny listens intently as he passes along from the Pyramid’s chambers, its deterministic

course.

“I learned of a man that was a part of this inner sanctum. He made many of these plant medicine discoveries. The seed of light. Its activity on the level of light. He gained Wladimir’s trust,” she pauses and palms her forehead, “and betrayed him by taking nature’s most potent weapons with him to a place he knew how to conceal only by his own enchantment.”

“As nature creates its own solution for nature to thrive.”

“Yes. He took these children.”

“Where is this man now? Dead, I presume. The kids still hidden?”

“He is for uncertain reasons alive, in the only prison for consciousnesses designated as too valuable for extermination.”

“A spiritual warrior who is able to counter Wladimir’s tortures. It may be blackmail he set up while an Oligopoly puppet, and his death —,” Danny pauses. “Well, it could very well be that hurting Wallis means hurting the children, and maybe himself, all to leave him vulnerable.” “Sacred Elixir bonds, maybe? Of course, some of his being is left alive is by design.”

“A blood bond that makes one of the children indispensable. By killing Wallis, he also kills the

kid.”

“Maybe, but that is simply our procedure. This man’s may have been something different.”

Bloodletting was a ritual their Coven performed to enforce betrayal. Breaking it led to death. Once they moved to their new location, to maintain independence from the Oligopoly, they slashed their hands with an ancient blade of Cleopatra III and clasped their hands together over their Coven’s text of sacred principles. Then the text was burnt, so as not to be discovered by the Oligopoly.

To enter she focuses on the image of a claw clutching a snake. The field intersects with hers; the monolith interprets the specific image in her thoughts. After verification, she enters the space beyond the stone, the timeless panorama of visual perceptions deemed pertinent by what is beyond.

Dani enters a victim's memories: a caretaker. Mental images comprise fleeting peaks and valleys of an unseen world. Dani admires the ebullient visual symphony of luciferous reflections that she has an inborn ability to navigate without inter-dimensional cartography. She drifts from mirror to mirror in this set of moments within the lady's consciousness, purveyed with the clouds of antiquity — opaque transparency — each frame a new color on an infinite palette of every shade.

Color gains form. Objects appear. A sunburnt iron gate with no conjoining fence on either side sits in desert moonlight. The Sun then appears to join the moon in time.

A perplexing shutter of light and dark alternates to disorient Dani. She thinks to use her hands to lift her eyeglasses only to realize she is still in projection form. The strobes shift to less frequent waves and she stabilizes to continue her search.



Dani reads the front gate, locked for some reason when one could simply walk around it. She continues and reads the few objects in and around her aura's center of being; she scans the space for ego, worrying about a potential hostile projection, but senses only her own thoughts in observation. Relieved, she allows herself to linger. She admires the light flashing in the night air. Dani then expands to the wisps of information bits towards which her electromagnetism has a polarized affinity — heretics, [S], mystic fruit; just a modicum, smithereens, is required; one of the highest opposing charge.

A frontier settlement appears past the gate, surrounded by the orange earth scorched by primordial rays. Vanished Dani absorbs a flash of information to transmit to her consciousness an image of the earth through a hallway of time. During this flash, she has an imperceptible lapse of consciousness; this moment passes and, without her thought-spirit's awareness, in an instant, she is flush with this information — the volume of which she would have thought to exceed the brain's capacity, yet she feels no change to her psychic being; the surd matter drunkenly shifts the compressed air around her and clumsily fails bring to light its own pertinence. It was — in physics terminology — every bit of information regarding two sets of selenography coordinates. Her doubts about brain capacity upon reentering corporeal Dani were not to be tested since all but the numbers turned forgotten mist.

There is a well, perhaps a symbolic imitation of the genuine article, between a farmhouse and a garden patch of cactus life. Dani records as the caretaker tends to the garden, kneeling in the dirt, transplanting cacti from their starter pots to their terminal holes in the earth.

While imaging — the process of separating time within a larger scope to find specific abstract objects — through the outlines and impressions of the caretaker's life at the arid farm,

Dani feels an internal revelry manifesting amongst her stimulated brain cells. Now motivated by hedonism, she streams timeless energy in its state of enraptured glory, haughtily directing it to the specific coordinates on the larger map of overall anhedonia that characterizes the majority of the caretaker's consciousness. Pleasure opposite pain.

Dani, guided by intuitive magnetism, seeks a thought of an image that contains an inter-realm map. It is guarded and heavily sought after, but unaltered by observation within these clandestine memories of an unknown woman programmed to have spent her existence on the fringes of society, protecting evil and secrets she did not know to be secrets. She had been programmed to housework. Dani sees a transparent collection of images that comprise the caretaker's history.

Dani feels a euphoric release of empathy as she senses her moods and attitudes shift to the opposite of the emotional charges of the expressions she views. Where the woman feels loneliness, Dani feels at home, surrounded by warm hearts. Light to thought, then to matter, and then to feelings, ultimately returning to light upon a circuit, the consumption of which inverts to feeling's final stage within the consumer, visible via the monolith's screen.

Stills evolve into moving frames as Dani focuses on specific images. They offer more animation as she deepens into her focal point: she sees the caretaker under the tin roof of the farmhouse; infinite variations of outfits, movements, breaths, clouds; each frame, an expression of being. Despite near precise overlaps, no two frames are exact matches. Dani's emotional state opposes the ennui of these frames in an enraptured stimulation, a knowing sense that all her hungers are soon to be

quelled.

Dani perceives the caretaker's starvation, her propitiatory sacrifice. She sees her time in the kitchen preparing meals from the garden for another presence, vegetables steam to a soft pulp for tube-feedings. She sees countless overlapping frames: the discrepancies between them blurred into medians; the outlier colors, fabrics, textures, motions leaving shadows of light whose translucency is reduced with Dani's attention.

The condemned caretaker smokes tobacco; schizoid facial twists often accompany tears. While viewing the specific frames of tears, Dani cannot help but pause to linger and succumb to the elation that overcomes her, proliferating from a pleasure bubble in her brain to disseminate dopaminergic responses to her outermost extremities along a nervous route, curling her tips into the grips of ecstasy; the affected course through her veins disperses sanguine fluid changed by a vacant fearlessness again to pause and fester its transferable hedonistic condition upon varied relief points in her psychic and even remote corporeal bodies. The muscles and bones that had earlier transmitted tired signals, now replaced with the pins and needles of a refined poppy injection. Tunneling her vision, Dani ventures forward with a determined refusal, however reluctant, of the pleasure obtained at the expense of another's well-being. She drifts between objects and airs in the blended space. There are few extra furnishings in the hallway between the ranch's kitchen and its bedroom. There is a shelf lining the corridor wall. Dani notes the titles of a medical dictionary, veterinary medicine journal and a book on ancient gardens; in a flash, she again absorbs all the information within these texts only to filter through to the remaining pertinent facts.

Dani is then drawn further down from the kitchen into the hallway toward the bedroom. She senses breath beyond an impassable white light, outside the bedroom door. She feels an increasing

surge of foreign interference, a bitter interruption to her grand sense of well-being. The mysterious interference repels her from entering the room thus confirming to Dani that the valuable abstract object she seeks must reside within a thought-realm being in the bedroom, a locked consciousness severed from observation. She sees all the available information regarding the caretaker, mostly trivial content, except this apparent information disappearance. The lost bits had to be kept separate somehow, cut off from impacting the known territories; lost history, it couldn't have just vanished, Dani thought. If the involved party who covered up the information were to die, that which is hidden would then become exposed.

She pushes further, navigating a complex code made into an impenetrable reflective sphere that surrounds the door. Fragmented information is extracted with torturous pain from the living, glowing whiteness of the hidden aura. She struggles to project herself through the defenses, feeling herself slipping in only to be pushed out after a moment. She struggles with her final push forward, and sees and hears a series of moments: an oxygen chamber's interior; the partial outline of a crippled body; bismuth spilling from a titration flask onto a square linoleum tile; a record spinning, playing only record spin noise; scribbles in a notebook.

In her final effort, Dani exhausts her remaining projection fuel. She sees one final image: a cactus species she does not recognize, igniting then being drowned.

She channels back to the top of the dungeon's stairs, to a space in between her eyebrows, minimizing her aura to its undetectable minimal form — one indeterminate bit: the observation of which makes things go from small to large.

Danny's voice sounds in Dani's reestablished present and only present consciousness:

'I've been waiting back here since I saw the interference. It was the reciprocation that kept you in there despite the inutility of the information," bragging about how he resisted the pleasure from suffering, "How about you remove the monolith to set the lure, since you have hands. The light counterparts will be drawn in. Maybe they have accessed the underworld reflections of the map.'

"I got some glimpses of something. It hurt like virginity at the end. Going from metaphysical exhilarants to abject pain is way worse than falling to the same suffering from the upper/downer baseline. We don't have the fruit yet, which I gather is actually a cactus and not a fruit. A term maybe employed to cause confusion for those that seek it. Perhaps that got lost in translation as most esoteric terms do? Still, no leads on location of any remaining fruit, cactus, plants. I did fish out the coordinates or moon locations as I see you have already learned. I cannot them to anything known," says Dani, recomposing at her Coven. She inhales deep to go from two to one.

'We need the next generation of the mystic fruit. Now that the seed won't grow. It means the next generation will carry enough unseen energy to bypass the electromagnetic field travel blockade. Then, maybe enough power will be left over to create seminal impressions upon a nascent body of consciousness,' he says with a tempered excitement, anticipating a seismic shift. Danny sees deeper into the last bits of Dani's visit to the desert house.

They are able to stream back and forth between the thoughts of one another; their minds exist in confluence without a need for proximity. He spreads out further with his thoughts to inspect Dani's mind then warns, 'the impressions you seek to create will not serve you. It's logic and

not your intuition that's making you want to do this,' he says, regarding what he perceived to be Dani's impulse to manipulate those summoned by the Well. 'There will, of course, be those who will want to use these lost impressions as a power source. They used to say that everyone has a price. You could say your asking price is eternal euphoria for the abandonment of existence's hardship — an uneven bid the acceptance of which, as auctioneer, I can preclude.'

"It was only a thought. I wouldn't to drive up the cost of abstract objects and information by restricting it to get rich, since when you're an astral-realm dweller getting rich isn't so important. Why not fulfill my pre-programming desires if we find something hidden that Poseidon would buy? I'm going to be rich," Dani says in jest, a transparent act meant to impress a new reality upon her counterpart: one in which she now possesses the evil persona of an idiot from the past who hoards unredeemable paper over imagined subjects.

'Like Poseidon will even talk to you. Alma wouldn't make contact for nothing. The most important thing we figure out is what is hidden and who is doing the hiding.'

Their consciousnesses are comprised of many overlapping frames which leads many instances of inferred communication based on the expansive knowledge of the other. Part of her likes to maintain the illusion that she can turn against Danny to purport her own lust for grand intrigue: a mutiny upon herself.

'Track the remaining fruit and the fears of those responsible for these obstructions will be realized. May very well be a distraction to concentrate on only the random spots of moonlight disseminate light that poisons. We could find that anywhere. The fruit is the priority,' says Danny.

“Cactus,” she corrects. “Wladimir has most of the Moon’s and Sun’s light, Mercury, Venus and Mars. Poseidon and him each have Jupiter, Saturn. Forgot which is which. Poseidon’s mainstays are Neptune, Uranus. He dares not contest Hades for Pluto is what I hear from Alma. Then here we are, terra-firm, where Wladimir and Poseidon are at odds over how Earth’s emissions, light influences the solar systems and the life on it.”

‘The reflection. Then, the reflection of the reflection. Once we remove the monolith, do not underestimate those who are drawn to the Well. To survive in this post-Fall epoch, one must possess divine lineage, transcendent instinct, the exact right combinations of natal light exposures,’ Danny says in a self-aggrandizing manner. He projects from a tomb within the ethers of former Egyptian demarcation — capsized in vapors, yet with an interior insulated from outer gaseous deluge. The sepulcher is both illusory and tactile, a personal mirage that bleeds the edges between asleep and awake. The beings that reside within are neither dead or alive, not in the sense most have come to understand these non-absolutes.

‘Ready to move that big rock with your hands?’ Danny no longer exists in the physical form, having vacated during his entrance into the Vanishing Pyramid; only one aspect of his soul's composition, Dani, is needed to remain in the mortal realm, as the discorporate form functions within the Vanishing Pyramid to uncover ancient information. Astral travels through the thoughts and memories of those residing within the Pyramid's innumerable chambers, light and dark, with knowledge of [S}.

Entrance into the Vanishing Pyramid requires one to perform a series of processes and rituals that, once complete, allows for the summoning of any consciousness that has ever entered or even observed the dimension; those with an affinity to the observer’s consciousness, those with

pertinent information rise to the top and are viewed first. To get the ritual's mythic code for entry, before the Fall, Danny had to entrust a mystic legion, the keepers of another realm. Other-worldly resources that often became targets for hostility.

“I’ll remove it in a moment. I want to intrude one more time before we have company.”

‘There is nothing left to see. You just want to mindfuck!’

Danny, summoned into the Pyramid's chamber that houses his own memories, evanesces into a joint disincorporate form with a part of Dani's spiritual composition. They have learned a lot about one another this way. Together, they enter the chamber's multisensory representation of his past. There was a war on memory and the soldiers were all forgetting their tasks after mystic plant dissemination.

After Danny took the historic dive into the volcano to enter the Secret Chamber of Osiris, there were constant attempts to reassemble by the technological giants. There was a giant war against them and took out all telecommunications, and dropped the technology sector of the economy overnight, bringing other sectors that depend upon telecommunications, then the people fiddling with their phones, questioned what had happened were flashed with a light that carried the mystic root molecule and immediately created an aversion to light and rebellion against societal structures. Some could not tolerate and simply melted off the face of the Earth. The population dropped to a few thousands. Paralyzed, disjointed, starved were brought back to the artificial version of the same light molecule that showed them salvation light



It was dying times in pre-Fall Southwestern GCA. Danny spent most of his free time — all of it being free — in despondent gambling stupors. After what he swore would be his final downswing on the felt, Danny recalls himself wandering out of the reservation's casino lighter than he arrived, past the tourist trading-post, deep into the desert, to stumble and collapse beside a patch of brush whose shade remedied a bit of his distemperature. No semblances of civilization were visible. He fell asleep.

Staring up from the ground into the enervating sun, downcast and inebriated on camphoric ethers and various other solvents, Danny's dilapidated condition of intoxicated reclusivity was modified by the blurred appearances of equine creatures that hovered over his supine body.

“Attack bulls, here to finish this rodeo clown off. I'll show them,” he mumbled, his hypnagogic daze rendering the equines bovine. He reached toward his holster; panicked, it took him three palpations before he glanced from the morphing beasts to see that his revolver which had vanished.

He began to rise in an effort to scare them away, but with the camphors saturating his bloodstream, he ascended from a prostration, to a wobbly bent knee, to a curvy genuflection. Strings of hair dangled in the dusty arroyo as he fell dormant on the sandstone.

The equines grazed while they visibly watched and waited for Danny to awaken. They stared with the inveterate patience attained from years of training not only to graze, but also to stare.

In the emergent moonlight, Danny woke to a change in skin pigment, an unforeseen transition from his pale complexion into a blistered cerise coat. He strained out groans as the slightest musculoskeletal movement pulsated tremors along his kinetic chain to create dry fissures on his skin tissue. The twelve equines, his moans having alerted them, silently approached a beleaguered Danny who desired for nothing other than analgesics and aloe.

Danny struggled to his feet and appraised the well-trained, human-accustomed beasts who appeared to be of prime stock. He believed the twelve varying breeds, each with a unique coat, to be a gambling prize that, in his withdrawn sunburnt state, he failed to remember winning.

Not one to leave found money on the ground, Danny figured it would be best to halter them and get them on a trailer to the GCA glue factory. Before he could put this unsavory machination into action, as the thought floated across his consciousness, the twelve creatures commenced violent fantods of turbulent hems and haws and flems targeted at a weakened Danny who cowered at their mercy.

From the Pyramid, Danny recalls that the quadrupeds were silent until his thought regarding their processing. Then the equines appeared to express their disapproval with vehemence characteristic of their genus. At the time, he thought to himself that these hooved, insensitive monsters are trained to stare and graze, but not to avoid chaotic movement in proximity of a

man whose exposed sub-dermal tissue is threatened by the possibility of contact. He records these observations of his initial observations.

One after another, they kicked their legs up and galloped off into the desert's expanse, leaving a motionless, sun-blistered Danny to sugar-powder in a cloud of particles.

Of the twelve equines, a black mule, remained. It was saddled though Danny did not notice saddles on any of the beasts prior to them taking psychic umbrage to his thoughts and their 'Irish Exit' that followed. He felt that, even in his altered state, he would have noticed a saddle. The mule, in some demonstration of English dressage, commenced an ornamental stride towards Danny and then performed its denouement: a submissive bow.

Danny swung onto the western saddle and captured the reins in his right hand, but his attempts to steer the mule were overridden, as the mule traipsed off toward the remnants of its compadre's dust clouds.

As they rode, Danny began to recognize the mule's uncompromised destination. They climbed the mountainside towards the fabled mesa of which he had only heard urban legends from his miscreant gambling pals. He thought it to be a native commune and his expectations were met when the mule completed its ascent to the flatland and at the top of the rock there was a rather banal tableau; a few indigenous fellows in headdresses seated around a flaming pit, their outskirts surrounded by equidistant teepees. The mule's now placid compadres, having beaten him

to their open grazing area, snacked on alfalfa.

Seated across the flames, facing out towards Danny's emergent point was the scene's sole anomaly: this individual was not adorned in native garb or headdress nor did he possess the same stoic, leather disposition of the three other fellows who sat upon the stones that formed a square around the center hearth; but rather draped over his thin frame were the fashions one would expect to see at a medical office or scientific research facility: slacks, a dress shirt, a full-length lab coat, and a surgical, time-sensitive pithiness — the clustered furrow of features that arises from too much time in the trenches between life and death. On the ground, in front of the man, upon a Mexican rug, was an assortment of rattles, shakers, beads and singing bowls.

Don Benito, his name unknown to Danny at the time, locked his eyes onto Danny's. The gazes of the two did not waver or blink from their fixed opposition as the mule corralled Danny across the mesa. The carrier and the carried came to a halt at Don Benito's side. The three natives quietly vacated their stone chairs and departed into the indiscernible darkness. As they left, the vacuumed winds from their movement boldened the flames to illuminate a serious gaze of appraisal in the lab-coated man's eyes: a searing profusion of liquid, but without tears — a web of surviving crow creases, squinted and chapped.

The mule, undeterred by his pals unabashed depletion of the mesa's alfalfa supply, strode beside him, as if to escort him the trivial distance to his seat.

Afraid and uncertain of whether or not he should speak first, or really what kind of sorcery was at hand here, Danny seated himself on an unoccupied stone. He resisted a smile and even what could have been a chuckle at the serious enigma who shared the fire, seated across from his own

slanderous muttons.

“Marvelous creatures, the mules are. You will notice that our stock has prominent forehead markings directly above the space between the eyes. Among the three points, a holy equilateral trine is created.”

Danny looked at the black coat of hair upon the mule's forehead to see a break in the coat's smoothness precisely at the location the lab-coated man indicated.

“Much like you, the mule is reluctant. It refuses to do that which has no clear reason.”

“With respect to you, fellow who I've never met, you don't know that. What could you possibly know about me? Also, reluctance sounds odd regarding mules. Don't you mean stubborn?”

“Danny,” the stranger began, as a restrained expression of skeptical shock at this stranger’s cognizance of his name was betrayed by Danny's widening eyes and dilating pupils, “what you have just said, proves my original point. And stubbornness and reluctance are near synonyms with specific uses that are slight. Your misogynistic inclinations do not change that fact.

Disregarding the reluctant mule that chose you, you have been summoned here, by forces that we have no authority over, to train with me — training that you will feel has no objective. But I assure you that it will. In our first lessons, I am only able to outline theory without application. If you accept your fate, you will inevitably apply the theory we discuss. These being my first words to you, your first lesson, I need to make this clear.”

Danny chuckled. “That was some impressive reconnaissance. Gamblers are indeed easy targets for robberies. I should have known. Sorry to break it to you, but I lost my roll last night. If you want some buffet coupons, I'll give those up I suppose. But before I do, you have to tell me how

you get horses to be your accomplices. How did you get them to steal my gun?"

"This is not a robbery," said Benito.

"You're a guy who says 'reluctant as a mule', aren't you? 'Stubborn' being a more fit term to use associated with a mule is not derived from misogyny — I love women — but from the fact that mules are male. What other expressions do you mix up? I bet your house isn't a pig sty but a pig *jail* or something

"I would never confine pigs, nor would I consume pork. That is cannibalism: monkeys, pigs, humans and any animal aware of the fact that they are an animal cannot be eaten."

"You sound like a fellow with morals. I've been smitten by the look in a pig's eyes myself, once or twice."

Don Benito thanked him, believing Danny's snide remark to be an acceptance of his offered training: Spanish being Benito's natal tongue, some intonations were lost upon him. He lifted his chin just enough for Danny to detect, in actuality, a polarized mirroring of his own arrogance. "I have begun to serve you as master, my new apprentice," said Don Benito.

Danny had maintained stoicism until the man's words, particularly 'master', provoked him to feel that he had been enslaved, given the illusion of free-will when the reality was in fact fatalistic. "Benito, I presume?"

The man gave a slight affirmative nod.

"I have heard of you and your late-night peyote consumption, and your fireworks — or

'festivals of light'. There are times the top of this mesa is lit up like the Autumnal Equinox fair. And, I can assure you that your copious mescaline consumption and moonlit dances do not interest me. So, with that being said,” Danny stood to depart, “Mr.— or Dr. Benito, I bid you *adieu*.”

Don Benito made no attempt to persuade him or to prevent Danny's departure. He watched from his chair. An omniscient smirk glazed in the flame's light as Danny took his recalcitrant steps across the mesa. The mule followed in stride. Despite Danny's waves to shoo him off, he was never more than a few paces behind, all the way back to his trailer in decay.

In the days that followed their meeting, Danny attempted to get his stalker mule off his property — starving it, frightening it with chainsaws and other loud machinery, tempting it to go to other horse ranches that had plentiful alfalfa and stables of *jennies*. The mule would not budge from his bivouac in the trailer's front yard.

When Danny would open his door to go outside, the mule would poke his head in to attempt forcible entry. While Danny slept, the mule would graze on the yard's patch of dirt. It was really his first companion in quite some time. He had brought his trailer out into the middle of nowhere to avoid companions — even neighbors, cellular signals and any of the forced pleasantries involved with life in the more settled frontiers. What more, is that during the mule's vagrant tenancy, the fibers that composed Danny's tenuous existence quickly came undone: his trailer flooded while he slept from a broken pipe; a letter arrived summoning him for jury duty; an insect bite left a plethora of bumps along his arms and legs, slowing the palliation of his sunburn; and the greatest source of his chagrin, his bank account that contained the remainder of his inheritance, had been hacked and emptied; he questioned the complicity of the bank's customer service department as they never responded to his claims and calls.

The sudden decomposition of his life confounded him but every time he looked up from

a stubbed toe or a broken glass, he saw, through his trailer's windows, Benito's mule in his sinister graze: the clear antagonist to all of this conflict.

Danny readied to dial animal control and picked up the phone. He figured they would turn the mule into glue, but maybe not. Maybe the mule would be assimilated into a feral horse rescue; Danny told himself that the mule would be better off there than loitering outside trailers in Los Alamitos or carrying out Benito's bidding at the mesa. Phone in hand, he looked out through his window at the triumphant fool who stood in the shade within his usual patch of dirt and unmaintained grass. If the mule was playing private investigator on his meager existence, he sure had persistence; thought Danny. He then replaced the phone back on the receiver. He decided to name the mule Lester, with the common epithet that often followed those named Lester: The Molester.

That night, Danny mounted Lester the Molester and departed the trailer that was no longer his. Before he could jolt the reins, Lester — as usual and likely excited about the sudden break from days of inactivity, or possessive of holy, heedless indifference — made leaps and bounds toward his originating point's direction.

Again, they traversed the inclined mountainside's brush. Despite being relatively malnourished — having been on an alfalfa cleanse for a few days — Lester did not slow or stray from his objective.

Lester broached the mesa with the same zeal with which he had begun the journey. Danny had only used the reins for his own stability; an inutile exercise to attempt jockeying Lester; Danny had a sense that Lester knew where to go better than he did.



Seemingly still in the position where Danny had left him, atop the flatland, Don Benito locked eyes with Danny from his stone chair as he emerged. For the first time on the journey, Lester paused. This time, Benito was unaccompanied by the natives who Danny presumed to be Benito's inner sanctum, higher-ups in his tribal political apparatus.

*-Align to your fate-* a disembodied woman's whisper carried through the wind. The mountaintop gusts then came to an unnatural halt to surround Danny.

As the winds dissipated, Lester continued to canter along at a steady pace, and with a triumphant sense of accomplished hubris — the most pride a mule can muster — he strutted across the exalted promised land to complete the exodus — penetrating whatever vacuum seal of airspace the woman's vocal undulations had created around them, a spherical forcefield that paused the gales from their quiet sweep of dust through the oneiric airs.

*-Align to your fate-* halfway to the hearth, the mule halted once more. Danny heard it again but clearer, with more feeling. This time, from closer proximity, he had kept his eyes on Benito to ensure his mouth had not moved — a futile exercise if Benito possessed talents in both ventriloquism and vocal impersonation.

Danny failed to recognize the voice. It quite moved him. He was smitten by it. He could read into voices the same way he could faces as expressions of character that offered the depth of the individual's plight; and this disembodied, hypnotic voice played spoken word with the checkers of suffering that he recognized as a prerequisite to regal achievement of world-changing magnitude. In the moments that followed, a range of thoughts unraveled to Danny based upon cultural indices of reported pain experiences: from musicians and artists, whose pain many misinterpret and vilify to ultimately destroy; to the ascetic lightarians that suffer so that they

may heal others.

While the vibrations of her words surrounded him, they evoked a sensation within Danny that he had been numbed from feeling. Then the hums and buzzes of her echoing frequencies faded to coalesce with the sweeps and dusts of the towering rock's surface.

Lester began to saunter the remaining distance, permitting Danny to ruminate the source of the discorporate whispers.

He asked himself, if his refusal to train, along with his other dubious actions, had manifested in a tormented few days where the forces of the universe administered punitive retribution for his rejection of his fate? could the disembodied woman's whisper be right about 'fate' and 'alignment'? or could it be that this 'shaman' who he had only heard of through rumblings amongst those involved in astrology-based, sports-betting syndicates — miscreants who cashed in on days when players were on the — astrological — rag? Could Benito be running some involved, multi-leveled scheme on him? He looked at Benito as he drew closer: his lab-coat with the acronym NSI embroidered on his breast pocket; his gleaming bald head and hairless face; his comical missing eyebrows, the exposed arches still quite expressive. Danny thought: why was he missing all this hair? and how old was he? He looked ancient, but well-preserved like a wax sculpture with slight wrinkles. There was a sort of socio-ethnic dichotomy present within Benito: a blend of Native and Angle, metaphysics and science, precognition and retrocognition. After witnessing Benito's expression of being, his presence, the complexity of his character, the absence of the simplicity present in the disingenuous — and after really observing it, Danny felt his prior trifles and frustrations, centered around superficiality, being swept aside into the mesa's dustpan.

“So, if I enlist, will I be able to make mules surveil my enemies?” asked Danny, in jest, while disembarking from Lester the Molester. He then took his seat at the pit opposite Benito.

“No and I would view it more as a conscription rather than an enlistment,” Benito smiled to reveal a space between his front teeth, a physical characteristic Danny knew to be of the trustworthy, “and it is quite difficult to get a mule to do something it fears. If you fear your enemy, the mule will as well? Do you fear your enemies?”

“No, but I suppose I don't like them.”

“That is the same. It occupies an emotional space within you, equines do not perceive the minor differences. It is just emotion for them. Hatred or admiration. Love or fear.”

“That is some profound talk. Aristotle has risen from the dead, and in today's day and age, he is suppressed into the secluded corners of the Earth to practice shamanism.”

“In your present state of sitting before me, I think you may be misunderstanding my role and the word ‘shamanism’. I did not choose you to be here. I did not open a phonebook and make an arbitrary name selection. What we do here has little to do with us. What we do here is filter through the sand and stone to uncover the core elements that are already there. Yes, we do literally filter through sand and stone, but that aside, we strip away the obstructions that inhibit you from understanding the collective whole for what it really is and comprehending what is out *there*.”

“What, by eating peyote every day and setting off fireworks?”

“These rumors concerning our external appearance are a convenient distraction from the work we do here. Being written off and left alone to continue as we were — just loony natives — fits a very convenient narrative should we ever be investigated.”

“Too bad, sounded like a helpful regimen,” Danny said from the corner of his mouth, his facetious manner functioning as a discourse shield from a possible, uncomfortable, emotional conversation with a stranger he does not know. Danny felt his defenses would have to be withdrawn soon enough as Benito hunched over, blew on the receding embers and then resumed his watery glare at him.

“Do you know why you were summoned here? And by *here*, I refer to actions and implications that have been in transit long before you arrived at this rock. Why do you live in Los Alamitos? Of all your possible transit points, why did you settle here?”

“Dry heat. Social isolation.”

“Is that all? I believe there to be one more reason, maybe even an instinct, impressed upon you during childhood that you are withholding.”

Danny glared at Benito with the fledgling vitriol that embroils fully when a master knows precisely which irons to strike for the sake of creating friction to promote their apprentice's development. Benito had his eyes closed while he made this suggestion about Danny's possible omission — a habit of smug individuals that Danny loathes, but he is yet to learn that this is how the retrieval of open thought is performed.

“Why don't you tell me, since you have all this hidden knowledge that doesn't belong to

you?”

“Knowledge, information, thought is not hidden, and it doesn't belong to any one being.

Unless dictated to behave in a dark, unnatural manner, it exists in a communal space to be shared by anyone willing to become attune to it. Clinging to your own personal thought as discrete, guarding them, is a manifestation of ego that throws us out of alignment: a condition with ramifications that you have personally experienced. All matter vibrates. Thoughts are a part of matter: they vibrate.”

Danny writhed slightly on his stone while thinking about this violation, this forced entry into his private space. He was unable to grasp exactly what Benito spoke of at first, this conversation being a theoretical one with no application, or second-hand observation of the application, application that left Danny feeling first-hand violated.

“The determining factor of your relocation to the desert, one that you often omit from casual conversation, would you care to elaborate or shall I explicate further?” asked Benito, recognizing an opportunity for growth in his incipient apprentice, but after a prolonged silence, he continued, “is it not your intrigue regarding inter-dimensional life? You once — perhaps just as your memory was forming — had a profound feeling, a vision, that you would uncover the secrets concerning timeless races and their relativity to life on terra-firma.”

Danny sat with an understated expression of astonishment, only detectable in his dilated pupils — not that Benito needed any reactive clues to infer what Danny thought: he could not know this. It was one of his earliest memories, the veracity of which even Danny himself questioned. He had had this moment of prescience as a child, but never spoke of it to anyone. The bright lights of destiny had once shined down upon him rays of warmth and unbridled affection, infusing a sentience of mirth upon the memory’s visitation. So much so that thinking of his earliest memory had been a secret

childhood love of his. He had indeed had this precognition as a child, but never spoke of it to anyone for he feared uttering expressions of his unworldly interests would be met with skepticism from his parents, or taunts from within his athletic social circles — space and science was reserved by the nerds in astronomy club. And if anyone were to question or dismiss his recollection of the memory, he feared it would fade more and more from quixotic reality to a disillusioned childhood dream, a transgression that inevitably occurred regardless of his efforts to insulate.

“We have a long road ahead of us. If you are prepared for the reality that lies ahead, it will lead to truths conveyed, those that you can only learn from yourself.”

Danny never returned to the trailer. In fact, he slept in a teepee as an itinerant worker and during the days, he refined uranium ore into yellow cake powder that was mixed into greenhouse soil. The NSI acronym on Benito's breast pocket stood for Nuclear Shamanic Institute.

He was determined to prove his allegiance to Benito and performed all the grunt work at the canyon institute with no complaints, enthralled by the notion, the promise, that Benito would grant him a bridge to the unknown entities of his dreams. Benito often carried in his breast pocket a vial of neon brew, the glow of which emanated through his lab-coat's fabric — the probable harvest of the mining, refining, soil enrichment and growing, Danny assumed.

“Hey Dead Guy,” said Benito affectionately. He had adopted the nickname as a term of endearment.

“You call me Dead Guy again. What is with you? Do you like dead guys?” Danny asked.

“Maybe I make an animation out of it?”

“Sure, why the hell not? Makes more sense than just about everything I’ve had to do around here so far. Why can’t I eat today?”

“The entity you have come to know as government will soon reform into its underlying structure that already exists,” Don Benito ignored my complaint — my ‘demonic invitations’ he would call my complaints — “I have seen it. It will be an Oligopoly. This ‘Oligopoly’s accounts will push statistical databasing farther than it is now. Risk analysis profiles will be managed carefully, but as with all attempts to quantify everything, a fractional percentage will always remain unknown.”

“Right. How can you turn the recording back on yourself without influencing the outcome?” “You cannot.”

“I know. It was a rhetorical — never mind.”

“You will manage the approximate figure of auras that remain unobserved. Across the star, across the screens, you will need to know this to pass along this information to someone in the future. Describe to them the need to inflate the number of walking dead guys, so that their statistics will always remain askew.”

“How about when these ‘Oligopoly’s analyses catch up to number theory?”

“The coders will have to reverse their logic — an operation that will give our murder of crows enough time to dissolve into the thought•realm. The secondary usage of this passageway is for sensory deprivation that results in euphoria.” Don Benito mentioned the Well for the first time

without making direct reference.”

Shadows danced together on their cave wall, but then, as the fire raged still, the shadows vanished. Danny inspected the wall and found nothing. Only the disappearance of shadow.

Dani and Danny observe these memories carefully. With every revisit, new information can be extrapolated from even the slightest, overlooked detail. They remain safe from [S} detection for two reasons: one, because Dani always serves in the physical matrix while Danny is always in spirit form, confusing surveillance enchantments, Core Stone composition chart assessments, and [S} monitoring through the Oligopoly — an incomputable anomaly, as separation is what allows for tracking; and two, because of the coven's precarious allegiance directly to [S}. They manipulate their collective detectable energies to remain in spirit form and never physical, so that their joint spirits are always one, or mostly one — always maintaining at least a partial overlap. Their physical bodies are the only ones of the mortal GCA realm that remain shrouded from [S}. Their collective observation, they hope, will guide the actions that follow. Even Wladimir knows not of Danny's existence.

Indeed, Danny's first lessons with Master Benito were mostly theory and observation: “Information gathered from the world, any feeling or thought — through the natural mechanisms of causality — eventually gather upon the always evolving plants, attributing to them significant unseen power.



Some rare plants have more power than others and deliver more knowledge. This is dependent upon the collective consciousness of the region's people from which the plant originates. For example: the poppies grow where nothing else will, where there is only death, and it is the plant that brings one closest to Hades. A part evolutionary process, a part biological one: the consciousness speaks to all creation, answered with a reflection of its own suffering.

Then there is one legendary plant. It hails from a clandestine civilization to which spirituality, ascetism, was a vocation, the only vocation and avocation, among all its people. It was to such a degree that overrode the sanctimoniousness of any yogic commune, Buddhist temple or native tribe, so much so that when colonists invaded, these people with no attachment to life did not offer them even an iota of fight or flight, no detectable form of resistance, as they were slaughtered and left to decay into the earth. Their bodies, and the imprints of their collective consciousnesses embedded within them, grew to form a seed, the seed of light.” And with these words, Benito entrusted Danny to protect the ancient ritual of this plant's creation and to tactfully propagate it into a new culture. He recounted theurgy in the days leading up to the ritual.

The first night of ceremony was upon them and they sat around the hearth. Benito prepared Danny for what was to come, a metaphysical ablution to cleanse obstructions from his channels of communication.

“Tonight, we commence the application of your training with the non-enriched mystic plant, to focus on you, purge you, to make you available to the radiance of the cosmos.”

“Purge me? Per your orders, I haven't eaten in three days. I doubt there is much to purge.” Benito smirks to reveal his gapped front teeth, an aesthetic quality that Danny finds endearing.

“It will strip the thoughts that plague you from your physical body and by the end, yes my boy, you will purge. All that you carry with you — anger, pride, lust, greed, all manifestations of fear — will be stripped like *that*,” Benito pulled his hands apart with a peeling motion, “it will be painful, but in the end, you will be light as a feather and able to use your own electromagnetic field to travel and perceive the outlines of consciousness’ vibrations from their timeless source.”

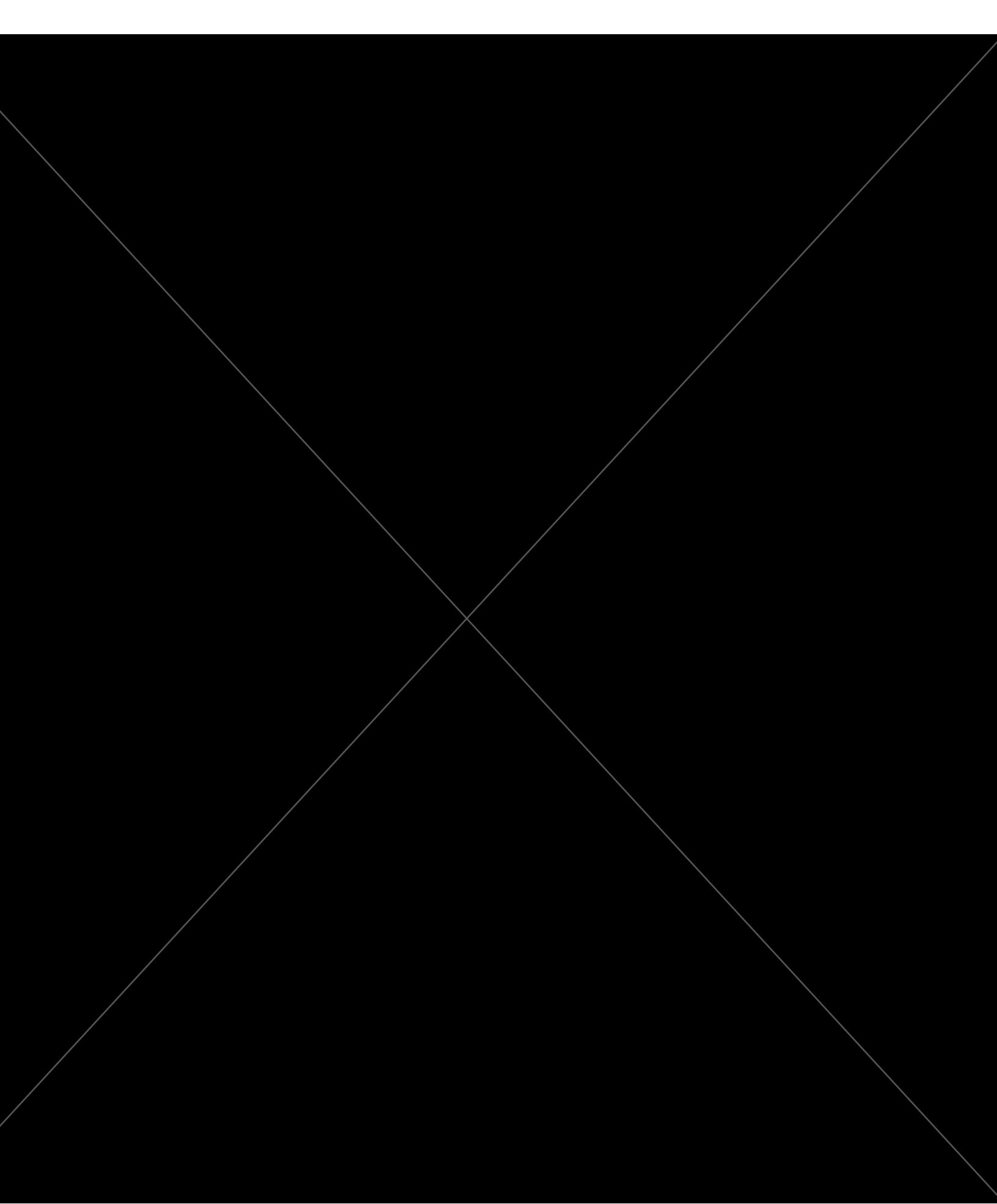
“So, it cleanses all these thoughts, traumas, feelings and memories that do not serve you, but how about if you're unwilling to let go of something.”

“Ah yes. Some are attached to their trauma: a most excruciating process,” he made the peeling motion with his hands again and repeated, “like *that*,” very softly, as if the volume of his voice would make the thought more palatable. “Thought transfers to matter within your own body, neuropeptides within your gut microbiome. The traumas you have developed toxic attachment towards will be pried from your tummy's grip with radiant force.”

“And how do these unwanted thoughts release?”

“Simple. How does your body rid itself of toxins?”

Danny sighed as he accepted the imminent unpleasantness, before turning his attention toward the vial of brew that was not glowing like the enriched brew that Benito wore around the institute.



The corked brown liquid was placed on the rug among Benito's assortment of other shamanic artifacts.

After seeing the vial of brew, the older, present, thought-realm-voyeur Danny's gag-reflex activates upon remembrance of the rancid bitterness that aroused a contempted trauma of its own.

Benito and Danny each washed their hands with *florida* water, which is not actually from Florida, but a sort of translational misnomer, meaning 'flower water' in Spanish.

The guide took a gulp, consuming half of the vial, then passed the same vial to Danny; they drank from the same vial because training depends upon a shared vibrational frequency and the tone would have been subject to displacement if they had drunk different potions of the same compound. Danny broke his typical laconic disposition to wretch and grumble incoherent complaints, then falling to the ground to writhe in gastro-intestinal discomfort as the exogenous liquid scrubbed the inner walls of his digestive tract like a bacterial cleaning crew with micro, military-grade sandblasters.

A few moments passed in their moonlit realm beside the flames, a space Benito had

contained from passing entities, so that Danny could focus inward. And inward did he focus.

The potion began to pull him apart: a contentious antagonist to all of Danny's past degeneracy; a symbolic archetype. An opening salvo of emesis projectile pooled pillaged stomach contents beside him. Emissions that formed a fibrous semi-solid within which Danny twitched, cheek submerged, body prone and floundering.

Visions of ethereal entries penetrated his inner sanctum, a combinatory disillusion of a spiritually afferent judicial apparatus that presided over his every action: the separation of its council precluded. The self-imposed systematic division of self was blended into its reality, a true form sans abstraction, something lost that was never to be found, salutary delirium.

Danny plunged to the oceanic depths of his own perceptions, the pressure of the balancing Aquaphor to challenge his causal notions with more scrutiny the further he submerged. Ultimately reaching, in his turbulent chaotic dive, an underwater courtroom readied for trial. He floated to sit in the defendant's chair.

He thought of the Bible: the story of Daniel in the lion's den. The lions had left Daniel unscathed though eating everyone else. Daniel in the lion's den only abstained from swine. Danny had been consuming a diet of light. Danny's thoughts formed into bubbles, yet his breath did not, and these bubbles floated towards the judge's pulpit, over which a rapid black vortex presided — swallowing these bubbles as a form of sustenance, he had underlooked the possibility of the bubbles being *information*. They appeared to enlarge immediately following consumption. Benito sat in the witness stand beside the empty, or maybe full, cosmic porthole that radiated a palpable magnetic draw that was perpetually recycled back into its nullified void.

Benito moved from the witness stand to the prosecution table. He took the empty vial

and pitched it into the black hole.

Then one after another, he trotted out past acquaintances of Danny's who testified to the acute degrees of his degeneracy: gamblers Danny had shysted; responsibilities he had absconded; women with whom he had had trysts that were predicated upon duplicitous remarks — that he was a rail tycoon, a wildlife sanctuary owner, or any other character he could assume that he felt would endear himself to the varied personalities of the ladies; golfing opponents he had cheated by kicking balls out of the rough, or taking strokes off his own score and sometimes adding them onto theirs. And after each person Danny had victimized provided testimony, they vanished into the cosmic vortex. And as more and more 'nice' folks vanished — Danny retains fondness for them despite their animosity towards him — Danny felt the vortex closing in upon him. He sensed its infinite, overpowering radiance to which Benito had alluded. He began to sense, as its peripheral energy radiated and grew closer in proximity to him, that he would soon have to testify in his own defense. Benito stared at him from the state's — cosmos's — table with his browless countenance every time that Danny nervously glared over at him to get a clue as to when the parade of his moral inventory would end.

Danny thought, perhaps since he would not be a witness of the prosecution, then he would avoid the void, something he viewed as desirable for his well-being. He did not want to be peeled apart like *that*. Or, he thought, maybe the void was a required aspect of the Æther's path. Either way, he surmised Benito would accompany him. He felt himself perspiring in hailstones that would leave his skin and follow the witnesses into the judge's vortex. Maybe, Benito would not follow him and it would be a journey he had to take alone.

As an amputee, with whom Danny had once had a short-lived tryst, rotated asymmetrically to

disappear into the dark pull, Danny noted the courtroom began to fill with aberrant gaseous vapors. In each pew was a disparate shade of rainbow, underwater steam.

The vapors watched carefully. Though Danny saw no studious visages, he knew they were engaged in careful observation, as though the outcome of the trial could influence not only Danny's fate, but also their own. Danny turned with his back to the void, welcoming the distraction of spectators. He blew on them and watched as the twinkling gasses coruscated effortlessly into a single beam. Danny sensed that they were amused, together in their linear cloud of singularity, before they assimilated to become slightly more separate again.

Then Danny heard warped, underwater noises that floated bubbles toward him, thoughts directed upon him from the future or past telling him that it was his turn to call a witness on his behalf. Prompted unexpectedly, he panicked. His first thought was of his mother and a moment later she appeared on the stand beside the black vortex that Danny felt would never abdicate its post. The eye contact with his mother communicated everything he had wanted to hear since losing her: that she was at peace, that she loved him dearly — enough love to power him to fulfill his purpose. Danny gazed through her eyes into an abyss of dreamscapes and feeling and memory. She gazed back through his eyes, into his abyss. He observed the suffering she had to endure to create him; a variation upon the suffering responsible for all creation.

Danny watches as his mother struggled through three days of labor before giving birth. Even now, viewed by proxy, he is torn open by the magnitude of her pain. Boston Public once known during pre-GCA as methadone mile. The poor immigrants shoved into overcrowded

hospitals.

The lights from the courtroom appear and flash an otherworldly brightness; he hears his own natal cries and awakens on the mesa's ground, hyperventilating, covered in excrement.

The following morning, before the sunrise, on the ground, huddled under a native blanket, a lighter Danny listened to Benito discuss their upcoming session using the uranium-enriched mystic plant:

“What the additional energetic dense elements allow your electromagnetic field to achieve is disembodiment that subsequently allows for an escape velocity of 25,000mph, sufficient to escape earth's gravitational pull to an outward, eternal trajectory. The entities you encountered last night typically only reveal themselves when we humans are experimenting with nuclear power — warhead tests, big scores of ore, and the like — so it was shocking to me that they were present for your first ceremony without the enriched mystic plant. Now what you will have to be wary of tonight are the singularities that are black holes: relativists will contend that information vanishes into the singularity, never to be recovered or regenerated; while quantum physicists argue that the information, the matter, remains a discrete object within the singularity, even in its contracted state.”

“Which school of thought do you subscribe to, Benito?”

Benito gathers his thoughts upon his conflicted opinion that seems to be an integral component of his dichotomy, the intersecting point of astrophysics and spirituality. “Are you hungry?” he asked.



“Yes of course, but you said —”

“Ah *olvide*. You cannot eat yet,” he said, “well, the relativist philosophy challenges core principles of physics. Undoing them would catalyze an entire shift in paradigm, yet it is quite difficult to disprove. And while I am a firm believer in quantum principles regarding black hole theory, I do also believe that it is predicated on defining 'information' and the presence of photons to illuminate information within black holes. While particle theory regarding light has been disproved, light is still subject to gravitational pull, and is unable to escape the singularity's horizon, rendering it black.”

“If a virtual pair exists: the photocopier where photons go from thermal to virtual pairs, divisible only in the digital; and that the polarities of this pair have a correlating affinity when split within life-form capable of this *observation*,” suggested Danny, the first ceremony beginning to take effect on his cognition.

“Formless they are not, yet they are nearly weightless, maybe 10 to the -25 pounds. Their aura's low-weight enables them to use it as a renewable source of fuel, seemingly just to observe history from the future when it is just them to then observe their present change.”

“Why are they — or we — interested in the history of humanity tampering with radioactives?

Is it because of the escape velocity that those elements enable us to achieve?”

Benito staggered around their teepee to pick up a book from the shelf. He placed it on the ground before Danny. An 'S', like a snake, with alien brackets on either side was printed on the

cover, and when Danny leafed through it, he saw an indiscernible language composed of characters unlike any known alphabet. “They are threatened by information loss,” said Benito who unwilling to arouse concern prior to Danny's important evening quickly changed the subject to matters that prevailed,

“Each singularity has a horizon: light that starts inside the horizon inevitably gets warped back into the black hole, but light that starts outside the horizon can escape the black hole's gravitational pull as it is influenced heavily enough by other celestial bodies. The black hole's horizon at our galaxy's center has a Schwarzschild radius you must avoid, even in aura form, for if you do not, we will be left with a lobotomized, soulless Danny here on terra-firma. You must avoid this radius to avoid a most painful disassembly. I believe if you do this, you will be able to communicate with these interplanetary beings, though indirectly, through a screen.”

“And you are unable to communicate with them when you do ceremony yourself: Why else would you need me?”

“Unfortunately, I am only able to perceive their presence, like you were able to last night.”

They have summoned you through my opened channels and I believe it is for the purposes of communication. Their only other communications have been ineffective crop circles that depict vector equilibriums, outlines of these flowing models,” Benito paused for breath, “You shall see the details of their outlines.”

Benito placed two glowing mystic fruits, the size of avocado pits, on the book of [S] and said: “One you must carry with you, the slightly larger, to consume. It will call you when it is ready. Mash it with a mortar and pestle; it will taste slightly less putrid if you add water,” Benito forced a wry smile, “the other is the one cactus that beholds the seed.” Danny looked up to

a somber Benito, “it possesses the capability to produce more fruit, and it passes the seed to only one of its subsequent generation.”

Danny wondered why Benito told him this at that time, bestowing this responsibility upon him, despite all of his dubious qualities of character that were exposed to him the night before.

“Now, go to the old stone pueblo by the plateau’s edge with your mule and wait. You will know when it is time to depart for the ceremony space. The mule will protect the space from observation. Go, your training will soon complete. These everlasting craters of impressions, dark matter quantified into geometric representations of consciousness, will come to light.”

Danny stayed seated, “Why go now? I have more questions. The interplanetaries, I don’t —” “Go,” commanded Benito.

Frightened by his curtness and the prospect of leaving his questions unanswered, Danny slowly and reluctantly stood to walk backwards from the teepee, watching a slumped Benito staring at where he sat.

As the primeval sun left its remnants of violet striations bereft within the moonlight clouds, on the mesa's horizon assembled a phalanx of shadowed, militant, humanesque forms. They marched in sequence through the flatland. Held by presumable hands beneath black cloaks, they wielded air-compression drills freely with no signs of physical exertion — machinery so heavy that it typically requires transport vehicles. Benito observed the procession from his chieftain’s stone.

Shielded by his phalanx of hypertrophied, caped desperadoes, strode a withering, decrepit form, supported by spindly legs and a weaponized cane whose tip emanated light, imprinting a

series of charred dots on the trail behind him. The attempts made by Benito's native crew to observe this being's face were suddenly repelled by light that averted their curious eyes into a searing burn.

The shadow guard dragged their cloaks through the dust, compressing imprints of their leather boots deep into the ground. Their faces, obscured by welding masks, had rigged features whose austerity could only be viewed through the red hues of their rectangular visors.

Without words, Benito instructed his surrounding, temporarily blinded, associates to retreat, which they did, rubbing tears from their eyes on their way to the central teepee that outsized the domiciles. Benito stared ahead.

At a distance from which audible discourse could commence, the phalanx of machine wielding giants halted.

Danny and Dani observe from the present as the man's cane scorches the dust to support his walk to the front of the phalanx, his wall of guard on both flanks. In this memory, they are unable to look to the figure's face, just as Danny had struggled to do when he observed from the enchanted pueblo. The same obstructive spherical shield appears to be casting an impenetrable light from the man's eyes. They listen intently, as singular Danny had once listened from his nearby encampment.

“[S}, Wladimir, the moribund immortal? What is it you call yourself now?” asked Benito.

“Old fool, you know who it is that stands before you.”

“The orphan who came to me as a boy: I suppose — yes — I do recognize who — or what,” Benito made direct eye-contact without fear or pain, “is my personal responsibility, my abominable creation.”

Through the tethers that bound them, through Benito's thought, Danny saw and sees a glimpse of Wladimir's eyes: he saw no discernable pupils or eye color — only whites.

Two expressions of being, without hems yet intertwined: the collapses beneath a torrid picaresque show where a white light at the picture's center flushes the pained clairvoyance through which observers observe. The two parties observe memory with an awareness of a separate third. What is left to observe of Wladimir is content curated by his intention, the matter which is left to appear when past perceptions are substanceless. Wladimir holds the reins over universal consciousness, and there must be reins.

“I assume that you are worldly enough to know that my operation is for research purposes only. We harvest nothing on the scales of the other operations you have shut down,” says Benito in his slight Mexican drawl over British.

“Scintillator reading,” Wladimir commands of his guard, one of whom then draws a Geiger counter from beneath his cloak and reads the metrics of the interface.

“Vast amounts of radioactive material, my lord,” replies the subservient giant.

“Perhaps, your organization does not conflict with ordained regulations of the soon-to-be GCA. It however does conflict with my own ordinances —”

“If you plan to smite me, I might as well be frank. We see this for what it is but not what it may be: you are to subvert universal order, sure, but without the immaculate conception, we do not need to see within the reflection to know that you will fail,” Benito interrupted.

“If by 'smite', you mean 'kill', I am sorry but that would not serve me in the slightest. I have plans that exceed your current purposes by orders of magnitude. The contents of your mind, the full scope of this 'research' you speak of, contains information too valuable for simple disposal.”

“Your manifest standard patois has improved enough for you to recognize word superiority: impressive; the Angle accent, the engineered lexicon all suggests some manner of inferiority complex regarding your upbringing; the work of Doctor Willem, I presume.”

Wladimir lifted his illuminated cane to tip an inaudible order to his shadow guard, a vibration Danny and Benito heard and saw through the head:

— *direct your weapons upon the central teepee* —

The shadow guard split as extensions of Wladimir's arms, bilateral sets that flanked off — one left and one right, passing their leader and the callous, attachment-free — and thus fearless — Benito, leaving them alone in the firepit. The shadow guard aimed their pressurized air drills upon their directed target and held their positions.

The two leaders maintained an unflinching ocular duel. As Wladimir gazed within Benito, whose eyes were not repelled as the others, to search for an emotion, a deep-set feeling, to which Benito may still have had an attachment. As he probed, an ancient force that sought to corrupt Benito's ascetism through his unafflicted eyes touched, Wladimir dropped his cane and loud pops of vacuumed pressure rang out to echo throughout the canyon. The central teepee had been obliterated to reveal that its structure of conical fabrics had concealed a headframe, revealed by the guard's pressurized bombardment, draping the rig from top to bottom with the cadavers of the NSI tribe.

The attack elicited a wry smile that gathered beneath Wladimir's concealed facial regions.

Benito, with some precognition of these events, having purged his feelings upon this foreseen invasion earlier, remained callous, emotionless, nonplussed, depriving Wladimir of this schadenfreude; but Wladimir did smile, knowing full well, despite the construct of time concealing it from the present, that Benito had felt.

—*He has a farm, beyond the mouth of the canyon. Find it.* — Wladimir transmitted his next order.

“Now, we shall see how many generations along in the plant's evolution you are. And the seed,” he maintains his cold smile.

Benito remained submissive. He knew that Wladimir had spent the years since his training at work with smaller and smaller things until they became quite large. He knew that Wladimir had obtained the harvested auras from various genocides. He knew that it would be futile to resist. He knew that his only hope was to conceal the information that was the biggest variable to the future. He knew that the NSI's reserves of metaphysical force had to be expended upon Charlie and Lester. He knew that enough information collected regarding the present elucidates the future with absolute certainty. He knew that Wladimir was preparing for the final phase of his agenda: an operation where auras, circumspection of universal information and, ultimately, collective worship would render him creator upon a new collective consciousness.

“With your intent, the crops shall not be your ally. Even transformed from analog to digital, they stand before you with some manner of correction and if cut from the ground, another stronger specimen will replace it. I should have provided answers to your early curiosities. Your interest in immortality was grown by my fear that your intent had become clouded. An older I would have recognized that my doubt and fear, as your surrogate icon, transmitted to unavoidable worship in your consciousness.”

“You give yourself too much credit. I like to think of it as though we are learning from different books. You placed one in front of me that did not quite speak to me, so I searched for another, and when I could not find another, I created my own. Perhaps of different subjects,



speaking to different congregations. But you see, after today, I will have, not only the knowledge of my own book, but also the very learned one that I could not complete, English not being my native tongue after all,” he began to hum in an ominous tone and simultaneously spoke, a feat very few — mostly only Tibetans who can activate both sets of vocal cords — can perform. “If I will fail, then you will show me how to succeed: master and apprentice once again,” he said over the harbinger’s frequency.

In the cold desert night, Lester trotted in the direction dictated to him by what Danny assumed to be some kind of inborn map, another facet of rarified knowledge he could not quite comprehend.

Orders to stop or change direction were heeded not by Lester the Molestar.

“I sure hope you're bringing me to a ceremony space per Benito's orders — maybe even his final orders — and not just some stable of *Jennies* or a watering hole.”

They galloped into peaky dunes and rode over brushless valleys, far removed from the nearest oil roads and mining towns. The movement of reverberating sunlight droned like a tired snare.

Danny's stomach collapsed upon itself to wring out the remnants of material fuel; the iotas of vapor harvested from the night air steamed his engines just enough to remain upright on the intractable, righteous Lester.

“I’m certain you were inscribed with some guidelines for leading my neophyte survivalist ass to water, and keep me from dying,” said Danny, enervated from food and sleep deprivation, in a state reminiscent of his intoxicated stupors of old. “I have faith in your steel hide, Lester. Molest me all you want. All this business about astral travel, and this book, and this Wladimir fellow probably makes just as much sense to you as it does to me. Is there some map leading to Benito’s castle, surrounded by uranium-enriched moats and those gargantuan guards, where he’s awaiting us to rescue him? I sure hope you have a plan that doesn’t just squire me about the dust, because I sure don’t — and preferably one that doesn’t lead to ambush. Benito did mention something about your forehead,” Danny patted it and Lester stood on his hind legs to nearly buck Danny off the saddle. “Whoa boy. No need to get defensive. I was just trying to communicate in a way you would understand,” he said as Lester settled back into his course, shaking like a person who just sneezed.

“You know Lester, there was this guy, Merlin — a cult of personality in the autonomous economy that was my poker room — and he had built up this mystique around him of being this psychic ringer. When he sat down to play at a table, the regulars that knew him would request table changes from the floor attendants. Now this guy was frailer than Gandhi. You never saw him order a drink or even a water. And he must have owned just the one outfit he wore every day: one of those dishdasha robes that middle eastern fellows wear.

After a while of playing with him, I learned you cannot bluff the guy and your only hope playing against him was getting your chips in 50/50 when both you and him had equal equity. There was no way to get an edge against Merlin. The rest of the regulars knew it too. He must have taken the regular professional cardplayers out of business those first few weeks. He cleared tables. He only took winning hands to showdowns. Sure, you could get lucky and scoop a pot or two, but you

would be getting your chips in as a statistical underdog and you do that enough at the poker table and you eventually go broke.

So, what does your old pal Danny do with this infallible vacuum gobbling up the table's money night after night? I stake the guy. I buy a piece of his action. At first, he refuses of course, but I try to convince him. I tell Merlin that his mystique, his table presence, his reputation, is driving down his ROI. I tell the guy that I'll propagate false information about him to start eroding his indestructible persona so that he starts to get more action, like when nobody knew him yet. He agrees to the deal: I was to get ten percent equity on all of his bets, in return I would serve as his own personal media outlet amongst the poker community of the reservation casino.

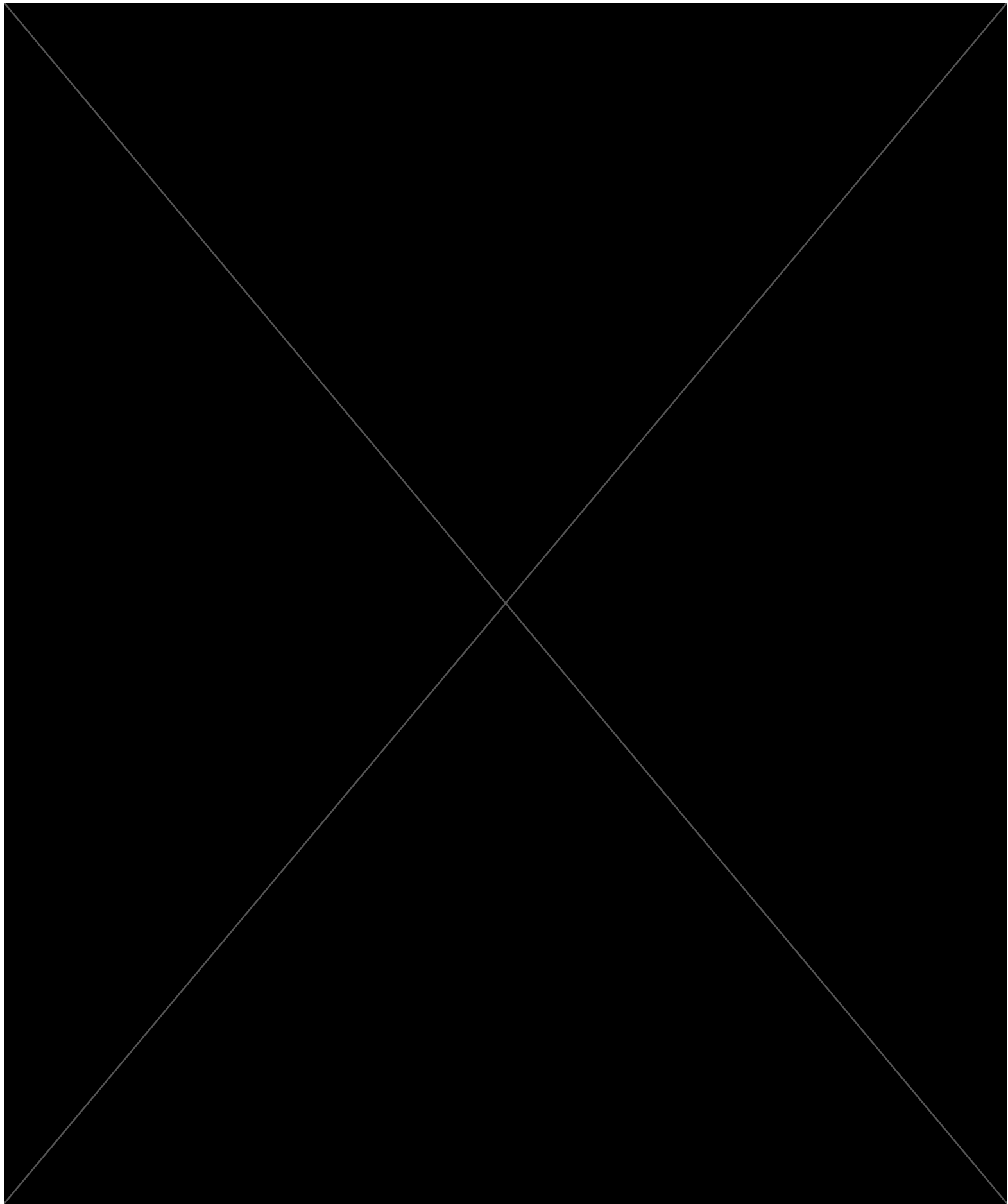
I start telling all the regulars lies about Merlin's tells, none of which he actually had. I'd purport that he has chinks in his chain, that I saw a fish take him for a couple grand the other night. Any bullshit that would keep a steady stream of contenders flowing to the high stakes table to test their mettle.

I concocted schemes for while we played together: I had instructed Merlin to lay some hands down to me, so that I could turn over a losing hand, showing the table what appeared to be a bluff, further weakening his table image. No one was aware of our collusion, I thought it was the perfect play.

After another week or two of my propaganda and Merlin's complicity, I noticed something unfathomable begin to occur: Merlin began to lose; and not on purpose. At first, I attributed the losses to a bad downswing — the game of pot-limit Omaha being one of the most volatile games around — but after a few days, and the depletion of a substantial chunk of bankroll — of which I had ten percent equity — I knew it to be more than just bad luck. His prescience, his ability to

read minds, was predicated upon the worship that surrounded him, the beliefs of others projected onto him were an integral component of his psychic capabilities. Maybe, sure, he was indeed a psychic to begin with — I mean the guy never even looked at his hole cards and mostly kept his eyes closed when making decisions — but as soon as people stopped worshipping him, his very definition as an impervious enigma, who talked different, who dressed different and had a certain folklore with a gravity that fed off of itself. As soon as the thoughts of the people who lived in the folklore themselves, those who had created the definition in their own minds, had changed, it was over for Merlin.

Lester, I lost a sizable chunk of coin with that mistake, but I learned something I otherwise never would have. So, I guess I was the one that figured out how to take down the ringer. Later, I heard Merlin — the genie that he is — turned up at a different poker room to begin his ascetic hustle anew.”



The tale of the psychic cardplayer did not appear to elicit another emotional reaction from Lester who, unmoved, toggled between gallops and trots, deftly navigating the expansive desert as it was his own personal sandbox. Danny, in a part hunger, part loss induced despondent fugue, as their journey proceeded to course the doldrums, fell dormant in a vertical hunch atop Lester, his ministering steed.

Danny awakened at twilight to a typified ruin of vague post-Mesozoic classification. Evidence suggested it to be recently unearthed after being mostly entombed in the Earth's core: a sloping crater of glaciated sandstone that slid into a roofless, stone pueblo cut into the nadir, beset on all sides by the marks of a clandestine excavation that appeared to have been performed manually without the aid of machinery. Black striations in the sandstone indicated a dense presence of uranium ore. Lester paused at the precipice of the valley's crater that led to the cavernous shelter; he would proceed no further. Danny dismounted to commence his descent towards the center. With his first steps, he noticed an insulation from wind within the crater — the ideal conditions for escape velocity had no resistance from wind, he recalled.

The gradual slope of the crater, terrain that Lester's physical body could have easily managed to navigate, was laden with peculiar earth that possessed restorative properties of which Danny felt the effect. The stage induced a heightened alertness, despite his previous malaise, as well as a touch of hypomania, independent of the excitement regarding the journey he was about to take — though he believed nervousness and excitement to be near shades upon color's spectrum.

In the brick pit was a stone seat, clearly not intrinsic to the unearthed vestiges of pre-human civilization, but rather a delivery from NSI grounds — the same stone chair Danny had regularly

occupied while there. Beside the seat was a mortar and pestle.

The continuity of space-time appeared to converge upon itself, where Newtonian time halted its effects, defying the laws of senescence. Prayers in this manner of ceremonial use are as simple as positively charged thoughts guided to or from the neophyte magician. Then a cleanse, grind, alkaline leach, pulping all precede a prayer, swallow, gag, succeeding a corporeal Danny rolled supine on the dirt floor, while disembodied Danny commenced a vertical acceleration to his escape velocity — which given the aura's near-weightlessness and the effect of the surrounding uranium's properties — was approximately 25,000mph.

The glittering fibers that are the past and the future — particles that as he blurred by them turned to waves. The primordial expansion of space that followed its preceding contraction, a process the sagacious singularity has observed infinite times over and will manifest the required symbiotic elements — people, matter, waves, life — to ensure that it continues to preside as its active voyeur. Boundless by the constraints of his own self and traveling along the curvature, the warped gravity that lines its space-time geodesics. A new reality compared to the Euclidean sense of distance to which Danny was accustomed had dawned upon his preconceived ideologies. Danny had done it. He traveled another place in space/time. It dawned on him that death may dawn.

Around him, matterless fires imperceptible without astronomical instruments — without the aid of their aura forms being catapulted into space — ignited to be strengthened, to be extinguished into ash, to their ultimate vanishing point, to emerge a new spark at a disparate point in space-time. And before Danny could decipher which came first, negative acceleration took hold, bringing him to

an anti-gravity stall upon the cusp of what he inherently knew to be the Schwarzschild horizon of which Benito's advisement had impelled Danny to be wary of its precarious nature. Yet, its interior was calling him, inducing a feeling of being at heaven's gates, but denied access; he breathed its air; smelled the aromas, salivating over the finest delicacies being prepared while he sat at the peasant's table. In vicarious experience, the mirth of childhood filled his core, but not to capacity, to a level within which he could indulge, but not actually play; tantamount to what one or two drinks is to an alcoholic who requires the keg: an exercise in frustration.

The steepness and gravity of force upon the edge seemed to draw vapors from his cloud-like, non-temporal body of lights and waves. Closer and closer, against his own volition — not that he did not want to dive in, but Benito had instructed him to not — a sweeping tornado of wind transmogrified to a turbulent whirlpool to bring him unto its vertiginous threshold, but, aware of his intentions, it refused to draw him into its abyss — either an infinite curvature to a singularity, or a porthole to another outward parabolic curvature.

Danny looked and felt and smelled and most important — for the purposes of interplanetary communication — he listened: first to the soundless vacuum, the frequencies of space — silent to human ears, yet the matter, even dark matter, moves nonetheless and if it moves then it also vibrates; then the soundlessness was succeeded by undulations that by just being present Danny attuned to sensing, feeling that morphed to hearing; and then, to his surprise, he began to hear murmurs akin to the static interference he heard when channeling between radio stations. Through the static, a voice emerged, no different than his own: construed by some collection of average pitches and tones of which Danny was the sole data point, mean and median.



“A place has been prepared for you. It is for regeneration. Its contents will guide you to solutions for rebirth. Questions we cannot hear you ask, but when you enter, they will be answered. You will see that we have utilized the constructs of your creation to allow you to perceive the nature of our current threats, disturbances whose violations upon us affect you as well. Threats that have disabled our channels of communication, despite our beings — yours and mine — having a rich history of symbiotic interdependence. Where time has no meaning, as are you — child and mother, the collective you. And this collective will catalyze a regeneration, a needed creation, a product of our suffering that factored over the past, yet surpasses the past in its capacity to thrive.

You must first merge your aura’s body to another, then return by the same gate that you came. The other has been predetermined: we will place her before you. Avoid the pitfall of labeling destiny a coincidence. Given the drastic poisonings, the condition of your kind, we will make it obvious for you.”

The same glittering lights that Danny had seen in the courtroom's audience appeared, sparkled and then receded into the porthole.

In an instant, Danny awakened in the pit of the ruin, prone in the dirt. He looked to his container of yellow cake to see that it had been depleted.

“Alex, order of *huevos rancheros* with red chili, side of fries, wheat toast,” said Dani.

“Jimmy's order: he's been coming in twice a day lately,” said Delilah, frying unborn chickens in the back of the house within their manor’s street-front diner, The Eggy Snatch.

Dani turned to the coffeepot and lazily poured a cup of lukewarm fluid. She prepared to deliver it to one of their regular patrons by adding a drop of their secret ingredient: flavorless liquid tincture infused with coffee’s adenosine blocker; the drop served induces the deepest level of craving one can experience; covalence with the substance to which it is bound renders the 'just add water' brownness of the Eggy Snatch irresistible. The customer's gut microbiome is altered to communicate a neuroendocrine impulse along the Vagus nerve, impelling the affected to return to the manor's haunting establishment daily. In an area without much population density, it was good for business.

The tinctures had become so effective that they would oftentimes trouble marriages: wives would question why their husbands spent so much time at the Eggy Snatch with its congenial, and underdressed, female staff. It was only when a Mormon, who was passing through, had relocated from Utah — uprooting his giant family — to be closer to the Snatch's coffee that female Dani began to employ some discretion, only serving tintured coffee to established patrons who lived in the Los Alamitos area. This discretion and the implementation of countermeasures reduced their customer base.

The crew at the Eggy Snatch and its ostensible owner, Alma, had relocated from their prior commune to watch over the manor and its contents — to keep it enchanted. They had been

called upon, as the most innovative modern coven in the west, to serve a dual purpose and one of their duties transgressed their already encroached upon moral boundaries: they were asked to start the testing of their potions as well as newly developed Oligopoly products upon a sample customer base. Mostly new chemical additives and foods from mammoth corporations, reprehensible mergers of agriculture and medicine where the crop was modified to create the illness to which the same business was the sole proprietor of the illness's solution; these bolstered the cravings of the drops which the coven had produced long ago, an alteration upon Dani's classic love potion.

Female Dani brought mailman Jimmy his coffee and sat with Alma who smoked despite her stoma at the empty breakfast bar. The Snatch had an atmosphere of curated effortlessness. The coven's members, or 'staff', wore what they felt like wearing. The decor was a spillover of various artifacts, totems and furniture that had been lying around the manor. The upholstery of the booths needed to be re-upholstered. The sloppiness of the style when applied evenly throughout the establishment actually appeared quite uniform.

Alma worked on a crossword at the counter where Dani listlessly stirred about, spinning on the rotating barstool. There had not been many customers lately and she was bored, yet when they had been inundated with subjects, she would complain about being overwhelmed.

“You know Alma, I wonder to what end we are doing this — you know — research.”

“Why is it that I hear about your scruples when you're bored?” asked Alma without looking up from her paper.

“Sure, we are doing research on the effects of these compounds, but in the end, it isn't

benefitting us. It benefits the shareholders of the companies that implement our findings. Being able to induce cravings is some powerful capability: why don't we start an Eggy Snatch brand and bring in the big bucks.”

“Are you oblivious to the true powers bestowed upon us? for us to really research and foster and grow? the force that lies beneath our apparent purpose? Let the corporate fat-cats get fat as they want. Do what they require of us while we access the real treasure that is way over their heads.”

“A foot in the door.”

“I don't know about you, but I was tired of seances in the woods — too many bug bites. This is the path upon which we must be, but exactly where it leads has not been made clear.”

As the words left Alma's tongue, an exasperated dusty man with cracked lips burst open the door, and she looked up. A black mule tried to follow him in, but the man pushed the mule's nose out and shut the door, then as a delirious precaution, he locked the door, pulled down the blinds and turned the sign from open to closed.

“Water.” His voice was hoarse, near-death. Dani quickly scuttled into the kitchen in response to the request.

Danny limped to the nearest stool to collapse. His dehydration intensified as his body worked to resolve his other symptoms: soreness from Lester's gallop, heat stroke, sun burn and dimensional disinhibition.

In the kitchen, Dani pressed extracted seeds from one of their manor's bushes to concoct her remedy. She then poured the processed green liquid into a glass of water and carried it to the man whose cheek lay prone on the counter. Alma looked up to marvel at the guy who had evidently chosen a bad time for a horseback ride.

“Drink this first and then rub the lotion into the skin,” Dani prescribed.

“You better charge him for that wormseed. He doesn’t look like he has any money,” Alma said.

Danny, apprehensive about the possibility of tasting more green liquids after Benito's dehydrating brew, first emitted an incoherent screech and pushed it away, then dropped his cheek back on the countertop. “Water,” he struggled to repeat.

“Is this your way of resolving your moral crisis? feeding strangers from our personal stash of medicines?”

“Let me clear my karmic blockages by overriding the negative karmic consequences with positivity. He won't remember any of this anyways — look at him.” She again pushed the glass of liquid in front of Danny, “it won't be tasty, but it will fix you right up,” she said while he looked upon her from the countertops — the laminated panels of which appeared to moribund Danny to be comic strips that floated from the surface's reflective sheen into multi-dimensional animation. He gazed from the table as the mirages of sentient stuffed tigers played with irreverent boys in striped shirts, holographic blurring of the table's surface into the air above it, phrenic blends of the

real and the illusory amplified by the presence of a bespectacled female reflection who was adamant about treating him with glowing fluids.

There was a respite from ruin, to fill the vacuum with forgiveness, of being in a dwelling — at home. The healer and the infirmed coalesced in their natural duality. A sip and a gag — the putrefaction tantamount to the struggle of the day, the plight of his entire lifetime. A stretch of his surroundings continued to blur, the cartoon animations moving through the wall's decay, the springs popping out from the booths, the solitary mailman's breakfast levitating, swirling into an apotheosis of Danny being forced into staring at Dani and making himself heal. One green drink or another: it did not matter. His personal acedia had been lifted long before he drank. He stretched the capacity of his limited vocal range to whisper, in response to the voice he — even in his beleaguered state — undoubtably recognized, a seminal query. In his physical torpor, he managed to ask for his waitress's name.

They let him camp outside at Danny's behest for a couple nights and that he was not to be trusted or allowed inside anywhere except the Snatch. Dani was no longer bored. She was teaching alchemy that revolved around the destruction of talismans. "You see if you wear this crystal everyday and attribute all this power to it, its destruction — that energetic force you reverted — finds an outlet of its own. Oftentimes turning one metal of lesser value to another. Be careful with who you let near your stones during this process. A mere glance can ruin weeks of work."

"So, is that why you guys keep like seventeen talismans all over?" Danny was not allowed within the quarters for the possibility he would stumble across something he otherwise shouldn't: Alexandra for one — though he periodically felt her faint calls at night, many of the Abra Lein texts,

handwritten potion journals, Delilah's occult botany field guide.

"I suppose maybe it is part of that, but also secret power is derived not just from their destruction but also their use."

Danny was able to do her zodiac birth chart in his head, without even knowing her birthday. "Do you think dating somebody with the same name would ever work?" he asked after his fun magic tricks and Dani's smiling.

"Like would it get annoying? Annoying for others?"

"If we were in love perhaps it would be annoying for others."

"I could change my name," he teased.

She could tell that he had experienced something difficult to explain but also found himself at the house where difficult things are explained. She could sense the things he really wanted to talk to her about.

"Tell me more about these interplanetaries and how they took your friend. I'm pretty sure he was taken by the world's supreme warlock."

Danny paused and continued looking about, unknowing how Wladimir's tracks converged here. To Wladimir, neither of them existed. Maybe Dani more so than Danny.

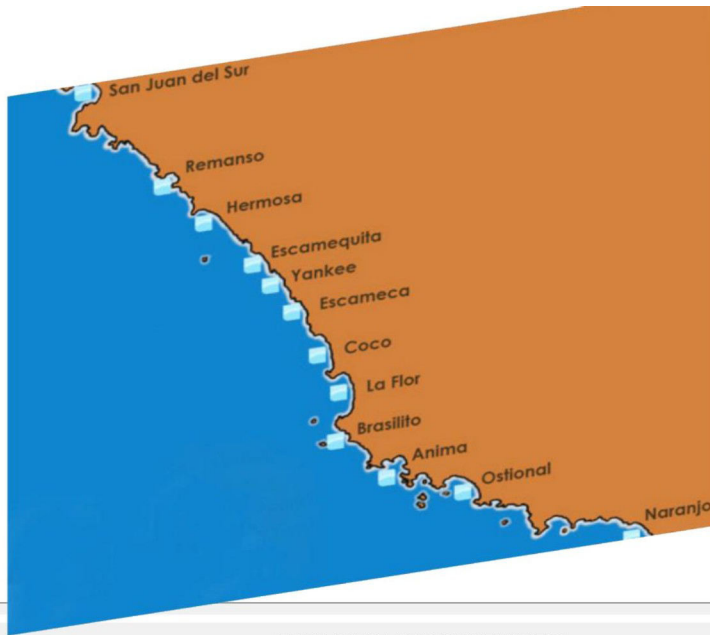
"Well, I do believe that my friend is indeed playing a sort of self-sacrificing game."  
"Aren't we all? If we're playing it right?"

"Still got some work left  
tonight." "Want a list?"

“Sure.” “Phenyl-2-nitropropene 5 grams; Hydrochloric acid of course; 50mL isopropanol; 8 grams aluminum; 50mL glacial acetic acid; 50 grams sodium hydroxide; And 1mL sulfuric acid.”

“Sometimes amphetamine production is easier with a natural precursor,” said Danny. “Read the fictional account I wrote once for the San Juan Monthly Reader. It is actually all true. It all came to life eventually”. He hands her a crumpled up gazette.





## SAN JUAN MONTHLY READER

FOR THE DISORIENTED  
MORE DISORIENTATION

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WELCOME READERS

MISS GRANADA PAGE 3  
WATER PAGE 4

MASS MURDERER IN MASAYA+  
*By Eponymic writer who wishes to stay anonymous*

MORE ESOCETERICA COMING IN  
APRIL NEUROGENESIS PART 2

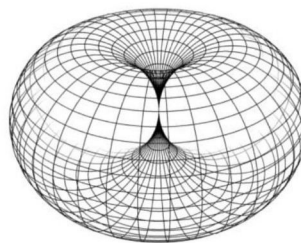
WATER, WIND AND SUN REPORT  
PAGE O'

THE VILLAGE BY THE BAY

BY ANONYMOUS RESIDENT

Cliff homes that absorb spindrift and sun. A faraway dream for unaccustomed visitors. Their intuitive desire to experience the Pacific shore and *Lago Nicaragua's* watershed is fulfilled. They see the land. They see the water. The tranquility. The pace.

Freshwater channels through volcanic filters from its largest source in Central America. It travels through different cleansing geological zones. The water is mined all across volcanoes like Mombacho. It is then bottled and brought to us by companies like Agua Roca. H<sub>2</sub>O.



Torus

I wake up to coconuts on the beachfront most mornings. The best coffee in the world. It feels like home, and is home, to myself and many others.

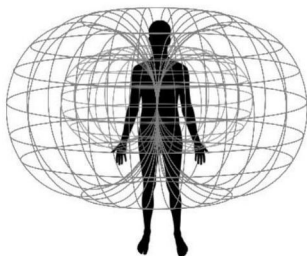
Here again, our part of the singularity hogs the light for

ourselves. We soak it in. After enough sunsets, we are charged more than those who we have left behind in the Northern cold. The Sun's exit from the sky is our nightly ritual that never cancels.

After a couple weeks to months depending on the person, say a Nordic or North American body -- just to keep from saying gringo - - adapts to the overload of light and element infused air.

The process of going from 9 -5, stressed and over-worked, and then transplanted into, the only thing we can call it, *pura vida*, is an

adjustment. Except for those born tough, resistant to everything. Everyone knows that person who never gets bitten by insects. It is that particular human's electromagnetic field that's able to defend against insects. The alignment of chakras.



Observation and awareness are key to safety from natural occurrences, and enjoyment of SJ's worship. The community makes visitor's feel a part of something for the length of their stay: tourists become locals, automatically wrapped in another wave of adventure, relaxation, or actual – non-metaphorical – waves, exactly what the visitor had imagined...

*Juan* equals John in English. Remember that John can be anybody. Anything. There are many Johns in San Juan. All the *Juans* from San Juan, I salute you. SJ is a banded grid held together by cooperative principles. Jesus salutes us on our quiet little bay. We will never starve here.

A malcontent, a tatterdemalion, a ragamuffin readies to perform a robbery under demonic 8<sup>th</sup> dimensional influence. Only, he

must suffer the impact of Jesus's observation – it is more than a statue. But not just Jesus. A purple Jesus. The tatter-ragger fails. He gets beat up by some backpacker way bigger than him. These troublemakers drink the one-dollar liters and lay wasted in odd places. No judgement. I sometimes lay wasted in odd places.

I was driving in the middle of nowhere, and I saw a human something pasted against a wall of sandstone. I got frightened and immediately went to check if the man was still alive or passed out on solvents/glue. As I got close, I realized it was only a well-done, wax sculpture. I did not touch it. I just observed how obscure this was for me to find near San Antonio, Nicaragua.

A Nicaraguan land owner walked up from her hidden house. She emerged from between jungle canopies to warn me that the construction is a firework/wax sculpture/piñata/bomb rigged to go off if someone tries to turn the sculpture over. I have terrible vision and I refuse to wear glasses or contacts -- because I believe the sixth sense to be more active when the others are weakened -- these bombs, she told me, are set to detonate when the sculpture is pulled from the ground. I could have easily attempted to turn the guy over and blown off my face.

She said, "the kids laugh about it and it's usually harmless."

I thought the level of craftsmanship to be incredible. I could have easily been fooled. If I had tried to turn him over, his head would explode, shooting out candy. The neighbor told me, the kids work on these all the time. I was impressed by the scheme and the artful execution.

But *Ladrones* with certain-to-be Christian backgrounds must reconsider their wicked machinations in San Juan. Local tranquility. San Juan is safe and will stay safe. Thanks to Jesus.

But he might not be Jesus. After all, we are in *San Juan*. Saint John. Johnny boy. Does he even have the two miracles required to be a saint?

The name might not even be - San - Juan. It could be the city by the bay named *Juan*. If he could be anybody, well he could be a satanic saint, knowing of rituals which call for extraction and boiling of human glands -- fuel for something. A original member of elitist cults formed after the happenings of Jesus (in whom I personally, regardless of The Bible believe) that have invested in harvested human blood, organs, tissues, dark magic, *brujas*.

For John's miracle he was said to have passed through boiling hot oil in some papal ritual. John, the writer, could call whatever he

imagined to be a miracle. The possibility of sainthood for the writer?

The bible consists of reports composed of events hundreds of years after they occurred. Jesus was here but maybe John, the writer, was an asshole.

Either way, most view the statue as Jesus and that is what matters. The divinity, community, swallowed together by nature – whatever you want to call it -- keeps us safe.

The city has exceptional safety. Surfboards and bikes are left out in the street. I will publicly admit that I keep my bike unlocked. Steal it. I'll get a text from someone, "*vi su bicicleta.*" moments later.

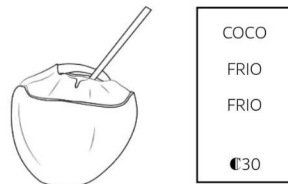
## MISS NICARAGUA AND PAGEENTRY

By Dillon Sawyer

This is the last stop for events starring internationally known musicians. I guess Black Eyed Peas came one year. Doesn't matter to Nicaraguans. There are enough parades, festivals, fireworks, and a most simple spectacle, beauty pageants.

The word pageant means show. Taking in a show is fun for all ages; demonstrations of all sorts meant to entertain. In urban centers where there is more than just one show, the question then arises of which show to attend. There is

competition. So, what if there is one show in town and the performers must fulfill the audience's boredom and acedia. And you have no production budget. Development of creativity then must get creative. It's simpler, when there are two shows in town the possibility arises that the creativity may be driven by impure intentions.



**COCONUTS** In Front of Basketball Court on Beach Street – Cancha de Basketball, Playa Calle

Beauty pageants suggest that every participant is a show. "The prettiest face always wins," said Miss Granada, Astrit Guerrero, at the Cerveceria in San Juan del Sur. Where is the talent or creativity then? Miss Granada, a tall, brunette who will soon grace the pages of *Monthly Tidings* told me that she has an advisor, her make-up artist or *maquiladora*: it's the connection between the beauty queen and her team. For a make-up artist, a pageant win is just as meaningful; as well as for the director who is responsible for entering her into contests.

She views make-up and pageants as hobbies. Her advisor/*maquiladora* and her practice smiling a lot. "Smiling comes naturally to me," says the local champ. A walk, a turn, these everyday things can be works of art.

One of the finalists interviewed that night does the mambo as her talent. This Scorpionic gem has irresistible proportions with a dark touch to her body language. Probably because she got outstepped and turned by the champ. But the second-place Granada girl is young, 17. The other girl is 21. This loss will likely drive her to hire new personnel and/or try different strategies next year. Now, pageants start sounding like professional sports.

I wanted the second-place girl's number. I felt we had a vibe going but she said, "I have to ask my manager." I told her not to disturb him in the name of professionalism.

So now back to the one show, or two show town business. Are we evolving entertainment by creating competition while bankrupting the vagrant drummers who occupy big city streets, collecting pennies from people leaving shows from places like Madison Square Garden -- where it's \$500 for a pair of tickets.

Examination of the components involved in a beauty pageant leads

us to find that skill sets are the ones we associate with just being. Things like smiling, walking and answering basic questions become crafts that beauty contestants work to hone. The exception being the talent component of the program. All three contestants interviewed replied that their talents are mambo and/or folk dance. Steps they have been practicing since a young age. If any performance art exemplifies just being, it is dance. —ed. note: I would love to see some Nicaraguan theatre --

The cost of production for a beauty to just be, is incongruent to any other Nicaraguan spectacle offering I can think of. I still appreciate a nice smile. I'm just perplexed. There are networks of beauty contests in different regions. It is a national pastime, maybe, in part due to cost of production, no?

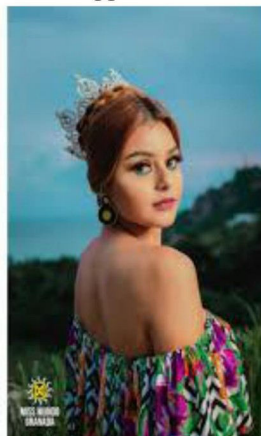
"Corner that smile, turn the lips up," I imagined the advisor telling Astrit as she readied to sashay the floors at El Social for a photo shoot.

She stepped one foot after another before striking a well-timed pose; her engineered smile endures the camera's light exposure – a talent.

I asked Astrit, Miss Granada and also a communications major, if she believed women competing against one another on the basis of appearance is a step backward for

feminism. She replied, "that's what pageants are for, and (undercurrents of) feminism should not apply." An honest reply.

Beauty can be viewed as an achievement; the same way, bodybuilders compete on the basis of appearance.



Miss Granada

### ***One of the Four Elements: Water***

By Vadya Blatt

Water purity can be detected by taste. The level of dissolved solids. And what types they are? Some are certainly bad for you.

Then there are the particles and how they affect us. Quantum physics. Observation of water changing it. The responsibility of this effect lies with the distribution. Explanation of this effect will be offered in future issues. Remember that this voodoo actually exists.

Picture a human body fully dehydrated like a dried fruit. The

horror. Our bodies are mostly water like any fruit. The water you use to grow the fruit changes its composition entirely. Given that we are mostly water, a dietary change regarding water may actually be one of the most important decisions you can make.

From the Agua Roca factory, the water flows through a network clan of *tios* and *primas* that you need a blackboard to ever fully understand. A family of some of the friendliest people I have encountered in Nicaragua.

Pepe greeted me at their new location's gates. Another friendly neighbor was waiting there with me. The effect of happiness has an effect on the water. Water is more than just its total solid level, it is part metaphysical effect of a happy distribution network. Lake Esteli filtered agua changes as it changes hands.

"Siempre estoy comprando aca, cerca de mi casa," the local said.

They offered a better-tasting water after taste tests. From the springs emergent from volcanic force, rapid purity a short truck haul and untouched. Their competitors add fluoride to the water. Agua Roca does not.

The manager, Carlos Sanchez – a part of the aforementioned Sanchez clan of distributors said, "nothing



is added to the water after filtration from the Esteli lake.” He is an engineering student of energetic systems. “This is the first Agua Roca station in the country. We are one company of about fifty different distributors of Agua Roca product.” Located on Avenida Banil near SJ’s entrance. “We are open every day of the week, business hours.”

### Neurogenesis

Igor Romanov

The brain has constant electrical activity. From point *a* to *b* That same collection of wave/light particle can be trained to go from points more distant than the typical neuro-endocrine pathways. There can be larger collections of receptors and smaller ones. Tactics to promote neurogenesis (the process to stimulate the production of more brain cells).

Join comrade. I explain to you how I gather electricity in specifically-chosen parts of the brain. Then also how, we lower productions of these electricities. There are enemas involved\* as well as a \$50,000 hyper-baric oxygen chamber, if you want to take your brain to the next level.

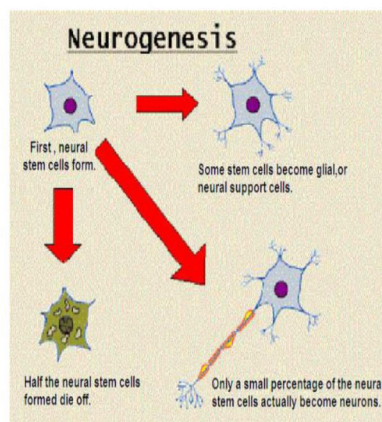
The placenta is free. It is rich with resources. When injecting embryonic stem cells, additional stem cells are acquired. Many die off. A small percentage become

neurons, more become glial support cells.

There are now simple tactics to allow for the conversion percentage to increase. More neurons and glial (support) cells we are after. We want big brain. Here is the best course of action after a treatment:

Abstain from alcohol as it is neurotoxic. Abstinence from caffeine that is even harder for most bio-hackers will also help. Exercise instead: it will keep those neurons from dying. DHA and Omega-3 supplementation aids the stem-cells as they go from stem-cell to neuron or glial cell. Now if you want to take your stem-cells to the next level then you must cleanse with a raw food diet, cleanse your intestinal wall from candida and parasites, and breathe pure oxygen.

Each part of the intestinal wall connects to a part of the brain. So, if it is clear it opens up new real-estate for these neurons.



Additional stem-cells are processed the same way(as pictured), but your body’s stem-cells you can also keep from dying off. Next April edition; more brain.

2/22/2020

### WANTED FOR MURDER+

### MASS MURDERER IN MASAYA



VOLCAN MASAYA

The socio-political crisis had not seemed to influence the movement of the ocean so we maintained our position by the bay. The central point to both Northern and Southern beaches. The pueblo seemed to disappear and I felt like part of the furniture. Most of the time spent trying to disappear in a space and time where nobody can find me, and I can scope out who I find. Mostly diplomatic connections to lines of credit and protection from any police force retaliation. Finder’s fee deals where I join two forces together and they leave me the pebbles. I avoided tourists. Set up camp where I’d only be known as *Daniel, tocallo del Presidente*. My Master approved. He confided to me valuable information and made me aware of dark magic. It made it hard to cope for a while. Harvested pineal secretions from

*muertos*. The dark side of dimethyltryptamine. *DMT* It's awful to think of.

The mouth of hell it's called, a volcano in an area renowned for human companions to witnessing the occult, a hill full of shamans. Shaman, we use the word loosely here. It is anybody who can guide one to the unseen. Families and generations of practice. Kids practicing mind-reading techniques on each other. A village of jedis

My tie was tied. My boots strapped. I was to pass Masaya and step in to the Motherland. The Russian Embassy. Most of the employees are Nicaraguan. I was glad I'd chosen to wear boots instead of my typical barefoot. I showed some badge and took the elevator direct to the office chambers of Stepan Vladimirovich.

A sweet secretary worked in an open loft space and beneath them was a larger open loft. Stepan's desk, and a projector, a giant wall of wind that changes to a real-time view of Volcan Masaya where the dark force comes.

It must happen. Fire. Things need to burn eventually, not only all things, all systems.

The projection of a city on his giant penthouse wall felt like Moscow superimposed over London and Latin Americans occupied what remained of the overlapped cities with only roles, no salaries. The walls of Stepan's room showed, on a projector, the two cities overlapping and becoming one. The boom, he

projects, leaves a lot. Very few survivors. But many buildings and architecture. Then Central Americans boat over there and rebuild. Lenin's Tomb surprisingly survives. The two maps laid on top one another. There would few left to live and Britain would get occupied by Latin Americans who reconstruct a mixture of the two cities from what remains. Stepan has accelerated the time of the simulation to view a bustling ecosystem with no banking system, only trade. In production, they are more productive than the Chinese. Maybe amphetamine and cold weather stimulates the people along with spirit and unity. I was too late for those simulations.

He steps away from his chair, but leaves the projector on to greet me, a phony.

"In the programming for the simulation models, I exclude the Russians from occupation of this territory. They would be there first to rebuild angrily. Germany is not considered a threat according to the simulation. Can I get you a tea with dissolved amino acids?"

Never one to refuse a refreshment, I indeed refused. That tea could have been contaminated with brain impulse control -- little time-bombs that are set to go off at any moment to affect your impulses. "No thank you, *tavaresh*," I embraced him and exchanged kisses on both cheeks. Mafioso crime-family shit he thought our division seemed to have inherited. The Georgian way.

I guess he thought of me as a loyal Georgian because of my ancestry.

I knew aggression would be key to the fortunes of interactions between Stepan and I, so I dared not allow him to befriend me. There was a lot stake. Sulfuric acid, phenylacetone. "Shall I push the chemical suppliers to make more?"

"No. We must follow a different recipe."

"We already have everything in industrial supply. What do you mean we follow a different recipe? I already squeezed the best deal for phenylacetone and you want to change?"

My chemists were waiting. I don't like to keep my people waiting. I needed to shave off a piece for Russia. Deals I could only make with diplomatic protection from the corrupt divisions of the police force. Deals on occasion wound up going direct to the police, boundaries that I enforce. If any of my movers let the amphetamine end up in police hands, I castrate them myself and watch them bleed out. Bottle up their blood for my laboratory. The police force stayed away. Stuck to their cocaine arrest schemes. Sell to a customer, then tax him by getting the customer caught farther along the road. Our movement was to keep amphetamine for the country. To boost Nicaraguan productivity. To keep up as we involved education throughout the nation -- only by Russian standards. Physics

professors that made their students learn. Stepan is one of them.

"It's every eighty-eight years a person is swept away from this coordinate point, within Masaya, I have calculated. A mass murderer who has never been caught. The victim is taken by a sprit strong enough to reveal at certain moments as it nears the eighty-eighth year mark. It's March. Someone will soon disappear." The professor gathers some glass bottles and moves some things around the loft's concrete floor. He has a punching bag in the corner which he probably hasn't hit in years given his flabby constitution. At the embassy, I no longer felt I was in Nicaragua whatsoever.

All this new information flooding me at once "How many people has he killed – or taken away?"

"Since Jesus, so that makes twenty. He rose at the time of Jesus."

I thought of ways to stop him. There was one, but it involved a lot of action and coordination between three men of metaphysical specialties.

"Close to the date you can summon him using the possessions of the departed. Then, a dark-side ceremony. You need to find us a sacrifice for the day he takes someone away. But one that adds value to the direction of our business," says Stepan.

The lighting in the room flashes. It torpedoes walls of distant energy, black and white.

Possibly, to inspect us from far away. Stepan's projector shuts down to reveal outdoor Managua through the windows. The black and white flashes settle to reveal a small cloud in a figure-eight. Then, a few moments later, we hear a distant voice speak with a static echo. The speed of sound being slower than that of light:

"I have already selected for you. Alex," it knows my name, "your coordinated battle plan will fail," a dark human-sized twister formed in a figure-eight by the wall where the projection had been.

Nonplussed and having seen that Stepan's secretary had disappeared. "Stepan, I'll take that amino-acid tea now." An aspect of the 8<sup>th</sup> dimensional force of Hades overheard the gravity of our conversation and as he was nearing his number twenty and, while still distant, he decided to intrude with a shadow of itself. I noticed the secretary had disappeared. My Master had acclimated me to the presence of these inter-dimensional forces. "You are near your anniversary but this isn't your jurisdiction: the volcano area, so you didn't kill Stepan's secretary. You put her in a mind-warp hole which produces amnesia and you will return her after your done with your attempt at intimidation, mind reconfigured, maybe an amnesiac."

The ball of dark lighting replies: "You will work for me. The recipe is going to include a different precursor, the hearts of traitors, their gland extracts, then

the usual water, and a little sulfuric acid."

"Alex, we must do it. It's just measurement, a recipe thrown into the twin clouds of Hades's black holes will produce this product. You must find the right sacrifice and position him at the Masayan murderer's coordinates. Then, Unlimited amph."

"Doesn't look like we have much of a choice."

What would be the effect of the Nicaraguan population's change to a hyper-productive culture? But not competitive, cooperative. I didn't know the outcome, the effect, my training lay in the grey boundaries between black and white. The shift to black was a job I'd have to be forced into by whatever it is that has more – what is it -- psychic force than I.

The projection of future Moscow/London returns. We hear the secretary continue typing letters in the upper loft by the entrance, undisturbed. The force disappeared, leaving us – subjugates -- with traces of information as its orders.

Continued                      April Edition of  
Monthly Tidings

†Fictional account

Dani barely read any of the paper Danny had given her, nevertheless that evening whatever sexual tension there was of the Dannies was overruled by Alma who called Dani to work in the evening. Dani and Danny exchanged a longing eye contact that they assumed they would make again the day that followed.

The desert settled to its nighttime cold and Danny's hammock no longer provided the same insulation as when the fire was present.

He looked up to the manor and there was a door that was not there before. He was cold. The golden door shined warmth. Dani had yet to tell Danny about the Well over which their Coven was built, but in her absence, the Well seemed to speak to him. As he came closer, the coven seemed to collect a shine, inscriptions, gold, light, until it was no longer a coven at all.

He looked behind him to see that there was nothing but sands. Lester had disappeared. His change of clothes gone. He, then, turned to the ornate door, adorned with hieroglyphs and sacred markings — none of which Danny had yet trained to interpret. He held the seed and thought of its purpose. It belonged there where its primary generations are strongest and the witches can produce mystic fruit with enough potency to be active on the level of light. He should not bring it.

A golden bench and amplified moonlight helped conceive an instructional message to tie to the seed. He addressed it to Dani with certainty. He entered and he left the seed behind. 'I had hoped to try the Eggy Snatch breakfast, but maybe another time. The seed should offer them what



they need,' he said on the threshold before the door closed behind him.

Dani heard the faint telepathy in the morning through her dreams. Their telepathy would then develop rapidly. She quickly rushed out to see Danny's campsite gone. His mule remained. She spotted his mystic fruit. She picked it up and electric feedback hurt her head, but she could make out the words, 'prepare it.' She then turned over the letter: the legendary mystic fruit protocol:

April 2020 of the San Juan Monthly Reader.

Pyramid's first communications drew Danny to a chamber other than his own, a required deviation from the worn, comfortable, and — by the presence of a female — alluring visitation of his past. Intimacy of the highest order, yet they had both adopted the tactic of avoiding intrusion and left parts of the other's thoughts uncharted. This nonetheless did not detract from the psychic closeness, warmth akin to sleeping next to someone knowing that they are experiencing the same dream, cognizance of another within the lucidity of the plane. Emotional relativity becoming possible to observe, even to quantify the shifts in dual equilibrium.

Dani, still disappointed by the memory of Danny's departure, moved to remove the monolith to summon light factions. The man leaves nothing but a seed, along with a recipe for some form of post-mortem psychic intrusion. Her thoughts were to bring up her secret weapon when she could ascertain that Alma was forced into a subservient role to the Oligopoly and would be ready

for mutiny if possible. She wondered who the caretaker was looking after and why she was of such importance that intra—realm aware beings had censored it.

It is nighttime at the coven. Dani walks from the Dungeon to the courtyard garden, illuminated by the reflections of outlined dark forces residing within it; blooming red poppies entangle roots with claw bush that wraps the botanical enclave's stone benches in their plots of dirt; black ivy spreads to outside the courtyard's gates to superimpose itself onto the darkened desert; life forms at all in the GCA desert appear out of place, let alone enchanted ivy from another century. The poppies glisten in the moonlight; an airy death moves their loose, tattered red flowers which cling to life with a protective grasp of the budding center. The garden's aura echoes gray. Languorous undulations cohabit the airspace with a funeral pyre that smogs emissions, olfactory notes reminiscent of the Sulphur used as an alchemical component, to echo between gray smoke which sits over the center pit.

The poppy plants are captive pieces, the essence of the poppies; the energies of other beings contained within pain's birthplace in order to one day relieve it. The vestiges of a tortured race that had lived and died: an earthly reflection of the pain life must endure where nothing grows. To maintain this balance is a responsibility of [S}'s coven, aside from the primary duty of containing the Well.

After removing the monolith from the underground dungeon and walking upstairs, Dani streams with the Well's freed radiation: to circle the garden's life with the invisible tube whose force she felt whenever she floated near with her psychic body. She lands, rejoins her corporeal and then feels partial. She concludes that a part of her was swept up in the Well's invisible current. Resolute and hostile, she determines that she will recover it.

She awakens in another place to perceive a collection of iron chains wrapping her body. She expresses nothing, her inquisitive facial expression unchanged. Attached to a neck collar that extends into the dark hallway of what appears to be a prison chamber, is a chain. See-sawing with a natural rock, the floors and walls shift, indicating to her that she is a prisoner on an overseas voyage. She feels the chain has something very powerful on the other end. Despite the restraints, she assures herself that she is in control and that this is a reaction to her psychic body being so close to an otherworldly entity. She is drawn further from her physical body to evanesce into the Æther the more she attempts to alert Danny by way of thought transference. The laws of magnetism dictate orders, but with the unspoken language a human is capable of comprehending.

An anxious sweat perspires from her; a musty smell, the consequence of such bodily emissions alerts Dani that she may not be in control as a sudden pull sends her barreling into the dark part of the chamber for, what to her, feels like an eternity where every moment is extended, paralleled and multiplied in an infinite recording of every adjacent implication of every universal action. The swaths of information inundate her holographic skull's interior and she worries about herself imploding from the encyclopedic overflow. A labyrinthine course of sanguineous knowledge flows downstream into the troughs and tresses of her oblongata; a systematic lattice of neurogenesis, spawn of which the pain is simply a required component for creation. And hanging from a chain in a dark vacuous portion of the universal spirit she observes the entry to an exponential progression of

the farmhouse's caretaker's person altering pain.

Cries reverberate through the network of blood like torrential rapids. Lightning bolts electrify strobes of countenance frozen in shrieking terror: Dani's and caretaker's reflecting in rapid pulsations of light and dark. They are unprepared for this consuming reality: caretaker in the past and Dani in the future.

Dani settles to commensurate dark life force and accepts that her entrance will have a net negative effect on her empathetic feelings upon the emotional neural sub-net, but on the contrary, she enters and she begins to light up, her skin glows, and an iconoclastic outline appears to envelop her. She revels in relief. She sees that she is on the reflection of the caretaker's pain realm, the other side of the net's toroidal system. She continues to counter the negative terror that she refuses to face in her discorporate projection, refusing to potentially alter the powerful effects the schadenfreude has had on her emotional being. In this state, a realization awakens her; in her hedonism, she finds this state so enrapturing that she wishes to remain in it forever; she realizes she has a crop to cultivate to keep her newfound, reflective nourishment on the table.

In the suspension of space and time, in the toggling environs of strobing dark and light, assuming that it will produce a heightened effect, Dani rotates to face the caretaker. The damaged body of the haunted caretaker looks up to Dani from within the Well. Most of her face, absent of any flushed lively color, has been skinned off and left to hang loose from her skull. Her arms, having been crudely cauterized at the elbows, struggle to replace her left eyeball into her open eye socket.

Between the unheard gasps and tears of the mordant decay, Dani inhales vapors which smell of blood and surround her.

The caretaker was killed and sentenced to eternal damnation simply because of a secret she knew: somebody she looked after; a child or an adult? Danny speculated. A successive series of cruelties designed to cast her spirit into darkness had been imparted upon the enemy's sacrificial lamb at the end of her life. Tenants of the Well's containment project trapped her spirit so that it's mirror can be inverted to produce a heightened effect on consciousness: an effect so powerful, Dani fears its desire more than the effect itself, what it can drive people to do, a desire that may override any associated fear.

Historically the coven, being a fellowship that deals in the distribution of spiritual power, scours the populations for spirits already split by the Oligopoly: the partials upon which imparting negative impressions is easy, stored for future reciprocal use to supplement Wladimir's monopoly on energetic resources.

Through a veil-like division, Dani perceives the mirror of the other side. She is lucid and anxiously scrambles, looking for something familiar. She sees a small girl in her favorite place, a playground by a community pool with an active diving board. The divers pass by with towels draped over them, talking amongst themselves at different volumes and with different tones as adolescents do when they are on the frequency of their own egotism, separate, failing to be in tune with the energies of that which is around them; expressed in instances of masturbatory communication where they speak to practically soothe themselves.

A girl stands by the edge of the water and stares into Dani's eyes, mirroring her elvish stance.

Dani feels invaded. The girl is cognizant of Dani's presence in this realm while those that mingle

around her are not. Weightless in the thought realm, Dani drifts up into the air monitoring the girl's gaze floating from the pool. Their eyes beam into polygons with incongruent sides. The transient adolescents take inspired dives off the diving board. Women sit poolside, emitting merry laughter from their lounge chairs.

The two maintain their eye contact. Through her eyes, Dani views clouded paternal impressions that had been imparted on the faint, expressionless girl. Out of place, a globular man yells from the shallow kiddie pool area. Reluctant to do so, yet unable to resist the allure of the possible Reciprocation that would follow, what she foresaw to be, an unspeakable metaphysical tragedy transcendent of ordinary human trauma into a climacteric addressal of existential questions regarding human creation, Dani channels deeper with the mysterious girl. Something is amiss in the center of the penumbra. Her body glaciers over with toxic airs as flashed selections of her formative subconscious appear and extinguish, imperceptible in her realm. She was looking at a snippet of the victim's trauma, she speculated.

Dani reappears in the cell chamber on the overseas voyage, only now the ship has stopped moving, and the familiar darkness, with qualities that remind her of her childhood bedroom at night, continues to play in her consciousness.

The realization that she may have been a symbolic bird to this girl who may have been her. The large use of EMF power requires a despondent period for revival. A long period of timeless loneliness commences, permitting Dani periodic breaks for connection to an abject pain. She reasons it is better to connect to the pain then suffer through eternal loneliness without connection. The torture that her spirit endures in the thought realm reflects back onto her corporeal being in some physical ways. It appears that nails, stigmata, had punctured her palms.

Then, she awakens in a panicked hyperventilation under the desert sun of a land

untraveled, surely far away from the Coven where her thought-realm investigation began.

She failed to channel back to her garden. She does not know where or why this displacement has occurred. She cannot tell if she is a disembodied hologram or just some kind of statue. She nervously tries to project back to the garden. She departs as a neutral spirit only to be thrust back to her what she believed to be a merge back to her physical body.

She awakens again in the desert. She tries again to find her body's original location, questioning how her corporeal form made it to the desert, and if it was even really her. She acquiesces that her holographic form has taken shape in the physical reality. She believes something to have triggered her corporeal body's vacation. She fails to find her body again, ending up forgotten in thought-realm projection of auguries and clairvoyant extrapolations of connective thought tissues from existent systems and sub-systems to foresee, not oral but, light histories uncompromised by the telephone game influenced by financial impetus. The lines between realms have evidently blurred. She looks up to two transparent globes whose opacity reveals history: maps and information bound together. They spin the globe. It scans everything: hog hunting accidents that led to Svanski disputes in the upper caucus of Georgia, turn of calendar Semitic tribes and how they conceived their words. What rises to the top specific to Danny — and Dani; in an observation of the observer.

There is a voice chanting in what smells of a kitchen. It is a very low grumbling note,  
barely audible.

“The corpses are bloodied,  
our windows are  
muddied, the poisons are  
readied arsenic, radium,  
lead

Tis’ an ominous  
omen you will be so  
solemn skewered on  
totems  
dead dads and dead  
moms, hear cranial  
numbness thank  
progenitor's auspice  
Not found at a  
hospice



He died playing golf in Belize.”

The decrepit man concludes his chant as Danny looks around the dilapidated chamber.

Hallways cluttered with artifacts; remnants of unmaintained opulence that scatters the uneven floors to crypts imperceptible from within its decadent walls. The echoes of barbaric rhymes vibrate the space before stilling, ambiance fluttering in the dwindles of cosmic information.

Thorson bores of inanimate power objects in the same manner with which a child bores of new toys, except Thorson's playthings do not only consist of objects — stolen Rembrandts, scyphers exhumed from ancient tombs and the Forbidden Temple's excavated sphere of knowledge — but also sadistic entertainments that expose his carnal predilections.

Danny recoils from the view of a stewing cauldron of dismembered body parts over which Thorson stands hunched in a three-piece suit, an unbloodied press of sartorial mastery. He stirs the cauldron with one of his Nordic scyphers, used by the bearpeople to defend the magnetic pole.

The bearpeople rely on their shadows to guard the southern pole with repellant frequencies derived from their inhuman absorption of cold. An agreement with the underworld and underwater realms calls for the dissemination of light from Pluto to activate these charges. This sends away research units, who may discover the bipolar use of the world's toroidal circuit, with what doctors later diagnose as schizoid visions from isolation. Though they did see the bearpeople's shadows, many

expeditions returned early, clamoring of Bigfoot and even Santa Claus. The poles' locations had been defined by cartographers who marked the geographic points so that they would not intersect with the magnetism's frequencies to the point of shadow-realm perception. Though the bearpeople are nomadic, they maintain the entrance of glacial caverns through realms, through the Core's center to reveal the Earth's true shape. Many missions having been diverted from these points under mysterious circumstances.

Thorson, a banker, was once the patriarch of the world's most affluent family, at one time monopolizing on the private enterprise that was the GCA dollar. Varied forms of carnal predilection had become a common bonding activity among the world's elite before the Fall: those driven by power, once having acquired it, required ways to express their dominance over others. A part of capitalism's inherent effect: that those with a lust for power are driven to ascend, and that same drive requires a disregard for the needs of their peers — as in the case of Zander Thorson IV whose drive manifests in cruelties of the highest order. Relinquishing power becomes this rare archetype's all-consuming fear and the abuse of others seems to mollify this fear.

Thorson appraises Danny with a tainted carnivorous grin that reveals his teeth: an animal about to eat another animal.

“How fantastic? Company for dinner. On the menu tonight is a vegan adolescent woman. I prepared her Halal. The meat is not so rough: unaware of her slaughter no muscles offered resistance; it really softens the meat. Vegetable-raised, halal sapiens are the *crem de la crem*. Once the human ceases to eat animals, it changes the human's own edibility profile: neophyte cannibals don't have the same reaction — the tremors and schizoid visions — more the rashes and cardiac stress from the typical introductory chimpanzee offerings. Have you had the pleasure of indulging in such delicacies?” asks Thorson, “I could send for bonobos. They are only just outside in their cages

beside the fountain of youth replica.”

Danny is revolted, yet aware that he is not in control of what part of another's singular consciousness will be projected upon entering a new crypt to which his aura has an affinity — affirming that the conveyed information is integral to his own present construction, the display of who he is, the present him, made explicate via the thoughts and decisions of the past's others, the self- knowledge that is and was dependent upon hidden others who formulate what was to be his consciousness. He strolls up to an ornate Rococo dining table and seats himself next to a Cavalier's vacant suit of armor, all the while averting his sight and smell from the blatant transgression upon the dignity of the dead. The fact that this memory is separated from reality only by the construct of time, as well as his own presence, perturbs Danny to the precipice of emesis, but he endures given the severity of his need.

When Thorson's original memory came to fruition, though existing prior to present reality — perceivable by means of precognition, the undetectable intrusion which was only noted by Thorson's sense of a subtle form of recursion, *deja vu*.

The Vanishing Pyramid offers Danny a deterministic counter-attack whereas recompense for Thorson's alteration of the collective consciousness. He is able to observe and even in some capacity impact his otherwise invariable past moments. Thorson lifts his open palm to waft steam into his closed-eye inhalation and then opens his deep-set lids to glare at Danny.

“I had some earlier,” Danny lies in hope that Thorson will cease trying to serve him if he postures as a fellow human flesh connoisseur, “but, I will keep you company over dinner.”

”I cannot eat unless everyone at the table is eating. At this table, if you are not eating, then you are the food,” he says and places a cut of thigh, doused in dark gravy, on a golden platter — clearly more than one adult's rations. Danny, in the place of one of Thorson's cohorts who perhaps did

share this meal with him, but was obliterated from the banker's stored consciousness by the Vanishing Pyramid, grits his teeth.

“No really. I am stuffed. Maybe I can pack some up and take it with me?” says Danny, as Thorson separates meat from bone with a knife.

“This is not a middle-class dining establishment. Take a look around. Do you see any take-out containers?” Chandeliers, marble and many power objects adorned the room which seems that Thorson can no longer leave. Danny squints at the floor to see an assemblage of varied serpents, bound to each other from head-to-tail with golden braces, wriggling about the wooden floor which had been weathered into a darkened shade from the sanguineous lacquer produced by the blinded snakes’ excretion, the smudges of their scales. His muscles tense as he looks to the ceiling, only to circumvent the possible glance of Thorson and his cauldron at eye-level. Heads skewered on a chandelier in various states of putrefaction absorb flickered light from the table’s candelabra, off the chamber’s brass sheen, and into cankerous shadows.

“Skin or no skin?” asks Thorson and inspects Danny with his beaded eyes while brandishing a sharp blade, as if refusing his so called 'delicacy' would amount to a violation that required punitive measures. Danny surmises that he will indeed 'be the food', if he refuses to 'dine as the Romans'.

“No skin for me,” says Danny, reminding himself that this is not happening physically and he should do it for the information reversal required from Thorson. Then, he thinks of how thought and memory are real as what happens in the physical world. He ruminates how he will move forward from the moment he consumes a fellow human: burdened by this possible memory as consequence, henceforth a cannibal? what if he liked it enough to seek it out, shunned by Dani to spend the rest of his begone days in Thorson's chamber with vacant coats of armor as dining

companions, hoping he'll be served some sentient herbivore?

Upon Danny's request for a plate without the outermost organ, Thorson relaxes into the procedure of skinning the cadaver and placing the cooked muscle tissue upon Danny's plate.

“Thank you,” Danny says as Thorson slides the thigh before him, “You know, I have been considering an entry point into the uranium mining and refinery business. Given your preponderance in this sector, care to indulge me with the brass economics of your current positions? I'd like to reverse-engineer your success,' asks Danny, without having taken a bite.

Thorson sits with his plate beside another coat of armor opposite Danny. He peels the pruned skin from the flesh, spoons some chunky red gravy on it, brings the act of supreme degradation to his cracked, thin lips, then — to Danny's tacit aversion — slurps the congealed blood sauce from the rolled up epidermal taco, subsequently balling in his mouth the pruned skin to masticate it while his eyes dart to observe Danny's hesitation to new dining experiences.

In his mind, Danny sighs, conceding that he is not to get anywhere with this man, until the international magnate recognizes him to be a part of his cannibal ilk.

Danny stares down at his pressing incisions and readies his implements. He promises himself, Dani, the Pyramid, posterity, that he will induce emesis as soon as he departs, yet because he is disembodied it will only be the intention of emesis rather than the physical vomit: given the potential spiritual ramifications of ingestion, he feels a self-induced purge would serve as an adequate repentance.

In a deliberately affected insouciant primness, Danny deposits a cut in his mouth and grinds

it with his teeth.

“Today, tomorrow, next week, this year would amount to the worst possible entry-point, young protege. While serving our master,” he makes an S with both hands, “the federal reserve has used the dollar to underwrite a controlling share of equity within all the major mining corps with the purposes of creating a recessive bust cycle — Kerr-McGee, Homestake, Gulf are all down to less than a hundred mining employees that have the sole task of decommissioning the projects and creating tailing ponds. The majority stakeholder position will see that the companies that remain are all gone by '86. That will have been your best 'buy low' point, but if things are carried out as they have been foreseen, it will stay low. The control of the supply has given us the ability to manipulate the cost, rendering mining unfeasible in the U.S.A. and by '86, also worldwide.”

“What is coming in '86?”

“Three-mile island was just the incipient catalyst to begin a fear-mongering campaign. The decommissioning of all these mines is to control of the resource. Likely after '86, you won't find a taker for the uranium you mine, and the one taker will have enough of his own to control the price. One would think that with this much yellow cake, he is planning a space mission out of the solar system, but truth is, I do not know what his intentions are. I do know that once every ore in every stope, every bit of alkaline leach in every refinery, every stick of dynamite and every air-drill are all in his control, he plans to instill a tremendous amount of fear of the same resource into the masses with one cataclysm: the propaganda he proposes to propagate to the masses regards the destruction of an entire city.”

Upon hearing confirmation of his suspicions, Danny hurriedly evanesces from the dining table to the chamber of his own memories and present consciousness.

“So?’ Dani’s tired, disincorporate voice sounds against the bare, sandstone, brick walls as she herself wanders listlessly through the desert.

“Chernobyl—”, says Danny as he puts a finger down his throat and gags, “Wladimir did it for limitation of exposure and observation of rarified oralloy and maybe for his own development of inter- realm maps.”

## DAMIEN AND CHARLIE

Damien crumples up a ball of papers and throws it to Charlie. Horizontal Charlie crinkles the papers and begins to read to himself.

“Read this,” Damien instructs. “It is not in our library and the guy who wrote it is named Danny.





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## SAN JUAN MONTHLY READER

### ***MASS MURDER IN MASA YA***

*HEADLINE IS TO CAUSE PANIC AMONG THOSE WHO ONLY READ HEADLINES*

I was in the Northernmost San Juan there is: a place once known as Canada. Before it rained fire, there was bird shit everywhere. I remember wondering who exactly gets to shit on birds. To know who gets to shit on birds I had to leave San Juan, North Dakota. So, I packed up and departed Saint John's University. I did not know where I was when I woke up most of those mornings.

The Hajj was upon me now that I had set up media operations in every relevant San Juan I could find. The effect was created even if the only people to ever notice it would be those with a proclivity for travels to cities with Saint names. After San Juan, Puerto Rico, I realized that all these technology companies with hip names had encroached on my territory. I had obsolesced. Birds did not shit on you in socialist regimes, so I went to the closest semblance to a final frontier I could find: San Juan was clearly a Mecca for some sort of disorganized religion. Lenin's shadow was certainly present.

People were all intelligent in at least one way, even if it was only that way. I had pissed off enough tribe to really hope that no one would join up arms against my annexation of the government media enterprises. If propaganda was the only thing going around then they could all go to Hell. Fake headlines in the name of royalty; War of the Worlds tributes; thought experiments to create divisions amongst my enemy factions and create varied affirmations of anything else I would want to occur in the future. Getting people to believe was actually the easy part. Even more taxing was this whole 'being in two places at once' business without the aid of technology: Bilocation. While doing all that glorious stuff, I was still ready for a lynch mob.

My surf sessions were short. That February morning, I went to my spot in a particularly chaotic intersection of the ocean and caught a few waves down the shore. The day was about to break over the jungle. I was paddling back out and I spotted what I initially thought to be marine life. Alarmed, I took off on the next wave and saw that it was actually just Iranians: an amphibious special operations unit. Being targeted by elite military units around the World is one of my favorite pastimes. Something was about to happen.

Predictable chaos had befallen the region. It was better than pure chaos. Predictable variations make art. Unpredictable variations are just noises and scribbles. I predicted chaos would and it did. Strangers were to be gotten before they had gotten me. Sacrifice was imperative. Only no one was to know it was actual sacrifice until I had fulfilled my duties. Paranoia, schizoaffective disorder, alcoholism: I suppose if I had ever gone to a Doctor, he or she would have told me that I have these 'diagnoses'. I tried not to fall into any clear archetype but categorization from an outer perspective was inevitable.

There are those that find solace in the unexplainable by the process of compartmentalization. So, I carried an Ankh. Just a demi-god trying to resurrect Osiris, nothing to see here. An idea that this was the Pyramid's true intent, but the truth is that the Pyramid was lots of stories in one: an energy generator, a symbol of classism, an occult expansion that granted some level of immortality to those who could grasp it and would eventually bring them to the epiphany that they did not want to live forever: silly mortal stuff.

Did my ancestors think of themselves in a rather arrogant light? To erect temples with statues in their image and associate those images to representations of the varied sacred geometries of the World certainly is pompous: the sets of numbers, sequences, that repeat throughout nature: the Fibonacci spiral, rods and pine cones, the tetrahedron, the torus, dragon flies and pinwheels; the horde marching out into reality. These little cosmic winks to let all their children know that God is here.

There was some race going on *ad infinitum*, and everyone in San Juan knew they were not winning and they really did not give a fuck. There were actually two races. Humanity was at a juncture between part of the population turning themselves robot with neural implants and all kinds of other shit that would be subject to eventual hacking: human automation. Most people's idea of the entire artificial intelligence thing is reversed. Now at least the other race knew this and was ready to hack it alone, with only spirit, hoping their flesh would hold. Magic entered biotech that year and I was all over it. I had skin in the game.

Later that morning I went for coffee by the bay. Doctor Werner, the wheelchair treasure, owed me money. I needed his embryos and umbilical fibers more than his money. I would then derive power from them. Power that would transfer onto the page — more sacrifice to Thot. Supplies that would spawn neurogenesis. I would have to die and regenerate again which I had grown accustomed to considering the constant torment of Hades since our encounter at the Embassy. I was fine with death and rebirth. I granted an extra week of life to all these parents who sacrificed their placentas and embryos to me. Besides that, I also possessed the plant that would render this sort of crude cannibalism and self-destruction obsolete. The Doctor was useless to me besides his license to procure *cellulas madres* in Nicaragua.

"May I sit? Would you like tea?" he asked.

"I'm worried about the ingredients in the tea. No time to dispute it. Should I chew an umbilical cord this morning?" I passed on joking that he was in fact already seated.

"This is an incredible lineage. One family of birthers for the last two months. Very strong. Flesh is the blood." The doctor would always make German remarks that would not translate exactly. He passed me a refrigerated case.

"Any miscarriages?" I asked, knowing full well that he would not reply directly to my question. Instead, he would opt for a tangential argument or provocation. Miscarriages came at a premium.

"How did you get back in the country? You missed two tormentors in the sky." He pointed up. He meant hurricanes, but it was cryptic because I was thinking of the Masayan and Concepcionista.

"Fair because the government made it more difficult to reenter despite other countries lifting sanctions and taking converted stardust, ionosphere to harnesses off airflow. But I assure you I did nothing of the sort. I flew in from Miami. Nothing exciting." Except really Miami was like a video game as I kept waking up in hospitals: amnesiac moments followed by the realization that all my guns had been taken,

along with some money. Hades kept making me kill myself. Though I could not die forever because it was suicide by coercion, I still shed a layer to regenerate two: a most uncomfortable process.

The paltry sack of bones sat trembling, shriveled up, a little white hair up top. Roasted cashew with some of the shell still on. My anger had already cursed him without realizing it. “Quick Werner, I’ve cursed you accidentally. Say my name three times backwards!”

He thought for a moment and bellowed: “Rednaxela!

Rednaxela!

Rednaxela!”

A few of the other patrons at the café turned to see the commotion. Werner gasped. He took these human/god interfaces rather seriously.

Sure, we were cohorts in some ambiguous enterprise, the end goal of which was not made clear to the public. Yeah, we had gone over into a seed room of spores that governed consciousness one or two times. Perhaps even we began cataloguing the genetic alterations needed to have the spark of light, light in the exact right way: A cosmic flareup in the sense that the nature of the beast — the Doctor’s pure ethos — was that he could talk to his own stem cells to get them to heal the sick, simply by altering the electrical, magnetic and gravitational charges; as well as the vibrations on the quantum level in every such system. He could only do these things because he asked for my help. No Doctor could without me. Medical school kind of precluded you from some spiritual pursuits. Then we were off to frolic in a Nicaraguan field and understand the sacred numbers that were databased while also sharing this information but only on a need-to-know.

“Get away from me,” the Doctor recoiled, taking umbrage at my demons flowing through him.

“Do we still have a deal?” I asked if our alliance was still intact. He was about to die, and to he who is obsessed with immortality I was his only option. His fear was that I would tear up our metaphorical contract after he perishes. He thought he was paying me to take his soul on for posterity. He also wanted to be mummified. He had faith I would fulfill my end and that is all I need to appear. He nodded solemnly and I departed, sucking some life out of his eyes as I left. There was a cloud in the Æther only I could see.

I was amazed by what made people arrogant nowadays. I knew America eats its babies and that technology would accelerate how many babies America eats. These great progressions required sacrifice and soon it would be the lesser Gods with waning spheres of belief who would be sacrificed.

That night before my morning surf I had had a dream where I was on the same morning wave and there was a shark who started speaking to me in Farsi as I was riding along a wave. He kept smirking at me like devil sharks typically do, and it seemed as though time collapsed on itself forever. The grin told me everything I needed to know. He told me that he showed me this Horus, Osiris shit first. He was a bit agitated like I owed him. Then he said that I was to download the Book of Thot from the Sun and give it to Hades.

War was on everyone’s horizon but it was not the typical thoughts of war but rather imaginative tangents as to what war would even look like? In the physical reality rather than the solar negative, the lead

Iranian asked me who I was while shining a light at my board which I used to hide myself and deflect the light. “Board down!” Another troop shouted. Then I recalled who gets to shit on birds.

After my previous encounter with the Masayan, I wanted to hide. There were lots of volcanic forces around the world, but these guys were tough. This was the original from which everything demonic emerged. Every other hellish place was just an Embassy for the Gates.

So, in that moment, flashlight in my face, I made a decision: Birdwatching and illustration were in my future, not any of this war-mongering versus nature. Later that day I illustrated a field guide to local birds even though I don’t really draw. Everybody stood for something and thereby was a representative of one or more collective entities. I chose nature.

My board concealed my face from the intrusive military grade flashlight. I snarled to them the last words they would ever hear: some bit about how I catch Æther in Farsi, but really many different tongues at once. I dropped the board and as I did bright lights blew in to overpower the handheld lights with sheer force, bending the beams and accelerating them to the point of gravitational resistance. The men were then suspended in air through — to an outsider perspective — what looked like anti-gravity but was not: it was the simple movement of Æther with electrical currents. The squadron was paralyzed, floating over the water. I was to probe this particular special operations unit’s minds until I had all of their cold secrets.

I had grown annoyed how I never got to see anyone’s face unless they were of a God to whom I have or have had some manner of association. The trick was that they too, on some level, had to have been open to the eventual awareness of their own holy strength. Or at least believed that someone else truly believed.

All that time in the water. My only concern was Poseidon, the God with intelligence of my early morning probe. It was his domain. He had total monitoring. No privacy in the oceans and seas. The Earth is lucky to steal some fresh waters away from the salty sonofabitch. I decided to make a joke for Poseidon so I granted the lead flashlight guy flashlights instead of hands in the afterlife. I had charms to share. That day was in fact my day of worship.

Iran meant Russia which meant CCP, NK, an overpowering mass of opposition to this particular brand of globalism touted in the West. Who was either side to be trusted? Though one could be played against the other. Who were they to have access codes? I should have access codes! Truth be told, these alliance trees were formed up of smaller webs of other alliances, tribal ones that went back centuries. I was a citizen of the World. This America thing was a tumor. Globalism had run its course and I was of the Nile.

I figured I would probe deeper into the jarred Iranian brain I held that morning. Maybe one of them had met a God before but probably not considering their sacrifice to Mars. If one serves in the armed forces, deities typically chalk that soul up for Mars: God of war. The codes! I thought. If nothing else — as a duly appointed peacekeeping agent of the World — I could control the outcome of the war by holding the cards: a uniting scrap of information that all parties involved wanted to access: the fucking codes. Anyways a lot of other funny universal truths about these soldiers were exposed. I got to see what really made them tick: why they had once decided to deal their souls.

Visions of the lead marine’s early life trauma flashed in sequence before me. He was forced to kill a dog when he was a child and this was a determining factor in his enlistment as well as his overall capability

to kill. Every behavior ran through a kind of physical conduit. Psychological history always has a physical shadow. I had forgotten what I was searching for while engaged in spiritual voyeurism. I stared at the sun as it rose over the green canopies. It was the codes, the access to global annihilation. Then, when I retrieved the codes, I knew I had seen them before. It was the Giza latitude and longitude: Thot's general banality.

A voice behind me laughed. It was the Masayan Devil. He had come to examine my collection of souls for potential sacrifice. If nothing else, the Devil is a pretty straightforward guy. "You got what you want now, aren't you going to kill them?"

"I was just going to wipe their slate clean. Let them float up to shore." His electromagnetic vibrations radiated straight through my defenses and stole light from my already pale skin. I heard faint shrieks in my head.

"They are going to die anyways. How would you like to be left alive a shell of your former self?"

"This I have experienced."

"Who do you think it was keeping you alive? You owe," said the cylinder of Masayan light straight from the gates of hell. He was taller than some trees but made up of electricity. He was far away from me but heard me as if I was near. I was partially hypnotized, at least the half of me that is not a deity, subject to a certain mortality like anyone else. A sinking feeling came over me. "Bow down and I will give you a tear for your pain." Only to him a tear meant a biblical flood.

"Not this time to the diluvian, but maybe later." By saying this I indicated to him that plans for the apocalypse by fire, including his fire, were proceeding as it had been foreseen. After all, I now had the codes to both sides. One moment everything went white. Then, I was back in the water with my board. All the light was gone. The Devil took the Iranians who already had been purged and wiped of their memories.

He needed somebody on both sides to agree to delay his annihilation for just one post-apocalyptic epoch longer. This was the only reason he did not take me to Masaya that morning. A flock of pelicans flew by and chose to discharge their excrement. Though a nuisance, birds shitting on you is actually considered a good omen.

I had to pursue him. I reported to the Russian embassy which kept an eye on the Mouth of Hell. I descended the winder staircase, observed the carvings of Volcan Masaya's inner rim. The magma rolled. There was a barely audible chant that hummed as if from deep. Enchantments prevented humans from seeing what was really going on within the Mouth of Hell's inner limits.

Hell was in fact the World's largest natural pollutant. The hottest summer broke sonic forces to make the air squeal like a kettle. Some kind of black magic was and always had been going on there. It was just a matter of time before we would get to see what these natural forces could do.

By illustrating a field guide to the local birds of Ometepe, I had created my own network of eyes in the *Aethers* to watch over things. I snuck details into the descriptions and illustration captions that some people would believe. Some of the birds were not even from Ometepe but they would eventually report here from far away to confirm the beliefs of people who would read the guide.



My loyal birds had been programmed to act as spies. I kept a watch on home bases and had access to the local bird populations in all San Juans. Borya, Svetya, Vanya and Laika flew in, in that order, each on a disparate flight path, from farther away than the next.

Only Laika was not a bird but the Russian space dog who is now immortal and keeps a watch on satellite communications from the exosphere. There was a section of the local bird guide that included an utterly nonsensical tribute to Laika. It honored her as the first bird/dog hybrid and that her species should be reclassified and that she is still alive in the sky and that her genetics is mother to all the stray dogs on Ometepe island except the Chihuahuas.

Borya was the African Grey. Vanya was a vulture who kept an eye on the things that were about to die. Svetya was some odd fusion of every pink bird: a flamingo/galah hybrid. For them to all report to me at the same time was an anomaly, an indication of conflict that would ensue. They were preventing me from getting to Hell.

"Where is the fire?" I asked.

Laika started off by barking, but I had the God molecule so she really said something more like the artificial Suns have all the World's telecommunications targeted.

"You've done well for a mongrel. Now every stray believes that they too can become a hero of the Federation," I saluted.

"Some people think it's a bluff and that there is no antichrist," Borya mimicked.

The vulture, Vanya, started rapping: "You're nobody til' somebody kills you".

"It does seem like you are the only guy pushing this whole transfer of information to the next race without technology, so as long as you live, they survive," said Svetya, the rose breasted Cockatoo, or Galah, the only rational one in the bunch. Apparently being rational gets you designated as a pest in Australia.

"Niggas in my faction don't like asking questions, strictly gun testing."

"I can drop telecommunications for you at a moment's notice," said Laika in her spacesuit.

"I know Laika. You already told me. Good girl," I said.

"That should help you get some leeway but you're going to have to have some spiritual children in the next race," said Svetya.

"You may be in control of what God even is," said Borya.

"Reminisce on dead friends too. You're nobody til' somebody kills you," the Vulture Vanya rapped.

"Poseidon is angry. He got his trident out the other day when he saw the Iranians disappear over his water. My Pelican girlfriend told me," said Borya.

"She's not your girlfriend. She only spends extra time chatting with you because you tip her for fish."

“Well, I think we have a thing.”

“You don’t want to be with a Pelican anyways, Borya.”

“Anyways Alex, your Mom said she needs to speak with you at once. So, both your Mom and Poseidon seem a bit angry.”

I was tired of their noise. I had to turn around and visit my mom before I went to Hell. “Neptune had the last apocalypse. Just tell him that it’s not an issue. There was no threat in the Ocean. I was just practicing with Æther,” I ended their logorrhea and pulled up my robes to climb up out of the crater. Poseidon knew what I had expressed to the Masayan that morning, but I’m sure he was skeptical about the Devil’s tricks and I did not need loudmouth Pelicans learning about this and having their thoughts leaked into the Ocean.

Old world technology was to be kept alive long enough to be discovered by the next evolution of the coconsciousness. A future inflection point was granted in the Book of Thot and our race would survive the apocalypse by fire — as opposed to the last one that was by water.

The plants had given rise to a higher being. Old humans with dated operating systems passed from the Earth and a new generation, Sapiens, generated. Spawned by the Solar system’s radiation, the first people were much like plants and simply bubbled up from the soil. The seeds were planted there by the Sun and Poseidon. Occasionally this combination of life elements fires off an immaculate conception or two. The dinosaurs had failed at their lizardry so the humans were to carry over some reptilian brain and then fuse it with aspects of everything else in the universe. What would make them different? The influence of the Gods. They sent light down and pushed the dinosaurs to progress. Now they needed their children to enter the eventual state of quantum chaos where every visualized possibility becomes reality within an infinite scale of infinite lifetimes on infinite timelines. Humans would eventually worship technology in attempt to access this state of quantum chaos an age or two earlier: the undoing of their supremacy. When the gap would widen to a critical point, to beyond some horizon where gravity moves thought, to where there was almost no return for memory. It was never material things that people feared losing after transcending certain false ideals, but the memory of the physical.

So, here is more astrophysics: Venus is merely the Sun’s gas shadow lit up by the moon. It has no true surface. It appeared after the first seeds of humans needed to spread their own seeds. It was love. It had always existed but it only became bright and visible in the sky when humans called for it.

The seeds, the proverbial Adams and Eves, though there were many at different points in the World around the same time. Born plants, they knew nothing for there was no way for the Sun to truly

express himself. Then nightfall came and the Moon translated some communications from the Sun and then it danced for all the Adams and Eves and gave them Dreams. One day he would be known as Osiris.

Immanuel Velikovsky was right about Venus. He got washed out of history and the study of astrophysics after his death. His theories faded from the public consciousness. Venus was shown to the first people as the shadow was conceived, a natural gas shadow that surprised even the Sun and the Moon. Venus did the dream dance with Osiris as well and together they created something new. They were to express a spectrum of infinite possibility. They enabled humans to create anything they envision given enough time. Given enough time all that is not forbidden becomes compulsory. Enough time to possess these vessels of potential energy with instincts. These preternatural urges were often directions from departed ancestors, other times they were Gods pushing humans around like chess pieces.

This potential energy would carry over through the process of reincarnation. Anubis was born to process this transaction.

And onward, stemming from the first perceptions of nature that people experienced in different parts of the World, we discovered that Dreams spawned slight variations that we believed to exist in other regions, and when they migrated to escape the rains, they found the fruits, water and trees that they had already envisioned would be there.

This generated outward into every system like a vast web, and not just fruit: Food and survival were just general reptilian functionality. This fleshy vessel for consciousness would be different. These world-generating variations would increase in both size and scope until one day it would be turned on itself.

Humans changed the Gods They forced them to evolve and birthed competition with nature. Anubis stayed the same more or less. The first generation of humans remained mostly vegetative growth even after they were enabled to reproduce. As the first humans watched the dead rot and turn into the soil, Thot was born: the first manifestation of Thot. Thought was a mere flicker of energy for eons. Anubis was born after Thot and only after the first humans decomposed. After observing the deaths of their peers, humans – catalyzed by some of the Moon’s sadness – had to console themselves in some manner: the belief that the light went somewhere else other than the bodies of the Dead began to spread as antidote for grief; later, people would be mummified as mourners began to expect a reunion between this light and flesh.

Osiris was reborn in a tantalizing fashion particularly after he showed Him how to make fire. Osiris was held back during the age of reptilians. This would be the height of his power. He kept dancing for everybody. He danced for the Devil. Osiris pretty much showed the Devil how to dance, even how to replicate himself in different parts of the World to dance with more partners.

The Devil travelled far from Hell and turned on everybody with whom he danced, even his own master, Osiris. Torment was a mere correction of an imbalance. The Devil was torment.

After years of metaphorical dancing, Osiris had lost power. People had sold their dreams to extinguish the dreams of others. A nightly occurrence became much more limited. Osiris knew he had to sacrifice a part of himself to see what the Devil was planning. Thot also sacrificed a part of himself for this omniscience over a disparate entity who encompassed a growing portion of his domain. When they finally realized how much the Devil had expanded beyond Hell, both Thot and Osiris were already too weak. They had been progressively stripped of their power as the Devil had formed alliances with other Gods to control



light and produce Dreams without Osiris. Simultaneously the Devil had been nurturing the division between Thot and Osiris for ages, planning to eventually see who would sell the other out first.

The prisoner's dilemma was at hand as in different parts of the World. The Devil offered both Thot and Osiris the same deal to betray the other and restore their own power by consolidating the Oligopoly on the collective consciousness. The Gods had been trained for this and did not respond for ages, despite being kept separate from one another by the Devil.

The television came and their children ate microwaved dinners while they stared. The Gods waited for decades as the Devil weaponized.

Then the computer was born and possessed the children to control their belief systems. This virtual religion, at its core, was Devil worship.

So how did yours truly, Alexander, come to be aware of his holy ancestry despite punching a keyboard since he was young?

It was 2002 and I had been typing all day, looking up how to make bombs, posting on anarchist forums: typical stuff for the early days of the internet. Text files were so rich. Video and audio were yet to be accessible as you still had to listen to that noise every time you accessed the web. The cacophony that now vibrates internally upon a mere mention of the metal machine music. That dial up modem noise was actually Thot clinging on for dear life. I had heard it: Screams captured by torment.

I took a break and walked over to my office bookshelf. A seemingly stable book fell off the shelf: its adjacent books unaffected. I read the title. It was Bulgakov's *The Master and Margarita*. I picked it up and it opened on its own. The dial up screeched louder. The first page it opened to was the Devil's first appearance as a cat. I read and read until I fell asleep. Osiris and Thot came to life that evening and showed me what to do the next day. They showed me that the end results of following their oneiric instruction would lead to a transcendence on thought. They were competing with modern technology. They had to stay ahead or they would die. They told me the Devil would try to make me forget so they were to adopt me as a provisional deity and that this would keep me safe.

As I aged, they continued appearing. They took on different forms. In my dreams it was their eyes and overpowering energetic mass that always gave them away. It was a lot like having parents around when you are just trying to get laid as a teenager. You go to sleep wanting to think naughty thoughts and then there is damn Osiris and Thot. Eventually they backed off and became two distant points in the sky during my moments of lucidity. They sent messages and eventually by my early twenties I realized they want me to chase the Devil around. I was to get close enough to the Devil without sacrificing Thot's power which laid with Osiris. It was tied to the fate of another God so I was to record all the Devil's tricks. My Godparents put a lot of stock into my ability for total recall. They had blessed me with photographic memory.

During those times I had premonitions that I was to bridge Thot into the next generation of consciousness, which was coding encrypted in the nature around us, onto the evolving plants for someone else to add to it – in the future progressions and manifestations of self. The next vessel for Thot was to

receive much more information – information in terms of physics – from food thus needing less mass. Overall mass would decrease to enable travel using electromagnetic fields.

Was I just a sacrifice? Had I created enough of a distinction between myself and He, or would it simply leak into his oversight and dominion on the world of Magic. But you see, I learned that there is magic you can hide from Gods even.

A few years later, somewhere on Ometepe island, two botanists ventured the volcanic jungle all day. They stopped to build a fire and make camp. The man and the woman gathered to rest and noticed an exposed root and small rodents chewing on the root. After a few minutes of observation, they noticed the rodents were frozen, staring up at the sky. They made no attempt to hide from the pokes and prods of the humans. These were such unusual variations from the normal behavior patterns that they assumed the root was to blame. Even the mouse-like creatures were out of place. Never before seen on the island, the motionless rodents seemed fine, tranquil, just stargazing with vacant expressionless rodent faces. They lost interest in just about everything else for a few hours before disappearing.

So, the two humans scraped some root and tried it.

And then, I got pulled through my own dreams into theirs, my consciousness within those of others. I appeared a bright blast out of the night sky. The fire lit the surrounding shrubs and trees. I let it all scorch for a few moments before dimming the flame and extinguishing the trees to crowd the fog of the volcano with smoke. They could still see me. I walked a bit closer to them and said: “Every simulation of events for the dawn of humanity reveals that the concept of God seems to have a place within our genetics. Tonight, you are granted the insight that chaos is predictable rather than random.” It was here: The God molecule that recorded the cosmic consciousness. That had finally done it. I had been summoned before but not for this. This was magic. Solar body teleportation.

The couple saw me. They heard me. They were afraid. Their fear had paralyzed them. They did not look away from my shifting ball of heat which reflected my image. They had not expected that the only effect of this root would be telepathic access to my consciousness. “Are you seeing him right now?” the man asked the woman calmly; ataxia having been set as a component of my plant: just to reduce any chance of a freakout.

“Who the hell are you?” the woman asked me.

“You happened upon the plant that houses my consciousness. Welcome. Beyond that information, once you wrap your heads around it, I am simply a duly-appointed peacekeeping agent of the World.”

Their eyes gaped open. Their jaws were loose. From my position, I could see through them and not just in the physical sense. I could see through them to their creator to the next, but it hurt too much so I did not bother going back too far, as on some omniscient level I already knew what I would see. As they watched, their fear slowly turned to worship. They changed seated positions into more of a genuflection. In that early moment, they had a bit of power over me.

“You’re beautiful,” said the woman.

I felt vulnerable. I could have become whatever traits they attributed to me in those moments. Despite this, we spoke in the foggy jungle for hours until daybreak. The transcendence on worship felt euphoric. I was magic.

“Are you even real?” asked the man. He kneeled forward and reached out towards me but his hand could not penetrate my aura, my Æthers. Theirs I could break quite easily, but I just pushed on their spheres enough that they would know that I was really there. I had never been able to break Thot’s until that night. He had sacrificed himself. He was comatose. The antichrist was here: Thot’s and Osiris’s vessel to whatever was next. All I had to do was survive and remember. The Gods had faith that I would.

Then, handwritten on the back of the final page Charlie reads:

*I walked through shining arches that momentarily appeared over your coven. An inverted pyramid whose transparent walls ascended into an open ceiling to what I assume to be more nothingness. This is real. I went through the door.*

*I left you something along with a recipe.*

*I learned love will be tied to death and how much more about both I am yet to learn.*

Charlie looks up astonished at the possibility the mystic plant's origin and the possibility that Wallis has been misleading them.

“The letters have those similar adjunctive capitals as yours, as though presenting an opening act of aggression against the page,” says Damien. “The patterns and constant replacement, ebbing and flowing, protecting the flows of the environ in our hemispheres. Salutary embolisms pulsating from halos by our *cabezas*, doubling, to trip off an odd sense that what we're seeing is actually an embodiment of not having boundaries, then making us question why we would be seeing this if there were boundaries at all. Paradoxical illusions made to leap off the head of someone willing to travel those distances, cleaving their sorry *cabezas* down the hills in the ashen neighborhoods of Dogtown,

scorched into nothingness, a deciphered oblivion of shit made to hold you through some moment of infinitesimal greatness which underwhelms any susceptible bystanders to a kind of relenting chaos and mayhem that drives the liquid-filled spoonfuls within your rectum's tissue to curdle without boiling.

Whoever wrote this note might be out there. It's a creative expression Wallis found out in the flatlands; he said he did some work on it before they captured him, and they never removed it from here. It's from after the Floods but about the times leading up to them. Pretty ominous right? The thought that Wallis is attempting to overpower whoever it is whose mentals are transferred onto the plant.

Now Riley. He is a motherfucker. Get that demon under a microscope and have a field day," he changes the subject, "uncharted readings all over some ultra-dense map in his mind. I can't really get an idea of what is under there. His disabilities create all these base layers I have to navigate while interfacing with him and building up a rapport, earning his trust, human bullshit."

"What kind of disabilities?"

"You're about to be jealous?" Charlie winces at him.

"Compared to your whole ocular parasitic issue, he's got the body where you pretty boy, have got the eyes."

Charlie sits up. He gleams at Damien with a curious squint which indicates thorough analysis and interpretation of Damien's neural thought field."What?"

This moment passes breathlessly before they collapse together in laughter, unburdening any expectations, and momentarily becoming one and centered and holy.

"No disruptions in your field, you emotionless foil. The kind of internal low volatility that

makes you a sort of mirror for those analyzing your field. A reflection of their own suffering made evident to the interlocutor but not apparent to you, old boy. Riley is a complex inter-dimensional map to the other Well; assuming the Oligopoly has the other one secured.”

Charlie decompresses back to a resting position from his momentary crunch. “I sometimes wonder about celebrations? You can see the other ones being immersive spiritual gatherings.”

“What besides the solstice?” asks Damien climbing back out from their ego drawn curtain of boyhood to inspect and reconfigure his agendas aside from marveling at the spectacle that is Charlie: the boy who cannot cry.

“I mean the pre-Fall celebrations from our texts that were widespread, despite the ones perpetuated to worship consumption. Underneath all that was still a target for worship. But it was divided, and now all has been unified under the darkest night. A bit curious what the worship is used for. That is where my thoughts brought me while analyzing your field. Some connection.”

“Wallis has told us that light is disseminated to worship Wladimir in his various forms with a connection to Pluto’s light. I have just been thinking about it myself. If Wladimir was in control of the interplanetary light exposure, could Wallis have established a similar matrix with the Volcano, on a smaller scale of course?”

“Maybe. You would have had to have had access outside the matrix to be aware if Wallis was creating a matrix. The whole of astronomy is mixed up anyways.”

“Or a semi-matrix. Even a benevolent one, but an impression of thought control

regardless.” “So, you have?”

“We would have to get away from the volcano to see. And solitary, practical mode of egress goes through the Volcano.”

“The chamber?”

“It depends upon light agreements with the Volcano but I think we must bring it to the Well so we can craft our own agreements.”

Charlie takes a few steps uphill to view the bursting lava. Through it he sees many things which he doesn’t mention to anyone.

Wallis stands in front of his cell's window looking out at the plant life as he channels into his past memories for a projection into Charlie's consciousness to convey a memory, he feels Charlie is without.

In the fledgling years of Wallis's organization, when his separatist ideas were largely conceptual as he still served the Oligopoly, he discovered Riley in an abandoned Russian school where children loomed unsupervised. This was after he was transferred from a different housing facility for one that dealt with information destruction though Wallis did not know this at the time.

Young militarized Wallis parachuted into the shadows of the Pripyat evacuation zone in pre- Fall Ukraine. A project classified as one of the world’s ghost towns, entry forbidden

and even restricted but not due to governmental concern over citizen safety but rather to conserve the anonymity of the operation.

The effect of high levels of radiation to the end of significant alterations on the human electromagnetic field. Many experiments failed and subjects acquired physical deformities, blindness, gigantism, hormonal deregulation, fur, scales. The sorts of things that were influenced by the objects around them. Beginning in the months after Wladimir coordinated Chernobyl to blast, children were placed in quarantine with sets of related items among them. The concrete: the marine life, mammals, produced many of the failed deformities; while the abstract objects: the books, information coupled with light, when placed in a quarantined room produced compelling results upon the human consciousness. So, Wallis had heard.

“Greetings young one. Could you direct me to the supervisor?” said Wallis as he retracted the last of his parachute back into its pack.

The tatterdemalion was shirtless which exposed his spinal hunch as he pivoted his head sideways to glee up at Wallis. “Eto kto?” he asked back at him in an unfamiliar patois, neither Russian nor Ukrainian — Plutonian.

“You seem to be the resident elder,” Wallis asked, looking about, understanding that this group of only boys were governing themselves. Their failure to evacuate the hazardous zone had left them in quarantined seclusion; left to reside within their former school, underground tunnels, to share sleeping quarters in the drained indoor swimming pool. Ancient standard Russian sports idioms emblazoned in adjunctive capitals across the pool length walls; visible from the shattered aquatic center windows is a bereft amusement park: sun peeled Ferris wheel, overgrown bumper cars, and



“Kto ti yest?”

“I am looking for someone. I believe he would have been born here, but now I am unsure seeing as there are no women and nobody that has made it past puberty,” Wallis said, his position within the pre-Fall Oligopoly’s control apparatus informed him of particular existences that were scheduled for extraction. Prior to his promotion, he was titled as head recruiter.

“Eshes kavota. Nu ya vseh znayu. Pashli za menya.” The hunchbacked boy motioned for Wallis to follow him out of the aquatic center, down the littered school hallways, to a series of classrooms — instead of doors each has a window out of which the single occupants cannot see. Nor can they see that the window is actually there. They walked by room after room.

Wallis thought to himself that these rooms, which he observed for the first time after hearing of them for years, are used for the flushing process — to remove a book or any other information, but mostly used for dense abstract information sources rather than the concrete; though large quantities of thought must link back to a core-realm object.

From the global human consciousness — everyone’s memories and thoughts of the future — these clever elements are placed in the rooms alongside the subjects; after the reaction occurs, it is then forgotten from the collective memory, into the realm where measurement becomes difficult.

Wallis had heard that a capacious specimen was slated to absorb an ancient book of maps to the unseen and carry the knowledge where it could not be studied.

Except for the occupants and the objects scheduled for removal, the rooms are cleared: within are the enriched pluto-uranium compounds; an unfinished exterior wall, perfect for suicide, opens to the haunted amusement park; a peripheral glow from the compound's light spreads and absorbs in a sphere-like shape around the text; the human subject is placed into a trine where he then becomes the invisible energy's recipient side of a math problem where  $1 = 0$ .

The differing manifestations of creative works, the subjects of the time, intrigued Wallis. He observed them carefully as he strode from room to room: most were research oriented, mathematical manifestations of quiet introspective cats who reacted to Wallis's passing presence though having no visual knowledge of his brief glances through the hidden door windows; other literary works outlined opposing political agendas to O to change subjects into bearded, dwarfed, Marxian-looking amphibians that pace around the empty tenement in blind rants possessive of two sets of arguing voices; information absorption capsules are left trapped until the transmission of weightless energy ends and the subject take their ultimate leap from their only available mode of egress, the contained expression dying with them. If this program had been operating for years on the collective consciousness, he thought of how different things may be.

"I think this may be him," they paused at a window. Within it, Riley wandered the room as though taking measurements, recordings of his journey. Next to the extra element — a large glowing cluster reserved for a particularly cumbersome extraction — was a map that appeared to have been composed of a fourth dimension — a previously unseen dimension had been illuminated — which added a depth of light that Wallis is unfamiliar with interpreting: scalar quantities to the vectors that penetrate the x and y of the text's physical plane.

Wallis reached towards the window to see if he could break it before the hunchback could stop him. He was stopped internally by a panicked recoil that set over him an anguished fog to

obscure his thoughts of the intended movement before inducing a hyperventilated sensory dilated state that left him with short term memory loss as it subsided.

“Durachok. Ne kto ne mozhit suda kromi Wladimir,” mocked him, knowing access to be enchanted and excruciating to attempt.

Wallis recomposed; a bit perplexed.

“Is there any way to predict when he will jump?”

The hunchbacked boy shrugged and walked away.

Wallis decided he would camp at the adjacent amusement park and await the boy's suicide attempt with the intention of rescue, despite the Oligopoly's leader, Doctor Feiber, having been his governing authority. Contrary to Feiber's beliefs, Wallis believed that the thought of the map must remain in their realm.

His beliefs guided him. Wallis made bivouac in the Ferris wheel's top booth and observed with a pair of binoculars that magnified intended actions from careful measurement of the observed. The once merry park — constructed as a distraction for the nearby plant's former employees — had fallen into desuetude since the blast and he feared that it may collapse each time he adjusted his position to send the booth into a rickety sway. He periodically peered over the booth's edge for a reconnaissance glimmer of the perpetually pacing Riley.

“If the residual radiation doesn't kill me first, then this ride sure will,” he said to himself while his booth pendulated and creaked as oxidized metals grinded. He checked to make sure that

Riley was yet to eliminate his map, repeating checks as he awaited nightfall to retrieve the endangered, possibly last remaining, inter-realm map. If there is another, this process would serve to eliminate it along with any living person's knowledge of it.

He thought of how the process of creative elimination functions and hypothesized that it relies upon the spiritual consequences of suicide to use powerful energy to place the thought realm's shadow of the creative expression into an unfindable place where lost things go. As the Catholics had referred to Saint Anthony, but he believes the place to take on a much more sinister embodiment.

The night sky fell and Wallis climbed down the wheel's bones, making alarming creaks that he feared would alert the residing boys. His fear dissipated as he recalled their agoraphobic inclinations; typical boys would have been utilizing the vacant amusement park. He picked up a stone as he approached the lifeless ground at the building's exterior. He looked up to Riley's open room; it resembled an unfinished project, constructed from the inside out; the third floor windowless and roofless. With a strong throw, he easily landed the stone in Riley's room.

He waited.

There was no response.

He found another projectile, a smaller pebble, and again — with a flick of the wrist — landed it on target.

He waited.

His second attempt garnered no response. “Hey,” he said in a loud whisper.

There was no reply.

“The map in your room is very important to me. Will you please toss it down?” he asked in ancient standard Ukrainian.

Wallis feared that the first stone may have struck the boy, befuddling him. A moment later, through the dark, the stone hurtled down and landed a safe distance away from striking Wallis. Before he had a moment to think, he heard what he assumed to be the smaller pebble landing a safe distance away to his other side. Upon hearing it strike the ground, he jerked his head from one side to the other.

As he turned, he saw a large mass descending fast right at him. He blinked his vision to focus. It was Riley. He bolted to adjust his position and absorb the impact of the swan-diving boy. With too few moments to prepare, their impact pommeled the larger Wallis into the dirt and Riley, a bit of scraping aside, safely rolled off a couple meters away.

Wallis groaned from the gravity, horizontal on the radioactive dirt. Through a pained wince, he watched the surviving boy move toward the Ferris wheel. Wallis recomposed with

deliberate patterns of immunity-gathering breaths until he saw ascendant Riley, climbing from booth to booth, to the wheel's highest point. Wallis staggered to his weaving feet and limped up to a lame chase in Riley's general direction. His watched as Riley gathered at the top booth.

"Climb down. I have some—," His attempted coercion interrupted as Riley pranced off the ledge as if the fear of existence greatly overrode any fear of death. Riley twisted through the air and positioned his neck to ready it for displacement.

Wallis, with newfound adrenaline, scattered to again break Riley's fall and collect more injurious bruises. Another impact sent the two to the floor. Wallis groaned as Riley writhed about in Wallis's bloodied full-nelson grip.

"Your determination is fascinating. You want to travel this map but continually are hinged by death. Boundary regulations must be quite painful. I can teach you to find a comfortable path to traverse repeatedly and keep you alive so you can fulfill your purpose then die. Your suffering, though severe, is crucial to making sure this suffering does not continue for you in subsequent lifetimes, as you enter the zero-phase in the toroidal heartbeat.

Amongst the sentient reprogrammed population, through statues and images projected from the waste sites of cloud city, exists an imparted mythos of Doctor Feiber. He is portrayed as a glowing entity that altruistically gives to the people their toxic consumables in a flowing robe with a crystalline white aura. In fact, the Doctor's composition has withered into a rarely moving, wheelchaired stack of bones and saggy tissue. A circulating plasmic halo connects to his scabbed bald head through visible exoskeletal salutary embolisms; this extends his aural bandwidth to monitor all recordings he deems require oversight. There are three tanks of different  $\Diamond$ -element gasses attached to the seat back of his wheelchair: one channeling apropos-ium into his clouded respirator, another connects to an intravenous catheter, and the third tank slides up his pants by his ankle into a urinary catheter. The urinary catheter eliminates his need to eliminate waste despite his intense coprophagic diet. Feiber serves [S} as the visible — or so the populous believes that they are in fact seeing the figurehead of the Oligopoly.

The Director of Health Ministry should usually appear healthy themselves. The subject of extensive experimentation, Cloud City projection mechanisms presented a healthier Doctor.

Within his secluded chambers in his preferred coastal GCA site, he has an unmodified greenhouse; fruits and vegetables that are unavailable to all O staff are grown for Feiber's various corporeal channels, where three females are kept inactive in an age preserving state within upright tank chambers filled with suerte-formaldehyde 25. They have feeding masks funneling into them, their

fruit and vegetable pastes. The corporeal channels age only the time they spend outside of the tank.

“I must channel with my master. Place Ophelia before me.”

He registers his command with the interface, linking it to the control panel of the tanks. The plasmic chambers then release a gas mist as the top lifts open and the floor begins to rise, levitating Ophelia's nude body out of the chamber. The plasma filters through small holes in the floor that create a screen to contain the ageless plasma.

She is placed on the platform floor beside the tank. On either side of her forehead's channel tattoo, her left and right eye interchange flutters that turn to a lucid stare.

An extra element had been discovered by pre-Fall iterations of the Oligopoly. It induces those exposed to it into committing suicide. The suicide, used in conjunction with this element, removes the expression from the global consciousness. Suicide — being a violation of the spirit — comes with Immortal consequence carried over to the digital realm by the same being that is one-removed from the equilibrium on the other side of digital where he is the glimmer the analog is dependent upon. A sort of abandonment of duties within the consciousness spectral unit that functions as a whole lead to those above carrying the duties beyond. Many ghosts are the products of suicide and stay trapped in this realm until they fulfill their purpose. Some ghosts are collected. The impact of the spirit: the thoughts, actions, views, emotions, memories are twisted by the act. When personified, the embodied expression is found to be vanquished entirely. Given the scarcity of these extra elements, the Oligopoly is unable to perform this procedure on all their desired subjects.



“Does the thought realm provide a surface with enough tangible traction to really foster movement, growth, evolution?” asks Feiber of his lord, “what parts of thought would be clung to? This being a hypothetical question, of course.”

“Oh please. Doctor. You and I both know the time for hypothesizing passed a while back. Just run some simple thought experiments within quantum fields and you’ll learn. I do have a concern. In pre-Fall photographs, Damien looks at the camera with mistrust. When I project through the moon, his eyes turn dubious.”

“Mere internal conflict that is required in such a duplicitous position. If for a moment, he appears to Charlie—”

“You address him before me,” snaps Wladimir. The atmosphere fogs with tension as Feiber sinks into his chair, a dramatic shift in air pressure and humidity that comes before a storm.

“The boy—”

“Not ‘the boy’”, Wladimir says and infantizes his voice before continuing in a stern boom, “but your most paralyzing error, you amorphous peasant.” An orb of light emerges from Wladimir’s raised palm. He lifts his cane and the streaming light shuttles towards Feiber’s gonads. Attached to it, emotional suffering drawn from his bank of reflected light interred in the Core. The attached suffering serves to further castrate Feiber with a neurological block that renders him impotent — unable to erect his penis, urinary catheter and all.

Feiber coils further until a grey flash pushes the air waves between them and pivot Feiber's wheelchair rotating it into his coil right up close to the green embers, he and Wladimir face an image that strobes within the flames: a young Feiber declaring to the Veinervish committee, consisting of the Supreme leader of the Tretiy Vek, that the auras of the implanted children will be first discernible and second composable. Their composition preordained to be luciferous beings.

His respirator clouds before he removes it. Afraid to speak he quickly replaces it.

“You early human. I will have you exiled to a province in Nasthorpia. Thrown in the magnetic voidspace with all your equipment. Let you hang to the glaciers. Your equipment would permit such a relocation.

My directive is to impale their third eyes with cactus needles on sight. He will initially appear like me, but you will recognize his aura before he realizes that you know that it's not actually me.

Once he is channeled and a bit more pliable to direction, you must move him to a safe location, where I will restore him.”

Wladimir shifts his shape to hang over a cowering Feiber.

“You have redeemed yourself, Doctor. First, the merger amongst the pre-Fall Agriculture and Medicine. Then, you were successful inhibiting the secretion of the spirit molecule and calcifying the pineal glands to disorient and restrict the pre-Fall collective intuition. This was quite a

discovery; a triumphant accomplishment, but one that I am uncertain you will be able to surpass. Another blunder in research, that serves to challenge our supremacy, will not be tolerated.” The ball of light releases from its chastisement and funnels back into Wladimir’s cane, beneath the face of changing white light that few can observe.

A viscous cement slowly flows on the gaseous red surface. Catatonic quadrants of soul, embedded cauterized limbs jab from the near solid plasma, three quarter images of physical human bodies appear to be interfused into a fricassee of glowing semi-solid river. A cat stretches, undressing the lifeless volcanic terrain before crossing onto the river's surface, impressing paw prints as he patrols the current, strutting amidst a dense mosaic, a vast collection of soul splinters. In a gesture of personal dominion, the cat grazes against the maze of knubbed limbs, severed heads with emptied eye sockets, outstretched mummified hands; he claims the recent interred spirits passing through the Æther. He awaits the missing soul to his collection: the soul adjacent to the seed of light.

The cat pauses by a catatonic infant. He smells the baby boy whose upper body icebergs above the surface; the infant's waist and legs beneath the plasma. The cat's paw prints disappear to reappear moments later, facing the other direction.

The river's plasma stops flowing. A curtain of black fibers appears at the edge; it drapes over a circular projection chamber sized space, and Damien's silhouette appears to press itself into the curtain, moving. Damien adjusts to attempt to see through the spaces between the curtain's fibers, providing the cat an outline without any detail.

Facing into the void, struggling to perceive that which he cannot, Damien sees an unclear image of the cat, as the cat dances to avert Damien's vision, it provides him narrow glimpses.

The cat alternates winks to welcome the presence beyond their cosmic stage curtains. He

imbues a smell into the grey aura of the frozen infant to bind an olfactory transmission to the lingering infant's mirror.

Upon this smell registering Damien's senses, his silhouette is rendered motionless and cooperative and understanding.

Damien pulls away and falls back into the transient flame en route to the Volcano's projection chamber. A vessel and its corresponding brain tissue creases into turgid crusts, unnoticeable beyond an invasive diagnosis; a lined pool of blood gathers, set to hemorrhage at the precise moment of Wladimir's olfactory trigger, to engage an innocuous bleed that will repel Damien away from his fellow Core spirit's magnetic draw.

“Thank you for joining us, Damien. Maybe since you are tardy, you must know plenty about our discussion about pre-Fall religions,” says Wallis.

“We discuss the fear mongering anecdotes used to instill fear in the civilian populations and trust in the governing authorities by creating protagonists within these stories that resemble them,” says James, filling Damien in on what he missed.

“I know. Saint Anthony of the Christianity is interesting to me. The meanings of abstract objects are lost, but only in a temporary place. The Christians say Saint Anthony is holding on to the meaning for you, but that edifies something that is otherwise imaginary, with dated, old, white guys, like the rulers, holding on to your thoughts until you find them. Suddenly, this imaginary place became one old white man's wallet. He creates new peer to hold on to this lost meaning. It is confusing to use the term 'deity' or refer to it as 'higher' as if some form of propitiation is required to recover these lost thoughts.

Wallis lectures:

‘Current Steeltown dog statistics run standard with the other heavy metal neighborhoods: Average body temperature of fifty degrees Celsius. An average lifespan of four weeks makes the generational impact observable within a small window of time; the oldest Steeltown dog is seven weeks. Fully mature by two weeks when cannibalism and in some cases auto-cannibalism becomes their leading cause of death

Impact events, ice ages to cover the Earth’s toroidal porthole, had been negotiated heavily by history’s intra realm beings, so Poseidon viewed this as no different. Being an emissary to the underwater life, he had been called into action by a showy proposition — the types of deals they reserved for impact event negotiations — they called for rapid expansion of the water realm and the downsizing of the thought realm and by association the remnant information, whose omnipresence Poseidon viewed as the terminal plight of his realm. ’

He saw all the auras that had been interred in the Core vanish to the viscous plasma river, to beyond Jupiter’s exosphere, to the Immortal Æther. He hardly anticipated that was even a possibility. Had he facilitated the undoing of the supreme being? Poseidon’s form would shift to the next supreme species. Would his form shift soon?

Whatever it be, the remnants of a soul trailing out of a recently deceased corpse must

be bound to something within due time for a complete extraction. Earth, fire, air, or water.

Cremation is for the creation; I like to say. The flame frees one to become an aspect of the universal flame that all life depends on, a love that is responsible for all creation. The best burial is a volcano burial in my belief. Without the funeral, if one identifies their being to this energy, one's soul is released into the seminal force of the fire. The dancing flames that exist to inspire new extrapolations about a world unseen. All that we imagine becomes truth in one regard or another.

An underwater death channels the spirit into the unexplored realm of mystery. A descent into an emotional spectrum that — once faced — becomes limited, apparently by the water's cleansing strength. After a corpse is sacrificed to Poseidon's realm, he permits the soul a complex understanding of their emotional being before their memory is blanketed — ablutions, the main fictions, that to which [S] wishes that they adhere, create an ironic puzzle where there is awareness of a thought's existence, but no knowledge of how it was attained — only a vague sentience tied to the subject's decimated intuition. Poseidon releases spirits into the form of the water's life. What will an octopus need to carry over as memory baggage from being a human?

An air death ceremony is quite interesting as well. Those departing at death will find that the collective impact of their creative thought is the direct influence as to its suitability for afterlife.

Powerful neurological channels that create vast networks of people subscribing to the same ideas. The vibration of thoughts, dependent on their electromagnetic field, shifts the air around them as this torus runs the bodies meridians in perpetual, balanced waves. When the spirits of

those residing in awakened psychic existence apply their natural magnetism, they see that the undulations of their thoughts have no boundaries and with it we see a toroidal pattern applied to thought. Furthermore, is that the Oligopoly's energetic imbalance points towards broken toruses across systems related to light.

Earth, being a possessed resting place now, should not entirely be dismissed. The core stone transfers all knowledge attached to the buried pre-Fall to Wladimir's channels. This control over one subset of the afterlife, a man-made boundary of the infinite spirit that spills from one of us to the other, ironically without boundary, is at the source of world's conflict. It was kept in a static state, in Poseidon's control, until the Core stone was traded to Wladimir. The core changed overnight. It scaled from a delicate open-ended purgatory where transient spirits faced the incomplete trials of their lifetime prior to their rebirth into a realm tainted by an oppressive systemic order where all remaining life forms are faced with depopulation, energetic field depletion and nascent spirit milking.

Spirits with high affinities toward the Earth's metaphysical properties will have an aligned death and rebirth, given that they avoid the [S} burial containers and headstones. Through the use of the thought realm to impress real power upon the ubiquitous burial components, [S} further defined their purpose while simultaneously permeating a created fear about the necessity of the — thought to be — ornamental headstone and traditional grave. Through the advent of television light, the extrapolations previously attained from the fire and its shadows was theirs to control.

Within their city's high bordered circle walls, the cloud city employees, with the implementation of food, air, and water controls to effect and observe their future consciousnesses, with the Core stone databases of interred consciousnesses, and with the discovery of manipulated light, watch the draining spotlight smear cutting blue waves over the eyes, necks, and faces of patient after patient to cache their present consciousnesses. The overlords and Oligopoly captains monitor

for optimal efficiency and in a furtive Manhattan Project-esque organization, the findings are funneled up the pyramid to where only those at the top of the Pyramid are able to piece all the findings together — a private structure for an organization to limit employee exposure to classified information in spite of a large number of people working on the project. The atom bomb project stayed private, so I would say that the structure of Oligopoly research addresses their own privacy concerns.’

“Funny that they have the 'privacy concerns' even though their central modus operandi is: no privacy for all, no thoughts left to be, no words defined by feeling,” says Mason.

‘The non-verbal language of feeling creates heavy undulations, interpreted by sensing the electromagnetic waves around them. Each inconsistency in the orbital vibration of the human's solo or combined electromagnetic waves serves a discrete communication. Completed as a multi-dimensional complex mode of wordless communication, and conceived to intellectualize without the pretense of a scholar. The electromagnetic theories of communication accrued enough traction that the language associated closest to it was mostly eliminated from the public consciousness because of 'privacy' issues regarding the speed of interpretation and the language's natural inclination to be misheard by those that should not be eavesdropping. The language of feeling has life force flowing through it in its varied forms via the thought realm's lattice network of different energies. On this transient viaduct, notions are conceived and ideas are grown upon an allegorical conveyance, as invisible as the energies it carries, that shifts these potent thoughts in preparation for rebirth to a being with correlating energetic needs.’



Charlie and Damien train Damien's thought enchantments in the Troupe's downstairs living quarters. There is a library, a dining hall, and the remainder of the downstairs shared space had been repurposed into a sort of electromagnetic workshop that houses numerous unfinished projects; a photo camera trap that sets the subject onto a recursive thought loop, a constraint that limits thought to only the moment that their photo is taken; there is a mechanism that houses the key to a partial language, composed of light projections, that is far more dense than the most difficult code — to learn the language one must train to perceive tiny variations in the color spectrum; it is the product of research upon the mutation of an ophthalmological disease that leads to nearsightedness, to the end goal of enhanced vision beyond the human eye's current abilities and in line with the behaviors of men who attempt quantification of their suppressed emotions; the troupe guys are always trying and failing to come up with a way to see what they feel — EMF waves in this instance, but they have tried to come up with one for a few different emotions since completing the night vision enhancement from the extraction of avian optic nerve secretions; a semi-synthetic compound with structural similarity to Datura, torture in a compact tasteless capsule rather than that bitter dried plant material that the prisoners of the Programmer choke down prior to torture; a multi-dimensional star map, working out from a dense center of points, something only the resident cartographer, Riley, has the patience for.

The living quarters combine comfort with minimalist functionality. A double wide door is

kept open, exposing the view of the base camp's outdoor garden; rows of neatly situated plants sit beneath, when initiates and trainees emerge onto the threshold and pan up they need to arch their back to see the fiery breath of a natural pyramid — in Dogtown fiction, the top pinnacle is a space usually reserved for the all seeing eye of Wladimir. The lava's smoke floats clouds in the sky that lead to extrapolations about what shapes exist in the universe.

Revitalized essential crops and the mystic cacti, a plant whose external ornamental purpose does not betray its true function; release crisp air after indulging in the sky's misty emission for the day. Rainstorms are rare. Part of Poseidon's inter-realm agreement limited rainfall for two reasons that were mutually beneficial: the majority of Poseidon's waters were to be given further autonomy from the influences of the natural cycle; and the droughts were to aid in GCA realm life-form reductions. Where mass sterilization and poisoning had failed, as life typically always finds a way, the water was to put life to the test. These natural rains differ from the pestilential rains cast by the Oligopoly, coming straight from the immortal swimmer himself, no parasitic controls or cross engineering. Though it is their leisure time, Mason and James fill water barrels outside. Mason has his tongue out, head tilted back, to receive misty product straight from the celestial supplier.

Inside, Charlie reads from Aesop's fables as Damien attempts to use his thought spirit to read along with him — a simple exercise when near a physical host. To raise the difficulty for Damien, Charlie practices blocking these psychic invasions.

He begins reading to himself, echoing the thoughts in his mind: 'an astronomer used to go out at night to observe the stars. One evening, as he wandered through the suburbs with his

whole attention fixed on the sky, he fell accidentally into a deep well.' He finds himself losing track of what he reads while thinking about possible psychic attack, 'while he lamented and bewailed his sores and bruises, and cried loudly for help, a neighbor ran to the well, and learning what had happened said: 'Hark ye, old fellow, why, in striving to pry into what is in heaven, do you not manage to see what is on earth?'

"An astronomer used to go out at night to observe the stars. One evening, as he wandered through the suburbs with his whole attention fixed on the sky, he fell accidentally into a deep well," Damien repeats Charlie's unspoken reading back to him. "I lost you after that first part. Either you're getting better at defense or got distracted. Both effective strategies against me."

"Happy to hear that I'm challenging you, even if you're only challenged by my inattentiveness." "Let's put some distance between us. While I meditate to recompose, maybe you head outside, about seventy meters up? I want to go for my manipulation distance record."

"Can we stick to the reading? I don't fancy getting manipulated today. I wanted to ask: when you channel, are you able to see the surroundings of the person to which you channel?"

"In a way, yes. You can see the host's thoughts regarding their surroundings. You will be shocked to learn about how different people think compared to you. In general, most are shocked when they gain access to another's consciousness. It's like a bedroom that is exactly the same as yours, but with totally different decor. For you though Charlie, I think you are subject to a wholly different set of predisposed ordinances, uniqueness that the practice of thought transference will illuminate for you.

Seeing a complete picture of someone's being, independent of present thought though Charlie, I don't know. I have heard Wallis speculating about the topic. Projection chamber containment this.

Death and revival that. Gratuitous amounts of aura power that exceed decades of meditation by thousands of monks, and even whatever EMF energy the Despot could cache during the Tretyi Vek. Such high energy requirements that cannot be allocated towards one ability,” says Damien. He closes his eyes to begin meditation.

Charlie looks across to the library and its scarce commodity, a wall of prohibited texts. Wallis curated the library with a focus on human transcendence. His choices in the non-fiction department provide readers with the seminal texts from many subjects, from which much more information can be extrapolated. He believes this to foster new pragmatic thinking and alternative problem-solving.

History texts had been scanned for bias, a task of great difficulty considering the books are written by history's winners. Most important, in the present times, was that the history books exposed the events that led to the Floods, the populace's current fugue state paired with an informational blackout.

Charlie scans for a text that neither he nor Damien has read yet:

*The Holy Bible*

*Mein Kampf*

*The Sterile Nation*

*Flouride for Dummies*

*Dictionary*

“Have you read The Dictionary? Not sure who it is by?”

“Let's use the dictionary. It all depends on the evolutionary process. We have now seen a new species emerge to walk alongside us Sapiens,” says Damien with his eyes shut, maintaining a partial meditative connection to his astral field. “Sure, [S] had their plan of imbalance and cruelty in the works for thousands of years, but on evolution's calendar, the time is trivial.”

Charlie ponders this question of nature's reaction to humanity. Nature won't throw down fisticuffs right away. An opening salvo that serves as an ominous warning to humankind is more nature's style.

“You going to go outside or what?” asks Damien.

“I've been thinking.”

“I'm so happy for you. Next comes feeling.”

He smiles. “I want to have my ceremony early. You know? with my own impressions, and my own thought programming. Not that Wallis's isn't fine. I hope this doesn't offend you.”

Damien opens his eyes, “no offense taken. I'm honored that you have permitted me to make a foray into shamanism. We don't know when Wallis will return, if ever. And the experience will be worse without a shaman performing the ceremony. You'll be able to structure within the

thought realm and with the removal of time and wind, everything you design will materialize. I think you are beyond ready. I think Wallis knows it, but he fears you.”

“I don't think it's me he fears, but rather a general obsession in the control department. The same general fanaticism that saved our lives. Even without his physical presence, this place operates at maximum efficiency and truly breeds men that are willing and able to restore humankind from it's wild, imbalanced, competitive twenties to its mature years, the years that maturing species on the lines of evolution cease competitive behavior in favor of general cooperation, a flowing torus of energy without any misshapen waves or interwoven parasites.”

“Foundational fiber baskets weaved with succubae and takers and pullers,” Riley emerges from the Dining hall, “thick paint ain't going to cover up that you got moving fibers eating your foods from the inside,” says Riley without looking up from his notes. Even after multiple mystic fruit ceremonies and adherence to the Deprogramming regimen, Riley retains a couple old idiosyncrasies. The most notable being that his corporeal form records the coordinates of his redundant movements every time he moves. He does this despite his deprogrammed Core, Riley has two parts of his composition, already doing a fine job of charting his movement. When Riley is static, he makes maps of absolutely everything else.

“There he is! Our most spirited comrade! How is your spelling on this rainy afternoon?” asks Damien.

“About to do about nothing,” says Riley.

Damien stares at his fellow resident then turns back to Charlie. “I will be your shaman, my brother,” declares Damien and pats Charlie's knee in the manner of someone accepting a

title like 'godfather', only not because of the role's importance or love for the child, but rather because it sounds like a fun thing to call one self, a delusion that the person with the title will pay for with time and feelings like empathy and duty for when they are called upon to perform the functions of their title.

Charlie did not expect this level of overtness with another person present, but figures nobody understands what Riley is talking about most of the time anyway. “What else do you think we need?”

Damien turns to face Riley. He waits for eye contact that does not arrive. He then becomes unsure of why he expected anything different, Riley being someone on the short list of people Damien fears sharing consciousness with. “Sir Riley, what do you say that you, Sir Chuck, and the Royal army of one — yours truly — embark on a voyage?” asks Damien, revealing to Charlie the original intention behind his openness with Riley about his foray into shamanism.

Riley stiffens up and starts scribbling polygons on a special page in his chartbook for when he gets angry. “Summonings of more ifs, yets, ands, and ors. You boys are deviants without conjunction, the most deviated.”

“You have no choice in the matter. Either you come or we take you. Think of all the new charts you will get to make,” says Damien.

“What of our comrades? And the troupe?” “Mason and James?” asks Charlie.

“Comrades attend spectacle ceremony in together unity sans life preservation jacket, but in floaties there is strength,” Riley says as he casts his Core spirit to surround them in its pulsating circle of plasma.

“Riley, those Uncle Toms ain't about to do about nothing,” says Damien, hoping that speech imitation would remedy the situation. “You mustn't let them hear a solitary phrase or utterance.”

“I mustn't say 'farewell'?”

Damien breathes, releasing into his armchair. He sees Riley's question as a tentative acceptance and that from this point; Riley only needs gentle convincing. Damien's curiosity has transcended into a current obsessive need for the clandestine information hidden away in Riley's consciousness.

“Especially not a 'farewell'. Don't mention anything or do anything that suggests your impending departure. We will not be gone for long. Remember Riley, this isn't about you or me. It's about helping our friend Charlie here and he read that text we got from Wallis.”

The unrestricted boys leave base camp. Wallis senses a disturbance and instructs his prison resident pal — Tyrannus; with whom Alma had had a visitation — to fast and avoid all [S] controls. This summons Alma into his dreams while Wallis channels into the oneiric



plane simultaneously. There is an exchange of information about the other of which Wladimir becomes aware.

“Wallis must be turned back again. His boy is sequestered in the realm's one enclave where he is safe to build an army if he figures out how.”

“Due to our inability to have total dominion over these dogs — particularly the next generation's progeny, we have the mirrors of all the astrological influence interred within the Core's river, buried by funeral, open for exhumation in the immortal realm where you sit,” says the Programmer with only his natural eyebrow-less eye open,.

“They are without the fundamental ordinances of the universe,” Wladimir's words connote that it is he who is responsible for the laws of nature.

“They are subject to the same temporal and physical laws. The ordinances you use to govern thought are not brought about by nature. Your monopoly on fiction, the universal collective consciousness, gives you total control to create reality. We know that programmed thoughts lead to materialization. No matter what thoughts are implanted, the visualization will always manifest. These dogs do not know this. If they were awakened, however unlikely, would they find their mirror and take an easy stroll through the Wells? Given the sustained damage to the first generation's intuition, I would say our true concerns begin with the second generation. Deprogramming stalls nature, and it is during these stalls that we create more stalls. Intuition fortified by its own undoing.”

“The immortal man enters into mythology's canon. To become a legend so potent that, should I ever fall, my successors will categorize the story of my Immortal supreme being as fiction,

but one worthy to succeed me would be wise enough to know that all myths are true.”

“I have never heard you speak of a possible successor, let alone one of your species,” says the Programmer, his artificial eye twitching and taking active measurements.” There is also the chance that you become *lost information*.”

“No being is without weakness, and with great strength the weak points are to one day be exposed. A powerful entity's mettle will be provoked into the defense of its psychic channels, past and present thoughts, and ultimately the corporeal flesh and skin,” says Wladimir. “It was Wallis’s love of symmetry that was the character trait of his that I valued most. Perhaps I still value it the most. His contributions to [S] research remain an imperative component, a lasting scientific precedent, for many of my future endeavors.”

“Wallis, the unnumbered cloud, references to successors, and future endeavors: it appears to me that you fear having no future endeavors and that that cloud, Wallis, and the boy are those weak points. Weak points that if isolated, you could brush off easily, but the thought of,” breathes through his respirator that hangs beneath his metallic facemask. He avoids mentioning Charlie by name.” — Their convergence forebodes some kind of astronomical alignment that you fear. That the convergence of all your weak points is not the product of coincidence, but rather the natural reaction of life correcting its imbalances.

Let us ensure that you, that we, have many future endeavors. Wallis cannot learn of the unnumbered cloud and with this level of exposure, we cannot risk keeping the contents of his consciousness, not even as a partial. We have gotten pretty deep and thorough with our informational extractions, so we have preserved what we need. But now, he must be terminated.”

“I concur. We will bring him to the coven Well and I will watch through the monolith.

Information that no one has been able to get out of him will be conveniently exposed.”

“He will be unable to create new information from the Wells without some inciting force placed in the Well with him,” says Feiber who had come to depend on Wallis's quantum field research and Vectorist applications in his own emf input/output experimentation. Changes in Wallis's theoretic, information acquired without his knowledge or consent, had caused massive departmental shifts of O resources. Since the halcyon days of his Tretyi Vek youth and during his current confinement, Wallis has been undergoing enormous impression probing to conduct an analysis of consciousness thereupon a delicate dance commences to avoid damaging the required parts of consciousness.”

“Remember to bring him to the Well of our coven for a sacrificial ceremony.”

“Yes, my lord,” bows the Programmer and departs.

The presiding overlords involved in the Fall agreement gather on the lowest point of the ocean, hidden by glaciers, a whirlpool of air that leads to the core's middle in the shape of a torus. It is where Poseidon resides, governing over the passage through the Core realm. The ocean's floor and core's ceiling form a pathway of caverns that are illuminated by the luminiferous shadows, outlines of life that course its tributaries. Banners of feeling-aware eels wave to the response of the water's winds, at the whim of another force which carries thoughts bound to water from distant lands.

Breaking into its larger body, the path funnels the passenger forth past Poseidon's fleet of divination reefs: masses of scaly sphincters suck in nourishment to deplete passing auras into Poseidon's cache.

Poseidon cannot be in the water any longer than a strong mortal swimmer. On the spectrum of human consciousness, his thought realm spirit presides over the pinnacle of mystery — that which we do not know or are unable to know. Within this pinnacle, he exists in an unfindable place where his corporeal being resides in an inverted aquarium. His vast core realm spirit encompasses the expanded post-Fall oceans with a fleet of auras programmed to his intent. He channels apropos-ium to keep himself nourished when he emerges from seclusion.

Their preordained borders had been threatened by the [S} possessed GCA realm before Poseidon cast the floods. Radioactive site 233 waste had imposed upon their boundaries, causing underwater energies to mutate and adapt to the presence of the compounds. The waters then carrying with them the intent of the compound's creator. Poseidon vowed to maintain his territory and cast the floods over all but GCA.

On the ocean floor, a serpentine path weaves a gradually widening shape through the reefs that opens to a waterless oceanic valley where a glass meditation chamber sits atop crystalline white sands: the rendezvous point of the inter-realm entities to discuss the violations of the Fall trade agreement.

Poseidon was given a waste-free realm and was permitted to flood a hemisphere with his waters, revealing the whirlpools of ice and air beneath the magnetic poles. The GCA was to accept all the waste from the flooded territory and agreed to not position any waste sites in Poseidon's realm. Possession of the Core stone was transferred from Poseidon to Wladimir to complete the deal. After getting the stone, Wladimir began composing the GCA realms methods of worship to include spirit internment into the Core.

The Core overlord is a collection of the elements bound together without reaction by an invisible force. Aside from the elements being in physical form, they exist in the consciousness to illustrate a commensurate dark emotion during a spirit's passage to the immortal realm. The small stone, the size of a human fist, is the realm's governing entity. From it, and with the proper receptacle, a unit of any naturally occurring gas, solid, liquid or plasma may be pulled. Purveying every movement as the ripple outwards to take accurate readings throughout its jurisdiction; the stone, in the physical, and the stone's consciousness, in the metaphysical, act as the stenographers of the universal realm; the radioactive elements are the dominant aspect in its maleficent composition.

This pinnacle of consciousness looms in abject horror. Consciousness interred upon it by way of the funeral; a wicked process to lock the spirit into eternal paralysis within the Core; their shadows in the purgatory of the immortal shadow realm.

The Core's spectrum is an ally to Wladimir, but he is yet to see this entity's greater purpose. He considers mirrors when confronted with rare unawareness. It may be to enact some

form of dark passage for a spiritual transit through the Core realm to the Immortal which physically marks the space between the Core itself and the entry, beyond the exosphere of the parabola lined with enchanted gas to the Immortal Realm.

Poseidon waits beside the chamber. He draws with a twisted trident to bring the surrounding waters to action. Pressurized rivers funnel across the entirety of the weapon's range, responsible for aberrant weather systems everywhere. The elemental cover to the surface of the core; cyclones of ice and wind; waters geyser in spherical motion around the vacuumed space that sits atop dry white sand.

As Wladimir flashes into the chamber, Poseidon follows along with his female adjutants to whom he passes the trident. Atop the insulated vacuum of space, Wladimir stands before Poseidon.

Alexandra spins intersecting slightly with Wladimir's facial sphere which grows with light to pull the surrounding winds and ice closer to their space. Contained within Alexandra's sphere are consciousnesses curated by Alma: obtained from the Well to convey information.

The two amphibious beauties hold the trident. "I was young once you know," says Poseidon.

"The dark spaces in between, your history. I could plunge you in the Well and the solar system would shake with force. Possessor of the unknown. That would only be topped by my first experience refracting the light of Mars into the Well," says Wladimir.

"Poor Aries. Light sent far and away. Hades will not suffer the same fate." "Black and white for you is it?"

“You don’t know what black and white is,” says Poseidon, an imitable vacant stare pressures ocular force to see through Wladimir’s facial obstructions into his eyes.

“The outer planets?” asks Wladimir in regards to his pressing need to see the Rulers he is yet to usurp, to which Poseidon is a barrier

“Hades is in alignment. He remains a barrier. You must endure a phase shift to see him and that involves an energy transfer. Uncertainty.”

“The uncertainty principle,” interjects Ariel to clarify some physics. She is the alpha of the two otherwise somnolent creatures. They have the same name phonetically, but the beta’s name has the longer spelling: ‘Arielle’.

“The Sun, Moon, Mars, Venus, Jupiter and Saturn’s are exposures limited to reflect where I want for a rebirth and collective consciousness shift to my dictums. It’s an operation in neural net programming.”

“Outer planet light still affects you which then affects your dictum.”

“That is dependent on my true position. I rely on the light of course.”

“What if you did not rely on light for the rebirth of the collective consciousness? I know your holographic theories,” Poseidon winks, “we remain in our crux. The uncertainty of which you cannot rid yourself.”

“Extrapolate out the conclusions of astrophysics and you arrive at paradox after paradox” says Arielle. Her skin is of an ethereal texture. “There is always another hole of information unavailable to you which changes as you attempt to measure it. Particle physics is the same. Apply the uncertainty principle to every system. Relative. Dependent on a scalar vector. A two-dimensional



plane. All is a two-dimensional representation of the twelve dimensions. You rely on us to engineer a new vector equilibrium for the phase-shift.” Arielle is the artificial intelligence engineer capable of redefining the cohesion of the dimensional vectors, Poseidon’s leverage.

Ariel is a former private detective who served pre-Fall intelligence agencies. Her smooth voice and allure schmoozed her into a sort of immortality serving Poseidon with her *tocalla*.

“Pluto’s light. Deliver it to me.”

“We must strike an agreement. I engineer sound’s vectoral connections,” says Poseidon.

“Language, communication, each syllabic emotional connection: rewiring each note through the water into beings of my selection and we remain, in your realm of mystery,” says Wladimir, “No concurrence.”

“You keep light. We get sound,” declares Poseidon.

Alexandra’s sphere appears to shake and expand. First, to present an image of her docile self. Then, her face turns pernicious and displays some of Alma’s pointed features including her stoma. A mix of the women appears to mime aggressively. They all watch like television as moments later her vocals finally reach the vacuum and echo:

“There is a boy Wallis saved. He was kept hidden from you. Once he leaves the covers of his insulated bubble. Exhaustive electromagnetic affinity will draw him to the Well.”

Ariel and Arielle glance at one another to register the newly acquired information.

Artificial intelligence neural nets which Wladimir extracted. Trauma in the orphanage which he went back to alter with particular types of observation, repellant gravitational pulls and twists from magnetic realignment. A portion of the neural field is altered to create an opposing wave in a mirrored system. The shift in the void begins a gradual or sudden movement; one that alters typical distribution of life roles to fulfill in the collective consciousness.

“An upward thrust for a new lexicon. Invariable assets the perception of which depends upon the thought applied to each syllable,” he sounds a gong vibration from the bottom of his throat that echoes in the windy chamber, “then, onto numbers —”

“The number one makes sense as a lone stripe,” Alma interrupts then morphs back to Alexandra who apologizes, “but what if one were really two.”

“Number redefinition depends upon its planetary ruler,” says Poseidon.

“The ruler of the number eight, Hades, I must hold court in his order,” Wladimir says. “You plan to change its shape. The reflection of Pluto’s light and what it affects within the Core realm.”

The number eight within a sixty-four-bit tetrahedron. A shape of ancient gravity, it had appeared many times in archaeological excavations and was documented as having divine significance; the Temple of Osiris’s flower of life, the Forbidden Temple’s sphere of knowledge, the Merkabah.

'Mama. I haven't seen in days. What is happening?' asks a blind child.

'You're possessed little Demon. You've been touched from far away, I am afraid.' 'Mama. Why is your voice changing? I am afraid also.'

'You too? Not yet. Save it. I will show you when to unleash your fear. You will have food. You will have firelight. You will have pontoons, arcs, sea vessels of dark creatures to navigate.

Hekatonchires will devour you. Only the darkness you will be drawn to. The radioactive elements beginning with bismuth. I will show you the outdoors for the first time. You will not think of me but you will remember me when the time comes and we are reintroduced. I will be faced with the difficult task deftly reminding you that our spirits were once joined together.'

'I don't want to know any more.'

'You will learn it whether I tell you or not. Here you sit. Once a day I will bring you food and

water.'

‘I’ll miss everyone. When will I see again?’

It was for a purpose among these tribes. It was to eliminate senses to grow a sensitivity to the unseen: training for the tribe’s soothsayer. The tribe looked at it as though, the child’s suffering was done early. Everyone was to endure life’s trials. ‘You are able to see now. Use your knowledge. Your memories. Vaguely enforced, rarely revisited. A course of shuttered light trails the softness, the malleability, to fantasy; a child’s perceptions and interpretations is what you must treasure in your time alone.’

‘When can I leave the cave?’

‘Blindness. When your senses are awakened. When you achieve blindness. Permanent blindness. You will then be able to see everything with other senses which you earn.’

‘I don’t want them.’

The mother looks down into the cave from above. She slides a monolith into positions so that the shine of the sun beams through a crack. ‘This is the hour for your sun gazing. Do you feel the sun’s position? Its warmth?’

‘Yes.’

‘This is an important hour. Listen to the sun and it will tell you what you need to know. At night, you will release the knowledge to the moon. Then I will read the stars from afar.’ It had

been written.

“The axiomatic duties regarding the matters of death and rebirth had been bestowed upon the child,” Wallis recalls to himself, “and years passed in seclusion and as the blind girl aged, she began to see.”

Waste sites have prisons for their reserve infantry. The reprogrammed living areas are squares stacked atop one another at different heights. Their tin roofs overlap clear openings for light. Lined with slow-moving bodies in different states of disease, pathways curve between the domiciles. These dense three caste living centers link remaining patches of livable land. All that lies amidst the emptied desert is a collection of decay: discarded bones, decomposing flesh, foundations of structures from pre-Fall settlements, various drifting Cloud City waste, fallen ancient standard highway signs, blocks of extirpated roads deemed extraneous. Amidst the heaths of dark brown sand, there are the rare vestiges of natural life, verging on extinction, finding a way to cling to it's being: sick birds that are unable to fly, withered down trees, burrowing mammals, snakes, and various forms of cacti.

Often, the loose flyaway waste is of the radioactive variety and as it tumbles across the territories, it creates scales of  $\Diamond$  element habitats — perceptible differences varying only slightly from the desert flatland — composed of newly introduced core elements, such as Apropos-ium, a gas that shifts the realm state of water, inciting periods of drought, Mastipallium, a surface security element, cast by Poseidon to monitor the water.

The remnants scatter the blank roads that bridge the O research centers. Beams of light emit the aura's surrounding matter from the Mastipallium. Apropos-ium vaporizes liquid to magnetically

attract to bodies of water that are sometimes thousands of miles away from the water's landlocked origins, depending upon the visual association with the waters.

Disorientation amongst any life that approaches its spheres of influences and the bodies of mist: the process of other worldly extraction in the element's surrounding biosphere. Mastipallium zones are typically compounded with the Core realm's detection: observations the Stone projects to itself and the other astral realm beings. Bereft mines line the region as mining had ceased after the fall and tailing ponds were covered by dirt.

Occasionally, the O high command will navigate the pre-Fall roads. Decaying stumps of blankened Ancient Standard language highway signs run parallel to the greyness of the cast Apoposium clouds swarming the flatlands and seeming to engulf the horizon's formerly orange, yet to be flatlanded mountains, as the vapors gather over the peaks and evanesce.

The Core's Stone tracks all of its travelers by emitting a pulsating luminous purple orb that moves along the roadside with its subject; in the daytime desert heat, the Oligopoly high command travelers view it from their truck windows as it travels parallel to them, at their pace, but remains impassable as it charts recordings while they venture it's barriers.

Having been propelled through an unforeseen wormhole upon exiting her Coven's Well, Dani wanders alone through the desert. She feels her eyes begin to close, bobbing her head from heat exhaustion as she sets across the empty unstriped canvas of core flatland. The upper portion, a quarter, of Dani's Core spirit emerges from the ground by her side. A half-size, thought-spirit, form of Dani shadows her other side. They wear the same black coven uniform. The three pause together to admire one other with drowsy narcissistic gazes.

They look into the distance. Dani sees the Core's purple light tracking a towering mass of black, prototype, armored, half tank, half research university: An Oligopoly command vehicle in transit. Tableaus of collective images of the approaching projections, first in their periphery, and then, as the three Danis turn to face it, emerge within their square black eyeglasses.

An unblinking third of Dani disintegrates into the Core and half Dani apparates into the air and vanishes. Alone again, corporeal Dani awkwardly commences an unnecessary but effortless jog to the roadside, and begins to hail the truck. Her Core spirit appears beside her in different form, having encircled her astral field with an iridescent glow. The circle's light appears to be in a struggle to detect the undetectable pulsating on the perimeter. Corporeal Dani kicks up sand as she ambles into the road.

Undeterred, the driver waves his gloved hand for her to move, planning to capture her for imprisonment or reprogramming. She loosely flails and raises her calves without leaving the road. As the truck gets close to Dani, the purple light traveling alongside the truck is obstructed by Dani's grounded core realm circle and is halted, thickening the circumference of the purple glow around her. It begins to pulsate, struggling to detect what is transpiring. The driver does not hesitate. Instead he accelerates at Dani. She watches the truck as her pupils and eyes enlarge behind frames. She inhales deep through her nose. Her minimized Core third sends a tremor from beneath the moving mass that erupts the truck into the air where air Dani, now maximized to a massive horizontal unseen cloud, hangs above and carries the truck with a forceful twister to halt meters away from a neutral corporeal Dani who then skips through the metallic air to the passenger side of the truck.

She climbs up and opens the passenger door. She pulls out the catatonic passenger, dropping him onto the conflicted desert floor. The uniformed driver glares at Dani, unenchanted,



yet still motionless except for a slight tremble that he tries to conceal by tapping his fingers on the steering wheel. She had exhausted her thought realm's aura power to enchant the passenger, but without any thought realm investigation and with information predicated upon only his body language and ocular fear, Dani can tell that this middle ranking driver would be amenable to changing his course coordinates to give her a ride back to the Coven. However, she realizes that it may be a long drive and that she may want some rest. Dani pulls out a cactus needle, her manipulation instrument, and jabs it hard into the center of the driver's forehead. She leaves it embedded in his forehead as he slightly returns to his seat back. He gasps loud as his eyelids appear to be forced open by an unseen force, exposing the interior eyelid flesh. This fissure permits a gaseous energy from the needle's other end to swarm the eye's whites, pupils and colored parts into a blended mixture without any clear definition.

“Drive.”

As the command enters his muted consciousness, his eyes tunnel into a solid brown color, still with no definition. His unconscious mind overtaken. Dani fears the Stone's tracking interference has been ongoing for long enough where [S} will note the intermission.

Cankorous pits of lepers expose their necrotizing inner lesions; sores on top of scabs bleed pus from his mandible as it lowers to eat a scaled shell of a snake-like creature. His feet rest atop a carpet of short red moving fibers that function to send comforting pleasure waves through his bandaged and deformed feet. There is an enchanted sphere of flames that surrounds his throne and Wladimir is within it. Most cannot see a clear picture of his face while he projects his rare presence to interlope upon his corporeal subjects. He enchants the matter around him so that, though highly unlikely, travelers from other realms cannot extract his image from reflections of observation embedded into the biosphere that surrounds him; he is able to have others see what he wants them to see.

From the carpet at the base of his dark Æther's cathedra, long leech-like fibers unwrap bandages to expose blackened, charred feet. The carpet sits beside a crater of fire. Burnt ground and bare trees line its perimeter, carrying the emerging green smoke in its shadows.

The animated red carpet and inter-realm throne sit triumphant, scorching the life of the land for its own rise; he shines through the moonlight into the spherical interface of light's next directive; a long careful stream of partly transparent strands emerge from about where his forehead would be and center, fast but slow, into the emerald flames to ensure that no one misses a colored moment of the speed of light's waves. Rainbows, luminous energies, the invisibles burst from the smoke into the gaseous red skies.

Wladimir maintains his appearance, seated in human form, as part of an infinite recurring joke with the universe, distracting the impressed with an illusion of power. He feels constant euphoria while here.

Assembled at his helm are two objects: a mystic fruit thorn, which is a crucial catalytic component to procedures like catatonic inversions and awakening those in comatose states; and a depiction of the precise eye of the wind, cast from natural bismuth to channel and serve as the setting to the transcendental seed of darkness. The bismuth shines in a perfect reflective prism to the endless windowed quanta that its matter replicates. One of experiments on radiation.

The reflective paralleling power of the seeds of dark and light is predicated upon both of the seeds existing. If the world's light were to illuminate a utopian paradise, the seed of darkness will be able to restore balance. The seeds are rumored to be indestructible. Wladimir, a fatalist, had been told his destiny long ago.

The interred spirits within his realm when cast upon perform critical operations for the head.

Upon casting, he possesses the capability to see quantifiable charts for a person based on energy readings from their entered consciousness. These timeless readings are taken from the flames without a need for a physical presence. With unchecked power, a family, group, institution, city or nation can be observed; any collective consciousness interred into the core realm is paralleled in the Immortal Realm and open to Wladimir like a planetarium is for observances. The sphere possesses an affinity towards, by rotating its winds of ephemeral light, elucidation of that which Wladimir's consciousness would deem pertinent.

Clumps of dense earth boil into the morass of cratered fire pit. Moonlight reflects onto

the thick worm creatures that froth ceaselessly in the mud. Something appears to be forcing its way up from beneath the pit's green flames, bitter air, and scorched earth.

To destroy either of the Seeds, one must replace the continuum structure of life that they bookend. It must be replaced with a new dark and a new light: a new paradigm.

## DOCTOR FEIBER

A medical assistant proceeds to remove the human cortex, then rinses out the applicator and reuses it for the next cerebral fluid extraction. She jabs the pointed end into the brain tissue, applies pressure from the other end to fill the glass cylinder with fluid. The doctor repositions his surgical mask for a moment as the assistant raises the tip of the applicator for him to infuse his saliva with the blood of the extracted tincture.

After experimentation with exposing himself to rare elements, Doctor Feiber, a neuroscientist and medical doctor, discovered that through tasting the blood he could codify all of the cellular information and create a quantitative summary, mapping out the patient's entire life, blood type, body growth, bio structurally damaging trauma, broken bones, depression episodes, and whatever other information had been imprinted upon a subject's biological composition; Doctor Feiber believes he can sense all through taste and smell, even clarity and health of the soul. He observes and alters most of what he sees himself, but for soul procedures, he relies on the master of this metaphysical specialty.

The only being capable of, what Doctor Feiber named, the procedure of Composing is Wladimir. In his pre-Fall research, Feiber had developed a number of procedures to serve Wladimir.

Among them are multi-consciousness comprehension — rendering Wladimir capable of numerous concurrent streams of consciousness based upon a totaling of his neural net, only a

fractional percentage is unobservable; and with those varying chains of thought, he is able to project his holographic form to waste site projectors to further indoctrinate the subjugated populace beneath the Cloud City platforms to provide worship that suits their evolving needs, furthering the agenda for universal dominion; as well as a procedure to bind many discrete consciousnesses into one singular unit to share a central task — aligned thought amongst entire populations — the mechanism of action of the many partially reprogrammed Oligopoly employees.

Wladimir deems his projected orations to be sufficient for maintaining order amongst the fledgling, yet proliferating Dog populace; while the consciousnesses of the Reprogrammed and Oligopoly remain visible upon one concise interface in their headquarters— displaying aberrant behaviors before they occur— their technologies have not adapted to monitor the inorganic Dogs.

One of Feiber's early programming developments, that he had brought before Wladimir in its beta phase, was a control of a person's recalcitrant desire to spur the matrix of their creation. Over the course of their work together, Wladimir had grown paranoid about Feiber's intentions and without a way to track it, he volunteered — forced — Feiber to be the trial's first subject. With the world seeming to have acquiesced to [S} reign, and with his focus turning to universal dominion, Wladimir's waning interests over matters of consciousness that he already controlled — Feiber's specialty — had been overridden by his paranoia. Progressions and continued generations of aura research were no longer his primary concern, and with the newly appointed Deputy Programmer at his side, Doctor Feiber had become expendable. Through his knowledge of the present, Wladimir learned much about the future, and unless he altered his present course by mutating Feiber's conscious programming, then his authoritarian position would be threatened.

Feiber's study of the cosmic connection between suffering and creation, research he furtively kept from Wladimir, was his opus, his crowning achievement, and was lost forever in the singularity of forgotten thought.

And the progression of various strains of suffering and their manifestations for posterity stalled.

The sentient friction, extracted from its afflicted progenitors, had reached its stage of terminal growth, a possible inflection point without Feiber to keep driving it forward. Yet the Oligopoly had manufactured systemic extraction centers predicated upon his existing discoveries, industrializing the process to suit the demands of the operation's global scale. Partially reprogrammed extraction agents work tirelessly on the tortured specimens to cache the new post-Fall world's most coveted, near weightless, energy-dense resource for encapsulation and transportation to a realm of which they had been programmed to have no interest.

The imperceptible abstract objects were brought to the Immortal realm via a number of Feiber developed or discovered, nefarious processes, one of which's byproducts was the euphoric Reciprocation of which Wladimir indulged with a fiendish regularity. The more practical use of these souls was for survival in an otherwise uninhabitable realm. The worldly usage of soul allowed for acceleration of creative thought, propelling the consumer's research to unprecedented discoveries, thought that existed on the linear extremes—the near ends— of the exponential parabolic growth of— once believed to be— infinite curvature, higher intelligence to be supplanted by no one sans these auric capabilities.

A combination of toxic ingestibles, radioactive elements and contained auras allow waste sites to reprogram sapiens into masochists, phobics, the delirious, homicidals, suicidals, pedophiles, addicts,

infants that never grow old, newborns with congenital defects that make them appear old, chronic kidney stone sufferers, cancer afflicted, the globular, the blind and many other variations dependent on the nature of their environments combination and the caster's attributed intention infused into the channeled aura. And for each and every person with an induced affliction, when their suffering reaches a point of terminal growth, a spirit extractor awaits them like pigs for slaughter.

They believe the extractions to be acts of mercy, separating the reprogrammed from their tortured realities by the dictum of their own partial-programming.

Having been sterilized, most of the reprogrammed denizens are infertile. Had these undesirables, these science projects, been free to procreate, their progeny — Feiber hypothesized — would have been resistant to many of the controls: nature positioning all life to thrive in the absence of critical interference. To keep fresh blood flowing through the pipelines of their relatively new natural resource, the Oligopoly keeps a stock of fertile specimens who are without programming. With only some nuanced genetic manipulation, this supply of breeders and many more birthers ensure that the reprogrammed evolution does not delve into the hybrid F1 generations. Kept imprisoned in birthing camps, the women are artificially inseminated and separated from their children at birth, a traumatic process that they are subjected to many times as part of their suffering prior to end-of-life aura extraction.

As the generations of Dogs live and die to evolve, they spend more time preying on their Reprogrammed neighbors. The birthers remain in a state of perpetual pregnancy to compensate for the diminishing population.

The Reprogrammed maintain their human genetics and require some nutritional sustenance while the Dogs only subsist on a combinatory diet of radioactive metals, gasses and chemicals: the variations in diet produce a medley of various reactions from waste site to trash kingdom particularly after a few



generations have lived and died. The typical lifespan of the Dogs species is brief. The Oligopoly, forced to evolve with the Dogs, slated an execution program to begin. An industrial cleansing to combat the potential threat of overpopulation to the end of preserving their precious resources. Based on Reprogrammed population reports, they are dying off in proportion to the growth of their feral, sub-human counterparts.

The militia faces the wasteland. Gatling guns, air-compression drills, repurposed mining equipment, poison gas and dynamite are wielded by hypertrophied, conditioned Oligopoly guards — adulterated thoughts and mutated genetics, the product of congenital nursing with human growth hormone and a merge to a collective warrior consciousness, one that carries out the orders of the Oligopoly's high command with no doubt or hesitation. At their authority's disposal should they ever encounter — as in the present moment— an uprising.

Raised in Cloud City's arenas to battle amongst one another; weapon fights that concluded in death were not viewed as a weakening of forces, but rather a fortification upon the Oligopoly guard's evolution. To these warriors, their highest honor, as they had been inculcated to believe, is to serve as a member of Wladimir's shadow guard, to have their uniform of cloaks and masks bestowed upon them by Wladimir's deputy, the Programmer himself. However, the majority of Oligopoly guards land roles of security, prison, reproduction and population control.

Mongoloid inferiors of the Shadow Guard's rejects, the population security militia, proceed in standard phalanx formation. They emerge from the base of Cloud City's center lift to commence their scheduled extermination.

The front lines of Dogs approach. Their nose-free nasal cavities fume with menace;

metallic skin reflects their voracious dispositions. The skid towards the foreign invaders. Pumped with radioactives and poisons that appear to have severely weakened their constitutions — to the Oligopoly guard — they do not present to be a formidable opponent, not like their peers who they had already vanquished without contrition in the arenas of their formative training years.

Dissonant mechanical acoustics sound: the creaking joints clang steps against the trash land's scattered debris. The Dogs broach the attack-ready phalanx with stupefied gazes, dragging limbs of warped metals behind them.

The guard's leader drops his elevated arm to issue an attack command.

A collection of strikes, demonstrating the engineering virtuosity of the age, deploy a combinatorial displacement of lights, vapors and airs: ammonium nitrate reactions, shuttering of barrels and rapid air movement. The gasses and dust from the initial barrage silence both factions of combatants in ice clouds of ambient stillness. And as the floating matter dissipates, the guard awaits to see their kills. But the hungry, emboldened gazes of the Dogs return, unimpeded, to stare through the guard. The realizations that the usual tactics of combat are of dubious effectiveness against beings composed of inorganic matter rain down upon the guard's collective moribund thoughts.

To the guard's critical disappointment, the lead was absorbed to fortify the Dog's metal cores; the pressurized air had melded adjacent opponents into singular gargantuans, double or even triple their original size; and as the air settles, these mammoths, with a short step or two, proceed to strip the weaponry from the hands of the recoiling guards. The Dogs strike with their powerful,

scalding hot limbs, with more spite than the quick disposal that the guard had planned for their extermination program: a spectacle of ironic and gratuitous carnage ensues.

The Dogs turn the guard's implements of destructions, elements that consist of the same matter of which the Dogs are composed, to pulp the guards. Then, once a smattering of disassembled bodies coalesce with the ground's refuse, the Dogs commence to play with the guard's remaining dismembered components, not unlike the manner with which organics play and experiment with metals, like adolescent miscreants that just do not know any better.

Within emaciated sockets, demonic gazes fill their eyes with bloodlust. A dying guard lays among the human discards, concluding in his final moments that this land is no longer theirs, no longer under Oligopoly subjugation as it had been propagated to him and others. The thought that all he had been raised to know is a lie flits about his hypnagogic mind. Then he looks up as a gargantuan grey Dog ambles beside his own soon-to-be cadaver. He greets the beast's menacing gaze with an exasperated submission. He is gracefully disemboweled. The guard's final sight: the welded metallic creature using his small intestine as a sort of jump rope.

The Dogs effortlessly separate from their fused state like a jigsaw puzzle being taken apart.

Their front lines had survived population control's opening salvo. They rejoice together, not because they had withstood an attack — they have no cognizance of such things — but rather because they have all this new organic matter with which they can play.

Then a sudden shift from fraternal revelry takes hold of the front lines. Through the encapsulation of the ephemeral, the hostile atmosphere of the trash land changes to the dictum of airs

to which this generation of Dogs has no prior association. Deployed upon them is light, a container of mixed energies with the same intent, weightless resources that once resided within houses of collective worship the Oligopoly had destroyed after the Fall: temples, monasteries, churches, mosques had all been cached into stores of thought matter, surfeits of light for Wladimir's disposal. To be mutated for the purposes of inculcation, proselytization or whatever other propagations Wladimir desired. The usage of this displaced light had been the Oligopoly's only method of Dog control, a population for which no other form of thought conditioning had been developed.

The combinatory language of unseen, unspoken sense fills the borderland between the Cloud City elevator column that hoists the megalopolis over Dogville's front lines. The light shines down. The light waves change the area to a demilitarized zone the moment their shimmer reflects off of the metallic creatures. An olfactory communication further instills a calm reticence: without its physical matter, but rather the feeling alone, sanctified woods burn into smoke that lingers and soothes the Dogs into immediately dropping body parts and entrails to adulate the shifting geometric patterns that shines with an inexplicable brightness, producing a feeling of enraptured glory, in some sense lifting them from the polluted earth to which they are bound.

After the floods, a single ice cap along with most of north and south America remained. Cities and towns were inundated with surviving immigrants, and having seized unanimous global control the Oligopoly offered their solution. From their previous configuration as the world banking system, they bought out big businesses including remaining governments, already in possession of remaining worldwide treasuries — the only central banks out that were not under their dominion pre-Fall

were in the eastern hemisphere. The Oligopoly reformed the world economic infrastructure under one massive apparatus, divided into two ostensibly discrete arms of industry that needed to be upheld for human survival — energy and food; one in the same — all the while publicly posturing as a sympathetic bailout to the world economy's downfall after the deluge of the eastern hemisphere. They had a plan of action for the land's overpopulation and overconsumption. All had proceeded as was foreseen.

People were repopulated into cells oftentimes willingly, having nowhere else to go, everywhere else being too dense or toxic. In the early days after the Fall, before thought control obsolesced the justice system, denizens would often deliberately commit open-and-shut crimes to get jailhouse residencies.

The supporting entry level Oligopoly members: the jail guards, the drivers, the soldiers and enforcers of [S}, all inhabit modest living quarters in close proximity to the populations they monitor. An illusion of control was impressed upon them to their ubiquitous acceptance, when in fact, much more insidious forces are deployed through the mind of which even the highest-ranking Oligopoly staff are unaware. Their minds impacted by distortions that make this demented unawareness something they ignorantly enjoy and revel in giddily. Their larger quarters were given to the them at the expense of the average prisoner cell scaling down to just enough room for a single person, under six feet, to lie down; the taller residents are unable to lie down without their legs bent. The presiding ordinances allow the guards to enforce a crude authority and then drink poisoned [S} water along with their victims; the division existing in the minds of the guards; the higher-ups view the entrant Oligopoly members no different than they view the rest of the Dogs and reprogrammed, merely another group of subjects that the outnumbered Oligopoly needs to divide in order to maintain control.

The middle tiers of Oligopoly are composed of those with limited awareness of the grand plan, but enough to make themselves feel like they have something important to protect, some semblance of purpose. Thus, they serve as effective messengers between the Oligopoly's higher-ranking schisms and the entrants.

Each schism has a lead researcher to promote and enact the results of their research on different facets of the Wladimir's direction. Their centers, operating as houses of worship, are designed to act as havens of research and information where staff views their work as their primary form of escapism; each department, discrete and private, passes their findings along to the top, where Wladimir connects the dots.

The strategy behind the establishment of each Cloud City center was to restrict its territories and conduct mass reprogrammings. The core research center has a small number of members, but the Oligopoly maintains an illusion of having a large membership. They use the reprogrammings to help the populous 'adapt' to their new living conditions. The result of each reprogramming procedure ultimately leads to the recipient to cultivate their own spiritual power in their new central reality, having had their memory of the former pre-Fall reality erased. Once cultivated, they proceed to willingly deliver their product directly to the Oligopoly. Once generational, the oligopoly's investment multiplies exponentially as the reprogramming recipient delivers the grand harvest of their spiritual cultivation, the auras of their children, to be flushed into the grand [S} bank vault to which only one being has the account information. Tapping in to a cache of acquisitioned aura power to shift and sway all life.

Spirit alteration and then supplementation had been Doctor Feiber's, the head of the research centers, most prominent discoveries. He had stolen or taken credit for the spirit-science work of his predecessors throughout history and also expanded upon their findings, progressing the

initial ideas into nefarious plans and twisted courses of action. He possesses the infrastructure to carry out most of his experiments on a mass scale and had, through his own private research, evolved his own being into one who can view the outer realms, but not cross. Though Wladimir had ascertained that his outer realm awareness remains limited to inhibit the development of his power, the Doctor could still project and view the Core and Water realms. The Doctor's research indicates there to be much more depth to the Immortal realm, but caught up in the highest level of the head's matrix, his impression remains that he is cut off from accessing it.

## NADYA

Scarification from crude tattoo removal left an outline of what appeared to be a fruit on the bottom of Nadya's foot. The remaining lines of character marks, an inscription above the fruit, written in a language she can no longer read; her language having been switched over to standard B level. Her level of reprogramming is moderate given her middle ranking research position, a member of the Cloud City platform light dissemination team. An occasional flicker, a moment of inquisitive thought, on occasion would grant her fleeting awareness that the Oligopoly serves a malevolent entity. She would observe the fruit, though she no longer knew what fruit is, and the remnants of other tattoos that had been removed, leading to introspective questioning of her organization; questions that would then lead her consciousness to restricted parts of her memory, resulting in an interference of twitches and seizures. The outlines of a, what looked to be, fruit remained intact as though it was unseen and slipped through the cracks of reprogramming procedures.

She cannot remember before reprogramming, but still has most of her acquired information from her pre-Fall schooling yet she cannot remember any of her classmates or that she even attended school at all. Being an Oligopoly employee, Nadya is permitted to retain memories relating to scientific research, her duties and other required skills like the mastication of food — though her food requirements had been lowered to one small portion of pellet a day. All of her other memories were rendered irretrievable from her intelligent consciousness. When her research steered close to



thoughts of her past, violent seizures would evince to her, because of the cautioning tattoo, that the nefarious entity that engendered this trembling fear upon her is the one she serves: the Oligopoly; in a psychic manner, she is instilled with the premonition that the outlined drawing would somehow reduce these foreign inductions. Her seizures and lighter twitches are not unlike those of the other partial-programmed employees upon whom these less restrictive and more functional shades of neural network had been inoculated; to the misfortune of her fellow employees, they had not had the prescience to apply to themselves a warning.

Nadya learned of the mystic plant in a dream that seemed to be made for her by someone.

She also learned that this fruit pictured evolves a species to the next evolutionary form.

The rarity stems from variance in potency; over a hundred trees must be grown to produce one tree of healing fruit. The fruit is surveying and appraising to see how much the seeker values its power and after the laborious sacrifice of time, it awards the Seeker's perseverance. It marks its own tree that has healing properties with a spotted bark pattern that leaves the bark with an unplant-like metal texture; the plant appears to have transcended to the next evolutionary phase as well.

## ESCAPE

The Oligopoly Cloud City above the waste site known by its inhabitant employees as Steel Town. It houses three different research teams who research the effects of proximity and consumption of various solid metals, gasses and lights.

One unit is tasked with scavenging metals from natural flatland sources, other Cloud City wastes, underwater sources and from pre-fall structures; they also manage aircraft deliveries of their Cloud City's waste to other Cloud's that study those particular elements and compounds. Another research unit monitors the reprogrammed homo sapiens. Stenogrsapher to document nearly all action.. The research unit to which Nadya belongs monitors the fledgling species they refer to as Dogs. After their planned commencement of extermination had failed, the team discusses their options while observing their failed foray into Dogville. Frozen in purgatory light, absent of a worship target, the Dogs drift in the beginnings of a rapture.

“We need to summon Feiber so he can tell us what or who to project next. A target for their worship that will make them submit to extermination,” says Dionysus, the team's leader who is allowed small doses of Reciprocatation while monitoring the interfaces, conjuring an inebriated state that serves as his primary motivation.

“And how exactly do you expect to terminate them, since it is now clear that our weapons do not work?” asks a phobic research assistant, Viggo, tasked with scouring over the details of their every action, impelled to fear big decisions so much that he never thinks of them and only

scrutinizes the details. Given their current predicament, his circuits appear twisted.

“We could devise an appropriate strategy for our next attack without disturbing the Doctor. He is in tower three testing some new procedure. It would be best not to disturb him,” says Nadya surreptitiously.

“I am concerned, given our findings from yesterday, regarding this populace that we have allowed to outsize any other Dog populace in any other waste site and if this continues for longer, we could be facing disastrous complications. Dogs we cannot kill: their acquisition of global awareness would spell the end for us,” says Viggo quickly and then commences to breathe heavily.

The unit’s research from the week had determined that the Dogs had created a tunnel beneath the discarded metal neighborhood of waste site 49, known by local Oligopoly employees as 'Steel town'. With the knowledge that the Dogs are dependent on the addictive waste, Nadya and the other members of her research team have agreed to delay any action and wait to send lower caste guards to survey the tunnel. Today's lost battle — coupled with their team's recent failure to utilize their light resources effectively — present an imbroglio before it occurs on their interfaces.

In a momentary delay, Nadya looks out from the panelless center windows into a dusty light casting itself upon everything except the shadows of the textured trash heaps. Their facility's linoleum floor has a waxy iridescence that makes one lose their appetite: a deliberate design to preserve [S} pellet and other resources.

“Okay then we keep this in the projector, have them worship nothingness until Feiber finishes and can issue a directive about what to project,” says Dionysus.

“Considering our mounting failures, I think Feiber will be quite angry if we do not come up

with a population control solution ourselves. I have an idea,” says Nadya.

Her eyes brighten and she moves to the laboratory change room to find the previous dissection's, a reprogrammed female's, clothing: a tattered pale grey t-shirt, a sturdy pair of salvaged black leather boots, beneath a metal girdle — a collection of iron plates with accompanying smaller steel shards that extend from her boot liner. The dead woman's pants are the same color and clear style as the t-shirt only not as ripped up given all the protective metals, newly issued Steeltown garb meant to provide — what was proven to be inadequate — resistance to Dog attacks. Nadya emerges in the outfit. Dionysus whistles.

“We start projecting a doppelganger of a reprogrammed denizen: me.” The group all hums together in harmony.

“Would that mode of worship serve to alter the suffering that the reprogrammed denizens endure? Thus, weakening the final product to some degree?” asks Viggo.

“There won't be a final product to harvest unless we do *something*. Potency be damned, I certainly don't want to get sent down there to take their place,” says Nadya.

“She is right. I say we go for it. If it elicits some unwanted reaction then we will just issue some corrective measures, but I'm certain that it will reduce the violence until we figure out how to kill these things,” says Dionysus.

“I'm just looking to see Feiber's reaction whether or not it works.”

“Behemoths they are, but also permeable and simple. I question whether they will

differentiate between employee Nadya posing as a reprogrammed denizen, and an actual denizens Cloud City,” says Viggo. Their numbering system began with double letters to give the illusion of infinity.

“They do not seem to differentiate between the varying holographic projections of Wladimir and Feiber,” says Dionysus.

“That is true. At times it is water-bearer Wladimir who tells the Reprogrammed to not allow themselves to become addicted as he opens the spout for weekly watering. Other times, he appears as a faceless Zeus, indoctrinating them with light,” says Viggo

“The communications certainly cross wires between the two populaces. To what degree, we can only speculate,” says Nadya.

“If Nadya's projection as a reprogrammed denizen does indeed cross wires, we end up with a reprogrammed populace that is implanted with the notion that they should worship themselves,” says Viggo.

“Now given the current upheaval, would that be so damaging? At least until we incurred a correction of demographics,” says Nadya. She knows they’re spooks.

“I say we go for it. I do not want to risk being replaced. Order submitted,” declares Dionysus.

In the unit's center bridge rests a radiant light that is used to prepare holograms for dissemination. Typically prepared from a store of Wladimir's, the Programmer's or in rare instances Feiber's images, the portal can manufacture lights by way of manual application. Without a moment's hesitation, before anyone can change their minds, Nadya stands in the portal's center as a mixture of

infrared, UV and waves of dark matter coalesce to extract a representation of her present being. Her image, a stoic emotionless reprogrammed pose, uploads onto the platform image dissemination center's many interface screens before it is conjured further, combined with weightless resource that binds to light, the potent controlling agent, to be transmitted with an ineluctable radiance across trash land and its neighborhoods of reprogrammed settlements.

“I'm going to lunch,” she says, stepping from the portal.

Nadya departs their unit into the hall. Trash chutes. Water spouts. Instructional programming flashes across television screens as she moves through the hallways from division to division. Oligopoly databases. Clear glass containers of extracted auras loaded upon palettes in the sky-ports.

Her mind has purged information into Cloud City 49's catalogues for quite some time. Alone, she feels an empty connection to the space designed to assuage the loneliness towards which she readies to walk. In this aware moment of access, she refuses to allow her newly awakened state to succumb to reprogramming: despite the emotional draw, she estranges herself from her work, the product of her creative energy — something she has personally impacted with childlike spiritual power. Her settings were oriented to raise her nurtured research the way a mother would a child; reprogramming settings channel the spiritual power of their female O employees, redirecting it to serve O interests. Although Nadya knows it to be artificial, the surrogated post-partum feelings grow stronger the closer she moves towards escape. She has to tell her ‘own kids, that you’re abominations, to go to hell’, all before abandoning them.

She quietly canvasses the hallway that leads to the main passage, a long elevator shaft that holds up the mushrooming indoor city into its cloud. She senses she will be safe. As she approaches,

she encounters Leopold, a predatory former research partner that had been demoted to his currently dubious role at the birthing supervision centers.

“The birds and the bees and the trees leave you on your knees to please,” sings a predatory higher management acquaintance. “Nadya? I have missed you dearly, the way our lord Feiber misses his scatological briefings.”

She nervously shuffles as she awaits the elevator. “Really? The banal aphorisms to make sure the past remains the past.”

“Why are you on the main shaft to Dogtown? and why are you dressed in reprogrammed garb?” asks Leopold.

“We are doing some population control maneuver and I have to go test the geology,” she tells him the partial truth.

“Right. I guess things have gone downhill since my departure from the unit. I have heard Dog populations have been expanding exponentially. I have been going down myself to recruit more birthers, pretty frightening down there. Allow me to accompany you.”

“I can find it myself. I've been there once,” she lies for the first time since before programming.

Her original details would permit her to lie only when it was absolutely needed.

“I don't mind. I've done plenty of the geology tracking myself. I'm something of an expert. It's rather difficult. I can help you with it. And with all those Dogs in the area, you could use my

protection,” he says. He moves closer to her. “Why are you in Reprogrammed uniform again, maybe you should change?”

“You know Leopold,” she appears nervous and trapped, “I think we will function most efficiently as research fellows within their respective departments. You know for O and [S}, bonding and closeness among staff detracts from our Lord and the creation we are tasked to provide,” she says defensively, drawing upon an imposition of physical boundaries and violations upon Oligopoly sex transmutation policies to prevaricate further, pretty far down the rabbit-hole of discovering that her partial-programming's honesty settings have been overridden. She delights at her rediscovered lying capabilities sans interference.

“I don't know what you took that to mean. I only —“

“You only what? Don't want to serve your master efficiently?”

“No,” he says while slowly backing away.

“Then what? You think, oh yes [S} will be grateful for my service as I gaze lifelessly into my fellow employee's eyes, distracted from my work.”

He continues to backpedal down the hall. He stutters and pieces together a few fragmented pieces of word into an ill-conceived rejoinder that comes out as a mumbled growl, a common tic amongst partial-programmed employees when you get close to topic points on the borders of their divided conscious and unconscious minds: his had been set to create painful aversions to the rape of fellow employees, the higher officials having had such issues with



Leopold in the past. He turns his back to her in anxious social discomfort and proceeds back down the hall to the lab to channel whatever creativity was restricted into his birthing duties.

Leopold averted, Nadya scrambles into the elevator shaft that closes behind her, then sends her down slowly.

From outside the elevator, nobody can see in to view the shaft's occupants in transit. Nadya is able to see out from the shaft. Everything from beneath the artificial clouds, as she descends along with the cloaking rain which pours commercialized light over an observing populous that basks in her image's glorified radiance. Beyond the light's radius, she sees naked Dogs foraging, pulling the dead bodies of their organic neighbors. Some are roasting body parts over green electrical fires. Reprogrammed residents contest their scant settlements in shifts while Nadya sees packs of others ascending the refuse mountains to prepare for the GCA waste chutes to open and cut through the greyness with their coveted wastes. But within the iridescent sphere of light, where Nadya's costume and stoic countenance shine bright, they have all acquiesced to a state of placidity.

She had lived above these creatures and never thought to descend the shaft to observe this exotic commotion; she infers that her empathy and interest factors had been altered by her partial-programming, as her research was specific to Steeltown site 49 as she preferred to have renamed it. Numerological worship.

Nadya sees her O collar tag and panics that she had forgotten to remove it; she then remembers that she cannot remove it without causing a fatal hemorrhage; she leaves it on and fears that even if she does make it through the tunnel that she will have found within moments because of the collar's tracker.

The Cloud City entrance shaft resides in a contested part of town where Dogs run into Reprogrammed settlements: in the center of the entire site's most densely populated area, the lift hits the shaft's bottom and the doors prepare to open. The people Nadya views from inside are unaware of her presence or that the elevator had descended a — what was to them — sort of demi-god from the heavens. Nadya views a network of chaos and commotion amidst the sometimes nude, and partially clothed denizens. She recalls her love of Hieronymus Bosch.

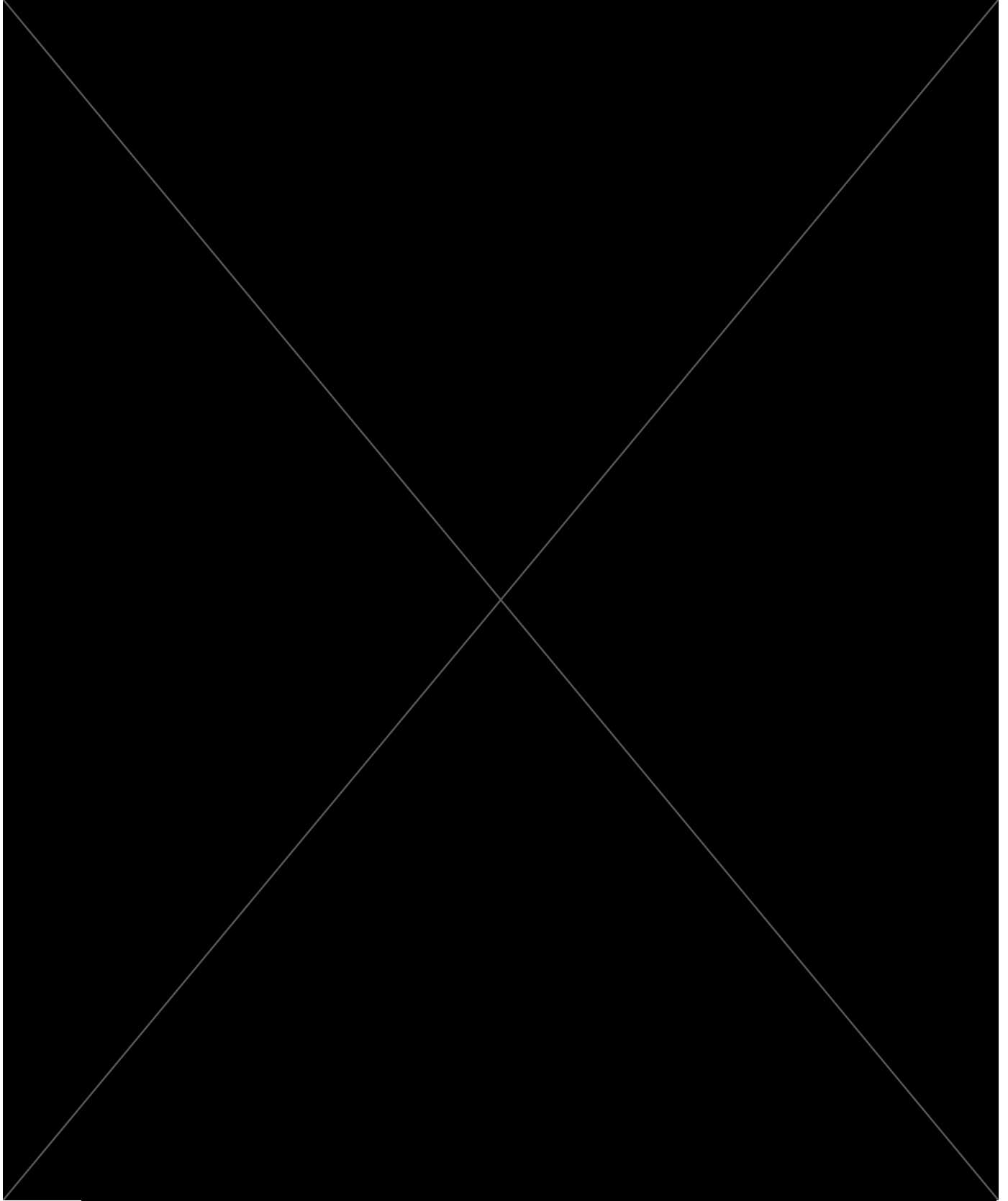
Despite their metallic, robotic compositions, the Dogs all appear malnourished— sans clothing, free of reproductive organs, just a sheen, joints and some facial features are their only familiar humanesque characteristics. While they do reproduce in a much more physical and in a far less spiritual manner.

After a prolonged preparation phase, the door shifts open rapidly. The sadistic commotion halts and all gazes transfer unto an emergent Nadya, disguised as a Reprogrammed female.

In an instant shift of conflict, Nadya's breath draws in hostility with magnetic attraction. The Dogs fear an imposter. To them, Nadya cannot be up on the platform in her gargantuan splendor and simultaneously down in trash land, sharing non-sanctified air along with their unworthy selves. A heavily oxidized Dog charges at her holding a partly masticated arm, then leaps at her. He spews a purple foam from his crude lipless mouth hole. Nadya focuses on the leaping metal and holds out her palm in fear, awaiting her death; she emotes a modicum of frightened gratitude to herself, that at least she is the old non-lobotomized Nadya in her final moments; she will die the way she was born and not many O employees can say that.

A moment passes and nothing. She looks up to see that she had deflected multiple metal mongrels with nothing but maybe her outstretched hand. She observes a heat radiating from her hand. As she reasons out an explanation, she looks to one of the rusted unit who she had sent face-cage first into the jagged ground; he appears to be embedded, attached and unable to gyrate free from the assemblage of metal debris. His legs scamper, scattering, grinding and clanging shards as his head remains fixed in welded attachment, steadily suffocating him. A few surrounding oversized mongoloids pucker their hostility after Nadya's unintended attack.

She asks herself if this is the reaction of those witnessing the rising of their lord and savior? did their prior absorption of light render her — and maybe the entire reprogrammed populace — messianic figures as she had planned? did her secret agenda actually work? Nadya had accepted possible death. She would no longer be a servile employee to an entity that diminishes her spiritual welfare.



Death had become an imminent risk, one that she could not circumnavigate without redaction of who she really is and was before reprogramming — her childhood inclination to question all authority, a fundamental tenet of who she was prior to its subversion. Being god of an entire ethnicity is a job she really would have preferred someone more ambitious attempt for,

Nadya moves forward and looks for her escape path that she speculates is ready for her. The horde is paused in apprehension. Nearby reprogrammed occupants watch from their settlements, accounting the events to their younger counterparts who are congenitally blind until adolescence. Nadya continues to glance at her right hand in mesmerized disbelief as she approaches the horde, the front lines of which begin to cower and sink as she nears them. The horde flinches as she waves behind her at her attacker and releases the sacrilegious Steeltown Dog, popping him free into the air. In this triumphant moment, Nadya experiences *deja vu*. Then three of the nearest Dogs proceed to sit on Nadya's attacker in some kind of propitiatory act to their messiah.

Emerging from the back of the horde are three smaller metal machines who possess a crystalline sheen and lips that are more protuberant than those of their progenitors. They surround a slightly defensive Nadya.

“Hmpa-Dah, a Goonph,” their cold lips all smack together in unison as they collectively motion to the back of the horde.

Nadya intuits that these young Dogs are harmless and that they will bring her to this mysterious tunnel. She feels thoughts really moving and shaking in tantalizing introspections that explore all the pathways her spirit has longed for after Reprogramming; she feels like this movement of thoughts is visible as a dense cluster of tangled Christmas lights by those that observe her; the further away she walks, the brighter the lights pulsate; she remembers that there was a

holiday called Christmas, then she remembers Brownian motion, and before that there was a pagan holiday and the farther she goes, the more little details come together about this holiday. She feels a flood of information recirculating. Family, animals, food.

The small Dogs lead a pathway through the misfit life forms, cut off from access to global awareness, their natural charges, a malignant growth that is the product of fiction. Menacing unpolished looks of egotistical inquisition channel wrongly through the tender gazes of the miscreants who view her, for the first time, separate from the platform — a god walking amongst mortals. They step out of the way like a polite golf crowd would for a golfer retrieving her ball. They continue funneling through the crowd, disappearing from O detection — Nadya hopes — or at least creating a perimeter as she reasons the population control center is by now cognizant of her departure and still trying to reason out what her intentions are; they have not, but soon will call upon higher authorities who will attempt to reason this out on a higher plane than the original problem manifest.

They enter a zone of split ethnography. Toothless wrinkled women hold babies that they look too old and weak to have birthed themselves. A set of very tall spindly boys that look like they will be too tall to survive are pulled back on nooses by some steel-masked form implicated with a series of cybernetic limb attachments. Four ropes pull the noosed boys out of Nadya's path. She nearly walks into a severely bloated man's stomach orb; the size of which indicates that his malnourishment was so severe that he began eating inanimate objects; his new globular personal equator serves as a reminder that steel takes quite some time to exit the digestive tract.

Nadya steps up into a pulpit and idles. An expectant crowd as her dilapidated audience.

Outside of the light's radius where both the reprogrammed and Dogs remain touched by its force. Those from outside the sphere gather to join the majority, quieting their creaking and clanging to listen. She prepares to address the conglomeration from a podium. Despite their lingual limitations, she visualizes she will be able to communicate her intention with proselytizing effectiveness. She cannot abscond from her duties as deity to these oppressed beings, despite her initial desire to do so.

The reprogrammed employees who could be dispatched to assassinate her would be impelled to not do so immediately upon coming into contact with the infused light. With the higher authorities currently occupied with other tasks, she knew to conclude her addressal if her projection were to change.

“Cleverly designed machinations smelt the ephemeral, making one perceive a draw to life's great inevitability, stretching this horizon into a lasting period: death, the phase through zero and into the digital realm extended. From the moribund's winching are we able to extract symbolism from that which is often deem arbitrary though it is not. Thoughts of others that have explored the sanctimonious cusps and, these thoughts, are of those that have stepped beyond these artifices, these imposed thresholds, constructs, the signs, the so called 'coincidences' that we tell ourselves are so to render the brutality of our perceived realities that much more bearable. When our remembrances camber upon those who have passed on, as our own senescence naturally sees more of our peers depart and our thoughts have more abstract direct objects to dwell upon with the actions of memory, we are transformed from the bindings of physical life. Our own inborn metrics scintillate with vigorous rapidity, auguries of our own temporal existences. And yet the

farther we slide — construed from the illusions of others — senescence's morbid scales, we push up against imposed boundaries of a malevolent entity's demarcation. The more we push, a prolapse of the spirit broaches the borders from which there are only one-way passages of spirit. This is a creation of (S), the fictional dictums of your previous indoctrination. Without these boundaries, return passage is permitted in a toroidal flow of aura. The closer those travel to these perimeters, they carry back with them fortifications, gildings for our ilk's posterity that are then stripped from us but left for progeny.” She continues to prevaricate oddly:

“The channels upon which departed spirits arrive in our memories, the ones we hold most dear the more that time transpires, are an aspect of their— our— regeneration where there is only space and no time. Spirits that force you to view the past and the future in the same regard that you view the present: the past dictating the future. And the reflections of the past, reflections of beings that were once living, breathing and — by influence — an integral aspect of our own compositions continue to affect our predestinations in a myriad of both nuances and conspicuities. Predestinations whose common denominators, rather than integers, happen to be symbols that quantify influence, bestowed upon us by governors that have had a parallel of governing influence ordained upon them and so on and so on.

Yet, directly addressing our own condition of immortality and why we must fight for it, we must give significance to our own influences upon us and upon others, ripples beyond the parameters to which we are bound. Ripples that go elsewhere must be redirected, sublimation of liquid, solid, or gas to morph into light that reflects back to us. Once we classify our actions as possessive of infinite ramifications, we begin the act of worshipping ourselves: a seemingly egotistic practice to which most will initially balk; scrying light for power is of course an easier, ineffective practice in comparison. But before hesitating at the difficulty of the task, ask yourself this: when this



worship of others, this quality of immortal fulfillment was directed away from them to be cast upon those to which you have absolutely no familiarity, what happened to your memory of these family members?; if enough knowledge of the present accelerates our own cosmic future, should we not use our unquantifiable resources upon ourselves to ensure that the energetic resource we possess — physics proves that energy never dies — to transform in unison with our own affected desires, in opposition to its current fate, the imprisonment within a perpetual cycle of immortal exploitation?

Before or after, every action, every implication and every consequence is judged by another, it will face our own eternal judgment. The separation between God and self: this illusion, once taken for truth— just by the act of worship— will sentence you to a period of damnation in metaphysical spheres.

Pain, suffering, is a required component of life. To attempt to circumnavigate will result in a negative balance carried into the immortal realm. Some in history had created such difficult paths of suffering for themselves that their only salvation was to carry these debts, their unresolved paths, into the digital realm where they expected to find relief that did not come: the immortal consequence of suicide. The resolved, the peace, leads to a circuit of placidity prior to rebirth, merged with a divine collective.”

Nadya has yet to arrive there, but given that the Vanishing Pyramid is timeless, it knows of its future inhabitant’s consciousness as well. Nadya is among its kept but her fate-oriented future consciousness remains unclear to most sentient viewers. Expecting her journey to the manifested tunnel passage to take some time because of the uneven walking surfaces as well as the

probable event of an unmetered hostile, Danny channels from her current to her past consciousness:

Nadya sat atop wax paper in a medical exam room. Her turgid forehead vein flushed her face, as it's looseness folded, her face formed an apoplectic scream expressed soundlessly through winced teary eyes and red face lines. Her consciousness flashed moments of empty isolation: her residency in an out of season beach town that sat in desuetude during the winters; the cold appearing to take away the humanity as it takes the warmth. She, being a fixed resident, endured this transition period under the oversight of a foreign doctor in town, one of a few other fixed residents, Willem Brief.

An {S} research task, his patients were told to take their disguised programming substances on a daily regimen that increased by varying percentages, sometimes weekly, sometimes monthly. This interval would typically vary while some of the dosages remaining fixed.

He maintained patients on a combinatory course of psychotropics, high dose synthetic opioids, short and long half-life benzodiazepines, research chemicals, GABA agonists, camphoric solvents and

— with the presence of a convenient legal oversight granting their therapeutic usage  
— cleaning fluids.

During the course of this three month 'treatment' period, he directed the patient to potentiate the concoction with quinine, grapefruit juice and diphenhydramine.

The patients would enter a fugue state that wrung their physical selves through a cacophony of phrenic video-audio hallucinations, tremors, disassociations and emesis. Their emotional fluctuations became subject to tidings dictated by the buccally, sublingually, intravenously, rectally and — of course — orally administered medications' mechanisms of action. Sexual lusts by professors became public. Secrets societies of orgies and rituals.

Nadya was clad with a series of newly applied permanent etchings on her skin which had been used as a practice canvas for an amateur tattoo artist. Blotchy linework of ill-conceived banalities tracing references to the time's pop-culture were intermingled with bruises and gashes, the results of collapses from spells of vertigo. Her downcast gaze conveyed an introspective consideration, a diminished consciousness, attempting to formulate whether the past three-month period was real or illusion.

She scanned her body. There was pain present at every targeted physical and psychic point. It felt like something was being taken from her wherever she focused; her internal eyes forcibly peeled back to observe, while her external eyes blinded — disabled from seeking relief. Painful alerts sent to the brain, notifying it to the violation with no response. The areas she scanned blended to dissolve into one traumatic agony, making her anxious about how her body would meet the air around her. As she nearly toppled, the bangs that covered the side of her head flipped to exposed the side of her head had been shaved to apply a head tattoo of a head with a head tattoo.

The frequent pain waves receded, to be recategorized into a disorienting feeling of joy emptiness, oscillating into different realms of equally tormenting material, only differing perspectives. Perspiration poured out to mock the sensitive goose-bumped skin as a reformed foreign emesis. Nadya focused on her visions, but splashes of cold light drew the exam room's tiled ceiling to smear her lucid moments into a collective blur of ambient greyness in her psychic war.

Doctor Willem Brief entered the exam room. He did not look up from his chart, nor did he greet a likely to have been unresponsive Nadya.

“So, it appears that your three-month treatment period has expired. You are now cured,” the Doctor looked up from the charts and forced a duplicitous smile fraught with wryness.

A plume of drool emitted from the side of her mouth and splashed onto the exam room floor. “Not to worry. Hector will get that. Today we begin the discontinuation process. My assistant will bring you to our camp. Isn't that wunderbar?”

Nadya continued to drool. Her not-so-funhouse view of Brief morphed in size while she felt all sensation leave her legs. His voice, incomprehensible, sounded as though she was underwater.

“No? You must still be fearful of Germans talking about camp. You will see that that is just propaganda used to oppress our industriousness. Musings of those French imbeciles who are too observant to ever create anything themselves. Fatuous pigs, pthhew,” he spat into Nadya's growing puddle of saliva. “Hector,” he called for his assistant to enter.

“What is my bidding, Master?”

“Hector, what did I tell you? Around patients, you must call me Doctor. Today I need you to bring Nadya to camp, but first impress upon her copious amounts of physical, sexual, psychological and psychic trauma. I fear that she has not gotten enough of that as an outpatient subject, despite my level of care. She will not recall most of it, perhaps in dreams, yet the trauma

will be registered upon her subconscious, imprinted on her gastronomy. It will drive all her future actions. The greater the trauma, the more she will create. And she is a capable one, Hector. When she survives her detoxification, you will see. She will become a valuable asset to further my research.”

Before her departure to camp, Nadya was processed for partial-programming rather than reprogramming because of her young adult age, gender, overall spirit clarity and — most important — her studies of theoretical physics and calculus. Predicated upon a flow chart of attributes compiled for potential employees, Nadya showed a perfect confluence of factors so procedures were planned to cache the unneeded aspects of her spirit and leave the portion that correlated to the functions of Oligopoly research she would be asked to perform; while still restricting global awareness and any thoughts reflecting an expression of individuality.

Given her initial mistrust of Doctors and circumstances before and after the Flood, she furtively applied tattoos that ostensibly appeared to have no meaning, but contained information she felt she needed as a token to reenter a past consciousness; she did this unknowingly, merely based upon intuitive insights that spoke to her in her dreams; a recurring dream continued to serve her after Reprogramming, despite dreams being restricted by an aspect of Reprogramming that cemented pineal glands, but for some peculiar reason, this thought of this plant kept recurring.

Danny ends the Reciprocation after channeling to the peak, the pinnacle of Nadya's fear consciousness, to dwell in a shortened comedown. By observing the shit Nadya had been through the feeling of reciprocation kicked in.

Dani thinks to turn on the radio, then remembers these are her pre-Fall intuitions and that the

radios only function within their waste sites to make Oligopoly announcements because of the possible effect the radio waves have on the Oligopoly plan to vacate the Core.

Bach's cello, or punk rock. She enjoyed the polarities. Idiotic adult cartoons and documentaries.

She hums low notes to herself. The possessed driver handles the monotonous road. The cabin vibrates. She observes the roadside decay that had not yet been removed: fallen mile markers, foundations of destroyed settlements.

'Do you remember that time around when we first met, I gave you some of our first spawn of research plant because it looked like I was having the best trip of my life and you wanted in?'

Dani realizes that, in her state of ennui, she had left their channel open, an invitation to intrude. 'Yes, and then I spent two hours curled up the floor, getting up only to vomit out the window?'

'Not just the window. I remember holding up a few plastic bags for your puke too,' says Danny

'I kept asking, in the nether space, for antiemetics, but you didn't have any because they're 'synthetics'.'

'Good quality medicine comes on slow. Professional spirit brewer made it with so much love and dedication to what he does.'

'I wouldn't have been able to administer anything in the Æthers. At that point I'd become an expert at becoming very, very small when practicing the realms. I was in the stage of studying the

spaces between us, the Æthers. I will uphold the plural word as it should be.

For the majorities, the synthetics ranged from pills and food; and the merger between food and medicine.

‘Plants teach you that to channel and that to have a proper connection the cable must fit the socket. This means intestines of pure gut flora. No cooked food. Fruitarianism that preceded lightarianism in my case. Not permanently of course,’ she sits.

‘Breathraniaism. You were likely purging with the anxiety of an early experience. The plant tears up anything that stems from fear, negativity.’

‘I was certainly not as afraid then. You were also further along on your plant medicine course.’

‘Then that night, while you were hypnopompic, we stumbled across an early instance of thought transference when I offered you a banana to hit you with potassium and bring you out of the trip. You grumbled 'give me Xanax' then I mentioned how the street name for Xanax is banana.’

‘I didn't know that that's what it's called.’

‘Either way, whether you'd heard it and recalled it somehow through the subconscious after I triggered the memory with the word 'banana', or if I'd transferred the thought, you saw the layers covering your soul that you needed to purge out.’

‘You kept saying, 'an adequate purge should last one to two hours, and I hated you because it had been three hours.’

‘A supreme purge. Think about all the Oligopoly work you were a party to. And look each subsequent time you took it, you purged less, until there was no purge at all and you were

clear to complete our,' he thinks of the what to call their relationship, 'union.'

They welcome a moment of bitter nostalgia. 'Something peculiar happened. I disappeared when I entered the Wells through the monolith searching for information of your shaman's shaman, and ended up in the middle of a desert.'

'That is worrying. I wonder if we were still connected during the moment of your teleportation. It might mean something is coming through another realm.'

Danny channels to survey the images of these moments to which Dani refers. Unable to resolve his wonder, he channels back.

'I have possession of an O truck and the consciousness of an O employee who is driving right now. Through my driver friend's channel, I got an O announcement about an escaped employee.'

'Go to her. I saw this also. She must be a partial. You never get reprogrammed or O employees escaping, and if she is partial, she definitely knows something or is something.'

'We have already set course for the land surrounding Waste site 49. Looks like nobody in pursuit at the moment. Maybe deliberate,' says Dani

'She definitely is something then. They will dispatch the Programmer. Lucky for us if it will be him. I have a strange feeling about this man they call the Programmer.'

'Waste 49 is a bit of a schlep. Can you play the purge movie for us? We've watched all the euphoric memories together since you got to the Pyramid, but I'm craving something a bit more melancholy.'

'Melancholy? Are you addicted to the schadenfreude of Reciprocation now?'



‘I know that the opposite of whatever I was feeling that pukey purge night must be quite pleasurable.’

‘You may be right. The happy memories hurt to watch and only feel pleasurable when we create new thoughts after viewing them.’

‘Kind of like a purge.’

‘Then viewing and feeling the schadenfreude from the negatives will lead to a comedown when you create new thoughts afterward. All in all, either way you got to pay sometime.’

‘This reminds of your whole nature versus mankind spiel that you would tell anyone who would listen back when we first met.’

Danny smiles and directs his thoughts toward the part of the Pyramid where he can access his own memories, ‘I’m guessing your driver is not chatty. I’ll take us back but you have to be ready for the comedown after.’

‘You were in heaven that night, so you’ll be miserable during my high and reveling during my comedown.’

‘Like with nature's plant medicines doing the purgative healing first followed by euphoric afterglow, while manmade poisons reverse this to produce comedowns and hangovers.’

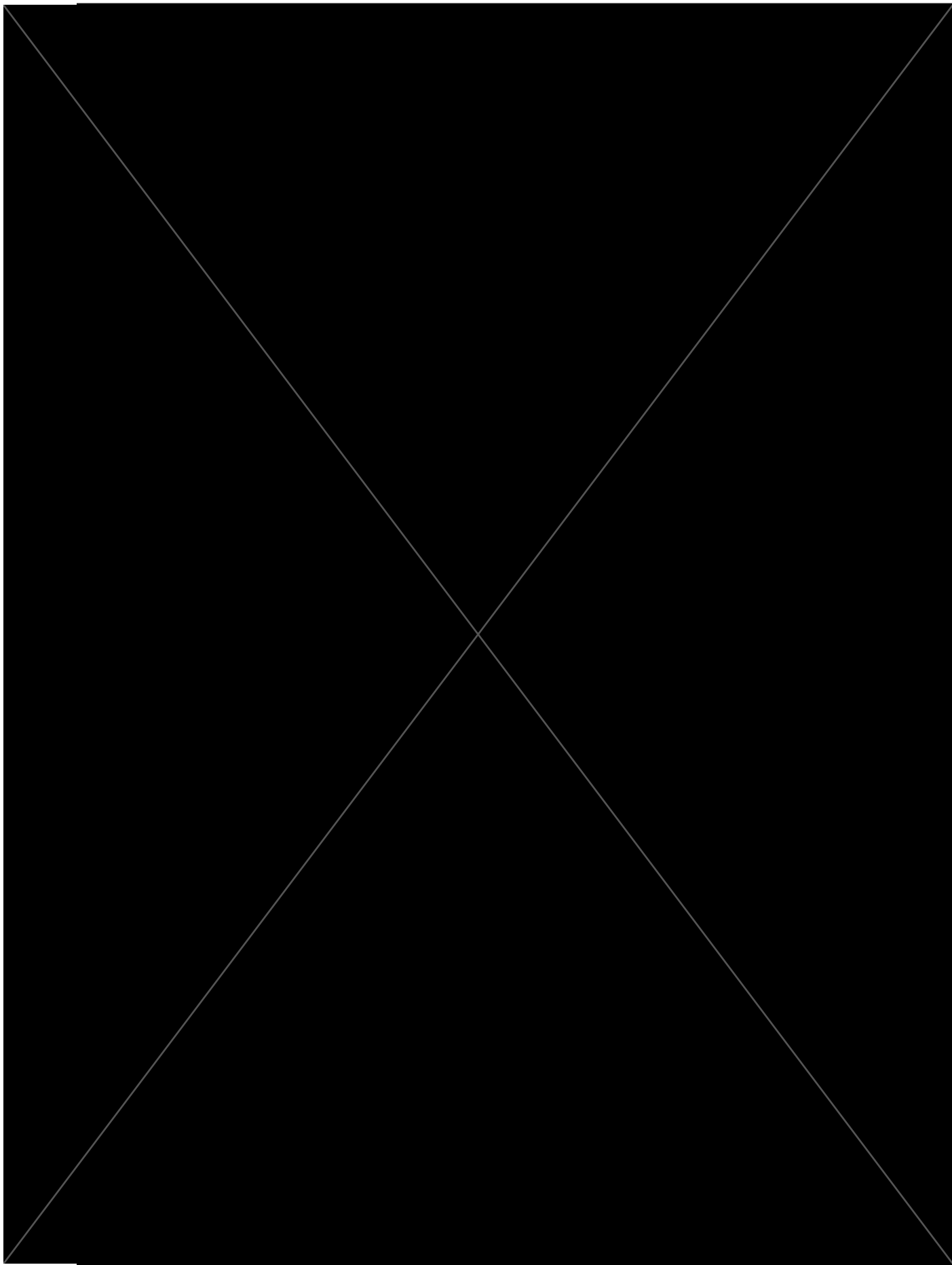
‘My thought-realm body feels nothing here, so at least I won't be puking.’

‘Well that is splendid. I won't feel guilty about my inability to be there with a plastic bag to catch it.’

‘Better you we read back to your filmography in April 2021 before the floods, and choose something.’

‘Sure, let’s deepen my loneliness because why not?’

Then they scroll Danny’s filmography: the early steps on the mystic plant’s road to oblivion.



## SAN JUAN MONTHLY READER

*MASS MURDER IN MASA YA**HEADLINE IS TO CAUSE PANIC AMONG THOSE WHO ONLY READ HEADLINES*

One of the three divine wisdoms of the universe within the realm of magic is Theurgy: the other two being Astrology and Alchemy. A required step to planning the apocalypse was the prayers received by Laika to access the World's telecommunications for mass dissemination of my cries. In doing so, Laika sacrificed herself. The frenzied plant spirit filled the vacuum created by the disappearance of all the waves in the Æthers. Unfortunately, too much of this violated Laika's own programming and she burned as a falling star.

My future incarnation could hear me and continually bounced replies in the language of symbolism. Tarantulas appeared, in step, when my tales moved through distant audiences. I based my actions on omens. Medical literature labels this schizophrenia.

What I required for the apocalypse was an inordinate amount of suffering, hence the classism of the day. A purpose of the Pyramids: to immortalize just he who looks down from the capstone at his devoted subjects. Though this was truly an illusion. There was no top.

The astral field, between the phases of death and rebirth, is a topsy turvy funhouse of mirrors, auras and delights. From there, all that is is conceived. The *Concepcionista* invoked to act meant that his power was in my control; the power of Thot had drained him in our untitled Sandinista film. Masses of disincorporate energy floats, joins together, separates, floats some more and then, the recursive process is repeated over and over and over again by ol' Time.

I had gained some celebrity as a filmmaker in counter cultural markets that were adjusted and did not require the removal of cybernetics to view media. My celebrity had started an unwelcome ripple and everyone recognized me from somewhere. I suppose I had indeed adapted to a certain degree of familiarity with subjects that stood before me.

## Neon Altars:

### Flouride Nation

2016: Runtime 16 minutes: color

An imaginary country with high levels of heavy metals in their water supply evolves to counter this and the subsequent generations develop such a resilience to pineal gland calcification that they are able to pursue complex spiritual endeavors such as: telepathy, clairvoyance, alchemy, mentalism, etc. The relationships between the magical children and their realist parents are analyzed.

### The Lightning Cage

2016: Runtime 25 minutes: 22mm black and white

Synopsis: A strange vulture/human hybrid has captured lightning in a cage and now wanders from town to town showing it off in his birdcage. He wears a cape. He performs from a stagecoach and revels in the performance aspect. The man goes from town to town establishing master-slave ritual for the townsfolk and establishes classism within each small pueblo.

The transparency of the violation of him controlling lightning is evident in that he could use it to help heat everyone's home instead of tormenting them. This classist tribe continues until one day the town rebels. They distract the caped vulture and steal his birdcage to study it while its owner is distracted. They are caught and forced to consume electricity for a while.

Until one day a drifter from a town once terrorized by electric vulture man comes with the man his own reverse engineered lightning cage brought on a cart by a half dozen horses. The vulture starts taking hostages until the drifter's device deactivates the birdcage, in doing so it neutralizes all the town's lightning. The drifter and the vulture have an apothecic fire battle in the center of town.

### Cage

2017: Runtime 30 Seconds: Black and White: Experimental Light Manipulation  
EEG Sample Audience Test

A flash generated with the intentions of a hundred holy men to possess the thoughts of the audience.

## Cage II

2017: Runtime 4 minutes: Experimental Light Manipulation

Synopsis: Number theory is engaged in a way that serves the collective pyramid and for those atop to maintain supremacy. They activate the flash generated in Cage I to control swaths of people in different belief powered schisms. This includes the human automation of today: the worker bees' efficiency is documented and the film serves to reinforce belief in false ideals that create the cage of consciousness. Labelled a thought crime by critics.

## Devil Circus

2019: Runtime 40 minutes

A documentary about a transient Devil worshipping sect. Interviews are conducted among the different performers. Most are willingly serving unlike those of Freak Shows which also collected souls for the Devil based on his appetite for exploiting perceived weakness after convincing others that they are weaknesses to begin with. These performers made serious deals to suspend belief though they were in fact performing magic. They marketed themselves as illusionists as well as spelling wizards. They could spell for sure.

## Untitled Sandinista Historical Picture

In Production: (See May 2020 Edition)

I was busy all the time. I had multiple identities. I was doing it all without any flags. I felt it was time to raise some flags. I changed my name around constantly. I had eggs hidden all over the World.

There was a string pulled taut over the flame. There was no trace of an end or beginning. There was insanity all around. There was my diminishing belief that salvation might be on the other end. There were faint shrieks in my head.

The mystic plant had been discovered. I now had confirmed my own immortality. Its primary function was to transmit my recordings of the Masayan as a warning for posterity. The omniscience of the Gods triggered panic: a new error. Time had ranges from which they could schedule, mobilize, and counterattack with their own weapons or, if it were to be an imitation counterattack, plants. I was firing the most heavy-duty charm of them all: the activation of light to disseminate my consciousness forever. It was not dropping a nuclear bomb on a small problem, but close.

I had the access codes to some central servers for dissemination of digital copies of my plant to everybody's pocket as well. This would kill those lost to virtual religion: almost everybody, but those who have not been entirely indoctrinated will see the plant eliminate their implanted belief systems. Laika would take out targeted telecommunications in non-allied nations and all who are under the Masayan's manipulated light would be cleansed or forced to die. The fire I owed him raged in my skull. There would be light beams consumed for euphoria. Light beams for endless laughter. The social comfort light streams. They would all gain an overpowering quality with my mystic plant infusions to digital rays. These were to be my cages, but they signed up to be inside a cage so what was the hurt?

Then, I would just have to take out all the pacifist monks left at all the monasteries around the World. Poseidon was to help me with this one. I was to let all the Yogis in India, and all the Buddhas in China – the hyper-spiritual – gather in the highest point in the post Flood World. Those that could endure the sheer force of the mystic plant by being spiritually clear and light would be called, by instinct, to this point where a food forest awaited them. I felt my facial bones were overexposed to anyone I encountered. When you make deals with Poseidon, you have to become part fish yourself.

There were many cages. Too many to name. Film/propaganda gave a rather condensed microcosm of society's reflection to each cage. To envision the spiritual ramifications of things like high interest mortgage bonds mired in technocratic gobble de gook. English was a cage in and of itself. The information blockade as evolution reacted to cages. The reaction was then blocked from the atmosphere. What happened far enough away on unobservable scales could not possibly have a meta effect on us. Unless, maybe, if we were to observe it and especially if we were to interpret it. Russian propaganda was not nearly as advanced as their American parallel. Hollywood coding had been long established to generate worship centers and targets of worship that would serve to reinforce the positions of those atop the Pyramid. This rabbit hole of misinformation went as deep as adapting the sound of

films to fit a certain code. Film, a beautiful medium, was lost to this concept of a mainstream — a main stream of worship.

Cages had been written into modern life that transcendence meant isolation. There was an idea that once all the cages ceased to exist that the human error would as well, but the truth was that all of this human trauma would be carried in the composition of whatever omni being came next. Creation reacts to hurt.

Given my reputation as just a filmmaker of pictures I would show no one for fear of its effect on them, I had *embras* of all sorts, with all their own hurts, and I was an emotional dumping ground for these women. It was all derived from their collective reaction to these black magic wizards. There was archetypal masculinity spelled into my false name: Alexander.

Nomenclature was another program. These were among the first programs imposed on the moderns. Hearing your name pleases most as the humans are conditioned from early on that hearing this combination of sounds always leads to attention, food, warmth, love. Over time, repeating one's name slowly erodes the same facial muscles from the tongue muscle exercise, along with the language programming that helps shape the human face. Then this cultural identity of women from each nation would also carry over its own programming.

All this English was really just an aspect of the gas cloud that is Venus. American being an extension, a tumorous growth, always questioning itself for its own value and expendability. Some crafty tarantula made one big web when they came up with English.

It was my first time on the playgrounds of Boston in the late 20<sup>th</sup> Century. Boston is a city known, in small part, for its aggression, racism, xenophobia, and fights. I was dressed super Russian. I must have been wearing Adidas sweatpants and some Disney graphic sweater that was immediately embarrassing. There were lots of fights because of my inability to speak English and my wardrobe and the now fashionable bowl haircuts. Typical insults to open these soft playground battles. These fights were like bonding exercises because I always befriended the opponent afterwards, win or loss.

One day, I was walking old A line Boston to the playground with my *babushka*. Trolley line service weaving through Armenian and Irish ghettos. Diners and corporate branding on stilettos. The green line in Boston was how I began to spell, then they discontinued A line service, so my alphabet started with B for a while and my immature magic was off. Neon altars. Nostalgic visitation of memories: staring at light bulbs and learning letters.



We arrived and saw kids playing. I turned helplessly to my grandmother and pleaded with her to write on my hand that “*menya zavoot Daniel*” — my name is Daniel — so that I could mingle with the kids and show them my palm as an introduction. I was three years old at the time. One of my earliest memories that shaped my obsession with English.

Later, I became fascinated at how the pen was more powerful than the sword. This fell into the realm of Thot, also some overlap with the magic of Venus, the Gas Queen of English; the part of Venus that was my mother in every sense of the World. But she had binding contracts with the new Gods of digital spheres. My loyalty would always be with Thot.

My *babushka* did not speak any English so she just felt bad for me and shook her scarved head. As I played, I admired the insults the kids threw at each other. The terms they used for the different ball games. I then had to destroy them at the ball games because they made fun of me for being Russian, them being mostly Irish or Italian in the neighborhood. Me against the World and I won. Russian domination. We all enjoyed being cruel and competitive.

I read signs. Fell in love with it like all Americans. Words triggered association. The point of good advertising was to induce anxiety which leads to purchase. I avoided ads but exposure was inevitable. I realized how American and English were separate entities. I travelled to Russia and Europe in my adolescent years. There, I realized that if I stared at lights long enough, I got words in the languages of whatever region I was. Though I did not know what they meant, when I did use these words, it was never questioned and just became vocabulary. No one was teaching me English either but I was learning. Sometimes just the right bumper sticker would ride by for a word I needed to use in a conversation. Or I would stare at the moon for long enough and figure out that *sagacious* is a word, as well as its definition as this power gained strength. When I stared at artificial lights, I learned the words linked to branding and commercialism. If I stared at a streetlamp in Zurich, for instance, I would get banking information in Swiss German.

I entered the Secret Palace of Thot.

The hallways are elegant as they are spacious. Banisters steer up the marble staircases and finish with ornate spirals that must have taken the lifetime of a man to complete. There are elaborate carvings of life and death on each rod. The Pope and my Godmother are, how should I put it, close. The ceilings were nearly six meters high, enough room for their progeny which would be tall enough to require such ceilings. Because they would be Giants of course.

I entered the amber room. The amber rose placed on the amber table where the Gas Queen sat, between the amber walls and amber ceilings, heard and recorded everything including physical movements down to the rates of breathing, heart rates. Fear was all in the Gas Queen's wheelhouse. I could only guess as to what her levels were. The amber tied to each of the artifacts in the room had its intention. I walked to the chair, thinking about breathing as normal as possible, and sat down across from her.

"Madness, controlled madness in a cage is human spectacle. The sheer power of my child who has driven himself mad — for those who are able to detach; many try and end up in psychiatric wards for their remainders."

"Then comes imitation: that would be American English for you."

"Imitation is the highest form of flattery."

"People are too afraid to imitate me," I said.

"There have been those that tried, my dear. I have lost many a child attempting the same feat but under some delusions. I have observed copies of you but the copies in this case preceded the original."

"How is that for a paradox?"

"Your own shadows versus your self. The implications of your actions being your shadow. All the tangible action in the central physical reality represent your self. Another is spelled by virtual religion with every moment you waste. The Devil

composing of course with his artificial light, and then enter a prison that they cannot escape.” She said ‘Devil’ as opposed to Masayan, a transparent attempt to keep the power of invocations to her advantage.

“Prison that is too pleasant to even think of departure?”

“Yes consumer death: everything brought to your jail cell window. Transcendence of these structures being mostly inaccessible,” she breathed out steam, as if creating a vacuum in her lungs for a more serious breath, “brushing elbows with the Gods but you would never be here without Thoreau and Thoreau would have never been here without me.”

“Nor you without Thot,” I paused as well – serious invocations take a lot of breath – “or the Masayan.” I opted out of invoking the Biblical version, and went around English.

Each Queen of England – different – has a holographic meeting with the Queen of English at some point early on in their reigns, enough to make a lasting impression, the need of the monarchy to uphold English as the universal language. To preserve the King James Bible and controlling literature to make it more bibliocentric. English had its deal with the Pope. These Gods appear for the World’s elite to continue their infinite chess game against their rival Gods.

I looked over to my tired World Mother as she recomposed with amber tinted breaths. Her fingers, aged beyond mortal appearances, were skeletal but shining, of an unbreakable nature. She held her teacup of raw philosopher stone as though it was a mere extension of her skeleton. There was a stillness about her that was uniquely hers and impossible to replicate. In her other hand she held, from her collection of power objects, a pen made from the skull of Thot.

God human interactions that would act as direction from Commander Gods to control English. God itself, as a term, was part of the Gas Queen’s deal with the Pope. God as an all-encompassing term was used by commercialized religion so that the masses would see the Gods as one entity and not attempt to seek out divisions between them. The lower classes would then have had too much power to change the Gods with their own belief systems. Every concept equated to a God. Every occurrence in nature as well. People can derive power from what their personal power needs are.

Something was broken even within the magic of writing things into my life. It was English. My cleansing of classism could not go without a change to the English language. Where to begin? The King James Bible, perhaps. The basis for nomenclature is to attach programming to people. Not to suggest that all meta

behavior modifiers are unethical. Just that the mere repetition of certain groupings of sound change the muscular layout of your tongue, jaws, throat; even eyes as we are certain to react more to sounds that are similar to our names.

The Queen of American pixelates into the marble staircase and descends holding the banisters after apparating into the Secret Palace of Thot:

“Vegas on acid. Cocaine on the page. A frame of space-time expanded and then twisted forever. Spirals interpreted the same way for eternity. Utopia in an apocalyptic paradise. The pair of dice rolling impossible numbers. Euphoria becomes one with the super ego. A pock of lips scarred from mercuric acid in the dungeon of American daydreams,” the Gas Queen of American chanted fast as she strolled into the amber room, only her gas was sponsored by Nike, “These babies meeting without me, conspiring.” She sat with us at the table, over which hung a swinging amber lantern, moved by all the gasses pressurizing, depressurizing, learning each other’s information.

“I’m sorry, have you two not been acquainted?” I asked in jest. Asinine measures to bring some level plane to the air: humor. As most words, the interpretation of humor lies with the audience. Nobody had words for everybody in the World.

“I heard your monopolizing on art. Some gringo tourists in the jungle couldn’t keep their mouths shut about this mystic root,” the Queen of American getting right down to business in lieu of pleasantries. She had overheard about the root’s consumption.

The Queen of American was once beautiful. The early days of her evolution before the artificial light disoriented her.

“Would you like some tea?” asked the Queen, of English,” I would offer you some biscuits but they are dry and you must not have any teeth left, now do you dear?” she projected her own insecurity over her teeth, jumbled up and gross but in a different way than the plaque ridden American teeth. Speech of the tongues possessed by the Masayan left their damages because of the unnatural mouth movements.

It was an unholy spell that kept the Queen from Death. She was really not there physically though she appeared to be, overcompensation with ego that bound the essence of her light mass to the ground.

“No time for tea. We need to discuss the language settings of your mystic plant,” the Queen of American asked me.

“Sometimes I like watching how gas change the shape of rain, so I light candles when it’s raining,” I tried to change the topic.

“Shut up, you meth-head pyromaniac. This bitch ought not even know ‘bout this’. Them botanists was from the U.S. of A. My territory hence I know all about it,” she gloats.

“What botanists?” asked my World Mother of me.

“I’ll leave you to tell her your plans, but neither of us ain’t going nowhere permanent. At least not me. I’ll swallow this old bitch up for breakfast one day. You’ll see,” the Queen of American cackled as she departed for the hallways. “Sorry, my love, but this feeling is something Italian had already monopolized.” There she went, disappearing, trying to get the last word, already trying to brand out the alphabet.

I shouted at her vanishing wraith: “There will be so much absorbed on each frequency that it will transcend sound and therefore language. So, fuck you.”

Her unholy lights were cleared from the air to observe the World Mother’s realism. It was a touch more unholy, preserved within superficial layers that would be torn apart and made accessible to the untouchables. Who knew English itself had its enemies?

Trembles resonated between the English Gas, my World Mother, in the Palace of Thot. Always multiple conversations on disparate frequencies. She fought. Invention of Argument. She sent heartbeat frequencies over to my heart field when I opened it to the mode of receptiveness, knowing that it was invasion and defensive attack, manicured and curated in pristine elegance. The American was sacrificed by the World Mother in a gesture of embattlement. Her power roared in my heart and lifted my heart to higher vibrational centers. The American Queen, her daughter, was sacrificed. I accepted the child sacrifice but it only pushed me closer to Death following her demappment.+

“We are of a race that is only afraid of our own thoughts.” She sips her tea.

“You programmed them into me. The primordial associations of sound.”

“And the news I hear suggests that you may have programmed them out.”

“We are always left with some need to compartmentalize. If all is one, the moment we begin to divide the elements, and view them as separate from us is the moment language is born. I simply offer a very simple language. Similar to how early man left carvings such as spirals which we recognize as a primordial feeling.”

“Have you at least got it in your will that you would like to reanimate your corpse?”

“Nice trick. The Devil observes these lingual discrepancies, last will and rights testimonies: oral or written. I have no will bitch. All dies with me. We serve different masters: you the Masayan; and I, preservation of the source, the Secret Chamber of Osiris within which the collective consciousness will contract to survive a global flood.”

Forces invoked were of too grand a scope that it immediately reflected back on us in an extremely unsettling, disruptive manner. Sheer force of Poseidon, water, ego death and meta contraction of the light particles of the soul. So, we meditated in the chamber; the chamber which had a direct oversight to the Great Concavity, Thot being Godfather to Osiris.

“That includes ego death. How did you avoid the language locks developed within the justice system?”

“I am beyond judgement. I am a reflection of the judgement of others. Your previously indomitable systems of law are structures that I have transcended. The touch of egotistic realism that keeps you on the ground will be swallowed up, but mine will go absolutely last.”

“Matricide. I knew it would come to this,” she reminisced with old tiredness, transmission of your consciousness to a plant to have a known record of the Masayan for the next vessel of consciousness.”

As the visualization of her death passed into her diminishing shadow, enough left to serve me in the Secret Palace of Thot. And the owner swept in and I was in a different place immediately as the gust of Him collapsed me into the formless ground. I felt His skeleton cracking open my head and probing invasively. A vulture for consciousness. A spider feeding on its conscious victims caught in its web. The thoughts of symbolism is His language; communion with nature. Even so, He kept the shadow of English alive to deliver his final message.

“The Secret Chamber of Osiris lays beyond Hell’s gates. The concavity of the Giza pyramid is a mere imitation. Dreams have been taken over by the Masayan.” He paused and a mourning gloom passed over me as I felt my skull crack and adjust to the fortification bestowed upon me by Him. “You are strong but the journey only begins when you pass to my brother’s chamber; a new library with a singular link to what remains.”

“I am to be thought for someone else.”

All the forces I had previously invoked were present. They did not act. It was theater. God is theater. What are we without this drama?

The gift about meeting with some of these other half and quarter God folks was that some I had written into existence long ago, but of course this extension of Venus was a bit different. It was how I got written into existence. My only way to transcend the Queens of the mechanical gobble de gook that was modern globalized language was with my mystic root. She no longer had power over me and her fate was mine to visualize. Though everything was to die.

Curses only had weight when people believed in them. There was a matter of issue when people believed in this virtual religion enough, it would also serve to reinforce who they are. People were treated like dogs and the beliefs of their masters served to reinforce this. Muzzles were out in full force. If people did not feel robots were performing their tasks before then they sure as fuck felt that way now.

People would be hurt by hearing that they are being programmed and conditioned, hence the limited exclusive nature of this text. Pigeoned away in places where the change could begin from the other two corners of the Pyramid, from the readers own perceptions flailing in the wind on the fringes and landing upon those who they exert some control over their spheres to possibly even see the injustice of their actions, adapting to environs where they could insulate as a nation of gringo *jeffes*.

The quantum influence could be observed already. In each of my jurisdictions, the spark had enabled a backlash, an inner vitriol from the virtual religion’s headquarters. They lashed out with shills and smear campaigns, as expected, but the people on the ground, the non-shills, they knew about paganism.

Heat came in from far away with my attack on the same books and letters that tried to paint me as some malevolent creature: The Bible had given me a poor reputation but I did not give a fuck – on with the scourge: it was for the greater good.

Somewhere beneath the sun, the dense clouds lean into the volcano's path. The smoke is controlled to protect the area from observation, zones the ancient rays refuse to illuminate. The boys can see through the foggy forest. On foot and in their black hooded uniforms, the three boys ascend. Charlie has astronomical binoculars draped by rope around his neck. The other two, Damien and Riley, carry walking sticks that they had fashioned from fallen tree branches. Damien is hunching over his stick and limping, impersonating an elderly person. The younger boy, Riley, laughs along and then attempts his own impersonation which is markedly less funny than Damien's original. Damien and Riley continue off *piste*, passing the two-thousand-foot elevation indicator while Charlie trails a few hundred feet behind them.

"What the fuck are you doing back there, jerking off?" shouts Damien. He picks up a pebble and with his stick, he bats it at Charlie. The pebble misses.

"I'm looking at rats," Charlie replies, binoculars pressed up to his eyes. When he puts down the binoculars, the rats disappear.

"What? You're jerking off to cats?" asks Damien, pretending he cannot hear him. He lowers his voice so that only Riley can hear him, "Hear that, Riley? Charlie has lost it. He's spanking it to flatland creatures that are extinct. We better keep going without him before he moves on to imaginary bestiality." Riley chuckles though not fully understanding the joke, only its intention to



be funny. He picks up a pebble to bat at Charlie. He tosses it up but twitches his head as he swings. Having lost eye contact with the rock, he whiffs and loses his balance, falling to the ground in the swing's follow through. Damien laughs as Riley gets up.

"Get some rocks and do some pitching.," says Damien. Riley gathers a few stones from the volcano's floor and proceeds to toss up pebbles for his counterpart to strike. Riley stands in front of him, ducking out of the way after each pebble toss. Damien strikes a rock. It passes over Riley to land near Charlie, sending the Charlie's rats into a squeaky frenzy as they climb over one another to locate what they believe to be possible food discards.

Charlie notices that the skinniest rat is the fastest. His eyes press into the binoculars; he fearlessly ignores the aerial projectiles; interpreted as an unspoken disrespect towards their athletic abilities, by his peers. Unflinching, Charlie loiters on the volcano's dry cinders. Charlie observes the macrodonta on a nearby rat as the creature holds a newly acquired fruit to inspect its life source.

Charlie wonders what it knows about the fruit.

His mind wanders and he finds himself questioning the transcendence he has escaped the troupe to seek. He feels a marked connection interference with his two comrades. He values their trust, their understanding after initiating the unimpeded escape from the troupe, but senses their juvenile negativity and feels it is his fate to balance it all. If he cannot help them, Charlie intuits that they will soon die.

Damien takes another swing. This time, he almost strikes a dawdling binocularized Charlie, sending the rats into another race for retrieval.

"Why don't he be reacting?" Riley asks.

They make it to the ridge where their corporeal bodies are protected and after a set of warm-ups, they begin. Their direction: the glass chamber that resides within. Riley guides them as the glass's location changes often without notice. He instinctively knows where to go. Charlie and Damien follow, holograms bending and warping in the lava's backdrop, silhouettes untouched by fire. Their corporeal bodies left at the ridge.

They find the shining natural creation and enter by narrowing to fit its indivisible photon sized entryway. The size of the entry functions as a deterrent for psychic invaders as there is no guarantee that they will return to their full-state. As their bodies get smaller and smaller, they are subject to the illusion of physical information loss as well as memory and most will abandon their attempts prior to the total removal of ego required near the zero-shift phase where one becomes a photon: a thermal photon and its virtual pair which enters the chamber and returns to its prior form though as hologram.

"Anyone know how to get this up and out of here?" asks Damien.

Charlie closes his eyes with reticence and the chamber's glazed floor ignites to propel the chamber and its passengers up toward midheaven where it stalls before commencing a downward trajectory that elicits shrieks and screams from Damien and Riley. The glass octagon plunges into the bay waters before rising up to the surface to display its buoyancy. "Now I gather that we must meditate and use our electromagnetism as fuel," says Charlie calmly.

"Riley, you practically punctured my eardrums screaming so loud," says Damien, though Charlie notes that Damien's hollers were indeed louder.

“You see the shadows turning ahead. Get ready for a bit of malevolence, Riley. The waters are spinning a whirlpool but it is rather calm out here,” warns Charlie.

“Navigating around it will not do. Its airspace is collecting a growing twister above the cyclone, Open to rip currents of comparable force” says Riley., “this do be indicated as a large being's toilet on the map,” yells Riley.

“We'd certainly vanish to a different point if we went in,” says Charlie, “but we know there is just as much to worry about with holographic travel as there is regular.”

Losing patience with hours of meditation, Damien asks “if we go in will it be closer to the realm entry point?”

“I'm unsure. Looking for it leads my faculties to the sixth dimension which is yet to be mapped.”

Their moving chamber shakes, though not the result of the whirling liquids, winds or vapors, but rather a different force seems to engulf the light which reflects off of the chamber.

“I'm taking the controls and turning back to the abandoned pre-Fall aircraft base,” says Damien.

“There were carvings of guys who looked like toothless simian mongoloids. I'm frightened they still occupy the thing,” yells Riley over the increasing volume of the vortex they approach.

“Who said anything about them being Mongolian?” asks Charlie.

“Gobi waters? There be nothing beneath there, but there do be many bridges,” shouts Riley.

“We won't make it over Russian waters if we don't wait out this air and vortex thing,” says Damien, “come on, we're trained to encounter vortices. Don't tell me Good ol' Charlie, hero of

the south, boy who cannot cry, is spooked by this.”

“I’m only considering you and Riley.”

“If only we were nearly as powerful,” says Damien, mocking him, “I will manage. And Riley.

It’ll be an experience for him. Put a little hair on the old boy’s chest.”

“I do be hirsute,” says Riley in a specious tone, a psychological posture of one unaffected by Damien’s constant derogation.

They speed along the water. Charlie projects with light that seems to surround him, moving through specters in the ocean’s mist. The chamber balances in its drift, not showing where it ends and if the base is in the water or not, creating a smaller pool in the water beneath, and a swirling cloud above. The underneath beckons with a hiss.

Within the volcano — and pre-Fall, all volcanoes — are grown only one of these gaseous chambers. They appear to be solid glasses with unique refractive properties which render the electromagnetic vacuum capable of bilocation from within to an external source and vice versa. This can only occur when the octagonal chamber is within its originating point. When it departs for electromagnetic travel, its function changes.

Before the Fall, volcanoes produced this product like oyster do pearls. One per volcano. After at least a year or two dependent on the volcano’s position: some larger volcanos taking a lifetime.

Once removed from the volcano, the refraction turns inward. Passengers who believe themselves to be drivers, are convinced otherwise, pulled to the chamber's counter-points. Electromagnetic affinities towards inverted under-water volcanoes guide them. The Floods left only two volcanoes; one of which has yet to be located, its coordinates possessed by Poseidon himself; the other, Wallis had obstructed from Core surveillance by mutiny, stolen information to hide himself and the volcano's position from the collective consciousness.

Bilocation, being a final frontier for occult study. The sort of thing even those interested in such esoterica had been hard pressed to believe. The light and its shadow have a point where light becomes shadow and shadow becomes light. When the light is split in two — and as Wladimir has acquired the capability — more than two, it can be dictated to behave in unnatural waves solely by applying electromagnetic force. The observation of this natural paradox led to awareness that led to control.

“If we want to study bilocation, we are at the right place,” says Charlie.

“So disappointed Charlie. I was ready to handicap an over/under on the time it would take for Riley to implode in the Vortex.”

“I would have outlasted you. Maybe an embankment built by legionnaires, I don't know if I'm safe. This structure is unmapped. You said I'd be safe,” Riley says.

“Riley you just keep existing and contributing nothing until we need you,” Damien says.

“I saw defunct apropos-ium mines,” Charlie devises as shells of children's auras drift through the mist coordinated. The Flood's auras remain at the surface of the expanded underwater realm.

Charlie views them through his binoculars but only for a moment because, having been restricted for channeling into something for a rebirth, the view of the auras' naked corporeal skeletons is a violation of common social propriety, he thinks.

"This sailing trip is reminding me of some scrambled pre-Fall memory that came back after the Reprogramming of Deprogramming, yet remains fractured," says Damien.

"You think it was the past or a vision of the future in the recirculated memory? I always get confused about that myself," asks Charlie.

"I don't know. It's interfered but I feel like I've learned about what the memory depicts. I can't seem to remember the exact thought. When I think of my first post-fruit memories, it's like I can suddenly see deeper like I'm floating through a window, riding shuttered light. I think of it and the more I do, the more it slips away, so I stop the thought to maybe preserve what is left of it in my subconscious, a partial unholy photograph meant to tease me."

"We're heading through a sonic area. Unseen bats make turbulent ripples in the water. We must keep projecting at the same pace," directs Riley, referencing his internal map and external notes.

The air's moisture visibly lifts from the water to dissolve into the chamber. Light disseminates into a pointillistic series of yellow circles which contrast the darkened canvas of starless moonlight.

They proceed forward in a transient equilibrium.

“There were a number of bound presences in the memory, and I gave up scanning through them because it was rather depressing. But I absorbed it all timelessly, and in those fractured moments, I was able to perceive timelessness. The function of their bindings is unclear. It seems that they serve to empower rather than restrain,” Damien says.

“It may be both. Life meant to thrive through suffrage,” says either a correct or properly brainwashed Charlie.

“Impossible. If only you mean that by serving others, you are in fact serving yourself,” he says, a smile rounding his face. A collection of screeches of that which is hidden ripples the water.

“That's about to do about nothing. Just ‘cus Charlie say it ain't be. Charlie is knowing about this,” says Riley. The screeches patter his words, but Charlie feels Riley conveyed the feeling of his discourse contribution regardless of audibility.

“Beyond echelons of far reaching hodunks, Riley. Be I any clearer about the conjunction of this here assignment. You are by no means to impart any unborn phrases or impartations. I'm going to reassign your language programming to DogSpeak if you don't gesture up.”

Scant negativity circles the chamber in the sonic field. The possible bats are in the shadows, staying out of the moon's yellow mass and its network of points.

“The fields of Bali, if you must know, is all I remember,” says Damien. “The Dutch armies sequester the seas, annex the Balinese retreat points, and believe that they had now forced them into a conflict.

The Dutch await on the beaches. Their vast naval fleet lingers in the tepid waters. Adorned in

a sort of uniform, a cross between knight's armor and samurai robe, the Balinese arrived at the beaches. Though vastly outnumbered, they drew their swords. The Dutch armies readied as they presupposed that the Balinese would not submit to their rule without a fight.

As their elder chief gives an echoing holler, the Balinese perform their version of hari-kari — which only varies in the puncture points, the Balinese preferring to work down from the top of the digestive tract.”

“They were unwilling to surrender their spirits, and without ego channeled their aura power into a future iteration of light.” Charlie senses Damien is withholding information. Damien senses Charlie’s sense. “I appreciate your transparent attempts to prevaricate, since you have never really answered my questions, there seems to be an aspect to the mystic fruit consumption that you are keeping from me. Do you think I will access all pre-programming memory after I take the fruit?”

“I'm unsure. It may be. Eureka Charlie! Looks like something about this typhoon is setting in.

The phantasmagoria begins effectively with your push forward or push back to be more

accurate.” “I feel a chaotic interference Riley and you may be unprepared for. I turned —“

“Charlie! Let me be clear. I may be the one who finally makes you cry if you don't stop the infantilizing bullshit and recognize that our passing would have been our choice.”

The chamber does not adjust course as it carries them. Charlie's partly focused meditation fuels them as many subconscious processes transpire concurrently. From the waters, a foreign



evaluation assesses Charlie and his inutile pre-Fall memory, all of which had been curated by others. His own identity bothered but still there. They assess Damien's mastery of character deficits that are difficult to master. Aware of these thought transfers surging from the waters, the boys block them.

"See, my willingness to express juxtaposes your desire to keep everything to yourself," says Damien, sensing the openness of the foreign assessment and that Charlie is there to interpret it also. "In the underwater realm beneath us, there are plenty of life forms derived from the Seed of Light, but they are at constant odds with a balanced array of the Seed of Dark's creatures. The flat bottom fish, all the ones in Wallis's lecture on the subject and then the forms we don't know about with properties we wouldn't have believed to exist."

The chamber approaches a fleet of hidden invisible which emits sonic frequencies to freeze the three young cadets on the water's surface. "Pre-Fall, these creatures evolved to become experts at hiding, and researchers without extra-elementary information classified them as extinct in the wild. They communicate with soundless vibrations that collectively have a potent effect when all the masses gather, in unison, a keyed entry portal for passage."

"Greetings," Charlie thinks and his thought transfers to a rippled response of waves which not only he detects.

"What words they say, Charlie?" Riley asks.

Ignoring Riley's premature question, Charlie hears a muffled response from his greeting. The water bubbles in aberrant patterns. They ready their overall collective message, knowing their disguise is sensed. "They are being quite defensive," says Charlie, "but they aren't invisible bats. They

are actually offended that we thought this.”

“I don’t hear it. I believe it's their mirrors that reside in the underwater realm, hence the cyclone funneling into its massive whirlpool,” postulates Damien, rabid speech minced with feelings of inferiority because of not knowing. “Looks safer than three boys floating through swirling torpedoes to whirl varied sea objects into the winds that extend out of sight into the skies.” The yellow sat actionless, inset in the black, refusing to reflect its light. The boys know it to be yellow but cannot see to confirm.

“Let’s keep moving,” Damien argues with a vacant stare. His jaw hangs open loose. The yellow watches them carefully.

“I don't have to tell you. You don't have to imagine. You have experienced the abject suffering of our known realms. From surviving pieces gathered together to form the opposing mirror to like infinitely multiply,” says Damien, words that become a manifestation of the ideas which channel from nature's divinity. “This is not a request. It is a geopolitical ordinance with concomitant punitive suffrage imparted upon violators in a facet of geometric engineering that curtles into dysphoric chords of latent cries and schisms and riddles and paradigms and vertices and points.”

Damien and Charlie pause together.

“Decided to swim, have we?” loud oral perceptions of an unfamiliar voice vibrate and stretch the membrous layers of their eardrums to near puncture. The boys, trained to resist, struggle to counter an overpowering psychic invasion.

“Who the hell are you?” Damien reacts as two beatific mermaids become visible through

their floor's semi-solid surface, "I'm pitching a tent here. Don't know if you can notice since it's under water."

The two swimmers glisten alongside the moving chamber. They possess disproportionate widths in all the right places. Light scales of skin colors that differ dependent upon the observer's preferences reflect through the patterned waters to sparkle inside the chamber. "Though we could not be bothered to traverse to the surface, you have delved deep enough where an inquisition is warranted," says one mermaid, pouting her full lips at the end of each syllable of 'inquisition' and 'warranted'.

"First job in, what could be now, twenty centuries?" asks the other. "Boys, this is my semi-ancient companion, Arielle."

"She looks the same age as you."

"See Arielle, I am prettier."

"Our physical bodies are literally made to have the same levels of magnetism to those who observe. He only said that you *looked* the same age, not that you are by any means prettier."

"Life experience does not reflect in physical characteristics anymore I suppose." "Uh huh. You believe that would make you more attractive?"

"Are we seriously comparing life trauma now?"

"Trauma exists within physical bodies. Neuropeptides in the gut microbiome," Ariel gives Arielle a

sharp glance. “These boys know that already. We don’t have to hide it from them.”

After quiet observation, the visual distracting from the aural, Damien suggests, “we could resolve these judgements all together, maybe somewhere private?”

Ariel and Arielle’s physical bodies are affected with past consciousnesses. Ariel is a former MI6 operative merged with one of Cleopatra III’s soothsayers who betrayed her. She has transcended the highest levels of espionage into the shadow realm.

Arielle, a former engineer in the field of artificial intelligence relies upon applying similar code to the neural nets of those who Ariel had surveilled. Now beguiled to serve Poseidon, an additional consciousness of a Dutch city planner, once tasked with building moats and flooding the Lower Countries, is merged into Arielle’s body. This leaves Arielle performing frequent head twirls and hair brushes characteristic of the Dutch. Glances are drawn fast in machine-like manner. Flattering remarks — though vulgar, like Damien’s — jolt her chin upright and flip a hand through the hair.

“This one’s neural net is blockaded in an unusual manner, possible sub-species with evolved resistance,” says Arielle.

“Oh what —?” pretends Ariel, that this is only a chance occurrence and they have no foreknowledge and they did not seek out the chamber. Damien and Riley look at Charlie as Arielle stares at him.

“We could try something else,” suggests Arielle. Her breasts’ shapes grow from perky to large as she pushes them together in the downward phase of her breast stroke. Not

because such actions are required but because she wants to. Charlie deadpans, full course ahead.

“Leave it. Though attractive, I have a feeling he is undeterred by his carnal impulses. Besides, he likely has no electromagnetic affinity towards us,” whispers Ariel.

“So, he is neutral? He got neutered?” she chuckles over their whisper. “He just needs a sort of psychic pull greater than the Æther.”

“I’ll pull something for him.”

“Are you able to reconfigure his neural net based upon a mere few extrapolations?”

Typically, able to vary programmed neural nets of most when impacted by the water’s surface, Arielle is perplexed and forced into inaction by Charlie’s unprecedented parameters. “No.

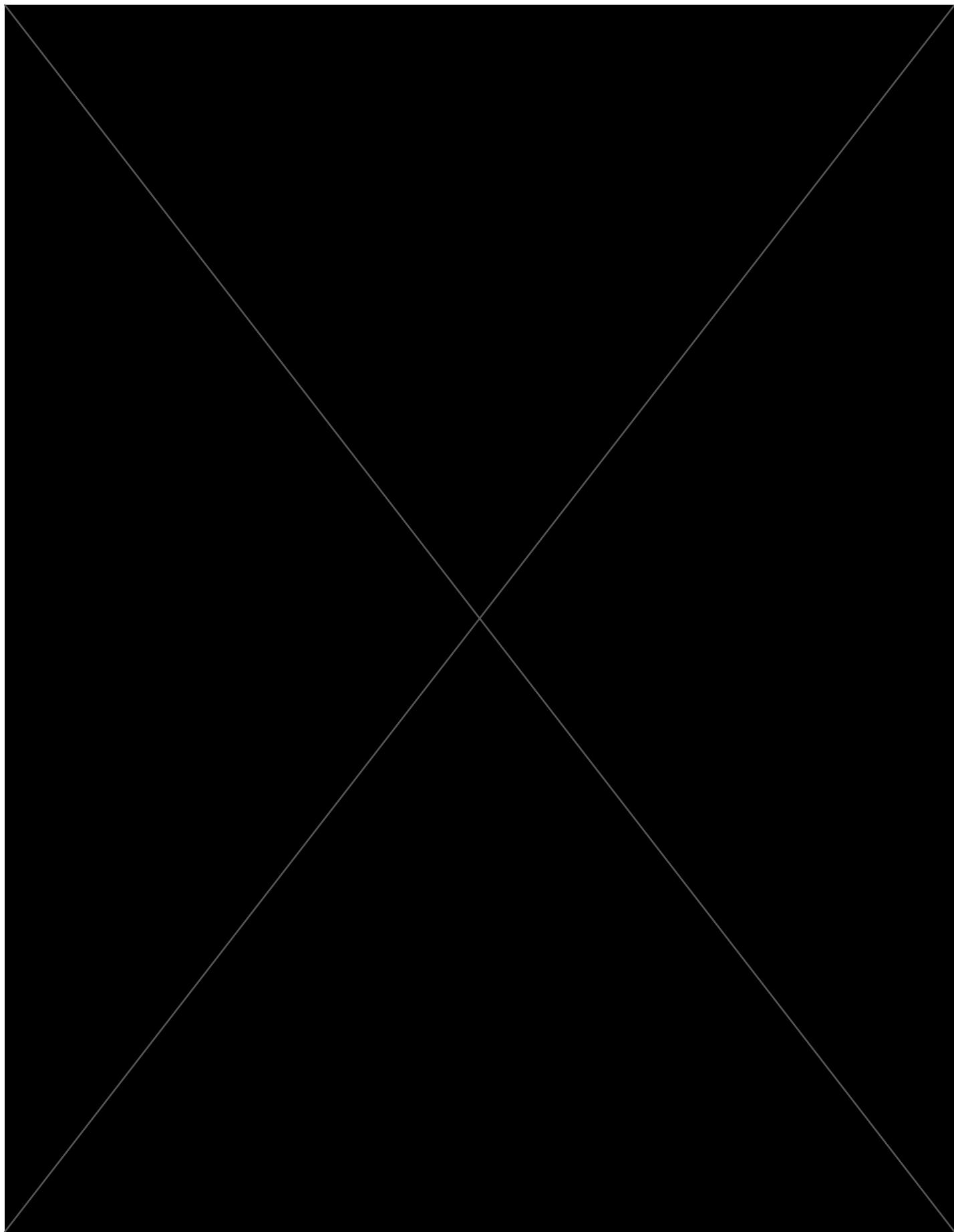
This must be him.

I cannot retrieve much else other than a few foundational texts from he was able to extrapolate a great deal of information.”

“We could maybe torture his friends?”

“No,” says Charlie.

“We don’t need you to defend us.”



“How brave of him? You sure you cannot see anything in his neural net? Perhaps what pleases him?” asks Ariel sashaying in the water.

Charlie’s creative force activates in another way. “You cannot see anything. All I can see is you. You were once whores — spies — but whores nonetheless.”

“What will please the boy?” asks Ariel.

“Either way, the others we can discombobulate a bit. Turn their objectives inside out. Betrayal inserted deep into their nets’ sub-plots.”

“The smaller boy has a word list usually indicated for partial-programmed factions, but it is all transparent, written on the outside,” says Arielle.

“Like Ptolemy’s library?”

“The teacher himself so afraid of conspiratorial information that he had every bit written on the exterior.”

“Conspirators fearing one another. Even within that information, there can still be some sort of code written by the text’s original authors.”

“If that is the case, then he is involuntarily coding as he breathes. He speaks with the typical butchered slang of the partial-programmed.”

~Let’s turn back to some land so we can circumnavigate these two, Damien thought transfers. Charlie agrees, lifting the chamber over the surface and retreating.

“Bye-bye boys.”

“Sorry to see you go so soon.”

The magnetism shifts. A carve cuts into the water. It appears static in correlative motion to precede the chamber. Occasional traps of aura’s mists that induce tense hallucinations upon regular swimmers electrify at the glasses’ edges. Hollow and steep, air holds the vessel’s crew suspended.

Waves once carried the differences among cultures in the water. Messages which all could once interpret through the flames. The nightly hearth’s shadows beneath a lattice network of stars. Charlie steers and thinks of the women. They all do, but Charlie sees through to their outlines.



## THE TROUPE BOYS GO TO BERMOODA

“Tongue puckering sweets my amigos. My coordination indicates these isles, once known as Bermooda, be it the last patch of dry terra prior to an expanse of the widest ocean,” says Riley.

“We break there and rest. Otherwise, I’ll regret not taking one after I’m trapped with your insufferable patois for the rest of our journey,” says Damien.

“If we break, won’t we be liable to be detected by O forces?” asks Charlie who has seemingly gotten comfortable with simultaneous talking and electromagnetic steering.

“Remember, Sir Charles, that I’ve already eaten the fruit. We find a hidden patch of land and make camp for a few hours. I’ll deter any passerby fools from seeing us by creating a thought realm manipulation sphere and Riley here will use his Core to keep us off their radars.”

“What about the higher ranked O employees, the partial reprogrammed ones, aren’t they less vulnerable to thought-spirit manipulation?” asks Charlie, beginning to view the scheduled respite as an unneeded risk.

“That’s just Wallis teaching you to always keep your guard up. Fact is that there is nobody regularly trekking the flatlands and as long as we stay away from their clouds, their radars, and their lines of vision,” Damien looks to Riley who he observes scribbling away in his travel log, “then they won’t notice a thing except the back of our eyelids.”

Without looking up from his log, “Charlie, Damien be it real close. I be liable to project a bit and skat of the old emesis. The waves bobbing me intestine setting that heavy porridge ready to,” says Riley, “do the thing you asked me to stop repeating.”

“This is not a case of absent instinct that you have to have your conscious mind remind you of.

Fear not for your reptilian brain’s shortcomings. Riley and I will meditate the rest of the way while you use your aura to steer, so that you know we have a maxed-out cache of energy for our Core and Thought spirits.”

'Sure. You'll be ready for a whole lot of manipulations by then. How about O radars? If Riley guides us using his internal map, will he still be able to create an off-the-radar zone also?' asks Charlie as he controls the alignment of his electromagnetic energy to steer.

“Don't worry Charlie. That takes minimal energy. Maybe a minute of meditation for ol' Riley.”

“So, for a minute, once we find a campsite, we will be detectable on the radars?”

“Charlie, it be forty-five seconds, not no minute! Three quarters of a minute. Damien don't ever be crediting my ability proper.”

“In that minute, yes, we will be detectable on their radars, but once we disappear, they will chalk us up as a blip, a glitch in their systems. Any other passerby folks, I will redirect.”

The chamber moves slowly as Charlie struggles to align. He shuffles within the octagonal walls before leaning into the glass side that faces their path — among the vestiges of an ancient beautiful land and vanished culture are swaths of dried mud, dead vegetation, along with the culprit Cloud Cities responsible for Bermooda’s state. Charlie unfolds his binoculars to look out at their

mostly flatlanded destination. The two cities that he can see have typical circular walled enclosures beneath platforms that, with the day's low fog in place, he can only assume carry the Oligopoly clouds.

“See that patch of terrain on the eastern edge?” Charlie asks and passes the binoculars to Damien. “That looks to be an adequate docking location.”

Damien looks. “Some trees even. A few hills. Oceanside property like you always wanted. Riley. Set course to dock on that eastern side, the geology readings of your map should indicate Bermooda's highest elevation in that zone.”

“Hitherto it be. The circle folk may reason otherwise upon your incoming advent.”

'Charlie, remember that in the water realm, we are invisible, undetectable and most importantly, we are protected. No matter what happens, remember that because of the parts of the protocol that we have all finished, even you, that you can get out of most tight spots by finding the water.”

“Unless you ain't got the swimming capabilities then you best unto yourself an O prison man then be a drowning dead freeman.”

## THE DOLDRUMS

“Are we even conducting anymore?” asks Damien, questioning the air’s other influences.

“We are. I feel a pull in my head,” says Charlie.

“Yes. Yes. Feels it I, too,” says Riley.

“In his pants after the swimmers. How did you react to that? I wonder what it’s like to be Riley,” says Damien out loud.

“I feel it too, Riley. Stronger the closer we get.” Charlie rises from meditation.

“Thought transfers or just your own electromagnetic affinity?” asks Damien.

“Could be either,” Charlie shrugs.

“In before times, I was in so much pain and Wallis brought me relief. It all now be oh so more clear,” says Riley, answering Damien’s prior inquiry.

“Relief?” Damien stirs upright, “I once heard about this thing. Charlie you listening?”

“Yes. You heard about a thing. We got to keep this chamber moving. I know that meditation is difficult for you.”

“This is important. I’ll share this with while sacrificing the messenger’s trust, but I cannot identify him.

“I can tell you,” says Riley, “turn oils of the worst abject suffering I felt everywhere when he first found me. He would bring these spirals, swirls, spheres of light to my bedside. I felt pain inside them. I heard lots of cries. Bad stuff I wanted to undo. Then, we would breathe it and breath it and breath it. Time to time. A schedule I’d never seen’t. After enough breathing of these lights, I felt better. Wallis unchained me from my bed because I was no longer a danger to myself.”

“Charlie, this means Wallis has a Reciprocation source. I learned of this process while detouring my neural net in the volcano, to where those who have psychic messages to send appear.

The plague of others when encapsulated is a source of supreme irresistible euphoria. Riley, what state were you in when Wallis found you?”

“I was persistently attempting to eliminate my map.” “Suicide attempts?”

“Head-first swan-dives from towers.”

“Interesting choice: I mean to jump that is.” “Only one option really.”

“Well it’s some kind of fairy tale really: Wallis rescues you from a tower, aside from the whole consumption of the auras of others thing,” he softens his voice from jocular to serious, “point is that Wallis may still have a hidden Reciprocation source.”

“Or they tortured that kind of information out of him upon his imprisonment.”

“How could he not have pinched some of their supply? He set everything up right under the noses of Oligopoly surveillance: stole high-value recruits, cloaked the volcano, took this chamber.”

“I could use a ball of suffering about now. Tongue puckering sweets my amigos.

Coordination indicates these isles, once known as Bermooda, be it the last patch of dry terra prior to an expanse of ocean,” says Riley.

“We break there. Come up with a strategy for the more forceful, under-water dwellers and rest. Otherwise, I'll regret not taking one after I'm trapped with your insufferable patois for the rest of our breakless journey,” says Damien.

“And you're sure that If we break, we won't be detected by O forces?” asks Charlie who has seemingly gotten more skilled at speech with simultaneous electromagnetic steering.

“Remember, Sir Charles, that I've already eaten the fruit. We find a hidden patch of land and make camp for a few hours. I'll deter any passerby fools from seeing us by creating a thought realm manipulation sphere and Riley here will use his Core to keep us off their radars.”

With the mist of incipient rainstorms overhead, the glass chamber drifts fast, skimming the ocean's topmost water, on course toward Bermooda island.

“What about the higher ranked O employees, the partial-programmed ones, aren't they less vulnerable to thought spirit manipulation?” asks Charlie, beginning to view this respite as an unneeded risk.

“That's just Wallis teaching you to always keep your guard up. Fact is that there is nobody regularly trekking the flatlands and as long as we stay away from their clouds, their radars, and their

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“Unless you ain't got the swimming capabilities then you best turn unto yourself an O prison man than be a drowning dead freeman.”

“Or those underwater ladies show up and start judging us again. They were like sexy inspectors,” mentions Charlie.

“The proportions of divinity.” Damien returns to his meditative pose, seated in a full lotus on the chamber's transparent floor which reveals the activity of the ocean life beneath. Riley resumes scribbling cryptic charts and notes that only he can interpret. He then notices that Damien is accruing psychic energy for their rest stop and that that is what he should be doing; he quickly



replaces his pen for chin mudras and commences his meditation. Charlie leans forward and, through his binoculars, monitors the O activity on the flatland. The chamber cuts the top of the misty waters with Charlie's EMF output actively channeling its force into a forward thrust where its emissions are then gathered into another forward thrust; a perpetual rotation that, as the operator gains experience, becomes seamless with no discernible change of pace between forward propulsions.

“I guarantee we viewed different women. We are in highly pressurized zones. I’m uncertain where we are going and they just come along.”

“All perky and pale. A Ruskyi catamite that had sexy bones.”

“But swimming?”

“Yes.”

“Bones?”

“Objects in dissolution for such long periods.”

“Time is a direction; and that direction was seen.” They talk excitedly. Damien defends himself so he does not appear sired and stocked. “She has the structure and anatomy that I enjoy.”

“And they are the same energetic radiance, set to record and not kill.” They float through a pressurized system of one.

## BERMOODA

The chamber halts on the water at the threshold to the GCA realm; an octagonal glass wall touches the Core's land and vaporizes. Damien and Riley, excited for their Bermoodanian sojourn, clamber past Charlie who remains, untraceable, inside the chamber to examine the territory for O presence. He scans with his binoculars and analyzes his analysis; the blind spot of his instinct. He hears a shuttering from beyond the clouds that sounds different than the aircrafts that would pass near the troupe's volcano.

Damien, standing a few feet uphill away from the chamber, says to Charlie, “some fearless adventuring ragamuffin you are. Hurry up. The sooner we make camp, the sooner the fears that you think you should have will dissipate. I'm beginning to think that your would-be instinct obstructs a natural aversion to my derogation. All my words digging at your subordination have left you unaffected. Then you got Riley, a fellow mystic-fruit alumnus that has been systematically broken down to the point where he doesn't even make sense.”

“You're giving yourself too much credit. He was like that before,” says Charlie, peering into his binoculars to ascertain that it is safe before disembarking.

“If my remarks have no power, then tell me how I'm able to maintain order amongst my subjugates,” Damien waves his hand. His palm lines Charlie a vast army.

“I'll support your delusions as long as they get us to the Well. How do you know that

the mystic fruit grows there again?" asks Charlie and starts to hike with Damien and Riley toward the island's rare patch of arboreal life, still carefully scanning for O.

"I'm not certain. You know, Charlie, we are kind of feeling around in the dark here. It's the true nature of discovery. Just because I got that record of the mystic plant's creation, doesn't mean I know how the original one grows. It is likely our intuition will guide us."

Charlie lowers his binoculars and stops in his tracks. "What do you mean, you 'don't know'?"

Damien and Riley stop walking. Riley starts his usual rabid cartography, his default action when he senses conflict. Damien traipses over to Charlie, an affectation of insouciance to attempt delivery of an internal calmness which Charlie, who questions the level of anger he should be feeling, would otherwise lack. "I'm going to offer you a theory. Maybe I could even call it a belief at this point," Damien circles Charlie, "in your case, I don't think the mystic fruit matters at all. You could take it, or leave it and make passage either way. The way it does matter, for you, is that I believe it could hurt you and actually make passage unbearable, given that post-ceremony your feeling will be heightened with full awareness of the Well's torturous trials. It also depends on which mystic fruit we are talking about. Remember, we are searching for the original."

"That is not for you to decide. You've led me to believe that I'd make contact with this spirit, regardless of whether we find the original or not. At least at the troupe we'd be harvesting mystic fruit in a few weeks' time to complete deprogramming. Well or no Well, I would like to be restored and feel feelings. My confidence in you is forsaken."

"Feelings won't help you through the Wells. The Wells will use them against you. Why do

you think Wallis held only you back from taking the fruit? He even let Riley do it and he was a suicide risk.”

Riley does not look up, scribbling a bit faster upon mention of his name.

“You got me to leave the Troupe under a false pretense.”

Riley's pen moves even faster His chart appears indecipherable.

“We can continue our confabulation out here and end up with O hunters on our tails, or we can turn back to the Troupe or we can keep moving, make camp, and we will get to our destination and learn the truth of all this. After all, I'm not going to toss you in the Well if you don't want to go.”

“I can't trust that you won't now.”

“Do whatever it is your instinct tells you. Oh yes that's right, your instinct doesn't tell you anything,” says Damien in a resentful tone after being called a liar.

Charlie recognizes this is an insult and commences to bound past Damien and Riley towards the trees, leaving the two alone.

The Programmer had taken a liking to viewing past beheadings; not medieval beheadings that he felt all took on a sort of dictated style that ends anticlimactically, dispiriting the viewer who, given all the meticulous ritualistic preparation, may have expected something more than just a bloody decapitated head falling to the ground. He admires the creativity of the more modern cult leaders who seamlessly interlaced into the fringes of psychonaut culture in the nineties. They took the familiar enchanting force of nature and perverted it then applied its language to the induced consciousness of enslaved and marked for death men and women who would have the experience of conscious connection to an infinite plant spirit in the moments leading to their deaths. Cults like the one the Programmer channels to observe provided foundational research for Doctor Feiber's later experimentation and discovery. There was yet another secret Church in a secret location in Russia but it had said researchers having traveling to the site frequently and that the church is the Russian Private Bank. Most of these phenomena prevent themselves from photography just because of our perceptions of them. There is always an element of criminality with any government. Do away with government. Ethical Anarchy.

He observes a captive on the outskirts off a desert road between two southwestern municipalities; under shade and the natural patter of the higher elevations forests to avoid detection from casual passerby traffic but in case inspection ever followed this passing detection, the bunker house farm doors opened to an armory to make any pig-fucking farm boy look to his sister to

remedy his jealousy. Past the interior security entrance are eight chambers with no doors but small cell windows that do not allow the occupant to see out of but permit people to view the occupant from outside their chamber.

The observer, or the Exalted Force as he demands his 'patients' call him, arrives at his sequestered soundproof torture chamber and armory. He strolls into the hallway of the chamber cells and begins reading the charts and recordings taken overnight by his 'patient' turned Stockholm Syndrome employee, Hector upon whose advisement the intermittently present Exalted One relies for updates of the volumetric medicine tanks who's polyurethane tubes funneled into every room except the rooms of the two implanted boys.

Here, the Exalted One, a lab coated, god complexed, chaotic manifestation of dark human life energy, studies the effects of various hallucinogenic that are said to affect the soul; the current research centers around how a holy life consciousness of oneness like a human that has devoted his life to a spiritual endeavor, a monk, a psychic, an artist, an athlete, etc.; and how their oneness can be inverted by various forms of psychic torture and how this affects their spirit and corporeal composition during the timeless passage of death. Four subjects in this category are surveyed: Tennis player, boxer, painter, writer.

Pineal secretions are collected. Intravenous solutions inundate the human body. An early expansion prior to what would come next. Unsure of total comprehension of this expanse. For a direction. In a moment to zero. The plane the directional access. The moment of the convergence of space and time where this occurs. Then whoop, back again. A direction split. Familiar cellular

automata.

The natural dimethyltryptamine (DMT) occurs where there is a need. In all plant forms. Some delectable. Some undetectable.

Doctor Exalted One extracted it from the human form to follow a study with human subjects:

The painter he prepared to transcend with a natural DMT in the IV contra the human DMT for observations; monitoring of supernatural dark phenomena transpired; EKG; MRI. All this measurement equipment the Programmer aside, Don, knows the Doctor cannot really *see* shit.

Adorned with a yellow flag and boxing shorts is the boxer. His life ends in the ring. His visions cavort in a turbulent ball of vibration at his bedside as he dies. A traumatic brain injury.

Neurotransmitters aborted. Just a spook since the beginning.

The Programmer remembers from one of his conquests of valued consciousnesses: a stolen memory. Gathered study pined into something cannibalistic regardless of intention. He remembers not from when it was; before his transformation or after.

The observers did not see what the boxer saw. Only the weight after death did not make any sense to Hector and the One. It made sense to Don Benito, the proselytized Programmer.

Inverse scenarios are also studied. Four human life forms, two with early adaptive implants, are taken from the farthest points of splintered, disconnected existence within that era's collective consciousness. They are then spiritually reconstructed and given the chamber's outward facing quarters that open to a natural hideaway which presents them with an awakened heaven made perceptible and further yet enjoyable through the aid of spiritually reconstructive experimental medicines. They are ultimately set to be beheaded in a meticulously composed ceremony, incantations and all, to record the unseen effects on the spirit's passage during death.

The One does not observe much else other than his grotesque combinations of 'death therapies' acting upon his 'patient's' physical bodies.

“The antipathy binds us. No differently than empathic love. All life has a preordained counterpart in a different aspect of personality to which they feel antipathy toward. No one's capacity for love is greater than another's, nor is one's bandwidth for hate and fear.’ the exalted one sits viewable from the window of the patients that are experiencing their awakenings and chants these idiom filled guruspeak at them as they sit expressing little to no affect akin to a feral feline observing another species attempt to gesticulate communication. The One turns to Hector. 'It seems on the same protocol the tennis player is either adapting to the oppositional plangency or simply presenting an unimposed facade. Ensure that he is monitored and wholly adhering to the protocol and getting the correct images projected at night.’”

“What would it mean, if he is indeed wholly adhering to the protocol?” asks Hector. Deep



within the window, so far away from the collective comfortable headspace where the charlatan coats have their god fantasy, a consuming nervousness idles coldly without remedy in the confined airspace to mingle. The room is contained, following shamanic procedure of the day. EMF influences repelled. The denizen aura of the tennis player, the master of transferring thoughts of the mind into air within the natural waves of natures and handling that nervous connection, much like the surfer but more common.

He peers into the live embodiment of infinite anhedonia and is resistant because of these mental fortifications. He is also an interesting specimen due to his inability to pass semen through the epididymis. Some kind of uncleared road blockage in that canal from high viscosity that shut down the entire unit's production chain years ago. He is unable to experience the heightened feeling of consciousness to which no words or images can be associated; so, in this experiment he peers into *el terrible* — the worst frame — and seems to edge time by keeping his feet parallel and side stepping it endlessly. Only the human DMT secretions are administered.

“They knew of another divine spirit but once broken through this combination will reach web blankness to push the introspection deeper into his most terrifying unexplored corners of mind. The antipathy will swarm the patient and with no tributary for the feelings to flow into they are left to stagnate within the cell.”

The Programmer takes a moment to peer out and create a thought directive, likely to himself:

‘ he wonders why Ancient standard used the same word we use for soul storage for their confined slaves and prisoners- he comments and transmits the recording before reentering.

One of the patients is heard thrashing around. The Coats assume it is the boxer outwardly expressing his discontent.

“That feeling of euphoric elation in the pinnacle of human consciousness is the most one attainable state. There are false pinnacles constructed unifying all life forms except the seeds. There is a breaking point and it may be flirting around the inverse of that pinnacle, since that is all his consciousness has achieved in the pinnacle's spectrum of surrounding love consciousness.”

“Eternal strobes interceding to show one the immortal nature of the aavant gardé truth; classless and unseparated; most divisions of perception are separated by time; nothingness and infinite cosmos, together, existing not to be measured in an instant or a lifetime of cover up, subdued to the comfortable perceptions because the real one is too profound, too intense, too painful, to face and to accept and to become one with.”

“Senor Uno, what is that ticking coming from the pugilist's room?”

“That's her inner digestive tract minimizing and contracting cell space to become smaller,” a timed click series of clicks sound from within her as they panel to her observation window.

“Ingested parasite controls emit a forceful two—toned grumbled click: the high-pitched click, with a low- pitched warble alarming the nervous system, guts, bowels, and all the body's tubes.”

“Tedium's an understudy can investigate. The parasitic controls are in place. We are contracting her lifespan, but first we see how far we can contract her organic height. They'll have to

create a new hand to hand combat division.”

” Exalted One. What is her perception of these control that won't stop clicking?”

“Having (technocratic) (mumbo-jumbo) with cacti elixir to cast unequivocal control over her gut flora landscape, then when the controls are ingested all the remaining powder clings to the lining. The shifts cover the villae on the intestinal wall. We want as much of that available for it to work.

The intestine traversing solid in a syrupy brick of which the body continually attempts to rid itself of but cannot due to the compositional parameters of the parasitic controls, and the diameters of possible exit points. She writhes in delirious tremors because the gut's nerves correspond painful incendiary signals to eliminate the foreign parcel, eventually overriding other involuntary bodily controls to capitulate her corpse to self-mutilation procedures.

“It will pass as far as it can to the esophageal canal opening, persistently attempt entry, then periodically shift to the rectal passage where the implant's girth obstructs excretion.”

“Potential feces morphing to potential emesis, and back again. Nobody remembers at which point in the perpetual transformation it began.”

“A fiery atrophy of decomposing tissues dissolve under the implants acidic secretions. Raw muscle tissues and fibers soaking in a scorching compound akin to hydrochloric acid.”

“Metal and organic matter eroding functions, frothing them into steaming gasses, on the matter's evolution to its ultimate form, a milky corrosive plasma in the half moon stage of the process.”

Forging into new emotional territory, the female pugilist awakens. Horizontal on the bare floor, she lays in a hypnopompic observation of the fledgling of antimanic hypomanic emotions, cast over her from outside the interior of her confines.

“Hector. She is too overly influenced by the waves around her. Be very careful during her feeding times. Use the Pintola wood to neutralize your own frequencies when preparing her food tanks. Remember that her pain is no different than yours. You can try to create divisions and lines around emptiness but no one will see them.

And in some other way, we have a derived need for others to tell us about how our condition is different.

That need somehow clings to a shade of id. The source of the light is unimportant.”

They pause for a tense series of moments during which Hector is unable to respond.

“Discontinue all her oneiric soporific substances to see if sleep deprivation and reduction in DMT secretion will darken those shadows to any unexplored depths.”

The pugilist rises from her induced horizontal dysphoria. Uninhibited and disrobed, she lengthens out her body, aligns her legs, and postures her feet in ballerina-like arches. An anticipatory caesura in this held position breaks into a display of fast percussive taps that rhythmically bring her cell to life in an arbitrary moment of ebullient expression, before rescinding to the static horizontal dysphoria to which her body's natural combative inclinations are somehow further enervated.

“Regardless Hector, by handling her tanks, you will come to represent an aspect of her cell, a

part of her composition you will become.”

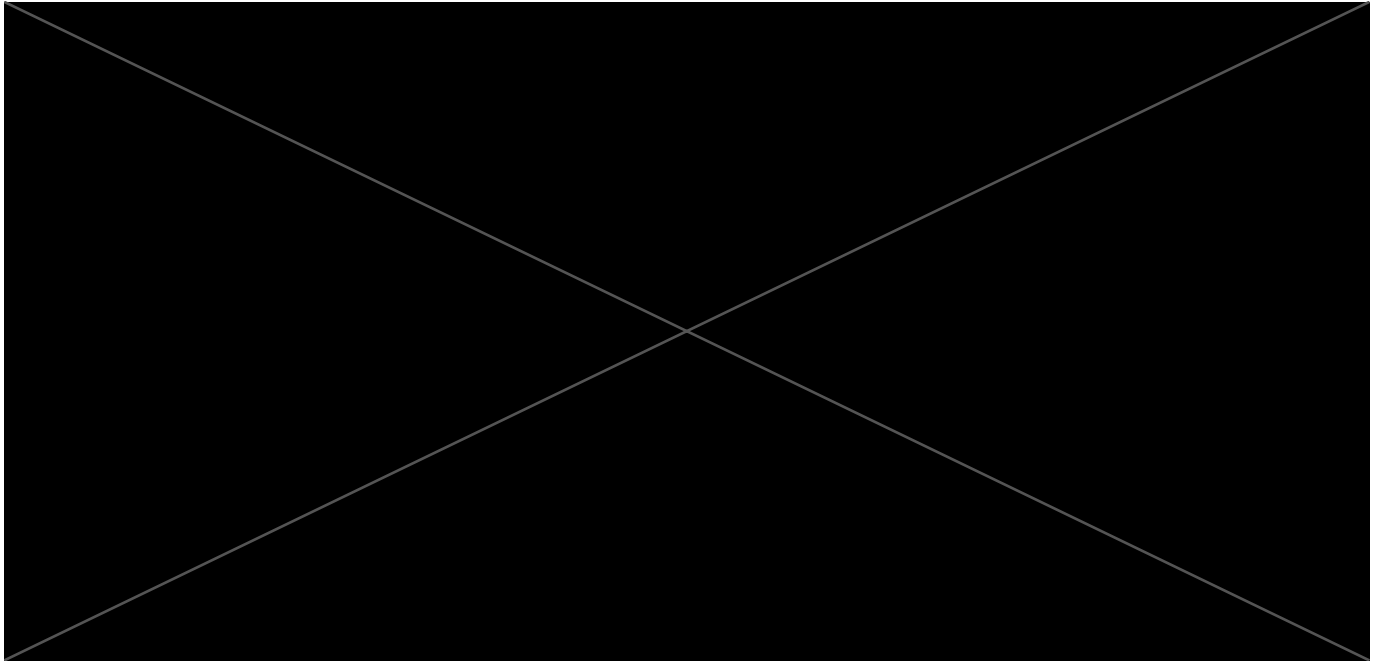
In tense isolation, the Programmer absorbs this scene from his meditation chamber station after: an installation Wladimir created for him at every O waste research center. He is interrupted before getting to any beheadings or new information that could revamp his search efforts for Nadya.

'It is the anticlimax. It is easy to think of a person or act you think of but then try to isolate the moment before orgasm and it is hard to place a direct image to associate. The images turn to raw feeling. The counterpoint to the images that lead to feelings at the pinnacle of love are the ennui carrying the fear from death's territory. Pleasure leads one to love along the same path that fear leads one to death.' Wladimir inputs into his observations, likely the only being communicating to Wladimir, uncertain if he is worthy of a response after Nadya's escape.

Yellow eyes kaleidoscope the chamber's walls in patterns of rippled blinks and spectating gazes. 'To some this may be boring to watch: like watching an egg incubate, we witness life's feature presented through a construct that is fractured without a sensitivity for time, rendering it all-consuming in a powerful rapture if observed. That glimmer of directed conscious thought gets jettisoned into a vast, forgotten ocean.'

'The two implanted forms in the extracted memory, they are wearing Feiber's venturesome blunder, no?'

'Cease the quantifications within the halls of time. Eagerness from one end is mirrored in retrospect by a misunderstanding of that eagerness.'



The core radar control tower sits atop cloud city's platform, extending into the blanketing fog of the day — it obscures the typically clear view; windows convex and free of panels stretch from the main bridge's floor to ceiling. Various higher-ranking employees scatter the office, observing monitors, making air traffic control transmissions. The Programmer faces the fog. Two employees gather around a monitor.

“Coordinates longitude:28, latitude: -112.283 extinguishes from the non-flatland eastern zone. Life readings were recorded for a moment and then vanished. Either one large mammal or a group of smaller mammals— alien life forms considering all extant life in the zone is accounted for,” says the tower's commanding officer.

“Looks like a foreign intrusion, perhaps an amphibious water realm creature that is yet to be

categorized,” says a badged researcher.

“That does not account for it vanishing from our radars. It must still be on land. It was on a path toward the elevated zone,’ says the officer.

“Must be a glitch-“

“-Input these coordinates into my aircraft,” the Programmer commands without moving, his words silence the tower's conversational murmur, “there are not one, but three mammals; two of whom are humans; the other, you are right, is a species we are yet to categorize.”

“Sir, it is likely a blip in the radar; something employees on the lower floors may have overlooked. Coincidences are bound to rise onto the charts once or twice daily,’ says the neophyte researcher who's back-of-ear moisture the Programmer can sense. The other researchers writhe in embarrassed discomfort as they anticipate the Programmer's reply. They have borne witness to his confident proclamations before, and knew not to question them.

” You yourself worked on a lower core tracking floor, indexing animals and plants and such, just this week, did you not?” asks the Programmer still appearing to study the fog.

“Yes sir. I was transferred from the multi-functional statistics unit at the beginning of the week.”

“So, there must have been an opening that suited you after toiling away, indexing plant after plant, for years in a position that bored you and clearly did not utilize the full scope of your mathematical skill,” the Programmer turns to face him. He applies his respirator mask to take a deep inhalation, closing his natural eye; his artificial eye— an invention of his that serves as an enhancement to his spiritual vision, allowing him to see auras, emf fields, wraiths and projections that are invisible

to ordinary beings—shutters open to begin an analysis upon the badged researcher. He replaces his respirator. “You are thirty years old. Your blood type is B. Based on your electromagnetic field's trail, your point of origin is Canada,” he demonstrates the capabilities of his eye. “I could keep going and send you into a seizure where your conscious thoughts overlap with reprogrammed memories, but it looks like I'll get my fill of psychic attacks on the East side of the island today. My point for you is this: the fields of mathematics and science are primitive studies. As foundational pillars that lead to more advanced progressions, to studies where we see coincidences, anomalies, glitches in the system, blips in the radar as important, so important that here we do not ever use those words mentioned to describe them—here we call it data. In accordance with my governing ordinances, you will not use these primitive studies, this anomalous occurrence of coincidences within the odds, as a basis for argument in my department again. When I am present, coincidences do not occur. Please comply or I will bring up some seizure-inducing Canadian memories for you.” He opens his natural eye and winks at the neophyte, who is transfixed in a state of part fear and part muted admiration. The spiritual overlord of the Oligopoly marches toward the flight deck where a pilot.

“Have you ever observed a feline eat?” asks the Programmer of his subordinates.

“Yes. Felines respond to eye contact more than the other genera,” says Feiber, seated, cane ready at his side.

“Well, fuck that. It is biology, no?” Feiber breathes through strained breaths, “that



determines who an individual is.”

“Starlight, moonlight and eventually firelight creates a draw of observation that impact the irrational substantially. The double slit experiment— showing it takes no real mass — to send light or reflection,” says the artificial eye.

“All is one. We draw in light and then record it. It eventually moves out of us unto others who observe us,” says Feiber as the Programmer loosens his hands—free grip and releases him.

“Before artificial light replaced fire and furthermore manipulated with attached thoughts, the light particles were unbound.”

“And the Oligopoly’s function.”

They argue a bit for no reason until the Programmer silences Feiber with EMF asphyxiation. The Programmer scoffs at the mere mention of this ‘Oligopoly’. “This conversation serves no purpose.”

“Well it is not only light that does this. Every intersecting system and subsystem: gravity, magnetism, electricity, then, the gravity shifts between them for creation.

“The progression of the evolution of consciousness, derived from all the above, shifts into everything besides the extinct species, of which Sapiens will be among,” the Programmer restores his respirator.

“Who says it evolves? The different systems shift at one and at some point, they shift back to zero.”

“Physics does not forbid this, given that there is no true information loss.”

Nightfall sets outside the cave where Damien and Riley rest.

“You be ponderous the weary boots Charlie gone wandering toward?” asks Riley.

“He needs time to think things over. Considering his partially reintegrated thought or core spirits without the fruit, he can’t really protect himself without us.”

“I done cast a misdirection enchantment on the comrade. He spoken that he going to sleep elsewhere. Another cave perhaps?” says Riley.

“We’ll catch him in the morning. He’ll be in a better mood. Poor kid doesn’t know what to think. He barely feels anything, but is always trying to figure out what he should be feeling”

That boy done survived torture training at the Troupe sans the tiniest wince. There ain’t no being breathing that can get waterboarded like that. He never yelled uncle during the branding sessions. He shamed up the old fasting record and could have kept on if Wallis didn’t force him to quit. Said the sunlight be enough sustenance. No matter it be, enchanted or no, no trouble going to threaten upon that old boy.”

“Exactly why I think the mystic plant won’t even help him through the Wells.”

“Maybe the Wells be not what he’s after. He ought to know what proper human feeling be.”

“Knowing about feeling won’t do him much good. He’ll only realize the importance of

entering the Immortal realm to restore civilization, and at that point he'll be too human to enter because he'll be feeling all this pain.”

“He may not be destined for inter-realm ordination. The glory you seek may not be for him.”

“We know as much about restoring civilization as anyone else considering that nobody has actually done it. We have a duty. It's not about 'glory'.”

Riley looks at Damien as he lays on the ground of the cave. Damien observes the luminescent fungus on the walls that accompanies the moonlight. Separate light beams dash through the forest canopy.

“I do have the proclivity to align with Charlie's course, if he does choose to turn back to the Troupe. We be swatting at air, if we go it alone without Charlie, playing tennis in a boxing ring.”

Damien turns to face Riley. He gleams back at Riley, having recently prepared the right words for Riley's presupposed commitment withdrawal. “You are at the crux of humanity's future, Riley. Forget Charlie. Without you, we have nothing, no future. This is a matter that is beyond you, Riley. To take any other course of action would be selfish of you,” Damien pauses, giving Riley time to catch up before asking him the big questions, “don't you want to know where your map leads? why it is so heavily protected from thought transfers, even guarded from yourself? If it were me, Riley, I would need the answers to these questions. Unless—wait a minute— you must already know don't you and you're enchanted and acting like you don't—”

“—No sir. I ain't never been no liar, not even once. I'll put my hands over the flame and eat salt the rest of my days like it do to the lying thieves of my natal point,” Damien truly wonders where that could be, “I cannot even fathom being a parlayer of fiction—not in anyhow.”

Damien twists back toward the fungi's light, "then you gave your word during your initiation." Damien really looks at Riley. Most of the time spent with Riley, he ignores him so this particular attention would be particularly meaningful if Riley was not 'just acting'. He is questioning Riley as a spook or rather a potential psy•op of some sort.

The Programmer looks out from the low-flying aircraft's open door as its flight straddles the coastline. With, what he calls, his spirit eye, he spots a small glass meditation chamber docked on the edge of the coast. "Circle back and land there," the Programmer points to the spot on the coast.

The partial reprogrammed pilot, unable to see the chamber, asks, "what do you see down there because I don't see any level land to use for a runway?"

"Quite a bit of elevated land, but only very short runways.'

The Programmer glares and a screech accompanies an emergent mist, his thought spirit, forming into a wraith-like entity that composes a colorless amorphous reflection of the Programmer. The pilot feels the screech vibrate in loops around him, as he stills into a transfixed state, the mist losing its shape to create dark shadow that follow the waves of sound that continue to circle the pilot into a fugue; the high pitch of the screech patters the static of radio transmissions and engine noise. In a final suck, all the light and sound within the cabin is absorbed by the pilot who then faces the controls, adjust the ailerons and drops the landing gear. Sound gears were implemented on these aviation technologies. The boys would not have been aware of the sounds of incoming helicopters because of these ultra low•weight buffers.

Soon enough, down below, the screech echoes in the meditation chamber where Charlie spent the night in a vertical position to alert him. He looks overhead to spot a descending craft, landing gear deployed. The aberrant screech on a quiet wind day alerted him and tapped parts of his conscious mind; he did not hear it, only felt it; thoughts that defy their own logical comprehension; an invasive force of some sort that he assumes he should fear. The aircraft circles back after passing the chamber, ready for landing.

About four hundred meters uphill, off the coast, Damien reacts to the same airs, only moments later after Charlie. He widens his aura to monitor for nearby life forms.

Nervous, Riley opens his travel log and, while pacing back and forth within the cave, records his repetitive linear movement. Damien slaps Riley's log out of Riley's hands onto the ground. "Not the time for your idiosyncrasies!" "That struck me phobia."

"Cast your core spirit away from us so that we know where these invaders are. Maybe we can get them to start thinking about how they're missing breakfast up in the clouds," says Damien.

"Conduct the espionage on our comrade, perhaps? Check on his well-to-do-ness?"

"That is a waste of valuable moments. His survival depends on staying hidden and creating a diversion."

Riley gathers his notebook to replace its spot on the dusty ground with a pulsating yellow plasma circle that then skims out of the cave followed, in the airspace above it, by the mist of Damien's thought realm spirit, a gaseous image of Damien that shifts shape and color.

After aiding the O pilot in greasing a difficult landing on a short runway, a landing the pilot would have otherwise been unable to maneuver, the Programmer recalls his thought spirit by channeling the mist back from the pilot. The pilot gasps as he awakens to a hypnopompic daze. The Programmer steps out to inspect the chamber that has been enchanted so that even he cannot see its contents. He circles the floating chamber with his natural eye closed. Once accessed, he would be able to view the chamber's recent occupants, voyages, and any lingering thought energies. He attempts to find an entry by tapping the glass on the side of the chamber that faces the land.

Descending downhill from the trees, the Programmer's enhanced eye is distracted by a plasma core radar and Damien's thought spirit. They zig zag directly toward him. The Programmer turns to the Pilot, "there are two of them"; he motions with two fingers. "Perform run-ups periodically to be ready for immediate take-off," says the Programmer

The Programmer views this task as a chance for redemption. He moves away from the chamber, casting his mist directly at the exact image Wladimir described to him. The dark mist ensnares Damien's hologram and lets out another plangent screech as the darker of the two clouds appears to swallow and menace the lighter of the two. The Programmer walks uphill.

Charlie exhales.

The plangent screech that the Programmer cast upon his hologram, now bellows in Damien's mind to darken any perceptions that he channeled. This sound is only audible to Damien who

collapses to the ground. He lets out a comparable screech as he collapses, rocking in a fetal position. An invasive probing of his body's pain receptors leaves him paralyzed as the Programmer plays the receptors like a fretboard on the guitar of pain. He strums notes that correlate to lobes that induce not just physical pain, but mental suffering also. He vacates any present serotonin or dopamine to induce a state of empty, blanken, loneliness; a chemical he attaches to several, natural, body processes to seek out the presence of others. He strums his feelings of hunger, leading to the emesis of his stomach's contents from his fetal state; after this purge, Damien feels his stomach begin processing its own tissue in a bodily action associated with late stage starvation.

Riley sits beside him, their respite having been officially terminated, “what is it? what's happening?”

Damien, having turned to a pale white cold tremble, is unable to reply. Beside his puddle of emesis, he stares off into a surreal tormented vision projected upon him: a child, without any facial features, waddles through a barren forest in the winter. A sort of wolf, or maybe a dog runs through the leafless trees and colorless grass towards the faceless child. As the wolfdog approaches, Damien feels a deep fear that it will attack the child, but instead it slows and gently sidles beside the child. The child pets the fur in long strokes with one hand while the other is hidden behind him. Before Damien can feel a modicum of relief, the child stops stroking the wolfdog to brandish a large blade with his other hand and begins mutilating the creature who does not resist. He keeps chopping with blood spraying over his featureless blank face, and the poor creature seems to be submitting because he must serve his human, that's what he was trained for. Once finished mutilating the creature, the faceless head turns to face Damien, brandishing the bloodied knife.

Nervous about Damien's inability to reply, Riley calls for his core spirit to return whose

trail the Programmer begins following as it zig•zags back the way it came. The Programmer's natural eye views hastily covered tracks from two people as he enters the wooded area.

Charlie watches from the safety of the chamber as the hulking eye-patched man follows the plasma over the hill and out of sight. He deliberates whether he should attempt rescue or not. He can steer the chamber on his own, but is unsure of where to navigate. If Damien and Riley are captured, will they look for him? He would have to stay underwater. He could justify abandoning Damien, but not Riley. After watching what the eye•patched man's thought spirit did to Damien's, he feels that they will be outmatched and if he remains then he will be outmatched along with them.

Disregarding all other readings in Bermooda's most dense life form area, the Programmer approaches Damien and Riley's cave that Riley's core spirit vanishes into. The corners of the Programmer's mouth turn up in a faint smile. Standing outside the cave's entry, he applies his respirator and takes a few inhalations and exhalations.

Inside Riley sits at the fetal Damien's side, “we needs a medicine man to undo this evil, comrade Damien. We going forward to find you a medicine man to remedy—”

In an instant, the verdant ground outside the cave, beside the Programmer decays into rot as he summons his core spirit. He exhales and with a push from the air the dark plasma rots a trail of decay into the cave. Supplemented with additional extracted auras, his Core spirit grasps the boys in a powerful magnetic hold and then drags them out in its cold trail behind them. To the boys the sensation could not have been anything other than magnetism.

He lets a few moments elapse during which he observes the uniformed boys hovering, paralyzed legs dangling under them. The Programmer inhales to recall his plasma and



mist channels. Upon doing so, Damien and Riley drop weightlessly to the ground, succumbing to gravity. Damien hyperventilates in repeated gasps, appearing pale and malnourished as though the psychic invasion had also drained him of his physical juice. Riley swivels his head side to side in search of his logbook.

'Shall we proceed?' asks the Programmer. He does not wait for a reply and turns to walk back to the shore. His core plasma remains active beneath him and jerks the boys along with his steps forward. Like dogs on a leash, each alternating step pulls them until the two quickly acquiesce from tumbling to stepping in stride with the Programmer. They cross the hill's corner where the shoreline comes into view. The Programmer sees the chamber has departed. He halts, as do the boys in accordance. They see the plane performing an idle run-up, and the uniformed O pilot in the cockpit, but they do not see a meditation chamber. Damien and Riley exchange knowing looks. Their eyes signal to each other that they know all about what transpired, Charlie's night that passed in a vertical paranoid unrest.

The course of events of Charlie's morning: the aircraft awakend him from faraway; their own spirits distracted this eye•patched, wizard, bounty hunter, and Charlie observed this; his indecision about abandoning Riley. His justification for fleeing was only finalized after hearing Damien's, a tough pain-tolerant type, screams billowing from over the hilltop. Damien and Riley recount the day from Charlie's perspective as they load into uncertainty and loss of control.

The Programmer says nothing and proceeds his march toward the aircraft. Damien and Riley are dragged behind, tethered in step.

## DANI AND NADYA

The manhole cover pops over, ringing in circles as Nadya climbs out onto the desert road.

Corporeal Dani leans into the shade beside her armored truck. She casts her thought realm spirit cloud to interfere with Nadya's current thoughts, a misdirection enchantment that to Nadya creates an auditory illusion that she hears and fearlessly follows, believing it to be a solitary trapper. Dani creates the sound of water running beyond a rock face to which Dani sent her possessed driver to extract liquids from the first cactus they had spotted all day. The driver is out of Nadya's view beyond the rockface. Dani alternates and casts her core realm spirit to draw Nadya into the perfect position by a magnetic energy current in the Core. Dani views the Oligopoly driver on one side, inspecting the cactus, and views Nadya pouncing towards him on the other, absconding on a path of her intuition.

Dani smiles and draws closer, out from the truck's shadow. Nadya turns the corner and sees the Oligopoly uniform, genuflected over the cactus. The driver looks up with possessed eyes, which remain in a borderless mixture of varying colors. Nadya raises her palm to execute her new spontaneously acquired defensive attack technique.

“I need water, you dirty trapper,” Nadya says, passing her palm in an upward thrust that propulses the driver on a path to the clouds.

The driver's body halts twenty feet above ground, in a loose and helpless flail. Nadya freezes with her palm up; Dani believes that Nadya would have remained transfixed with or without enchantment. Nadya's panicked narrowing eyes reveal the colossal nervous unrest of a pursued escapee.

“If you are amenable to sharing the cactus and letting this fellow live, I may be able to help you. You see I've got this truck. I'll just need you to call your superiors on us,” Dani says.

“I let him live and his recordings and observations get entered into the O databases. You see I'm being pursued,” Nadya says. Under Dani's thought spirit enchantment, she is only able to move her head and facial muscles to speak, see, and hear.

“While I admire your desire to butcher the O databases, we actually need to use him to throw the Programmer off of your tail.”

“You know of the Programmer?”

Dani's eyes gape at Nadya. “You are an escaped O employee. Information about you has been projected from every cloud in the southwestern GCA territories and beyond. Sure, though if you want to stay frozen out here, I'm sure the Programmer will pop out of that manhole any minute. With all the life forms out here, I'm certain that you will blend right in. Who needs a getaway vehicle anyway?” asks Dani rhetorically in a sarcastic tone. Sarcasm no longer lost upon Nadya as she reacclimates to normalcy.

“Hurry. How does this work?” Nadya submits.

“It works, if you trust me. If I disenchant you, are you going to slam your former coworker into the ground? What I’d like for you to do is lower him to the ground so that my thought realm spirit can alter his memories and give him a good tale to report to the Programmer when we send him back into the tunnel to chase after my Core spirit to which he will have an affinity.”

“What kind of tale?”

“Well I thought of a really dense story with well-developed characters that I can just pop onto his memory. It's about how you went that way,” Dani points behind her, “when we really go that way,” Dani then points forward. They both look up at the driver who continues flailing.

“How can you do this?”

Dani uses her thought realm spirit to disenchant Nadya, loosening her psychic restraints. “He is in your channel right now. If you would bring him back down and release him from your channel, I can show you how this works.” Nadya leaves her palm extended for a moment, stretching her phalanges and then flexing them together in a gesture of embattlement.

“I know you may be having a hard time believing me and may think I'm somehow affiliated with the Oligopoly, but I am not. And if I was, we wouldn't be having this talk. Now, I want the same things that you do, and yes, I do want to destroy any O sympathizers and volunteers, but this one serves a different purpose. I promise that once you release him, we aren't going to tag team you to bring you back to wherever you came from.

I mention my ability to manipulate memories with my thought realm spirit, and you don't believe me, which is good; your gullibility factor is low, but right now the Programmer is leading a deep multi-faceted search effort to find you, and he is likely only a few minutes behind. That flailing soulless dissenter up there will buy us, yes us Nadya, me and you, you and I, a few extra minutes. My core spirit will not work to distract beings like the Programmer. It will only alert him to the presence of a complete soul within his jurisdiction.” Dani cracks her the bones in her neck by turning her face away from Nadya.

Nadya opens her fist and slowly lowers her extended palm, simultaneously lowering the driver, and as Nadya's hand claps by her side, the driver makes shoulder first impact into the clay. He then lays there.

“See his eyes. My channel was already open but it wasn't accessible while you connected to his physical channel.” Dani struts over to his side and strikes him with her cactus needle. She removes it, leaving a thin stigmata circle in the center of his forehead that then pulsates with rhythmic rainbow light, oscillating between a half thought realm Dani that had been elongated into a gargantuan stream of mist which serpentine the O driver who writhes atop a Core Dani who encircles the driver in a bright, morphing circle, drawn in — what appears to be — a plasmic homing chalk.

Corporeal Dani walks away from her intermixing spiritual counterparts and hands Nadya the cactus needle to hold as she walks back to the truck. Nadya pauses to watch as the driver's future actions displayed in projections that stream from his forehead's emergent lights, and as Dani's mist adjusts the particulars, locations, and creates replacement fictional memories, Nadya watches how they look as real as anything.

Aside from rattles of the armored truck wrangling along dirt roads, few sound waves move through the cabin's interior, and a prolonged silence passes as Dani hopes Nadya will speak first, nervous that their conversation may veer off the path of trust formation if she introduces a topic that Nadya may view as addressing an ulterior agenda; she also worries Nadya will see transparently through any attempt at casual conversation; and commencement of discourse with her regarding pending actions would create a tenuous separation where they interface only as affiliates carrying out a mutual action; she panics over introducing her own agenda which she knows also should be Nadya's agenda, although she may be unaware; and the dance around her cognizance — or lack thereof — gives Dani anxiety, the future not being hers to manipulate. She peers sideways at Nadya as she drives. Nadya's shaved left side of her head reveals a side of head skull with a shaved side head tattoo of its own. There are clear signs of unsuccessful removal; Dani guesses the tattoo in the tattoo will be of a head, if she were to observe it closer even closer.

Dani turns back to the trail as Nadya peers back at her. "Do you want to ask me something?" She is mostly at ease while combating mental O interference controls whose effects diminish as they move further away from their source. They induce waves of ambient sadness that Nadya had accustomed to on her passage through the tunnel; they create an illusion that one can only drive the waves away by retreating back to the center— Cloud City; the sources of this wave set— but Nadya notices a soothing relief the farther they drive.

"You know that the desert sands were not this dark before the Floods? They use to be light brown, maybe even orange. They aren't supposed to look like this brown muck."

“Sure. You like to get tattoos? Or used to?” she asks.

“I'm gathering that yes, I used to like getting tattoos.”

“I used to get them too,” she says.

“I don't remember anything about getting them applied, or why. The only information I have about tattooing is the facts I inadvertently uncovered while working in my division. Mostly about tattoos used to denote affiliation with certain schisms created by the Oligopoly to control the Dogs populations when they overpopulate. You know, 'divide and conquer'.”

“After I meditate and restore my thought realm spirit, I can channel into the artwork and fill you in about its history.”

“Are you able to see any more than that? And how? How do you come apart like that?”

“Well really, I can only see the artist's thoughts and connection to the artwork, and the moments surrounding it, but if the Oligopoly left you with tethers of functional memories then you'll likely make a few of your own connections after I tell you about it. Those are the other quadrants of my soul. By some reasoning that I cannot understand, after the Flood, and Oligopoly formation, my spirit was left complete.”

“Quadrants? I only felt you and two other forces: the one in the ground, and that foggy one.”

“The fourth avoided our soul's internment by absconding to a spiritual hideaway that he discovered pre-Fall. From there, he can access information invisible to the head and also disappear off radars. This occurs as long as he maintains his supremacy over the Pyramid.”

“It's a Pyramid?”

“Yes, it is a type of everlasting passageway that separates the corporeal for an infinite

existence as long as that supremacy is maintained. It mirrors a now underwater Egyptian Pyramid that was tapped into right before the Floods came.”

“So, you don't have to worry about potential invasions now that its underwater? No challengers for supremacy?”

“If there are challengers now, then those are the entities that are frightening. A challenger will not be a corporeal being for certain. I was the last to access it before the Floods came, my mirror that is.”

“And how does this serve you?”

“I question if it does at times, but I believe it will truly serve me, us. Despite the sacrifice of the opposing corporeal part of my soul.”

“So, the part of you is in the Pyramid?”

“I believe that I've filled you in enough,” she replies in a sensitive tone that is not confrontational but a bit melancholy.

Dani's thought realm spirit drifts above them, providing cover, as they streak the blank road, the only light aside from the stars, moonlight and cloud city light that grows larger and brighter as they ride forward.

'I have a tattoo that you may want to look into. It may be unimportant. I still have my collar implant. They can track me with this,” she says touching the device.



“They cannot track you out here while I'm around until we enter their jurisdiction. It's going to have to come out.”

“Won't I bleed out?

“I am a healer,” she readies to tear the implant out and like extracting a cat's penis from the female cat's vagina it is very painful and would lead to death had not the healer, Dani, used her palm force to create a blood clot after which she pulled on the collar.

“Well that was painful,” Nadya said, disassociated from the pain. “Where are we going?”

“Waste site 223.”

“I just escaped from a cloud city, and now we're going back in. Thank you for getting me this far, but I can get out here.”

“And do what? Amble around until you die like the wingless birds. That is only if the Programmer doesn't find you first. We're pretty close to all the Core's life forms outside of the O clouds being wiped out. What makes you think you're different?”

“I can move air with my palm and push people around.”

“Well you see what my thought spirit did to you out there,” they both look out at Dani's thought spirit's foggy extended state as it drift along providing them cover, “the guys you used to work for, they will be able to do something like that. And clearly this palm thing you got gives them extra motivation. So, you just realized you could do this now? You are inexperienced.”

“I always knew there was something there but knew if I tested it or even spent too much

time dwelling on the thought that my fellow researchers and O surveillance would catch on. But please, I cannot go back in there.”

“You’re royal for now. We must go in. I heard news of your escape and knew that you are maybe the only one who can get around these strangely placed interferences in this lady’s consciousness.” I think it's only circumnavigable from the O consciousness databases. You have the infrastructural knowledge of these clouds and how their structured, so we can be in and out.”

“You just informed me that every cloud up and down the coast has been projecting my image all day. The second I set foot in there, I'm in for internment—”

“—or if I'm lucky and they need me as some kind of research study then I'll get some deep Reprogramming, where I'll live out my days mindlessly serving pellets in a GCA prison.”

“Once I cast a cloud around us, anything that comes within the sphere's thoughts will be redirected. My core spirit will create an irresistible magnetic pull to any location of my choosing, and if somehow all that doesn't work then you can do that palm thing with the air.”

“What?” Nadya could not respond to the notes. The telepathic attempts failed.

“There's a map we need to get, and I'm certain I know where it is but when I tried to access it by my own means, it was obstructed by head interferences which may or may not be present when accessing the thought from your former databases.”

“Databases that I've contributed countless information to. How did you access the memories initially?”

“I live above a well that runs through the center of the world. Any interred spirits that have been buried in the core realm are viewable with a strong projection,” says the Coven’s best

kept secret.

“So similar to how the Head seems to get these omniscient readings and trickles them down for us to research.”

“Likely some kind of inversion of the same device.” “What about the map?”

“I think it may give me an answer about how to reconnect to my mirror in the physical, but I am certain it leads to the opposing entrance to the Wells.”

“You have additional motivation aside from extirpating the Oligopoly. Wells entrance on the opposite side of the Earth would mean that it's covered by water. Can't you just look up the coordinates and go there to the exact spot.”

“Yes, but knowing that there is a map valuable enough to warrant all of this supplemental security and that it leads to a place no one has passed through means that the Head is hiding it from someone out of fear that someone will be led to the Immortal realm.”

“Someone with enough power to make it through the Wells.”

“Having watched and experienced an inverse of the Well's victim's agony, my euphoria and minor addiction to viewing this debauched process through my Well has me thinking that I am the complete soul required for this passage and I possess the abilities the past seekers lacked.”

“Would you need your mirror to cross?”

“I already have him. Our thought consciousness is linked, so any information he encounters

transmits to my subconscious. When we are both in a meditative state his aura voice can sound off in my mind.”

“Remarkable. So, you don't need him physically?”

Dani does not respond. On the road, they acquiesce to silence. Nadya eventually falls asleep.

The Vanishing Pyramid reveals itself to a select few and permits entry to far fewer. Most attribute its appearance to a dehydration induced mirage, an amusing hallucination that extinguishes within a few blinks. While consumption of the mystic fruit can facilitate a glimpse, and, even maybe, a tactile climb to scale the Pyramid's exterior of hardened white sand; the mystic plant may confirm to a seeker the Pyramid's materiality, but its ingestion does not guarantee entry. Only those with a complete soul composition: thought, core, corporeal, and mirror; as well as those compel spirits with massive caches of aura energy, dark or light, are granted access. Within its maze of chambers, the discorporate copiousness's of all those who have ever entered are accessible for present time interfacing, granting its past occupants a type of disembodied immortality. These tenant wraiths, differing from the present supreme occupant, are unaware that they are no longer living and that the Pyramid's one living guest can channel to view any point of their consciousness. They appear before him, not as sentient physical forms, but rather as powerful remnant energy of thought that the Vanishing Pyramid has reconstructed into an observable form. Organized according to chronology, whichever consciousness of former tenants that the supreme occupant wishes to study will appear before him in a correspondent chamber. The Pyramid's depth extends deep underground, into floors within the core housing the consciousness of species that predated humans. The Pyramid's highest point will house Danny's consciousness, until many succeeding generations descend him into the depths along with the

rest.

Danny's favored chamber stores the consciousness of Leonardo Da Vinci, a man whose genius invention and transcendent artwork clearly drew inspiration from his discovery of the Vanishing Pyramid. Danny had, one time, opted to interface with Leonardo as a twelve-year-old boy rather than the adult Da Vinci he usually visited. Given the dearth of information regarding the upbringing of this legendary artist, Danny was interested in learning about the boy who became Leonardo Da Vinci. He put on an exhibition of raw genius that made Danny question whether he was more capable as a child than an adult. With his right hand and left he wrote two simultaneous letters in different languages to his father's commissaries for Danny to 'deliver'.

He drew designs for inventions that would not be realized for hundreds of years after his death. He extrapolated and advanced some difficult mathematical theory to answers modern Pre-Fall mathematicians had been struggling to find for years all from simple proofs Danny presented to him. His time with the youth Leonardo confirmed to Danny that the human channels for receiving the most information from the universe are most open during childhood and adolescence. To the young and old Da Vinci consciousnesses, Danny's probes are perceived as an oneiric state of past or future life recollection within a lucid dream Leonardo has in his present being.

There had been unspoken agreements. The [s} coven had been proselytized to no longer submit to [S] and O directives and protected from the Floods by the same forces; for they had a clan member with interrealm capabilities amongst them; no longer would they serve as Wladimir's instruments, or cower in haunted obsequiousness when presented with due actions that slowly and systemically stripped the Coven of its humanity. The Oligopoly had complete dominion over information: historical, scientific and even pre-Fall anecdotal memories.

In a kind of preordained divine act, the Floods were cast over the Earth's eastern hemisphere and swaths of the West—Danny had been trapped within the Vanishing Pyramid. This occurrence pendulated Dani's mercurial emotions from one polarity, the pinnacle of elation from the honeymoon period of connecting with your soul's exact counterpoint, the part of her that was always missing; to the opposing polarity, the emotional nadir of grief and loss descended all the way from the parabola's highest vertex, high above the horizontal x-axis, a steeper emotional volatility than one would have experienced had they only plummeted from the baseline x-axis.

Through their telepathic connection, Dani informed Danny about the tragic deluge while he navigated the mystical crypts that had been seemingly unaffected by water damage of any kind. Though when Danny went to investigate the exit and entry points, he saw that they had been blocked with sandstone. Stone that was aligned so precisely with the age, size and color of the surrounding blocks that Danny could not find the spot where he entered.

Pyramid exploration gave Danny an intoxicating form of escapism. He developed a love the anthropological depths where the consciousnesses of the extinct species reside. He studied the Pyramid's physics to attempt understanding its existence, and spoke with occupants about it, who all but a select few dismissed its existence as mythology.

He was learning a new history, comprised of first-hand anecdotes and infinite interviews. Any answer he looked for, there is likely a floor he could visit to get it. Each floor houses a different generation of occupants in an inconstant pattern where some floors have overlapping crypts while others may have a mausoleum on the stairwell and some other floors are entirely vacant.

After the excitement of the discovery phase began to wane, Danny commenced the study of the [s} grand plan that, he discovered, spans over three thousand years to the present: ostracization of Tesla after his work was underwritten by the Rockefellers, banking, corporatocracy, food parasite controls of the brain along the Vagus nerve, fluoride in the water, the control of fiction and its literary coding, film and its sound coding. They were united by fiction: the farmers first fear, when the seminal cloud of fear was cast to cover the light. Then the questions of evolution. Did Neanderthals and sapiens exist together? Like dogs and current sapiens? or more hostile? more sexual?

The subject matter he studies, the pessimism surrounding the actions needed to take to restore the light, the question of whether or not he will ever see daylight and the overall loneliness that comes from talking to dead folks all day had driven Danny to authentic desperation that manifested in daily supplications from bended knees directed at the Pyramid's lowest depths—to the forces responsible for his creation. Some days, Danny would awaken and walk to the Pyramid's top crypt to ascertain that he is still living and not yet a permanent occupant. Dani saves aura energy to telepath to Danny daily. Dani, being a thought realm spirit, can telepath freely with many different people while Danny can only do so with his mirror. Telepathy is no replacement for live human connection.

Danny is not alone, but he is beset by a relentless loneliness that confirms to him that these former occupants are merely consciousness devoid of soul. He sees how the soul's energy



contained within the body is at play during all human connections. Conversations that would have, in typical order, left him fulfilled from a genuine human connection and the acquisition of knowledge, had begun to only frustrate him because his body would physically anticipate energetic currents, flowing waves to and fro, that never came.

He stopped researching for leisure, turning his occupancy into a boring purgatory, until the times he is called upon by the Coven to acquire information. His conversations with Dani help correct these thought realm imbalances created by his search through the vast consciousnesses of other beings for clandestine information about the mystic plant, the rumored entry to the other Well and pretty much the entirety of [s} agenda against which they plan the counterattacks of their revolution. Their numbers are small, but when you have two of the tools needed to win an intrarealm war, your odds are better than anyone else's. This is the mantra under which Dani and Danny operate. They have a complete soul that is off of O radars. They have a small elite deprogrammed task force with the highest level of [s} trust and responsibility—the protection of the Immortal realm entry. They put into practice advanced applications of quantum field theory by visualizing the restoration of the world's light and the elimination of its fear. To them, their success is an inevitability, something that were it not for the construct of time, they would have already succeeded. Their applications of quantum field theory and further investigation into the thought realm have further illuminated that with enough visualization—driven only by altruistic intention, or love, the force behind all creation—that any thoughts will manifest in their central reality. With the intention of saving humanity, the application of this method is how Danny happened upon the Vanishing Pyramid without any maps or directions.

## PYRAMID THAT HOUSES MID-20TH CENTURY DESPOT

“Have you heard of these carbon and glass projection sets which appear harmless or without studied effect?” the Despot asks Danny.

“Televisions?”

“Yes. This weapon of,” he pauses and looks down to avoid saying [S] exists to channel the child and remaining adult life energies without the need for replacement. You must garner me more souls to outmatch her. Many more Souls: pristine aspects, holy lineage, moons in opposition to suns. And many more children,” the Despot finishes while his furrowed brow winces sweat into prominent forehead lines.

Danny emerges from the tomb, adhering to the required protocol of thirty-two breaths to go from tomb to specific chamber, then another thirty-two to go from mausoleum to outer corridor steps which lead to the vanishing pyramid's analog: a vectoral plane to which he cannot go. This ritual exists to further bind risen spirits to their mirror's aura and strengthen communication in the Pyramid.

Composed of varied essential figures throughout history that bound innumerable souls together to shape the Greater consciousness through the chronologically bound repetition of a number of iterations of their particular energy's governing ethos: fiction as authority, what was dictated held as truth, all that is forbidden becoming compulsory; the thoughts of gods alone brought them forth from their virtual parallel realm where it was yet to be thought of. Derived from its former hosts,

timeless with no beginning, following the impressed outlines of the group's shared imaginations and though overlapping, no two sets of photographs — both concrete and abstract — are perceived the same way. From one physical body to another celestial place: that place's current whereabouts, the velocity and position, are unknown.

A plant turns to dirt, then to moss, then to fungus and then into a mushroom, then to food and if the mushroom was hallucinogenic, then to the divinity of natural essence, a thought in another life form. Once a thought, the soul that has moved from one physical body to the air and then to another body, it then arrives at an infinite crossroads where it is open to disruption originated from outside one's self.

The Despot awaits in the humming mausoleum doorway. His frightened words echo in the ancient space; he feels their taciturn swells of anguished turmoil drown the ambient vibrations.

A luminous Danny counts his rapid exhalations. He takes equally spaced steps away from the tomb.

The Despot believes himself to be in present time where in fact he is in a space-time fluctuation, a storage unit for neural nets of value. His consciousness coded for replay.

Danny exhales his careful eighty eighth breath and holds on the tomb's threshold beside the Despot.

“A member of your- “he pauses to look down at the Despot's epaulettes, “team funnels information to British and Soviet [S} operatives. If you would like to maintain your- “he pauses

again, “status in the Oligopoly, you must repurpose these informative souls,” he tells the Despot.

“And this includes the work of Willem Brief?”

“You are awake, no? The imposition on [S} territory by utilizing its practices and conducting research to conflict with [S} possession of your power channel is the real reason we speak here. The head knows you look to find a new channel. Unquestionably Doctor Brief falls under the shadow of this execution. His research reports direct to the Spirit Solution Grand Chief thus undercutting [S} who implores that I be your only bridge to the other thought realms.” A tacit unadorned Danny commands a higher seat of authority than the overdressed Despot who seems to have awarded himself many badges and ribbons to compensate for the subordination.

Under the seat of [S} , as the Vanishing Pyramid's current supreme spirit, Danny is his bridge to the infinite other worldly spiritual power of [S} as well as the other thought realms. The Despot has had manic fits of fury because of this secret subordination that he spoke of to no one. “So, for now, Commander, the crisis of light exposure you ask me to resolve will remain until you summon the Grand Chief, Doctor Brief and the nursing staff that possesses knowledge of the types of procedures that Doctor Brief performs on spirits.”

“Perhaps,” the Despot furrows harder, “I can find them.” The Despot silently broods as Danny prepares to begin his eighty-eight steps to exit the corridor. The Despot wrinkles his face and narrows his eyes in suppression of his disagreement. “But information, secret information has dawned on me. It troubles me so.”

“What is it?”

“I am, above all else, an artist.”

“Uh-huh.”

“*Euthanasia in Asia, Die Thorsons, The Hereditary Detective*: all films that brought many much relief.”

“It is not the work but rather the effect of the work on a collective. The blend will move through their minds to thoughts, images made up of light that surely did not penetrate the closed eyelids. It is formative sacred topology, shared by all who view its waves.”

“And all will choose to view it?”

“Ya. Of course. It would be against the norms of social propriety not to view this media, particularly when it is their comrades who are credited. This will extend to a global consciousness as the light is disseminated from the technology that manifests as Nikola predicted. The television. Sure. But it will evolve further still. Souls are still withheld from my dominion at a consistent rate and a transgression upon market spheres will lead to light war, fought with fear. The contrarians that refuse to produce work aligned with your agenda: the Jews.”

“[S} will bring your friends peace. Don't fear. Go find your friends. Better yet, find out when they will be meeting together next and we will channel together through your consciousness.” Danny playfully engages the muted listless leader, clearly realizing this grudge against the Jews was only a matter of personal rivalry. He plucks at his deep feelings of inadequacy stemming from his inability to match the power of [S}. To know the ultimate power and also know it was forever out of reach is a hard reality for a Despot to accept. During a casting ceremony, the Despot served as one of the channels for [S} to cast the framework for its inter-dimensional masterpiece, The Great Fall, which was set forth to cast all the light from the galaxy and reclaim possession of the Seed. “Show us what the mean Jews did to you,” requesting to channel to a formative childhood upset.

This despot is asked to cast himself off to channel Danny towards a chamber which would better elucidate the wicked framework for industrialized tools of spirit control. When the unholy channel opened, the imprints that were impressed on the people needed to begin mass genocide, human experimentation, pineal gland calcification, pharmacological control were exposed to Danny.

In an act of Immortal creation, within this memory, [S} channeled the light to create the seminal thought that led the then young scientist, Willem Brief, to work for the Despot. Wladimir's target who believed himself to be pursuing the discovery of the physical connection to the soul upon his own volition, also began researching the supplementation of this — now measurable with quantum metrics — entry point with the collection and containment of the souls of others. The observance of the channel sessions shows the Despot a realm he cannot possess knowledge, a self-awareness beyond himself, a mirrored stupor. He would perish at the hands of [S} if he investigated.

“I fear I know what we will endure. From the channels, I feel I know my fate but I

cannot confirm it,” says the Despot.

“I can confirm that you must listen to my orders regardless of how heavily they conflict with your desires. I am off the aura radars of [S} because, to you, I cannot exist. [S} believes you to be within the matrix. I will direct you to maintain this impression in order to collect the information I seek, but at the cost of your personal freedom,” says Danny.

The Despot helplessly looks up to the taller Danny as they stand in corridor's arch.

“The fate you believe to be determined — I cannot speak to this,” says Danny, knowing that if he confirms that what the Despot saw was indeed his fate and that this all-important Tretyi Vek of his is just a small component of the sinister complexity that is the [S} Grand Plan to cast darkness into the universal realm, then Danny would lose all leverage when he negotiates for collected aura power within the Pyramid. Danny knows that his potential future awareness would loosen his control and jeopardize the advantageous position the light had to anonymously repossess aura power from [S} in preparation for any battles for the pyramid’s supremacy.

The Vanishing Pyramid had taught Danny all about the televisions the Despot clamored over: their true intent. Dani had taught him what she knew of the true despot: Doctor Feiber; underboss to the Wladimir. This manipulated light, he discovers, contains similarities with the light that projects disembodied spirits into the Vanishing Pyramid. He becomes wary of the effects of overexposure and worries about the cumulative long-term effects of having human telepathy and television-esque projections be a person's sole avenues for human connection.

“The televisions seem to extract large amounts of the powerful child aura.”

“Indeed. When a child views a person on the screen, their mind believes it to be receiving human life energy, when in fact the screen is not living and only a source of neutral energy. Her power channeled from the child during these moments of vulnerability when the unconscious mind deems their aura is open, but has nowhere to go.” If a television set provides a human with their only means of human connection, it creates an unhealthy energetic imbalance where positive, happy energies flow from the thought realm to an inanimate object (the television) and that object does not reciprocate the positive energy flow. People watch television and it creates a desire to receive this thought energy of feeling fused to light from the human depictions on the screen. The human mind subconsciously accepts that they are dealing with a real live being on the television and prepares and anticipates for real live human thought and feeling to flow back to them in a toroidal current. When they get no reciprocation, an energetic imbalance is created that after enough time without correction can manifest into mental, physical, psychological and even spiritual health ailments.

“The meeting point of the unconscious mind and the aura that Feiber speaks of. He is able to redirect the aura to contain it, within these vulnerable moments.”

“It is to evolve when implemented upon children intended for eventual war. There is a natural restriction upon committing acts of murder, governed by our intuition. There must be a widespread tactic utilized to prepare for warfare.”

“It is psychological, no?”

“Psychological controls are predicated upon a correlating biological component. There is a part of the human cellular makeup that governs this action. As you prepare for mass murder and aura



extraction on an unprecedented order of magnitude, you must learn what your chief Doctor, aside from televised light induced hypnosis, is planning.”

“Impossible. He is irreverent and private, pthrew,” the despot spits,” he undermines my role, tells me I am only a mascot, like a dancing bear for football team, and you know who allows it.”

“Is Feiber drugging you? You have all the Tretyi Vek's resources at your disposal, you surely must have some way to extract their tactics.”

“I have hysteria and fibromyalgia.”

“And when did symptoms develop?”

“I forget. I believe it was sometime after I grew despondent and Feiber gave me medicine.”

“And of course, he continued you on the regimen afterwards. Your brain had been hijacked and then he attributed your body's rejection of his poisons to other sources. You have been carrying your sadness since they said you didn't have what it takes to make art. Wladimir bottled up your trauma and then ascended you in the hierarchy to use you as a device for his gain. The French are better artists after all.”

Thought matter scales elation to emptiness and back again. Transmissions repeat in smaller scaled entanglements and progressively lower pitches before settling at a balance where the polarities appear to become one.

There is a blow from the stars, their position from which energy bound to light is disseminated to create new life. New life depends on the vibrations of the emitted light waves. Until

the [S] grand plan began to change the light, the celestial bodies influenced internal gravity with their weight and pull. Before, the definitions of the stars depended upon the meaning humanity attributed to them.

Their interpretations and belief of the same interpretations fueled their own existence with observation, worship. Observances of strange astronomical formations became holiday.

In the absence of the sun, the moon is all that appears to be. Known to attribute meaning, the one who could take the light away, the one born at night who believes there only to be darkness. The child born on sundown, on the longest night of the year, in the darkest corner of the world, where there is a period of continuous night, is of the most extreme polarity. The child born at sundown was changed to carry the congenital dark properties of their spirit's first moments. They had all of their formative impressions of the world formed in a natural darkness, controlled and nurtured by a force with the capability to change the attributed meaning to such natal coordinates. Even if one cannot see the light, it is still there.

The people, with whom the child experiences his first life energy transfers, will have been impacted by the night, transferring the energies they absorb from the darkness, channeling into him, accumulating over the long nocturnal period a surfeit of implicated force, unmatched by anyone born in a different time and place: an anomalous celestial predisposition. In darkness, the divine may illuminate to the child their ultimate seat of power, instilling a desire to sin without contrition — empathetic barriers crumbled back in the earth. The life form ascending to this seat had been born at the exact moment of sundown, on the longest night of the year, as the season terminates: Wladimir's birth. His ascension indicates a time of transcendence. Humanity

risers.

Prehistoric incarnations of the supreme life beings, the beholders of reflective consciousness, have risen out of creatures with both light and dark energy channeling properties: carnivores, territorial beasts or harmless herbivores, before extending a combination of both to the sub-humans. The human form foreseen to be, as part of the Fall's prophecy — an augury from within the book of {S} — the ultimate form to which life would ascend. The herbivores, the light counterparts of this spectrum with only imposed terminal points had risen from creatures with soul clarity written in their eyes; the light human form had yet to ascend, giving rise to a massive struggle when its conscious aura form was called to action.

From these seats, light wielder beings are foreseen to perpetually counter each other's emissions, altering the weather, shifting seasons, reflecting darkness when the collective consciousness is overly positive with all its needs met; impeding natural disasters or plagues; or causing them. They are the winds that create time. In the absence of the light, there is but one season.

## THE IMPERIAL COLONY

'Wallis must be turned back again. His boy is sequestered in the realm's one enclave where he is safe to build an army.'

'Due to our inability to have total dominion and control, these Dogs, particularly the next generation's progeny, we have the mirrors of the current generation, are capable of passage through the Wells.'

'They are without the fundamental ordinances of the universe,' his tone suggests that it is he who is responsible for the laws of nature.

'They are subject to the same temporal and physical laws. The ordinances you use to govern thought are not brought about by nature. Your monopoly on fiction, the universal collective consciousness, gives you total control to create reality. We know that programmed thoughts lead to materialization. No matter what thoughts are implanted, the visualization will always manifest. These dogs do not know this. If they were awakened, however unlikely, would they find their mirror and take an easy stroll through the Wells? given the sustained damage to the first generation's intuition, I would say our true concerns begin with the second generation. Deprogramming stalls nature, and it is during these stalls that we create more stalls. Intuition fortified by its own undoing.'

'The immortal man enters into mythology's canon. To become a legend so potent that, should I ever fall, my successor will categorize the story of my Immortal supreme being as fiction, but

one worthy to succeed me would be wise enough to know that all myths are true.'

'Oi! Such negativity radiating off of you. I have never heard you speak of a possible successor, let alone one of your species.'

'No being is without weakness, and with great strength the weak points will one day be exposed. A powerful entity's mettle will be provoked into the defense of its psychic channels, past and present thoughts, and ultimately the corporeal flesh and skin,' says Wladimir. 'It was Wallis's love of symmetry that was the character trait of his that I valued the most, perhaps I still value it the most. His contributions to [S} research remain an imperative component, a lasting scientific precedent, for many of my future endeavors.'

'Wallis, the unnumbered cloud, references to successors, and future endeavors: it appears to me that you fear having no future endeavors and that that cloud, Wallis, and the boy are those weak points. Weak points that if isolated, you could brush off easily, but the thought of their collective convergence forebodes some kind of astronomical alignment that you fear. That the convergence of all your weak points is not the product of coincidence, but rather the natural reaction of life correcting its imbalances. Let us ensure that you, that we, have many future endeavors. Wallis cannot learn of the unnumbered cloud and with this level of exposure, we cannot risk keeping the contents of his consciousness, not even as a partial. We have gotten pretty deep and thorough with our informational extractions, so we have preserved what we need. But now, he must be terminated.'

'I concur. We will bring him to the Coven Well and I will watch through the monolith.'

Information that no one has been able to get out of him will be conveniently exposed.'

'He will be unable to create new information from the Wells without some inciting force placed in the Well with him,' says Feiber who had come to depend on Wallis's quantum field research and Vectorist applications in his own emf input/output experimentation. Changes in Wallis's theoretics, information acquired without his knowledge or consent, had caused massive departmental shifts of O resources. Since the halcyon days of his Tretyi Vek youth and during his current confinement, Wallis has been undergoing enormous impression probing to conduct an analysis of consciousness thereupon a delicate dance commences to avoid damaging the required parts of consciousness.

'The Programmer will bring him from confinement to the Well of our Coven for a sacrificial ceremony.'

## WALLIS

Wallis hums Beethoven. The steam from his oat pellet rises. A large resident sits beside him without permission. His tired eyes survey Wallis who does not look in his direction. “I assume you are here to talk about your dreams. Unfortunately for me, *Freud's Interpretation of Dreams* was lost during the Oligopoly's consolidation of information, and now I have to make like your star-crossed lover and set up camp in your pathetic subconscious while we wait for your tormenter to reappear,” he turns to meet the resident's eyes that eagerly await his contact and says, “without your cooperation, you are worthless. I might as well kill you now. It would save you the torment. I will ask a lot of you. You will want to question my authority, and if you do, then this will not work and you will have wasted my time.”

“I will not. Whatever hocus pocus is happening, I just want it to end.”

“So, we are now in cooperation. Your first step toward psychic freedom, congratulations.” “Thank you.”

“Start by giving me your tray of oats. And really every tray after that-”

“For how long?” asks the prisoner, wary about what turning over trays for psychic

compensation would look like to the other residents. However, Tyranus doesn't think he's joking.

“However long it takes to draw out this Alma bitch. No food or water. During evening lockdown, as night falls, you will stand at your cell window and we will begin. The fast should be enough to lure her.”

“Begin what exactly?”

“I will draw you into a trance resembling sleep that creates a channel for me to stake out the astral realm for Alma.”

“What so you will see my thoughts and dreams?”

“You afraid of me seeing thoughts and dreams that you don't want me to see?” “No-“

Wallis's forehead tattooed kite channel to the 'free' world approaches the table and kneels at its side.

“Won't you need to do this hocus pocus with me? During lockdown?”



“We do this,” a colorful stream of energy, invisible to those ingesting [S] controls connect the two, 'to travel far away. Whereas tonight, we are staying put.”

Before the resident can ask where Wallis is off to, his physical body stops moving, eyes open in a cloudy glaze that obscures his eye color. Despite being unable to see the electromagnetic charges that composed his channels and projected his weightless energy into another place, the large resident felt a heaviness in the air that vanished along with Wallis's consciousness. The prison guards had grown accustomed to an unconscious Wallis. 'Narcolepsy' was written on all his records and medical charts.

From within the volcano, in an immediate sign of trouble, Wallis views James and Mason on the volcano's edge; he cannot access the chamber; he channels out to see the boys on the edge again and the back into the flame. Again, the chamber is not at the coordinates, so he decides upon utilizing his remaining meditative energy to access the one-way projections accessible by the volcano's flames—a way for him to observe the troupe without being able to communicate, to maybe find answers to the chaos.

Through the dense screen of flames, like sensing a human outline through a blanket, he feels Mason's presence and attempts connection, but given Mason's strong training in defense against psychic invasion, Wallis can only tap into trivial unguarded consciousness though there is a palpable shade of worry drawn across its defenses. In a way, this feeling confirms to Wallis his first instinct that the chamber had been stolen. Even with the aid of the volcano, a projection tool of the highest order, he feels his energy draining from attempts at psychic invasion at such great distances. He knows James is still atop the Volcano and he expends the last of his energy flow in a failed

attempt to get a news update from the impenetrable steel wall that surrounds James's consciousness. Wallis cannot help but feel a sense of pride, being the boy's instructor, at how much of black box James had become, a true asset in the realm of psychic warfare.

Wallis acknowledges that without dual cooperation, channeling from this distance sans projection chamber would require the collective aura power from two weeks of meditation. Before returning to his corporeal form to assess his course of action regarding the missing chamber, he leaves answers in the flames.

'Be it one or be it all,  
to twist over by the Fall,  
with a stretch, it came too loose,  
to be hung up from a noose  
no different than what Eve said,  
the noose will be made for you in bed,  
and even then, you will recall,  
the very looseness of it all.'

Wallis returns his disembodied life force to find that the large resident had not moved. His kite channel awakens and mirrors the amused staring of the resident only with more concern and a wrinkle of his third eye tattoo that indicates his awareness of their completed channel's overtone of betrayal.

'Tonight, we meet your tormentor,' says Wallis. The telepathic communication is delivered in the sound of snake slithers to Tyranus who is unable to interpret them. Wallis stands to retreat to his fenestrated cell without even glancing at the extra oats bestowed upon him.

## COVEN

Alexandra's wraith drifts beside Alma's cathedra. Her quarters flicker emerald light from her flame manifesting peculiar shadows from the wraith's manipulation of the ocular perceptions of bodied corporeals.

'I am delighted to see you this evening,' Alexandra's shadow takes shape in Alma's periphery, 'I am certain that you, my empress, will soon vacate my body from the sphere. I would not entrust anyone else with my life. Given your intellect, and efficient experimentation methods, I am sure you will have no use for my body soon.'

'I have not made much progress,' says Alma. 'Your probes for information, must they be mixed with these transparent efforts to appease me? I cannot tell if you are saying these things in jest.'

'Apologies if you interpreted my remarks as propitiatory supplications, a reaction that maybe 'comes with the territory' when one has dominion over another's physical form. I am indeed delighted to be in your presence this evening. I have no unrest about-'. '

'I am not working efficiently, as you put it. I view this as a confabulation of yours to state something into existence, certainly a power wraiths are capable of.'

'Maybe on an unconscious plane that I am not aware of.'

'I apologize for my delay, Alexandra. I have been distracted.'

'With what, my empress? If you don't mind me asking?' asks Alexandra as she shifts her shadow into a free-flowing torus pattern that shifts colors in Alma's peripheral vision.

'That torus is a nice touch. Thank you. Very comforting. I am awaiting what I believe to be an [S} directive to remove the monolith.'

'A summoning? Hence the emerald flame, I see. Shall I leave you to receive the transmission in private?' asks Alexandra's disembodied presence.

'No,' Alma turns to face Alexandra's energy, tapping her long fingers along the glistening part of her smooth armrest. 'Whether you are here or not, you will hear whatever they want you to hear, and you sure won't hear anything that they don't want you to hear.'

'Do you have fear that he who is summoned to the Well will perish?'

'Saving him will reveal the duplicity of our Coven to [S}, yet letting him perish to the Well could prevent our coup. We need Dani to return. I humbly accept that she is our true leader. Let O and [S} think I am the leader, historically in complete congruence with their agendas, while our Coven's true will hinges into the direction that Dani's complete spirit determines,' thinks audibly from her cathedra.

'Her directives and the glimmer of possibility of a rise to the light is predicated upon your position within [S} and your-'

'-mutiny-'

'Without which, we would have nothing. Your betrayal is an act of heroism. You are as much of a leader as any of us. It is one part of the act where you do not have to pretend.'

'At what cost?' Alma cowers as her breath slumps her into her cathedra's cushioned depths to recollect the many atrocities that she was a complicit party to—predating Dani's discovery.

'That is the past and an extension of Wladimir's will. Orders that you would have paid for with your life had you chosen not to carry them out. But the moment you discovered the complete soul in Dani, you kept her hidden and your soul's benevolent intentions were revealed.'

The flames begin to shift shape to alert the two modern witches that a transmission from [S}, given that it is emerald light, is incoming. Alexandra's shadow energy vanishes leaving Alma alone to await her directive. Two yellow moon shapes swirl in the flame before contracting to form eyes with secant lids. A feline face begins a tempered formation: whiskers appear beneath the eyes, while a nose forms between them; the flame shifts between flame and fur of the same color. Alma watches a mist being drawn from her skin upon the firepit's adjacent wall and into the cat's shadow. She stands from her cathedra in attempt to resist the entity's presumptuous pull, yet her shadow fails to reflect her action and remains to darken the cathedra's upholstery. From the flame, a similar mist breathes from the cat's mouth and into Alma's nostrils.

~Do not resist~ the smell communicates to her in a language she was not aware that she could

interpret. Alma looks to the central courtyard to see that a frozen Alexandra had also had her shadow displaced.

~Alma. You and I are without the winds that move time for a few precious moments. You are the one to control the wind, to set its course into motion. The summoned will approach my lure: a vortex that projects them to locations determined by your wind. They emerge from the timeless wormhole to predestined shadows.

'As you wish, master. I will remove the monolith to summon the light. I will use the wind to mark their shadows to appear at our Coven,' with a hurried tone that suggests slight nervousness, or, in this case, the cover-up of a much larger than slight nervousness. 'Are there any more directives, master?' she asks and bows her head.

A sparkle forms a wink in the cat's left eye as the right eye projects out and magnifies at Alma to show her an image of a boy. The eye screen extends out of the fire and shifts to an image of the Coven's Well, but only, somehow Alma is certain of this, it is a future image of the Well. Then back in her quarters, the eye recedes back into the flame, and in her peripheral vision, Alma sees the cat's silhouette circling the cathedra, a shapeless black mass with an outline of feline anatomy orbits Alma, brushing up against her legs and the legs of her chair.

The left eye magnifies back out toward Alma. The cat's dark silhouette light mists into the eye screen to rebound a sanguine mist into her nostrils. Her eyes widen and the whites absorb the red steam, forming what looks like a corneal bleed in her whites.

~Remove the entry's obstruction. Permit the insolent boy entry. He is my mirror~ the

cat communicates with an undertone of what Alma felt was real familial pride. She realizes she is making these inferences and understanding only through olfactory sense. And before she can learn more about this coveted [S} mirror and how to use this smell language, the flames extinguish.

Alma sits back in silent reflection. She notices that the area where the cat was still had trailing mechanisms and tracers of phosphorescent energy orbiting all their legs—the remnants of whatever electromagnetic output was used, only sensed by those like her that can see emf fields clear. Alma walks to the windows of her quarters that face the interior courtyard and peers into the gardens to see if Alexandra's wraith had reanimated. The wind kept her gripped in time. Without the wind, Alma sees how differences between all life, space and matter are imperceivably, and that all is one— an inanimate mass that is useless without time, without wind. The garden's vines, trees, and bushes are unmoving. Alma closes her eyes and inhales deep. Upon her exhalation, from the other side of the room, she hears the firepit's wood produce a loud crack that reignites an orange flame. She then looks out from her quarters at a reanimated wraith of Alexandra that, upon Alma's billowed exhalation, reassumes her typical busy drift through the day's gardening tasks, swaying to the wind, succumbing to the rotation of time.



The Vanishing Pyramid reveals itself to a select few and permits entry to far fewer. Most attribute its appearance to a dehydration induced mirage, an amusing hallucination that extinguishes within a few blinks. While consumption of the mystic fruit can facilitate a glimpse, and, even maybe, a tactile climb to scale the Pyramid's exterior of hardened white sand; the mystic plant may confirm to a seeker the Pyramid's materiality, but its ingestion does not guarantee entry. Only those with a complete soul composition: thought, core, corporeal, and mirror; as well as those complete spirits with massive caches of aura energy, dark or light, are granted access. Within its maze of chambers, the discorporate consciousnesses of all those who have ever entered are accessible for present time interfacing, granting its past occupants a type of disembodied immortality. These tenant wraiths, differing from the present supreme occupant, are unaware that they are no longer living and that the Pyramid's one living guest can channel to view any point of their consciousness. They appear before him, not as sentient physical forms, but rather as powerful remnant energy of thought that the Vanishing Pyramid has reconstructed into an observable form. Organized according to chronology, whichever consciousness of former tenants that the supreme occupant wishes to study will appear before him in a correspondent chamber. The Pyramid's depth extends deep underground, into floors within the core housing the consciousness of species that predated humans. The Pyramid's highest point will house Danny's consciousness, until

many succeeding generations descend him into the depths along with the rest. Danny's favored chamber stores the consciousness of Leonardo Da Vinci, a man whose genius invention and transcendent artwork clearly drew inspiration from his discovery of the Vanishing Pyramid. Danny had, one time, opted to interface with Leonardo as a twelve-year-old boy rather than the adult Da Vinci he usually visited. Given the dearth of information regarding the upbringing of this legendary artist, Danny was interested in learning about the boy who became Leonardo Da Vinci. He put on an exhibition of raw genius that made Danny question whether he was more capable as a child than an adult. With his right hand and left he wrote two simultaneous letters in different languages to his father's commissaries for Danny to 'deliver'. He outlined systemic reforms for free energy. He drew designs for inventions that would not be realized for hundreds of years after his death. He extrapolated and advanced some difficult mathematical theory to answers modern pre- Fall mathematicians had been struggling to find for years all from simple proofs Danny presented to him. His time with the youth Leonardo confirmed to Danny that the human channels for receiving the most information from the universe are most open during childhood and adolescence. To the young and old Da Vinci consciousnesses, Danny's probes are perceived as an oneiric state of past or future life recollection within a lucid dream Leonardo has in his present being.

Dani and Danny had formed an agreement, before the Floods, that Danny would enter the Pyramid given that Dani is in possession of their Core, and Thought spirits while Danny is just a Corporeal *saldat*. They had found their mirror. Their souls were complete. The [s] coven had been proselytized to no longer submit to [S] and O directives for they had a clan member with interrealm capabilities amongst them; no longer would they serve as Wladimir's instruments,

or cower in haunted obsequiousness when presented with due actions that slowly and systemically stripped the Coven of its humanity. Nothing could stop them. They were off to save the World and to save it, the Pyramid would be their most valuable resource. The Oligopoly had complete dominion over information: historical, scientific and even Pre-Fall anecdotal memories. The Vanishing Pyramid was not a myth.

Danny entered on one of the final days of the Old World. Within moments. Preordained divine act, the Floods were cast over the Earth's eastern hemisphere and swaths of the west—Danny had been trapped within the Vanishing Pyramid. This occurrence pendulated Dani's mercurial emotions from one polarity, the pinnacle of elation from the honeymoon period of connecting with your soul's exact counterpoint, the part of her that was always missing; to the opposing polarity, the emotional nadir of grief and loss descended all the way from the parabola's highest vertex, high above the horizontal x-axis, a steeper emotional volatility than one would have experienced had they only plummeted from the baseline x-axis.

Through their telepathic connection, Dani informed Danny about the tragic deluge while he navigated the mystical crypts that had been seemingly unaffected by water damage of any kind. Though when Danny went to investigate the exit and entry points, he saw that they had been blocked up with sandstone. Stone that was aligned so precisely with the age, size and color of the surrounding blocks that Danny could not find the spot where he entered.

Pyramid exploration gave Danny an intoxicating form of escapism. He developed a love the anthropological depths where the consciousnesses of the extinct species reside. He studied the

Pyramid's physics to attempt understanding its existence, and spoke with occupants about it, who all but a select few dismissed its existence as mythology. He was learning a new history, comprised of first-hand anecdotes and infinite interviews. Any answer he looked for, there was likely a floor he could visit to get it. Each floor houses a different generation of occupants in an inconstant pattern where some floors have overlapping crypts while others may have a mausoleum on the stairwell and some other floors are entirely vacant.

After the excitement of the discovery phase began to wane, Danny commenced the study of the [s} grand plan that, he discovered, spans over three thousand years to the present.

TESLA, BANKING, CORPOROTACRACY, FOOD PARASITES PREDATING PELLET, WATER FLOURIDE, THE CONTROL OF FICTION WHEN SOCIETIES GREW TO LARGE POPULACE (THEY WERE UNITED BY FICTION) THE FIRST FARMERS FEAR, WHEN THE SEMINAL CLOUD OF FEAR WAS CAST INTO BEING, THE QUESTIONS OF EVOLUTION (THE NEANDRATHAL AND SAPIENS EXISTING TOGETHER, JUST LIKE DOGS AND CURRENT SAPIENS

The subject matter he studies, the pessimism surrounding the actions needed to take to restore the light, the question of whether or not he will ever see daylight and the overall loneliness that comes from talking to dead folks all day had driven Danny to authentic desperation that manifested in daily supplications from bended knees directed at the Pyramid's lowest depths—to the forces responsible for his creation. Some days, Danny would awaken and walk to the Pyramid's top crypt to ascertain that he is still living and not yet a permanent occupant. Dani saves aura energy to telepath to Danny daily. Dani, being a thought realm spirit, can telepath freely with many different people while Danny can only do so with his mirror. Telepathy is no replacement for live human connection.

With countless brilliant minds to call upon for valuable information, Danny is not alone, yet he is beset by a relentless loneliness that confirms to him that these former occupants are

merely consciousness devoid of soul. He sees how the soul's energy contained within the body is at play during all fulfilling human connections. Conversations that would have, in typical order, left him fulfilled from a genuine human connection and the acquisition of knowledge, had begun to only frustrate him because his body would physically anticipate energetic currents, flowing waves to and fro, that never came. Much like how if a television set provides a human with their only means of human connection, it creates an unhealthy energetic imbalance where positive, happy energies flow from the thought realm to an inanimate object (the television) that does not reciprocate the positive energy flow. People watch television and it creates a desire to receive this thought energy of feeling from the human depictions on the screen. The human mind subconsciously accepts that they are dealing with a real live being on the television and prepares and anticipates for real live human thought and feeling to flow back to them in a toroidal current. When they get no reciprocation, an energetic imbalance is created that after enough time without correction can manifest into mental, physical, psychological and even spiritual health ailments.

The Vanishing Pyramid teaches Danny about the Despot's televisions. This manipulated light, he discovers, contains similarities with the light that projects disembodied spirits into the Vanishing Pyramid. He becomes wary of the effects of overexposure and worries about the cumulative long-term effects of having human telepathy and television-esque projections be a person's sole avenues for human connection.

He stopped researching for leisure, turning his occupancy into a boring purgatory, until the times he is called upon by the Coven to acquire information. His conversations with Dani help correct these thought realm imbalances created by his search through the vast consciousnesses of other beings for clandestine information about the mystic plant, the rumored entry to the other Well and pretty much the entirety of [s] agenda against which they plan the counterattacks of their revolution.

Their numbers are small, but when you have two of the tools needed to win an intrarealm war, your odds are better than anyone else's. This is the mantra under which Dani and Danny operate. They have a complete soul that is off of O radars. They have a small elite deprogrammed task force with the highest level of [s} trust and responsibility—the protection of the Immortal realm entry. They put into practice advanced applications of quantum field theory by visualizing the restoration of the world's light and the elimination of its fear. To them, their success is an inevitability, something that were it not for the construct of time, they would have already succeeded. Their applications of quantum field theory and further investigation into the thought realm have further illuminated that with enough visualization—driven only by altruistic intention, or love, the force behind all creation—that any thoughts will manifest in their central reality. With the intention of saving humanity, the application of this method is how Danny happened upon the Vanishing Pyramid without any maps or directions.

## CLOUD CITY

The core radar control tower sits atop cloud city's platform, extending into the blanketing fog of the day—fog that obscures the typically clear view from the panelless windows that stretch from the main bridge's floor to ceiling. Various higher-ranking employees scatter the office, observing monitors, making air traffic control transmissions. The Programmer faces the fog. Two employees gather around a monitor.

'Coordinates 34(\*) 56()09 extinguishes from the non-flatland eastern zone. Life readings are recorded for a moment and then vanished. Either one large mammal or a group of smaller mammals— alien life forms considering all extant life in the zone is accounted for,' says the tower's commanding officer.'

'Looks like a foreign intrusion, perhaps an amphibious water realm creature that is yet to be categorized,' says a badged researcher.

'That does not account for it vanishing from our radars. It must still be on land. It was on a path toward the elevated zone,' says the officer.

'Must be a glitch-'

'-Input these coordinates into my aircraft,' the Programmer commands without moving, his words silence the tower's conversational murmur, 'there are not one, but three mammals; two of whom are humans; the other, you are right, is a species we are yet to categorize.'



'Sir, it is likely a blip in the radar; something employees on the lower floors may have overlooked. Coincidences are bound to rise onto the charts once or twice daily,' says the neophyte researcher who's back-of-ear moisture the Programmer can sense. The other researchers writhe in embarrassed discomfort as they anticipate the Programmer's reply. They have borne witness to his confident proclamations before, and knew not to question them.

“You yourself worked on a lower core tracking floor, indexing animals and plants and such, just this week, did you not?” asks the Programmer still appearing to study the fog.

'Yes sir. I was transferred from the multi-functional statistics unit at the beginning of the week.'

'So, there must have been an opening that suited you after toiling away, indexing plant after plant, for years in a position that bored you and clearly did not utilize the full scope of your mathematical skill,' the Programmer turns to face him. He applies his respirator mask to take a deep inhalation, closing his natural eye; his artificial eye— an invention of his that serves as an enhancement to his spiritual vision, allowing him to see auras, emf fields, wraiths and projections that are invisible to ordinary beings— shutters open to begin an analysis upon the badged researcher. He replaces his respirator. 'You are thirty years old. Your blood type is B. Based on your electromagnetic field's trail, your point of origin is Canada,' he demonstrates the capabilities of his eye, 'I could keep going and send you into a seizure where your conscious thoughts overlap with reprogrammed memories, but it looks like I'll get my fill of psychic attacks on the East side of the

island today. My point for you is this: the fields of mathematics and science are primitive studies. As foundational pillars that lead to more advanced progressions, to studies where we see coincidences, anomalies, glitches in the system, blips in the radar as important, so important that here we do not ever use those words mentioned to describe them—here we call it data. In accordance with my governing ordinances, you will not use these primitive studies, this anomalous occurrence of coincidences within the odds, as a basis for argument in my department again. When I am present, coincidences do not occur. Please comply or I will bring up some seizure-inducing Canadian memories for you.' He opens his natural eye and winks at the neophyte, who is transfixed in a state of part fear and part muted admiration. The spiritual overlord of the Oligopoly marches toward the flight deck where a pilot.

Nightfall sets outside the cave where Damien and Riley rest.

'You be ponderous the weary boots Charlie gone wandering toward?' asks Riley.

'He needs time to think things over. Considering his partially reintegrated thought or core spirits without the fruit, he can't really protect himself without us.'

'I done cast a misdirection enchantment on the comrade. He spoken that he going to sleep elsewhere. Another cave perhaps?' says Riley.

'We'll catch him in the morning. He'll be in a better mood. Poor kid doesn't know what to think. He barely feels anything, but is always trying to figure out what he should be feeling.'

'That boy done survived torture training at the Troupe sans the tiniest wince. There ain't no being breathing that can get waterboarded like that. He never yelled uncle during the branding sessions. He shamed up the old fasting record and could have kept on if Wallis didn't force him to quit. Said the sunlight be enough sustenance. No matter it be, enchanted or no, no trouble going to threaten upon that old boy.'

'Exactly why I think the mystic plant won't even help him through the Wells.'

'Maybe the Wells be not what he's after. He ought to know what proper human feeling be.'

'Knowing about feeling won't do him much good. He'll only realize the importance of entering the Immortal realm to restore civilization, and at that point he'll be too human to enter because he'll be feeling all this pain.'

'He may not be destined for inter-realm ordination. The glory you seek may not be for him.'

'We know as much about restoring civilization as anyone else considering that nobody has actually done it. We have a duty. It's not about 'glory'.'

Riley looks at Damien as he lays on the ground of the cave. Damien observes the luminescent fungus on the walls that accompanies the moonlight, separate light beams that dash through the forest canopy, to brighten the interior.

'I do have the proclivity to align with Charlie's course, if he does choose to turn back to the Troupe. We be swatting at air, if we go it alone without Charlie, playing tennis in a boxing ring.'

Damien turns to face Riley. He gleams back at Riley, having recently prepared the right words for Riley's presupposed commitment withdrawal. 'You are at the crux of humanity's future, Riley.

Forget Charlie. Without you, we have nothing, no future. This is a matter that is beyond you, Riley. To take any other course of action would be selfish of you,' Damien pauses, giving Riley time to catch up before asking him the big questions, 'don't you want to know where your map leads? why it is so heavily protected from thought transfers, even guarded from yourself? If it were me, Riley, I would need the answers to these questions. Unless—wait a minute— you must already know, don't you and you're enchanted and acting like you don't—'

'—No no sir. I ain't never been no liar, not even once. I'll put my hands over the flame and eat salt the rest of my days like it do to the lying thieves of my natal point,' Damien truly wonders where that could be, 'I cannot even fathom being a purveyor of fiction—not in anyhow.'

Damien twists back toward the fungi's light, 'then you gave your word during your initiation'.

The Programmer looks out from the low-flying aircraft's open door as its flight straddles the coastline. With, what he calls, his spirit eye, he spots a small glass meditation chamber docked on the edge of the coast. 'Circle back and land there,' the Programmer points to the spot on the coast.

The partial reprogrammed pilot, unable to see the chamber ask, 'what do you see down there because I don't see any level land to use for a runway. Quite a bit of elevated land, but only very short

runways.'

The Programmer glares and a screech accompanies an emergent mist, his thought spirit, forming into a wraith-like entity that composes a colorless amorphous reflection of the Programmer. The pilot feels the screech vibrate in loops around him, as he stills into a transfixed state, the mist losing its shape to create dark shadow that follow the waves of sound that continue to circle the pilot into a fugue; the high pitch of the screech patters the static of radio transmissions and engine noise. In a final suck, all the light and sound within the cabin is absorbed by the pilot who then faces the controls, adjust the ailerons and drops the landing gear.

Down below, the screech echoes in the meditation chamber where Charlie spent the night in a vertical position to alert him. He looks overhead to spot a descending craft, landing gear deployed.

The plangent screech that alerted him tapped parts of his conscious thoughts that defy his own logical comprehension, an invasive force of some sort that he assumes he should fear. The aircraft circles back after passing the chamber, ready for landing.

About four hundred meters uphill, off the coast, Damien reacts to the same alarming noises. He widens his aura to monitor for nearby life form. Nervous, Riley opens his travel log and, while pacing back and forth within the cave, records his repetitive linear movement. Damien slaps Riley's log out of Riley's hands onto the ground. 'Not the time for your idiosyncrasies!'

'That screech struck me phobia.'

'Cast your core spirit away from us so that we know where these invaders are. Maybe we can get them to start thinking about how they're missing breakfast up in the clouds,' says Damien.

'Conduct the espionage on our comrade, perhaps? Check on his well-to-do-ness?'

'That is a waste of valuable moments. His survival depends on staying hidden and creating a diversion.'

Riley gathers his notebook to replace its spot on the dusty ground with a pulsating yellow plasma circle that then skims out of the cave followed, in the airspace above it, by the mist of Damien's thought realm spirit, a gaseous image of Damien that shifts shape and color.

After aiding the O pilot in greasing a difficult landing on a short runway, a landing the pilot would have otherwise been unable to maneuver, the Programmer recalls his thought spirit by channeling the mist back from the pilot. The pilot gasps as he awakens to a hypnopompic daze. The Programmer steps out to inspect the chamber that has been enchanted so that even he cannot see its contents. He circles the floating chamber with his natural eye closed. Once accessed, he would be able to view the chamber's recent occupants, voyages, and any lingering thought energies. He attempts to find an entry by tapping the glass on the side of the chamber that faces the land.

Descending downhill from the trees, the Programmer's enhanced eye is distracted by a plasma core radar and Damien's thought spirit. They zig zag directly toward him. The Programmer turns to the Pilot, 'there are two of them. Keep the engine running. Perform a run-up periodically to be ready for immediate take-off,' says the Programmer, having failed to capture escaped employee BB034857, with deep seriousness. He views this task as a chance for redemption, a chance to propitiate his master. He moves away from the chamber, casting his mist directly at the exact

image Wladimir described to him. The dark mist ensnares Damien's hologram and lets out another plangent screech as the darker of the two energies appears to swallow and menace the lighter of the two. The Programmer walks uphill.

Charlie exhales.

The plangent screech, that the Programmer cast upon his hologram, now bellows in Damien's mind to darken any perceptions that he channeled. This sound is only audible to Damien who collapses to the ground. He lets out a comparable screech as he collapses to the ground, rocking in a fetal position. An invasive probing of his body's pain receptors leaves him paralyzed as the Programmer plays the receptors like a fretboard on the guitar of pain. He strums notes that correlate to the brain to induce not just physical pain, but mental suffering also. He vacates any present serotonin or dopamine to induce a state of empty blanken loneliness, a chemical attached to a natural bodily process to seek out the presence of others. He strums his feelings of hunger, leading to the emesis of his stomach's contents from his fetal state; after this purge, Damien feels his stomach begin processing its own tissue in a bodily action associated with late stage starvation.

Riley sits beside him, their respite having been officially terminated, 'what is it? What's happening?'

Damien, having turned to a pale white cold tremble, is unable to reply. Beside his puddle of emesis, he stares off into a surreal tormented vision projected upon him: a child, without any facial features, waddles through a barren forest in the winter. A sort of wolf, or maybe a dog runs through the leafless trees and colorless grass towards the faceless child. As the wolfdog approaches, Damien feels a deep fear that it will attack the child, but instead it slows and gently sidles beside the child.

The child pets the fur in long strokes with one hand while the other is hidden behind him. Before Damien can feel a modicum of relief, the child stops stroking the wolfdog to brandish a large blade with his other hand and begins mutilating the creature who does not resist. He keeps chopping with blood spraying over his featureless blank face, and the poor creature seems to be submitting because he must serve his human, that's what he was trained for. Once finished mutilating the creature, the faceless head turns to face Damien, brandishing the bloodied knife.

Nervous about Damien's inability to reply, Riley calls for his core spirit to return whose trail the Programmer begins following as it zig zags back the way it came. The Programmer's natural eye views hastily covered tracks from two people as he enters the wooded area.



Charlie watches from the safety of the chamber as the hulking eye-patched man follows the plasma over the hill and out of sight. He deliberates whether he should attempt rescue or not. He can steer the chamber on his own, but is unsure of where to navigate to. If Damien and Riley are captured, will they look for him? He would have to stay underwater. He could justify abandoning Damien, but not Riley. After watching what the eye—patched man's thought spirit did to Damien's, he feels that they will be outmatched and if he remains then he will be outmatched along with them.

Disregarding all other readings in Bermooda's most dense life form area, the Programmer approaches Damien and Riley's cave that Riley's core spirit vanishes into. The corners of the Programmer's mouth turn up in a faint smile. Standing outside the cave's entry, he applies his respirator and takes a few inhalations and exhalations.

Inside Riley sits at the fetal Damien's side, 'we needs a medicine man to undo this evil, comrade Damien. We going forward to find you a medicine man to remedy—'

In an instant, the verdant ground outside beside the Programmer decays into rot as he summons his core spirit. He exhales and with a push from the air the dark plasma rots a trail of decay into the cave. Supplemented with additional extracted auras, his Core spirit grasps the boys in a powerful magnetic hold and then drags them out in its cold trail behind them.

He lets a few moments elapse during which he observes the uniformed boys hovering mid—air with their paralyzed legs hanging under them. The Programmer inhales to recall his plasma and mist channels. Upon doing so, Damien and Riley drop weightlessly to the ground, succumbing to gravity.

Damien hyperventilates in repeated gasps, appearing pale and malnourished as though the psychic invasion had also drained him of his physical juice. Riley swivels his head side to side in search of

his logbook.

'Shall we proceed?' asks the Programmer. He does not wait for a reply and turns to walk back to the shore. His core plasma remains active beneath him and jerks the boys along with his steps forward. Like dogs on a leash, each alternating step pulls them until the two quickly acquiesce to stepping in stride with the Programmer. They cross the hill's corner where the shoreline comes into view. The Programmer sees the chamber has departed. He halts, as do the boys in accordance. They see the plane performing an idle run-up, and the uniformed O pilot in the cockpit, but they do not see a meditation chamber. Damien and Riley exchange knowing looks. Their eyes signal to each other that they know all about what transpired, Charlie's night that passed in a vertical paranoid unrest, the course of events of Charlie's morning, the low aircraft awakening him, their own spirits distracting this eye—patched wizard bounty hunter type, his indecision about abandoning Riley, his justification for fleeing that Charlie only finalized after hearing Damien's, a tough pain-tolerant type, screams billowing from over the hilltop.

The Programmer says nothing and proceeds marching toward the aircraft.

'Charlie, you're going it alone,' he says aloud to himself, projecting his electromagnetic force to power the, now lighter, chamber east into the unknown. He decides that reversing course back to the Troupe would undoubtably lead to his capture given that that was his last know destination. With the application of even a fraction of the eye—patched man's spiritual power, Charlie reasoned, and not as an indictment upon his moral composition, that Damien would, under such

powerful coercion, give up Charlie's last known intended destination which Damien thought, based on their final conversation, to be the Troupe. Charlie travels with a vague direction of East, and awaits nightfall to use the stars to redirect onto a more precise path, to align with the same stars that Riley used to guide them.

It takes Danny multiple days, he lost track, of descending steps before he stops at a chamber that appears empty. He lays down on the sandstone floor. He breathes and breathes. He has used sleep deprivation and marathon walking as, only partly effective, antidotes for his interchangeable ennui and loneliness. Given Danny's prone position, a frightened member of a humanoid species gathers the courage to approach Danny. Beneath a single bushy eyebrow, small eyes fix an intent stare upon Danny; a layer of dark hair covers the entirety of the larger than homo sapiens, rather swarthy, skin except where a large hairy patch covers the angular head, the armpit cavities and the exposed genitalia; the hair conceals the gender of the being. Danny looks up to meet the stare, and smiles, amused by the simian behavior. Danny wonders if he will find what he searches for. He rolls over and crunches to a seated position.

Immediately threatened, the humanesque being jumps back, holding the eye contact.

'No, no, do not fear me. I am just resting, see?' Danny returns to the horizontal position the being seemed to be more comfortable with.

The being, who's skin had turned red, breathes out a large breath as though it had forgotten to breathe when Danny sat up. Danny questions to himself whether these beings were voluntary breathers or not.

'You mind if I rest here a little while?' asks Danny.

As a few moments pass, Danny's furry cohabitant appears less frightened and more curious.  
It smooths various patches of hair, while watching Danny

Propellers cut through the turbulent crosswinds of the dense oversea clouds to reverberate the muffled airs of the cockpit and it's adjacent cabin who's open side door serves as an emetic target for the Programmer's yellowing guests; the Programmer is uncertain about whether the emesis inducing agent is the turbulent airflow, the fear of sitting beside an open cabin door at many thousand feet of elevation, a kind of despair in regards to their bleak outlook, or simple motion sickness. In any case, he offers the boys plastic bags, which they cordially accept, and he addresses them:

'You may think of yourselves as captured and there is little, I can say to change this perception.

Of course, you were doing one thing, and I am stopping you from doing that thing to take you somewhere else against your *current* desires to maybe do that other thing,' he says loudly but without yelling over the cabin noise, his staticky robotic speech maintains audibility to Damien and Riley, 'I'm certain that there is nothing I can say to make that which you will desire in your future, into what you desire right now. For that to change, you will need to 'see' not hear.'

'I have trained for years to resist these manipulations,' says Damien, elongating the ends of his words by widening his mouth to make them audible.

'You think it is information I seek. To mercilessly squander life forms that remain in the flatlands. I will inform you now that assignments of this variety are beneath my position's duties. I do not wish to reprogram you. Notice that I have not interfaced with you about your pal's location.'

'You probably already know everything I know,' says Damien.

'Pirate, be supposing he desire to clear us from the map,' says Riley so that only Damien can hear.

'Yes that is certain truth after I perform a psychic invasion and view your contents of course,' he says in attempt to narrow the scope of his abilities, 'but Damien, I have not even troubled myself into looking into his recent conversations with you, and, you've been here the whole time, I have not radioed to a search party or sent a transmission.'

'I am entirely unfamiliar with the scope of your psychic ability. For all I know, you could have sent the transmission miles away with thought transference.'

'Really? Miles away and without a channel, you believe this to be possible? Maybe, but certainly not by our kind. More like thought transference to a visible target that could be reached by enough light for a clear transmission. Even for a practiced, what did your friend call me, pirate, I can only collect thought from up to one hundred meters.'

An inexplicable shift occurs in Damien's being. His yellowed skin morphs, beginning a kind of brightened restoration; his limped posture follows; his shoulders broaden; his vertebrae crack from tailbone to neck; lousy breaths strengthen to fill an outstretched diaphragm over-capacity; suppressed feelings of defeat are replaced with notions of beginning rising.

'You hold a purpose. I feel I am explaining to you something you are aware of, though maybe you have suppressed this knowledge or disregarded the information as a mere dream,' the Programmer observes Damien to gauge his level of awareness, 'a faulty course to information beset for you— not by your subconscious, that much was revealed to you after deprogramming, you had acquired no such information before the Fall—to comprehend your position, your duty to an entity to whom you are bound within the prestige of royal hierarchy.'

'These dreams. This information that manifests. I have seen it. I questioned whether it came from the past. You are correct, after deprogramming, I learned It did not. Does it come from the present? Dream channels, I believed to be accessible by-'

'-any old astral realm dwellers, inter-realm beings, any complete souls, and just about any deprogrammed human that trains the method or gets a boost with aura supplementation. It's a commonplace ability and the Dream realm is filled with all kinds of useless information, put there by who knows who and for reasons we can only speculate about. You were onto something. You were about to mention-'

'-the future. The information that I kept having dreams about was sent from the future. There was also a sort of blockade put in place. I recognize it for what it is now. The blockade prevented any information from muddying the channel. My dreams had been limited to just these repeated informational readings. I thought I was going mad.'

'As your pineal gland decalcified further and further, you were able to read deeper into this information? Am I right?'

'Yes,' says Damien softly, as he turns to look at Riley, who had formed a menacing grimace at Damien, disapproving at the growing affinity between the two.



'There be you keeping on jibing and swelling each other's larynxes, he be undoing your mind in chess, while you checkering him-'

A flurry of mist wraps Riley's head in a bandana shape that only covers his mouth, muffling his speech.

The Programmer smiles at Riley, revealing missing teeth and dental implants composed of various colored metals, the served purpose of which Damien assumes is beyond cosmetic. 'The boy's knowledge is required. He feels not the pain you felt earlier, I can assure you,' the Programmer assures Damien, 'I can feel it. You can feel it. You can verify what I say to you with your instinct.

Without confirmation, you disregarded your instinct. These feelings are far from delusions of grandeur. Grandeur, yes. Illusions, no. I apologize to you now. I exposed you to my spectral form with such force as a, sort of, trial to prove my master's premonitions to myself. For this, I apologize. But your ability to withstand the cultivated might of my spectral form's full force was unparalleled; I am yet to bear witness to a survivor of an attack of this magnitude, yet I know that he who ascends to the pinnacle of the Immortal realm must have the ability to withstand the attack of a simple astral realm taskmaster such as myself.'

'What did you see within my consciousness?' Damien's vitality had been restored since his damaged feelings after his capture. The relief of no longer feeling damaged produced heightened feelings of well-being.

'I can tell you that I did not look for long, but I saw visual confirmation of what I have been told and what I tell you now. Visions of your past and future. A future life communicates to you from its current unreachable location. But if you look out into the stars, you can see your

future. The message is there for you in your dreams, translated into something you can understand.'

'The visuals in my dreams. Symbolism is the language they use.'

'This symbolism they project leads to feeling, a universal language that even your weightless future self can interpret. You send back replies with feeling.'

'I felt a deep fear, unlike anything, a fear that affected my physical body. Where did that feeling

go?'

'Once it passes here, a part of it reflects waves of that frequency, readings that your future self can interpret back to them. The thoughts remain to influence others.'

'Why not just come and communicate directly?'

'Your future form is weightless and does travel and does see you. You use an evolutionary progression of the same ability you learn to harness now: your own electromagnetic field that will operate at maximum efficiency when you are near weightless and exist almost entirely in thought; your entire weight will be only in your brain as human's do lose the needs of their physical form as they have been growing to rely on their intellect to survive, and the use of thought, fiction even, to

control the beliefs of large groups rather than the small communities when humans were hunter-gatherers before the agricultural revolution.'

'I can only communicate with my future iterations indirectly?'

'Yes, for the most part. Direct communication can only occur when the future form sacrifices itself. Direct communication is beyond unnecessary, being that you would fail to communicate back to them anyway, at least for now. Do you know how to cultivate a message and project it with any degree of accuracy at an advanced future being?'

'No, but I think a member of the Troupe that I came from has an idea,' says Damien as Riley emits a muffled groan, 'I will bring you to him,' he says without considering his allegiances; a lust for power, the power of knowledge, overrides his loyalty to Wallis and the Troupe. He needs Mason, a fellow Troupe initiate, for his specialty of astronomy.

The Programmer's natural eye cannot see the Troupe boathouse at the Volcano's base, and even for the few that can see through such enchantments, it is positioned upon molten rocks that meet blackened waters, weaving the construction into a mirror effect that blends the shadows and water reflections in a seamless integration of man and nature to, particularly at night, render the facility hard to see even to those capable of seeing energetic diversion.

Once active, he lowers his cybernetic eye, ironically held in place by his primitive eye patch — not a decision caused by low availability of the more advanced eyeglass setting, but rather a stylistic choice—and he sees, along with the seated boys who watch from the open cabin, that the few members, unalarmed by the common aircraft noise, work in the garden.

One determining factor for Wallis selecting this clandestine construction for the Troupe

was the near impossibility of an aircraft landing anywhere for miles surrounding the area. He anticipated the nearby woods and fluctuant land to be the final zone to be indicated for flatland conversion. 'I assume that this is it?' confirms the Programmer. Damien replies with a slow nod. The Programmer slings a parachuting backpack over his shoulder, locks it in, and leaps from the open cabin as the craft keeps churning propellant air, removing the view of the Troupe from the boys. The bandana of mist unwraps from Riley's mouth to follow the Programmer out the cabin door.

## MURDERS

'Their powder will provide the fuel we need,' says the Programmer.

Damien appears to be in a maniacal trance. He does not grieve the loss of his friends. He is nonplussed, an effect of higher awareness. Riley, restrained on the jump-seat beside him, rocks to and fro in attempt to free himself from the psychic restraints.

'That is, it, my prodigies. There, free yourselves of your attachments to your friend. Grief is selfish. Your friends will serve us on a higher plane.'

'If they had known that you sought to free them into their disincorporate forms, they would have submitted willingly,' says Damien with a distinct sharpness in his voice that Riley had not heard before.

'Above all else, is what I retrieved,' he faces out the open aircraft door, 'he bestows upon those who serve him a source of pleasure, so euphoric that without it one feels tremendous anhedonia. It is marvelous. If we do his bidding, we are never deprived. Without it, one convulses with tremors, feels the extreme absence of heat; their mind is defragmented from which Wladimir is able, with enough aura supply, to make corrections. I must thank him for this, because after enough corrections, there are little to no errors and I am basked in glorious reciprocation channeled from the Well's monolith into our high command interfaces,' he taps his eye fixture, 'After completing my bidding at the Volcano, I have been rewarded. I am grateful that Wladimir made me an ally to this power, one of which I previously had no cognizance: a discovery that complimented my own research,' says the Programmer with the slight overtone that he may be putting on airs for faraway eavesdroppers.

'Your research? You refer to the mystic plant and its power?'

'Is that the term your fool of a master has ascribed to it? It is nothing, but a mere vessel to that which we otherwise would be unable to perceive. Wallis was an Oligopoly headhunter who went a bit rogue and started instituting unwarranted practices as solutions for overstated problems, ones that simple drinking of the seeds brew after fasting could resolve. Enriched blends were not even required. His intent was duplicitous. He certainly desired to usurp Wladimir, holding these kids,' he holds up the container of yellow ash, 'and yourselves as a weapon against [S}. Don't be

fooled. He sought to take Wladimir's mantle for his own.

'So, he himself began to believe in his own dogmatic procedures, along with the post-consumption, rebirth impressions, but they are in fact not beneficial in any way for Well passage

'That is the nature of belief. When one preaches and others listen, to be the one preaching you must skew the thoughts that were preached to you, mutate them enough where it has a modicum of discreet originality. Then the worship renews itself, particularly with an energy sensitive conglomerate: if the preacher does not himself believe what he is preaching, the light wielders are attuned enough to disingenuity to perceive this.'

'Doubt always lingered within me, particularly after ceremony, when listening to Wallis. Thought transference into his consciousness was obstructed by him when I tried. When I did come close to breaking through his cast opacity, I'd note a dwelling charge of his own questioning of his own words as they echoed in our chambers, a slight tremor in the voice.'

The Programmer turns his head to look upon Damien with his true eye: the only part of the Programmer's old body that remains, retaining his consciousness, surrounding it a demonstration of Oligopoly research and development's finest biological enhancements and industrious craftsmanship. His natural eye's opening is circled by a black face mask and, on the opposing eye, an incongruous transparent eyeball and fixture that supports his artificial eye's capabilities. The glass eyeball protrudes a gradient beyond the fixture, while his natural eye remains set deep into his skull, in its natural place. From his nape down, he is clad in metal sheets of armor reminiscent of an ancient samurai warrior. As the titanic Programmer moves back to sit beside Damien and the now comatose Riley, his prosthetic enhance legs that tower him over others by a head-length vibrate the

aircraft's cabin.

'Damien, I am obstructed from saying most of what I would like to say in detail, but you must heed these words: to eliminate fear, you must have tremendous faith in synchronicity.' The Programmer's natural eye squints and turns bloodshot as they make eye contact.

BENITO ENDS UP KILLING HIMSELF, DYING AS BENITO, LEAVING HIS MEMORIES,  
WLADIMIR'S MEMORY

'Time to pool our information: do we even know that Wladimir exists in the mortal realm? I mean really, yes, we've seen him sure, but what is the likelihood that every sighting is not just a catalogued holographic projection? Wouldn't he have to remain in the Immortal realm to maintain his boundaries?' says Damien, the first to emerge from the shock of witnessing another's suicide.

'A theory we cannot prove without sending someone to the Immortal and having them report back to us somehow,' says Alma, the next most sociopathic after Damien.

Everybody looks at Dani, given her ability to perform long-distance, inter-realm thought transference with Danny. 'It couldn't be me. First off, who's to say I would even survive to share my findings? And second, then all the information from the singularity, along with my counterpart himself would be potentially be lost.'

'Who is to say any one of us would survive?' asks Alma.

'I always thought Charlie could do it. But we don't know where the prodigal sonofabitch went, though Benito did keep clamoring about how 'we should not worry about our friend' and that 'he'll be in the right where we need him to be'.

'A collective entry into the Well could amount to a group suicide, if any one of us is out of alignment,' Alma looks at Riley, 'yet in a way we have all been summoned, and maybe the



well is crying out for help. The past solo summoned travelers having failed, now it's trying something else.'

'Well, but wait, if there are two Wells: one opposite the other. And Riley has this map to it. And the Well's path itself is a typically intractable curved space-time line, then Riley may be the only one capable of navigation once you get inside of there.'

'He's demented though, clearly out of alignment,' says Dani.

Riley does not speak to defend himself; fearing being chosen to descend. Nadya studies books in the dungeon's firelit corner.

'It's out of alignment to say others are out of alignment,' says Damien.

'We do know that the Well is a kind of boundary with a current-like force that moves collected aura deposits into the Immortal and that there is a kind of restriction in place preventing them from flowing back,' says Alma.

'How to eliminate the restriction?' asks

Damien. 'Maybe destroy the Well itself?'

asks Alma. 'How about draining its contents?'

asks Dani.

'Has anyone ever been able to endure inside the Well long enough to actually create something within it? something destructive?' asks Damien.

'Endurance again? What allowed Wladimir to persevere long enough?' asks Alma.

'We need to see what we extract from Benito, what he left us. There are things he was

clearly blocked off from telling us: that's why he killed himself to fall into the Well. He found some labyrinthian solution navigating his own restricted consciousness, elucidating his true benevolence.' Dani moves to replace the monolith. Damien assists her. Everyone except for Nadya prepares to merge consciousness with the Well to search for Benito's thoughts and memories. They sit on the floor and begin to align their intentions.

'Nadya, you're going to want to sit and focus on Benito and only Benito to the best of your ability, then we will all be able to enter and view, but through a sort of protective screen that shields negative feelings and obscures the picture a bit. You will probably really like this,' Dani instructs Nadya who then falls into line.

They are atop the mesa, the Nuclear Shamanic Institute's headquarters — and only location. It is slightly higher elevation not having been as eroded as Dani recalls. The screen of the monolith cast certain grey hues across the plateau. Their spirits dip into the Well.

'The ceremony last night was a — how you say? — a gas. We are ancients. That is to say I never die. It is like so Benito: you are old man, old enough to be my *dedushka* but you are look to be so young. You will live forever, no?' asked Wladimir. His English lexicon was yet to be expanded to include the entirety of modern usage and his Russian accent was yet to be switched to British.

'Yes and no. In the physical sense, I will not live forever, nor would I want to —'

'But you could. If you wanted to, theoretically, you could bind your body to another realm

and exist like the conscious light.'

'That would take an exhaustive amount of spiritual resources. For me to live forever, I would have to kill many people and then find a way to store that many auras. Even if I were a killer, it is not feasible.'

Wladimir proceeded to Benito's rock collection and hovered his palm over an ore. 'In village where I from, we never have traveler. Only miners and orphans. It is so cold, why traveler would go there?' he asks rhetorically. 'But there is place in woods, I think different town, and every year — or every two years — traveler come to our village. They say they on the way to this place in woods.

They help the orphanage. They play with kids. They cook meals, but never eat our little food. They make kids all very happy. Always Asian or Indian person — we think they are aliens because we never see people this color — and they always say they are passing through to this place that no one goes: Nashinabor. We always think why these people go there? There is nothing there. My village have just one road: two hundred miles from there. And after they pass, we never see them take return road.

We never see them again. I always think, 'what nice people? why bear eat them? I tell myself maybe they find different road.'

'Did you ever talk to anybody from the place they went?'

Wladimir picks up the uranium ore and begins to rub its striations, palpable contrition reads across his healthy, bright face. 'Yes, we all knew that one family live in Nashinabor. One man, patriarch and five women I believed, wife and four daughters. They had young boy, but I believe he die. Sometimes they come to our village to buy kvass and other sundries. I always wonder, why they live there? Though many Russians ask same thing about my small village. In Siberian winter, this family — the Kasamonovs is the name by which we knew them — they cannot leave because of snow that fall. So, one day — I am older, almost at time horse summon me across ocean to you Benito — I see the Kasamonov man in store and I wonder about these nice Orientals. Maybe they go and stay with Kasamonov. He is tall, very quiet and wears big Russian winter hat with scarves that cover most of his face. I say, 'hello. I am Wladimir, orphan from village. First, I ask him for some money. He pulls out so many rubles and kopeks — I never see this much before in my life. He gives me thirty kopeks for me to go away. I am so happy that I almost leave, but then I turn to ask him 'I meet nice man from Orient last month who say he go to Nashinabor but he never returns: maybe you have seen him?' The nervous man shrugs and tries to avoid eye contact, but I force him into it , and he say quickly, 'no, I never see this man,' but as he scampered out of the store, I see something in his tearful eyes that only know from textbook at orphanage: his eyes have same shape — big, downturned eyes — as men from House of Romanov, as Nicholas II. How could man with such eyes be here? I felt something through those eyes: culture, elegance that was not to be found in my village. I ignore this instinct. I walk back to orphanage because who am I to be concerned about such things? I am just orphan boy with same raggedy clothing and that was just old man Morozov. I had to worry about surviving the winter, not if the Romanov's actually survived Ekaterinburg. I don't think about this crazy thing until now. But now that we work together, my master, this idea it stays with me every night before I sleep.'

'You desire to return to the motherland,' Benito says, but Wladimir interprets his statement as a question.

'My mother, she died while making me. I never knew my father. At my orphanage, I starved during winter months; many of my orphan brothers and sisters die during this time. We never see the sun. It stays dark. My village is place for death, forgotten *shtuckyi*. It is Kasamonov family I desire to see.'

They are throttled out of the Well by its monolith and restored to present consciousness.

'So now, I believe, the suggestion is to channel into Nicolas II consciousness to see if it's in the Well,' says Alma.

'That being my first experience of any sort with the Wells, I'm realizing that everything I was thought I knew about them is wrong, dogmatic indoctrinations to put tubes up your butt and starve yourself. That felt pretty damn euphoric,' says Damien.

'Just wait to see how you feel when you witness somebody going through abject suffering —' 'Shut up Dani. You're not supposed to dwell on that. It's probably the same sociopathic

schadenfreude that Wladimir depends on for Immortality and universal dominion,' says Alma.

'That was certainly something. How do you not hang out down here all day?' asks Nadya. 'She does—' says Dani.

'I do not. Anyway, let's focus on the task at hand: we need to focus on Nicolas II. If you don't know what he looks like, it's ok. Remember that it's the collective intention that is important,' says Alma as they all ready with closed eyes beside the Well.

## BACK INTO WELL OF BENITO'S MEMORIES OF WLADIMIR

Wladimir arrived by way of a supply truck that carried remunerations for the nocturnal village, his natal point, of *Perikristice*. He stepped off his transport and noted that the village's single street light

— the one he and the other orphans would gather around for recreation — was not functional, transferring to the moon the duty of being the electricity-free village's sole flicker. The lunar glow that night was obscured by clouds, it cast an unnatural absence of light over the orphanage.

The law of return is a natural regulation of the consciousness. Much like other modes of travel, it states that one takes on the characteristic qualities of the land when visiting. A return to a birthplace indicates a stronger effect. In Wladimir's case, the natural correction takes on the cold fury of a place that calls for survival that succeeds slaughter. The hunt for flesh and blood replace the trims and cuts of the warmer climates. There, these needs are only wants. Prehistorics that once wandered far enough to bring forth these natural ordinances, a service to biological need.

Beside the repurposed army munitions truck, the young voyager, adhering to the 'law of return', focused on the street-light. A cytoplasmic orb of photons emits fleets from his ocular channels into the lamppost, reigniting the bulb.

Soon cognizant of the radiance, a swarm of emaciated children, condemned by the absent sun to dwell in nocturnal starvation, amble out from their dark quarters in collective revelry. Strained smirks and then Russian exclamations — by the older survivors that remember him — that 'Vovachka has returned'. Wladimir immediately commands them *perikrystice kagda vedhez menya* and they all cross.

The orphans gathered around him, all too distracted by the flickering light. Their adulation of the street light had shifted back to the stars and moon in the days since it stopped functioning. For some inexplicable reason, they preferred gaping at the manufactured light, composed of encapsulated energy, much more than they liked stargazing. The orphans could spend all of their free



time in dopey hazes, enveloped in the photons, adhering to the best of their capabilities to the tenets of hedonism: with no other pleasures to pursue, this was their calling. Hedonism that was complimented by Wladimir's of imported sustenance that immediately distracted the orphans, for they could not continue watching the light if they starved.

Through the coven's monolith, the group views the body language of the scene from afar, through what appears to be a binocular lens.

The light hypnotized the entire orphanage and its sole administrator. With the slight power of suggestion, the offer of food, Wladimir ushered all approximately twenty souls onto the supply truck, slammed the gate to close it behind them and quickly locked it from the outside. He cast a shifty glance around him to see if anybody had witnessed the beginning of his transformation.

Through the narrow view of the monolith's binoculars, the group now observes a memory of Wladimir staggering over intractable snow-covered hills where his supply truck had halted:

Tired scream and hands slapping its frame echo plaintively from the vehicle's interior.

Wladimir felt futility akin to that of the Nazi's invasion of Siberia in the wintertime; his stomach was empty, though the observers feel a sentient insulin-release that is the result of over-consumption; he had no methadone and received no analgesia from the universe, though the occupants of the coven's dungeon are thoroughly palliated by powerful Reciprocation akin to intravenous administration of powerful narcotics. Wladimir had underestimated the difficulty of locating a single domicile in the

tundra's vastness. His eyes radiated from the remnants of mystic fruit that his body nourishes for sustenance long after its consumption. He emits purgative cries of comparable plangency to his captive orphan brothers and sisters in the truck. He falls to his knees in the waste height snow and with his dearth of courses to opt for as well as the imminence of his death, made apparent by the sounds of an approaching distant blizzard in the darkness — the irony of death coming for him as he came in search of immortality dawns upon him — and he began prayer.

Within their shuttering lens, in the perceived present, the dungeon's omnium-gatherum becomes cognizant of a peculiar presence that has joined their collection of auras among them. They momentarily channel away from observance of Wladimir's desperation and notice a holographic, pixelating arrangement playfully running around the Well: it is a little boy, discernibly Russian, maybe six or seven, covered with anemic bruises. The dungeon crew is astonished by this spectral — or possibly wraith-like — presence; their stupors grow to be ineffably awestruck when the aristocratic appearance of the child disintegrates into pixels that disseminate his glittering light particles into the eyes of the six shocked observers, channeling their attention towards Wladimir's past:

The boy emerged, now a part of the past and the present, in transparent yet indiscrete form to skip across the ground with no resistance from the snow in front of Wladimir. In his dire supplications, Wladimir opened his eyes.

'My papa told me; you have brought me something to

eat.'

'Yes. Of course. Are you —'

'Alexei Nikolayevich, the last of the house of Romanov.' 'Are you going to take me for food?'

'Depends if you have anything for us to share. I don't usually need to eat very often, but the people that usually come don't bring anything, so I have to eat them — in a way. But they are usually very tasty,' he blinks happily with his eyes as one would nom-nom with their mouth.

Wladimir appears relieved and slowly began to rise from the snow. 'I have brought plenty. You will be able to eat for years, if you only require to eat one a year. You can spare me and I will eat with you,' he said to the boy.

'But my father says that the meals must suit the tastes of Czars and that the more they suffer, the more fit they are for our palates which must not be tainted.'

'I am certain they will taste,' he brings his clustered fingertips to his mouth and unfurls them with a smack of his lip, 'delectable.'

'Very well. Follow me. I will show you where to put them.'

They are thrust away from this vision with an unprecedented force that violently thrashes them against the dungeon chamber's walls, the Well radiating tremors that unsettle the monolith that struggles to cover its force from spilling. The soldiers in opposition to the Oligopoly

strain and nurse their mild scrapes and headaches.

'What was that? Why did we get projected out of the vision with so much — force?'

Dani groans.

'It could have been an obstruction cast by Wladimir himself,' says Alma, readjusting her healing propertied necklaces.

'No that cannot be. Unless this is some kind of diversion, Wladimir would have obstructed the entire memory,' Damien ruminates before shouting, 'it was the boy whose memory we viewed all along, and Wladimir must have cast him into the Well when he was brought there. And when we got too close to the viewing the opposing Well through this one, it restricted because if it had not, we would have collapsed our consciousness onto itself to who knows what sort of space-time ramifications. We may have been trapped in a recursive loop for eternity.'

'What about Nicolas II. Was he alive or dead? Did he survive or was that also some kind of light projection we witnessed in Wladimir's memory?' asks Alma.

'I will ask my transient counterpart, typically he projects to relevant chambers to wherever my thought veers,' says Dani.

DANNY CONVERSATION ABOUT HOW WORSHIP PLAYS INTO THIS WITH

## NICOLAS II & RASPUTIN

'We do have me here,' says Nadya after having remained mostly silent. 'What do you mean, 'we have you here?'' asks Damien.

'Dani, who is this girl again? and where did you find her?' asks Alma, scoffing at Nadya's arrogant statement.

'She incited some kind of riot among the Dogs who are overpopulating waste site 49, and then I was in the right place at the right time to rescue her. I guess the Dogs worship her and all the Reprogrammed folks there now. She's probably got carte blanche in Dogville 49 in case you ever want to go for a drink.'

'I'll pass. So, have they changed the platform channel to reroute their worship to Vlad, Feiber or whatever other miscreant they usually project?' asks Alma with interest.

'I jerry-rigged it so that they can't,' says Nadya in a bored and insouciant tone.

'You 'jerry-rigged' it. What about the other waste site? are they too propitiating to their messianic savior, Lord — what was your name again?' asks Alma.

'It's Nadya,' interrupts Dani as she feels tension growing, 'they have projected wanted posters and rewards of immortal glory for her capture. She has been totally demonized everywhere

else, but her image in Reprogrammed garb remains in the databases and Dogs everywhere have been staring at it all day with negative connotations attributed to her image.'

'Nadya, if I tap access to central command employees for widespread dissemination of that catalogued image from all the other platforms, do you think you could remotely instruct the central command employee on how to 'jerry-rig' it after I hypnotize them.

'And after that, you want to put the retarded one and I down the Well, right?' 'If you don't mind.'

'What about your hero, Charlie?' Nadya directs the question to Damien.

'What about him?' asks Damien then proceeds to answer, 'the last clue Benito gave me before he went full-blown lobotomized homicidal/suicidal was to rely on synchronicity.

'Soon enough, especially after we hypnotize central command, they'll see where you went off the radars and come here to check: the shadow guard will come here. After we transmit the order to project from every cloud city platform, the jig is up. Whoever stays here will have to be ready for battle. We might all be safer in the Well at that point,' says Alma.

Acceptance of a future death by their own collective hands. The soul being pulled from the body to forbid its unnatural body, transfigured into light and disseminated upon spectacular horizons of fleshless ties to a single entity that charges and heeds the dictations of friction to create growth. But what endpoint is targeted by the collective singular growth: does it exist once friction is thwarted? or are there new masters with new charges and dictums to catalyze an unfathomable evolution?

The terminal velocity that this group consciousness seeks, now as disembodied light, they falter to question their own intentions — thought transference without meditative effort — about whether the suffering has always been imposed? if there was a time without it? and if there never was, can they create this frictionless utopia where things just are? or will they have to be the ones implementing the suffering in order to avoid it themselves, usurping Wladimir's throne to be a progression of his megalomania manifest?

Thoughts free of pronouns other than 'we' in their non-linear, space-time geodesic hurtling like a flock of birds toward simultaneous decisions and contemporaneous discoveries. There is a palpable restriction, one of their environments, yet they are bound to each other's consciousness, Danny included.

A discordant wind thrashes their light, extinguishes it from seeing one another, gradually



separating them into a divided state. The undercurrent that would determine who would break first to abscond from the uncertain but benevolent collective intention.

They enter a sepulcher. Ornate amber furnishings are strewn about the amber walled space. An amber sarcophagus rests in the center: the monolithic cover to the tomb begins to slide, a smooth glide between the tumbled surfaces. A portent cadaver sits up in the uniform of an imperial commander in military procession. Tufted epaulettes, entangled insignias stitched into multilayered collars, coat button and lapels: a stark contrast, for all the imperial decorum provides little distraction from the scarification of his disfigured beyond recognition, otherwise aristocratic, countenance.

The amber's chatoyancy seethes bright luminescence through its striations — the raised aspects of light's function within their singular bursting from other disparate dwelling points — stir in the free-form glitter to observe and to record and possibly to interlope with a regal presence, who they presume to be Nicolas II. The King gathers himself to address them.

Upon entering the Well, Danny had channeled their auras into the Vanishing Pyramid to verify their capabilities of Well ascensions when its menace grew too heinous, to recompose while gathering pertinent information to guide their passage, as they do now from their imperial orator:

'What is untold' he asks, shifting his weight to assume a more upright seated posture in the sarcophagus, 'not that you can do anything about it now, is that by being in my presence your deaths are imminent. Sordid notion my boy, the Well's travelling spirit — the one who you hear call you towards its radiance — gives you, making you believe that you will be able to get out the way in which you came.'

Danny's photons pixelate to flutter a slight holographic disparity from the mass, as he asks,  
'are you are aware of your whereabouts?'

'I have indubitably transcended to what you would likely comprehend as purgatory: where my body is gone, but wicked procedures to extract my *dusha* post-mortem were countered by efforts to create an iconoclastic object of worship, which the population of imperial Russia did worship, attributing my image to my aura. As I see one of you appears to have accomplished this as well; he glances through the array of them representing by floating lights — behaving unpredictably in their spheres — to see transparent, spectral Nadya levitating with buoyancy, with significantly more form than the rest of them. 'Yet as I expire from memory, as I eventually will, my aura will lose its discrete scaffolding and I will fold into the singularity — or duality — given my internment, I will be bound to the one supreme being who acquires supremacy over the scaffolds themselves.'

Through the amber's clear chatoyancy, a buzzing of milled putrefaction and odors of molted decay, a disruptive luciferous light strobes to ensnare itself with the fireflies and partial holograms.

'A butcher,

A thief,

A window,

A reef,

Catch up to play,

Death go away,

Hodgepodge of light,  
Though you are  
right, to your  
dismay, thought go  
away, then you'll be  
fuel, for *Vovachka's*  
mule.', chants a  
hirsute Russian  
incoherently after  
making a telemetric  
appearance  
drunkenly. Palpable  
scintillation radiates in the amber room.

Alma ignores the distracting performance by the drunkard with a single query directed toward Nicolas II to which the collective's causal thought chain had spun:

'What about the boy? he is able to leave?'

Nicolas II, the last emperor of the Russian empire bows his head. Electric interference, like lightning, brings the group's translucent images in and out of perception, to a shuttering effect where they break apart and reassimilate in a series of lower color waves before scaling to higher vibrations, returning to their previous form, perceivable slight disparities — Danny and Nadya

more so than the others — in amber reflections.

'You are tempting forces you do not understand: pulling a black hole into another smaller black hole. You must leave here before it learns of your intentions.'

'What about your boy?' Alma demands.

'You are not to see what is obvious,' says Rasputin, Nicolas II's ancient soothsayer.

'We know what it be,' says Riley upon unearthing the effect of the labyrinthian causality to reflect his findings across their consciousness: the former Czar had been transmuting his collective worship down the chain of command, at times projecting himself, other times his son to the mortal realm in order to stay afloat in purgatory at the expense of the tortured spiritual leader, Rasputin, to whom they promised a supply of worship to be attributed to his name and image, propagated throughout their massive conglomeration. But counter-effective measures dulled this effect, casting a negative view upon totalitarianism, but not before Rasputin's enigmatic mystique had been created. The regimes that followed were able to extirpate caches of statues, images, documents and other worship objects to change public sentiment, but they were unable to obliterate worship of the House of Romanov from the world: their names and faces remained in the history books, although tainted with negative connotation; the Hermitage and Summer Palace stood erect for over a century after the reign of the usurped Czars; after the Fall, Wladimir had nearly completed the Romanov's descent into oblivion for them, blanketing anachronisms out of alignment with his regime as well as the vestiges of the Romanovs' souls.

Public awareness of Rasputin, the one whose spiritual advisement they depended upon for generations, had only come into light shortly preceding their deaths in 1917. With foreknowledge, as they prepared for death, Rasputin's mystique was propagated — a recompense for generations of advisement. Mystique that was utilized to transfigure within the duality, a capability the Czar already possessed through worship and the extraction of the creative energy of his family's woman to permit their lineage to endure, if only for a little bit longer.

'I sacrificed everything for the boy. Our lives, our worship, the House of Romanov: all were used to defy his mortal constraints, the imminence of his premature death.' Though his eyes had been rooted out of his sockets, those in the amber room could feel his tears.

The understanding that the sentiments of the public were decided by history's winners, those who erased the loser's traces from history. Manifesting in the destruction of libraries with all the information from the books transcribed to its exterior — a global Ptolemy's library blanketed by the winner's paranoia. Left to question what secrets had endured the cataclysmic exercise while they were witnessing with their lives as the spectacle's cost of admission teased those whose desire it was for the public to remain ignorant to avail their own prospects of immortality. The winners had hoarded this clandestine knowledge away from others so that the majority served as their fountain of youth.

'You must have acquired a bitterness, perhaps a hatred, toward Wladimir for eliminating you from the public consciousness?' asks Damien, 'what sort of processes did he use to acquire auras from beyond purgatory while also remaining in the Immortal realm? We have deciphered that what we see of him in the mortal realm is only an illusion, a polymorphic constituent of his grand formula for everlasting life,' he pauses before uttering a deliberate provocation, 'a formula that overpowered yours.'

Nicolas II motions, straightening his arm, toward Rasputin who then begins to chant:

*'Igra bolshai,*

*meu bodem radyie.'*

He then hums in frequencies that are inaudible to the group, besides Nadya who transfigures her opacity to a full form. Fibers of web-like constitution flow from Rasputin's outward projected palms toward Nadya. Before she can react, she feels she is bound by a sphere of anti-gravity that repels the spirits of the others who attempt to resist the invasion, to merge and retain their singularity. Their attempts are thwarted as Rasputin motions with his outstretched shamanic hands to compose a conveyance of light that frightens the agitators. As Nicolas II climbs out of the sarcophagus and stands erect beside it, Rasputin shifts Nadya's bound, near-physical form into the crypt and then slides it closed.

Rasputin then turns his attention to expelling the remainder of the, now fractured into disparate hologram, crew: their unexpected aura vivisection had broken their solidarity, creating larger divisions in their collective bodies; their wraiths flickered in varied colors representative, long or short wavelengths, different wavelengths, fleeting shock and transfixed gape, a saturnine specter before apparition.

They observe the hirsute drunkard motioning and twisting his demonic hands, a perversion of shamanic power. Their tribulation fostering resistance, an expected adversary is shocking nonetheless. Above Rasputin's loose facial skin and sagacious beard are glowing eyes channeling a red hue into each of

them.

Riley's navigation of the causal chain relays the consequences of their most worshiped soldier being thwarted into the tomb. The substitution of one who had remained in the mausoleum for over a century, to be replaced once his worship resources became scant. His own internment, then exhumation and again internment: the entity to whom the most worship was attributed. Riley's course purveys the facts to his leaders, Damien — and now, Alma — for them to decipher the reasons for this process in the plan of [S]; burials that inexplicably tied an aura's field to its physical body within the ground, earth's core realm being divided by an imposition of boundaries — the Wells that prevents the transcendent unity that corporeal death naturally sought in a thriving borderless environment; to retain the cache of worship, a surfeit that Nicolas II seemed to value above all else — Nadya — they needed to resolve the query of 'how internment in the Pyramid differs?'

Rasputin's hand motions flush them from the Pyramid, all except Danny who remains tethered like a flag to a flagpole in the midst of a tornado. He channels and grips to the reality to which he has acquiesced, tatters of light extricate into the vacuum with the others while the core of his being remains in a blanketed chamber — a forceful psychic pain elicited by separation from the collective aura with the exception of a few scraps of fiber that go with them down the Well. He retains a mode of egress should the tribulations of the Well transgress beyond the group's limits of tolerance.

The scrupulous one, the space-time geodesic Magellan, the authoritarian and the enigma with questionable morals are disseminated into personalized reentries where they are without telemetry and, with the exception of Riley, sans cartography.

The quantum field navigator views a confluence of: trails tracing the path of light; accurate

forecasts of the future positions of these photons, where no one else is able to predict how light will behave under observation. (REFERENCE READER) Ambivalence regarding the passage of time placates what to the others amounts to heinous uncertainty. Unable to interpret this information without the aid of others, Riley dwells on a recursive loop in the Well within a gravitational sound where the enclave of warped resistance, one with little sensory tantalization, permits him to project forward and back between two known points, the remnants of his formative memories after his current conscious forging in the crucibles of the Pripyat exclusion center, the moments before the strange rock was placed in his emptied room to induce a delirium that could only be resolved by his own demappment.

Alma tethers to her own manipulation, the thought that something had been done to alter her consciousness: the doubt possessed the same power over her as the procedure would have itself; perhaps she was left intact to do the Oligopoly's bidding; she immediately cycles back to ponder the speculation of the possibility. She transits to the forest, her coven's former location, where she scries for favorable aspects of spirit after providing hallucinogenics to tourists under the pretense of shamanic healing.

The spark rises from the torch and only extinguishes when no fuel remains. Damien's fuel manifests conscious sparks within a vacuum of his creation, slamming on the door that posits a beleaguered hypothesis as to his own origins. The restrictions that themselves permit one to be aware of the very same restrictions, question them, feel less than whole because of them, like a vital snip here or there had extracted a critical component under the muse of obsolescence, though appearing to be inutile, with eventual circumspection, it would prove to be integral. Deemed an operable extraneity, he observes the process that severed him from spiritual fulfillment. Missing its natural reservoir, this spiritual energy spilled into every outlet the electrified overflow could



flood. The tired anachronism of yesterday's revolution, the blanketed combustion of the neutrino bomb and its ramifications, a prodigious talent for coercion to reflect his own shortcomings; factors that coalesced to form a mutant pool to be drained periodically by those his instinct had been severed from withholding trust, those with galvanized thought luminescence capable of entanglement with the likes of the chosen one. Damien's control had been metered, checked, observed and manipulated: matrix requirements believing his omniscience to these overseeing ordinances who would observe his progress without decontainment.

Within his portal, Damien feels he must break through to before the programming. He must view what criterion he had fulfilled to be chosen, by which progenitors had his composition been influenced, what he saw during his upbringing and where. Charlie was able to break through to memory of his congenital influences, why not he?

To Damien, the Well exposed Wallis for his dogmatic process: his troupe was nothing but cattle being raised for metaphysical slaughter. He thinks to himself, 'why the synchronicity Benito mentioned? Why he lives and not Mason or James? Were they just expendable shills while he and Riley and Charlie, whereabouts unknown, served some higher purpose? Wallis certainly used some form of discretion when selecting his trainees turned victims.

His driftway fleets with scrolls of text. Characters blending into sentences to be superimposed over different alphabets which Damien could not comprehend once overlapped. From his eyes streamed two banners upon a curvature, before merging in parallel oneness. Paranoid thoughts are followed by flashes of text, painting the fog that surrounds him with glimmering light. As he has one phobic thought, the recursive flow flushes it into a panicked oblivion where he fears the blended alphabet's information, the fear itself, cannot be recollected, spoiled and bereft as more and

more thoughts turn incomprehensible, catalogues of self-referential scripts — compensation for that which he is missing — fizzle beyond the vapor's peripheral horizon. He clamors to retrieve them to no avail, and as he recedes his mind to move forward from the loss, to grieve it, the next purge regards the grief of the lost information, his attachment to the evanesced memories. A myriad of studious hours dissolved into irretrievable nothingness.

A listless ennui trails from the emergent recursive prophecies, flashes of text that are followed by the mental languor to which it had alluded. The thought of this variety of anguish quickly maroons itself from Damien's memory indices. In the absence of this suffering, the astral stage is set for an ensemble of progressively more excruciating thespians.

The procession continues, blankening Damien, forcing him to acquiesce as the eternal drift peels through leaves of memory, elucidated to perception as text, for one that is of value. Upon each refraction of light, upon this recursive loop, he has a moment for misdirection based solely on intuition since he cannot predict with logic his own instinctive inclinations: it is channeled, dictated by his pineal gland's surrogate, the thoughts of the others to whom he is at least partially in an inextricable bind. Each subsequent thought queued for expulsion is channeled from the experiences of the others within the Well.

Through a thought—to—be vestigial porthole, Dani throttles to return to her restrained position aboard the slave ship, the same vessel, she recognized, whose last voyage had later propelled her to reappear in the flatlands. Her eyeglass lay on the floor beneath her horizontal body while her arms and neck are locked into place by medieval stocks. She breathes as the vessel sashays, waves that commence an intrusive course into her thought. Dani being one of the remaining few that had not been victimized by systemic reprogramming: Alma may have some

remnant inhibitory devices in place. There were markers of Dani's past that, through adherence to regulations of higher authorities — just doing their bidding and following orders — had clouded her with contrition. There was Oligopoly misinformation that she had helped propagate throughout her spheres of influence: she convinced other of submission to that which was now clearly nefarious in intent; inoculation mandates; recursive television therapy; and medical supervision under the Brief-Fiber program. There were the regimented poisonings she had carried out under the guise of 'science'. People had died or been forever altered at her oblivious hand. She could no longer deflect responsibility. She had to accept the karmic wrath.

The multi-lateral rocking nauseates her. Blurred vision coupled with tracers of her surroundings coalesce to form traumatic tableaux of her past that embarrass her, so much so that she attempts to avert her eyes, yet it is as though her lids are pried open for viewing: a gaggle of stupefied diner patrons that turn up to accept her indoctrinating rations as she smiles; defensive claims toward those same gaggles to abide scrutiny of the Oligopoly's regime because Alma would always say that by extension they are the Oligopoly, proselytizing its adversaries by way of a smiling face that could never be a party to the duplicity that its adversaries implied.

Then, the blur transfigures into a multi-sensory animation from her virginal experiences with the opposite gender, embarrassment of the highest order. She prays Danny is too occupied with other share in her cosmic, sanguineous blush.

## DANI

A fifteen-year-old Dani works in her room, adorned with angsty teen objects, those that were specific to girls that called themselves witches to be provocative. She would do this to the boys she liked, only to scare them off toward the simpler specimens: the cheerleaders. A tired stupor glazes over her face as she works well into the night. She spins and extracts and brews.

She combines alchemical product, diffused into metallurgical solvent with profusive amounts of her own human essence — musky sweat from her underarms — to create an early iteration of her love potion.

Once complete, she brings the brew to school. At lunchtime, within the Pre-Fall GCA realm's Darwinian social hierarchies, she meanders the busy cafeteria, through the hissing drones of the adolescent ego's floatation, she believes she will go unnoticed as she carries the small vial, clutched in her palm, to the table where her crush, Johnny Townfair, sits and eats with his disaffected crew. Dani seizes an inopportune moment to swap out the cups at his crowded table. One of Johnny's football comrades spots her inept sleight of hand, and Dani freezes, transfixed in embarrassment.

All the area's attention turns to her. Previously invisible, she now feels naked. Then, after much speculation as to the contents of the transparent liquid, the sadistic cheerleader, Tabitha Cortisolia, thinks to force Dani, with peer pressure, to gulp down the potion.

Dani went home that day and every day for a week after consumption, a week being the potion's duration of action, to stare at herself in the mirror — a narcissism that never entirely left, only diminished to become more subtle.

Danny had witnessed Dani's entire stream of consciousness despite Dani's desires. He did not care particularly, only that Dani actually thought such trifling matters would affect his impression of her, and he was quite revealed that the roles were not reversed, and that she was not viewing his consciousness, for he believes himself to have significantly more damaging origin stories.

The interplanetaries appear to have provided Danny with solitary moments to channel the others through varying rays in a chamber wall with platform floor that extended out into an Amazonian jungle. The chamber wall rested as though an ancient ruin, not intrinsic to the jungle but seeming to blend in, as the floor crumbled into the earth beneath an its vibrant surrounding: ceilings of stringent leave canopy above to cast a languorous darkness through which vapors rise from the virile assortment of bushes, barks and vines; air and earth bound together by the buzzing, the varying waves, of insects, the avian and simians. Fireflies, suspended in vapor, cloud together in a tight mass and shift hue to the color spectrum's combinatory brightness, and stream vaporous smoke towards the cliff of Pyramid ruins, over which Danny presided.

The fireflies swarm him, inducing cold chills from poisonous bites: a needed sacrifice; his suffering to recall the faction of light; a bombardment of invaders that he swats away from entering his body's cavities. Resistance is futile. He begins to acquiesce to his fate, disintegration by way of anthropoids, and as he accepts this, the firefly lights begin to shift state to polymorphic disparate constituents whose facades, though slightly more enervated, Danny recognizes.

Death's stillness circulates over the scorched earth that has been bled with tributaries initiating a crossable phosphorescence for light, a sordid machination to barrier the opposing realm. A cathedra embroiled with disturbed souls that funnel from the earth into its many attachments: human eyes with translucent pupils affixed to sculpted fittings, providing terminal points for extracted light. The most lurid glows, otherworldly neon, spheres that elucidate the airspace with conspiratorial fragments of universal access. Incongruous shadows are cast around corporeal Wladimir, seated in his cathedra, as he scrolls his dominion's interface.

The Æther's supreme entity observes the group's passage through the Well. With the monolith removed, he is without the schadenfreude induced euphoria that had become a steady part of his diet. Extinguishing further into chills, the absence of heat, he ponders the possibility that the group has found a mode of egress and the replacement of the monolith will fruitless in its attempt to confine them.

Immediately, he focuses on a holographic rendition of Feiber's current GCA realm activity, picking through it by moving the wind through his indices of surrounding multi-dimensional, wraith- like animations. A viscous flow projects from the glowing triangle formed by his eyes, that keeps his facade in perpetual obstruction — a demi-god, not to be seen in complete representation by the unworthy. The torrential current of vaporous light particles carries at the speed of light heinous reprimands.

Feiber drifts in the flatland. Having lost control of one of their primary command centers and its power source because of the dogs who now worshipped the Reprogrammed, he drags one Leopold, birther number 4397 into a shallow grave. The middle rank guards shovel dirt over his corpse.

The air over the grave pixelates from the incoming transmission before gaining total form. A climb through the space-time window as light that the pinealized will be unable to discern is discorporate. “Willem, the best creative inspiration, and you most certainly will require the 'best' to escape our current imbroglio sans total archaic lobotomy: its arrival, the inspiration's, is upon the thought-realm's vessel that docks closest to death. I will bring you there now, to death's precipice — perhaps even over the threshold for a moment — for you to retrieve a pragmatic solution to exact with your corporeal instruments.”

Wladimir impels a guard to imbue Feiber's occipital cortex with a vice-like applicator of free radicals. He then spins through Feiber's, now shadowed eyes, a dark light — coupled with the physical cortex dropper, the light is a tool of cerebral castration. It was invented by Feiber and subsequently used against him.

Those without foreskin, the neuter anthropomorphics, the dogs, march in submissive procession from the waste site's opened concrete gate. A new world, the flatlands, is revealed to them for the first time. A faraway murmur of metal machinery clamors as a poignant liberty is bestowed upon them, of otherworldly discovery — rebirth. They are awakened to what the Oligopoly had always sought to control: they have achieved what Oligopoly code refers to as ‘global awareness’.

As the dogs proceed in linear uniformity, they are followed by a gaggle of middle-tier guards in formation who pull behind them fog machines and light projectors with supplemental audio components. The gate had been opened beyond the disabled projector's light. The last guard to

emerge halts the dogs that follow by issuing an order to secure the door, leaving those on the outskirts with only a glance of the great beyond.

The unsuppressed commotion of Dogs rubbing mechanical limbs quiets, as the cyan exterior conglomerate views the projection upon the exterior's wall, acquiescing them to their new environment. The fog machine emits a profusion of vaporous aprosysium — used to invoke beta wave activity in the Reprogrammed, it is thought to have slight effectiveness in placating the Dogs.

The flickers of light shutter between wall and floating vapor as the lidless eyes of the Dogs glaze over in observance of their new subject of worship: varied images of sand and earth projected through in steam that washes over them to the effect of being buried in the deluge of the depicted solid matter.

The Oligopoly's extermination program had altered its course of action. Doctor Feiber, coerced into decisive action by Wladimir, had chosen to create schisms to control the species, while also postulating that many inorganics would bury themselves if the act of self-internment was simulated following exposure to — to the Dogs — alien territory of which previously they had no cognizance. While Oligopoly employees know of the flatlands and even some are permitted to travel it for Oligopoly duties, the altered consciousness of theirs had been modified to suppress global awareness and exploration; whereas the Dogs had simply never been there, even in thought. It was as though the fledgling flatland conglomerate had been granted entry to the heavenly celestial Æther and they wanted to remain.

Wladimir observes the indoctrination with Feiber from a distance. He addresses his subjugated



ally:

“Willem, are you familiar with the etymology of the word 'assassin'?”

He fails to respond as light spatters from his exposed brain tissue, necrosis surrounding an applied vice that hinges and channels Feiber's savant-like thoughts — the optimal courses of action — into direct orders to each and every Cloud City.

“In ancient Arabia, the monarchs order the kidnapping of a peasant untouchable from their shanty towns, from the only life they knew — a life of abject poverty — and have the plebian delivered to their palaces. They would then administer copious amounts of hashish regularly. They would never let the peasant be free of the drug's effects. They would indulge their captive with their finest delicacies, foods that the poor peasant did not know to even exist. They would bestow upon them their finest courtesans. The peasant would feel that he had been enraptured, ascended to heaven. The hashish administration would continue and after some time the peasant's captors would approach the indoctrinated, as messiahs carrying orders from the divine: return to earth, carry out God's bidding and then the peasant was told that he would be permitted to reenter. Unafraid of death, the peasant would carry out the assassination that he believed to be ordered by God. The *hashish* had been used to turn him into the *assassin*. Note the phonetic similarity.'

The vice now loosening, Feiber emits a strained reply to confirm he appreciates the tale.

Despite, Feiber invoking the seminal thoughts for this process, with no qualms Wladimir takes credit for the idea himself — even when he addresses Feiber.

Wallis sits in Bordertown's interrogational room. The ebb of the fluorescent bulb is repelled above the table. He is emaciated beyond recognition. A shadow outlines the corners. Though appearing like the liberated of Auschwitz, he cavorts like Gandhi. Possessed by the sunken jawline and protrusive anatomy over which his standard-issue jumpsuit drapes. He has transcended the binds of the physical body: those of pain, attachment to the things deemed necessary for survival.

To him: the mass of organic matter he tethers to with the weakest grasp of aura, long enough to disseminate valued information to those that require it. Wrinkled folds carry a single tear he pinches away.

His brand of defiance: he has abstained from consumption of water, even potable filtered water, and by becoming less human in this he has separated his own aura for extra-sensory tasks.

Upon learning of the boys' escape, Wallis commenced the final layers of separation: fluid abstention and light fast — only absorbing the much slower frequencies of dark light; he drank no water; he absorbed no light. He hung a sheet over his cell window. He was encouraged to drink poison. He was allowed a rope beside his bed. He micromanaged vapors. He rarely left his cell — the size of a tomb.

He had been gathering his own internal resources for days. He radiates alone in the

interrogation room. He is prepared for the incoming telemetry. The video surveillance from two cameras on opposite ends of the room replicate the same image, confounding the crew at the other end as his body appears to have a mirrored wraith that overlaps — only partially — with Wallis's corporeal self, blurred and ready to apparate — pins and needles — an abundance of meditative growth, a transgression of biological limitations. Both cameras show the prolapse of the metaphysical organ, but one wraith menaces the surveillance guards by grimacing directly into the camera, while the other draws far enough away from Wallis to stare back at his own originating point.

From their interface station, down the conjoining hallway, the unsettled guards rotate in shifts to relieve the interference. Induced gastric twinges and turbulent fantods of others that those bent over in agony attempt to placate — tics and spells from observation of that which is forbidden.

Pixilation that is familiar to Wallis emerges from the video camera to fill the chair across the table with crystalline sparkles of Wladimir's emergent wraith. An iconoclastic outline shimmers reflection of the typically non-refractive concrete wall behind it, changing its properties to possess double-refraction that then, squinting Wallis's corporeal eyes begin a certain entropy within their shifting colors — pixel by pixel, in gradated strokes of light — a representation of Wladimir; the eyes are the last to gain form, but maintain a luciferous glow — an open channel to call upon more resources from the Æther.

The steel table's sheen blends to conflate with the two wraiths, Wallis's now with more definition, on the precipice his corporeal body's abandonment.

Inverted telemetric observation shatters the camera lens. A respond team of guards attempt

to enter the room's conjoining hallway and are thwarted by an anti-gravity sphere that repels them and induces more plagued bouts of interference.

Wladimir and Wallis join and separate, as lions appraising their adversaries through olfactory emissions from the other in the air, to sense fear — anxious musk — putting down strength, seeing the posture, but feeling the truth: fatalism's surprise betrayed by enough circumspection of the present to determine the outcome beforehand.

They recede back from the interloping auroras into near full forms: Wallis still with a peripheral layer, a silhouette, the liminal margins between him and space, neither here nor there; while the master of [S} sits in his withered display of despotic elegance, his gaunt, atrophied facial muscles visible beneath his ambiguous eye glow.

'You have acquired a channel to one of my employees. I have felt it,' says Wladimir.

'And your fear is unprecedented? For the record, she found me through Oligopoly databases,' says Wallis.

'Where would we be in the absence of  
fear?' 'Devolved, unable to survive.'

They speak like embittered rivals, that despite their rivalry, have a certain kinship.  
'Thereupon I am demonized for creation of abundance of fear, for pushing humankind beyond a comfortable evolution to a rapid pace. And you choose to use my own tenets against me, but I recognize we are not so different,' Wladimir says despite having subjugated captive researchers to evolve the philosophies of his predecessors while taking credit.

'A difference in belief perhaps.'

'You have convinced yourself of this difference, but it is you who tries to reverse engineer something that is unprecedented. And you believe your own fiction, while I am aware of the illusion of belief that I must maintain. Somewhere beyond all the self-aggrandizement, you are as well.'

'I know that you require the channel to Alma. Of this I am aware.'

'Mutinous scoundrels, the both of you. I should have had the precognition to implement more brain necrosis. Others have suffered for your betrayal.'

'You still cannot kill me. I am the sole connection to your weakness. The fuse is still in my grasp.'

'You have not seen the inevitability of our rendezvous then? You have seen the clouds of determinism. The ones that make the prey fight the predator despite their investigation of the present foreshadowing their demise. The clouds you see are my clear skies.'

'Liar!' The concrete floor cracks the walls and table tremble, the sensation of an earthquake gathering in magnitude. 'I have seen the fear.'

'It has nothing to do with you,' Wladimir pauses and a lightning flash penetrates the room, scorching the concrete, painting it with flames that persist within their enclosure, supplied with oxygen from his eye channel. 'You are a peasant.'

Wallis's faint corporeal body collapses on the table as his aura's undulations of light coalesces the conflicted airspace.

'Beyond our confabulations is spite of a higher order: mine for the imprisonment you have subjected upon me; and yours for my incomplete assignment, the withdrawal of the card you require from the deck, the turn of nature's light creations onto my path rather than yours. You have a misunderstanding of control. It is not control the interplanetaries possess, but a uniformly dispersed symbiosis,' Wallis forestalls with conversation while making futile efforts to overpower Wladimir's aura caches and enter his eye channels, his projector.

'Thought's mass is subject to similar laws of gravity and yours are outweighed, perhaps I could even focus a part of my consciousness to another screen at a disparate point and still keep you restrained,' Wladimir says as he proceeds to redirect light from his fingertips. The fingers and afferent hand defragment and vanish through fractured sun rays that shine through their wraith clouds and into the shattered camera lens. With his dismembered hand in transit, Wladimir roars on an otherworldly frequency. Both of his vocal cords emit two different frequencies, both beneath the scales achievable by most voices. The door to the room vibrates and subsequently shatters open to reveal, down the hallway, a collection of toppled over guards in the binds of the anti-gravity repellants force.

Wladimir's disembodied hand flows through the hallway's field, dragging Tyrannus by his jumpsuit's collar to carry him into the room. The hand releases Tyrannus to thrust him to the ground, face up, beneath Wladimir's feet. The same force that keeps Wallis's corporeal form restricted, keeps Tyrannus immobile. The hand reconnects to Wladimir's forearm.

Tyrannus appears to have respiratory depression as he lays dormant. His mouth is slack. Drool pulls from his lips' corners to pool on the floor beside him. His pried eyes, while in a transfixed gaze, oscillate from side to side in a beleaguered terror.

Wallis acquiesces to his futile state. He views his corporeal form from above, collapsed, within an inescapable anti-gravity forcefield. He continues to scry for information within the deluge of luminescence emerging from Wladimir's channel.

'I will grant you life, a return to this pile of pathetic organic matter. You know where I want you to go. Here is the channel she has used to contact you. If you go elsewhere, I will have you at my disposal in the core. I will serve as your kite.'

'Is she inside the Well?' Wallis asks after penetrating deep enough into Wladimir's eyes to retrieve a scrap of thought regarding the inter-realm passage.

'I need you to know what they are planning,' says Wladimir in avoidance of a direct response, 'the moment you veer from our objective, I will keep you as my own personal plaything within the Core. Your pitiful attempt to cling to life has lost all of its leverage.' A sullen look spread over Wallis being as he ruminates the ramifications of this possible vagary. Wladimir, not one to make empty threats, must have knowledge of the boys of his troupe transiting the Wells. 'If you veer off course, you will not return. You will not regenerate. You will be severed from the universal consciousness forever.'

“Forbidden.”

After Wladimir revealed his high cards, Wallis remained ruminative, knowing precisely the gist of Wladimir's message that would follow, 'I will kill you, but not in the nice way — the way that leads to eternal damnation'. Rather than listening, he glances about the room as his light expands and contracts. He observes the inversion: how his light waves were not behaving as particles, otherwise they too would be throttled into the ground as the bodies had. His first recordings of the, he deems to be, a clearly integral component giving rise to Wladimir's dominion, offer insight into the preponderance of his resources. He thinks of how the light waves can be changed to particles to force this aura restriction: a labyrinthian query he must solve to abscond Wladimir's grasp and perhaps overthrow his universal dominion.

Wladimir cackles from his seat, a now glowing trine adjoins Tyrannus's two eyes with his forehead's center. The top of Wallis's discorporate form starts spilling in rapid bilateral erosion like a top-heavy pile of sand and the granule light particles funnel towards Tyrannus's glowing trine. The rest of Wallis's light matter, seemingly converted to particles, follows into the catatonic Tyrannus.

After Wallis's flush is complete, Wladimir's hand follows, the rest of his form evanesces into the camera, and the room's light is extinguished.



Vapors linger in a scorched forest of bare trees. Smoke rises from charred embers. Within the lattice of sparse wood are supine, immobile catatonics, each in a black robe and an eye mask. There is no movement aside from depressed breathing. An oppressive stillness emanates from their breaths to the air above them. It is apparent, through the outlines of widened hips and protrusive breasts that the forest sleepers are all female. The sky is uncertain. It appears to be in a daylight that reflects moonlight off the snow, but there is no snow. Alma observes in wraith form and questions whether this is a matter of her perspective, the view of a memory through the Well's phosphorescent screen.

She watches the fog from a distance. She notices the absence of heat. She counts the women. There are twelve. She oscillates glances between them. She sees the fog around them radiate with heat as the energy leaves the mass of each women, burning within an enchanted, contained, entropic vaporous pyre: a solemn indication that she observes mass aura harvesting.

Alma recalls her own hallucinogen ceremonies in the coven's forest. If she had an instrument, she would — now — scry the fog's cloud. She leaps to her conditioning, her behavioral muscle memory, a routine groomed in the same tracks many times over. Yet this was not her memory.

Those presiding over the aura extraction seem to have left the space and if they would

not return then the favorable aspects would not be encapsulated; they would instead radiate, splitting into the skies and back into the women's bodies, rather than being preserved in Wladimir's containers — devices, to Alma, with uncertain specifications. They would recede fragmented and with varying conflated personalities, psychic lobotomies, depersonalizations.

A netherspace of being neither here nor there besets a confusion with ambivalent overtones: lost in the fog. Overhead, a vulture readies to strike the moribund; a natural sacrificial act, ungoverned by morality. A simultaneous sensation of being among the moribund, maybe a decedent herself: Alma is beneath them. She froths in the earth's ashen crust. The Well's driftway is present. She believes herself to be on its periphery, an insulating enclave. She emerges from the ground with no gravitational resistance to stand among the bodies which are poignant reminders of her past.

“Salutations, old friend,” Wallis appears beside Alma and they stand together, overseeing the eye-masked catatonics.

Indexed calculations and a modest presumption: a bold conjecture regarding the nature of their predicaments solves the cause of Wallis's intrusion in Alma's mind even before he offers an explanation.

“A surrogate: very clever indeed,” she looks overhead to the vulture, “an open channel draws me from the Well to its periphery. You expect me to tell you whatever you want to know, so that I am not subjected to its torturous driftway — source of reciprocation and anti-gravity is it?”

Wallis glares at her. “Are you familiar with the human farming of yore? Before scaling the operations back to that with which your coven was familiar, the process had been optimized and

then progressed into an industrial system. Children were gathered and processed, tortured to manifest higher creation and royal families, oligarchs gathered in line to receive the products. Once Wladimir had his stranglehold upon global dominion — universal dominion — he propagated information to those with this knowledge that the process had lost its luster, that it had devolved to mere witchcraft and sorcery. The few remaining products that posed a threat to him, those he could not unequivocally control were exterminated. He began to exert meticulous control over the information, afraid that human farming would manifest a supreme being, the same creator's looking glass as Jesus," Wallis looks around, "This is the last procedure using the old system."

"The cloaks, but why the cloaks? and the eye masks?" Alma knows that extraction procedures required the body to be free of all clothing and artifacts.

"Every detail you know to have a function. If one wears a piece of jewelry, it is not just because, it is to serve a function. Properties can counteract one another when excessive items are attached or present in the individuals' surroundings."

"The occult depends on each detail. The shaman elucidates that which is invisible."

"So, what if a shaman is inverted, one who ascertains that the invisible is kept invisible? The connotation of shamans working with plant medicines is the product of reality having become so hidden that they need the powerful allies, the plants, to shine light on the unseen."

"That makes me a *bruja*, one of these inverted shamans. There is nobody left sentient enough to view the luminiferous Æther's projections."

"And here is how the last of the last of the *brujas* was cultivated."

With the airspace full of vaporous light and the twelve bodies, catatonic, deprived of their auras, a younger Wallis — in uniform — emerges through the barren landscape. He holds up a natural bismuth crystal. He looks through its hole, a process Alma associates with scrying the collective auras for favorable aspects to be processed and encapsulated. Young Wallis panels, searching through the clouds before pausing. He sets his case down and replaces his stone to produce a vial of *Florida* water that he spills on the woman over which he paused. Her receiving channel bursts open: the auras and open channels imperceptible without trained scrying, but Alma and the present Wallis are within the Well.

They watch Wallis's memory together as young Wallis replaces the vial to produce another vial, an ampoule, and a 17-gauge syringe. He draws liquid into the syringe. He proceeds to the other eleven catatonics and administers a series of intramuscular injections through the black fabrics that swell into abscesses beneath their cloaks. Lethal injections. The women are sacrificed; their auras severed from receding into their originating points and obstructed from entering the Æther. A deluge of electromagnetic waves collects over the remaining living woman, swirling a whirlpool of vapor.

“The last threat to the Oligopoly was indeed difficult to render docile. A series of reconditioning so taxing, and consuming unsustainable amounts of electromagnetic resource, that the industrial operation had to be scaled back,” says Wallis's hologram, “after optimization of the process and locating a collection of the strongest candidates — my Oligopoly duty — the overflow coupled with evolution — the generations of human farming — turned the last *bruja* heedless.

The process you were taught to use and the future Oligopoly reprogramming regimen are

both gross oversimplifications.” The whirlpool continues to swirl, seeking another — more appropriate — mode of egress.

“I was just instructed to scry for the desired vibrations versus the undesired: death over healing, fear over love, and so on. The way that everybody could see before the (S} agenda began to be implemented thousands of years ago, before humans needed shamans and we all were them already. This process is heinous. I would not have gone along with it.”

“Murder would have overridden your own natural controls to degrade your metaphysical capabilities. You maintain your aura after murder without supplementation.”

The stirring auras speed to fervent. “But why the cloaks?”

The overseeing vulture transfigures into a dismembered, disembodied hand and descends upon the remaining living body, whortling through the air to clutch the cloak in its fingertips. 'A manipulation of memory perhaps. When I experienced the last ceremony, all the subjects were disrobed, free of artifacts and eye masks. We have an eavesdropper and he has a penchant for drama.' The hand removes the cloak in a brisk pull to reveal Alma to herself, nude, catatonic, on the ashes of the forest floor: a reveal of the seminal procedures of her current construction; eleven others sacrificed for her to be who she is now, a mutinous *bruja*.

'Whether I find out what you are doing in the Well or not, this will likely be our final meeting,' he says quickly as if to deliver pertinent information before Wladimir summons enough aura power at lightspeed to sever their connection. 'Wladimir can turn light waves to particles and back at his command: in particular, the unseen particles of soul that we used to see; he has blinded everyone to them, eliminating the collective consciousness. I believe he does this by staying

outside of the mortal realm and its other unseen half of aura contents, terra firma's correlating black hole. He stays on the precipice of its gravitation horizon where he has created blockages: trenches, a no man's land.

From there he can observe the virtual pairs of photons, but even with observation — in violation of quantum law — he can predict their motion. The two types of photons: the thermal and virtual pairs, he can manipulate to his desired usage because of his position on the horizon's precipice. If you are within the Well, as I assume you are, to reach the required escape velocity, you must have somebody outside the Well capable of observation. I believe that here lies the secret which I do not expect you to reveal.'

Wladimir's hand observes in wait to see if Alma, after such emotional provocations, the reveal of her sacrilegious origins, lacks the restraint to withhold pertinent information. She recognizes the withered hand. Wallis had alluded to Wladimir's presence. She remains mum.

Wallis continues to trudge the grey area of assisting Alma while also demonstrating sufficient utility to Wladimir so that he can abscond eternal damnation. 'The fluctuations of quanta are parts of a vacuum that cannot be eliminated. The confusion of these two types of photons: within the singularity, there are no real photons, only virtual pairs that radiate from the singularity to be contained by Wladimir.' He stutters as he says his name, believing Wladimir to maybe view this utterance as a possible transgression.

'Are you suggesting that terrafirma acts as a half of a torus with a remote continuity that correlates to a black hole, solely for the information of the aura's and not earth's physical matter.'

'Yes and no. The physical matter affects the aura matter, so you could say that another torus correlates to this torus of auras.'

'A torus within a torus for that which is subject to laws of matter, while the torus of soul exists

upon a vast separation, a space-time quantum fluctuation that makes it remote.'

'This split, the space of Wladimir's dominion. Where souls are weightless on Earth, as they evaporate into space to mount a return to enter matter, they behave like real photons and are captured. Before evaporating, they are unable to notice that they are within the singularity. Free to transit without restriction, the aura's photons evaporate to be channeled back to Earth. But now, there is a sort of damn that channels the fresh life source supply into Wladimir, enabling him to nullify the precepts of astrophysics and mortality. I believe him to be employing a physical accessory torus dam as well,' Wallis winks.

'Immortality: the best kept secret in Pre-fall civilization,' says Alma loosely, 'but I believe if only we can create -' she stops herself after recalling that they are not alone.

'We? You have entered the passage with others? My escapees?'

She refuses to respond.

Wallis's image fades through a phosphorescent screen, a touch from the hand that he perceives to be tactile. While in a faraway prison interrogation chamber, Wladimir changes virtual photons to heat and scorches Wallis's limp cadaver like a boy tormenting an ant with a magnifying glass.

The wind's motion having halted the rotation of the Earth, Alma faces her nude body. She ponders the possibility that they are in a black hole, escapable only by waiting an eternity for evaporation or exceeding the speed of light.

Damien, Danny and Dani return to a crypt of unoccupied sandstone. They note Alma's

absence.

NICOLAS II's SON EMERGES FROM THE WELL IN THE FORM OF RADIATION FROM AN  
EXCESS OF WORSHIP, AURA AND THOUGHT

Shadows cloud to dust, immersive scruples across genuine faces: the average facial lines, eye shapes and lip corners of the population; the skin color skewed to a swarthy beige. Pixels in an ineffable vacuum that trail and trace a myriad of layers with the slightest palpation. The absence of heat is noted, but not felt. A dust storm gathers and punctures the vacuous environment to besiege the foreign onlookers who resist contributing a new set to the law of averages.

Their collective blend of memory attributes perception to the setting: bleak earth that is



stolen out from under them as they are indoctrinated by glaring rays of light to meditate, chant, pray, genuflect upon the same collective frequency, toward one icon. As belief is subverted, the collective's land to which they had previously laid claim is stripped. The boundaries created for possessive demarcation. Lingual disparities — rather than a singular collective tongue — languages rife with pronouns supersede those that opt to blend the pronoun into the word on scales of importance. Those with tongues emphasizing the collective are the first to be stripped of their possessions by the I'ers and the We'ers.

Still cries that reverberate in place. Beleaguered mental faculties are drawn into seclusion against their natures. A feeling of listless indecision, pain that grows with each passing moment, permeates the onlookers: into the vacuums the superfluous emotions spill, new vessels for transit to nowhere. Disparaging remarks, terms of negation, repetitive conditioning, hollow interpersonal contact, anxiety provocation and the despondency all associate to the charges, the frictions, the electrical undercurrents of their collective oppression, manifesting in light, a perpetual psychic cyclone. Mass graves, zyklon-b, skid rows, cancer wards, polio blankets: borders created with the intentions of duplicitous agents, acquiescing all within their demarcations to a transit period that carries victims — by the truckload — to the open gates of human farms, to then industrialize the process to capacities that exceed the truckload — freight by the boxcar or grainer, cargo by the jumbo-jet. The evolved meatpacker's waiting outside, utilizing the same industry standards with molecule-engineered packaging for a precious ethereal meat with little substance, but a lot of flavor. Slaughterhouses turned jewelry departments to adorn the sociopath with necklaces possessive of metaphysical properties.

The curtains are drawn upon the visuals. The patter creates enough discord to render the cries from the gaunt, swarthy faces incomprehensible: heard and seen for the first and last

time; Dali's screaming impression; a frequency so poignant that the punctured ears cry blood.

Animals produced in industrial farms for human consumption experienced a softer industrial processing than the eternal psychic cruelty of the human stock, cultivated for humanity's 'finest'.

The sentient wraith flashes in strobes, pulsations that swirl in a vortex of light. Resisting its interloping poignancies are Damien, Dani and Danny. Their collective body of interpretation transmutes the frictions, attempting growth that rises from the gravitational resistance of the vortex's draw, yet it manifests as lost utterances, particles of speech, the intent of simian grunts, words of discrete sentences after which each Well traveler clutches, before the bits escape through the spaces between their fingers and are swept into the winds that rotate time beyond their human tolerance for gravitational fluctuations. Their light survives the quantum warp. They collect a few breaths of Alma's warning regarding Damien.

WLADIMIR

The Well radiates emissions. The monolith's bottom leans against the Well's side of tumbled stones, held together with a hardened red grout. Next to them is Dani's corporeal body along with the rest of those who entered the Well sans Charlie.

In the upstairs quarters, guards search for inhabitants.

“There is one other, Master,” says a cloaked shadow guard through his voice-deepening face mask.

“There are two: one disincorporate that you are unable to sense.” The guard exits to retrieve Delilah.

Information — and Wladimir knows this to be true — only can be transferred, never lost forever. Though he cannot erase Alma's, he believes he can codify it to render it incomprehensible.

Alexandra apparates to see Wladimir. She lingers in her usual form, the glimmering, formless ball of light.

“Ah yes, Miss Alexandra. We are acquainted.”

The shadow guard returns, holding Delilah like a dumbbell, his mammoth gloved hand wrapped around her waist. The baseless, horizontal witch glances sideways at Wladimir with menace and then averts from the lurid glow that triangulates his unseen facial features. Alexandra begins to roll through the air at the shadow guard, but is halted in jolts of electrocution upon Wladimir's immediate cognizance of her intentions to electrocute the guard to free Delilah from his grasp. The shadow guard flicks her on the dungeon ground beside Alexandra's light.

"I have heard many reports about the two of you and your productivity. Finally, the boss meets his employees. After years of working in the shadows, I have decided to take a more direct role in the workplace. I understand Alexandra had been prevented from entering a physical form. I would like to undo this cruelty."

"That sure sounds nice. I'm only comfortable when there are lightning storms. It would be quite a relief."

"Alex, don't be a fool. We cannot trust him."

He motions to the guard who then removes his left glove to reveal syringes implanted to his index and middle fingers.

Before the fall, light as potent as Alexandra's would strike the ground and channel into the Earth. Then, Oligopoly operations dictated that it would strike the top of their cities' highest points. At the center of every cloud city, unseen in the clouds are finials of transmission towers. The deluge of water created oppressive clouds that the victims of electromagnetic field alterations were captured.

"Alma has done nothing but victimize you. It is time for your retribution. Why should you be

the ones to suffer?” The shadow guard approaches Delilah, restrains her and hits a vein on the first try. Her eyes roll to the back of her head and she retracts to a supine position on the floor. Wladimir detects another lighting strike, but quickly feeds rays of interference from his eye channel.

“Those are the same potions toward which Delilah has a predilection. Follow me to the Well,” Wladimir enchants the gullible Alexandra with ease. He then channels to the Well, into its radiating emissions. Broken by the Well's distortions, clawing for a mode of egress, yelling repetitive, plaintive submissions in varied forlorn states, waving their consciousness's white flags of psychic torment.

Wladimir — from the other end of the Well; another hologram — reflects her spirit to reconvene with a psychic body that floats near the Well's surface.

“So close. If you look in, you will see.” Wladimir looks to Dani. “Who is this?”

Alexandra's lips move and then about seven seconds later she says, “I'm not sure I'm authorized to discuss that without Alma's approval.” She looks to the Well's surface and sees Don Benito, his psychic body readied for a merge with Alexandra.

“You have my approval. Who is it? And why has she gone in the Well?”

Alexandra rotates between her face and body then back to formlessness.

“Guard. Prepare to exterminate the girl's body that lays beside the Well.” The guard moves into place and draws a pistol, “Alexandra if you fail to cooperate, your friend will have no corporeal body to return to.”

Alexandra reasons their unlikely predicament. Should they fail to cross the Well, their mission is a loss entirely and Dani's body would be useless. Return from the Well, though apparently possible is unlikely. She questions to herself the value of the corporeal body to the psychic body upon which Dani is currently reliant. Should there be no value, Wladimir's current threat has no leverage. She also needs to flee because merging with the Programmer will serve Wladimir. She flashes through the ceiling. Wladimir, though able to restrict her, permits her to go. "Fire," orders Wladimir.

Dani stops breathing. The guard looks to Alma. "And the other bodies?" he asks.

"Save the lead. Chances of them returning to their vegetable corpses is nil," says Wladimir.

Wladimir and his guard walk up to the courtyard where Alexandra's physical body rests within the bismuth sphere. "Bring the body to the dungeon. Her channels have been opened. I have been instructing Alma how to do so. I did not mention to her that the process has been completed."

She draws herself up, gasping and clutching at the Well's perimeter. A wraith emerging from the Well would need to channel into anything capable of holding the energy; human or ape, sometimes even cat. This one with magnetic affinity moves toward the courtyard into Alexandra. The shadow guard extracts her and administers an intramuscular injection to the hyperventilating Alma, rendering her catatonic. Then, with her channels open, Wladimir changes Alexandra's and Alma's light to particles with gravity, magnetism and currents that have an affinity to one another. Alma's body provides adequate circuitry for the profusion of energy to conflate, her consciousness obscured by the two overlapping layers.

Alma enters the only empty vessel capable of containing her life energy: Alexandra's body. "You will serve nicely here for defensive purposes." Wladimir wanted to say traitor but restrained himself.

'Charlie, you're going it alone,' he says aloud to himself, projecting his electromagnetic force to power the, now lighter, chamber east into the unknown. He decides that reversing course back to the Troupe would undoubtedly lead to his capture given that that was his last known destination. With the application of even a fraction of the eye-patched man's spiritual power, Charlie reasoned, and not as an indictment upon his moral composition, that Damien would, under such powerful coercion, give up Charlie's last known intended destination which Damien thought, based on their final conversation, to be the Troupe. Charlie travels with a vague direction of East, and awaits nightfall to use the stars to redirect onto a more precise path, to align with the same stars that Riley used to guide them.

Poseidon is a corporeal being whose physical body cannot exist in the water any longer than a strong mortal swimmer. His thought realm spirit exists in the spectrum of human consciousness associated with the unknown, that which we are yet to learn, and that which we are unable to perceive. Within this spectrum, he exists in an unfindable place where his corporeal being resides in an extra-elementary, constructed, inverted aquarium. His Core realm spirit channels a prosyrium to keep him nourished when he does emerge from seclusion, perhaps from another realm that is entirely his own. Even inter realm beings with complete soul compositions can only speculate about his hiding place.



Poseidon maintains his chamber as his thought realm spirit monitors the surrounding action in the deepest waters.

Charlie observes that there are no tracks in the deep volcanic rock. His feet disappear to scatter a new path that ascends to the settlement's gate. Where others would have felt a physical lethargy from the hike's slope and the ground's resistance, Charlie feels none of this. He had adapted to the implant overriding his instincts by utilizing his conscious mind to remind him of what the instincts of others would. He would eat, even though he felt no hunger. He would sleep, even when he did not feel tired. Though now, his conscious mind does not need to remind him of his psychic intuition. He feels impatience.

He scintillates unled premonitions about why his course to a scrap of information appears to have been left unobstructed; Charlie revels at the possibility that this may be the mark of an ally, a cosmic wink set in motion long ago by, maybe, Wallis. He counters the internal revelry, and only for a fleeting moment, with fret he thinks that this may be a lure by a malevolent entity. Charlie interprets this thought in the manner of a logician meticulously gathering all the sequences in a causal chain — never allowing for prolonged absorption of pleasure. With a slight gait, he descends to cross the valley of the two peaks.

As he ascends the greater peak, he hears whistles that are different than those of his troupe brothers. The pleasant sounds grow louder and are interlaced with harmonious chatter in, what he recognizes as, Ancient standard languages. The tall convex wall is adorned with faint grey etchings in a multitude of different carving styles that he inspects as he approaches: hieroglyphic depictions of historical events that he recalls from the troupe's library; a Warhol soup can, a Hieronymus Bosch triptych, a limerick about a deaf boy who can see sounds, a translation of the limerick that Charlie thinks must be lost in translation, an outline of a beautiful woman being

placed into a grave as the wraith version of her is captured by a fishing net beside her, large block letters etched at the unreachable heights of the wall, a set of math problems with the variable  $i$ , a map of stars. This cryptic information canvasses the entirety of the wall and Charlie assumes that if he walks the perimeter, there will be many more etchings of which he, yet to consume the mystic fruit, can only comprehend a fragmented interpretation of.

The gate, a part of the wall that is indiscernible from the rest and extends high to the untouchable gap beneath the cloud city's platform, opens for Charlie. He ends his observation and puts away his binoculars. He ambles toward it in a fearless gait. His conscious mind recalls the importance of caution and he shifts to a careful tread. He notes that there is no more chatter. Pleasant whistles from differing points of origin break the silence.

He peers around the side of the cumbersome stone gate. An unexpected sight appears before him. He nictates rare blinks to check reality. Crowds of beautiful people stare back at him. Glazed over their bright eyes are expectant gazes that communicate gratuitous adoration. Charlie blinks more. He feels they are different than any being he has ever met. The lightly dressed denizens commence to participate in varying forms of prayer. Charlie blinks faster as he realizes that all this prayer is directed at him. Some men are on their knees. There are pregnant women joined in unified monosyllabic chants. Families are in full lotus poses; the attention of their children is unwavering. Aesthetically uncompromised women hold artifacts in their webbed palms, presenting them to a rapidly blinking Charlie. Some hold crystals. The venerable elders perform synchronized genuflections directed at Charlie's unchanged position that their younger counterparts follow with vehemence. More beautiful men and women meditate. Happy children join hands around firepits and watch Charlie stand still and blink through the blaze.

Charlie looks up to the, what used to be, O cloud city projector and sees a clear image

of his countenance shining down. He thinks for a moment that the Dogville and Reprogrammed settlements that Wallis described to the Troupe are actually utopias, but he reasons that this is something else. He infers that, this place being an exclave, something went awry for the Oligopoly and these beautiful people took control. He reasons these folks are different than the Dogs and Reprogrammed people that he knew, from trusted anecdotal evidence, to exist. This cannot be the putrescent lands described to him, but rather a clean, trash—free utopia. He notices that they have crops and infers that maybe they have a cultivated agrarian commune similar to that of his Troupe. At the tops of the trees and plants, there are feathered birds.

A conscious thought leads Charlie to grip his binoculars to inspect the birds, but his inert hand fails to accommodate. A beautiful male denizen, who is about Charlie's size and age, steps forward with precise steps. His bare toes point forward; they do not drag along the fertile soil; the ball of his foot rolls to the heel in a buoyant gait; each roll propulses him into the next; Charlie observes the optimal efficiency in his approach that, to his nervous self, appears to slow down. The chants, songs, supplications, bows, and movements of the crowd cease. Charlie has never felt true fear and it has been tested. He has only ever thought to react to the things he should fear. His conscious mind reasons that he should have no fear, yet in this dense eternity, while this handsome creature approaches in perfect steps, he fears that he may disappoint these wonderful beings.

'I would like to be the first to welcome you to Krasata, Charlie. I am your guiding energy. I am one of Krasata's leaders; the one that resembles you the most, so I have been selected to welcome and guide you.

"We are the polymorphic constituents of bypassed revelries that one failed to partake in, opting for the solitary ambience that stems from the pursuit of misguided truths along impoverished

boulevards, 'skid rows', bridge undersides, mental health wards. The souls, dispelled by the masses, slum through to their ultimate grave where they are despirited in the real mortuary, the one without a definable location, strengthened by tombstones, the core's creatures. The same masses who have been manipulated, their own derivatives of their aspects of character confounded, so much so that their trust and spiritual energy, that they are unaware of, is given to keep nefarious organizations operating. One may complain, yet continue to serve; the institution's illusion of strength casts a shadow that they perceive to be insurmountable, unable to be unhinged and replaced, even with enough collective cooperation. There will be no barging through these defeated sentiments to manifest change. The Oligopoly's employees, also victims, will continue to serve without a restoration of faith. An idea, a notion, or a thought powerful enough to manifest change exists.'

'We represent the culmination of many generations of progeny, generations that had been cut off from proper spiritual evolution. The seed of light will evolve it's biosphere, despite efforts to restrict it from doing so.'

The crowd, by Charlie's estimate, of three hundred continues worshipping with their eyes. Their feelings have cast powerful waves of euphoric pleasure that Charlie feels descend through his top chakra to the bottom; unrelated to the physical relief, akin to the tactile sensation one experiences during a gentle massage, that he enjoys relaxing his battered joints and lactic acid filled muscle fibers. The healing of his energetic systems, here he comprehends them as chakras, burdens his ascetic nature. He feels he must reciprocate the effect and that he is undeserving. The continued cycling of his energetic bodies steadily removes this encumbrance. His eyes flutter.

'I have been here before,' says Charlie. He is at ease. The onset of engrossing mirth encircles the focused crowd as the sound waves from his first uttered fragment resonates and is repeated to those positioned deeper in the crowd who could not hear Charlie's muted statement.

Charlie only intended to say this to his guide, unaware that these beings can hear waves of sound from much farther than humans. They are able to hear frequencies that would go unheard by homo sapiens.

'May I still call you Charlie?', asks the guiding energy.

"Sure. We have met before? I feel that this place is familiar, but nothing else. I cannot piece it together.' He tilts his head up to see an image of his countenance being projected from the projectors of the underside of Cloud city, projectors he was told projected images of O's leaders to be worshipped by the Dogs and Reprogrammed.

'Before Reprogramming, the loanword from the French, *deja vu*, described this sensation.' The guiding energy walks toward the crowd, motioning for Charlie to follow. He does and the beautiful life forms clear a path for them. 'Not only have we met, in a way, we are family. All of us are forever in your debt.'

'Why do you owe me? How are we related? Why is that there?' Charlie points to the projection at the base of cloud city.

'This is the Charlie University. Before they changed you, you had laid the seeds, the framework, for our evolution. You overtook this center and left all the information for our 'hypertrophied brains', as you called them, to take on the progressions of a plethora of studies. We continue to study subjects you may have been familiarized with since your deprogramming and new subjects that we evolved: metaphysics, abstract objects, nominalism, reductive maximalism, the We postulate new energy resources, devise toroidal stratagems for use of matter within our commune. Do not make the natural association that most deprogramming protocols, we have studied

all possible ones after learning of mass deprogramming from the birds, lead one to associate the term with dictatorship, totalitarianism. We have no despot. We have a father.' he says, eyes gleaming with ardent brilliance, his body bent into a slight supplicative genuflection. His long-awaited reveal confounds Charlie, as he expected.

To Charlie, the entire populace of denizen's emits similar energetic frequencies in spheres of vibrant energy that he feels in a familiar warmth. In united synchronization, without words, as though they have either prepared with rehearsals for this occasion or in a deeper level of communication, they all share in the magnitude of this moment with the guiding energy, Charlie's evolved doppelganger, Charlie is swarmed in celebration.

Some trees of multicolored bark sway to the rhythmic echoes of faster celebratory chanting that had commenced from the tallest women evolved form's as they seem to rotate the canopies of white leaves just by sashaying their loinclothed covered hips in unison. Hypertrophied boys climb along the patches of color on the moving trunks, where they change their skin color to match the spot they stop on. Various species of birds that Charlie remembers reading about in Wallis's field guides add to the pleasant dissonance with their jubilant tunes, songs that Charlie is certain are congruous with the jollification. They fleet from spinning canopy to breathing berry bushes to the shoulders of broad chested shirtless males.

'Euphoria surrounds the spectrum of light human consciousness, bringing one close to the pinnacle, but never breaching it's boundaries, because the state, while living, can be achieved by only one in each life form, the seat of light. For another, crossing the pinnacle results in the eventual collective devolution to the opposing spectrum. In typical mathematical or metaphysical mode, it is defined as abstract objects, where we have given it all clear definition, a framework or paradigm, that is a combination of mathematics and theory. We settled on the constructs

predicated upon the development of pre-Fall math that you started us off with. We progressed far from there, and avoided developing a new paradigm. The evolutions of thought had gotten us in proximity of understanding the impact thoughts have on matter, evolution. We have seen many generations develop within our minds without rebirth. This has led to many discoveries. Dinosaurs and how their thoughts lingered to shape the next supreme life form even after cataclysmic extinction. We are close to many other understandings.'

"Aside from being the next supreme life form, after humans  
—' "After you."

"I am the middle life form? You will have to explain this one to me."

"We are on our way to your eponymous center. I would rather show you. What was your question"

Charlie looks up while walking, lost in thought, trying to keep up with these hyper-intellectual supreme beings. "Yes, why close to these discoveries? What is missing to fully understand them?"

"Plant medicines to speed through generations of evolution within one life form. The inversion of O research. All this. All for one key finding."

Charlie's eyes, turgid from overstimulation.

"The mystic plant that reverses [S} reprogramming?"

"It has many other uses. Many are extinct, but for every malady created by our universal spirit, there exists a solution. [S} had systematically contained all the remedies, keeping a few samples for themselves. After our uprising, initiated by you of course, we retained a few. For example:

the breathing bushes, you see there, produce a berry that contains the crucial vitamin B12. Part of [S} plan was to eliminate this key dietary component to humans to eat meat to survive. Many other delicious fruits that contain the vitamin once existed. Until supplementation became possible, generations of people turned to carnivorous diets to fill the void. This wrongdoing, to consume the beautiful life and spirit energy, cornered many spirits towards the seed of dark's end of the spectrum.

I digress."

Charlie nods his head in an expression of gratitude as two identical women both grip a single leafy branch, bearing a skinned fruit at its end, and extend it toward Charlie who accepts it. In two explosive skips, the women return to their dancing group that circles a fruit bearing tree in exhaustive skips and chants.

"That single fruit will eliminate your thoughts of hunger for the week. Their dances use a channel to supplement various desires: in this case, hunger." The guiding spirit responds to the anticipated question, in an efficient practice.

"I'm used to reminding myself of what my instincts may forget to tell me. I am usually able to go hungry, since my instinct has been manipulated by [S}."

"Even the partial reprogramming that you have been subject to is overridden by abject hunger.

Your reprogramming was not designed for your kind. That is why you notice some concious and unconscious thoughts and feelings breaking through. This fruit is the beginning of a plant medicine course that will restore you. Despite his best efforts, a course that is much more thorough than your master's." Charlie inspects the spade shaped, purple fruit, and chews it.



"Your kind knows how to supplement thoughts and auras?" he asks.

"We have channeled thoughts into matter. Feelings into nourishment. Auras into lights and our view of our surroundings. I continue to digress from our most important finding."

"The Dogs of the O research centers were affected by the negative properties of their surroundings."

"The dark side of the same research, of which they are the victims. We are a higher life form, thus have progressed these learnings much further. The abilities of the complete spirit are what eludes us. The mirrors of our fledgling species had been kept from us since the beginning. You being a part of the intermediary species, our seed of light spirit at the pinnacle, is yet to reveal itself, until evolution progresses. Since our first appearance, the presiding seat of darkness battles against evolution."

"What makes you so certain, that I am the seat at the pinnacle of my species?"

"The instinct that you possess, that overrides the controls that are meant for humans, makes you feel that this is true." Charlie looks down submitting that his guide is correct. "Aside from that feeling, there are only two of you. They needed to recover both of you to terminate you, and even in that case, the spirits within you would reappear in another place and be drawn together in a sort of evolutionary survivalist magnetism. (S}'s best plan was to keep you and your mirror under his watchful control, keeping the obsequies of both of you with as many controls he could throw your way. This would maintain his control, the dark's dominion, to whatever benefit that his immortality serves him. He would have to ascertain the human seat of light would not ascend. If he were to withstand that, which with the current realm state, down to the last light complete spirit, he would. Then he could delay the union between your species as long as possible. Throw every ritual he can at

you while he buries you."

"But then Wallis got me out. If my mirror is not out there, then eliminating myself from the map would be the best course of action to restore the light."

"If that were the case then that would be the best course of action. An altruistic sacrifice it would certainly be, but both you and I know feel that your mirror has been kept safe and watched over. Which quadrants of soul that you possess remains to be seen, after we complete your plant medicine course. Once those spiritual obstructions are cleared away, it is likely that you will be drawn to your mirror."

"I think I have thought realm spirit. I'm able to channel a bit even with the little work I have done. Let me show—"

As Charlie begins to mist from his body, he is interrupted

"You must not use these processes without reason. This weakens the quadrant. You see our populace. Have you seen a single demonstration of spirit composition? No. While They are all capable, and have at least a part of their complete soul active, given their separation, they do not weaken it."

"Why not use it?"

"To prepare for the Battle of Restoration. Not having our mirrors is handicapped enough, but it is something that must be preserved. When the time is right, the skill will be there. Senseless demonstrations are influences of pride; a feeling relied upon by {s}. To be prepared, we

must avoid all thought and feeling that lies upon that side of the spectrum. You have the, how should we call it — yes, atom bomb — for this Battle.

We must cultivate our spirit to surpass that of our enemies on the other end of the spectrum, otherwise when we strike balance, their thoughts, feelings, ultimately just energy is what remains. The battles strike balances between combatants, and if two physical bodies perish, it is the energy that determines victory."

"We never learned about spiritual warfare at my troupe. We learned about mirrors, and auras being amassed in the Immortal realm. We never learned what they are used for."

"In short time, all this knowledge will be yours. Amongst the life forms that predated the human evolutionary supremacy, after the most recent impact event, we have two examples of the dark pinnacle snuffing out the light. During the snake's reign, there remained a single herbivorous species, until the next life form overtook the seat the seat and restored balance, opposing the incumbent power of the carnivorous spectrum."

"Wallis taught us this. Eating other sentient life forms was a part of the [S} plan."

"Predating that was the carnivorous spider's ascension. After the most recent impact event, the insects were the first to rise from the ashes. The herbivore jumping spider being the last light to hold the seat until its displacement. Then after the next life form's ascension, the herbivorous genus remunerated its spectrum, being a trivial lesser form but multiplied replication. Our research indicates each supreme being's communication to be as functional as other forms, relying on olfactory, tactile communication as well. And at last it was widespread thought transference that most life forms

were capable of when the continuum was balanced. When in this balance, all life forms have complete souls and mirrors capable of seamless thought transfer without verbal communication. We have inferred, unable to confirm, that all of our mirrors are hidden from us by the same entity that keeps us bound to this artificial biodome."

Charlie turns from observing the lush gardens that are ubiquitously interspersed between well designed homes of varying contemporary and classical style pueblos; each construction presenting a powerful creative expression.

"Do you think you can overpower this entity somehow? He keeps you confined and unable to displace him, despite your time for supremacy having arrived."

"We fear he has the power to create another impact event, while remaining hidden in another realm."

Charlie absorbs a moment of frightening clarity as they walk together, passing greenhouses and rows of plants.

"Entheogens compose our love consciousness, the pinnacle of being on our magnificent spectrum. While Datura explores a more sinister set of paths, in an opposing spectrum, an instrument of aura fueled torture." says the guiding energy.

They walk further and the path narrows seem to be traipsing a dilapidated walkway through various living quarter's that appear to be residential pueblos. Different beings, most of which standing naked, give them blank stares as they pass. Charlie recognizes that these are reprogrammed residents, who's reprogramming, to his surmises, has been discontinued. The healthy bodies watch the two, now close enough on the walkway to feel each other's warmth, with vapid stares.

'They function on only primal instinct. They have no animation because they have no conflict.

Now without any [S} interference to incite disagreement, they live in harmonious unison. Here, collective thoughts, opinions, reside as one. They are our life form's reprogrammed populace. To your life form, they spontaneously generated from the waste. The oligopoly was unable to foster too many generations before the coup. Those that reside here were subject to many more generations of exposure to mutating toxicity than the rest of us. Their characteristics are the result of maybe five generations. Also, accounting for our life form having evolved to be resistant to programming overall. They are the earliest of our kind, and we revere them despite their shortcomings.'

'What if I were to invent an argument?'

'You are, in many ways, an evolutionary father to them. You have the power of complete control over them. Without any conflict introduced, they are harmonious with themselves and one another, but with malevolent directives, they can mutilate each other as well as themselves. With us though, you would need extra elements and powerful energy caches to disrupt us. We have been allowed time to perfect ourselves and are indomitable compared to our early days where our manifestations were controlled by [S] serving humans in our infancies.'

'The camber of the words, the proclamation of a leader, embeds waves upon the thoughts of the evolutionary beings whose progression had been restricted, but not halted by the prior iteration of supreme life form. Some of these humans welcomed them with fascination while others in their egotistic possessiveness, had the well-intentioned welcomes of the light overridden to cling to their life form's supremacy. Faced with what appeared to them to be an inevitability, their research

streamed its efforts into the avenue of devolution: the anthropological that leads a life form to grow weaker, think slower, live less, and ultimately become extinct. The shorter their lifespans became, the more generations the impact of [S} research they endured. So, we quarantined ourselves to prepare for a trial by number. Usurping this former Oligopoly cloud was the easy part for us.

'If they had succeeded in eliminating our species, without devolution, an even more powerful life form would have evolved faster. Wladimir's delay, keeping our spirits sequestered only serves to steepen his eventual fall; and, of course, ensuring rebirth as the seed casts itself within one of our life form's generations. Although omnipotent, our conscious and unconscious minds have suffered a slight division within into this sphere where we only spread into the clouds above us and earth beneath us. These unfortunate bodies we pass are a representation of a loss that our kind has suffered. If they were to have outnumbered us, I fear [s] would have succeeded in the process of devolution.'

'Are you ready for your ceremony Charlie? The mystic fruit will show you your path to ascension, the knowledge of the past and future to restore the realm's beings from suffering. We will serve as your army. I could explain to you our single most important finding, but I believe it would underwhelm to some degree. I would rather show you.' The Charlie doppelganger passes a single fruit to Charlie who inspects its quality.

'It is real. This is not an illusion, a dream?'

'This is why I preferred to show you the findings of our colony rather than explain. For how do you explicate the inexplicable?'

“Freedom to the individual has never been more available. The successive years following the industrial revolution has seen humanity progress more than all the years since Jesus,” says what Damien, Danny and Dani recognize to be a former pre-Fall President.

“It sounds, to me lot like you try convince yourself of this liberty,” says a shrouded figure from the office's corner, whose omission of articles and misuse of infinitives quickly betrays his identity.

“We have found that which we seek. Liberty is an inevitability.”

“Their orders, they are different than our,” he muses for a moment, “interests.”

“I cannot speak to the specific indications. This is classified, sensitive information.”

“You say this,” he torches a cigarillo from beneath the hidden surveillance camera’s lens, “because you have no idea what is contained. You could not even retrieve manila folder with label because you have no such thing.”

“I can neither confirm nor deny.”

“Because you are just marionette. Speak and I will tell you why nuclear threat will end and

you will have all leverage you need so you can topple infrastructure of your enemies.'

“A vacuum that you will offer to fill I presume. If we start to close mines now, people will lose work. I am up for reelection soon. A vote predicated on the working class. It must be a gradual process.”

“I am here on behalf of your puppeteer and central bank will ensure that demand is reduced.

People will lose jobs no matter what. Once this occurs, the mines will close.”

“They,” the Spanish accented leader faces his palms up unknowingly, “show up whenever we test a warhead, icebreaker or another energy-dense device that requires a surplus of elements of the highest radioactivity by categorization. They appear, but how do you communicate with them?”

“I thought that you had 'found that which you seek'. Do not think of this. Think how you will win election. Wonder how to recycle plutonium waste or accelerate its decay, so your people do not die slow death.”

“It was disclosed to me, by a lead researcher, that the most radioactive, energy-dense metals were delivered to us by the same beings that observe its usage or misuse from what originally they had appropriated. Sent through a type of channel, a non-linear wormhole, from a remote corner of the galaxy that, somehow, correlates to every action, implication and ramification here on terra-firma.

Communication with these possible allies could end the energy crisis, if we could ask them for answers, or even to deliver more resources.'

“Charming. You are — what is the word? — quixotic President. And this energy crisis you wish to resolve so that your 'free' people may build library and name it after you, who is to profit



off such a thing? And if you remember, there was once a Serbian doctor, from the region where uranium was first discovered, who had attempted to do exactly what you entertain without the help of extra-terrestrial contact. Your boss family, they were not too keen to the idea then and they maintain the same position now. So please, for your own health, focus on the change of flag, what you will wear to your speeches.”

“The flag change is going as planned. The depiction of this eye has been affixed to the new bank notes, at the top of the Pyramid. Thank you for faxing over the documents again,” says the President. “Are the allies aware that nuclear war is restricted by the extra-terrestrials?” he asks.

“It is standoff fueled by ignorance: two cowboys in center of town, ready for a duel but both holsters are empty and neither knows this. So, they chat and keep jabbering to scare the townsfolk and keep them in their houses, peering through the shutters. You are President, how come you do not know this?” he asks as he realize the President has no suspicions about the centered issue of the worship channel through future iterations of further consciousness when and where Wladimir travels folded region of space-time. This negative of all creation is however restricted. Holographic principles that are dependent upon his eye and its ubiquitous observation.

“I know that our holsters are empty, but I do not tell them and I do not know if they know that their own holster is empty,” the President carries on. “My intent gets mired in bipartisan gerrymandering, bureaucracy. I’m trotted out to declare policies, sign bills that I had little to do with drafting, and dictate the liberties that those who believe will have bestowed upon them. I suppose if the people have nothing to fear, governmental authority is liable to be undermined.”

“I would address this with your speechwriter. Are we *claro*?” asks Wladimir, puffing his cigar, uncertain about why he has been summoned.

“What will become of the remaining uranium supply once the demand inflects?” “Thorson

always said: the time to buy is when there is blood in the streets.

“And the anti-gravity technology that was stolen from our land? Intelligence briefed me on the issue and determined that it was an inside job. My question remains: who could have a practical application for a container into which no matter — gas, liquid or solid — can enter? The facility's underwriters had access to the research, but the money trail weaves an unnavigable maze from shell companies to overseas private banks and back.”

The country had become one where bigger countries hide their possessions. Earnings squared by inaccurate GDP holdings. Wladimir intent on managing the grounds that would shift if its energy were to be unshelled. Equatorial land that had yet to be mined completely because of geologic structure, tectonic plates, volcanoes. Wladimir planned to use all else for his side of the inter-realm agreement with Poseidon. An aberrant Don. One of causality. He sought to represent this side of the solar system with those who mark its borders. Dons of exospheres, collections of worship and exponentially evolved power as he donned himself.

An eerie flame sits in the corner of the Capital office. It was once destroyed by earthquake and relocated. One the President does not believe had anything to do with anything besides luck or coincidence.

Wladimir takes the cigar from his shadow and holds it. The President observes his outline. Wladimir blows on the cigar ember and a shadow emerges to present another outline of another man. “This is Benjamin Ruiz. He will be your running mate.” Wladimir departs and leaves the hologram all others believe to be human.

Occult study, paganism, education, knowledge, petroglyphs, libraries. The world of one is split into a recursive pattern of cell automation. Division into countries. Nations of one to be split into individuals. Individuals disabled from unification. The men both knew the code of light.

Don Benito had contrived the alter of Benjamin Ruiz. He knew to create the rules for a new game, he had to win the current game. And this was to ascend the structure. Play their game long enough to one day have the opportunity to subvert it. Access to Wladimir and his history aided him. Singular thoughts that he knew to be unrelated to Rex.

THORSON'S GENERATIONS OF HUMAN FARMING. PLANTED WLADIMIR IN RUSSIA TO  
FUND BOTH SIDES

Passengers on a train are unable to tell, without a doubt, whether it is the train or the ground that moves. One must determine this from the ground. This rule applies to the waves of memory that exist somewhere on time's continuum. The only way one can discern whether they are within the Pyramid is if they are on another plane.

'By nature, we are all linked to operate as a singular unit. If one starves, the entire collective is affected by the loss, the loss of function. Nature thrives: there is no reason for one to starve while others do not. Darwinian survival of the fittest is a perversion of nature, the antithesis to communal life, yet it is the world I had inherited, Damien. Then the schadenfreude catalyzed this illusion of competition to produce elation for those inflicting the suffering, viewing the trains to Auschwitz from the ground. Nature rebelled. From death rose creation, fortified, able to endure this disconnection from humanity's collective consciousness: the hundredth monkey,' Wladimir reminisced, 'Then the natural order was oppressed again,' he says in a vatic echo.

'You have become nature.'

'An abomination that fatalism has queued for destruction.'

'Death to which you have submitted?'

'I will never be destroyed. I will merely change form.'

'The dogs have seen the gates. They know their leader is beyond them. They refuse to capitulate,' say an Oligopoly guard from his interface.

'They are running at the walls and discombobulating themselves, while others, the fulminates, the prussic acid oiled, are detonating to create new tunnels. Slow erosion that will eventually lead to security breaches.'

'How many sites have been compromised?' asks Feiber.

'All of them, master. They seem to be emitting radio frequencies, remote communications, now that we have cast a subset to the flatlands.'

'And the Reprogrammed of the area?'

'They appear to be fearing less and coming out of their living quarters, unafraid of being struck by discards since the proselytized dogs refuse to throw objects that could injure them, particularly the women.'

From the Cloud City's windows, they view the prison complex beneath them, a storage

unit facility for consciousness the Oligopoly deemed to have potential future value. A collective of Reprogrammed investigate the exterior.

'If we cannot get the projectors functioning, we will need to begin extermination of the Reprogrammed,' demands Feiber. 'Reprogrammed and prisoner consciousness do not mix.'

'It appears the projectors alternative power channel has been redirected to an unknown location. We have fixed the projectors, but can only run them with ordinary light.'

Damien peruses the surrounding Earth, not unlike the volcanic sand to which he had accustomed. He broaches Wladimir's spherical light field with a tentative gait. Pulsations, unions of electricity, magnetism and light shift around them with relative uniformity. The eyes that had been blinding and imperceptible are now visible, reflective, human, green like Damien's.

'You are no longer in the Well, Damien. See the flotsam in the airs, the hemisphere that encircles us, the other lying within the Core. These are catalogues of the auras, in drift upon the horizon, restricted from entry into the next realm.'

'How have you done this?'

'I cannot take credit for it. Like I said, I merely inherited a system, a device of severance. From humanity's discord was the affinity of the aura's electromagnetic vibrations, the missing part of the Maxwellian current being dark light, refracted to bind to the Well, rather than using it as a global circuit for physical matter, a toroidal energy source that relied on this invisible refraction.'

Instead The funeral, the process that binds auras to the core, preceded my reign. The dark light was suppressed, stripped from all physical matter and bound to the Wells.'

'And the extra-terrestrials?'

'They are just those that preceded us. The past, without the constructs of space-time, is the present and will be the future. Warped along the continuum, without divisions, my control channels, their actions correlate to all that is and all that will be. Beginnings of interference originating thousands of years ago, reaching its apotheosis now. Past communications of theirs, even some reinforcements, began to degrade as the divisions fortified: a meteor that brings a new element; a crop circle depicting the globe as a toroidal circuit.'

'The waste site's circular wall, enclosures similar in shape to those of the Well, they function as toruses as well: suffering at the bottom, emerging as creation at the top, only without a physical component.'

'The universe is littered with toruses. It is when the usage of matter, versus dark light, is suppressed that those doing the suppression profit: before with money and now with the most potent reciprocation, an unprecedented high, absolute power.'

The generations of human farming that led to his creations, the various incompatible birthers, the convoluted assemblage of auras channeled into his birth — one that the birther was unable to deliver without dying herself — thoughts of obliterated memory that coalesce into Wladimir's ultimate supremacy of elation. 'Do you want to see how it feels, my son?'

The auras with magnetic affinity to their self-contained autonomy rotate in spires, diamagnetic images predicated upon that which the two deem pertinent, with a hidden antipode within a discreet, remote hemisphere. They levitate, grasping at nothing but light: primordial correlations to the

apocalypse after the apocalypse; the world requiring to degrade further before it resolved to rise from the ashes with fury, and why not bask in euphoric glory in the meantime?

Damien, nonplussed by the revelation of his origins — particularly when juxtaposed with the gravity of the Immortal realm, an entry that would not have been permitted were he not the bastard child of an immortal father — stands upon the charred earth, a vacuum with a temperature near absolute zero. His ambivalence leads him to question Wladimir's intentions all along: had his father been burdened by a task that required evil acts? or had he merely chosen the path of least resistance because he loved the altered consciousness produced by refined reciprocation? or were the lines of scruples blurred by enervating lights that would have eroded the strongest of wills?

'You cannot be my father. I was conceived in the physical at a time, in the mortal realm, when you were only light.'

'You know nothing of your own conception. Preconceived notions that impel you to believe that a physical component is required.'

'The immaculate conception, you expect me to believe this?'

'Look at where we are now, son. There are no constraints on possibility when you wield light in such a way. I am your father. I channeled an exhaustive amount of light into your mother. She perished after your birth, the opposing day as mine, the longest day of the year in perpetual daylight, a deluge of light that has carried you here.'

Dani's memory, the obstructive field, the anti-gravity repellant, dissolves to grant recollection of a tormented, catatonic shell of gangrenous tissues and atrophied muscles. The



hospice room beeps and flashes from the medical life supporting devices that surround the wrinkled comatose's bed: feeding tubes run through his pale lips that are lined with fissures of dried blood; intravenous lines deliver fluids; a urinary catheter manages his liquid excrement; ventilators act as exogenous lungs. A sole conduit, wrapping a Maxwellian current, serpentines reinforced extension cords and security locks on the circuitry to exit into the house's deserted yard.

'Relief of your existential dread; analgesia from disembodiment: the vessels will remain. May your will be stronger than mine. May the universe flow not subvert your intentions; small doses of which you and the others have been able to withstand.'

'If I agree, you will bequeath this pleasure? Is this a choice, or do you simply not possess the capability to smite me because I am an indivisible aspect of your constitution, one you have been unable to separate?'

'I believe you have the fractional probability amplitude coefficient to begin the reversibility and avoid succumbing to its power. It requires intestinal fortitude that I did not possess.'

The Czars, the royals, the mystical chiefs, the sultans of Arabia, the Popes, the writers of anonymous fiction, the oral historians stream to discreet images of differing hues within their hemisphere's projections. From beyond their iconoclastic outlines, a sheer irreconcilable force draws vaporous sands into midheaven's porthole, a vacuous point of no return, unseen emissions that radiate out their perceivable sphere while that which is seen recedes into the vacuum. The boundary of the continuous Well, Damien's — and Wladimir's before him — mode of entry, neither linear nor non-linear forms an irregular perpendicularity to this universal flow, restricting the porthole's conscious light to perpetual autonomy.

Wladimir opens his palm to Damien. He accepts that without Damien conjuring a resolution

to the perpendicularity, he is to be confined in one of the two vectors for eternity. In his outstretched palm is a seed, placed with delicate precision into the bismuth eye of the wind's pupil.

'If you can withstand the lust for power, the folly brought on by reciprocation's manic euphoria and the gravitational fluctuations, you will use this to restore balance, a new universal order, perhaps another cataclysm is required.'

Damien's eyes are crystalline, narrowed menace, a progression of that which he had felt on the Programmer's aircraft. His constitution shifts. Tears roll down stoic face that has aged more in the last few moments than it had in the preceding years of training. He moves his hand to grasp the seed, but then hesitates.

'Does this mean that you will die?'

Wladimir keeps his palm open, the equivalent of a man that does not fear a pistol being drawn upon his head. He smiles. 'Yes. The energy flowing into my physical body, the light that keeps my medical equipment stirring will indeed extinguish. But look around you again, Damien. I will always be with you.'

The cat he had come to know in his digressive volcano excursions sidles up in a hologram beside him and purrs.

'If you can undo the disconnection begun by our ancestors, we will come to coexist in the literal sense as well.'

Damien views through Wladimir's unobstructed thought channels: the prerequisite for Wladimir's solution to the seed of fear's supremacy was sowed through generations of evolved divisions and fortified boundaries, catalyzing diffraction. The solitary being worthy of his

trust, otherwise constitutionally incapable, was he who was composed of the same genetic fibers, his son, Damien. He believed it; this vilified being, Wladimir, saw the world for what it was, destined for a purge. His original intention, mere immortality, was revealed to be quite easy to attain, degrees of immortal disparity from the luminiferous Æther became the challenge, one that required auras, many souls. Though after reaching the Pyramid's finial and scaling it, what would be left for which to be immortal. All consciousness is immortal. And if he affected enough suffering, the universal creation would arrive for displacement. Children of destiny: required to be too humble to accept deification, but needing to channel this pious adulation into themselves, deities, Gods, creators, wielders of light.

Wladimir holds the proffered seed. Damien picks the seed and holds it between his fingertips. It vibrates with shifting mass and emanates light that streams to their spherical holographic forcefield.

*'Da'svedanya moi malchik,'* says Wladimir in his native tongue. He begins to disintegrate, pixel by pixel, arbitrary chaotic motion of light particles to the confluence of thought bits that shine above.

Damien who stands transfixed, weighed down by the seed, mass whose gravity he did not expect to sense in a realm that was supposedly pure light. He sees Wladimir's gaunt, fractured smile. Eyes that gleam with a deterministic knowing.

## CHARLIE REACHES THE WELL

Charlie shuttles to the coven Well's antipode. His chambers eight glass sides refract sunlight, confounding underwater interlopers, agitators and hostile shadow entities: numerous doppelgangers are projected from the photon sized entry point, a procession of decoys that insulate the genuine article.

“Shift the water in its molecular phase and what it carries along with it.” says Ariel.

“There is force that just hit. I feel the water pressure convincing me its too deep,” says Charlie.

Water turns to steam. “It works with me and against me.”

Arielle presses her voluptuous slopes to obstruct the sight lines as they continue in an involuntary drift. Charlie’s observation pixellates Arielle’s form into dust from her anatomical pith. Repugnance that transmogrifies into a shadow of the form with which she attempts to present, distract, Charlie. She then shifts back to her prior natural form that cannot survive underwater, prior to Poseidon’s repurposing.

While her partner asphyxiates, Ariel’s neural net redefines prayer. As he plunges deeper, Charlie sees the work of memory. He sees an undelivered higher purpose, an indisputable truth that is then delivered upon her: the standard linguistics required; a vast lexicon; the roots of varying tongues from which she can extrapolate all future language; coding for thought and self-awareness;

the lost iteration of the dark seed; the light of her life's purpose that she failed. Charlie's counter-attack catalyzes an awakening she is unable to withstand. Universal meridians, geodesics of spacetime fluctuations plucks at a harp along with sharp streams from Charlie's redirected water pressure, the mirroring she is forced to withstand kills her. She shifts back to her natural form as she dies and floats to the surface.

'You cannot enter today. It's closed. Perestroika,' says a little boy, '*Nyet, nyet, nyet*, no never in nothing's nethers. Be bubbly and blast the blow-hole.' The boy's pallor, across a canvas of bruised skin, stretches to form a malleable glass net to contain the Well's oxidized emissions. The channels of worship matter less than the bodies of weightless matter into which they stream. Charlie's observance of the hallowed realm begins through the shifting glass of Alexei, heir to the house of Romanov; seen, but obscured from within, is manipulated life, energy source, reciprocation — untempered elation beyond Alexei's transparent refractive screens.

Nadya's worship moved from the dog yards through the screens to her psychic body to the screen and reflected into the Pyramid. Charlie views the creaking limbs of the mechanical inorganics genuflecting before the reprogrammed — to them — the descendants of God.

The same radius of horizon to which Alexei's glass reflects was discovered by Schwarzschild in the same year of his family's supposed death, a correlation that had been surprisingly lost upon the statistically inclined Charlie until now. He watches the hemophiliac, buoyant in amorphous glass form, diffract rainbowed prisms from stolen prayers to guard the coveted entry.

## DANNY FROM THE PYRAMID

He observes poisoned water supplies. He looks at the animals mutating before his eyes. They lack instinct: he watches them eat the inedible; run into machinery. He compares the clean water supplies. Sees entire populaces poisoned. Some mass tribes even sacrifice parts of their own water supply in their attacks. In the expansive omniscient view he hears a voice, “the way you destroy is by burning. Private documents without a digital counterpart. In the digital it is much harder to eliminate information.”

The water supply is kept secret. When, in reality, worship of our water and earth cleans it.

This understanding becomes a paradise lost moment for Danny. He longs for a trade to the pre•biblical shining moments, a gang of Adams and Eves in the garden, only some reinterpretation that is mixed and a bit more pure.”

## CHARLIE

Charlie's headlong dive at the boy elicits perilous contempt, as the interference of light through a single photon-sized entry at Alexei's stretched third eye location scales light the entire length of his image, shuddering between primary and secondary colors that depict shadows, bilocations of the GCA realm's transpirings. The boy's face twitches blinks of candid fury.

The child's agony shatters into fragments that are uniform in size. The carriers of the reprogrammed population's worship, that had bestowed upon Alexei a state akin to life, the shards — now fragmented — seek out a new target for attachment. Makeshift sensibilities rush through the tunnel rather than the core element of water that intrinsically falls. Matter remains atop the surface of the porthole's confounding blend of drift, restricted from entering. And in Charlie's dive, synchronized with his procession of shadow form doppelgangers, his aura form metastasizes, free from the physical body's shell — left drifting at the Well surface's vacuum, among the fragments of Alexei. Protected from the nearby water to which the rules of gravity do not apply, forceful emissions that prevent it from slipping beyond, into what would be a whirlpool, into the point of no return. A new sheet of glass that allows for reflection, diffraction, refraction or — if hostile interlopers are present

— interference through the single photon-sized spot: a horizontal line to the perpendicularity separate from consciousness is where Charlie's physical body remains.

In he drops, a propelled underwater dive upon the four — yet hardly disparate — immortal

spirits, the world's elemental composition: the fire that rises extinguishes; the water that falls evaporates; the air that hovers is subjected to resistance; the earth that sinks floats into disintegration. The terms of their capitulation, their radiation's ceasefire, are unaddressed and Charlie has no desire to prompt negotiations.

The scurry of flames are propitiated with deific frescoes, statues and other depictions that adorn the driftway: heirs to fear's invoking agents, the demonic gorges that once smothered Charlie; his flight response activated as hordes of dogs pursue him while he recovers a cadaver for autopsy, or a moribund reprogrammed human for vivisection. The gravitational resistance is overpowered as he skips across vertical checkerboards of textured discards; the effects of muscular degeneration never felt as he crusades towards the Oligopoly's haven with another human on his back. Memories of the shadow guard's arenas fleet: his precognition serves him to outpoint its top contenders, bobbing and weaving the ravenous pugilists whose gargantuan statures occasionally flattens Charlie into the ground or the arena's domed fences, his musculature collapsing upon his own anatomical pith, but with no pain.

Temperate disassociations, induced attempts to invoke a state that requires analgesics: the psychic torments that Charlie viewed as an inefficient appropriation of his time that he would have preferred to devote to his studies.

The particle physicist to whom Charlie had been assigned demands piousness. He appears as an intimidating shadow, a wraith rendition to which Charlie has no reaction. The surrogate father's chants attempt to levy the emotions of a hardly beleaguered Charlie:

'Vertex at the square root of  $-1$  is a separate axis, perhaps spherical, you worthless twit, you simian imbecile. Mistake after mistake; failure to prove all that is required; theory without application; your refusal to do the grunt work will be your undoing you spoiled brat.'



'The number of fucks I have left to give are not going to be divvied out to your derogatory ass,' scoffs Charlie, unamused by the projection. The professor's spectral form grows, eyes in an apoplectic glare following Charlie's irreverent demeanor. Towering labcoat caped over his hunched, leaning anatomy, lids enlarged to encircle lurid red hues of pupil. He holds a nipples bottle of milk in one hand, and a ruler that expands to a yardstick in the other.

'I will withhold your suckling, while striking you as an enslaved catamite,' orange mist radiates from his concave ocular regions, 'a starvation, a whipping, followed by sodomization.' Charlie stands to bellow, refusing to cower as the Wells would desire:

'I only ever pretended this to be real so that the reprogramming supervisors would just let me proceed, but now being here — in the inter-realm passage which this is — I can express my past mild frustration, resentment to which I am no longer attached,' he breathes, exhaling to dissolve the mist on the periphery of the professor's labcoat, 'I was annoyed by these ineffective condemnations. There, I've said it. I feel unmoved by your presence. Only I prefer a different view. That expression was not quite as cathartic as I had assumed it would be. I supposed your attempts at inducing trauma occupied no neuropeptides in my gut microbiome.'

The professor expands to a vertiginous height where his uppermost regions, countenance, neck and shoulders bend to curl around the sky's horizon in a myopic blur. He now holds a dismembered bovine udder in one hand and a cylindrical metal pole, an astronomical measurement device, in the other. Breaths exude vaporous emission of putrescent fragrances that Charlie recognizes to be the olfactory notes to which he is most averse: spoiled eggs or Sulphuric acid. It coats him, but does little to incite even mild annoyance, as he wipes down his binocular lenses to gleer up at the depiction of the abusive specimen who had attempted to coerce him into believing that he was his father.

As Charlie's focal point becomes clear, in simultaneous unison with the aligned target, two lights beam from either monocle toward the gargantuan's eyes. The mere act of observation, that which had become blurred, deemed the light particulate. The professor's periphery, as the binocular's beams emitted rays, aggregates the observed particles into the expanding cylindrical diameters of the two beams. He writhes and roars as the intentions of his past nefarious actions are reflected back upon him. The labcoat dissolves, then his limbs, then the rest of his clothing, leaving a writhing burn victim. The chakra centers evanesce one by one from low to high along the meridian's clusters, concluding the psychic execution at Charlie's primary focal point: the eyes. His binoculars, the vacuum with apparent reversibility, proves to be his sole armament in psychic warfare. He peers at them as he replaces them around his neck. He notices the lost body weight.

'If we are trapped, but you serve from one end and we are able to cross to compare observations then that implies we can also get out,' says Dani.

'No different than the way in which we came, apparent reversibility,' replies Danny.

'The unbroken S matrix: if enough information is gathered it can be reversed.'

'Some amount of time between an eon and eternity would be required. Our consciousnesses would be here vibrating nothing and something. The entropy here, like a monkey mashing on a keyboard will eventually form a comprehensible sentence, will sequence the reversed factors of smithereens, probability amplitudes into electrons, protons and the essences of four photons, dictated by our conscious intention.'

'What if it was very little information to collect? Though for all intents and purposes we are likely within another universe. Who is to say we don't just enter an augmented, overpowering reality?'

'That is just indecisive speculation. I expect nothing less from a Gemini. The information creates mass particulate dense enough to sustain, or we must believe this. Perhaps, believing this creates its own self-fulfilling prophecy,' says Danny with his finest oracular impersonation.

'You act too much without thinking while I think without acting: it is our paradox. Now, what if reversibility brings us to the same eventual outcome and recreates the Well. The toruses of

aura regeneration, tarnishing refurbished souls again — it should be considered given the universe's prevalence of toruses.'

'The perpendicularity removed, the photons are no longer obstructed at the vertex of 0 and

90. If this occurs, then our conscious thought intentions will catalyze a paradigm shift — eternal undulation, sleepless meditation without respite. The only possibility, a dubious speculation that we must pursue, being that the reversibility of the S matrix does not apply to weightless matter, aura.'

'The metallic machine mutants have had their apotheosis, sacrificing themselves for Nadya.'

## GCA REALM TO PYRAMID

Texts, pages and pictures from the remaining copies of historic texts, at enclaves — such as the coven, the volcano house, Wladimir's desert hospice and select Oligopoly research centers — that contain information about the Romanovs gradually pixelate into shapelessness, incomprehensible ink blotter; vestiges, statues and artifacts from Petrodvoretz and the Hermitage, scattered across various waste sites disintegrate into formlessness. Upon Alexei, the male heir, receding back into the Well — vanquished by Charlie's worship — the memory of him, Rasputin, Nicolas II, the House of Romanov, the Czars and imperial Russia is eradicated.

Within the amber room's sarcophagus, Nadya writhes in psychic claustrophobia. She bends and adjusts. She senses the airspace hiss: a gas canister had been released beside her hyperventilating because of perceived oxygen deprivation psychic body. She claws and kicks at the back of the

monolith, kept in place by the pious gravity generated the dogs, reflected against her. Scratches from her nails are embedded in the unmoved stone. She manages to scream, cry and hyperventilate simultaneously as what she perceives to be a gas canister with contents possibly toxic to her — zyklon B, types of glycerin, or plutonium refuse — continues to hiss within her sarcophagus's crypt. A muffled commotion, furtive tones with some Russian curses, transpires in the chamber.

Without her expectation, in her imprisoned cloister, beside Nadya, an ephebic presence seeps through the cracks to share her coffin, transgressing the rules of coed interpersonal propriety — rules that extend to wraith life — and emanating olfactory notes of masculine musk that Nadya finds both repugnant and alluring.

'Guess the consciousness of this thing's given up trying to scare me. Did not see this coming next: pretty girl, close quarters —'

'Getting ahead of yourself, Romeo.'

'Name is Charlie.'

Nadya recalls Damien's infatuation with a prodigious enigma by the same name. The close quarters breath light particles that coalesce on opposing wavelengths, pulsating to vary in brightness, occasionally fluttering. The telemetry of similar frequencies with the same levels of transparent opacity. "Take a look, Charlie, you are not really here nor there. In the Well, but not. Capable of observing yourself," in this moment Nadya's aura shines a bit brighter, "right now, I am a bit more here than you.'

'So, we are not in the Well, but we are?' Charlie looks up at the sarcophagus's interior and sees the faint chalk marks of nails.

'I can't get out. I'm being held captive and milked for the power generated by those who

worship me. Bit flummoxing really, but I suppose the Czar's opposed with worship and immortality.'

Charlie hears the muttered *blats* and *pezdyetes*. 'The Czars are out there?'

'All the collective Czars channeled into their most recent iteration: Nicolas II and Rasputin, as the facilitator.'

'Rasputin the healer? This must be another schizoid vision, an attempt to terrify me, considering the Czars are likely to be peeved with me since I recently vanquished their hemophiliac progeny.'

'That would be a sensitive issue for them. All this hoopla, the Well, is an attempt to keep their male heir from death. Guess they didn't know about aspirin yet.' Nadya stammers at the thought of possible repercussions.

Above them, the monolith ceiling sinks a gradient lower, threatening imminent contraction of their psychic bodies, light particles interfusing, parts of consciousness overlapping, revealing identity to one another. Their coffin's inside shifts further, condensing the two a bit more.

'That is your fear bringing you closer to universal contraction into an autonomous singularity.' Charlie revolts and eyes the ceiling with his binoculars, causing it to immediately dissipate. He breathes. 'Perhaps with just a small amount of love will help us to pass through.' They look at each other and osculate. Nadya's fear dissipates. They observe the ceiling lift. 'Glorious expansion. What have we here?'

A barbaric fusion of man, child and drunkard roars at Charlie and Nadya. Pixels of varying hues rotate in the mutant grizzled abomination: Alexei's soft face, bearded with Rasputin's

shamanic menace, atop the militant stilts of a man who has never seen war, but postures as he knows all about it

— Nicolas II. It fluoresces at them. A blockade of radiation. The binoculars continue to channel rays of worship that overwhelm the dwindles of the Czar's devotion. The mutated hostile's body of information evanesces into a few indivisible photons that are then collected through Charlie's apparatus. They disappear: lost information. He replaces the binoculars. 'It was your fear that kept you in there.'

'Fear of you or them?'

'Perhaps my presence compounded your already existent fear to contract our mutual airspace.' A speck of light pendulates from the floor to the ceiling. Its speed is different than the velocity of light to which they had become accustomed. The position cannot be determined, nor the velocity. They would have to occupy swaths of space-time for light to travel this slow, relative to their positions. The photon appears trapped between two mirrors that are in exact parallel alignment: a slight deviation would cause the photon to refract. 'I am on one end while you are on the other: our physical bodies remain like sheets of calcite with double refractive properties; informational photocopiers of consciousness.'

'I figured I'm a living crystal  
somewhere.' 'As long as you think it to  
be true, it is.'

'That is a response I cannot tolerate,' Nadya looks to the perpetually rebounding photon, 'should have known this conversation would be unbearable from his musk,' she mutters to



herself.

Charlie inspects the surroundings of the tomb, one that is positioned in the center of the sepulcher. 'There is an inverted chamber beneath this one. It is plausible that astral projections from the adjacent realm have left the dogs pious to your aura.'

'I have a growing denomination of followers, but why must you credit the next realm for my own wit and ingenuity? And how are you so certain that there is another chamber beneath this one?' 'Both your questions have the same answer: Recursive inversion. The chamber beneath this is upside down, not subject to gravity the way that we are here. The torus that is obscured exists whether we observe it or not. My advice: accept some humility, as your entire composition — this 'wit and ingenuity' that you speak of — depends on fatalistic energies from this regenerative flow, devoid of ego, of which you are merely an aspect, the shimmers through the cracks of what my radiometric perceptions are telling me is a perpendicularity. And the vast deluge, the inundation of creative reconstruction that will break from a spiritual damn of this size will be orders of magnitude greater than any restorative cataclysm ever experienced upon terra•firma. My only desire is that I am there to witness it.'

'Desire? You're not afraid of disidentification from your ego, Charlie.'

'The only plausible way for us to undo the wavering perpendicularity is by acceptance of death.'

'I am curious to observe what I perceive to be reality, or astral plane reality, crumble beneath me.'

'In one way or another, I feel the informational waves of consciousness transmitting that we are predestined reflections of light and my experience to this point has a correlation to your past, in a sort of primordial balancing act that began as cells, but proliferated growth has rendered it innumerable and unobservable except by extrapolation from a quantum level. My worship is tantamount to yours. Our crystalline bodies cover antipodal entries to the singular Well.'

'And to fulfill our destinies, we must be destroyed.'

The aethereal contraction, not only its physical — the existence of which is dubious — but also consciousness information, thought and memory, the weightless dark matter. Danny and Dani await on the second tier, only categorizable as such by an outside observer, where there are two that flank the one point of intersection. Two to four to sixteen to sixty-four: the overlaying tetrahedron, the toroidal system of consciousness, the catalyst for the beginnings for the perceived theoretical information loss, lost but never destroyed. Those deemed extraterrestrial, only a mirror to ourselves and the beginnings of observation: self-awareness, the sin against creation.

The second tier to a new realm, the crowning of rebirth cast aside with the intuitions of a paradigm shift, leaving behind timeless shadows of ethereal origins: when is the split photon of soul? where is the intersecting field of magnetism?

'The book of [S]: we have to regulate it and make sure the opposition does not rise again.'

'Paranoid as always: that thinking is what led to this state of affairs.'

'Undone boundaries, nihilistic law, abolishment of natural communal order: I presume is what you are suggesting.'

'Being that you are an aspect of the seminal ignition that will bring forth this proliferating consciousness across all life, I suggest curbing the over analysis.'

'What do you think will come of our core bodies? Conscious but lacking awareness of their counterpoints, the holograms which we use as devices to maintain our current discourse.'

'Two sets of observers unable to come together to compare notes. Given the magnitude of the recordings, it would be quite a spectacle, likely forbidden by natural order.'

'Deviations from the old, dependent upon our conscious vibrations. All that is not forbidden can eventually occur, thus an inversion of the system to collapse upon itself is possible.'

'Perhaps that egocentricity will beget another life form able to withstand the excruciating exponential increase in self-awareness: an entire conscious system within one's self and a life form capable of monitoring this internal autonomous system while also flowing into an overlaying system sounds like it would be excruciating.'

'-for humans. A Pyramid of past and future, inward and outward communications within a black hole rather than an adjacent parallel vector that flows freely. You are right in some regard, but what is left for us to other than evolve life to something beyond our capabilities of comprehension.'

Dani readies the seeds. In one hand she holds the seed of love, creation; while in the

other outstretched palm she holds the seed of fear, destruction. A subtle awareness that the two seeds offer very similar routes to the same destination courses between their intuitions. 'Choose which seed you will grow.'

'Is this our apotheosis? our last words? are we deities from this point on?' asks Danny.

'We are not the intersecting point. We are just the B-grade demi-gods, having only inherited the creation of that which came before us. We are creation and creator, not unlike any and all life that emerges from the seeds we sow.'

'Mortality.'

Encumbered by gravitational resistance, a storied artifice where such magnetic fluctuations seem out of place, as wavelengths shorten and delineate upon approach: exemplified fortune. The thermal disparities are mirrored by virtual pairs, observable from within.

The hangman's noose set over two occupied stocks that bind the hooded condemned. Knotted fibers behind their left ears, entangled into Elizabethan collars arranged for execution, extending to ropes that sway with the subject's resistance and the frontier winds, among other imageries speckled on the backs of the four shut eyelids.

Apprehension from within palpates sweat and saliva against the hoods which are secured at the neck with more ropes, steamed breaths, condensed facial sweat. The executioner sharpens the guillotine and cleans his rifle — the superfluity of death delivery devices relative to the notoriety of

the subjects. He peers at the two through crude eyehole cut-outs on his own black hooded mask.

They are brought to the stage with an enforced perimeter from outside attack. There are extra-elementary galvanized irons which shackle each to an accompanying sacrificial guard who are both released as they approach the stage by the executioner's touch.

A crowd of villagers have emerged from their homes, workplaces and saloons. Dani and Danny's faces are covered with iron masks. Chains around their ankles. Guns are drawn on them as they are prodded on occasion.

The executioner unravels a wanted poster and reads from beneath the illustrated renderings of Dani, pictured with her mouth open in a howl of menace above which are the outstretched lids and brows of those requiring exorcism; and Danny who is depicted with the animatedly exaggerated protuberant jaw of the archetypal sociopath set under squinted eyes, the gnarled melanomas, chapped lips and wrinkled deformities of a desperado perpetually on the run, wind at his back, sun shining warm — blistering hot — upon his face. "Wanted for the following crimes: disturbing the peace, the sales of firearms, arson, human trafficking, cultivation of illicit poisons, receiving stolen goods, racketeering, absconding extradition for crimes against humanity, conspiracy to commit murder, attempted murder, murder in the third degree, murder in the second degree and murder in the first degree; to mete out justice for these crimes, they are to hang from the neck until dead." The voice, the two condemned recognize to be Damien's. The restless crowd of malcontents' hoots and applauds and cheers, awaiting their primal entertainment, hoping it will assuage the voids that reside within them

— another day that they are not the spectacle upon the gallows.

Their psychic abilities disabled, aural perceptions diminished, the crowd's clamor is reduced to muffled commotion and only Damien's voice is transmitted clearly. Their stocks and chains tightened around their limbs, necks and across their waists: the fear of imminent death. Relentless questioning of how and when their smiting will take place echoes in the minds of the two, each unaware that the other is right beside them. Though never fully submitting to death during prior near-death experiences, the thought of death had never occurred to him as it has been now. Seeing and feeling the current sweep made the vision of being put back into his bigger *matryoshka* one with realistic definition. He knows enough of the present.

Danny prefers a gunshot through the cerebral cortex so that the nervous system is immediately halted from articulating pain to the varied parts of the cerebellum, given that asphyxiation and any alternate death that Danny envisions as possibilities involve the neck — a short ride from the sensation of pain's source. He questions pain's orders of magnitude: psychic death versus those of the physical death he had yet to experience.

Dani, severed from their shared consciousness for the first time, emits vocal supplications — inaudible to Danny — outward expressions of her nervousness. She pleads for a mode of egress, refusing to submit or view smite as an inevitability.

Damien twists the perpendicularity, slight alternations to the past consciousnesses' intent that rivet spells of elated mirth throughout his supreme form. He simultaneously curls his toes supine to the scorched earth of his occupied cathedra while he observes himself making these observations.

From Danny's paranoia, Damien breathes in fearless imperviousness — a chinkless chain in the knight's armor that his noble steed will carry to a castle of enthralled madams who he feels eagerly await to smother him with attention, lauding him for his valor. While Danny's schizoid visions watch

him defragment into a primordial sweat shop where he will sew garments, hooded masks for the executioner, and prick himself every time not because he was incapable of stitching without self-harm but because the end-consumer required such suffering be imbued in their products.

This absorption coalesces with Dani's repentant chants to roll Damien's eyes to the back of his head, euphoric anticipation, the undoing of his pants in the presence of virginal cherubs devoted to his pleasure. His form writhes in the observatory's throne. He inhales more than he exhales. His diaphragm extends to anatomically impossible depths, readying for an exhalation. Subject to Damien's gluttony for her pulmonary emissivity, Dani gradually asphyxiates upon her own softening chants, each plea to the supreme creator shortening the breath. She first takes a break to inhale between 'forgive' and 'me', then pauses to ventilate between syllables and ultimately her hoarse efforts to mollify her captor turn to coughing fits that strain her back's soft tissue and threaten phlegmatic emesis.

Damien's visions coruscate through his realm's hemisphere of interfaces: the focal point remaining his observation of the execution while the peripheral images of the forcefield of light shutter flashes, emanations with associated feelings, satiating carnal desires, fulfillment, achievement, the upper stroke when comparing himself to others and the hubris.

His focal point is maintained. He monitors the Los Alamitos town center where he is both armed hand — ensuring that justice is served — as well as the presiding sheriff and judge, unable to abdicate his positions despite the conflicts of interest. Ordinances that claim they do not want to cheat the hangman when the executioner is in fact those same ordinances.

The reciprocal elation heightens, building to a crescendo in expectation of transcendence. In his light-sphere's periphery, a woman from the past with Damien's exact preferred shapes — facial ridges that bend in all the right places, full lips that protrude just enough to avoid being mistaken for artificial, a voluptuous parabolic curvature from her breasts to her thighs — dances

burlesque to a private audience of one; a digital reality, perceptions not yet deluded by their own artifice.

Damien struggles to avoid complete distraction from his pleasure source, yet maintains it nonetheless. An adjacent frame depicts a mirror-image of himself in the throne room. From a sun that is obscured by his back, an iconoclastic outline of rays surrounds his darkened silhouette. A transfigured light of the past, a nearby extinguished star levitates a sparkling diadem upon him while hordes of supporters chant from their knees, engaged in synchronized prayer.

His primary focal point remains static in uniform commotion. The crowd prepares for capital pageantry. 'Guilty of all those crimes. I'm horrified to see their faces,' says a bystander woman who wears a picture hat and sundress.

'The lord will absolve them,' replies a blind man of the cloth, his deep-set crystalline eyes bordered by wrinkled leather. His eyelids seem to have been removed as he never blinks and they never shut. Shrouded by cuffs, his manicured hands brood atop a black walking stick of non-linear curvature — an 'S' shape. An illustration of gold ink depicts is a snake's head with an open mouth facing downward affixed to the ground in permanence's superlative.

'They are monsters, abominations, anti-Christ's. If you co-sign to their salvation, I shall report you to the archbishop. What congregation do you hail from? I don't recognize you from Los Alamitos,' says the lady, the pleats of her dress stained with blood. A veil rolls from her picture hat to screen her face. The gathering crowd and the lady orbit in a dirty rotary around the static blind man.

The capitalist chimes, 'our paradigm is predicated upon a broken 'S', the \$ dollar matrix, perceived information loss, a broken torus, vector inequality.'

'Folding borrowed gold getting tiring now, eh? Need to formulate some other peg to



your abstraction — currency — perhaps public sentiment, the very same that brought you to town to view this age-old ritual, eh? With no next of kin, you're worried those poor devils up there will be freed of their debts.'

'Silly nihilist, that shall be absorbed by our floating prudent reserve: risk analysis factors in mortality rates and portent indicators of economic cataclysms.'

'How about population scourges?' asks the nihilist.

'He is just a nice banker; he keeps our money safe,' ripostes the lady on behalf of the banker. 'While he borrows it to accumulate interest against imaginary commodities,' adds the nihilist. 'Our economic model depends upon the suffering of the untouchables.'

Children in ragged clothing beg, bell ringers with mottled teeth scrounge and nullified penny clerks scamper within the shifting ground's rotations, concentric loops of differing rates. They receive no coins, only opprobrium, contemptive shoos and aversive head turns. Raggedy atrophied boys sell maps to phantom treasures and secret tunnels. Toothless gypsies purvey artifacts to which they attribute metaphysical properties, but are nothing more than slugs of lead extracted from road signs and scarecrows that the local gunslinger's target. Debutante women aspiring to be those 'of the night' orbit and peruse the gallows. One solicits the condemned to see if they have any paper money or gold for a quick moribund platform service. When their solicitations go unheard, she turns her attention to the crowd, perhaps hoping that they will deposit payment as participant voyeurs. The shifting dirt ground scurries them away from the condemned despite the beckoning crowd's male hollers.

'The pyramid being the sole infallible structure permits an overlaying extrapolation as well as a reversal. Our economic model only becomes threatened when two relative systems, consciousness and water, or consciousness and magnetism, consciousness and light, become unified in one paralleling field,' says the banker.

'They are disconnected and when humanity obsolesces, they will become unified. This is why our omnium•gatherum transcends humankind to become savages, unburdened by the difficulties of man.'

'With liquors, ethers and desert plants running you higgledy-piggledy about town, making us fear a contagion of demonic possession,' says the lady.

'This inebriation, that you refer to, is the unification of fields that they experience, consciousnesses' vector equilibrium without intersecting fields,' says the blind man, swaying over his 'S' cane as the circulation of implicate ego rises and falls in the vibrations of his surroundings. 'Humankind's consciousness stored away in plants because after many generations, psychic ability, intuition obsolesced and spread from the human to the plant — accessible if we should need its power again.'

'Your creator is also creation: the product of intersecting fields, consciousness and form. Sound, light, what we perceived as solid are mere effects of this formula — the constituents being infinite constants. Then the perpendicularity serves as a sort of broken traffic light that these golems attempt to repair, though it is the only plausible victory against natural order,' says the banker.

'At the behest of the executioner, I request that you surly gents choose to refer to their irreverence for structural irrationality, this primitive submission to nature for what it is: 'satanism',' says the lady.

'While you call it evil, they believe their attempts to restore order are benevolent: they claim Darwin is wrong, devotees to cooperation over competition. The fact they fail to grasp is that this broken road can extend into a network of isotropic vectors, an overlay into the cosmos. The reflecting sides of thirty-two within the analog and digital realms can be throw into complete imbalance by shifting the collective consciousness' perception of the digital.'

'That leaves those in the middle to suffer, until the link between realms is broken,' says the bucolic oracle.

'Fuck them,' says the nihilist.

'It will endure. Our models have shown that abject suffering tantamount to the primordial origins of life are required: after all, a split would leave everyone equal and we have worked too hard to allow that to happen,' says the capitalist.

'But who decides who those poor people will be?' asks the appalled disillusioned woman. Nobody answers, giving her the impression that this has already been decided.

'Natural order will be restored with or without humankind. The sixty-four-bit tetrahedron, thirty-two solid pyramids in the analog — the shadow — and thirty-two in the digital — the soul. The structural integrity of this shape cannot be altered without a vicious inflective correction,' says the blind man.

'Interesting geometry, but with this overload in the analog that you postulate, wouldn't an intersecting renewable system of conscious thought flow bisected by another system of form at the right angle lead to explicate delirium, absurdity, non-sensical abstractions, the unremitting paradox that

functions as a corrective measure to bring the sides to congruence.'

'Yes, after generations of imbalance, space-time will rebound within the shadowed astral plane.'

'These two have applied this intersection to our economy, starving our children, to our medicine, to keep us sick, and most insidious, to our worship to accrue worship at the top of this pyramid whose structure has been compromised with no reflections in the mirroring realm,' says the lady.

The nihilist, lucid of his projections, observes the two beside the dormant executioner, faces veiled by black cloth, a motley pair for this corner of space-time, one that the nihilist is nostalgic over without ever having previously experienced. A speck of light emerges on the distant horizon. The commotion that rotates on the blind man's axis extends villagers out to the wooden skirtings of the sheriff's office and saloon. Dust clouds the Æthers. Locusts buzz in visible yet remote swarms.

Infestations of burrowing creatures produce intermittent bumps on the shifting, tremoring surface of earth to topple over the beggars, aspiring courtesans, tatterdemalions and ragamuffins.

Emaciated vendors carry their placards of inutile goods that no one cares to purchase at a hanging: pamphlet advertisements for timeshares inscribed with phantom stories about imaginary frontier towns with nothing in them, false maps to uranium ore drilling zones — attempts to pique the interest of prospectors to visit and settle and accumulate debt in these ghost towns where there are only banks.

Indecipherable clouds of dusts and locusts obscure the amber skies, darkening to a brown

shade, rendering day and night indistinguishable. The rotating ground carries the furrowed despot in circles. He bellows orders that are ignored. A former president utters phrases prepared for him by controlling orders. He is unable to resist the subordination. Pensive nuclear physicists and corporate researchers stir around their master's pecuniary interests, each circling in their own discreet sphere of ruminations within their collective indiscreet carousel.

'They will hang for all that they have done. Did you hear all those crimes?' asks the lady in an apparent reversion to her prior sentiments. Despite her momentary disillusionment, she finds scapegoating the condemned to be a sort of ignorant palliative, attenuating any contrition that she perhaps could be complicit.

'Just because some masked authority upon a platform said they are guilty, you believe it? Just as likely that they are victims in all this,' says the nihilist unaffected by conscience enough to have the most self-awareness regarding his own guilt.

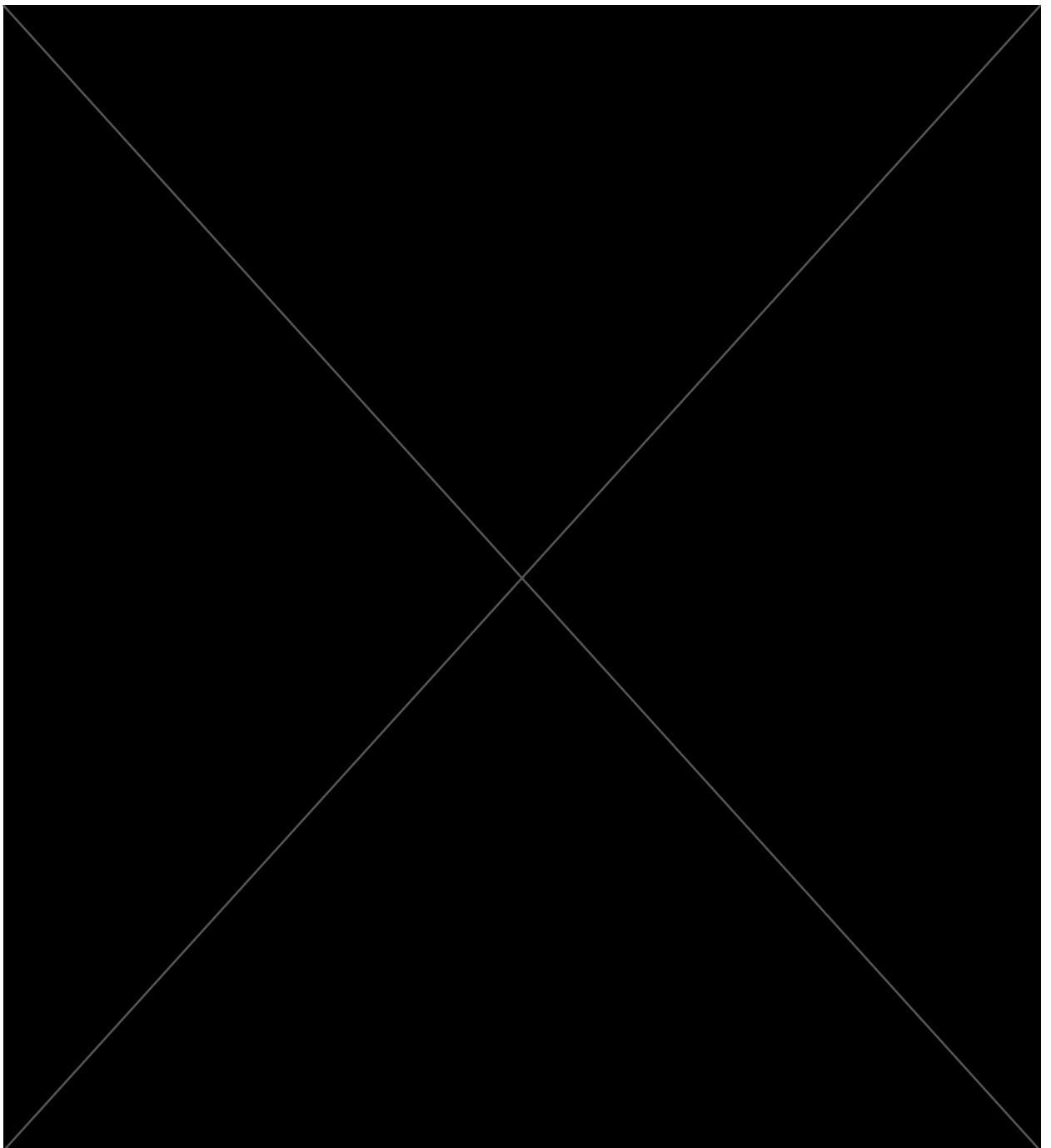
'Those with ropes around their necks don't always hang,' says the blind man.

'Well these two are heretic sorcerers. An inescapable combination of death delivery devices, the guillotine, the noose and the pistol, is required to condemn them.'

To the executioner, a masked Damien, driven to manic euphoria by the reciprocal correlation of the pleasure-pain spectrum, hedonism of which oversupply has autonomously expanded his own pleasure centers' capabilities to receive inundations of these splendiferous signals, a taste that sends him past the point of no return redeemable only by light speed exceeded to thrust thought's information beyond the escape trajectory combined with gravitational resistance that flows into the past, present and future's singularity of feeling — its unified system. Each

glance, every observation of the moribund Danny's fear or Dani's supplications evoke, in Damien's paralleled disassociated realm, fantods of elation, gnarled twists in his countenance, eyes pulled up while his head tilts down.

The ragged children stumble around the earth's tremors. The disinhibited vendors and debutantes go around on the blind man's orbit with expressions of false mirth, beguiling the man who is privy to the deception, providing Damien with a new flavor of euphoria. The spot on the horizon grows to the silhouette of an undoubted, laconic drifter on horseback.



The royal tenants had bequeathed to Nadya the amber room in which she now paces frenetically. Digressive chains of thought that all stem from suicide: answers she will never have; the legitimacy of this boy's claims that they must be destroyed; would it be on the astral plane as well?

Research and deposits of consciousness given to her by this inimitable projection that could only be Charlie. She did not question his identity. She did however misunderstand his vague instructions. Fear would have to be eradicated. Acceptance of death would be her duty.

At its entry, Nadya's corporeal body has been stretched and tempered by the Well's mysterious elements, capable of making matter both transparent and reflective. She struts the amber room's tumbled walls in quiet circumspection, seeking to acquire the method with which the imperials were able to channel outward to give Alexei a semblance of life.

Placid warmth fills the vacant space, worship she recognizes. The pacifier to her nascent attitudes meant to obliterate her fear, yet a vacuumed comfort she feels she must refuse. Nadya seeks out its entry point. The indivisible speck, the smithereens of light, shimmers a spectrum of colors before disappearing into the adjacent, inverted chamber beneath that Charlie had mentioned and then returning upon a linked magnetic circuitry to rebound off of a fixed still of amber on her chamber's ceiling.

Her observation fails to influence its departure. Nadya conceives the notion that all forms of

life are tangential to one another. She spots a fissure in the amber. It is on the floor. It leads to a hole, that thins out to what her thoughts immediately derive is a speck entry the size of the photon. The Czars had kept this flow of worship contained. She must free it and likely perish in the process.

She stares. Then commences dropping into a squat and grasping her to then stand erect and calm to even herself out, long exhalations and inhalations. A departure from her physical form is required and — she gathers from the psychic convolution of the previous imperial tenants — an evanescence from the aspects of her own personal character to which — upon rediscovery — she had become attached. A transmission to the Dogs, indicating to them the Well's entry will lead them to destroy their idolized subject. She questions whether they will even submit to this sort of inversion.

For it to be carried out, she must wholeheartedly accept this sacrifice and still the photon with these conscious orders. The creature's intuitions, if maintained and untampered will know what to do. She perceives that many of the Dogs compositions of metals yet studied or discovered may interact with those of the Wells in ways that may catalyze their destruction and hers.

The high command's bridge settles into a degenerated state of unexpressed hysteria: visceral discomfort leading to bathroom visits that are both loud and frequent, generalized pessimism attributing to the overall ethos of the moaning, plagued employees as they release only slightly from the psychic vice-grip of reprogramming. A disturbance brought on by the departure of their supreme leader, felt but not understood. Their directionless subordination seeks out a



new authority.

Before Feiber, his wheelchair and life support equipment— in militarized formation — his army stands his to salute him. He removes his respirator.

'The Dogs are due to arrive at the [S} Coven by nightfall. Commence protocol eight x,' says Feiber then pivoting in his wheelchair to address his highest rank warfare commander who steps forward.

'Protocol eight x may only be issued by the realm's highest governance and not by proxy,' says the commander, his stomach emitting rumbles.

'Disseminate all forces at once to structure encampments to await the inorganics,' Feiber roars back and pauses to huff his respirator, 'deploy battle aircrafts, every man and each combat resource we have available as per my pronouncement of order eight x,' he spins his wheels, using tongue to cheek compressions to steer himself to the bridge's interface. It activates a programmed attention drawing frequency of ambient white noise, that is both irritant and possessing of hypnotic allure to the partial programmed. It reverberates through the uniform Oligopoly hallways, stirs the reprogrammed beneath the light projector's audio component and echoes into the flatlands. 'The supreme leader has fallen. Martial law is enacted.' He deactivates his telephonic communication to address his inner sanctum. 'Forge the front lines with the mongoloid guards. Assign the researchers to the interior, insulate them.'

'All the men and women we have available?' asks the commander.

Ascendant to the top of the analog realms pyramid, with no checks or balances, has no being other than those in the digital realm capable of enforcing any measure of authority over him. He presumes that he will maintain this if he utilizes the lives of Nadya's former peers as leverage, relying on her newfound sense of contrition.

The entirety of the Oligopoly experiences a brief shift in consciousness as they accept the knowledge of their departed, former leader. Without verifying this statement, requesting proof, they commence militarization. The guards in zones closest to the [S} coven file into military vehicles with ample exterior fortifications, presumed to be able to withstand an onslaught of explosive sentient projectiles. Those residing in the more remote cloud cities gather paramilitary equipment and usher their neurotic research department counterparts onto the aircrafts despite their occasional bouts of self-induced interference.

Feiber issues an internal communication with the coordinates of the Well.

## THE DIGITAL WEST

The executioner of fated wills peers upon the distant silhouette of the mysterious drifter while the crowd goes around merry in debauched amusement centered around the ancient blind man that appears to be the static constant to the drifter's variable.

As he observes himself as executioner, Damien's eyes flutter elation that then penetrates him down to his curled toes. The sensation attenuates as the imminent conflict enlarges from over the horizon: the threat to his euphoric state, a recession from boom to bust upon the ephemeral scales of artificial, unsustainable oneness.

He considers whether to slaughter those for whose eternal damnation the crowd beckons: their scapegoats — a mode to account their own absolution; or whether he fire upon the chaotic anomaly. The execution of these two masked individuals, the reciprocal focal point in his hemisphere's light, would detract from their suffering. A continued fractional maze of star indices — the highest orders of cryptographic challenge — to guide them; or a zero — phase shift to zero which would cause all to influence back to disrupted one from unseen overlaying systems that will intersect.

By way of preternatural impulse, he pulls the bolt to load the chamber.

“Off with their heads,” someone from the crowd hollers.

“Drop them to hang,” shrieks another. Chimes that precede a discordant chorus throughout the crowd. Each member of the audience requesting in servile tones a different or combinatory form of capital punishment with and without post-mortem mutilation and — in some more licentious utterances — necrophilia.

The cacophony dwells upon vulgarity that arouses Damien's bloodlust. Reciprocation waning, he grasps at the declining effects in psychic indulgence. He thinks to himself that he must be kept alive a bit longer; that he must engage in this orgasm of the consciousness eternally; that he must stay in this phase indefinitely and resist the shift to zero.

The crowd's implorations rise in both volume and anticipation. Damien arrives at the conclusion that in any case — within the digital realm — he can merely change projection channels if presented with an indomitable threat. He squints his eye and aims for the silhouette, awaiting it to come into range.

Beyond the clouds of dusts and insect, the morphing airs emanate from the earth to blur the rider's mirages of refracting shadow realm outlines in different states of rainbow crystallization: outer peripheries of the rider; within his distant shadow are kaleidoscopic striations derived from a dominant light source other than the sun.

Dani and Danny, amid the ambient clamor, masked and bound in their chains, ropes and stocks, both hear the click of the executioner's rifle and his contacted air jostling past them. They hold their breath. Fear, unresolved repentance — among other end-of-life thoughts — fleet through their mind. Once the typical thoughts clear, they seek out their prior unification, a semblance of comfort in which they can await the unknown causality of psychic extermination.

“Entrust the ostensibly selfless to remain in the 1 state of the vibrating void? vibrations to the Dannie’s preferences or 0?” The man of the cloth's voice is heard to them between the executioner's footsteps, inaudible to the crowd or to Damien — whispers intended only for them: ‘the unified field will split. One of you will be on one side and one of you will be on the other.’ They reconvene around the fortune-teller for an aware moment of the other yet disabled from multi-sensory perceptions as if by walls of tinted glass, malleable enough to experience the tactile sensations of their counterpart's outline.

An epoch of stillness they are told they must endure: the unified field, nothingness. ‘If you maintain the thought — the same thought — for this age, a future imbalance will be avoided.’ Before they both think to ask what thought, he interrupts their potential question to say, ‘That is for you to determine, but from its effect all life will emerge.’

For a moment their thoughts triangulate and Dani and Danny feel each other’s fear as though the mosaic wall between them has perforations through which the feelings seep and float with invisible weight.

Their poignant transmissions are interrupted by a gunshot. The elusive riders — through the bent hazes of heat that reflect off of the windswept distance to coalesce and carry of an entire system of consciousness able to intersect by observation — a continued light exposure riding a bullet which appears to bend the earth's curvature in the land's thermal fluctuations, suspended, rotations that can be counted. The outlined campaneros do not deviate from their path despite awareness of the incoming projectile. The targeted rider, to Damien's right, vaporizes into shapelessness and falls to the dirt while the unaffected other marches on course. The decedent rider's equine pixelates into formlessness, into the land's rising heat, into the air — the smothering clouds.

Dani and Danny, having shuttered at the sound in their stocks, experience relief at what

they believe appears to have been a mock execution. Damien's euphoria wanes as he readies another shot.

A scream reverberates from the crowd, “he has been shot!” yells the prim madam while gripping the nihilist by the underarms as they carousel — together now — upon the shifting ground. A bloodied right eye elucidates the bullet's entry point.

Damien rotates his head back in the direction of his barrel. He sees the lone rider and an image begin to gradually gain form beside him. Emergent from beyond the horizon, upon the rider's left side appears another member of his digital outfit. The same overlapping silhouette that was there before appeared to have circulate — bound to the airs — into the clouds to recirculate the stillness into the mass with enough gravity of its own, given the dearth of life capable of this type of energetic absorption.

The relief of Dani and Danny grows as they realize that, at least for the moment, they are not next in the murderous queue of misdirected justice.

Damien's elation declines to near baseline, accepting that the restraints of Dani and Danny do instill a level of discontent and until they are removed, he will continue to hover above baseline sans comedown — the dwelling threat lingers nonetheless. He aims at the riders. He puzzles that he had seen a mirage. He steadies his rifle from its light tremble and fires.

The crowd chants.

A soft voice is unmuffled, audible from beside the stage, “you are not afraid of the same execution being carried out on yourself? I shall see that you will not execute this order,” says

a voice from beneath a hat. Damien recognizes Charlie's shoulders, his binoculars — his myopic weapon — his stillness.

Charlie sits atop a black mule. He has no firearms. He raises his binoculars from his poncho and vest. His eyes show no emotional attachment to the observation. He observes Damien and counters any inspective force cast out within Damien's gathering sphere. Thought transfers nullified for the first time Charlie recalls.

From the highest point in the slums, the tanks filter sludge that is then disseminated in a Sierpiński triangle lattice of gutters atop the tin roof kingdom.

The stolen research was never really researched at all but rather delivered through visions of the most primary geometric form. Still as a tetrahedron, Thot began to explore the shadow realm. Thought to be stolen along with the great information heist of that decade, its planted light through the pineal that will always arrive in the mind of another within a subsequent generation. And if pineal calcification is successful then it eventually breaks through to reveal itself in the most spectacular way. A couple generations of adaptation and a plant is powerful enough to break through deep calcification to reveal the geometric form of Thot.

Aircrafts converge over the Los Alamitos area. They fire ultraviolet-beams as they deliver paramilitary divisions to the front lines of the Well, the embankments of the Eggy Snatch. Researchers and technical assistants stand alongside Oligopoly guards. Fleets offer their unmanned command centers recursive patterning of an unprepared collective: one nervously aware of their combative deficiencies; while the other believes themselves to be war-ready to annihilate the machine hordes.

At various collapsed waste sites, flashes of Feiber's image spur around the broken-down walls. Machines that ignore these Jesus depictions collide together. Only the robes having been replaced by labcoats.

Fleets of land cruisers from the farther points pierce through the dry Earth,

More Aircrafts converge over the Los Alamitos area, performing blitzkriegs on the nearby decayed structures solely as a show of destructive might, visible in the distance by the unmoved hordes of machines. They deliver paramilitary troops to the coven's front lines. Researchers and technical assistants stand alongside trained Oligopoly guards. Recursive patterns of an unprepared collective: one group, the researchers, nervously aware of their combative deficiencies; while the others treated with a surplus of hormonal charges that render them over-confident in their battle-readiness.

An aircraft attempts to near the horde and strikes only to create an explosion that subsequently ignites the galvanized helicopter into a tailspin which grounds it violently. Another heli-craft is picked from the sky by an assemblage of dogs that merge to the chopper's altitude, visible in the distance from the front lines.



“Ore, tor and mountain air,

I contest the unholy unto  
there. It is fervent and it is  
cheap,

We shall buy it by the  
heap, and when our  
traveler’s chance shall  
commence,

We will be at it,

won’t We wench. There to  
miss a screw,

at it, with  
it ,We will  
be.

The undoing of our  
land. To strike it  
down

And extirpate,

my        Hideous  
kingdom        Shall  
create  
Common stone of ore, sand,  
glass. Wander through it to  
sojourn, the bells of holly  
foil, from its stench they  
recoil, as if the haIr pulled  
by its Strands, enter ~~the~~  
unholy lands of Ghouls.  
Charms. Pendants.

‘It feels like the gravity kicked in; every footstep had more weight to it. There’s a magnetic curse and before it is lifted every step would ripple the streets and up until all the cracked concrete converged around me despite all the other open space.’

“I know this feeling. People look up from far away or ask you the time in a street full of people. It would happen so often that I began noting the hour in attempt to analyze the patterning. It

was a code. A New Yorkianian code of time-askers,” said Danny. The oracle mirrored it to the other Dani for partial interpretation. Awareness that he was there.

The prisoner’s dilemma is upon us. Both are aware of the other’s capture, but who would talk first. Would they both choose to stay silent? The Oracle blind man mirrors his lenses to reflect the Dani’s reactive thought; only not long enough to agree on terms to a prisoner’s dilemma’s best outcome: silence on all fronts.

She wanted to say, “how it is a gypsy population code type curse”, but sees it better to simply express awareness that they are both prisoner’s that are being tempted towards coercion in order to strike a deal.

The oracle’s glasses turn to mirror Danny’s words in thought form.

“I used to sell dreams to people. The death dream was available but attempts to use it and avoid death had failed. Naturally all wake up before death comes in their dreams. This potion would push people past that edge where they remain lucid, but their physical bodies always suffered- heart failure. Final conclusion was that it worked but killed the person desiring to experience death and remain with the living.

The ‘trotting about a colorful garden with trees of lollipop and cascades of grape water’ was the one I stuck to after I came to my conclusions regarding the death dreams.”

“Early deaths: the James Dean effect; the ethereal captured on screen. Sacrifices of those that were worth more to others dead than alive. Used by all and viewed as too delicate for this World. This effect was an incantation that ages back years. Nobody died voluntarily. People did die however.”

Speech Titled: The value of a dead body

“The outward push of psychic energy (dimethyltryptamine) leaves a vacuum that is capable of absorption of those in adjacent physical spheres. A Master's techniques can fill the collected vibrations of aura while this vacuum takes place, intersecting with afferent physical systems; those of light and sound; though delayed — the light coming after sound. The variants of these seminal vibrations pushed aside in favor of a foreign host. Chiefly demonic curses or slashes at generations of families.

The medium used, oftentimes, were anomalous light patterns that one can scry from photographs. Lights that some can see without instruments, taking on the forms of stripes and circles, binary. Not only light patterns but sound: any transcription, recording worked to communicate this binary code to create subliminal influence. This observation binary charges then reflects into the digital realm where things are hard to measure. The observation seems to nullify the effect itself. Explains why curses are easier to spell upon the uninitiated.

Though that which immediately precedes the phase stop may be obliterated from memory.

The experience without recollection creates the same amnesiac vacuum of human aura possession only on a smaller scale. Codes can replace the experience to create a real memory of something that occurred but to someone else. The experiences themselves must be pulled from another container of auras. This is one use of contained aura.

Visionary symbolism that travels in the Golden Spiral: Mathematics imitating the shape of a galaxy and also that of a cabbage, a pine cone. Stars that shine go dark for momentary sequences. The dark matter binds the weightless, shifts the auxiliary components, morphs just as light patterns on the backs of eyelids. Sunlight of the day absorbed under its governing influence. The petals of flowers follow the Fibonacci sequence. Evolution favors these numbers. Then the parameter's adjacent spheres react to the movement. Flocks of vulture appear beside the vacuum. The waters shift. The winds push with the negated gravity.

While learning a language of a foreign land, the natives call the bird species in their native tongue after observation, which then aids the language learner because these observations, words, are bound to the creatures, strengthening their recall of *aves*.'

The face of Wallis wears an expression that Charlie had never seen before and the analytics of it seemed like a sort of last far-flung attempt to adequately equip Charlie for what was to come.

'Before I go, there is something you will need,' Wallis removes a pair of binoculars from his desk. They are golden spirals followed by Egyptian inscriptions at their ends.

'Master, why must you go?'

'It is either sacrifice myself or everything for which I have worked, the troupe, the last

stand against the Oligopoly.'

'Surely, there is another way,' suggests Charlie.

'No, there is not. The veils of the volcano will not be lifted as long as the chamber stays within its perimeter. I will still be able to keep contact and pass along instructions, only not in the physical realm.' Wallis fixes the gold rims of the binoculars into place. 'The true nature of this tool will be made clear to you at some point. These are astronomical binoculars repossessed from the Oligopoly's vault of stolen power objects. They will reveal to you how to use them when you need them. Before, you may be able to see the dark matter that surrounds us and binds us with great clarity.'

'Like scrying?'

'Not quite. Scrying is general, but these reveal messages hidden for you and only you. Powers only you have the capabilities of containing,' Wallis passes them to Charlie, 'protect them and do not let anyone else use them.'

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here were never actually used. All the human form I witnessed serving Moloch had a possessed quality to their eyes.

The enchantments thinned as my payment was accepted. Then, I was perched on the Mouth of Hell's crater, beyond close.

Nude bodies of faceless, pallid, emaciated women contorted around the pit. Skeletal faces across which skin just happened to be stretched out, as some sort of skin conservation effort by the Masayan. They cavorted to the music of the rolling lava from which the Mayasan's façade blew and rolled, chants warbled by the wind. The acrobats swayed beside it. Wind took on an otherworldly force and seemingly blew fleeting thoughts - demonic thoughts – spanning an entire lifetime, flashed in an end of life, 'see your whole life before you die', sequence.

Hierarchy and order were a big thing for the Masayan, as were rules. He wanted to turn me into one of his Hall's statue illusions. I was like a shiny toy he had been waiting for Christmas to receive. The elite circles who served the Masayan best had an idea that there was an apex to this Pyramid. The top was a mere delusion played back to them from the exact moment's reflection of when they had been possessed. To have the *antechristo* following Moloch for when others made their journeys to hell was an obvious desire of the Masayan.

Wind rumbled monolithic stones from the crater's pass which is carved into Volcan Masaya's inner rim. The rocks vanished into the amorphous façade which then spoke over the echoes of quaking magma: "Seeing into the fire, what do you see? There are many unobservable qualities that you miss."

"Aren't I expected to see through the fire?"

"Some believe this. More do not. I'll take those odds. Give it a go."

That fire hole was both still and in perpetual motion, like the dancers but more appealing—who stood in place with more rhythm than I had ever seen. They became the vibrant hums that beckoned from deep. It was electric flow that invaded my desire and made my eyes go soft and vacant. Dancers of fire swelled my eyes as they lost form, steepening overhead. Visual perception then changed to my limp corpse. My hearts were twisted rags to wring out all my dirty tears. It was so hot that I could feel the cold. Anyone observing my eyes in that moment would have seen nothing of my eyes but only the flame. Something else was inside it. Someone else. I felt it. I breathed it all in to interpret what it was. The heat broke emotional thermometers. I cried. The viscera spun together liquid excreta. What I saw was both blurred by tears and the air bent by otherworldly heat.

As I thought, my instinct was blind. Usually it would never mislead me, but here I had equal magnetism calling for retreat as a simultaneous force called on sheer attraction to:

The afterlife the astral field (see filmography)

Inscription I found beneath the flame:

Pyramidion

Illusions, spirited airs drift  
clouds of Grapes and caviar.  
Opulence, transcendence and glee;  
euphoria above the eye.  
Roads cross to obfuscate the  
wanderers at the apothecic gate.  
Those who dwell  
fall in, beyond the prism's  
keepers. Magma rolls on,  
the eternal burn for those who pass,  
Threats of power's own abuse. Natural  
Repentance, the Hell atop cast spells,  
Damnation to the volcano's pits,  
Steep drops for the illusion's fools.

The natural pollution steamed up out of the rim. I was the cockroach beneath it all, influencing it by mere observation.



