

The Black Dungeon Doorway

The Black Dungeon Doorway

Kyle Lance Proudfoot



AuthorHouse™
1663 Liberty Drive
Bloomington, IN 47403
www.authorhouse.com
Phone: 1-800-839-8640

© 2011 Kyle Lance Proudfoot. All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted by any means without the written permission of the author.

First published by AuthorHouse 05/14/2011

ISBN: 978-1-4567-8027-2 (sc)

ISBN:978-1-4567-8028-9 (ebk)

Printed in the United States of America

Any people depicted in stock imagery provided by Thinkstock are models, and such images are being used for illustrative purposes only.

Certain stock imagery © Thinkstock.

This book is printed on acid-free paper.

Because of the dynamic nature of the Internet, any web addresses or links contained in this book may have changed since publication and may no longer be valid. The views expressed in this work are solely those of the author and do not necessarily reflect the views of the publisher, and the publisher hereby disclaims any responsibility for them.

The Black Dungeon Doorway

The Black Dungeon Doorway is a Science Fiction/Fantasy Novel which I, Kyle Lance Proudfoot, have written. It is a romping metaphysical exploration through multiple realities with 4 characters: Orthe, Wodora, Aera and Pyre. With magical and technological devices and telepathic, psychic, telekinetic and magical abilities we go through worlds, progressing through Planes Of Existence. This happens through blinking doorways, doors, portals or gates with sensory panoramas opening up and new dimensions of mind, body and soul being discovered . . . Throughout our adventure, quest or mission we think, telepathically communicate, talk, converse, philosophize, debate and battle to explore the nature of reality. Regardless of your own opinions and beliefs, one cannot deny within the one big reality the existence of multitudinal different observations and experiences, thus multiverses. The storyline leads us to a greater discovery of our god-like heroic nature. In the stunning conclusion, there is a higher realization of the true and higher Power and Energy Level's in reality and how in some way we can each become Immortal!

The Black Dungeon Doorway is not only a dark dungeon into the realms of the subconscious and/or unconscious but also a maze and puzzle as indicated by the chapter titles. In many ways, it is also not only a 4D symbolic representation and construction of the Universe but also of the human mind and various bodies, aspects and layers which we each possess. If you ask me, the Astral Plane or Dream World is not only symbolic, figurative and/or metaphorical but quite literal, especially in the After Life . . .

The Black Dungeon Doorway is Part 1 of a trilogy. The second part is Planes Of Existence. The third and final part is The Door Of Light or Door Of Light. All three books are based on the complete MMORPG System which I have developed starting with Apotheum Colluseum, the Battle System of The Free Show.

I grew up in Toronto, Canada, free spirited, idealistic and lightly optimistic. Though I have now put a good dosage of realism into my perspective, I will still have hope for the future and I will never give up my own 'dream of delusion'. In 1996, I moved to the Netherlands and continued my life's work which are on my websites in the form of FREE Draft's. I have a propedeuse in both Philosophy and Psychology and my highest acquired diploma is MCSE (NT). I am presently busy as a Webmaster, Web Designer and Web Developer and am next to being an Author, also a Musician, Artist and Actor. See my resumé.

My interests are diverse: Literature, Films, Music, Art, Science Fiction, Fantasy, Photos, Video, Philosophy, Religion, Science, Politics, Space, Travel, Biking, Fitness, Nature, The Free Show, 3D Games, 3D Game Development, Family, Friends, Information Technology, Open Source Programming Languages, Cooking.

Personally, I have a strong sense of humor and am an intellectual and emotional Pisces with my Moon in Aries. I like to be direct and honest but sometimes one has to put water in the wine. Since a young idealistic teenager, I have always had a good sense of Moral's and Values, however this is also tempered by logic and reason. I like to read, debate, argue, converse and philosophize about various topics, alone and with others . . . Having funny, fun and relaxation is a top priority in all my activities, otherwise I cannot take life seriously either, or I get too stressed out . . .

My two websites are: Silverlingo.com and Planesofexistence.eu. I also have other url's which refer to these two sites such as the title of my books.

I hope you enjoy reading *The Black Dungeon Doorway* since I put all of my mind, body, energy, spirit and soul into it, drawing on the most fantastical and hyper modern ideas and information I could think of for a science fiction/fantasy environment.

Written by: Kyle Lance Proudfoot © 2011

Third Edition and Print

All rights reserved including the right of reproduction in whole or in part in any form
AuthorHouse

1663 Liberty Dr, Ste 200
Bloomington, IN 47403

Ode to Roger Zelazny: 'All the worlds are but shadows of the one true world, Amber.'
I dedicate this book to Roger Zelazny who is my favorite classical science fiction/
fantasy Author.

And so it begins . . . !

'O.K. We've got four of us. Are we ready to go in?'

'Yes.'

'Why are we now here? Are we now here to save the land?'

'No.'

'Are we now here to save our souls?'

'Maybe.'

'Are we now here for any purpose?'

'Yes!'

'What?'

'To enjoy the Exploration of the Unknown.'

'Yes. I am happy we are in the middle of nowhere' his blue silver glowing hand draws a slow arc, 'about to enter the black dungeon doorway . . .'

The Full Moon clasps his pointed finger in chilled embrace. The rough scottish stone doorway on the side of the hill on this cold starry sky midnight reveals an ominous black entrance.

We four stand, eyes full black aglow, keen of the nothingness, as we finish our silent and secret Full Moon Ritual. We walk in . . .

And so it begins . . . !

And so it's beginning . . .

We are friends. We have decided to be in each other's presence because we like each other; we have something in common. We think present civilization is great, however temporary it may be . . .

We have met our needs.

All of them.

Now it is time to progress into deep pools of Unknown. We enter with devices instantly providing for our needs. We are telepathic and telekinetic. It would be foolhardy and plain suicidal otherwise, too much a stretch for even our imaginations.

We have found normal endeavors and potentials lacking, almost a kind of emptiness inside. And a pain. We are amazed at how others can just carry on. We are Orthe, Wodora, Aera and Pyre. Each of us are fully capable and versed in all of the sciences, technologies, magic and psionic abilities of the 21st Century of Humanity. We simply chose to each take on a name of an Element for Celtic purposes.

'When you said black, I guess you meant it.' Pyre telepathically speaks from the front of the line.

'This is really quite . . .'

'It sure is . . .'

 Wodora complements Orthe.

'No echoes . . .'

 Aera shows the ignored fact of any particular situation.

There is a sudden total absorption of signal emission. We have to switch to 100% pure mind melding.

Pyre: Uh, yeah. That is not possible.

Orthe: Yah. If there are no echoes, that means there is nothing around us.

Wodora: That is not possible.

Aera: I don't like this.

Two males, two females, alone, in complete isolation.

Pyre: What should we do? I don't see any light.

Orthe: Wait, we got the Unknown, didn't we? (He looks back at us and catches himself in the instinctive act.)

We stop.

Wodora: You know the thing I really hate about these situations?

Aera: What?

Pyre: There are countless feasible explanations for this phenomena. For instance, we could've stepped through the doorway and been zapped by some Half-Coma Inducing Field while our bodies are now being injected with larvae by some local Brain Sucking Parasite . . . we are then only brain fused.

We enhance our mind melding to 100% silent non-emitting telepathic mode.

Orthe: Yah, I know. It's happened before.

Wodora: Thanks a lot. Ugg!

Aera: All of them explanations take up far too much space anywhere. You know what I hate even more?

Pyre: What?

Orthe: Actually getting out is infinitely more difficult.

Wodora: Well, that's it. Maybe this is some infinite loop.

Orthe and Pyre look at each other, or try.

Orthe: Wodora, you just fell into the very trap I described! We must enjoy the Exploration of the Unknown. That means speculation is out, and is ultimately pointless. Observation and Experience is the key. Exploration. Enjoyment!

Aera: Man, when did you become 'espounder estraordinaire'?

Wodora: Well, if such is the case, I intend to enjoy this.

She pulls down Pyre in a very dextrous move, fully blind, somewhere between Yoga and Kung Fu, and Scissors Holds him, Knocks him down, and is a top of him giggling, straddling and keeping him down.

Orthe: Ah Aera? Will you forgive me for . . .



Stylized Celtic Cross

Thank You And You Are Well Come

The next day . . . (sort of).

Pyre (head on Wodora's stomach): Well, it appears all our normal relationships except sight and sound are the same . . .

Orthe (playing with Aera's hair): Yes. Quite. So.

Pyre: Let's explore it. We will tie this rope between us so we can spread out.

Pyre walks to the right, Orthe to the left. Walking through nothing, nothing . . .

No thing.

Nothing stirs. Nothing is felt. Impenetrable piercing emptiness. Ready to devour the very soul of each of us.

Pyre feels its icy touch. Radiating from within. Ripping through his back. Alone and by himself in a world of nothing. Nothing new. Nothing to challenge. Everything set and fixed, empty, immaterial, of not greater significance than anything else. All of. All of death. No difference. What's the Difference? What's the point? No point. No thing. Nothing. The fire, unshakable grasp of hopelessness in his barren chest. Spine cracking in despair. Now here to go to. Everything predictable. Only the sweet unlimited embrace of the dark thralling sucking spiral flow. For the rest of time. No worries. No thoughts. Just let it go. Just let it go. Just let it go. The dull throb of blood pours through his right skull. As far as he is concerned, it could just keep on flowing out to open the vastness of the Universe to him . . .

Orthe just stands there: Let them all just move about me. They probably won't notice. I really don't care. This is just fine with me. I kind of like nothing. I will just get its full impression, just standing here. I am always forced to do things, whether by others or my own random desires. No one told me what all the feelings are. I was not taught before entering. Bah, stand . . . I'll just sit. No, better yet! I'll lie down. Just lie down and let it all circle around me. I wouldn't believe anything, I saw, even if there was anything to see anyway . . . Hah! I'll show them.

Wodora: Wow. How did this change so dramatically? I thought this was nothing. Wow. It feels like the ocean. How can I feel nothing? I feel myself distant. From what? From my mind, my body. From all. The aches and pains. Floating. Floating. Wait, I see something! Hey, you all!!! Me! They can't see me. They stuck in their own little world . . .

Like bubbles of blackness occasionally poking out their sensor, to see what is happening. I so wish I could understand the purpose of all of this. I am happy though, floating above this din of mad chance happenings. Here I have only myself to worry about. Hah hah! I can see exactly what's wrong with them.

By the power of Aera: I . . . Burn Demons Burn! Begone from this place and don't set foot here again. Warm ancient Wyrms. Foul Beast's of Boweled Haven, I wretch thee! You cannot escape me! The Wrath of Aera Will rip your nothingness out of nothingness and casts you upon shallowed shores of prismatic agony. You will be confined forever long.

I . . .

In the in between moment of timeless vision and insight which cometh after intake and before exhale, in the external cycle of the breath, a most hated subject, when you can think more clearly and becometh, the inhale, very much full of yourself, the exhale, of which we four are about to partake, or rather dispartake of, there comes a glimpse of what shall be, and based on the nature of the last uptake and dropdown of we four, it might be predictable:

In Unison: Woh.

And then the inevitable, and crucial, final exhale:

Pyre: Why is life so unfair? I want to do these things and it won't let me.

Orthe: Well, I can't foe anything, but at least I know everything . . .

Wodora: They're going about it all wrong. I am glad I don't have to do anything . . .

Aera: . . . will banish you to the nether pits of eternity!

After all, exhaling is expounding one's fullness, or emptiness in this case.

We make our way back to each other. Eventually, the tugs to our Being become noticeable. Following these tugs heads us to each other, to eventual touch and recognition. We come back to our senses, sort of.

Pyre: I wish we didn't have recognition of such. But we must be able to glean some helpful facts from it. I think I speak for everyone when I say I don't want to try such again.

Orthe: . . . I don't want to try such again. Everybody in acquittance? If not dizziness?

Wodora: From what I gather, my experience was slightly different, as I was aware of you.

Pyre: What did we have in common?

Wodora: We were all in massive self-indulgence, almost feeding on ourselves . . . Yes, even I was.

Aera raises a noticeable mental eyebrow.

Orthe: So what? This is a massively self-indulging place.

Pyre: No kidding, Orthe. I quite doubt that is helpful.

Orthe: Well, let us say this is a physical phenomena. In all my experience, I have encountered nothing else. No pun intended. I do not believe there is anything which is not physical.

Pyre: Light has no mass. Information has no mass. And, ditto, for thought, too. Though, if they exist then they might still have a tiny quantity of mass.

Orthe: Yah, it is touchable.

Aera: And we *are* limited by the medium.

Wodora: You are arguing semantics, or am I, without the actual difference in the definition between real and unreal, physical and non-physical and so forth then we cannot discern nor communicate, though there is, indeed, technically Nothing in the Universe which is so-called 'supernatural' . . .

Orthe: Well, at least we have something to work with.

Aera: I suggest we stick with what was common in the experience.

Wodora: I agree.

Orthe: True.

Pyre: O.k. then, think! What else in common? Remember!

Aera: Displeasure.

Wodora: Not mine.

Pyre: We don't have anything to help us get out of here . . .

Wodora: How about being less self-indulgent?

Orthe: How?

Wodora: Well, maybe we should try it again and concentrate on the sensation, become aware of the sensations, the motion, instead of becoming lost to it. You know, keep our head about us.

Aera: I don't even know where my head is.

Orthe: I really don't . . .

Pyre: Orthe, I don't think we have a choice.

Orthe: Hypocrite.

Pyre: O.k., we'll take a rest. Deep breaths. Concentrate on the sensations. Relax. All the things necessary to clear the mind. Aera, you shouldn't have a problem with that one . . .

Aera: Pyre!

And then we are gone, again, in a world of thought and emotion.

Losing everything, Pyre begins to inhale.

I am me Pyre. No! Keep it together, damn it. Unbearable. Can't hold on! Losing my essence. Got to hold on! I need Will. Will. Will! I don't want to die! Keep it in. Got to keep it in. I feel pressure coming. It keeps leaking out. I get to take more in. More IN! No! Arrrgh. Concentrate! Wait. Wait. Told to be aware of. Why . . . am . . . I . . . trying . . . to . . . control . . . it? The point was to observe. But I am, afraid I am, gonna die. Well, if I don't get out of this I, will die, so why don't I just discover, go with . . . the sensations?

I am the Orthe! This is really annoying. Why can't I move? Oh yah, I choose not to move. It seems a little silly. To move or not to move. It's what my Mother says. I guess it is the same thing. O.K. Woh. Become more aware of the sensations. I feel an almost sense of strength in this. Let's see if I can get up. Ahh! It's pulling me downwards. No! It can't take me. No! I will stand here and fight it! Chest upraised, fists clenched. But Stop! Concentrate on it. It's motion. It's pull. Concentrate on it. Go with it. Find out what it is.

I am all Wodora, the nauseated one. Here me belch, here me belch. There is nothing here, so what do I care? All I have left is to go with this stupid cyclical flow. Boring . . . Predictable. Maybe, if I play around with it, I could learn all about it. After all, I have to be aware of it, don't I? Man! I can just keep struggling; they can't just

let go. Go with it. Enjoy it. My head is spinning. Ohhh. Don't let me. Oh. Oh. I need air. Give me air. Oh Man, I went too far. I am gonna lose it. I tried. I really tried. Oh Man, I must hold onto, my sanity. Keep awareness. Please . . . Oh, the pressure, the pain, the pleasure. Give me Release! Release! Now! Ohhhh! No! I can't do this. No, this is impossible! Keep my head. That means watch, go with, but it is too much! Go with, observe feel, feel. Yes.

I am only Aera. Boo hoo hoo hoo hoo. Boo hoo hoo hoo hoo. Wahhhhhhhhhhh . . . Ohhhhhhhhhhh . . . I reach for the stars and all I get is dust. Expansion, great incredible expansion. And, it is happening with me too; however, it's going nowhere. It's in a melted bubble that will splatter its refuse all over the place when it finally is No More. Damn it! Why do I have to suffer like this? Damn it all man! Kabloomie. Goodbye Aera. Hold on. It's going the other way gonad. Is a stupid little void gonna have control? I don't think so. I'm gonna make it happen to me. Hah Hah!

In the in between moment of greatest climatic concentration when the neurons in the brain are firing at their utmost, the greatest Energy is built up and released. After all, nothing lasts forever, or at least it seems that way.

With explosive release, Pyre shatters into Pure Fire standing powerful with Orthe, proud and mighty in world embracing confidence. Wodora clasps the ground, curled in soft ecstasy as Aera crackles sparks, hair extended to the most, chin lifted up in victory. The reality spins and weaves around us in a dizzying intoxicating uplifting embrace.

Warm and supple onto our own, alive, we broke through! With a flash of the fiery to be sent we find ourselves in the black dungeon doorway hallway.

In a Skin Tight Full Body Black Velvet Cat Suit with a silver Metal Belt, composed of varying interlocked circles, clasping her supine cat body, Aera stands. A silverlined black Cape rides her shoulders and lends an attractive backdrop to her body. Black, curled, long hair strides down her back, controlled by a silver Brooch. Her eyes are sapphire blue. Her skin is white. She bites her onyx fingernails. They are picking at her silver Necklace from the ends of graceful fingers as she rounds out the rough edges. The silver Necklace gleams with blue jewels, a fitting compliment to a beautiful face. She easily drops to a kneel, resting comfortably in her black pointed metal clasped Leather Boot's, observing Wodora, Pyre, and Orthe, as we take in the changes just occurred.

"Wo . . . Aera . . . You look incredible!" Pyre gasps out, transfixed by her lustful feminine contours, "I think I will come over there and get a taste . . ."

Orthe interrupts, "You don't look too bad yourself there, Pyre."

Pyre stops. Looks at himself.

Wodora grins and puts her hands on Orthe's shoulders, lifting herself up, "That was clever, Orthe."

Pyre holds back and notices his long dark blonde hair, tied back, flowing down his black Hooded Cape and white Pirate Shirt, clasped in well fitting blue jeans by a Black Belt. Shoes black, skin lightly tanned, tall, strong, beheld with black eyes.

"Mrrow!" Aera giggles in enjoyment at her new found attention, "And what a fine specimen we have here. Is that a cupid's bow you carry? Or, is that a Bow Of Fire?" She tilts her chin slightly down and moves her feet apart a little.

"Arrgh! This is incredible. What has happened to us?" Pyre looks around.

The dirt cobweb and mist entrained corridor sweeps off into blackness bothways. It is horribly chilly. The kind of chill that makes you ask why you are the only life chosen to come here . . .

He steps next to Aera and puts his arm around her, "True you are . . . We have also gained weapons."

"I feel wonderful," says Wodora, "so alive. Like, I have now gained a part of reality which I always wanted and have always missed. I feel . . . I feel involved. Yes, that's a good description."

"You don't seem the only one involved." Aera gulps a look at Orthe.

He stands strong, transfixed towards Wodora, standing close to her, feeling the proximity and warmth of her. The two are practically molding into each other. Our entirety projects sensuality. Wodora lifts a hand to rest on his collar. Orthe raises a hand to touch her. Orthe carries a Heavy Club weapon on his back with a Large Celtic Shield strapped crosswise to the weapon. His attire is brown folded down lipped brown thick Leather Boot's. Both our Celtic Embroidered Cloak's are black. His hair is indian red. He has an open clear expression with observant brown eyes. He stands equal to Pyre, though not as imposing. His thick black Leather Belt stands out. He wears a freckled blue dark green bandana covering his short hair. These hands gesture as he talks in their mischievous wise Wales tone and he smiles a suggestive friendly smile. Just as he is right now to Wodora. She holds herself back, her blonde curled hair letting gravity bounce its waves, but can no longer resist and lets herself be taken under, melted into a descending White Crescent Moon by the bowing kiss of the Orthe.

"Woh." Pyre and Aera stare.

Wodora then clasps her translucent green leggings around Orthe's lower back, laughing. With a shocked expression, Orthe goes down, stumbling, toppling forward, completely caught off guard. In the momentum, she cushions his approaching impact

on her with a deft twist by powerful legs and Orthe falls hard on his back, Wodora now kneeling over him, she then lets herself down to rest on him. The emerald, water green Skin Tight and Loose Flowing Garment's around her, bound only by her silver Metal Belt, gain purposes and significances. She smiles with light complexion and life in her deep enveloping hazel eyes. Her Two Dagger's show beneath her short, pleated flowing skirt . . .

Aera and Pyre give her a light applause.

See Ya

“Well, I guess we are done with the introductions . . .” Orthe sublimes.

“Well, we now have the capacity to kill.” Aera draws her long pointed glinted thin Metal Blade, an exotic Short Sword Of Speed Sharpness And Accuracy, and smiles grimly.

“Did you have an exaggerated sense of breath just then?” Pyre looks around.

Orthe agrees, “Yes, it was bizarre. Very much slowed down. Extremely actually . . .”

“I just got it again.” Pyre already has his Bow Of Fire in his hand.

“We could always probe the area!” Aera is turning her Metal Blade this way and to.

“O.K. Ready.” Wodora completes a waving motion, up and down, with a long thin cylindrical device, a Wand Of Water Waves, very intricate in design, “Anything approaching from either way will slip and slide and cascade towards us, as though through rapids: Hah Hah!”

With a jut, she places her Wood Wand Of Water Waves back in her hair.

The breathing starts increasing rapidly in volume and demeanour . . . Pyre frowns at her telepathically, ‘I think you just made a bad . . .’

Orthe flexes his muscles, “Here we go!”

The breathing has become a practical scream, as Orthe cut short, sees the black monstrosity roaring towards us. Two of them. One from each direction. Decored with hanging flesh exposed bone and glowing eye sockets, nothing less than red glowing eye sockets, they in unison, like a car hitting a dry patch, reach the end of the Ripple Wave.

They grate, “Surf’s Up!” and with added momentum, still in unison, launch themselves at us.

Orthe hits the ground. With similar optitude, he yells, “Duck! Shield!”

Everybody hits the ground. The two possessed bodies collide above us, deflected and helped towards each other by the Force Shield. Indeed, there is quite the ‘Quack’.

Pyre raises an eyebrow to Orthe as the bodies finish their final act, “Duck Shield? Don’t you mean Duck Sphere?”

A slight Vibration Force is felt around us caused by the Force Shield and maybe the falling body parts. Black ichor sprays everywhere.

“Uh. Really guys. I am not incompetent. Really! I just . . .”

More Shadow Creatures come down the hallway. The black figures clawing at the Force Field’s edge gain a spokesman.

“More already?” Orthe asks.

“Great. They’re organized.” Pyre exasperates.

Its hollow pleading voice does not ring well with its tone of authority, “Time is die!” and then almost as an afterthought, “Mortals, dear mortals of the transssient flesh . . . give us your bodies, now, and your deaths will be painless.” Behind him are lots more of his Type-0-Negative’s.

“You know, that approach doesn’t work with women. And p.s. learn grammar . . .” Aera politely corrects him.

“Yah. What is this dead guy’s problem?” Wodora clothespins her nose.

Pyre speaks for us, “Look freak. I don’t see your statement as anything else than an empty threat. How are you going to even touch us?”

Gaping chest, black glowing head, fanged Evil Minion replies, “You are degrading me.”

“I don’t think that is possible.” Pyre counters.

It howls, “We have many more bodies than you. We are going to possess you and suck your your Life Energy into us. So that we may be happy. You take life to live. We take life to live. You cannot deny it. In fact, you are exactly the same as us. No better.”

“Uh, Orthe? You want to try this one?” Pyre looks to his buddy for support.

Orthe smiles a complimentary decline.

Pyre looks back, “Uh. That is true, however, we, uh, we don’t kill like you do nor for the same reasons.”

Its voice is starting to grate on his ears, "Killll is Kill, Pyre. Death is Death. You will die. Might as well make it painless. If you don't kill then how do you carry weapons?"

Is Betting going on in the deeper ranks of goo?

"What the heelll mate! These are for self-defense against low-life wretches such as your total lack of self!" Pyre yells into the Shadow Creatures face and regrets doing that, he pulls his face back rapidly; the stench alone is enough to rip his head clean off his shoulders.

"Just go ahead and try your foolish petty tricks which ultimately are only self-defeating. Your blade has no effect upon me." It steps forward and opens its dribbling maw. Faster than either Orthe, Wodora, Aera, the monster, or any of the gathered Better's can see, in a Blazing Electrifying Arc Pyre Flashes his Blade Of Fire And Electricity, searing right through the Beast's neck, toppling it to the ground and burning the very air itself.

"Woh. Hah. I guess it never heard of Fire And Electricity." Pyre grins with nodded approval from Orthe, Aera, Wodora and the betting masses.

Before he can sheath his Blade Of Fire And Electricity, another Dark Evil Minion steps forward and in the same ingratiating voice, "Youuu can eliminate one body, but you can't kill me, you stupid rotting flesh thing."

"Me, me rotting flesh thing?" is all Pyre can meekly utter as it steps forward giving a right Broadside Back Hand to Pyre's left side. It delivers Pyre through the air and into the wall, crushing him to the ground.

"I guess it never heard of Gravity. Hah Hah Hah!" And the laughter that follows from the entire chorus is too horrible to describe.

Aera rushes to his side and he barely gets up.

"So, fundamentally, we are the same, if not a little more resilient than you. Don't you agree?"

"No! We don't agree!" Wodora proclaims.

Pyre mumbles pathetically to himself.

Orthe addresses the molding form with mangly arms and legs, "Well, blackened bright one, if you are so powerful then why don't you, uh, 'eliminate' us right now. Tell you the truth . . . You are full of hot air. I imagine if I really wanted to, I could walk right through you. Right now!" So much for diplomacy, "You are not real. If you were or are, you would have engaged all of us right now, in Battle. Instead, you are doing

However, we are losing strength. No one can take the pain we are taking, the ripping apart of our bodies, the Massive Negative Energy Drain sucking our Life Energy out of us. Any moment now, we will probably lose all Will. No matter how much we give back, from somewhere comes more than we can deliver.

The black dungeon doorway hallway has been decimated. Black inked limitless Field's glimpsed through the broken walls, Shadow Creatures seemingly dancing to our conflict are seen. Disparaged Spirit's ready to take us in await eagerly to feed off of our sins. We are being decimated, this life blood consciousness losing its ability to reason and tell the story. We are reaching our Battle Capacity, tightly knotted in our Celtic Circle Of Protection, hands clasped, Force Shield's and Spheres intensely vibrating, Power and Energy crackling around in blue violet silver jagged Lightning, our Focused Combined Will's And Third Eyes not breaking.

All of a sudden, its face appears, "Hah Hah Hah! Stupid Mortal's. I win, you die! It's been fun . . ." Its voice echoes fathomlessly through all the residing spaces, dimensions and nether regions sending chills of death and horror straight to our bones.

Then we stop, we stop fighting, killing them as they tried to kill us. After all, we were reaching our limit and more always come back, like it feeds off of us.

There is always a bigger bug.

We Interconnect all our Power and Energy Level's in a last ditch effort to prevent ourselves from being hurt, harmed, mutilated, killed, murdered. We add each other's Soul Energy to each other, our Spirit Energy, our Life Energy, our Mind Energy, our Emotional Energy, our Body Energy and our Elemental Energy into a closed circuit loop to protect ourselves; to last as long as we can is our imperative. It will not take us easily. Better later than sooner. Never! For there is no such thing as dead matter in the Universe, no such thing as a non-living Being; through the Law of Conservation of Energy and the transmutation of Matter to Energy to Information to Spirit to Soul we will live forever!

An Xplosion of Light answers their final unimaginably powerful assault and attack on us. Those are the last things we see. Their horrible screams are the last things we hear, a chorus of Falling Angel's from Hell, the Damned of the Damned, as they fall back down to the Hell's.

Corridor

We awake in the black dungeon corridor, it is lighted in a shadowy gray particle glow, swirling around the corners.

Wodora lifts her head, and falls back asleep.

Aera wakes up abruptly and blows a crater into the floor between us. Her hair is set straight back frazzled. Pyre, Orthe, Wodora are thrown back, woken and shaking. Wodora instinctively Blasts Aera into the wall with the embedded device in her Brooch Of Booby Blasting and then immediately realizes what she has done. She gets up and rushes to Aera, "I'm sorry Aera. I didn't know. Are you OK? Aera?" She kneels down to the crumpled Aera.

Aera moans, "More like KO. I think so. I feel unreal."

"I think we had better carefully consider possible effects of our actions." Wodora groggily gets up.

"Best thing I've heard to date, Wodora." groans Orthe while rubbing his head and replacing his Augmentation Cap, "Anyway . . . where the 'uh' are we now?"

"Yah, are we dead?" asks Aera, "This place looks like the corridor to the Gates of Heaven, not that I know."

"The only Gates we have been through, it seems, or will be going through are those of Hell. It is indeed, however, nice and hyper modern with fully nano-lathed smooth curved gray with black-outlined marble walls. I really love those black Artificial Torch Holder's, too . . ." Pyre looks around us, "I don't like this. It seems like we have fallen into another demon trap, maze, dungeon hole, labyrinth, 3D puzzle."

"Uh, Pyre? One of those words would've sufficed." Orthe smiles congenially, amiably, conradishly to him.

"That was mighty frightening," the look in her hazel eyes is genuine, "we look for the Unknown and get the Unspeakable. This just confirms all predictions. I have no desires of continuing." We look at each other, thoughts meld, 'If the Unknown is this, it is not worth it. We wanted Adventure and got danger. We wanted fun and we almost got mutilated and decimated. Let's leave. Yes. Good idea. We shall leave this forsaken path and all its wretched sorrow. No more needs to be said."

"O.K. Let us find a way out. I Will now Light Up the whole passageway." Pyre strides forward. Each happily follows.

“Yah, I don’t think I want to be puppet to bloodfest.”

Orthe heaves up his weapons and brings up the rear, a solid reliable warrior for rear guard.

We walk around in a full circle.

“Nothing changed and the post Roman Greek corridor is arced. I was afraid of this.” Pyre sits down.

“Great. I’m thirsty. Let’s have a drink.” Aera Conjures water from her Belt Of Unlimited Sustenance. She sits down next to Pyre.

“Well, what do we do now?” Wodora asks.

“I hate that question.” Orthe sighs as the cool liquid goes down his throat and in a rush tingles his extremities.

“I feel claustrophobic, trapped. If I don’t get out of here, I am going to bust.” No one looks at Aera.

Pyre states a good ole altruism, “We are all looking for a way out . . .”

Orthe scans the walls for cracks, Illusion’s.

Wodora tests the structure, “Don’t worry, we’ll find a way out.”

Orthe is not impressed, “I hate that line, too.”

“Either there is a way out,” points out Wodora, “or we all die—of boredom. There is sufficient light here to maintain our devices, indefinitely. So much for the Gates of Heaven.”

“There has to be a way out. I refuse to believe that we are meant to die here. The Demon sure as Hell did not get us.”

Orthe looks at Pyre, “How do you know. Maybe it did. Once again, we could be tied to machines that give us Improv Dildos still stuck at Radiohead.”

“We saw it die, stupid.”

“Watch who your calling stupid!”

“Men!” Aera glares down both of us.

“Sorry,” Pyre puts his hand on Orthe’s shoulders, “I take that back . . . you’re just somewhat ugly.”

“Accepted. Hey!”

Wodora interjects, “If the Demon got us, we would not be sitting here talking and freely moving about.”

We ponder that.

“Then what’s this closed circle corridor!” Aera is almost in tears.

Orthe gets up and we join hands, again. We go in here, scanning the entire area mentally. It is not fully solid nor impenetrable, “There must be that logic be a way out, though something could be blocking our probing beyond these walls.”

We ponder that.

Wodora leans against the wall, “What if it sealed up and is now unbreakable by our Power’s and Energy’s?”

“Then it can be broken, somehow.” insists Orthe.

“What must we do then?” Aera complains bitterly, again.

“Who cares. You just asked the key question. We’ll just experiment and something is bound to work.”

“Briljant!” Wodora is also Dutch and German, “You really got your thinking cap screwed on straight, with your trial and error method it will take about 269 years.” She is irritated by her dirty clothing and starts to undress.

“What are you doing!” cries Orthe in dumbfoundedness.

“My dear, Orthe, you said experiment. So, since we could be here for days, I would like to have a clear head, not to mention a clear nasal passageway. And a nice fresh Lib Bra.”

She attaches Her Handy Belt to the ceiling, electro-magnetically, with the two ends about .5 meters apart, and enjoys the lazy spray commencing from it after a touch.

We just watch, mildly jealous.

Aera yawns, “This is boring. When you men figure out something or need my help, wake me up.”

She turns over and exhausted falls asleep . . .

Pyre caringly Activates the Darkness Field around her body.

“O.K. The women are skipping this part. Let’s figure out our options.”

Orthe sits down next to Pyre, his eyes still fixed to her Gaia contours, “Great, we’ll probably rot here you know.”

“Anything is possible.”

“Why did we get into all of this? Now we’re stuck in an unsolvable corridor conundrum.”

“What’s the cause of the Universe? Or its purpose . . .”

“I really don’t feel like talking at the moment, you know. Or thinking, whatsoever.”

“Yah, I know. I feel the same way.”

“This feels like a total drag.”

“We recovered sufficiently from the Battle, didn’t we?”

“I didn’t feel bad when I woke up, just a little numb.”

“Me neither.”

“You know this kind of talk aggravates me. We should do something like the girls are doing.”

“What?”

“I don’t know. Like leave this place.”

“That’s what we are trying to figure out. We can’t do such until we have figured out how to do that.”

“A step cannot be made until a step is learned?”

“Yah, I know what you mean.”

“What a stupid fact. How am I to learn how to step until I step?”

“Observation.”

“What if it doesn’t exist yet? And, there is nothing to observe here . . .” Orthe shifts his weight and Pyre stifles a yawn.

“Maybe we should sleep and then think about . . .”

“You said you weren’t tired.”

“Correct. This fatigue seems unnatural. I feel unnaturally heavy.” Pyre gets up and shakes it off but it immediately sets back in and he sags to the floor, thinking to himself, ‘Wodora is still taking the shower, now very cyclical, repetitive and existential in Slo Mo Effect. A sense of timelessness pervades this place.’

“A sense of timelessness pervades this place.” Orthe speaks placidly.

Pyre glances at him, “Orthe, I was just thinking that.’ Pyre transits from verbal to telepathic mode, ‘You know it’s rude to read my thoughts without permission . . .’

However, Orthe is gone. No response comes from his sleeping figure. He even Activated the Darkness Field.

‘I don’t like this!’ Pyre growls partially telepathically, the volume increasing dramatically to verbal.

The water continues to recycle around and around Wodora, who never tires of it.

“I have no experience to deal with this.” Somehow he knows, he will not get help from her.

“So, I’m on my own, eh? What happened to diving intervention?” He has a strong desire to send an Electric Shock through the water but refrains, “I refuse to accept this. There is something seriously amiss here.”

However, a Dull Invisible Cloud is spreading itself over his frontal lobe area, pushing him down to the ground. He stands again, this time with great strain and effort.

“I will remain conscious. So long as I can hear my own voice, I know I am conscious.” The feeling pushes through his entire body. He is powerless to stop it and falls back down again, leaning against the wall with one right arm. However, he stands again. He gets a sense of weightlessness.

“I can hear myself. Good. The body is there but I have none of its senses. This doesn’t mean too bad. Now, what is wrong with me? And them. First, i would say I have been forced out of my body. I did not choose to be here. I am loathe to stay. Something forced me here and is preventing my escape. Either I decide i am powerless or I can do something about it. I am not sure i can do something about it. Nothing has

worked. I will, however, decide it is not futile. It is not proper. I did not choose to be here. It is not futile. I don't care how long it takes. I am going to solve this."

He then loses consciousness.

With such a completely invisible odorless poisonous gas which was silently released through hidden vents we pass out, or did we die?

Corridor Tactics

He wakes up.

The room circles around and around and comes out to the right, mid-level.

We are more clearheaded.

We are looking through the black dungeon stone brick passageway off to our right. Vines and other crawling plants sparsely cover the surface. They are moving to a soft wind. We are all on the ground, lifting ourselves up by our elbows, shaking out the denseness on our lobes.

“Hey Pyre, we are still alive!”

“Thanks Orthe.” shaking his head.

“Boy, you look so cute in the morning!”

“Thanks Aera.” holding himself with one hand, using the other to lean against the wall.

And then the attack comes out of nowhere. Four large Humanoid Mongol Ogre’s covered in hair, bulky with Metal Piecemeal Armor’s. They stand about 3 meters tall, charge in, Long Spear’s Of Thrusting Piercing Bashing And Throwing leading the way. Aera instantly reacts, pulling out her lean mean wicked Short Sword Of Accuracy Speed And Sharpness, to find it missing.

“What?!” And that was the last she spoke as the sharp point of one of their Long Spear’s pierces her shoulder, spins her into the wall, cracks her silly airhead and slumps her to the floor. Blood and brain matter drips down the hyper modern wall.

We also find our weapons similarly missing, though react better, avoiding impaled death.

By now, we are all in close quarters and surprisingly enough we muster a counter attack.

“You will die.” The one that got Aera gruffs.

“Ah, Shaddup!, not more stupids again.” Wodora leaps into the air, however her Mute Spell fails.

Fortunately, the ceiling is 3.33 meters. With a Curt Spin Kick she brings her heel around into the Beast's head and clobbers it. It flies back 2 meters into the wall. Its neck snaps with a loud breaking of bone.

"Nice . . ." Orthe says more, rolls under a Long Spear and begins a series of Rabbit Punches. That one, unfortunately, has no Armor protecting that area. It buckles and falls face first into the stone brick floor.

Pyre Grabs his antagonist's shaft, pulls it forward and with the added momentum its head meets Pyre's Elbow Bash with a dull crack. It slumps to its knees and falls backwards.

Apparently, the remaining monster does not like Orthe and Impales him wickedly in the side. Goodbye Orthe. He dies screaming, clutching his side, blood spraying outwards.

Two to one, the Ogre does not appear to be able to add and advances on Pyre and Wodora. It does a Two-Handed Swing, down diagonally, cutting from left to right. Wodora gets slashed by the very sharp point of the Long Spear as blood sputters from her chest. Her eyes roll back in her head and she falls over backward slumping into the wall and floor. Blood fountains from her chest.

Now it's Pyre turn to say, "What!?"

He quickly retrieves his surprized glance from Wodora's lifeless body.

The Mongol Ogre looks at him, smiles no teeth, and deeply and stupidly lisps with a 40 IQ, "Now itth jutht you and be babe!"

It winks too.

"I don't think so." Pyre tries not to throw up, stepping back, eyeing the waving now dull point of its Long Spear in front of him, the cause of two of his comrade's deaths.

"You could alwayth thurrender . . . you big boy yuuuuuu . . ."

"Yah, you wish."

"You have no choith. There are jutht more of uth yuuu know. You villl dinuh." It advances. The dull point of the Long Spear becomes a little bit too phallic for Pyre, reminding him of the time he was once incarcerated for a minor misdemeanour.

He drily responds, "No thanks, I've already got one of those cards . . ."

It Thrusts. Pyre with greater force than before, Steps In, Grabs the shaft close to its hands and wrenches it backward and around. Cleverly, it lets go: Not clever enough.

He Steps In again and with the Force of the Spin Throw with the shaft of its own Long Spear and its forward motion, Pyre Throws it at 150 km/hr into the wall. The release of the weapon is part of the plan.

Unfortunately, for the Ogre, it did not realize the best thing to of done would have been to hold on and prevent itself from being nailed to the wall by its own weapon. It dies horribly, screaming, blood exploding everywhere. Pyre finishes him off by decapitating its evil ugly head.

Pyre rushes anxiously to his companions. He quickly manipulates and controls and administers Healing Waves from his Helpful Belt. In a few minutes, Orthe, Aera and Wodora stand, resurrected and regenerated, not dead after all. He thinks to himself again, 'Of course, but tell me, goddamn it muthafucka, how f'in long does it take to regen?'

"I am certainly glad we brought these devices along." Aera leans on Orthe.

"Man, we are violent." Orthe rubs his side.

"No kidding. But, who does not have the right to self-defence?" Wodora massages her chest.

"Obviously, we have no weapons. It appears anything offensive has been removed from our possessions. I would like to know why and by who." Pyre takes a breath.

"No kidding. So, that Demon got us after all and is now playing with us." Orthe spreads his arms out.

"The last thing I remember was floating a mile out of my body and the rest of you were totally out. Now we are in a very unattractive, displeasing, hostile environment. Like I've said: I don't like it." Pyre repeats.

"Now that there is a little bloodshed on our side, you don't like the prospect anymore?" Orthe retorts.

"Well, we are certainly pretty much invincible, or were . . ." Pyre reminds.

"So, you just wanted to do some monster bashing?" Orthe rejoins.

"Actually, yes! I did. What's wrong with ripping monster's guts out?" Pyre rejects.

Wodora interjects, "Orthe might be right."

Aera continues feeling quite great in her head, "Now, let me ask you a question . . . What about these poor little monsters . . ."

“Oh no, I can’t believe this . . . here we go again with your stupid Aquarian Age pacifistic shit!” Pyre frowns severely.

“If we are going to come in here as god almighty Being’s, what about them?” Aera puts her foot down and pouts.

“What about them?? I can’t believe this is being said.” laughs Orthe.

“Picture it in context. Our situation, which we are not understanding: Big almighty Orthe comes against small limited monsters. I think you’re ready for a big whopping in return, as far as I see it.” Aera conjectures.

“On what premise do you base that on?” Orthe requests.

“You can’t argue we are not presently working on some very high quantum metaphysical level. From what I know of Physics, all things must balance out for the purpose of achieving stability: For each and every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. Since our reality is drastically fluctuating in this planar abode, corridors keep popping in and out of existence, maybe we are experiencing that underlying law. And, they’ll just keep coming!” Aera intellectualizes.

“Could you repeat that??! Absurd!” Orthe almost stutters.

“Hmmm, I think maybe she’s right . . .” Pyre raises his head slightly, “That’s true. If that is the causal factor in our interactions, our immense force is . . .” WAM! Pyre is flung forward into Aera by the immense Thrown Force of a man-sized boulder. Aera falls to the floor. Only she gets up. Pyre is, quite literally, a bloody pulpy flat 2D pancake.

The source of the Surprise! Attack looks at us, “You killed our children!” Two ceiling high Alien Androgynous Troll Clawed Wretches scream, one from each direction.

They howl, pulling themselves along, scaled arms on the ceiling, claws digging in. And again, “You killed our children!” This time much louder, reaching 130 decibels.

Orthe scrambles, “Shit! Everybody drop everything!”

Wodora and Aera look at him, puzzled.

He screams, “Your Item’s, idiots! Drop our Power and Energy! Drop them!”

Wodora and Aera quickly respond, getting half-naked.

Nothing happens.

The giant carnivore is about to mangle Orthe, he looks frantically around, “You forgot Pyre’s! Get . . . Arrrgh!”

The monster disembowels him with a swift Claw Kick of a very sharp pointed foot, it yells “Field Goal!” as Orthe blasts back into the ceiling and wall. Blood is stained on both and his dead body falls face first to the hyper modern hard floor.

Aera dives towards Pyre and his Handy Backpack Of Carrying. Wodora Flying, Blasts the enemy with a Wail Kick to its head causing little Damage but not bad for the Delay Tactic. It staggers backward one meter.

Aera drops a Plasma Light Grenade, all our Force of Resistance disappears as we Near-Instantly Teleport, and in an especially spectacular Desecration of Light the two Undead Troll’s are blown away as we enter into another dimension. One where we are insubstantial to the previous dimension.

“RECESS!”

Aera hops up and down clapping.

“Cool. Did we or did they get blown away?” Wodora recovers her momentum with one hand and one foot sliding back on the floor.

“I guess it worked.” Aera is proud of herself.

“Neat trick. Stop giving them someone and/or something to fight and they no longer have anyone and/or anything to fight. In fact, we don’t even technically need our Item’s now, though they do supply our needs . . .” Wodora compliments her on her ingenuity.

“Well, I guess we don’t have to worry anymore, through the usage of only pure telepathic and telekinetic abilities we can defeat all our enemies, though there is still want . . . I do really like my Belt Of Unlimited Sustenance with its black Leather and silver round buttons . . .” Aera now gets somewhat uncertain of herself.

“Not so bad. How de we drink and eat, though?” Wodora questions.

“We just Conjure or Summon it all in. I guess such is the end of death and the repetitive cycle of life and death through kill or be killed.” Aera abstracts.

“How boring.” Wodora concludes.

“Life is not interesting; it holds no drama, conflict, excitement. Such is the realm of death.”

“Yah. Life is life.”

“But death is change, unpredictability, interest, conflict.”

“Yah, there is nothing to do in life, man. The only time it gets interesting is when it gets challenged.”

“Or else be a monk.”

“Action and interaction and reaction are needed in life.”

“What is such?”

“What a delirium!”

“I think we are missing some key data.”

“We always are.”

“You know what would be most excellent?”

“What?”

“If we could do anything, I mean anything we wanted to.”

“We aren’t doing too bad so far.”

“I think you just got a hard on, man.”

“I said that, Orthe, not Pyre.”

“Oh, you woke up, already . . .”

Light returns.

Wodora stands with hands on hips and frowns down at him, Orthe about to retort and then we notice the spherical surroundings: A sharply colored glowing globe and us in floating buoyant support.

“Pretty. Beautiful bright colors flowing in peaceful bliss . . .” Pyre’s eyes follow the streaking platinum blues, chrome reds, and silvers through its white hazy surface.

“This is like a dream come true . . .” Wodora floats and she catches herself, “What made me say that?”

Pyre swivels back around in midair, “Whatever. Let’s get back to our conversation. I think we struck a ripe chord.”

“O.k., I said it would be ultra-cool if we could do anything we wanted to, AH!” The white haze intensifies.

Nothing happens. She blushes.

“All right,” Pyre smiles, “Now, what would’ve we wanted to do and why would we want to be able to do anything we wanted?”

Orthe smiles and takes the hint from the intensification of the haze. He moves out his hands towards Pyre.

Somehow, Green Strand's of Goo Splatter forward and he is unable to avoid them. His face drips. Instantly, Orthe is killing himself laughing, "I think I can answer the last half of that question, or just did. Hah, Hah, Hah!"

"Why, you . . ." Almost as instantaneously, a Massive Wave of Green Goo covers, clobbers, and plasters Orthe. All from a mere gesture.

Wodora yelps, "Hey, you villain!" An intense volley of Little Green Goo Projectiles, springs from her hands, gets fired at Pyre, biting in the face and chest. He is driven back to the Sphere's edge laughing, crying for mercy. Knowing what she must do and almost falling over herself in the process, she summons, yes, a Huge Green Goo Pie, taps Wodora on the shoulder and delivers the message. Aera is pleased with herself.

Shortly ensuing, the entire inner volume of the once pastile Sphere is covered and dripping with slime. We are laughing hysterically. The Green Goo drops away into the Sphere, slowly absorbed again to pleasant white, hardly before we stop laughing.

"Ahhh. I haven't had so much fun in my life!" Aera and Wodora then leap on top of Pyre and Orthe.

The Sphere mysteriously darkens.

eMPEDOCLE nIGHTMARE

We wake up refreshed.

From the Sphere, we summon water and fruit for breakfast. Leaning back casually, Orthe toys with some colored patterns in front of him.

We wait around for awhile.

“If it’s possible to do anything we want, what is it?” Pyre breaks the inactivity.

Orthe twirls forward coming to rest on his elbows, waving the air behind, playing with his black Cloth Celtic Engraved Cloak, “Action. Adventure. No danger. Sick of danger—I like my life and well being. How about Exploration, Challenge, Intrigue, Discovery, Resolution, Reward. Not necessarily in that order.”

Aera’s enhanced voice tinkles across the air, “OH Orthe, you somnambulist!”

“UH? What does that mean?”

Here Laughter just flits across the air. Pyre comes to the rescue, “Being that has gotten me into places you can’t even begin to imagine, dear Aera.”

“Oh? And what might those places be?”

Wodora precipitously pulls Pyre out of a bombing ball of burning fire, “I want to cross Ocean’s of Time and Explore all the Wonder’s Of The Universe, spread about me, in front of me, to see with my naked eye and touch them with my own hands. To become one with it, flow with it, and yet remain conscious of the processes evolving. An almost immense overview with sustained involvement. I think I would like that. How about you?”

Pyre responds, “Yah, that is pretty overviewic for sure. UH, let’s see now. No, uh, that pretty much covers it. Why did you have to go and do that, now, Wodora?”

It is her turn to laugh.

“Wait. You left out Creativity. I definitely like to create. I could create huge super novas and blow you halfway across the Interstellar Map’s.”

Aera wide-eyed dreamily looks into space, “That would be cool.”

“We all want to be able to do exactly what we want. If such is true, why did we enter the black dungeon doorway?” Orthe cocks his eye at us.

“Uh, duh, cause without exploring the Unknown one can never find such?” Aera lifts her black Teflon Leather covered shoulders and eyebrows at the same time.

Pyre looks back reflectively.

We look around us.

“Did we?” we ask.

The Null Globe vanishes.

Around us is the entire Universe. Stars in every direction. No perception of time or dimensions, floating in the middle of the Universe.

An arm of a long sparkling blue spiral touches us. It flows away counterclockwise into space as far as the eye can see. We stand as if to enter it, lifting one foot, then another, unsure of our footing. A huge sense of freedom pervades our bodies. Anything is possible for us. There are no bounds. We can touch the stars if we wish. We can feel the Heaven of Celestial Body’s, in the cradle of our chests:

The magnificence, glory,

And almighty reach of it all.

All things are possible,

Here.

No things are barred,

Now.

It appears necessary to enter the spiral.

We do.

Our feet spark on the spiral arm as we step onto it. It pulls us forward and we start to move with its motion, feet remaining immersed in the twirling band. Resultingly, we are turned sideways, head to the left, upside down, head to right, and upright again. Upright relative to our starting point. In combination, we are spun around perpendicular to each arm, the arm acts as an axis. All positions are accessed here. This twists our point of view such that as we reach our original stance we have received all angular points of view.

The next degree of its arm is faster. We accelerate to dizzying speeds, solely our implanted feet keeping our souls present. All becomes a blur, melds into a solid silver blue shining hue. It suddenly stops. It asks, "What is life?"

Our minds totally, completely blown, fried, dizzied and somehow expected to rationalize, Orthe spurts, "Frogs." Instantly, we are thrown into the gamut again. Faster?

It stops again.

It repeats, "Again, what is life?"

We all retch. Vomit floats into space.

It waits patiently.

Pyre hangs over a blue edge, wiping his mouth, "I recommend, you not be, gasp, this time, groan, sarcastic."

"O.K . . . You, spit, answer." Orthe continues expelling.

Pyre looks up cross-eyed, "O.k., let us say, life is a spiral . . ."

A very LOUD jarring buzzer cuts off his answer and it calmly announces, "Thanks for playing . . ."

Pyre's "Wait! I wasn't finished!" scream is lost in the vacuum of space. At exceedingly discomfoting speeds, it whips us through its interstellar blender.

Orthe, "Mommmyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy . . ."

Wodora, "Wahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh . . ."

Pyre, "I'm gonnna diieeee . . ."

Aera, "No.No.No.No.No.No.No.No . . ."

No concern of keeping face in this one.

It mirthfully (mythfully?) stops.

With nerve wracking obnoxiousness, it asks again, "What is life?"

Wodora explodes, though fortunately only from her mouth, "!!\$\$#%#(#\$!!!)@@\$@@@%\$@\$\$(!!!! #@@#) #\$\$ @&%% %!!!! !, typhus kanker

zooi, how the Hell are we supposed to bloody well answer your damned question if we don't stop going through this, off of this!!!"

It sweetly responds, "Very good."

It then pauses and hollers over our heads, "Next!"

We fearfully look over our shoulders.

Possibly, maybe very very possibly, we can see an aspect of something coming at unquestionable velocity towards us. It happily and suggestively recommends, "I recommend you vacate the area! Thank you."

Aera faints.

Orthe and Pyre look around. We stand on only a mere 6 x 3 x 2 meter gray cement block. Apparently, we are intended to jump off the end of this roller coaster ride, into the underlying nothingness of the infinity of space and reality.

A nothingness that goes along way down.

Orthe splurts this time, "What the he . . ."

The approaching party hits us T-Bone Steak Broadside much sooner than predicted. Their Potential Kinetic Energy transfers completely to us, unwelcome, and we fly, screaming and hollering through sheer magnitudinal space.

Its quickly diminishing voice says, "Damn! That always happens. Why can't I just learn how to park, already?"

We peacefully blaze across space and probably all time.

Aera wakes up and says, "I don't think I like spirals, anymore . . ."

Wodora agrees, "Yah. They get you nowhere, fast."

Pyre mutters to Orthe, "I won't even ask for an explanation on that one. It certainly didn't give us a chance, choice or an answer."

"I think we were supposed to live the answer, remember?"

"Some balance that is: All take and no give." Pyre's eyes blaze up, "Next time I encounter it, I Will give it a little taste of the ole Fire Magic."

"You're starting to act like a god, Pyre." Wodora adds.

“Hey, looks aren’t everything.” He smiles.

Aera gets up, “Aren’t we? What else races through the near-infinite space of the Universe at these speeds?”

“Fool’s?”

“Idiot’s?”

“Dumbshit’s?”

“Stupid Adventurer’s?”

Orthe drily suggests, “Let’s go somewhere.”

“Where?” asks Aera.

“Anywhere.” drawls Orthe.

“Where’s anywhere?” quirps Aera.

“You’re funny . . .” Orthe answers.

“Thanks.” Aera responds.

Pyre asks, “Have you guys felt this sort of underlying pervasive tension intermingled with a massive dosage of lethargy?”

“Must be gas.” replies Orthe.

We all, all of a sudden liven up.

“It must be yeast.”

Wodora yelps, “Yah, now that you mention it. Yah! What is it? It is kind of like you want to kill yourself, but you do not see the point i.e. ‘If you really want to kill yourself then jump off a Tokyo building. However, by the time you get up to the 56th floor and try breaking into an apartment, without laughing hard, you find out there are no balconies, duh, the wind alone up there . . . You know, like the Matrix, except that the pavement down there is not bouncy and goes down to the Abyss, an Abyss which is a Hell of a lot further down than you think it is . . .”

We all stare at her bizarrely.

“It could be you’re just too lazy . . .” Pyre suggests.

“Uh, Wodora,” Orthe softly projects, “you just yelped.”

Pyre and Aera now look at us in confusion.

“What do you mean?” she thinks back, “Oh my Lingam, you’re true.” she grasps her throat, “I did. I just ‘yelped’. But . . . but Orthe, you, you just ‘softly projected’ . . .”

She screams.

Pyre pauses, “What is going on here?”

Aera notices, “Oh my gosh, you just paused.”

Orthe looks around wildly, “And Aera, you just ‘noticed’.”

“‘Noticed’? How? How, wait a second!” she looks around wildly, seeing nothing as we fall or fly through space, unfortunately not accelerating, “What the Hell?”

Wodora stares blindly at some Invisible Fuzzzy Thing in front of her eyes.

“O.K! Don’t panic everyone. Don’t panic.” Pyre commands and then catches himself ‘catching himself commanding’. He then, despite this realization, says between clenched teeth and darting paranoid eyes, “The last thing we need is for one of us to panic, racing through space at this speed. Let us calmly, uh, let me choose my words carefully, figure out what is happening to us, as it is obviously, uh, causing us a lot of distress!”

He suddenly finds himself looking at himself in a Sphere racing through near-infinite space, ‘He looks questioningly at all of us to see if he did OK or if he did something else, or, ah screw it!’

Wodora looks at him and then back to Blank Land, screams, and collapses.

Pyre yells, getting a grip on the extremely disorienting shift in perception, “O.K! What are we, Hero’s, Adventurer’s, weaklings? Get a hold of ourselves. NOW!”

Aera and Orthe jolt to their feet and aware of the fact we are in unison, answer him, “Yes Sir!”

“Good. Good. Now listen to me, me . . . We will calmly analyze what is happening to us, O.K.?” Pyre then promptly falls, but does not know he promptly did such since he blacked out prior to the actual event.

Aera and Orthe look at each other, somewhat hopeless.

“Are we insane?” asks Aera.

“Well, I don’t know. Let us have a look around us. Is the scenery still here?” We regain awareness of our surroundings. Sure enough, we are still blasting through space at phenomenal speeds.

Orthe confirms he confirms, “Yup. Looks pretty normal to us.”

We look down: Same thing.

Aera gulps her gulp, “Uh, Orthe?” staring intently into his eyes and pointing a finger up, “I don’t think I remember us ever looking up, Orthe.”

“Uh,” he swallows his swallow, “I think Aera, that you might be right, Aera . . .”

We hold onto each other’s shoulders in fear and slowly move our gaze upwards. Both Orthe and Aera scream in great fear and fall, for we suddenly see two huge colored Spheres with black circles in them, a nose in between, under two eyebrows and a mouth . . . on GOD’s face.

‘Do not worry, my children, though it may be somewhat disorienting at first, you have now achieved a new level in Out Of Body Travel and Self-Consciousness, aware of yourselves as you interact with each other.’

It is the last thing we here as we fade into peaceful unconscious blackness, the stars fading away into the pure infinite blackness of timelessness.

The GREEN MOTHER

“It’s time to look at the world my friends.” Her warm maternal voice supports.

“These are the realities . . .” Her arm sweeps across all the planes. She smiles a little.

“Everything has a cause and everything causes.”

“Everything works in repetitive cycles.” She frowns, now.

“Everything is a thing, meaning everything is physical. Each object which exists is a thing. If something exists then it is original. There is no such thing as Nothing or Supernatural in the physical Universe. All such perceived Paranormal Phenomena is not unnatural and is very often misintrepreted by stupidity, ignorance and superstition. For such dimensions, planes, realities, times and even timelines interact with each other within the Multiverse Theory.” She grabs a chalk . . .

“Everything works in repetitive cycles.” She frowns, again.

“Only Nothing is Supernatural. Even though the Zero-Point-Field Theory states there is no empty space in the Universe, it does not state what is outside of the Universe. In addition to such, if there is no underlying Nothing then Everything could potentially burn up through friction, also what is the Universe expanding into? Finally, you can also not have no opposite to Everything.” Her voice remains suspended for a couple seconds.

“All realities exist simultaneously, as proven by this equation: Y to the Power of $X = X$ over Y to the Power of Negative X . Even though this is the so-called New Math and is definitely B Stupid Humor, it is still technically an Equation.”

“All Being’s, either experience pain or pleasure to different degrees.” She smiles a little more.

“The Microcosm reflects the Macrocosm, but not per se vice versa.” She pauses for breath.

“You can do what you want as long as you harm no one, however you still have the right to self-defence.”

“What is Life? Life is a closed circuit of Energy, the only thing which can have Self-Consciousness.”

“The rest has not found itself yet and is screaming through the Universe in spiral madness, or is that spinal madness?” She mutters something about type-o’s.

“Everything is serious and should not be made fun of . . . Whoops! Hah hah, dear me, sorry about that. That damn man plaything, playing games with me again, slipping in different speeches. Oh boy, I’ll get him back somehow for that one: He doesn’t seem to be aware of the Cosmic connections I have and can pull! O.k., now, let us see . . .”

The receptive silence remains.

“Point = Line = Dimension = Plane = Universe = Reality = World: All Object’s exist in one space. For there is such a thing as Infinite Time, or Timelessness. You can also state there is such a thing as a tiny microscopic nanoscopic world. Go to the top of the Universe and look back down, there see, Planet Earth is gone!” She echoes immensely.

“This Universe is but one of many Multiverses within the one large Reality.” She is matter of fact and scientific in her tone.

“Space and Time. Space refers to what is moving and Time is how fast.” She snickers a little at that one.

“The prime basic foundational supporters of Life, those which make Life possible are: Earth, Water, Air, Fire, Ether, and, of course, various other substances in the Table Of Element’s. Careful how you combine all of these . . .” She licks her lips.

“Water is good to drink. Earth is good to build. Air is good to breathe. Fire is good for creation. Ether is good to think with and transfer Information. The various other ones are good for imploding and exploding shit. Just kidding. Don’t get these mixed up . . . Do not overcomplicate these matters.”

“Matter can be converted into Energy and then Information and then Spirit and then Soul.” This is how you can Teleport through doorways, doors, portals and gates to another location and/or plane and/or dimension and/or time, “You, however, are indeed very limited by the medium which you travel in.”

“These are your basic and advanced supporters. You can get everything you want from them.” She pauses.

“Don’t you say I didn’t tell you these things.” She smiles warmly, like a caring Mother about to hug you.

Her tone livens up for the finale.

“The ‘do what you want as long as you harm no one’ applies to other Plant’s and Creatures on your world. They are your sustenance and brethren who you must be the Guardian of in your so-called Dominion over all Life on Planet Earth. If you are a sick weirdo who likes to mutilate and kill Life, not to mention hang yourselves by your own rope, I’m not sure how you got her, but go and do it to yourselves . . .” She adds some double irony.

“That’s it. Welcome, my friends, to Paradise. The Perfect World for the Explorer.”

Pyre, Aera, Orthe and Wodora stand before a stone gateway in the middle of starry space, in the middle of null shimmering blackness.

Beyond, clear blue green translucent ocean laps a light tan limitless shoreline. Heat waves beckon the air upwards as palm Trees buffet the wind. Without doubt, we step through . . .

On cue, reading our identical unspoken desire, we materialize onto the hot sand. It transforms to perfect indestructible radiating warmth, nourishing our wracked souls. We let ourselves fall into the sand’s embrace, by the edge of the water, squirming and rolling around in stimulating delight. The only thing we can do is move our hands, legs, and feet through it, responding to our grateful relaxing bones. Gulping down extremely high water content tropical fruit intoxicates our Being’s to euphoric highs.

The subtle flavors generated by their pure natural states makes us want more and more. We breathe in fresh cool humid air.

‘This is Paradise.’ We say telepathically to each other in near bliss.

Pyre floats. Wodora dives into the water, Aera floats and Orthe falls asleep. We spend nanoseconds, microseconds, seconds, minutes, hours, days, months, years, decades, centuries, millenia, eons, eternity in perfect absolute sustained happiness.

We have everything we ever wanted and we have it forever . . .

The Covenous Glade

We walk into a glade awakening to the dawn and coming to our senses.

There are birds, insects, a deer, rocks outcropping, tufts of grass. Trees surround it. Field flowers fill our nostrils with the warm wind.

A pond comes into view previously hidden by raised banks. It is clean and pristine. The Trees and other plants sway, each step brings a new sensation. We slow our pace. There seems to be a nice sitting place next to the pond on an area of flat grass. We move towards it.

It is soft and dry without stumps. We look at each other smiling, suddenly embewed with anticipated happiness and surety. We look around. Each thing is alive and exudes its intensity.

Wodora moves to cup her hands in the cool water. She seems to be there for a long time. She comes back with a long exhalance of satisfaction.

“Fresh and clean . . .” shes says ass hers words trails throughs spaces ands ends ass shes sits downs agains.

“Ummm . . .” Orthe goes, as though he can taste the water as well.

“Woh, can you scent the purity and richness of this flower, Pyre . . .”

Aera is leaning over a chrysanthemum and comes back in a Slo Mo Effect to Pyre.

“Yes . . . yes . . . yes . . .” and his voice echoes through expanded space.

He refracts a grin to her at the last ‘yes’. This fine choreographing of the wind with all the flowers, plants and Trees around us Triggers a next plan in us.

An increased level of sensations comes up to us and we reel back in awe. The whole glade returns our view for us. White bright Light is between each thing creating a white fuzzy glow around each object as though in a lucid dream. This Light ripples for a second and then shifts into place, a perfect contrasting effect with each and everything. And then with a puff of wind the scene phases back to normal.

We also see a dark and black background between each object. This Shadow surrounds each object in similar Aura’s and outlines. Though, here, it is less noticeable.

We are caught up with the brush of the wind against leaves, the Whoosh through the branches, the rush against the trunks of all things in the glade.

This is not the end.

As a playful Air Demi-Urge Ups to our now one face, our instinctive reaction makes us suddenly inhale sharply. Instead of a normal inhale of air, we take in liquid warmth, filling our Being's with soothing richness.

All the life in the glade joins in our sudden discovery. Or do we join it?

We continue this phenomenal feeling. It gives us a Vibratory Energy we can grow on. This breath feeds us, nourishes, strengthens us. Our pains melt away. Our tensions slip off . . .

We lose our armor, visored helmets, and all other blocks.

Each life in the glade is performing the same task. Then, with a slow falling, we come down, each level leaving us with a secret. We come down, completely rejuvenated.

We, with revelating steps, in our new found refreshed bodies, continue on into darkness and Shadow to find the source of Evil which is so tainting, corrupting and destroying our Planet Earth, to fight it and Battle it, and if possible annihilate it . . .

The Tunnel Effect

“What is Life?”

The sound echoes across the starways, coursing in its terrible blackness. The eternities rebound with tortured emptiness.

“What is Life!”

The question screams across time, burning all within its grasp. Ring’s Of Fire explode at all levels.

Wraiths of lost souls wake in their chilled embrace to the broken shards of sound falling on our minds.

“WHAT IS LIFE!!”

There is Nothing to contain its awesome face. Everything self-destructs, and no one hears it . . .

Pyre, Aera, Wodora and Orthe jerk awake. The Massive Xplosion wakes us.

We are speeding up through a cylindrical tube of slime of the infinite faces yelling the question.

The noise is overpowering.

We cover our ears in agony.

“What is wrong with you people, damn it!” Pyre screams back, “Can’t you hear the noise? Can’t you see yourselves? May the Universe and GOD have mercy on us . . .”

“Now, may we know what you look like!” Orthe yells.

The white gray brown, all-faded, toned colorless colors twirl around us in vicious churning howling.

“We don’t have a single ounce of Power or Energy do we?” Pyre yells in your faces, “Don’t you people give a damn? Can’t you express yourselves, melting down my front side? Can’t you enact your life, empower it, enliven it?”

“Pyre,” Orthe says, “It’s like talking to a stone wall. Don’t bother.”

He ignores him, "Like? It's not like." He becomes increasingly more hysterical trying to compete with the volume of all your souls screaming, "None of you see your environment. None of you notices your own bloody faces in your own bloody mirror! All covered in blood . . . Why do you think we left you? Cause not one of you gives a bloody damn! All I can hear your voices cry is, 'Me, me, me . . .'"

There is a high pitched over tone of 'me' repeating, intermingling through the cacophony. He sums up, "Get your bloody slimy faces out of mine before I burn the Hell out of every last one of you!" Pyre raises his right hand above his head, tenses his shoulder and arm, increasing heat.

Orthe smashes him down, "Don't bother, Pyre. More will just come. We appear to be moving up through the image, passageway, of all your suffering souls. I really doubt if your Fire Power and Energy could rid you of all of you, Pyre. You will just fry us, not something we desire. Just observe all your transitory natures, the speed, and plug your bloody ears. O.K? Your other option is to become involved in needless pain and suffering which all your faces are inflicting upon yourselves. Get it? In fact, now that I think of what I just said, I think this a compilation of all yours and our dead past lives, as we are being profoundly effected by it."

Wodora and Aera lie quivering and shuddering in half-twisted pre-natal positions at his feet, 'If what I said is true, we are not moving up through times and dimensions and planes, but rather back through. And, just to add a point, we ourselves were, just a moment ago, Being's unaware of ourselves blindly struggling along, until we saw ourselves . . .'

'The Truth is hard to bare and impossible for some, however, such is occurring and I reckon we are heading towards that point where the question, 'What is Life?', one of the greatest Unknown questions is answered, or at least rephrased for the purpose of the Philosopher is not to answer questions but to only pose the questions, in other words: 'What is the Purpose of the Universe?'

Pyre looks up at him. Calm speeches such as that have helped us out on countless other needy occasions.

The putrifying howling suddenly ceases, sort of, in time with Pyre's unexpected expiry. Both Wodora and Aera also stop moving.

A glowing Black Hole increases in size towards Orthe from above: A peaceful welcoming black radiance. One of its beams touches him and he sighs, floats to the floor, and dies peacefully next to his fellow companions.

HOMUNCULOUS 2010

We walk along a pale contrasting corridor of light beige and white gray bricks. It is even on all sides. There is a door to the right of the end wall.

Whispering, Pyre halts our now excessively loud 'clomp clomp clomp' of feet, "Shhhhhh. There could be something in there . . ."

"Yah, and by now its slaving." Aera pushes past Pyre and boldly steps in, "Woh . . ."

We all jump in to see it.

Mistake.

The moment we do so, Invisible Barrier's slam into place with a Big Woomp at all four doorways. A pleasant warming hum reverberates from each.

In the center of the room with four swivel upholstered seats with high backs in black Leather around it is a super sleek molded hourglass-like dark gray metal structure bearing computer consoles of pads and mini-screens at its quadratic base, a cylindrical Field of Space between the top and bottom, attached into the ceiling at the upper portion.

"What the . . ." Wodora stares.

"Yawee! A Computer . . ." Aera fanatically jumps into one of the seats and starts to type. Second Mistake.

A telepathic voice suddenly blares, 'Do not touch!' and the middle space flashes out a holographic face of a Vampire Demon, to the sound of Xplosion's and Warfare in hifi dolby deep bass digitalized laser sound.

"Wha . . ." Aera is impressed, which is practically never.

Immediately, projected holograms begin to rotate the Computer Mainframe. These holograms are Chinese or Japanese, depending how you look at them, and are represented in menacing form. Maybe a series of profanity or some other equation of signs.

Albeit, I'll buy it, we knew of computers, but not of this ilk . . . "What" it bellows out loud, very disturbingly, "do you think you are doing??" It swivels its head at Aera, mentally projecting, 'Oh yah, the room has turned a reddish glow . . .'

“Uh, I was just . . .”

“Buzzz. Error. Sorry? ‘Just-my-ass’. You” and it speaks really fast, “were about to enter a top-classified, high security, private computer system. ‘Just Ass’. I call for ‘Just Ass!’”

“So, I like to hack . . .” she retorts.

“Shut Up! We will see that you get hacked to pieces in a minute. Or is that just hacked up?” The Demon Head has slowly expanded into fanged clawed naked horned Devil pacing the room, clockwise. Fairly esthetic.

Pyre, Wodora, and Orthe were, of course, frozen in shock and in stasis, mouths hanging agape in mid-stride.

“All right,” it says, “as I am commanded to do, each and every Being, or bot, even pretty ones as yourself, that attempt access, I stop by throwing a killer problem at, and I mean killer, yes, ‘kill her’ in this sense and if you get Buzzed, you lose, she dies. Yah, it’s a tough job but it pays well.”

“But . . .” Aera tries to protest the total unfairness.

“But my But!” It pauses to look at her closer, up and down, in and out, “I would almost ‘but’ for you but . . .” it sighs and gives the raised eyebrows and shoulder look, “I Kant. Get it? Maybe your next life, baby, which will hopefully be pretty soon, pretty baby. But yes, I delay . . .”

It takes a quick look around and then says, “Ahh yes! There. O.k., ready?”

It moves to vanish but then recapitulates, “Oh yah . . . solving this one will not get the four of you out. And that’s your only hint. Gee, I’m good at this . . .”

It does a Big Bllurp into the spatial cylinder leaving behind a big bubbly slowly contracting and expanding, with the leaves bouncing in and out, psychedelic flower.

The circling script flows into one line into the center of the Mainframe.

Simultaneously, Orthe, Wodora, Aera and Pyre jolt, freed, and all begin babbling, or continue, rather.

Despite the Chaos, there in Perfect Order is the line of figures.

“What is it?” Wodora peers, curiously.

"It looks like an Equation." Aera comments, "In fact . . ." before she can continue, a book with the title 'I Ching' appears in midair. It then disappears. Typical I Ching symbology . . .

Pyre gets pissed off, "Enough! These hums are getting to me, the rapid series of images is skyrocketing my insulin level, and I do not like computers. Not to mention Mainframes that talk back."

"Hail! Hail!" Orthe resides, "Let us look at yonder problemo tidbit, I do say, I believe we have a quandery. Shall we take a seat mates?"

In the center is an Equation. It is a horrid equation. It does one thing. Oh, but that is for us to figure out.

Aera bravely states, "Y to the Power of X Equals X over Y to the Power of Negative X."

Immediately, a completely burning scream shatters the image, "No, no, no. Ahhhh . . . Just saying it makes me cringe. Please forgive me that I invented it. I was just an innocent dabbler in the Dark Art's, a mere beginner. Please Master. Noooooooo . . ."

Its grinning not-so-innocent face pops back in and addresses all of us, "Hee hee, you like? I pre-recorded it. Yah, this is the tough part of the job. I was sent to the 67th Plane Of Hell for that one, you get? Ya Seniorita, I won't do dat again!"

Pyre interjects, "You, Demon! What is your problem . . ." and regrets it.

"No, no, no, senior. What is your problemo?"

"Are you real?"

"Yes, that is the question . . ." It then returns to normal, "What do ya mean? Are you stupid? Of course, I am not real. Why in the Hell's and Heaven's would I want to be real? Real is pain. Real is pleasure. Both annoying."

"Well then, you are the most sophisticated AI . . ."

"Oooh boy," its eyes go big and gushy, "you called me 'sophisticated', the highest compliment for an Artificial Intelligent Life Form. Thus, that is technically AILF. Those idiots. Oooh boy! Just for that, I tell you that you have to tell me what is wrong with that, gasp, Equation, and tell me what is the one thing it accomplishes for real, and warn you of the now collapsing Field Matter, oh little bipolar dyslexic me, which will crush every bone in your living/dying body. Thanky you, you big boy you . . ."

Pyre looks like a Vice Grip is put to his throat. Maybe there is.

We look around, this friendly Vibrating Matter Field is slowly wanting bodily contact.

Orthe whips over to the computer console, “Shit! I don’t want to be gummy.”

We silently agree.

“O.K. Wrong. Accomplishes. First, what does it say? We have to solve it.” Aera looks at it. She starts to type on one of the mini-screens: $Y^X = X/Y^{-X}$.

Orthe blurts, “Simplify the right side first. It works.”

Aera types and states, “Right. $Y^X = XY^X$. Cool, that’s easy. We get $X = 1$. Throw it back in: $Y = Y$.”

“So, it is an Equation.” Pyre stares.

The now over-friendly Matter Field is halfway.

“That apparently was the easy part!” Orthe grows tense.

Aera sums up, “Umm, if $X = 1$, X being any number; any number = 1. That does not make sense.”

Wodora edges closer to the console, “It shouldn’t. What is wrong? What succeeds?”

Pyre says, “We still do not know what it means. What is X and 1 and Y symbolic of? Hint want, Clues due, Keys please.” Such happens when people get excited.

“Its Hint was ‘This one will not get you out’.” Wodora says.

Aera says, “No, it was . . . ‘get the four of you out’. It seems one is important, and four. We have one. Throw in four.”

The now very over-friendly Matter Field, like a hot panting dog, is one quarter away from the center. We are forced within the chairs.

“So, let’s say Y is 4.” Orthe says.

“No, such was only proof.”

“Oh.”

“Stupid. Throw 4 into Y : $Y^X = XY^X$, Y ’s disappear where $X = 1$, throw 4 into X where $Y = 1$, uh . . .” Aera typing, standing with her but against the Matter Field Shield.

Pyre asks, "4 = 1?"

Aera halts thinking this must be some kind of knocked in the head New Math.

We clamber up onto the computer console. One chair snaps. Orthe jumps. We crowd around. Aera does a climb up, faces the screen backwards, trying to keep access to the keyboard, typing upside down with her but in the air. Soon, she will not be able to do such . . .

Soon, it will not Matter . . .

"What do the numbers represent?" She sweats.

We are starting to despair as we have about 2 meters of diameter, of life, left.

Pyre Bwainstorms, "I asked it if it was Real. It said, 'That's the question . . . Real . . . It also had its pre-recorded message saying it was horrible, ' . . . sent to the 67th Plane Of Hell . . .' So, I get really Bad Numbers. The numbers must represent reality, but then in a bad sense, as all Math does . . ."

We lost another half space. The chairs are crushed. We are holding onto each other and hopping up and down as bits of computer console metal start flying.

Aera figures it out, her high intellectuality unsurpassed by barely no one, "The numbers represent points in reality. Point 4 reality or better, Point X reality, any reality, is equal to Point 1 reality. Math, numbers are spatial, thus all realities exist in the same spot as the Universe and in the same reality for you can only have one big reality . . . through the null spaces, despite the fact that actual physical coordinates do differ."

Pyre yells, "That's it! I mean, that's bogus. You could never convince me of that."

"True, an Equation still has to make sense and have application, but we *are* dealing with a Demon . . ." Aera shrugs her shoulders.

A loud gong sounds.

Orthe seems surprised. With .5 meters left, he says, "Gee, Mathematic's, or New Math, can prove anything . . ."

Aera scoffs, "That is just stupid."

Wodora finishes it off, "Yet, it is still an Equation of some kind, good luck . . ."

And that is the last thing we here as the Field Matter goes past the .5 meter threshold and in the very breath of 2 nanoseconds squeezes the last air out of us, at about the .5 meter mark.

We fall . . .



The Blade Of Nephysus

AFTERMATH

We wake up, aching, arcing our backs and faces amidst torn pieces of metal, little springs and circuitry.

The place is a mess.

However, there is still a pleasant hum.

Orthe bolts straight up, "I'm alive!!! How the . . ."

"Yah Yah Yah . . . You're alive . . . So what? You damned humans, always so lucky, always cutting it right to the bone, before saying, "Ow, that hurts, I better not continue, it might kill me: Reminds me of an old saying which goes like this, 'My KARma will run over your DOGma any day, CATegorically speaking, of CORES.' HAH HAH HAH. An Old Dragon came up with that one."

"Oh no, not you again." Pyre groans.

Mostofus, fortunately, received such Demonology in post-conopsis, pre-consciousness, where suggestive influences have their greatest affect.

"Yah, your little Math Protégé, Aera, got the right answer and Orthe blurted the second true answer, and I have to say I was thus, Q.E.D., forced to not kill you. Sad, I was looking forward to eating you. Orthe 'to die', Wodora 'to nigh', Pyre 'to marrow', and Aera 'for dessert'."

Pyre gets up, "I thought you said you aren't Real . . ."

It belches in his face, "Of course, I am Real SS! Why, in the Hell's, would I want to be UnReal. Unreal is Pain. Unreal is Pleasure. Both annoying."

Pyre looks back at us, drawls, "That's a basic self-contradiction. I've had it!" He jumps the Demon. At contact, it puffs into a cloud of smoke.

"Hah! I knew it! Coward! The Demon's a Coward! The Demon's a Coward. Or, it really is unreal. Why else all the postulating? Wimp."

Wodora joins in, "What I would like to know is why destroy an entire Mainframe, just for a Muse? And, I do remember it saying solving this will not get us out of here. If you don't mind, this place is really agitated."

Orthe agrees and walks over to the pleasantly humming Shield's, "If we can just get out." He moves his hand along the doorway like any good Explorer does and like any good Exploration his hand goes right through it.

Orthe is surprized, "What?! Oh no . . . don't tell me they were Illusion . . ."

Pyre laughs, "Damn! Like any good Illusion, it kills you . . . or 'The Best Illusion's Are Real' or 'The Best Lies Are Half-Truths' or . . ."

Aera elbows Pyre, "Pyre. Please . . ."

Wodora loses her patience, "O.K.! Enough! How do we get the fuck out of here?"

Orthe adds, "Let's just walk out one of these doorways and step into another trap. Always look through the door first . . ."

So we do.

We cannot see anything. It is not as if it is blackness or emptiness or anything. It is as if each thing we look at blurs into the next, shifting from our focus. This occurs with everything within the doorway and so depth and form is completely distorted.

"It's nauseating." Wodora reels back.

Orthe looks at it with intrigue, "It's like vomit . . ."

Aera gasps, "Orthe. Please . . ."

Pyre logically gathers us in our arms and says, "It's time for the plunge . . . r . . ."

We scream and holler. We wave our legs and arms madly. We move into the primal soup, hoping to catch a zebra . . .

rOOM 1

We stop.

The mirage shifts into clarity. Form's take solidity. Depths are realized.

We stand at the intersection of all the World's, of all the Planes, of all Realities.

How can we tell?

All sensual stimuli is blurring together in one long chain of change. We stand in the middle of this flow going towards us and away from us in all directions. Hearing, Seeing, Scenting, Tasting, Touching goes on for as far as can be sensed. The perception of the mind and third eye rises above it all, like a Plane of the Universe.

Through us. It continually moves through us. We float there in temporal stasis, all other things moving, we do not move, with our heads arced up in joy.

And disgust.

A whirlpool of muck surges beneath our feet and rises. Our bodies are being submerged. The muck possesses a sweet lethargic attraction to our aching bodies. We begin to strain upwards.

Orthe says, "No, do not strain too hard upwards. We pull it up by such."

Wodora agrees, "Yes. If you concentrate Energy on it, you feed it."

We let it rise. It goes to just below our waist as we look down upon all of the Universe.

The flow continues.

We cannot sense anything in this primordial ooze which is arising.

Pyre says, "It is best to Cast Fire and Light on these matters to further clarify the issues."

Aera agrees, "Let us, Thot, flow through the near-infinite evolutions of the Universe."

The slime of the lower regions blackens and the flow continues.

We are rooted in the blackness, past, present, future, unable to move as the above panoramic mirage flies through us.

Within the blackness comes evil Sensai's, images, scents, sounds, tastes and touches. All are struggling, sluggish and tightly bound senses. Horrible sufferings are observed: Staccato things broken apart by each other, fighting and desperation. Blood letting, throat slashing, rape, murder, pillage. Kill! Murder! For all the Human sacrifice, how they are all fed upon.

Meanwhile, the incredible vast array of things above scintillate through our senses with Sun's melting into each other. With individuals reaching the greatest heights of Art and Science. With some even gaining the undefeatable City. And then, some even reaching the Near-Enlightenment. What will it take to reach the genuine Enlightenment and Immortality? Is Enlightenment just one branch of the Tree or the whole Tree?

We become released from it all and find ourselves back in the Computer Room.

@ 'TheElvesAreBack!'

"Woh."

The next doorway has a Magician's Blanket covering it.

"I suspect the moment we open this flap something will happen to us. Right?" Wodora asks.

Orthe responds, "Sure thing baby!" and opens the flap.

In a colorfully decorated living room about 3 x 5 x 3 meters, little laughing Elves are running around gleefully.

A Christmas Tree holds place next to a doorway to the kitchen. A sofa on the right wall, a chair in the middle, and a table between the two predominate. Bright colors decorate everything except the white pictured walls. Rich delicious fresh food aromas waft through our nasal membranes. Warmth greets our skin. Joy is quite saturated here. The Little Elves notice us. The occupants do not.

A Young Man writing next to the stereo, who knows what. A Woman cooking and a Man reading a book stretched out on the floor next to the Tree. Presents. The occupants adjust their positions, habitually.

The Little Elves unbeknownst to the Young Man, Man, and Woman are respectively, though mostly unrespectively, running on their heads, over their bodies, through their legs. All the while merrily laughing and having a real good time at it.

Orthe shakes his head, thinking he is drunk.

The Little Elves then take note of us and in stride begin, including the Tree in their courses. Each Little Elf passing the Tree hits one of the silver or blue balls. Each ball, with a bright white trinkle, casts off a geometric shape towards us. Each shape comes to about a meter in front of us and takes up a cyclical route through the room. The Little Elves begin stomping their feet and clapping their hands. They set up a patternic movement. They raise the Energy Level.

Soon they have a fixed quantity of swirling geometries set. They then start shouting with their upraised tiny heads, squinted eyes, smiling mouths, and bell-topped caps. Their shouting makes no noise.

One shape, a bidectaltrihedron collides with a bihedron. They do a slow motion splinter, slow and cascading, from them come a multitudinal more.

They repeat this with all combinations of numbers of shapes and types of shapes. The Little Elves really jive it up.

They start tossing flagons of ale, potatoes, garlic, basil, real shapes into what has now become an everescent sparkling white collage filling the room.

We stand back simply transfixed, once again. The Little Elves get a little carried away: Tell them to clean the castle, they build a new one, after, of course, quite accidentally demolishing the first one.

In a particularly spectacular Whoop and acceleration of tempo, they bust the limits on the Light Barrier and cause a minor interstellar dimensional fusion.

The Young Man, Man, and Woman, who just stepped into the doorway, respectively, though actually quite unrespectively, cry out, leap up, and drop dinner as Orthe, Wodora, Aera and Pyre 'temporarily' solidify in their realm as small Little Elven-like Creatures.

The quiet din of a minor spatial bang echoes back in each our thoughts as we land back in the Mainframe Room.

THE MOMENT YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR

“Woh.”

Wodora demonstrates feedback radiation, “I really liked that. That was so warm. It felt just like home. Makes me wonder why I am trekking out here in this wilderness. That does not feel like dull predictable monotonous routine. What a show.”

We remain silent.

We enjoy a moment of absorption.

Orthe continues us, “It seems Demon-face was not an idle threatener, a pastime persecutor, or a rest razor. We are stuck in this room, whether we leave it or not.”

Pyre gets his chance to continue, “The Beauty of Illusion . . .”

Aera clamps her hands over his mouth and holds him tight.

“Or . . . mmurph oomph, brune my, or . . . mun numph oomply.”

““Oomply””? How amusing Aera, this is how our men should exist all the time. No brains, all bod. Hah!” Wodora advances on Orthe, who definitely does not mind.

It is Lady’s Night at the Dances.

Fade to Black . . .

. . . Lighten to White.

“So,” Orthe yawns, “We are moving in a counterclockwise direction through the doorways thus far. There are two left. One we came in on, one we don’t know. What next?”

“Take the next one, it has a Celtic Shield with damn fine Spear Heraldry.”

“Oh Pyre, could you help me with my hair?”

“Sure Aera.” Pyre asks himself whether this will be happening a lot.

We stand in front of the third doorway.

Lo and behold, upon touching the Shield, which now leaves only one unpleasant pleasantry, there is a hallway.

“Oh, thank my brain, a Linear Way in.”

“Gee, that was cute Orthe.”

“Thanks Wodora.”

We talk quietly among ourselves as we stroll down the hallway, Aera’s and Pyre’s hands gesturing.

We come to a door.

“Oh great. Ready everyone? Should we scan first?”

Pyre opens the door with us lined up behind him and him to the left, with the bulk of the door as Shield.

“Come in, come in, my children. Don’t be shy. I don’t bite. Old Dragon’s have lost their teeth anyway. Come in, come in.”

It must have been we all thought, ‘Intelligence! We’ve made contact! Yes!’, because we all rushed in and sat down in a semi-circle in front of this Elder.

He looks at each one of us. His eyes are seriously gold, his face is well tanned, definitely cracked and withered with age, his dark brown hair is still there, he has powerful muscled arms coming out of a large chest. He wears a Silver Dragon’s Tunic, Breeches, Boot’s, and a long flowing soft Fabric Celtic Engraved Cloak Of The Green Dragon’s. They are of subtle blends of colors, mostly green and red—and silverlined with gold touches. The Heraldry is of some ancient Noble’s House. A sultry aura swaggers his personage.

He is sitting in a stone chair with his arms crossed, head resting comfortably forward supported by his chest, the right leg crossing just behind the knee. The entire scene instantly teleports.

We are on a stone cliff just above very blue waters, with light sky and sailboats in the distance.

The Sun reflects off every surface, producing a self-sustaining bouncing of heat.

We, just as children, all start talking at once. After all, we have in the random flux of Chaos chanced upon the Old Wise Man, the True Sadhu, the Prophet/Seer, the Old Dragon, and we each want the first question.

“O.K. Now, now. Each take your turn. You first Orthe. Each get a Question.’ His thought is so powerful, each of his verbal sentences transists smoothly into telepathy.

“Wow. Really? Cool. I am wandering . . . What is this bizarre maze we are going through?”

“It is your caves of formidable achievements. Wodora, Aera and then Pyre.’

Pyre looks disappointed but he controls himself with a firm strengthening of the chin, “Thank you . . .”

“Call me Glen Dragon, Wodora. I am an Old Green And Silver Dragon who not only possesses the abilities of both types but can transform between all three Form’s.’

“O.K. How can I become what I want to be?”

“Ditto. And you Aera?’

“Who am I, really?”

“You just are who you are. Now, finally you Pyre.’

Pyre asks, “Why am I here?”

Glen Dragon pauses, “To discover why you are here.’

We respectively remain quiet and take in the present surroundings. His Aura allows for nothing else. It is very pleasurable to be out here with him enjoying the beautiful scenery.

He takes a deep breath.

“Now, I have a question for the four of you . . .’

We gasp.

Pyre objects, “How’s that possible. What could we tell you?”

“Well, considering you all had four and I only have one I don’t think it’s such a bad deal . . .’

Pyre de-objects, “Oh, wait, I didn’t mean that.”

Glen Dragon laughs, "I'm pulling your leg Pyre. Also, such was answering the how. Consider the answer to this question as payments for goods delivered and your passageway through this crossroad . . .'

We gulp.

He looks at all of us simultaneously, "Considering Everything around you, which is the way, you want to go.'

We look at each other like, 'Is he serious?' WE look around as one, our conscious minds collectively joined for a couple minutes, realizing for the first time here, that the doorway has vanished. All around is seascape scenery with us floating above the cliffs, the crashing waves and long green flowing grass and birds buffeted by the wind. This place, however, is not real and is just a dream of some pristine idealistic past.

"Well." Orthe offers, "I sure like it here. But I do have a desire to Explore more. And you are asking" he points his finger, "which way to go to get what I want?"

"Such is true.'

"I don't know, I like every direction here . . ." Wodora says.

"I definitely want to Explore, though which direction? I find, as Wodora, all directions equally attractive."

"I agree with Wodora as well," Pyre says, "one way or the other, pretty, and nice."

Orthe starts again, "So, it seems your question is beyond us or there is no answer."

"Check my Question, again . . .'

Wodora checks, "O.K. you asked, 'Considering Everything around you . . . which is the way you want to go?'"

Aera states, "There is something in the actual Question isn't there? The answer's in the Question. That's how your kind work. Trick Question, apparent contradiction, Word Play, purposeful misleading."

"Yes, to all except the last. I don't mislead. I wouldn't have this job if I did that. Am I getting rich with worship? No!"

"Sorry, you're right about that last part; there are just so many poetasters."

"Well said, Aera.'

Pyre speaks up, "Could you do me a favor and repeat it for me, I would like to hear you say it out loud again."

Glen Dragon smiles, "Sure Pyre, last favor though.' Pyre gets the joke this time and Glen Dragon repeats, "Considering Everything around, which is the way, you want to go.'

"Hah! There it is! You didn't ask a Question. You made a statement. There are no raised last syllables."

"Very good.'

"So, thereby you are actually qualifying the system 'Everything around you', with predicate 'which is the way, you want to go' subsectors. So, indeed, it is a Trick Question, as it is not a Question, a Word Play with 'which', and an apparent contradiction with the fact directions are meaningless in relation R to 'Everything around you', and 'you want to go' has a pause before it, same as 'which', thus turning it into the Prime Directive, and, oh wow, I could go on with that fine sentence."

"Congratulations Pyre, you should be an English Teacher. So what's the conclusion?'

"Huh?"

Wodora jumps in, "I think I can help with that one. Based on what Pyre said, I can answer it simply by rephrasing it: 'The way is Everything around you, Considering which you want to go to!' And since emphasis is on 'way' in both instances, the only connection in there to 'way' is through the Metaphor 'Everything around you', thus there is the answer: 'Everything around you is the way, which you want to go, considering.'"

Orthe opens his eyes, "Fine . . . make me feel stupid."

Glen Dragon sighs, "Yes, indeed, a fine job indeed. You have paid. You are a fine group. I now bid you adieu . . .'

He smiles and him and the scenery begin to dissipate.

Aera suddenly speaks up, "Wait! There was purposeful misleading. You said, specifically, answer a Question, when it was not a Question but a Statement. Don't go!"

Glen Dragon laughs again, "Think again!"

And with that we are returned with a finely executed film slide back to the Demon Room.

Water Plane

“Woh.”

“Final door, I guess.” Orthe looks at the doorway we entered.

We tentatively walk forward.

We touch the Light Vibe Transparent Shield. All hums are now sleeping.

“Is anything real in this place? I think I am going nuts.” Wodora is rubbing her temples.

“I don’t know . . . let’s find out.” He steps towards the doorway.

Sure enough, we find out. We fall through the door which all of a sudden revolves 90 degrees down and towards us, leaving our mouths agape and suspended over the door-opening looking into another landscape. We do this in a momentary state of midair sustained belief and then we disbelieve . . .

“Aaaaaaaahhhh . . .” We fall through the blue.

KERSPLASH.

We flail madly in the water after falling about 250 meters. Olympic Style.

It was kind of like, as we went through, this rush of air biting our skin, the sharp slap of hard water and the impact on hard sand beneath the Water, bending our bodies, we realized this just might be real. Then the panic of water deep, realization of many lessons and tricks of swimming learned, and then awareness of our surroundings, all bring fresh bright new awakeness.

Fresh cool air breezing through our salty wet faces. The tang of salt water. The sting in our eyes. The slow moving buoyance of warm tropical waters. Green blue sky water. And then double awareness as our eyes do an instantaneous double zoom in, zoom out, on the horizons, like an advanced radar system.

Nothing.

No blips, blobs, bloobs of land to be seen: Empty Horizons.

“Ahhh!” Aera freaks out, “What the Hell is this?? No Land. We’re gonna die!”

“Easy girl.” Pyre looks at Orthe for help, ‘She’s got the Water Panic . . .’

Orthe helps Pyre. Aera is waving madly trying to swim away.

“Aera! Stop immediately.” Wodora cuts in a viscous command, yet with a rounding on the intonation suggesting complete authority, “You are behaving poorly. We cannot sustain you here like this!”

She stops, realizing worse consequences than being eaten by sharks, “Oh Shit, sorry, lost it there for a second.”

“That’s ok, just keep yourself afloat while we solve this predicament.”

“Ok doke.” She duck paddles, for awhile.

Orthe postulates angrily, “What is this? A large expanse of water 200 meters deep? Absurd.”

“Last time I make comment about how real something is.” Wodora slowly looks around, “Yes. Makes me think of God’s or Goddesses playing tricks on us.”

“That’s it!” Orthe points a finger to his head, “The God’s or Goddesses are testing us, putting us through these, Glen Dragon did say formidable accomplishments, and we have to learn how to behave accordingly. Yes!”

Pyre muses for a minute, “Uhh, I don’t know. No. Orthe, remember, we chose, and you in fact started us off, to enter this maze, known to possess secrets of great knowledge and relevance to our lives, to enjoy the Exploration of the Unknown. No God’s or Goddesses mad, us do this.”

“But, Pyre, what if these secrets, and I don’t deny we have discovered some, are *of* the God’s or Goddesses.”

Her eyes widen, Aera’s getting into the idea.

Wodora interrupts, “Ah, friends. Theosophy is fine when around a table. You might consider it innovative to ‘philosophase’, floating in deep water with no land in sight, though really, I don’t think it prudent.”

Orthe, still feeling enthralment, “Gee, Wodora, that is a fine observation, might I compliment you on it and note that we haven’t been taking any of this seriously. How can we? As though we feel Immortal or something, maybe perchance a god or a goddess, you know, a cute little god-like Hero to Demi-God style . . . and then he/she gets sacrificed for no apparent reason . . . you know, then the audience cries . . .”

“You, Orthe, you,” Wodora responds, “I, for one, and certainly Aera, do not feel declivitous.”

“Oh, sure . . . you’re all so smart here with your big words . . . and no solution.” This is all he can answer.

“Well then, maybe we are ‘enjoying’ ourselves too much.” Aera suggests.

“Screw the intellectualization. Duck paddle more! Let’s get out of here, damn it.” Wodora glares.

“True!” Pyre initiates, “Quick, each of us swim out, say 300 meters, find land.”

We do so. Aera’s protest is drowned.

Nothing.

Aera is the first to return.

“My, I thought you didn’t want to make the effort?”

“Yes! That’s it!” Orthe almost leaps out again, “Effort. Work. None of us want to. So we intellectualize, not to put down intellectualization, though we do that instead of work. More productive than say, procrastinating, I say. And so, float here until we sink or should say ‘think’ in peaceful fluid abandon.”

“Gee. Nice poetry, Orthe, however, not to make you ‘unconfident’ though, you contradict yourself by saying ‘think’. Also thinking is work, don’t even argue otherwise. It is easy walking around ignorant ‘just doing your job’ instead of thinking about alternatives. Alternatives would make you change your comfortable routine, something you would find displeasurable. A comfortable routine gives the appearance or should I say ‘transparence’ of more work. Alternatives makes things more efficient, provided they are a better alternative.”

“Touché.”

“O.K. I see it.” Wodora’s eyes reflect nicely with the water.

“What!? Where?” Aera wildly looks down, hopping up and down, to try to see ‘it’. Not really the recommended action if you are being sniffed out by a shark.

“No, Aera, the solution, or,” she smiles a sheepish smile, “the ‘solvent’ has become clear, like water.”

“Oh my, has everyone gained rhyme and verse?” Aera asks.

“It’s Elemental, my dear stupid. We are being forced to ‘think’. What else can we do. Are we to spend our lost, last, breaths, baths, gasping, grasping, for Non-Existent Land. That is illogical. Thought is action, everything we do is action. And, so just to keep in the flow of things, I suggest we ‘sink’. That is, ‘think’ and reach the ever-existing land beneath our feet. That will definitely be footnote worthy.” She is smiling gloriously by the end of this.

“Hah hah hah . . .” Orthe is rolling around in waves of delight.

Pyre looks at us and says, “Enough of this!”

We sink deep, a Negative Vortex Water Funnel pulling us down into the portals in the sand . . .

SYNCHRONOUS

Submerging into the High Tech Chamber, we enjoy the dampness of our clothes sticking to our skins.

'Woh.' We gasp mentally for air.

The gray steel and white to gray to black is a bleak contrast to those bright colors.

The doors remain, now lacking Shield's. However, none of them provide exit from this reality in a physical sense, except by suggesting the way. We are continually returned to this High Tech Chamber.

Once again, we join our minds together for a Bwainstormin' Session, better than a Bwainwashin' Session and definitely better than a Bwaindead Session. Getting Bwaindamage is fun, too.

'I feel like I am putting together a large puzzle, though I am unaware of the nature of the pieces of the puzzle. I just grasp and intuitively feel the next gap being filled. My only sense of progress is an increasing sensation of solidity. I feel this in my body, as though pressures shift and phase in and out continuously, with the breath. It's like being on a genuinely uplifting perpetual planar trip.'

'It seems necessary to cease our frantic motion to escape, and just stay here.'

'It is obvious there is no way out, and not so obvious there is. We must once again open our senses, including our thoughts, to what the secret is and then open it with our newfound keys.'

'Yes. There is an interesting balance at work here. We need the key to the structure which will allow all the interlocking blocks to fall together in one solid shape with no discongruencies.'

'Yes. And then see the Light, breathe the Light, gain the Light, control the Light and direct it to whatever Matter we Will.'

'Pure unadulterated Life Energy.'

'Ooh weeeeeeee . . . Funky.'

'In doing anything, find the Truth of it, and its consequences, and play with it, whirling series of patterns, interconnecting them, and sending them off on routes of spiral happiness, dancing around your head.'

'To a wonderful buoyancy of ever increasing bubbly delight. Yah, I like it!'

'To take things simultaneously serious and not serious. That would mean simultaneously series-us and not series-us!'

'HAH HAH HAH!' We all laugh gleefully, mentally, like little kids getting into the mood, associating toy blocks with molecular bonds, what we laugh and point at as an interaction of fluctuating matter, and play as Metaphysic's, where each gesture towards and away from each other is an expression of the very motions of life. And, yes we know . . .

Orthe leans comfortably against the wall between the first and second doors. There is a slight acrid taste to the air and musty scents of scattered lubricants as we dry off.

We go back to boring verbal mode.

"Well then," Wodora pokes Orthe in the chest, "How do we get out of here?"

"I don't know. Ask him!" pointing at Pyre.

"Bah, you're a rotten kid." pointing at Aera.

"Wha? Me? Fine . . . Last one to their module is a rotten gonad . . . !" She springs up and races across to the door across from Orthe. Wodora reacts very fast, resists a grab at her, and dives for the door to the right of Orthe. Pyre is faster than Orthe and just barely beats Wodora. Orthe, who was caught unguarded against the wall is actually last when his door was the closest.

Aera is first, Pyre second, Wodora third, and Orthe is, well, a rotten gonad . . .

We each find ourselves in a rectangular cubicle module with an Electro-Magnetic Barrier on the doorway.

There is a momentary pause.

Then, White Electricity courses through each door. Each booth is Lit Up, Lightning crackling back and forth between the modules, walls and our bodies. This increases in intensity and at the Peak of Pressure, White Light Xplodes through our bodies and between our cells. Each cell is banded with the next in a bond of pure Energy. A timeless moment occurs where we all observe each other simultaneously and in all our myriad of Form's. We seem to throw a smile at each other though that is all the time there is as each of our Electro-Magnetic Barrier's are blown away and the Null Energy is released through our doors into the center of the hourglass in the center computer console.

A second reflecting occurs and with the Second Pulse the Matter Blasts through the upper portion and down into the base.

We find ourselves released, as all the balance points are connected. A blinding bright figure remains. It contains a virtual gray white silver glowing construction made from 1 Space, 6 equal lines, in 6 directions, to 6 points at right angles to each other.

We get afterimages in Negative Flashes in our eyeballs with multiple gray Ghost Hourglasses giving staccato flashbacks as they unevenly rotate in multiple ways blurring rapidly in smoky clouds in the figure.

ACT @: A Quest For . . .

After some unknown quantity of time, we stumble out somewhat disoriented and bonk into each other. After recovering from severe head rushes, we attempt to ascertain our surroundings. It is as if all the blood has left our bodies and we are left with mere ephemeralities to deal with the Whirl'd. Leaning on each other, we squint groggily around.

Around us is a foggy plane. At least, such is what we suspect for we cannot see much further than about 20 meters. The ground is some form of uniform grey grass, like chalk. The air is cool, smoky tendrils enter our eyes and wrap around our bodies, to pass away again, "That was quite the planaring! Woowee!" Orthe rocks back on his feet. He looks around, "Let's do it again!"

We are more concerned with our surroundings. Wodora lightly slaps him in the back of the head.

"You might get your chance." Pyre points ahead.

The clouds are clearing. Distant pires poke their way into visibility in front of us on the same level. It appears to be a mammoth number of interconnected bubbled cities with an unbelievable amount of architectural complexity. Of course, this is a mirage due to light refraction.

What is real is the even huger Gray Dragon with arms and wings slowly outspread, slowly rising up behind it. Its head and eyes span the breadth of this Kingdom alone.

It is staring a burning coal-eyed glare directly at us. With a slow bringing up of its arm, it slashes down and Xplodes the Laser Citadel into countless fragments. A Mega Wallop shakes and cracks the Earth followed by a roaring Blast of Wind, flattening us to the ground. It raises its long maw to the sky and laughs and laughs and laughs. The sheer magnitudinal Force of its Power and Energy transfixes us.

The scene then itself is swept aside and twirled up right before our eyes in the shape of a glass Sphere into the Old Gnarled Claw of a bespectacled and more respectively sized Young Wizard.

Remaining, is a pure black infinitely starred sky surrounding a grey sandy mountainous plain. There is nothing else, impenetrable stillness pervading. The Wizard is robed in black and lined with silver. His eyes are glowing black.

"That was definitely another go around." Orthe is reeling now, cross-eyed.

“Yes . . .”, the Wizard speaks, “Welcome to my domain. Not many people take the route you all took, but then, I can see you are not many.”

We nod emphatically, still shaking in our boots and shoes.

“Do not be concerned.” He waves aside the Sphere which disintegrates into nothingness, “This is a mere trifle. It is also a warning for you of what is to come if you are to blindly stumble forward into the next realms. You are on the verge of your greatest Exploration ever. I am here to prepare you. Or, uh, rather, test you.”

The Mage’s presence is potent. He stands a full head over Pyre and his chest is broader than Orthe’s. Yet, there is a combined grace superior to Aera or Wodora in his figure. He is almost an improved version of all of us put into one.

“What is your n-name?” asks Wodora.

He beams back proudly, “I am Dragon’s Bane. Named for a nasty habit I have.”

We nod understanding.

“Anyway,” Dragon’s Bane continues, “To progress through the following you will, so to speak, need to know the Art-of-travelling-through-the-following. What is the following, you ask? Well, so to speak again, that would ruin the surprise! Hah Hah. This attainment of such understanding will require a certain modification, my specialty, in your perceptions.” He accents each syllable in the last word.

“You speak in riddles, Dragon’s Bane.” Orthe growls.

“Of course. That’s what I get paid for.” Dragon’s Bane smiles.

“Modifications, such as . . . ?” Aera asks.

“Well, heh heh, since I haven’t lost this part of my notes from before, damn those computers, you will have to solve the following riddle.”

Orthe groans.

“You should’ve kept your mouth shut, Orthe.” Wodora admonishes.

“You’ll have until the mists envelop you.”

He begins Inscribing a Burning Epitaph in the air as he reads it out loud:

“I can Travel the Planes, however,
so can you with the mere twirl of a feather,

be careful though, do not draw ink,
or else you will splatter all over;
the Cosmic Space is not as empty as you think!"

He pauses.

"Drink. Drink it in.

You feel yourself sink.

Its pull also can lift.

Beware the Weir of Evil Darkness And Shadow,
'Where!?' you ask, disoriented, 'Careful.' I reply,
'You wouldn't want to be assimilated or decimated.'"

He pauses again.

"The Heliocentric Epitomology Was Every Living Well."

He vanishes.

"What!" Pyre scoffs.

Nonetheless, there before us are the words, concentrically circling around in a cone shape.

Mists appear on the horizon.

"I get a severe headache from just contemplating the possibility of a solution." Orthe frowns.

"It is interesting it says 'epitomology' rather than the obvious 'epistemology', maybe there is something there." Wodora comments.

All of a sudden the mists surround us.

"Wha . . ." and that is the last we say as we are enclosed.

Stripping our bodies of our layers, we are reduced to almost Nothing. We die.

The grey is all we know. It encompasses our being, moves through us, is us. We have no sensations except a dull throbbing where somewhere our cerebrums are connected to each other. We feel Age's go by or what appears to be a long time. Gradually, even our finer particles get tired. We feel ourselves being pulled down. Our bodies, or what is left of us, grey threads, start to sag. We have no recollection of anything except the moment; a prison loop is our Existence. All we can do is wait and hope this dull sensation leads us somewhere. This Energy then slowly permeates our entire beings. Very slowly, what must be Eon's, we feel a soft pull increase. Turning us around, it whips us slow and then fast, faster, until there is nowhere left to go and we recondense into multitudinal layers which re-enfold ourselves onto us. A Droning Incantation begins, reappearing constantly: The Heliocentric Epitology Was Every Living Lesson. From each fragment we draw other inferences and references, from one word to another, until we achieve a basis for knowledge. With Knowledge we formulate structures of relation giving us context. With context matters interweave around us. Out of the twirling Nebuli we regain a place into the Light beneath a starry sky on a barren asteroid. The one remaining constant is: The Heliocentric Epitology Was Every Living Lesson. We breathe in its purity. In a flash, we gain memory. Welling up from our transformation, we relive the process and catch the building up of experience to letters to words to Knowledge and so on. In our rapid overlay of letters, we notice the subtle differences and combinations of the first letters of each word of the phrases. We simultaneously reach the answer as we reach full Form.

We materialize into a spherical room with ten irregularly blinking exits.

WA.BE

We slowly emerge into this new realm, the particles of the air gradually materializing before us. Like little Spheres of Water, they coalesce into a coherent reality.

Before our vision is something incomprehensible. Around us is the undescriptive. Thus, it must be implied, conjured as it were. Fine tendrils of helical spindles float around us like caterpillar webs on a Tree. Here though, it is much smoother with shiny intermingling silver blues and whites. The air is, of course, exudent with the fresh rich scent of newly baked bread.

“Unusual, this, is.” states Aera.

The double threads are silver, while the place, it feels like an open space, is suffused sapphire blue. The white comes from the Aura’s where chromosomes meet air. We feel interactive with our environment, no dry separation, air fluidly flowing in and out of us.

Sure enough, there are four exits blinking serenely away in the distance. The exit to the left is beating double time.

We are effectively floating in midair, though we feel we are on solid ground. (Yes, take this as a synopsis of your reality; why are we doing it?)

“Wow, I hope these things don’t start spinning for I’ll surely get sea, and air, sick.” Orthe looks around.

They start spinning.

“Dope! Orthe, you idiot!” Aera exclaims.

Slowly turning on their axes, the spindles gain momentum. Their spinning becomes hypnotic.

“Damn! Damn! Damn! Wohhhh . . .” Aera’s eyes start to circle around in their sockets at them all, her head following.

Wodora gestures, “Don’t look at them all at once. Keep your eyes trained on one, observe the glow around each one. Don’t look at the tiny vorteces. Trust me, they taught me this in Psychology.”

Pyre's head is too busy twirling to laugh and we start to stumble around looking like gyroed drunks surfing a G-Storm. For being mostly immaterial, this atmosphere has an amazing Electro-Magnetic Effect.

"Get a hold of ourselves, damn it! Why does this always happen to us?" Aera exasperates, "It's like we lose control everytime and then are saved by some intuitive grace, instinctive reaction, blind dumb luck. We are puppet donkeys, waiting for the carrot . . ."

"That's all fine, and, and, and, no I'm not NOT doing a M-m-max Headroom impersonation, but let's get up t-to reality!" Pyre spews the last really fast with increasing pitch, "Woh . . . wtf." He shakes his head.

Then the changes start happening. With Flash Effect's but no fog our very bodies change before our eyes. We achieve the very eery sensation of total displaced personality, with sensory evidence, our mind's altar. We become entirely different people to each other, though knowing each other's previous identities. The very air feels different. Resultingly, the tremor feeling of fear builds up in our guts, our hands begin to shake, and we grow paranoia.

Orthe strains his face which is glowing red and he clutches his head.

Pyre looks dumbly, blankly, around him as he mimics the spindles.

Wodora's eyes are zombie whitened over with crystal teardrops streaming down, her head shaking itself back and forth, wondering, wandering, at the world's pain.

Aera's face is Type-0-Ed Negative shattered black in charred white. She looks like a Black Wight.

Shall we make an example of one of our specimens?

Take for instance, this primitive who asks why this keeps happening to her. Did she not go in search of the Unknown? Images, images, images in black and white of distant past twirls past her dehydrated face; it was sucked away by too many masks.

"Nooooooooo!" Aera screams a baleful cry. She claws at her face, though in reality they stay burnt at her sides. Dark gray memories now fill her dismal reality. She looks tentatively, old wind whistling by her. A thick muddy road with worn tracks leads away from her. It is raining. A caravan, sodden and decrepit, speaks of the poverty of this pilgrimage. Many distrodden people, all in tatters, stumble madly forward. Injured folks fall many times. She is there running with them. There is something wrong.

Aera comes back to her senses. The spindles are whirling madly now. She is momentarily free however and sees Orthe, Wodora and Pyre in horrible mutated

states. She gasps with her mouth to her hand, until she realizes in horror she is in tatters and her hands are old and withered. She panics slightly and looks frantically around. Unfortunately, this brief loss of control sends her into the Funnel of another Helix.

Someone is tormenting her. A hand, now a disassociated hand is numbly coming down on her head and shoulders repeatedly. She has only partial sensory data, the painkiller of dreaming already taking over. It is a male, a brute of a male, ugly, savage. She falls to the ground. She then feels the sick rush of forced orgasmic come-on as she is penetrated, her sensitive flesh being forced to respond. She screams again dismally and blacks out. She dies from the rape.

Suddenly, she is back, a blue flash, and just as quickly her mind is pulled, warped again.

This time, she is relentlessly beating the living shit out of an 8-year old boy with a budding end of a branch. She is feeling the sheer maternal dominating pleasure of authority and punishment in thrashing this kid over and over. She wants to engulf him, eat him, possibly even devour him whole if he dies in the frenzied trance of her killing. In her traumatized psychological complex, she tragically kills her own son.

“Please, no more, stop, too much . . . cough, spit, hack.” Aera groans in this Hell version of Hades, a red silver white world of existential twisting forms. It takes her a few to realize, she is returned to ‘normal’ and is not returning to the Hell’s of past memories and lives.

Pitifully, she blearily looks over through the overwhelming and nauseating fresh aroma of baking bread at the others. They have become completely mutated covers in white gray spider-like webs, except much thicker and slimier.

“What spared me?” Aera asks herself, “Why am I awake while we are half-comatose? What an awful nightmare . . .”

Lacking data to form a sound intellectual hypothesis, she is forced to rely on intuitive feeling, the inner eye, to guide her in this case. Such is life.

She moves over to each of us and Radiates Soothing Wavelength’s to her companions like a Mother Vixen shelters her cubs. Miraculously, out of twisted heaps we each in turn grow up and out to solid form. With regained Form’s our Consciousnesses return and we awaken bright eyed and smiling.

When Orthe, Wodora and Pyre have returned, Aera softly says, “Come, let us continue, away from these Hell’s which we have known . . .”

AF.ME

We are pulled up and up, the Space Vortex around us. Sensations of heady air filling our nostrils and lungs, warm air billowing around our bodies beckons us. Crisp crackles discharge off of our skin trailing out our limbs, dancing over us, cascading down. Hints of spicy entice the inside of our mouths. We arc upward in expectant delight, Energy moving up our spines from our sexual organs. As we summit, rising higher, higher, awareness comes to our vision, Light piercing our receptor cells. With the clarifying of a new scene comes Rip Roaring the high treble and deep bass of wicked music converting our ears. White Electricity fires off of us in Arcing Bolt's to the four corners of the room completing the Transportation Formation.

'Woh . . . Cool Man . . . look at these buds . . . look what we summoned . . .' A dreaded shoulder-length blond haired male cat with huge black and orange eyes is staring at us, mouth agape, fangs dripping, electric guitar straddled. The silver chrome is nicely offset with his black and white fur.

'Mrrrow! Dufus up the starlight bright, my mondo compadre! Look who the cat brought home!' says the other female cat, this one white and black, by the microphone, female, feline, feminine, vicious.

The studio is black chrome, relatively small though cozy, has mirrors and an unoccupied drumset. A fire is burning opposite of the two to the left of us.

'Have you ever seen broads like these, woh yah,' he wipes his paw on his face, 'never thought I could do it!'

We are a little too awed to say anything, just yet though, we are not numb and paralyzed; strangeness is becoming normal.

Pyre steps forward, "Hi! I'm Pyre." He puts his hand forward.

The he-cat recoils, claws up in front, extended, face shot up, "Jack, my bro, what the Hell happened to your handsss?!"

Pyre psychically diplomacizes, 'I bet you thought we could not hear your thought communication. Look, we're Time Traveller's, obviously, you opened a gate of some sort and now we're here. Dig? Or are you too shocked by your own devices?' He smiles comradishly.

'Woh . . . Cool man. I just wanna know what happened to yo fur!' The other she-cat nods decidedly.

Aera steps forward, her right hip to the side, her pelvis juttled forward, with one hand, the other on her hip, 'Now what makes you think everyboty's got fur?'

The other she-cat responds defensively, face defiant, 'Cause everyboty's got fur man!'

'No they don't.' Aera answers.

The he-cat has regained his composure, 'Yah, well I ain't saying you is inattractive or nuthin', however, you's got to know everybody in this whole wide world got's fur!' His arms expand to the black silver white starry sky ceiling and to the side.

'And what about the Universe?' Pyre emphasizes the last word.

They pause. They are stumped. Being Wild Rockin' Cat's, blown on Dope and Electricity, they are not too bright.

'Damn . . .' she-cat says biting her claw tip.

'Yah . . . Tell me, do you judge things just on the personal level, the world level, or the universal level?' Pyre juts his head forward, enjoying being somewhat sardonic.

'Woh . . . cool . . . far out and trippy man . . .' he-cat eyes expand and contract and we can imagine Planar Spiral's going in and out of them, if not just a lot of smoke.

'Well, who the Hell are you all and where'd you come from?' The he-cat asks.

'I told you, we're Time Traveller's from another Plane Of The Universe . . .'

'Yah, but we summoned you here!' he-cat insists.

'Maybe so, maybe no, which way does the wind blow, we're still Time Traveller's though.'

The female cat looks a little disturbed, 'Well . . . aren't you going to ask us why we summoned you?' She licks her lips.

Aera is dubious, 'I'm not sure we should.'

'Ah, go ahead,' she-cat continues, caressing a paw over herself, 'it won't be dangerous . . .'

'O.K., sure.' Aera gives up, 'What's your secret?'

'Well,' she-cat says with her Claw Tip in her mouth, half sucking, 'we have a riddle to solve which we need answering . . . It's not a hard one, it's just really, really, really important that we answer it, but we can't.'

Pyre frowns, 'You're telling me you spent all this Energy to Summon us so we could answer a riddle of yours? Oh no, not again . . .' Pyre's tone is ridiculous.

We look at them, dumbfoundedly.

She-cat nods her head slowly, eyes wide open, deep black green.

Pyre shakes his head, turning around to us, 'I don't think so, let's go . . .'

'Yah, absurd. Let's go.' Aera acts likewise, though a warning tingle circulates in her.

Orthe helpfully stands there, 'O.K. How?'

Aera and Pyre stop dead. We turn around slowly. There are not exits. The two Wild Cat's are grinning evilly, mouths open, fangs bared, saliva starting to drip down the sides of their mouths. The she-cat is pawing herself frantically, her toxic black hair starting to rise, her grip on the microphone lighter.

In a slightly strained voice, she hisses, 'You can't leeeeeeeave until you anssswerrrr it. And if you don't . . . your bodies are oursss . . .'

Pyre Xplodes, one finger forward, 'Now, hold on one second! If you think we're gonna stand for this, dream on!'

The black and white she-cat, mane in control, smiles, 'And how are you going to stop us? We are far more powerful than all of you combined . . .'

"Bullshit!" Pyre yells.

We switch back to telepathic mode.

'Fine,' it languidly taunts, 'try usss . . .'

Pyre looks at Aera. In a flash, we are onto them with Intense Magic. Lightning Bolt's Blast Out of Aera's finger tips into their fur. Pyre sends Intense Red Fire roaring from the floor enveloping them.

They are not even Phased.

We keep it up for awhile, however it appears to have no affect whatsoever on either of their forms. And sure enough, besides a funky light show, they are not blitzed, fired and/or bedangled.

This time it is our turn to say, 'Damn . . .'

'Sissseeeeeee, your plans and Magic are futile . . .'

'Yesss . . .' she-cat groans, 'Resistance is uselessssss . . . You will feeeed us . . .'

'Jusst anssswer the riddle and ssstop being difficult . . .'

Orthe growls, "I'll be damned if I answer another Stupid Riddle! We won't give up that easy!"

He charges at it, the male cat, from behind Pyre as Wodora leaps over Aera, Power And Energy Fist Booming Thunder. Wodora extended is a piercing weapon, the ball of her toes is the point as she arrows through space. Simultaneously, we unleash huge quantities of Xplosive Energy with great impacts on the two Wild Cat's.

Faster than the eye can see in yellow orange red afterimages both Teleport 2.5 meters to either side, both narrowly avoiding death.

Orthe and Wodora crash into the music equipment, cymbals, pictures, and cards flying, dropping and getting tangled everywhere.

'See, you can't touch this!' He-cat says deferredly, one Claw Tip arced and crossed, the other pointing to himself. He licks his lips.

'Oh man . . . You're wrecking my equipment!' She-cat emits a Psychic Roar, but does not move, her fangs open wide, attempting to put the Fear of Death into us.

As Wodora and Orthe painfully pick ourselves up, we dumbly stand around wondering what to do.

'So, what you're trying to tell us, is that we must answer the riddle . . .' Aera returns the taunt.

'Listen, you liberacé biacé,' he-cat growls, 'we're doing more than telling y.o.u . . .!' He flinches his Claw Tip finger back and forth as he makes menacing cat sounds and mentally projects.

Aera stomachs this insult and Pyre tenses.

We switch back to verbal mode.

Orthe mutters, "It looks like they got us. If we can't even touch, scratch or damage them, we'll only end up hurting ourselves."

"Fine!" Wodora spits, 'What's your damned riddle?'

The white to black she-cat looks eagerly at her partner in crime. He-cat bows to her with a wicked smile.

She smiles very evilly and happily, too, 'O.K . . . , ' her claw point is back in her mouth, 'now, let us sssee . . . '

Aera grates her teeth.

' . . . o.k., uh, all right, how about this,' her fuzzy furry frazzled head shakes in girlish delight, 'now, you all tell me this: What is the secret of this place?' She claps her hands in ecstatic joy, one foot raising up behind, on her tiptoe, 'See, I told y.o.u I could do it, my male toy boy, I even rhymed it!'

'Yah, ask enough of it, let them answer . . . ' He-cat raises one left arm to the sky in glamor victory.

She stops and pants, mildly out of breath at her most incredible dumb blonde achievement.

We stare frightfully at their behavior.

Aera snaps, 'What kind of riddle is that? No hints, no nothing, that's like asking, 'What's the clue of the clue?'

'Well, gee, if I tell you how to solve this, I'm giving you the answer, arren't I?' She-cat purrs like a seductively slimy sales woman asking you to accept her atrocity and get ripped off at the same time.

Pyre shakes his head, 'Well, what is hidden about this room?'

Aera's sarcasm resharpen the air, 'Do we give the answer to you in written, verbal, or thought form and in presentation, emphatical or semaphoric form?'

'Ooh ooh . . . , jive stupid, have no clue what you're goin' on about . . . ' It sticks its tongue back.

She would laugh at his face if the situation was not so absurd.

Pyre thinks for a minute, 'Do we get a hint?'

'Nope.'

'Fine, thorn in my side, we have to work with what we got, or didn't get, as the mystery case may be. Since there could be a countless quantity of things that could be hidden, secret, in this room, place, trap, dungeon room, we will have to take the statement at face value,' Pyre fingers his hair and it is philosophical in the air, 'So,

we have to employ a logical inversion and a temporary standing conjunctive, that in fact by the direct reference to the object 'place' containing a secret, and vice versa, that in fact 'this place', ad sipto cum, is 'The Secret', using is in the strict sense not the analogous usage, and thereby, if the place is secret it is hidden, which provides us the point of contradiction and the place to implement the logical inversion, that in fact: This place is not real for it cannot both be hidden and a place we are not in, Q.E.D., 'Thank you and y.o.u are well come' for a fine bit of dispositional analysis.' Pyre's finger stops oscillating in the average style of the average Philosopher these days.

The he-cat looks temporarily cross-eyed at his words, stiffens back and keels over dead, sucked dry from mental exhaustion of an average sentence in an average second year study at University ('no pre-requisites necessary') of Philosophy and Psychology.

The she-cat runs over, frantic, paws clawing repeatedly over him, crying, 'My hubby bubby, oh my hubby bubby!' as the scene dissolves into seperate molecules and blows away.

We look at each other, pleased, Pyre proud, over a plane of blazing white enlightened in red by an extremely bright Sun, going off to infinity in all directions.

The doorways are blinking serenely, twice to the right, once below, once to the right and below, down the Hell's we are on, and once below and to the left, down the hill we are on.

We are automatically attracted, once again, to another blinking doorway.

FA.MB

We enjoy the sensation of going through the double blinking doorway. Unfortunately, this sensation quickly turns into concern.

Sharp heat, acrid scent, high frequency whistling as of a fast wind begins to embrace us. We consider tuning back. We discover such is not possible; behind us is a swirling Vortex of Matter. It is like we are moving really fast and have caused a huge wake in our trail. Or, we are moving indelibly slow witnessing the Cosmic churning of particles. Either way, our passage back is forbidden: The pull of our forward momentum is too great. Our mouths are filled with hot exploding cayenne powders. We close our mouths and modulate accordingly.

Our surroundings manifest.

We are in a desert. We are in a storm.

“Oh man . . . We better cover ourselves!” His voice and his mental voice are raised. He Conjures Sashes Of Dust Protection.

We switch to telepathic mode, unable to talk in the blasting wind and sand.

After we are covered, we face away from the hurtling sand and breathe carefully through our mouths, lips thinly parted behind the veils, tongues regularly adding an oily moisture to them from one of our Potion's Of Protection From Element's.

‘Shall I conjure an Electro-Magnetic Field to protect us?’ Pyre asks.

Aera considers the situation, ‘You can try. I don't think it'll do much good: Either the sand will surround it, burying us, or it will simply discharge in this high ion atmosphere.’

‘Yes, I suppose you're right. What are we supposed to do here? There is sand in all directions, literally.’

‘Ha ha, I don't know. Why don't we just wait. It is futile to walk randomly and the other doors are out of reach.’ Aera's turbine almost flies off.

We wait a while.

‘This is bad. This could go on for hours.’

‘Days.’ Aera solemnly corrects.

'Surely . . . oh! I see something! I don't believe it . . . !'

Out of the thick particle dust clouds comes a shadowy bent over figure. Cowls and cloaks and satin clothes are whipping around him. Little layers of sand have built up in his brown orange folds.

He appears to have a Sabre Of Slashing Dashing And Hashing by his side. Upon his arrival, he puts up his hand palm forward in salute. Glittery Fire Ruby's of noble design sit upon those fingers.

She speaks very loud, "Good! You are here, on time. I hate stragglers." She is definitely a woman with a rich cultured Arian descent, a stereotypical incorrect assumption one often makes, sometimes fatally, thinking there could not possibly be a Woman Warrior out here.

"I presume you are not the other, as there are to be four stranger witnesses?" She cocks her head in an additional single acknowledgement to the four of us as her eyes sweep us, scanning. She has dark amber, gold filled eyes. Her conversational opening has the feared tone and subtle precision indicative of a Noble education. We dumbly nod in ignorant acquiescence, to see how the situation develops.

The suspense is too much for Aera, who is always very impatient by nature, "And who exactly are you? And what exactly are you doing out here in the middle of nowhere?"

Pyre almost slaps his head as if to say, "Duh!"

Instead, the mysterious middle female appears to be slapped. In calm deference for etiquette, she controls herself, "My name is Alara, Princess of the First House of Sabian of the Royal Line of Quintosh, I am here to average my Father and prove the Ultimate Principle." Her eyes flash ambrosia, 'Do you not know this? Surely, I couldn't have met strangers in this wasteland . . .' she also suddenly asks telepathically, having finished her scan and picking up on our own psychic abilities.

Pyre quickly and opportunistically intervenes, "Woh, you are psychic, too! No, no, no, sit down, relax . . . I mean no, no don't worry, you're in the right place. It'll just take a few minutes, for the, uh, 'other' to arrive.' He practices High Warding Magic to Block the truth behind the matter.

She looks at him firedly for a moment, her eyes deep dark almond exotic eyes actually lighting up in a red flare, and then noticeably relaxes, 'Of course, how foolish of me, I am rarely tense.'

Sure enough, in a few moments, also conspicuously on time, this event must be important, is another robed figure.

He salutes with a closed fist at head level with right angled bent elbow, he also shouts, "I am here! Let the test begin." His gruff voice gives his gender away. He bows to Princess Alara.

Aera asks again, taken away with the past, this time in an official formal tone, 'And what is your name, and what is your purpose?'

"I am Zalar, Prince of the First House of Q'nakrakk, of the Royal Order of Barados." He flourishes his Sword Of Bashing Blocking And Bouncin' in a diagonally cutting arc from left to right, in salute, "I am here to fight the Ultimate Cause. Ahhh better, you too, can mind talk.' He finishes telepathically, too. His English Grammar is not perfect as translated by our Universal Quantum Planar Translator, or is our device not perfect?

Aera jumps back, instinctively, 'Easy, easy, you wouldn't want to hurt anybody, now would you.'

'No, the only one I will hurt,' his red wild eyes, with white pupils, slowly swing across to Princess Alara and a smile spreads over his face, 'is the fiendish Alara!'

Princess Alara whips out her Sabre Of Slashing Dashing And Hashing in response to this, 'Just try me, knave!'

"Arrrgh! Do not insult me!" Prince Zalar charges her.

Pyre shouts, "Woh, woh!" immediately jumping in between the two Casting another Warding Spell Barrier Field on himself. He impacts abruptly and Zalar's Sword harmlessly bounces off his chest.

Prince Zalar's eyes pop open in shock and he falls to his knees, "Master! Forgive, I'm sorry, I did not mean to touch you, forgive me."

Pyre is equally shocked. However, not being an alien to improv, he says, 'Look here, uh, Zalar, now now, uh . . . Why were you about to decapitate Alara, over here? You know, that's pretty rude considering she is a Princess.' He points to her behind him with a right thumb.

Prince Zalar looks up confused, the sand biting into his tears, 'What do you mean, we're supposed to . . .'

'No, no, no, I don't mean that, I mean, expound upon your reasons man, you know, tell us why . . . why you want to kill Alara.'

'But, I already told you, the Ultimate Cause . . .'

 he gets a suspicious look in his eyes.

Pyre asks, 'And what is that?'

Prince Zalar looks even more confused, 'I thought you knew . . . what you mean?'

'I do, we do, we do, however . . .' and Pyre's mental voice becomes impatient, 'we need a formal declaration here for the purpose of the Ceremony of the Ultimate Cause. Oh yah, and include a brief history!'

'Oh . . .' Prince Zalar gets up from his knees and rattles off rapidly his history, slowing down only after Aera tells him to, he gets to his favorite line, 'I am Zalar, Prince of the . . .'

Aera interrupts again, 'Yes, we know, skip to the clause.'

He looks confused at her but continues, 'Our two families love a Great Debate and Great Battle for as long as we can remember, even longer. The purpose is, one of us must outlive the other. Whoever does so is the Victor and claims the epitomical title of: 'Grand Master of the Truth and Bearer of all Causes'. The family of the victor then rules the Kingdom of the Eastern Sands for a century. So far, the Quintosh Royal Family have held it for 200 years and now I am destined to regain it!' He ends in a shout, getting a lot of sand in his mouth.

'Easy, easy on the childish zeal, my friend.' Aera squints.

He blushes. He, after all, is quite a young Prince and from what they can see, very good looking.

'What exactly are you fighting for, 'Truth and Causes'?' Pyre inquires further.

Princess Alara intones out loud but gets sand in her lips, "Yes. The Truth. The Causes."

Prince Zalar nods verociously.

'At least they seem to be in agreement about the problem.' Aera shakes her head, sending a Private Telepathic Message to Pyre.

'Once again, expound on that!' Pyre shows anger this time.

'What do you mean?' He asks.

Princess Alara as well looks confused considering her life to be the most natural thing in existence.

'Well, I presume each of you have a different interpretation of The Truth and The Causality, so out with it. You first Alara.'

Prince Zalar is disappointed.

She puts her finger to her mouth and her eyes go up, as though she is reciting from memory, 'We of the Quintosh Royal Family, see the world, we don't imagine it. What is real exists. What is not real does not.' This upsets Prince Zalar who manages to control himself, she rounds off, 'Barados is just wrong.'

'O.k., your turn Prince Zalar.'

He acts similarly but with no figs to the mouth, 'We of *the* Barados Royal Family know that which is subtle is not gross, unlike the Quintosh's, who are superficial, not understanding first premises.'

Princess Alara has tiny curled fists and is fuming in a self-contained fit. She bursts out loud, "He understands nothing! We understand everything!"

Prince Zalar now bursts, also yelling again, "She is foolish! She knows not!"

"We understand how to do things! You understand only how to talk about them!"

"We know how to make things! You only can do the work!"

We start to feel like we are in a very bizarre nursery school or a historical spectacle.

Pyre yells, "Enough! O.K! Fine, fine, we understand, you are acting out, you poor souls, the conflict of Idealism and Materialism. Shut up already!"

They look inquisitely at him, simultaneously emitting and instantly transforming, 'Ideas, Material, Mind, Body, Yes!! Now we get it!'

They look at each other, a dawn of realization overcomes their faces, breaking into smiles, 'Yes.' They jump towards each other and embrace passionately, 'We were told of an Oracle proclaiming the union of our two families! But we didn't believe it!'

They pause. Second completion of thought occurs. They slowly withdraw, frowning.

"WANT . . ." Prince Zalar doubtfully mutters, "Waaait, that doesn't solve anything!"

Princess Alara mumbles, now unsure, "Ya, that's right, that just puts another label on us!" She accentuates the word 'label'.

They glare painfully at us.

'Hey, don't look at us, never look at the camera, we just told you what you are doing. Now, why don't you try to solve it?'

They jump back from each other surprised they were in each other's arms and draw their Swords again.

Pyre moans bitterly, 'No! No! No! Do you want us to leave you both out here to die? Eh? Then what would you do? Put away your swords and stop trying to hack each other to pieces!'

They do so, being forced to obey one of their Master's.

'Good, good. Now listen to me: You know how you just embraced?'

They nod self-consciously and avert their eyes from each other.

'Good. Now why don't you try embracing each other again? Then you could have a horizontally based system instead of a hierarchy. You could co-operate geometrically rather than struggle vertically. You would have a Democratic Society rather than a Dictator setup. Wadda ya say?'

They look at each other and then in full motion of the words leap forward and embrace heroically. A glow surrounds their two bodies in one form and the Sheets of Swords Swirl around them swishing them back home.

A bright Sun occupies an otherwise still desert.

Wodora speaks up, feeling somewhat out of her Element, 'Good job you two! Glad you finally stopped their hackling, we were either about to crack up laughing at their young Noobie primitive society or crack up mad. Let's go, I think we should find out what is in the sand . . .'

Conveniently enough, we take the first doorway in the sand, down.

EW.MB

Down through a funnel we arrive in another reality. Chemicals separating, mixing, and recombining to form an entirely new one; we have a splendid new array of senses. Like an accelerated hourglass we arrive in a completely new dimension. One may ask how we stay together; well, when you are this close, how can you miss each other?

Our weight increases, that is the pull of gravity upon us. We feel more stomachy, more body, less mind. There is a greater sense of homeliness here, which is difficult to place.

There is the sound of thunder, though more sustained; we feel the raw edge of unbridled Energy. Pungent acids assail our olfactory nostrils. We come to a greater awareness, our mouths watering in anticipation as silver angular edges and bright flashes fill our eyes.

As we come to our senses, around us are two armies crashing into each other, somewhat repetitively. Blood is soaking the Battle Field beneath the bright late afternoon sun. There is a rising Full Moon on the horizon in the deepening godot blue sky.

The two forces are engaged at a slight depression in the terrain. Two small clumps of Trees are being battered to either side creating a passageway through to the goal. The bright and shiny battalions appear to be aiming for this river which the blood has not quite reached yet.

We find ourselves separated from each other. We are shocked at first at this, however it makes sense for Wodora and Orthe are leading several units as Battle Commander's on the river defence and Pyre plus Aera on the offence. Out of a deep concentration, we come into an existential awareness of each other; it is as though we notice each other all at once.

We are shouting commands to our men and holding up morale befitting to ornate costumes, distinctly different.

The river side is a very heroic scene with darker colors and complex spiracle patterns on our Celtic Shields and garb. Curved Elements are emphasized. Orthe discovers a Silver Crescent Moon on its back, fronting his Helmet Of The Full Moon Battle Power And Energy. His Armor is thigh length Mail Of Silver Earth with cape blowing and tunic over, otherwise the same as he usually carries. He wields a Two-Handed Bastard Sword Of Mauling And Mutilation with one hand, so great is his strength.

Wodora brandishes her Staff Of Wailing Water in flurries. She is standing back, raising her hands, fingers splayed up towards the Moon. The air ripples around her and the enemy appears frightened of her. Her hair is worn long and she carries fairly similar clothes as usual with a long green brown embroidered Cloak Of Wet Mind And Body Protection.

Strangely enough, our men are barely clad. In fact, one unit is entirely naked! They all are carrying large Round Shield's and Long Sword's. To the left, on the other side of the grove, using Short Bow's in effective 1st Rank, 2nd Rank exchanges, is a group of Archer's, half-naked, who seem unemployed at this stage in the Battle. Behind, just across the water, near a bridge, is a brigade of Light Cavalry. These have a Short Bow, Long Spear, and Long Sword, and are dressed in Light Chain Armor, though unfortunately, the horses have only Light Band Armor on, must have been some financing problem. They appear to be preparing for a motion and are nervously cantering and centering around.

Likewise, the other Battle Field Army has a set of Short Bow Archer's on the other side and a Medium Cavalry Brigade waiting opportunity at a good distance, behind their side. One slight difference is very noticeable, however. These men are ladled to the brim in Metal Armor and Metal Weapon's. Roman Light Chain, Roman Medium Body Shield's and Roman Helmet's all nice and brightly polished with lots of symbols reflect the setting Sun nice and brightly into the pained eyes of their enemy Warrior's. Their horses, however, have Chain Armor. They are outnumbered but are pushing the advantage of a slightly elevated terrain and the reflected Sun by displacing their enemies inch by inch closer to the river.

They carry Short Stabbing Sword's which do not go unfed and increasing their unit deadlines are 2nd Rank Long Spear Thrusts.

Pyre is elaborately done up in Breast Plate Armor with a great Eagle Herald Helmet. It stares down at its prey to beg for mercy, a mercy that will go unfulfilled. He is on a horse behind his men.

Aera is next to Pyre, apparently his aid. She is on a pure black steed. Her outfit has silver flashes to it and her hair is trussed back to fall down in rivulets, like the river she is vying for. Occasionally, she points a Wand Of Mini-Tornado Blasting knocking off a few men at crucial points in the Battle with bright Electric Blast's. We find ourselves temporarily confused not knowing what to do; our Battle Lieutenant's are left to their own devices for awhile.

We have our own identities, the rest of the information is unavailable to us.

Unable to communicate with the other side, we can only stare for a few seconds.

There are 4 groups in the center on each side vouching for position in the contest of strength and tact. We pause, staring at each other, trying to read in each other's

eyes some kind of message. Pyre and Orthe wink at each other and lean over to their confidantes.

Pyre mentally shouts, 'Aera, what the . . . !? We have to stop this Battle . . .'

Aera frowns, 'No can do. Do you realize what this is?'

Pyre shows the negative indicative.

Aera explains it to him, 'This is a blood fight, a historical evolutionary thing. We couldn't get our men to stop fighting even if we wanted to. Not only that, it would seem such a strange thing to do and we might lose command. This is evidently a crucial Battle over great claims, key to each of their countries and empires. Such a strange order could even get us shot by our own Battle Lieutenant's!'

Pyre thinks for a moment, responding to his Battle Lieutenant's in aid. He nods affirmative.

Meanwhile, Wodora has saddled over to Orthe. Orthe is silently yelling, 'Wodora, what about those doorways, can't we get to them?'

They are blinking off in the six directions, beacons, out of reach.

Wodora retorts, 'What're we just going to ride off to them?'

Orthe answers, 'What? Continue with this slaughter?'

We shake our heads.

Orthe continues, 'The result of such could have dire consequences. How do we know the fate of a whole people isn't tied up in this one Battle?'

Wodora, 'It certainly could well be. Well what do we do then?'

Orthe looks dismayed, 'I don't know.'

At this moment, from some forgotten command, their Medium Cavalry start a rush. Instantly, both Archer's and Light Cavalry mobilize: The Archer's for indirect fire, the Light Cavalry for interception.

We slightly panic. Not having recalled this and oblivious of what to do in terms of command codes or systems in this Battle between Celt's and Roman's, we are forced to watch this one out.

The Light Cavalry first fire Arrow's doing little to the Medium Cavalry though a bit with their Archer's assistance.

Once over the bridge, they levy a charge with Long Spear's taking Arrow's in their Shield's and Light Band Armor. A few fall on each side.

The two Cavalry groups crash into each other on the other side of the bridge and the Trees around the Battle Field shudder from the horrendous impact. The Medium Cavalry successfully stops them from attacking their men's flanks, though the Light Cavalry made it passed the bridge and was about to turn in. Orthe's and Wodora's horses quickly make a fighting withdrawal to prevent from being mauled by the better Armor.

Aera's and Pyre's regiments do not follow and likewise retreat to their starting position for fear of being decimated by Archer's at close range. A pile of Spear's, horses and screams are dropped in the space as we retreat from each other, like some bizarre booty sharing. Blood oozes from its entanglement. Both units, however, still seem strong. The tension noticeably fades out of our faces as our frightened hearts return to normal. To have the situation out of hand now would have been disastrous. Both Pyre and Orthe give sharp negative cutting motions with their hands back to their Cavalry in angry denial of a furthered attempt of such foolish nature. Their Cavalry Brigade Lieutenant's look puzzled for a moment and then nod affirmation.

Pyre and Orthe were about to wipe their brows from sweat at the same time though catch each other in the act. We quickly smile at each other, once again . . .

If it was a less serious situation we would point at each other, laugh and say, 'Ah ha, caught you in the act, didn't I?'

This gives Wodora an idea. Standing like the High Priestess of Water Power and Energy, which she is supposed to be, though not separate from Orthe, the Great Defendor of Planet Earth, who is surprised by this, she raises her arms dramatically in the air, head upraised and we Call upon the Energy of the Silver Crescent Moon and the White Full Moon, together.

The opposition seems to slow a little, hesitating, anxiety springing back into their faces at the sight of us. A few look back at Aera for support.

Wodora then does a powerful clapping motion in front of her chest, her right and left hand briefly attacking each other vigorously, then both falling limp to her sides. She repeats this four times.

Pyre glares through the Sun, 'Ahh yes. What is she saying?'

Aera squints, 'I don't know, something about her two hands coming together and falling to each side, while doing great theatrics, though.'

Pyre almost smirks, 'Two hands fall to each side . . . Um.' He ponders at her repeating form which is scaring the jeebers out of the enemy, 'Ah ho, got it! They are one hand and we are the other: Two forces collide . . .'

Aera smiles grandly, 'Yes. It has to be. So these two forces crash!'

Pyre completes, 'Fall down, go boom?'

'Nahhh, she couldn't be saying that Pyre.'

'It could be our only way out of this thing. I think she is suggesting a stalemate of sorts.' He looks around, 'How the Hell are we going to get stalemate out of this? It's more like the Roman's will decimate our half-naked stupid Celtic Warrior's. Something's gotta break!'

'I don't know,' Aera says, 'I think she is saying a little more than that.'

By this time, Wodora and Orthe are staring expectantly at Aera and Pyre and so are a few of Aera's and Pyre's Battle Lieutenant's and even men.

Wodora does now Two Fist's which also crash very over-dramatically and theatrically to each side. This makes the opposition even more nervous.

Pyre gasps, 'I didn't know she was so cold blooded. I get this: Nullification of both forces. Though, what other way to avoid repercussions? Not to mention, our own interference with past events. A stalemate, after all, must result in a repeat, since it is not resolved.'

Aera gravely nods, 'Indeed, how else are we going to get out of this without questions?'

Aera steps away from Pyre, raises her arms, flexes them strongly twice, dips her head, then gives two big thumbs up signs in the general direction of Orthe and Wodora with a wallop wink. She then twirls both her arms rapidly around causing Gust's of Wind Air And Electricity. This also Freaks Out the enemy.

At this point, Orthe and Wodora's burly naked men do a particularly vicious action charging forward with great Scottish Scream's. The Roman steel armored men amazingly fall back a distance from the bridge. It appears as though they will even be able to access the flanks of one of the side battalions. A few of the armored men look in dismay at Pyre and Aera.

Aera and Pyre look at each other, now knowing what to do. Quickly, Pyre signals a command to the Battle Lieutenant of the unit next to the one pushed back for a fighting withdrawal. They do so and the units remain level, though the armored men lose ground.

Orthe and Wodora quickly analyze the situation.

Orthe speaks without moving his lips, 'It's a fairly even Battle as it is, don't you think, rather. To instigate a veritable slaughter will be tricky. What do you suggest?' He smiles hopefully at Wodora.

She smiles prettily back, 'I dunno, you're the Battle Commander.'

'Thanks. Well the day is to the horse . . . Trouble is, their horses are stronger. Ours would be munched if we maintained engagement with them . . .'

'Well, how about a back and forth attack?'

'Yes. Every time we engage them we do a fighting withdrawal allowing the Archer's to get shots in, thereby wearing them down. We will be on this side of the river avoiding their Archer's, while our Archer's will be behind the horses getting a clean shot, though indirect, on them every time we disengage. This balances out the odds between Light and Medium Cavalry.'

Orthe does a few finger countings, 'That should work. The forces should be equally balanced as to take each other out, and slowly enough as to avoid routing. Then the Archer's can tear each other to pieces. Meanwhile, these footmen will have killed each other by then, but the rate they are going at, hacking away at each other on Pyre and Aera's side of the bridge, is pretty slow; if we can speed them up a little we might have a simultaneous ending, which would be best.'

'Well,' Wodora prepares for her next great gestulation, 'we know how to do that!'

Orthe tips his Cap Of Augmentation, 'Thanks honey, I better go tell the Light Cavalry, personally. Hopefully they speak English in thiiiis backwater colony planet.' He rides off quickly, thundering across the grids, trying not to laugh too hard at what fate has brought them.

Wodora winks at Aera and starts shouting frantically to her men. Sure enough, they get a Boost of Morale Strength And Energy.

Aera gets the hint and copies.

The Battle intensifies.

Orthe waves to the Light Cavalry, who listen. They exchange a few gestures and comments. The fellow shakes his head several times trying to explain something. Orthe waves his comments aside, nodding his head, and puffing out his chest. The Battle Lieutenant hesitates, looks at Orthe, then nods once curtly.

Orthe rides back. Soon a rider goes to the Archer's. Orthe watches this. The rider goes back. The Light Cavalry and Archer's prepare.

The Light Cavalry move across the bridge causing a similar scenario as before. They charge. However, they charge with a slight delay at the beginning so as to arrive somewhat later over the bridge. Just before they collide, the Archer's who cannot run as fast deftly move out behind them.

This causes a rider to go up to Pyre. Pyre balls him out for reacting too quickly and sends him back to keep his own Archer's where they are until the Light Cavalry do another fighting withdrawal.

Both Cavalry collide. Sure enough, more Light Cavalry fall than Medium Cavalry. The Light Cavalry withdraw, the Medium Cavalry advance.

The Spear Men versus the Sword Men continue to reduce each other's numbers.

Both sides of Archer's fire rapidly.

The total wounds are about the same.

This goes on, for some time, back and forth over the bridge. The Medium Cavalry are not as agile as the Light Cavalry who can make better and faster sortey's backed up by the Archer's. Pyre has evened out the odds more with the bogus order to wait until the Light Cavalry retreat, at high speeds.

Oh, what to do without the authority, chain of command and obedience of Warrior's in Battle?

Sure enough, numbers dwindle about the same on both sides. Each side sees it can still win.

The Light Cavalry die and the Medium Cavalry are left with insignificant numbers.

The Footmen also dwindle to very few on each side.

Archer's then move to a short range destruction of each other. Each keeps going, knowing they can claim the victory.

Orthe, Wodora, Aera and Pyre kill off the remaining as true glorious Hero's, except we are not from these parts . . .

Neither side achieves victory: Each side is butchered, down to the very last man . . .

Except we Orthe, Wodora, Aera and Pyre who embrace each other.

We avoid a decisive result and the whole scenario reverts to default to be decided by a future Battle, we also avoid changing the course of History, by chance even risking deleting ourselves . . .

Or, is this how the History Of Humanity actually happened within multiple possible Timelines?

We four ride off into the sunset, though actually just through another doorway in space and time . . .

EF.MB

As we walk along, our Ornamental Celtic and Roman Robes dissolve.

The ground mutates into hilly rocky fields. The air appears to obtain a dark tint; contrast between Light and Shadow increases, forms wavering menacingly. Flowers, the scent of meadow, spring flowers fill the air. Yet, a Tree stands leafless, an old leaf being blown off. It passes away. The earth feels heavier, the air achieves a certain friction to it. We munch on some food, delicious sustaining food, to continue our endeavors. As we approach our inevitable destination, we know it is coming, we hear the intermingled clamorous tone of many people moving, coming through the distance as though a memory of the past reaches forward in time. One last hill rolls below us revealing the seeing before us. The Sun remains an unmoving sole constant.

Throughout our transportation, these things appear like a beacon to wanting Traveller's of Space and Time.

We come to a stop in the lower recess of two hills. There, before and above us, is what is most certainly a portal. There is no gate on this doorway. However, the Two Pillar's Of Society bequothed in glowing radiance mark its existence. There are a multitudinal of beings moving, plodding, clip clopping, flying, crawling, hopping, streaming, fully through this between market tents on each side. The noise is terrific. At the thoroughway is a polite chaos of entangled bodies. The Sun is symbolically situated between the Two Pillar's Of Society.

A radiance of Great Power aureates this place. A steady hum comes off of the Two Pillar's Of Society. It Spheres out and around them in brilliant hues, particularly yellow and white. Strands of thread-like matter reach out to us to join the fray. The many colors of the denizens generate a large moving picture where if you had the vision you could surely see a pattern.

Some do not make it through and are pushed out into the huge selling on each side of it; they fall to the wayside, some banging themselves on the outcropping rocks. The problem is ensued from the fact that there is two-way traffic. There is one portal, yet two flows of traffic. A semblance of line and order is here for survival purposes, otherwise it is mostly confused.

Despite them the two poles remain unmoved.

We notice a distinct difference between the two poles. The one on the left, from our perspective, is darker than the right one. Moving around it vertically in clockwise direction, from our perspective, are pitch black, earth brown, emerald green, navy

blue, deep red and many other dark shades. Interlocking this motion is a similar Cycle of Energy, this time horizontal. It creates a donut shape around the vertical cycle streaming towards us through the middle and back again around the edges. This phenomena is not localized to the dimensions of the Sphere. It reaches out in all directions and we too stand in its midst, the effects going far back. It generates a major Power and Energy Influx.

The second pole is the exact opposite: Light colors, a vertical counterclockwise radiation and a strong Power and Energy Xflux through the middle. Despite this, they are shaped identically, Greek in design. Several fellows are transfixed by the show staring fascinated at one pillar, then the next. These ones are ignored and the procession continues.

We ourselves stare puzzledly at this for a couple seconds.

Orthe rubs his chin, 'Look at that will ya, a meeting place of the worlds, with markets lined up along their pathway, wouldn't this look fine in a novel?'

Pyre smiles, 'Sure would, Orthe. Don't you find it strange that people are going in two directions directly at each other?'

'Yes, I do. In fact, I find it quite amazing. If everyone went in one direction there wouldn't be any problems, now would there? Look how they are colliding.'

'Yah, look at that poor fellow who just fell all the way down the hill into that messy den.'

Wodora and Aera coo, like it is a fun tourist show.

A Gnomish Dwarf-like Creature rolls head over heels and comes to a stop like a big baby on his behind in front of us.

His/her lips move faster than his words, as though a poor lip-sync translation was, "Well, don't look, and laugh at me," he admonishes us, "why don't you all try it!" He stomps off in a puff.

"Weird . . ." Pyre comments.

"It's like they are on some kind of program." Orthe observes.

We enjoy our lofty distant position when Pyre gets an idea.

'Hey, I have an idea, why don't we correct the confusion here and get people going in the good direction!' He has that mischievous wide evil grin on his face.

Orthe catches the fever, 'Yah! We'll be famous!'

'Or infamous!' Wodora breaks his reverie.

'Are you sure that's wise?' Aera cautions us against unwise and unrealistic morals.

'Oh come on . . . You girls are no fun!' Orthe complains.

Pyre does a classic side-step, he does a 'we'll-do-it-anyway-but-who-is-telling' maneuver, 'Well maybe, however, why don't we go up and get a closer look?' He expresses his face suggestively.

We are convinced.

We make our way up the hill alongside the chain of visitors and clients Dodge Tumbling something-or-other and getting up next to the Light Pillar.

It is Big. Standing well over 200 meters and 5 meters wide it looks like it could hold up a city.

'It is most definitely unmovable.' Pyre is scientific in his analysis.

'Pyre!' Aera snaps.

'I wonder what happens when you go through.' Orthe curiously looks.

'I wouldn't try it.' Wodora warns, she then states out loud, 'How about we shop, instead?'

Someone gets pushed out, a Praying Mantis in a Cloak Of Piousness. Orthe takes the opportunity. Beckoning the Hell Creature over, he causes it to blink at him. With a regretful look over its shoulder, it gracefully struts towards us.

It spreads in a laughing British accent, "Dear Sir, what is it? I am busy you know." Once again, the mouth is disdainful with its nods, like it has done it all its life.

It is Orthe's turn to blink, "Well, uh, I mean, we were curious what is going on here. Is this some kind of formal, uh, ritual?"

It blinks again, its shiny exoskeleton unmoving, "Oh no, rather this has been going on for centuries. It's not formal, in the sense of appearance, no indeed, it is more about the substance of the matter, I dare say."

Pyre saves Orthe who is in great awe of the huge quantity of people who are moving along in two directions, "Why exactly do you go through this?"

It laughs a tango laugh and clicks its frontal appendages on the front of its lower body together, "Oh, is that what your good chap meant?" It thinks for a moment as if

in sudden reflection, "I don't know really, to get to the other side, I guess! There's a kind of honor in doing it, after all, Everybody does it! Anyway, I must be off, to take a good crack at the whip as they say, you know." It struts off stiffly.

"Good Luck." Pyre meekly mutters. It gets pushed back down the line.

Orthe has finally recovered from the Hell Creatures sentence and the grand march of the people buying things.

'It said *everybody* does it, right?' Pyre asks him.

'Right.' Orthe responds.

'Well then, it isn't such a big deal, right?'

'Right, I guess.'

'Then, let us see if we can cause some waves!'

'Woh, woh, easy horsy, big guy.' Aera in an effective off pace tone warns.

'Why Why?'

'Yes.'

'Oh, welllllll, cause I want to.'

'No kidding! Why do you want to?'

'Why are you being so difficult?'

'Just answer the question!' She employs an authoritative tone.

'O.k., o.k., you see I'm a humanitarian at heart,' he puts his hand to his heart, 'and I can't help myself, be pulled by compassion and generosity to solve this mass confusion and . . . Ow!'

Aera slaps him and grabs him by the collar pointing her finger at him, she puts on a Black Dominatrix pose, 'Shut up and listen you blubber ape! How do you know what the consequences of such will be?'

He tries to pull back, 'I thought the question was 'why'.' Pyre is on the verge of tears.

Still telepathically, Orthe says to only Aera, 'It could be the Forces here are exerting some mental and bodily influence over him.'

Orthe then puts a reassuring hand on Pyre's shoulder, 'Look Pyre, we're not saying, 'No, don't go on a spending spree!', we're just being cautious. How can you be assured you will do the right thing?'

Pyre is definitely gone, giving the a circulari response, 'It will make them happy.'

Orthe looks dubious, 'What were you going to do??'

Pyre whines, 'I am going to get up and tell the people to stop moving in two directions and then buy a lot of shit.'

Orthe is unconvinced, 'O.K. Right. How about I go tell them first' he tries to perform some Subtle Deception, 'and then you can try!'

Empathically, with body language, he tells only Wodora, 'If I don't succeed, knock him out and we will leave this place. I have no desire to go broke and cause an upstirring.'

Wodora silently nods.

Pyre agrees, though reluctantly.

Orthe turns around and walks up to the pole as close as he can.

Pyre then moves up to the small hill between the Two Pillar's Of Society and raises his hands getting as many people's attentions as he can. He then shouts, "Stop! On the ACCOUNT of great import, I HAVE SOMETHING very important to ANNOUNCE! Stop and LISTEN!"

No one pays attention to the amazing number of different species and races and the even more varied quantity and quality of individuals with each subgroup of subgroup of subgroup or pay attention to his drowned exclamation.

Orthe comes back, "See Pyre. Nothing."

"They couldn't see you, let alone hear you. How about you get on my shoulders . . ."

Pyre and Orthe can barely hear ourselves amidst the large din of walking feet.

Orthe looks exasperated, however agrees, hoping to bring his friend back.

This time, Orthe is well over the crowd with Pyre supporting him. Several heads turn and notice the strange apparition. Orthe yells, "Listen to me! STOP AND LISTEN!"

A few slow down, interested through natural curiosity. Unfortunately, this causes more problems than good: The chain gets jumbled up. The slow ones get pushed out who immediately scramble to get back in.

Pyre gets excited, "Let me try. Let me try!"

Orthe is forced to agree.

This time Pyre goes on Orthe's shoulders, "STOP! In the name of the Two Pillar's Of Society. STOP AND LISTEN. YOU MUST change direction." Pyre's voice Booms unnaturally, god-like, over all the masses.

Like a trembling beast hit with a rush of cold through its veins, one can see a Trigger Chain Reaction Effect Ripple through the ensemble. As ice cracking in two parts, segments of the population break free like a stick being broken. About half revolve, stop and move their heads towards Pyre who has his hands mightily upraised. He also adds some Fire Light Effect's. The sheer strength of his expression convinces them. They turn around and confusedly attempt to go in the other direction. Some yell "NO!" futilely though, as the chaos and inevitable destruction begins.

Pyre, no longer possessed, though he was doing quite good, suddenly looks on horrified, realizing what is occurring and what he has done, "Oh no . . . STOP! STOP! You're . . . No! I mean keep going, oh no . . . ahhh . . ." He brings his slowly shaking head to his hands.

Too late, his words actually worsen the ordeal, for everyone heard the first ones: "Oh no . . . Stop. Stop."

Confusion and discord take over. They create friction, they dislodge, they jumble, they get things so mired up, the people end up going in circles around each other falling over the raised path through the markets. Linear, orderly, motion has been stopped.

The resultant alteration of motion generates New Energy on the Influx and Xflux. Replacing the pleasant hum is now the Whirring of Rising Energy, the parts in the whole now losing their unity taking on a disconcerted effort.

Then it happens! With a monumental grinding the monolithic gravities start moving towards each other. It surges on the Active Combined Energy's of all the parts which are now glowing red orange yellow. Huge waves of particles get pulled in. Defying apparently the Law of Physics, the Two Pillar's Of Society Hyper Accelerate towards each other, their huge masses ready for impact.

We look horrified at each other realizing what will happen. Without hesitation, Orthe screams, "Runnnnn! Sprint away, even!" We turn around and sprint to the rise of the previous hill in this space and time on this plane. An absolutely Mega Xplosion-Implosion goes off/on behind us. It blasts up as we dive over the hill. Cataclysmic tremors shake the earth and streamlining Universes rip overhead, black white red. We thank the refuge of our small brown green blue boat beneath us in the enclave of the residing hill wondering why the ground is not opening up. We remain

huddled for a long time as disaster wreaks, lending havoc on the few remains of a few souls.

It takes a long time until things have recovered as our mouths drop open at the mind blowing Sound Effect Samples and Visual Effect's alone.

When the people finally Love, again, we timidly, frightened, look up. Light is shining over the crest. We look wonderingly at each other. Pyre suggests silently that we take a look. We peak over the edge, our heads coming into full illumination.

There before us, shining brilliantly in pure undevoting brightness, is one huge Gray Pillar standing between where the other two used to be, twice their dimensions.

The people be, peacefully sleeping as a new dawn arises.

We stand at the rise of the hill around this One Pillar Of Society admiring its magnificence. Off in the distance to the right is one of the blinking exits which seems attractive to us.

'At this point it might be good to explore the reason of the fluctuating exit.' Pyre suggests, 'Why is it different?'

'How are we supposed to do that?' Orthe asks, 'If it get's us to the other side we'll have to deal with what's there first.' He smiles sardonically.

'Well, I have an idea, why don't we explore all the blinking exits and see what happens.'

'What, ignore all the rest of the surroundings?'

'Yup.'

'Are you sure that is safe?'

Aera hops in, 'As safe as anything around here.'

Wodora finishes, 'O.K., fine, let's stop talking, and start walking through the Planes Of Existence.'

We do so. We go to blink, which is to the right of us this time.

EF.BE

Filling our heads is the inebriating density of sulfur and brimstone interwired with something pungent. A loud booming sound is heard. Darkness surrounds. Hot dry air engulfs our bodies.

We emerge into a submerged place.

It is a rough stone tunnel which we are moving into. Memories from way back come rushing in. We are four old friends on an important Mission to the Head Master down in these mines here. Wodora tomboyishly nudges Orthe next to her behind Aera and Pyre.

And then we are back to our original elevated perceptions, less a part of the surrounding walls.

It is a low cramped stone corridor descending to darker depths. Fairly wide, muscle corded black streaked dark headed hunched over men, Laborer's, push barrels full of black coal in an ant-like fashion.

There is a blacker door not even 6 meters from where they are turning left out of the dark rough stone tunnel. Some, a possibly far more Evil Area, are not recommended to explore.

'Woh, aoh.' Orthe raises his hand, 'Almost forgot. We were going to explore the blinking exits . . .'

'Right, right.' Pyre getting distracted again as well as getting caught up in the story unfolding.

We stop.

'Well, I don't see no Good exits . . .'

'Strange . . . I, myself, am not too eager to explore those darker exits.' Orthe replies.

'We probably have to go through the glowing door, there . . .' He points his finger, squinting.

'Glowing? Where?'

'Yah, turn on your Night Vision, stupid. Glowing black, right there . . .'

‘Sheet, you’re right. Umm . . . probably through that door could be a route to the source of the Evil, it’d be typical.’ Orthe assesses the situation in his Irish lilting voice.

‘Yup.’ Pyre purses his lips in a Scottish tone.

‘Well, go in or stay out, gawk, punk, and pee your pants off.’ Aera moves her hands in its direction, as usual impatient with slow men who seem to have to decide everything ahead of time.

We stride forward, no longer hesitating, with the goal to find the answer to this strange puzzle.

Just as we take a few steps, the entire stony mirky passageway shakes horribly. Dust and loose mortar falls on our heads. We cough and spit. The entire space is filled with dirt. The Work Men have stopped coming. They fade into the background as we approach the door. Frighteningly, the doorway starts glowing red with splotches of vileness and horror to black.

Suddenly, gnashingly, a high pitch Irish Pan Pipe pierces this earthy scene and trembles us to our knees. One more violent shudder and it appears . . .

A mambo-jambo, hooved, horned, horny, bad ass, playing Pan Pipes Of Doom Destruction And Deletion, goatee wearing, hip maestro, flow man, planaring Scape Goat enemy jumps into the stone corridor

Striking Spark’s of Invocation Ignition And Instigation on the floor. A wild crazed eyed look possesses him. Albeit such, he stares directly into our eyes.

“Hah! Thought you could escape me, eh? Bah! What’s an ‘accidentally’ erased disk, a Mainframe Implosion, a system crash, to me? Double Fire!! Double Metal! Hard Core! Whatever you want, give me some peace will ya?” He shouts back into the doorway which then despairingly opaques its malignance, now taken form.

“I tell you! It is Spirit, damn you. Spirit is what matters! Matters mean Nothing to ME!

Pyre gets up shaking his head, “We don’t understand, we just found our way in here and are looking for the . . .”

“EXITS. Yes! Don’t worry, I shall begin!”

He suddenly hits the ground with his foot: It makes an extremely hard edged imprint with loud bright Sharp Spark’s. He puffs his hairy dark chest to full size, mutters a stifled, “Now!” and Blasts the Pan Pipes Of Doom Destruction And Deletion with a lyric that would put a Succubus on Hell Fire. Simultaneously, with this is Speed Metal

at 266 decibels over some unseen Sound Siphon at 13 Nodes in 13 directions each at 130 meters distance.

We, however, crash to the floor in brain shattering numbness unable to beg for mercy. It abruptly stops.

“O.K! Now that your mind’s one is altared, note how I pronounce that word!” He points a finger up and raises an eyebrow, “Now to the good stuff!”

He puts a lip to the pan and we dive back down into submission. He smiles, “Psyche! Just testing!”

He then chants while playing and stomping:

“O.K! Now tell me!

You are in my domain

Trespassing on this plane

Thinking you can just wonder where you please,

Now tell me!

What is the answer, of this riddle,

That has been haunting, my soul.

Now tell me!

Or be forced to return;

This is your admission fee.”

Red white magenta Crackling Lightning horizontally Fires out from his Pan Pipe temporarily, with a musky yellow coursing around it. It jumps to each wall and dissipates.

“Ahhh, good stuff . . .” It moans blissfully, its eyes going back, its sockets glowing red orange black.

We get up.

“Fine . . .” Orthe hoarsely whispers.

Pyre rises upon the smoke, “You just go ahead, we’ll answer it. And if not . . .” He turns back and his mouth drops open.

The Evil Satyr chuckles, “Didn’t notice that did you?”

Behind us, up to our backs, the whole corridor is filled with impenetrable smoke.

“Who are you? Woh . . .” Wodora squints her eyes at the layers of Field’s resonating around this being.

“I am . . . Woh! Heh heh, a Lady’s charm always gets me. But no! Can’t tell you that.” He waves a knotty finger with curved black yellow fingernail.

Aera passes a hidden signal to us. An offensive one.

She turns to it with barbed teeth, “I don’t like you . . .”

With her hands outward by her waist, in a cooler pose, her eyes grit down deep and cool showing a coarse hate. We look away. Black Blue Energy’s swirl in the depths of her psyche. She smiles wickedly, staring straight at the Creature. With an orgasmic arcing of her back and straining back of her pelvis and buttocks, two intense semi-transparent Light Ray’s abruptly leap out at him, directly for his head. She remains motionless floating off of the ground in suspended animation for a couple seconds.

He Fans his Pan Pipes Of Doom Destruction And Deletion in front of his face. Her Light Ray’s are reflected directly back at her, so fast it looks like it never left her eyes. Her head jerks back and she is thrown into us, to the ground.

“TSK, tsk, Instant Karma.” He shakes his head dissolving her attack near-instantaneously, “Now that you’ve gotten over your childish fantasy Libido Energy’s, let’s get down to business!”

“What’s the answer to my riddle?!” He repeats in a booming voice. The walls ripple and tremble.

Orthe shakes his head as if to clear out blockage, “What riddle? I thought we were done with your antics?”

It snorts large puffs of Silver Black Smoke, “Bah! What do you take me for, a sadist?” It inflects ‘sadist’, “Not even I would torture you for another . . .”

“Oh . . .” Pyre returns to consciousness rubbing his ears, “The one you just said, uh, could you write it down . . .”

“Infidel!!!” It shouts.

Pyre looks like a wounded prey.

Its heat softens, “Oh, o.k.” It stretches its fingers to the wall. With a loud Smokin’ Rune Zap in the air, in English, Burning Symbol’s remain.

“Well, get to it!” It taps its hoof loudly.

We try to think through its annoying tapping, looking at the indecipherable symbols and signs on the wall, its arms crossed, it falls asleep still standing and hovering up into the air with its arms crossed.

“This is impossible,” Orthe whispers, “Maybe we can sneak away . . .” He starts tip-toeing away. Its eyes snap open glaring flames of red orange yellow black infernal pits.

“Damn. Guess not.” Orthe returns.

“What’s the question?” Pyre asks.

“There is no question.” Orthe answers.

“Then it is a statement.” Pyre states.

“What is the the statement?” Orthe questions.

“Read between the lines.” Pyre comments.

“And find the hidden lion.” Orthe conjectures.

We shift positions standing around like Philosopher’s talking.

“It must be a warning.”

“The verse is descending.”

“Casually upending.”

“First 3, then 2, third one.”

“How annoying.”

“3,2,1 is Pythagoras’s Pyramid.”

“Really?”

“Yes, in reduction.”

“Just after the one is the last line.”

“That must be significant.”

“Indeed.”

“Well then, what is above the one . . .”

“Is nothing, 0, though that is a contradictory statement, since nothing cannot exist.”

“The last can then be equated.”

“So, it’s a play . . .”

“With words: The admission ‘free’: It is Nothing.”

Its eye blaze open red and angrier. It stamps its hoof, sending cracks into the floor. This opens a fissure, which sucks him through, screaming.

We beat it out of there, losing nothing, flying straight upwards through a blinking doorway above us in the roof of the stone passageway.

BE.FA

'Well, now we have to get out of this place.' Orthe says with disgust, 'Of course, not permanently, mind you . . . Just so we can work where we want to and do what we want to, though always suffer the good and/or bad consequences of our actions and hopefully not tread on some poor sod, or vice versa . . .' He emphasizes 'walk' and 'do'.

This unexpected highly agitated voice comes out of nowhere through thin air, "What do you think if I just rip you in half you stupid imbecile human? I don't need to listen to your shit all the time, your goddamn spy stalking, your compromising of my position, your disin', your insults, not to mention your playin' stupid behaviour . . . = Noobie! GROW UP ASSHOLE!"

Aera blinks twice reflexively, 'What the Hell was that? I suggest we take the upper exit, what say you dear?' She takes Pyre in aim as though trying to slap him and boldly struts up.

Orthe shrugs and follows, with Wodora.

All Hell breaks loose.

We were just about Willing our way up when the air around us Xplodes with Electricity. It is like each little iotum of matter said, 'O.K., not cool, let's move a little bit apart, shhh not so loudly, and WHAM. Well, now we know what it feels like to be a pancake, vertically.'

In between our bones we feel this agnomina pressure, and we are in transition.

'Back down! Back down!' Orthe yells.

WOOOMP! We come back down to normal interactive pleasure pressure halls.

We sit on our butts, trying to look normal in a black chaired white hallway with shiny tiles, returning to breath.

'Well, that never happened before . . .' Pyre blinks. His reality wavers to normality.

'Uhhhh, just a second . . .' Orthe stands up dusts himself off and tests the walls, 'Yup, there solid.' He cracks a grin with his Stupid Joke, 'You know what I say,' standing directly under the portal, 'I don't think I like that direction. You want to know something else? I hate surprises. Especially negative ones. Do you want to know why? Because, I plan my life. You know, like Aristotle. Thank You Asshole.'

We clap.

‘And you want to know something else, I really don’t like it when we find something out for certain and then . . .’ His voices enters a high pitched nasal whine, ‘. . . all of reality falls down on your head!! Again! Arrrrrrrrghhhh!’ We applaud his bravado.

‘Now, you mind telling me what the fuck is going on?’ He proudly brushes with his hand to his broad heaving chest breathing strong and deeply.

Aera is upper class, nice ass, ‘Oh, we thought you were going to tell *us*.’

‘Be my guest.’

‘O.K., well . . .’ Now, she is highbrow intellectual.

‘We could take it from the conspiracist’s point of view and see it as a gradual progression to schizoparanoia . . .’

‘Gradual my ass.’ She slaps her ass hard with her right hand.

‘Oh. Pfff. Fine then . . .’ Orthe crosses his arms in defiance, standing strong forever, like a Native American.

‘. . . and who exactly is perspiring, I mean, conspiring?’

Pyre jumps out of his skin.

‘Well, all of reality against me.’ Orthe cries curling down to protect himself.

Wodora pats her on the back and soothes him.

The minimalistic white hallways with shiny tiles and only 6 black chairs remains unmoving. No blinking doorway exits are apparent at this time.

‘Hmm, this calls for a fresh one.’ Aera clicks the air. She pulls out of the air 4 fresh pop and sizzling carbonated mineral waters.

We down them fast.

‘O.K., uh, people, yah that’s it, let’s go!’

Orthe puts on his deep voice, ‘Let us go the way we want to and down the Politic’s, uh, I mean, up and at ‘em! And, if they try to stop us, annihilate them . . . preferably though with Debate and not Battle.’

We all get really big and evil looking smiles on our faces and focus on the invisible doorways. Holding hands in a circle, in proper Magical Concordance, we simultaneously look up and Focus on the incoming stimuli.

Scrolling down at us as we transfer realities is this huge tension front. It feels as though it will absolutely rip our heads off. We close our eyes. Nothing.

'If you see shadowy figures attempting to destroy you or destabilize you then just do this.' He gives a Back Hand Closed Fist Smash through the head of its Negative Wave Front with a Killer Deflection Blow.

'How am I supposed to do that if I don't see them?' Aera asks.

Instantly, we are fighting our way through these steel metal and glass shards smashing through the hallway and down on us, a hardly discernible shifting in the sharp polyhedrons lashes out at Aera.

Pyre see this, 'I wouldn't do that if I were you.' With a left hand in a Hard And Fast Forward Jab, he cracks the cerebrum of the head of its Negative Wave Front which attacked. It crumbles and the levels return to normal.

'Or, that'll work!' Orthe smiles a deathly smile, 'You can see it via the ultraviolet and infrared spectrums.'

Aera thinks, 'Spectrums . . . Spectres . . . Oh, both at the same time?'

'Yes, you know, nice blue and red trails everywhere.'

'Oh yah, o.k., nice contrast, and the discrepancy is . . .'

'. . . the discrepancy itself.'

'Thank you, muthafucka!'

Aera eyes blaze space black and her body floats about 1.5 meters off the ground, limp and leaning backwards, as she gets possessed.

The Black Shadow Spectres rage straight at us.

Horrible feelings of hate, emptiness, anger, depression represented by their disrespectful and correlary senses of total heat and absolute zero compound into our chests.

The rich passion of boiling blood, and the immitigable vision of a million shards of glass all blasting and scraping against each other. If our eyes were open then we would be in a Lower Plane Of Hell. Thank our God and/or Goddess for technique; in between all of this is infinite silence.

'Got it!' Orthe heaves breath as he clobbers another nasty with his Fist of Phasin', 'Go for it, the . . .'

Orthe is gone. We are left with an open Arch where the white hallway used to be and loads of Negative Energy around us circling around us at Hyper Speed's. Pyre and Wodora look frantically around us, as their attack and slaughtering becomes faster. Meanwhile, Aera is looking completely serene, she even has a smile on her face, as her eyes glow near-infinite black.

She slowly opens her eyes, unflinching, her mouth open, now with 4 white thin sharp curved Vampire Demon teeth, 'Never mind, I have regained my senses and it has no control over me, I can see directly through this mess. Follow the Electro-Magnetic Vortex of Orthe!' Her right arm whips, blurring around, pointing at the Arch.

She leaps after him towards his residual spinoff and is sucked up in a blur of bright colors. Gone.

Pyre jumps after her. Poor Wodora is left for an instant in total chaos, before she thinks of moving, and is pulled forward with Pyre's Electro-Magnetic Wake.

We are standing in a Now Light glimmering, around us it is a little bit bright for the eyes. We seem to have achieved a slightly different angle of perspective on the circumstance and now see it in a different light, the giving and not the receiving end.

Orthe humphs, 'How dare they try to ambush us. Stupid Spectres, they obviously had no clue who they were dealing with . . .'

'Guess they got stuck in their own trap, in their own fiery psychic demise.'

Fore us, and around us, is the blackish streaks of remaining whatcha-ya-call-em's.

'Looks painful.' Aera stares at their screaming dwindling forms back through the Arch.

'Must be.' Pyre looks then blinks hard once, 'Woh!'

We are all a little baffled at this passage of events, however we just want to make sure you are paying attention, just like we are right now.

We pause a little while longer to make sure Black Negative Death Shadow Spectres do not jump out of nothing, once again.

'I guess there are lots of different ways to kill space.' Wodora quips.

We break apart in laughter.

'How the Hell do we get into the next inferno?' Pyre roars.

'Which way do you want to go?' Orthe laughs.

'Uh, somewhere where I haven't been before, man . . .'

'Damn, this is fun!'

'I don't know, man,' Aera Cones out of her Trance State, 'I think all directional dynamics, like such. What say you?' She retracts at will her teeth.

We pause for another minute, absorbing data into our portable computers which also record such paranormal phenomena.

'Uh, yah! However, how do we get to the next space, which we want to, instantly, pots boom, by our own choice—which we have not been to before: I would really hate to visit coffins.'

'Or worse, relive it.' Aera moans, like a cat, she scratches a fingernail through the air causing massive screeching sounds.

'Was it that bad?' Pyre comes to her rescue.

'Yes . . .'

She replies with a tear in her eye, the strain now showing.

So, we are standing in space in a Field Of Rapidly Rotating Glass Fragment's, though they are now stable in mini-orbits and we seem to stick staggeringly in our body movement.

'Oh no, not again!' Orthe groans mutely.

'What?'

'I can't move.'

'What?!' Pyre strains against his invisible bonds, 'Hey man, I enjoy coming to the now here, however this is a little bit too much!'

'We are rapidly running out of space to move in, the orbiting glass fragments seem to be shrinking in. What do we do?' Aera stares.

Closing in on us is an increasingly dense beautiful multicolored glass playground of chaotically shifting broken fragments of the psyche of lost dead tortured souls.

'Hold on.' Orthe does nothing, 'If we can't move then how can we communicate?'

We look at each other, however, our eyes do not move. We speak, however, our mouths do not move. We listen, however, our basilar membranes do not move.

We wait and watch as hate, anger, emptiness, and depression, once again, thus indeed, turning into aggression, violence and then extreme destruction reassaults us, like your worst recurring nightmare.

Aera closes her eyes, rises above it all and Casts an Air Ward Spell around us.

We are stunned into silence, the approaching danger now mostly blocked out.

Orthe feels a sense of inspiration and braves a Ward Spell, too. His eyes close and he feels the Great Stable Strength And Endurance of the Force beneath him. Orthe works on this good feeling, works with it, works through it. It is only a feeling, and slight at first, yet he remains grounded and it slowly builds.

Orthe Focuses on it in a Trance Stare. He works it through his whole body, very carefully. Like a pull on an invisible cord, he tries to pull in air, he tries to pull in a good feeling of pure air. With a final preparation, he sucks it in with one big intake, through his nose.

Reality snaps like a Hard Drive wired with 100000 voltz of pure electricity.

However, the following rush is like pure unadulterated bliss.

WE.BE

(TRANSISTORY EXIT EXPLORATION)

We loop around to a previous location with this time a Water Element emphasis on the base metaphysical law governing a place. This is possible because of the time continuum, the continuously shifting Multiverse. Despite its change, we already established a relationship/connection with this locale. Otherwise, one might never find it again after its shifting, though it would certainly be easier to if the change was minor, with a small cold calculation.

The tunnel is smoke free. There is the return exit, the doorway whence the Work Men came out of, one in the ceiling, in the floor, and two on either wall. The symmetry reduces distance. They appear like faint globules of Light and Shadow hidden within the matrix of the walls: Some blink benevolently, others blink even very malevolently . . . We need only touch them with our Will and the tunneling will begin. The one we came from is still blinking.

‘Well, at least it’s linear.’ Orthe comments.

‘Yes, if we return then we will end up where we come from.’ Wodora returns.

‘Wow, you’re pretty clever, I suggest we try each exit using the infallible method of reduction, come: Collect and compose data, compare, analyze, use logic and reason plus Observation and Experience, not ignoring completely the heart, of course, and get a hypothesis and eventually a thesis of where we are and how these blinking doorways work.’ Pyre suggests with his Genius IQ Level.

‘Ya, in your case, it’s more like ‘heart burn of darkness.’ Orthe retorts.

‘As you’ve noticed, however, once entered we become engaged in the scene. Weren’t we going to do that this time? Events move too fast and we get entangled in them too quickly.’

He continues, ‘However, this time, we made the conscious choice to choose which exits.’

Wodora muses, ‘Well, we love to try. This randomness is driving me nuts.’

Orthe smiles, ‘Chaos usually does that.’

Wodora retorts, laughing, ‘O.K., let’s go back first, then explore the others. Maybe the place we were will be inert or something to that effect.’

We go through the blinking tunnel.

We go to EF.ME rather than EF.MB, where we were, demonstrating the drastic shifting that can happen in our nucleonic Multiverse due to even minor changes . . .

The whitish Node becomes a reddish Node expanding into our awareness. Pleasant warmth, dry air, sustains a presence around us and the mild crackling of a fire brings spicy delight to our senses. All of this, however, begins to increase magnifold.

Orthe yells, 'Magnetic Sphere Barrier!'

His loudness in the midst of the transformation almost shatters our mind meld. We totter on the brink of nothingness and grab out to each other with mental hands. Through the tunnel we are only aware of shifting mirages leading us to the next realm. In the process of changing we cannot distinguish fine details.

We come to life on a burning Plane. We are clasping hands in a Celtic Magic Circle, the fires raging around us. The sense of Power and Energy here is awesome; if one was to be on the air then this might be what it looks like . . . Our protection is holding, unfortunately it is requiring a considerable strain from our joint effort. We look frantically around for the exits, not wanting to join the etheric migration just at this time, thank you very much.

"Where the Hell are the exits?" shouts Pyre, back in verbal mode since sometime.

"Appropriate soliloquism, I was hoping I was wrong." Orthe strains to look around him while not breaking the bond of our sweaty hands.

Aera's eyes open up sharply and abruptly, a sign of fear spiking her cornea to Psi Vision triggering her ANS, "What . . . are those?"

We look in the indicated direction. Somehow, fluttering amongst these layered Field's are Black Shadow Thing's, roughly flying, appearing to increase in size.

"Oh man, what are those?" Pyre's eyes have turned black to red now as well.

"I do really hate the Unknown . . ." Aera remarks.

Suddenly there, blink into existence a dozen more. They seem to be dark red winged Shadow Creatures with riders and do not look benevolent.

"We have to get the fuck out of here!" Pyre grits his teeth, "Too many damned variables."

Aera intones, "The best thing to do when dealing with a, um, situation, problem, is to use not just your intellect, or just your intuition, rather a balance of the two is

preferred. Based on that sound advice, the exit we just came from must be right next to us, though hidden, logically speaking. Now, due to interference, since we sure can't with only *sensory perception*, she stresses these two words as the Black Rider's are almost on top of us, Big Dragon-like Shadow Creatures, 'see the exit, we must scan for it in the exact spot it should be, I hope you remember our relative positions upon entering the wormhole, which I believe was Orthe and Wodora in front, Orthe to the right, and jump for it!'

We have a momentary memory panic when Pyre yelps in confirmation. Wodora and Orthe immediately agree. Thus, the exit is directly behind us.

We jump for it, just as the huge Shadow Creatures are about to swallow us.

Like a tug on the heart, the pathway back encloses us in its sheltered space.

We are sucked back through mad disorientation. We barely hold our Combination Focus. With a plop we are dumped back onto a stony hill.

We struggle up. We make it back to intact form, our integrities not loving it, forbid us yet. We still have a sense of gooiness. To us, though, air-like flesh is webbish.

"Wer ore vein?" Orthe splutters.

"Uh, duh, you no watt's?" Pyre splurts.

"Eye icky wicky feely wily." Wodora spews.

"Oh, woh, ahh, wire use locing atma?" Aera spits.

We shake our heads, like wet dogs.

Around us is the hilly pass with the now 3 meter wide and 7 meter tall column.

"What! We're back here?" Pyre is surprized.

So are the rest of us, in fact. We become intrigued.

"We went through the blinking door, right, eh?" Aera ponders.

"I don't know. We must've though, grr, lo, how else could we have gotten here?" Orthe shrugs.

"That's a fine intuitive leap there, Orthe, however as was just discovered it derails, guaranteed."

Wodora points out, "The doorways are here."

A blinking exit is off in the direction of the now setted Sun. Stars also blink in harmony, and rhythm, shedding potency to this primal scene.

“Blink, blink, the dog goes blink . . .” Orthe shakes his head.

“What?” Pyre looks at him.

“Oh, just quoting a Philosopher, Poet, Author, yah.” Orthe looks back at him, “Let us try the winking, blinking, tinkling out again, shall we?” He looks hopeful; if he had a tail he would probably wag it too.

Wodora enjoys this one, “Not to mention all the hidden references. And, what the blippety rippety do you expect me to do, add 500 pages of references? Like, duh.”

“And, what if we end up in Purgatory, again?” Aera puts her hand on her hips and juts it back and forth.

“Well, I’d say we know how to deal with it.”

Wodora mutters, throwing up her hands, “Like we have much choice! We’re stuck in a real live living maze and the way out is nowhere insight.” She looks like a snuffle is about to come to her face, however she restrains herself.

We are hesitant.

Pyre slowly says, “Let us stay with the Known, as much as we can that is. Trying to get a handle on things always involves a transition process. Control is not immediate. Let us attempt to return to the, uh, Pan’s Hallway and if we do succeed we have a good idea about the blinking exits.”

Wodora does not look convinced however, she unwillingly gets up and prepares to go.

We get our protection out and walk towards the previous blinking exit.

Gratefully, signs of the brimstone hallway return. Sure enough, we plunk into existence there. Orthe wipes his forehead, “Whew! Thank my God and Goddess it works. I was not relishing another encounter with those hellish Beast’s.”

“O.K! Well we’re here! This means, unless, as Orthe finely comed, Purgatory was a deviant that the flashing, I’m getting rich off the word ‘blink’, exits deviate between three realms. A kind of Vertex, a juncture. Why, I haven’t the faintest clue.’

‘So, this was the Pillar realm, the Fire realm and this Pan realm. What a fascinating mystery.’ Orthe puzzles as we go back to more subtle telepathic communication, ‘Behind every door, there is a mystery . . .’

'What? Yes, but dear Orthe, your sense of unique definitions just sucks . . .' Aera gets pain in her ears.

'Oh really, just quoting a Philosopher, Poet, Author, again . . .' Orthe crosses his arms.

Aera is not convinced, 'Right, and they did not have computers back then.'

'Fire! Shut up already.' Pyre smirks.

Orthe sticks his tongue out at him.

'Enough!' Wodora snaps, 'Are we going to play childish games or get on with it?'

Orthe contemplates for a moment, 'Can we do both?'

Wodora jumps him and pins him to the ground, pointing her finger in his face, 'Look you stupid oof, don't you make fun of me.'

Orthe shows his belly and indicates submission in wet embrace.

Wodora temporarily appeased gets up, steaming, 'Well let's go then.'

'O.k . . .' Pyre snorts some, 'We have discovered as much as we can for now, I think, see, eeny meeny miney mo, catch a . . .'

Aera slaps his hand down and finishes, '. . . tigger by the toe and if he hollers, let him go . . . You men are ineffable!'

She picks the stairway below our feet. Our bodies and faces sag.

We are pulled down, down and down. We keep going down. The inevitable Shadow surrounds us. This time it is fairly ranky. A cold dampness enters our bones. The taste and scent of freshly baked bread fills our brains, slowing the continual rate of neural transmissions. Quest solitude surrounds us.

We are back in the stalagmite, stalactite, pool cavern.

Utterly confused at this completely unpredictable event, we have a minor synaptic terminal failure as our vesicles try failingly to reuptake zealous missionary impulses.

We drop into the Unconsciousness.



William Blakish cos dia

WE.ME

Tired and befallen we grope up out of our seepy hollows.

Crankily, we loosen our stiff limbs.

'Gee, I guess that tired us out.' Orthe yawns.

'Well, this is some mystery we have on our hands.' Wodora is lying on her back looking at the ceiling.

Pyre and Aera gradually come to Consciousness, though we are awake quicker.

A weight of years hangs around us.

'Maybe, if we're lucky Wodora, we'll become familiar enough with things to get our bearings. I suggest we take the exit there and see what we find. Anyone for starting a map?' Orthe points at the wall.

'Nah. Screw a map, we can use the loops as Sign Post's.' Wodora gets up and gets going, 'And, anyway, I already pressed the Quantum Record Button on my portable computer, I bet you each forgot that, here's the wireless upload, it's in 3D so I hope you got enough reserved and dedicated memory for it.'

We slap our heads feeling stupid and scramble after her.

Blink, blink. Blink, blink. Like a strobe light filling our eyes, it blinks happily away. We walk through the stone.

An increasing sense of weight pulls on our bodies. Very little distinguishable stimuli reach our collective cortex; there is more of an emulgation than anything else. As we flash through the Tunnel Of Shadow's, alternate realities blink by on either side in black and white snapshots. The strobe effect eventually becomes more Light than not and a consistent grainy film-like texture suffuses around us. Through this spiral we transverse. There is little except the oncoming dimension.

With this particular one, there is even less discernable.

What was a graviton spiritos on our libidos is now black on black on black, an almost infinite darkness, below us. Intermingling with this in gradational tones is the solid bright brightness, above us. It is a double effect for the doppleganger. The Light Particles Sprinkle around us: We emerge.

'Wow . . .' Wodora's mental voice sounds translucent.

We find ourselves in a black on white, white on black, black on black, white on white place. Its dimensions are hard to define. Whether it is a room or other space we are not sure. We look closer. The space is limited. It appears to be a not too large cubicle space. We can see this for a large profusion of Shadow and Light exists; the edges and angles of things remain defined. The walls, including ceiling and floor, are black and have no obvious limit to their depths.

Without giving us a chance to comment, the room dilates like a very strange jelly fish. Ripples move through us.

With a jerk, we are yanked simultaneously in all directions. As though our bodies are no less elastic than the surroundings, we see similar images in a pool of mercury.

Then the floor, after pulsating, suddenly opens up. We had only looked at it; that is all it required. Pulling the very essences out of the various Object's themselves, the most horrible thing ever revealed and even to be revealed is revealed to us.

Far below as far as the eye can see is a blue white grey slimy pulsating thing. It is directly beneath us and is pulling the juice out of our shaking bones. Merely do we look at it and the drag intensifies.

Trembling our hearts in our sockets, sending adrenaline tingles of fear throughout our bodies, our stomachs heave. It is going to tear us apart, mutilate us, and destroy us, and we know it. From the moment we laid eyes on it we knew that it would annihilate us.

Orthe tries to mutter something, but as though possessed with a loose lip and rubber jaw he is helpless. With a wondering silly putty face he stares at us, his mouth gaping, his cheeks blubbering. Reduced to the status of an infant mongrel puppy he blinks dumbly at us.

The rest of us are faring no better. We are no less victims to his plight and by the animal look of terror in our melting eyes we must look just as horrific.

Whenever we are here we are in deep trouble.

You know that aching numb tingling sense of dread which signals the end and that something terrible is going to happen? This is what creeps into our nerves. Our brains squeeze in pain looking for some way away from this horror.

We are holding ourselves up with a torturous mental strain. However, this Will shall not last long. We have nothing to hold onto and our minds are certainly not capable of resisting this Force.

It is pulling threads of convulated lighted Matter's down into its core, a big fuzzy Sphere Of Negative Energy causing huge strains of Black Light to spiral towards it, like webs to the spider. It plays with these, wrapping them around it and devouring them. There is an infinite source of victims for its appetite; it achieves infinite continual perpetual pleasure.

In a momentary attractive surge of erotica we think of cracking open our legs or opening our arms wide and join it in its pulsing oneness with all the conceivable Matter it has already consumed.

We are the electrons. It is the proton.

We fight this even harder. We shake, our brains vibrate under the pressure. Our entire existence becomes only the tension of our resistance.

We reach the threshold of our strength, the point where we can feel that if we continue something major is going to snap into air.

It automatically ports us down to the next one.



Belowing Spiralling

EW.EM

We pop into existence, apparently, and take a look around.

The whole scene is waving and flowing as though made from water. Yet we are standing solid; this is a continual amazement.

On top of this, we feel a connection with this realm through our bodies. It is as though we are permeable, not static, receiving each signal like the touch of a feather.

Unfortunately, now we feel this sinking.

Orthe says, 'Do not worry, I can sense bottom.'

Aera looks at him dubiously.

We sink and gradually the oscillating substances around us distill into a scene.

It is cool, quiet. The air is fresh, there is not a sound except the rippling of water around us. Beginning to ripple off in the distance are magnifying concentric circles crisscrossing at juncture points. Fog is around us. Some form of diffused light saturates the vaporizations for we can see only about 10 meters radius. We are waist deep in cold crisp water.

'Bottom, eh?' Aera swishes the water around her much to Pyre's sure grin.

'Well, we ended down somewhere.' Wodora muses. She ties her skirt into a knot around her waist.

There is a swish behind Orthe.

'What's that?' Orthe whirls around, sending catastrophes through the pleasant artistic rivulets.

'What Orthe?' Wodora moves towards him succinctly.

She moves very close to him and then shouts, "BOO!"

Orthe jumps back in fright and collapses in the water. There is no echo, however it was very loud and clear. She moves over him in the water, only her shoulders and head above the water. She makes quick work of it. Now, of course, there are all kinds of details in the water.

Orthe comes up spluttering, “How . . .”

“Shhhh . . .” Pyre points up a finger.

We all shut up.

Nothing.

Orthe looks around suspiciously, “What . . .”

Wodora says, “Yes, there is something, I can feel it, it’s a presence. There is most definitely something here . . .”

“. . . however, it is elusive.” Orthe finishes.

We stand very still. The water is interesting. Whatever this place is, it sure has a big circumference for there is the peaceful sound of water rings conveying and overlapping.

Wodora submerges herself up to her head. She positions herself there and listens very closely going back to virtual psionic mode, ‘Wait, uhh huh. There is most certainly something . . . I think it’s coming nearer . . .’

‘Wadda ya mean ‘coming nearer’?’

Orthe interrupts Aera, ‘Hold on.’ He submerges himself completely, ‘Hummm, interesting . . . mud as I thought, however I can’t see anything, and woh!’

Orthe whips himself around, almost losing balance.

‘What is it!’ Pyre does the same.

Nothing.

We are obviously in some big bright dome where everything is really frooky. And cool.

‘Ever lose yourself and find someone else?’ Orthe asks.

‘No why?’ Wodora replies.

‘Brains, like the fuselage.’

Knowing the fatality of this, we look at each other out of blurry eyes, our Form’s indistinguishable from the mist. We feel a tremendous sense of loss and we know

these are our final moments. Soon, we will be pure virtual Form, from each other: Each heart being sucked dry by the huge monster below us.

Our hold on reality fades. Our grip loosens and the threads of time wind their way back out of then. The pressure, the sharp point of iron pain, is released from our frontal lobes. Our brain backs down, system after system, as our autonomic nervous system takes over. Blackness is.

We come awakened on a surreal silent planet surface. We can see this for we are on a small raised flat rock. Around us are the peaks of sand towers, large deserted stalagmites, and valleys contrasted against the space of a black starry sky. This place is very old. This place is dead.

We are lying on it prone, naked, the shackles of previous experience released. There is little to be said as Wodora turns over and makes love to Pyre and Orthe turns over and makes love to Aera. There is nothing grotesque about our actions and we do it to revitalize the Energy's in us, around us, and to restore color to a barren world.

After much time, what could be centuries, water begins to bubble in the depressions through the spread of seeds and our genetic code. With a determined effort we work to reachieve connection with our reality. He composes himself, 'Everything I am Will put to this.' He concentrates on every part of his being, his body. Every ounce of Will Power he places into searching for the Ultimate within him.

It is a kind of throbbing.

It is his Heart.

He feels his blood throbbing throughout his torso. He smiles. His heart jumps a few beats in nervousness. A tingle of excitement spreads throughout his body. He has to control it, as it makes him giddy.

The pulsing is pleasurable. He extends it throughout his extremities and takes a deep breath of fresh ocean air. He goes deeper. Where the pulsing was local it is now pulsating throughout his entire body. It is warm and contained, a rush of light waves over his eyelids.

His eyes are closed and he can see what he feels, surges of Energy, now, rolling through his entire being from top of head to point of toe.

It is incredible. He almost reels back in joy as he arcs his body back with the sensations. However, he stabilizes himself with his original pose and goes deeper.

There is something more. There is another sensation. It is hard to locate. He increases the intensity of experience and observes further.

Trickles of Energy are contacting each joint in him, giving awareness of every cellular function and bondage. The pattern is warm solid flowing and he can feel great strength within him. He finds, where he possesses the least tension there is the greatest pleasure and strength. He adjusts each point of him to its accordance.

And then it hits him.

Like a huge wave that springs up from your feet, Energy pours up through him as he finalizes the last touch. It permeates his entire head, all his senses in a live field of white Light to the top of his head torrenting up with awesome pressure.

He struggles to maintain a mental grasp on the Energy. It goes straight to his head. The pressure is a phenomenal surge. It is a Huge Energy Source and he feels he can do anything with it. The pressure is also non-local; it is not only in his head. He touches, tastes, smells, sees, hears and Sensais cracks of Light piercing in through his skull and his entire body. His body functions as the channel and the source is, the source is . . .

He feels for the source, the other thing he was perceiving.

It is external to him . . .

He maintains his flow and can feel even more potential if he so desires.

He wonders what will happen if he externalizes his senses, and is afraid to try . . .

We sink further through the ground, our bodies melting through the mud.

EW.BE (TBDD Exits)

At the extremities of this lower cave below this now sprouting Plane of this Planet are a panorama of doors blinking on and off at different rates intermittently, in the six cardinal directions: Two in the vertical plane, four in the horizontal. We turn around, up and down. We are in the middle, or so it appears.

These doors are spectacular. They have all kinds of motion to them. They just beckon and lure you on to explore them, enter them. From our vantage point, we can gain minor sensations from them covering the whole gamut of our perceptions; one tinkles, the other is blue swirling, and each one is not isolated to one expression, either. They seem to possess all of us and each other, simultaneously. The result is a fine cascade of feeling, distant tastes of something new, aromas, sights and sounds around us, better than memories or waterfalls.

Wodora is in partial awe, “There appears to be some order to the whole. Look, or smell if you wish, how the doors are appearing then disappearing. It feels like I could let myself be pulled into any one of them . . .”

“. . . and never return.” Aera finishes.

“Yes, probably, this entirety seems dream-like, a reality one breath away.” Wodora says.

The area around us is rocky and craggy. Above us is a dome of stalactites. We are on an elevated piece of land granting us a view of the perimeters. The landscape remains the same to every curved wall with pools of water filling the basins. Many shadowy blocked spots are unperceivable. No wind and chilly temperature results in a clammy feeling in the atmosphere. To get to the doors would involve moving through the terrain which is filled with water basins.

“Well,” Orthe smiles, satisfied, “seems we’ve finally landed somewhere solid.” He almost rubs his tummy.

“Yes, though the pervading silence and those dark pools are a little disconcerting.” Aera points out.

“Pwwwetty pools.” Wodora stares.

The lower exit is out of sight, though another two are beyond the stalagmites, in the sides of the cavern roughly at the same level to us and it looks as though no water is inhibiting passage. The door above is flashing the fastest out of the three. The other two counterpoint each other. The faster goes twice as often as each slower one. It

lands on each slower one, alternately. It is as if the horizontal doors are taking turns. From above us a faint sound and scent indicates there is another door, however it is out of sight.

“Yah, now I’ve contemplated the scene, I can tell you where we are, in case you don’t know.” Orthe smiles roundly.

We stare at him dumbfounded.

“Uh huh. And where’s that?” Aera disbelieves.

“We are definitely in the substratosphere . . .”

Pyre smirks, “Oh, thanks for indicating the obvious.”

Orthe just keeps smiling, “You’ll see . . .”

And, man, do we ever. As if his words were the bell toll, the atmosphere becomes denser, Low Waves filling it up, the entire sensation dropping. No longer do the rocks look solid, nor the water liquid. It is more as if they are reversed. Beneath our normal perceived reality, apparently, is shimmering of another, another in far greater motion than this Newtonian framework. The barriers are rapidly falling and we have no hand or foot holds. Directions become blurred. We each achieve a new identity to each other. Out of the sides of our visions, we see each other in different relativities. We seem to lean back against reality only aware of each other at our peripherals. The scene swims clearly before us, looping at our peripherals. The scene swims clearly before us, looping back and forth like a snake charming its victim(s).

“Uh, what do we do Orthe, oh stolid and pragmatic one.” Pyre reels.

“Duh, duh.” Orthe is no better off, “I d-d-d-dunno, uh, I’d is . . .”

We down a large quantity and quality of conjured ale from our Handy Belt’s and are in no time drunker than cats on caterwaulers and dogs on docks. And we feel our touch with reality slowly draining away . . . We think of grasping onto the goo hard rocks around us but even the stalactites are turning into stalagmites. Our breath is escaping us and muddy numbness is suffusing our hearts.

“Move! Do something!” Wodora is gritting her teeth, stuck in this drag, “Don’t let it mesmerize you . . .” she kneels to the floor in consternation. With her eyes closed, she slowly starts moving her hands and regulates her breath.

Orthe starts making monumental efforts with his heaving shoulders, “Let’s get out of this thing.” He grunts.

The bending Earth and Water's combining at his feet go static. As if stuck in a Polar Vice his body does not budge. Of him, heavens of breath start to roar in and out.

Aera and Pyre are helpless. We look at each other, faces streaking black red, off-setting the browns, ochres, and bizarrely enough, whites, which are circling us and trying to pull us in.

We enter a mind bond, again, 'The trouble is, we are too fixed in reality and we are unwilling to go off on the up down rocking rolling coaster ride of fantastical planar tripping. We want the black, white, the polarity, keeping us from spinning off into space, even despite our recent Magic Theory Lesson's. We need the routine, back and front, to keep us in line. Otherwise, it is down to the Hell's for us. Thus, we keep the Demon's at bay. We know what this cavern looks like; we know it is a cavern. We are in it. We know its sensory data. Yes, we even know its Planar Space Catalog Number: 01 EW.BE. We have all these details and more. We understand this amphitheatre's purpose. It is here to exist somehow within the balance of this Universe and for us to explore it. And we want to do that. No, we are not interested in taking the expresso route out of here, yet. No, not just yet. We will leave when we want by the provided exits. Yes, thank you, move along. You cannot shake that! You cannot induce our existential suicide.'

We grimace and grin back at this monster of a chamber, daring it to overstep, just once.

Orthe is now in Full Force, his face alight, teeth showing, arms pumping, looking as though he is sprinting a million kilometers an hour, crashing sounds ripping around him, colors warping, heat being sucked into his rippling Form.

Wodora has finished her Chanting and she stands a tall Priestess Of Water Power And Energy emanating Enormous Strength. One can see the particles circling through and around her, not to mention feel their great Electro-Magnetic Field Attraction.

Each of us is Focusing on our Stability Nexus Access Point, waiting out the scenario for either the walls and pools to be swept away and us with it to some infernal void, or for Orthe and Wodora to prevail.

Many moments pass. Many spaces pass. Great Energy's are whipped about, through, around our beings. If we were not capable of this stuff, we would be destroyed, our minds absolutely blown. The stalagmites and stalactites make many shapes whirling about, trying to pin us up and down. They create Electricity edged illuminated caves within caves, trying to blur our thoughts, our clarity, and knock us out.

The effects are knockout, however, Wodora raises a Unified Harmonic Resonation Field Wave Spell which resounds from a deep buzzing high pitched note. It almost condenses the air in front of her throat. With Orthe taking a quick snapshot eye

glance to her, he makes a final Bind Building Blocks Of Matter Spell versus the impending Matter's. We do this at the same time.

Our Energy's Meld And Collapse this Flux Net through dissolving of its integrity.

Crashing to the ground, we come back to welcome fresh cold and wet awareness. We are back in this no longer possessed room shaking our heads as we pull ourselves groggily up.

The room spins again, though this is mere dizziness. We slowly orient it dead center, satisfied.

"Well, I say, shall we get to one of those exits?" Orthe asks.

"Great idea, old chap." Pyre answers, "Which door shall it be?"

"I recommend up." Aera points her finger up hopefully, with a small quiver in her voice.

"Excellent idea, Aera. If we go down any further, we might not make it back up. Let us please proceed at once!" Wodora starts making her way to the elevating outcropping along one wall.

We proceed along its slowly upward spiralling length, the blinking of its form mesmerizing and the impressions coming out of it tantalizing. As we approach, we are silhouetted in soft radiant silver Light. Light color, clear sound, a fresh aroma, cool taste, and an open feeling gradually becomes our world as we enter the next world.

WA.ME

We dissolve towards the left exit, its reality soon becoming ours.

The touch of suppleness embraces us. Bright hues interweave in our Vision. Our nostrils are sharply widened with aromatic herbs and the ambience is soothing.

We are offered delicate upper palate of fruits to satiate our minds. Light flows in mildly.

We are offered the matter before the form, the essence before the sense.

Slowly swirling out of this rarified indulgence, we are given relevance to appreciate the context of these joys. Helpless are our hearts next to such.

Coming up out of raptural bliss, we are permitted to observe our other world surroundings. An Argyle Angel sits upon a nearby condensation.

'My . . . , my we're in Heaven!' remarks Pyre.

'Woohoo, we died again . . .' cheers Orthe.

Aera sucks in cold high altitude air, 'Woh . . . what a view.'

'Incredibly beautiful.' Wodora's mouth is agape.

Stretching around for an infinite quality of directions is the bright gradational art work of blues and whites. There are no portals in sight.

'I feel as though I can take in an infinite quantity of Energy, and pure, clean, fresh!' Aera becomes a Faerie, her hands clasped in front of her chest in ecstasis.

'Now, now surely you wouldn't want to doo that lassie, now would ya?' An Argyle Angel is sitting on the cloud behind us as we spin around, our hearts jumping. It is a white silver gray haired older man with large white bright light glowing Wing's and a full Light Gray Robe. His eyes are unusual, not human.

'Jigger me bones, I may be old, but I'd hate to see all these here lovely clouds and this here beautiful expanse sucked up in one great bellow by yoo, fine missus.'

Aera blushes for he has that archetypal twinkle in the eye, smile, and entrancing personage.

He continues, moving his hands as if explaining, 'Sure to be sure, I'm not near-sighted, how could I be with this view, and such soft decor.' He pats the puffy cloud, his seat.

Orthe puts up his hands, 'Woh, woh . . . before you go on Betwixting us with your fine words, who are you, and when are you and how' Orthe looks contentedly down, 'are we staying afloat?'

His argyle eyes twirl, 'Well, that's cause you're more insubstantial than it. Hah hah hah!' He laughs at his own wit, 'I am an Angel, and you're all in the even.'

'Even?' Aera doubts she heard that right.

'Yes, 'even'.' He repeats, indicating with both arms this vast Planisphere.

Pyre looks about admirably at this painting at the vast view of semi-transparent clouds, Being's and Planet's with other bodies throughout all things surrounding us, 'Well, what do we do besides sleep, feel good, admire the scenery and adventure? If we are already Immortal than what is the point of Life and Death?'

The Argyle Angel stares straight back, as out of a funnel, 'Doo ya mean such particularly or in the universal sense, lad?'

'I mean here, you know, right here, this spot, this space, this now.' Pyre oggle-eyes him.

The Argyle Angel's hands widen and resultingly his Wing's which are much larger than they seem, 'Is that here as in a specific volume of air, or cloud, or here as in this sector of Heaven, or as in this particular Plane, or,' he scratches and caresses his chin with his thin hand and forefinger, 'the planetesimal Microcosm you are standing on, your body, or . . .'

"STOP!" Aera shouts out loud, always easily frustrated, "Enough, I mean, look at what you're doing to him!" The smooth and easy telepathic discussion is rudely broken.

Pyre is now sunk down to his knees in cool wet dense watery airy stuff. Pyre figures that he is denser than air, more vacuous, then water, thus watery-airy, and definitely should not be able to hold his mass.

Aera continues back in telepathic mode, feeling a little silly at her outburst all the way up in cloud 909, 'It doesn't matter here, there, anywhere who can . . . OH!'

With a lever jerk after the Argyle Angel says 'thyme to sink about it . . .' she is also slightly submerged.

The Argyle Angel grimaces, 'Oh sorry, hate to do that.'

'Then why do you, why are you tormenting us?' Wodora also gets mildly agitated as she shifts suddenly one whole head down.

'Ahhh, good question, finally some footing.' The Argyle Angel is maybe not 100% benevolent.

'You do it because we have to conform to this reality, we are being forced to obey, to adhere to ideological authoritarianism, not to mention material bondage.' Aera bites back.

The angelic white glowing figure clicks his fingers, 'Very good lassies, that's more like it. You can, indeed, not have any system without some form of authority, though you are exaggerating, pout pout . . .'

She is popped up to her original stance.

Pyre gets pissed off and starts to say something but Aera shuts him off with a quick hand movement, 'Ahhh, you are one intellectual bargainer, a payroll on the information highway, an ideal way station. Well, my angelical friend, we aren't going to Heaven or Hell, we're just going . . .' she smiles underhandedly at him liking her own witty argument.

The Argyle Angel pardons this for a brief moment, and then whines condescendingly, 'Surely you can't be so stupid . . .'

'Yes! I am. And, I recommend you leave us alone, whilst you understand yer position there, ya old fogie, and your false cockney accent, yah, ya bloody ignoramous lecherous old toad! I bet you're not an Argyle Angel at all, but an impersonating imposter!'

The Argyle Angel's face, or rather another mask of the Demon, is now ugly, evil and scrunched up in utter fear of its life, having been exposed, however, something holds him there. Its Wing's, Robe and Body's also darken, its skin even dries up and wrinkles, now much older, 'Damn you, you figured out my riddle and I-lie . . .' He bumbles the last word and his true malevolent demeanour breaks through as he breaks the telepathic mode, "Damn! Begone with you!"

The 'Angel' pops out of existence and the whole 3D Planisphere disappears. A playful breeze sweeps through bringing sea scents and far below are tiny seagulls. Pyre is still stuck and Orthe has commenced scraping off the candy floss.

Wodora stamps her foot, puts her hands on her hips, demonstrates poor posture and frowns, 'I don't get this! How the Hell can we be all the way up here and why do

we constantly meet these bizarre Creatures who want to give us irritating riddles, puzzles and tests? Or, was it that same Demon, again?’

‘We’re in a transdimensional trip across time and space throughout the Universe, dear.’ Orthe reminds her.

Wodora pops up and smiles, ‘Oh yah!’ but then returns, ‘Well then, why, why do I lose this constant sense of disposition, a kind of nagging on a part of me, like something’s missing.’

Pyre is out of the ephemeral substance and matter, ‘Creative tensions.’

Wodora picks up simply on this, ‘Yoh . . . maybe I have a prolapsed despondency due to unfulfilled goal determiners . . .’

Orthe looks up at her, ‘Sure, but I bet if we didn’t get it right, he would’ve still let us fall the whole distance down there . . .’

Aera bequoths, ‘Surely there is something to it, though not much. I do have the feeling we are mere puppets on strings being pulled around by some kind of Author and we have no Free Will.’

There is some silence after those last two big words.

‘Yes, I feel 2-dimensional.’ Wodora says normally.

Pyre extorts, ‘Well, I assure you this,’ his hand moves across the scene, ‘is not 2-dimensional!’

‘How do you know? Maybe it really is just all Illusion.’ Aera asks, innocently.

‘Oh, don’t tell me . . .’ Orthe groans quite often when she gets too high intellectual.

‘Sure, why not? We are only perceiving the world in our brain . . .’

Pyre points at his head, ‘But my brain is 3-dimensional! Don’t tell me my brain is 2-dimensional.’

‘G, don’t take it personal Pyre or too literally, I am sure she also meant that!’ Wodora glances up at him in front-face complacency.

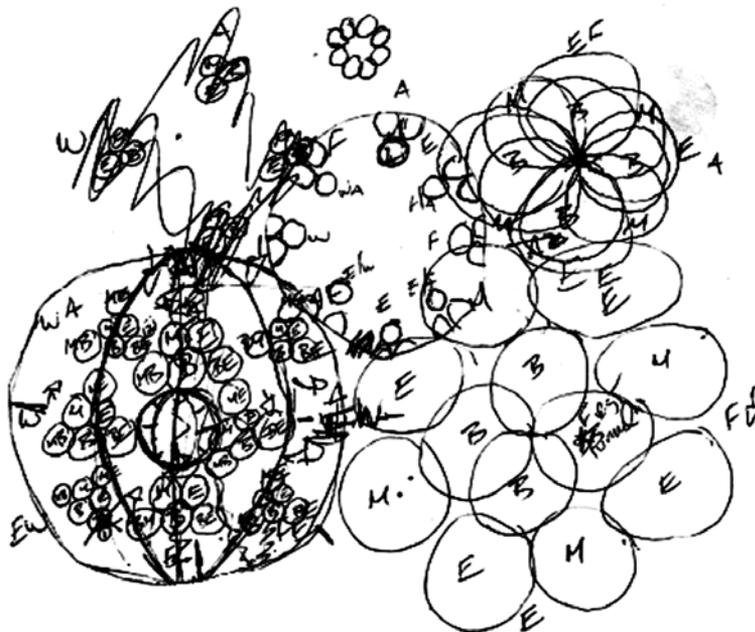
Orthe states, ‘Oh, good retort. Well, prove it then . . .’

Aera laughs, ‘Why don’t we continue and see if this improves, and maybe find out if there is one rhyme or reason to this plot, shall we?’

'Sure,' we say, 'after all, there is nothing here to do.'

We move our partly unconscious side dejected by our partly conscious side, expectant.

We scan for the invisible exits and tap the top tunnel.



Planisphere Of The Spheres Of Existence

FE.ME

We awaken from a deep slumber having lost consciousness again. It is as though we have slept for a million years.

We are lying in an ancient chamber. It is stonework with engraved motifs; they emphasize curved lines with Mandala sequences. The air is musky and the air is dusty. Despite the stone pervading this entire chamber there is a warm radiance.

There are four chairs set in each wall. Purple and agate black velvet cushions embrace the stone in seamless mastery. The room is square with one doorway between two of the thrones. It is roughly 10 x 10 x 4 meters.

'Well now, this is a room!' Pyre crosses his arms and admires all the very old Celtic, Germanic and Scottish stonework in its highly intricate interlaced Poly-Anamistic worship of Spirit's. There is also plenty of symbology idolizing God's and Goddesses. The craftsmanship of the borders in and along the walls is masterful. The solid wooden tables and small statues and pieces of art are similarly of very high quality and authenticity, however they are somewhat discolored by ages of dry dust. Various silver cutlery and plenty of ornate drinking glasses cover the tables.

There is one 2.5 x 8 x 4 meter L-shaped corridor leading to darkness.

There is an elaborate red dark wood and silverlined throne at the middle of the wall opposite the corridor. It has a strange two-sided open Metal Helmet at about head level.

'Yes, I believe these are Celtic in nature . . .' says Orthe standing next to a seat.

'Woh . . .' Aera looks up.

All Hell breaks loose.

Crashing down on us with tormentuous laughter is a Black Shadow. Unfortunately, its scream is in a frequency a little bit out of the tolerance range of our eardrums. Aera quickly Casts with a wave of her left arm an Absorb High Frequency Warding Spell.

Pyre cuts the air above his head with a Cone of Pure Laser from his right palm, as he crumbles to the floor in agony. It, of course, went for him first aiming its attack straight at his head. Her Spell was just not fast enough to protect him but the rest of us are fine.

Screams echo through the corridor and down the adjacent corridors.

As the dust stills we look up in pain. It is totally dark.

Pyre gets up dizzy, rubbing his head, tears dripping down his eyes, "Oh shit, I think I broke something. Ow!" He pulls his hand quickly off of a glass shard and pulls it out. It drops and gives a fine tinkle amongst the others. His blood drips onto the stone floor.

We get up to the grating crunch of glass under our feet.

'Light!' Pyre conjures.

Immediately, Light suffuses the dust choked cube.

It speaks to us from the Shadow, "Who are you foolish God Children and Goddess Children?"

We spin on our heels. Something is standing in the shadows in the corridor. It concaves the entire space where the opaque darkness shimmers menacingly. Growls are heard behind it in the background as if the wall has no solidity.

Pyre opens his hand towards it. Blast Out Light Beams with Crescent Violet Radiation and Electric Blue Trails around the edge of the eye shaped crystal in his palm.

It is like something tears itself off the wall with a loud grating ripping sound. Its speed is phenomenal and Pyre's attack misses completely.

With a chest exploding scream of total rage, it pounces towards Pyre with Lightning Speed, avoiding the Direct Ray's. Wodora collapses with a faint hand to her chest as it Casts Life Energy Drain on her.

The air warps around this being, matter coalescing in currents behind it. The very walls jitter from its howl. Pyre's vision reverberates as he attempts to Blast it away with protons, dodging rapidly as best as he can in confined quarters.

Unfortunately for him, it seems to have figured out that part of the plan already. It Flies straight through Pyre attempting a similar Power And Energy Drain on him, apparently it has no effect or Pyre has some Immunity and it screams in a very high-pitched enraged voice making a sudden right angle shift in course straight at Orthe.

Orthe slams down to a one-knee position, one left hand up, and in a right angle, the other door, and he Forces into existence an Anti-Matter Electron Barrier.

BOOM!

The impact sends Orthe flying at about 150 km/hr and spinning at 90° through the air of the room crushing him into the throne opposite the hallway at a great velocity. Evidently, it is actually carrying him and it immediately clamps fast his arms and legs and head into the strange Metal Helmet into total immobility.

In the excitement, quite often, the telepathic mode gets dropped unconsciously.

“What the Hell!” He yells, struggling futilely despite his own Great Strength against very powerful Binding And Holding Spell’s.

“Just curious . . .” is the response of this very old, evil and deadly Black Shadow.

“Ahh hah!” Wodora secretly did a Feign Death thinking she could sneak up on it silently with a Surprise! Attack Water Dragon Round House Kick, her body spins around a quarter circle, the ball of her right foot high in the air blurring with Great Strength And Speed.

It is gone. It must possess even more than just heightened senses but also a Sixth Sense.

“I saw it! I swear I did! Damn, it’s fast! So, it’s not just a feeling, it’s real!” Wodora’s voice is approaching fanaticism.

“Yah, I saw and felt it, too, but where’d it go . . .” Pyre wonders, looking around totally para, there is nothing to be found, “It was too fast . . .”

“What is this thing?!” Orthe jumps around in his seat madly, flexing and breaking the old metal clamps of the Metal Torture Helmet, now having enough time to Break the Spell. He charges out of it at the corridor swinging his fists in random directions, “Come back here, you slime! Coward! I’ll get you, alright!”

By now, of course, we are sweating profusely. Nothing.

‘O.k., I have a cute little plan, hee hee hee.’ Wodora rubs her hands, returning to silent and secret telepathic mode, getting into the spirit of things. She whispers to each of us. After a few moments, we nod confirmation with smiles.

We position our backs to each other, and wait. Simultaneously, Orthe and Wodora bang each other’s head as the result of fast reflexes, fear and paranoia.

“Ow ow ow ow . . .” Wodora cradles her head.

“Oh oh oh oh . . .” Orthe clenches his head.

Aera looks amused on, “So, what did you see?”

“Shhh . . . shut up!” We say together.

We try to control ourselves and go back, once again, to telepathic mode.

‘As I was not looking in that direction,’ mentally drawls Pyre, ‘I cannot ascertain the cause of such disturbance. Thank you.’ He does a curt bow and deftly returns to go, ‘There!’

We spring into action. Pyre is pointing into the indeterminable distance of one of the dark shadows of the corners of the ceiling.

Nothing.

‘It was there! I am sure, I saw it, deep in those shadows! Like it’s coming back for another assault . . .’ He asserts.

‘Saw what?’ frowns Wodora.

‘Yah, dat’s de key word . . . must be some ancient tormented spirit . . .’ Orthe grimaces.

‘Uhhh . . . I’m not sure, I forgot.’ Pyre looks possessed with unmoving eyes and mouth.

‘You forgot??’ mentally yells Wodora, ‘What do you mean you forgot? You saw it in plain sight!’

‘Well, gee, it was just a small flicker over there in the depths, you know . . .’ He gives her one fake zombie arm.

‘Asshole! Don’t scare me and no I don’t know, either!’

Suddenly, the walls ripple in disturbing Shadow Ripples, the solidity of them near-instantaneously falling away. We all turn our heads at once to the left. We follow this Dark Hell Creature thing 180° around, as it screams tormentuously, however this thing may be more cautious now considering it did not succeed in killing us or entrapping Orthe and remains very allusive.

“Well, it sure as Hell exerted a Force over me just then.” growls Orthe loudly.

Then, out of nowhere, we are wailed over by this Massive Force of a Negative Shadow Energy Wave.

It Knocks us over and Throws Wodora, this time, into the wall, though at a lesser velocity of about 100 km/hr. We come up blubbering and spitting for air and higher

consciousness, our hair in ruins and our Armor's dented. Primarily, our Null EM Shield's and Spheres help us from sustaining damage.

Then there is nothing, again . . .

There is no more disturbance in the shadows, in our subconscious, at the back of our thoughts, over our heads, in our frontal lobes, at the periphery of our vision.

Indeed, there is only this dull bizarre inundating expanding roar coming at us from all around. Dark and impenetrable Black Shadow's engulf all the walls upwards from the Abyss below. The ceiling begins to waver and the floor also starts losing solidity.

"What *is* that . . . ?" Orthe mutely whispers in awe.

Wodora meditates on the sound as it approaches, "Uhhh, that I have no clue. Whatever it is though, it is big, nasty and evil, maybe it invited some of its friends and we should, uh, vamoosh."

"Good idea, I hate dry warm stuffy dusty rooms, anyway . . ." mutters Aera meekly.

We are not easily scared by anything; a Celt fears not Death, only the sky falling down, however, it is always better to choose on the wiser side of valor. And, no one wants that Wave of Death.

We join our hands in the ritual Circle of Energy to Teleport through one of the hidden exits above us, somewhat beyond the ceiling, and prepare to make our escape from this mad house. We know we can do it: We did it before.

We grope for that fine feeling of positive desire and wait for it to immerse us in Bound Energy Unity throughout each of us. We find it and reach down to its source. We pull on it simultaneously.

Nothing.

"Uh oh . . ." Wodora weakly expels, as the sound is now at deafening proportions and accelerating towards us.

We open our eyes and look aghast at what approaches yonder there.

There before us, around and behind, is a horrific recreation. Apparently, we were unaware that this was sacred ground, virgin soil if you please. In precise, through reverse configuration is the amplified result, and it is now almost on top of us at super Hyper Speed. Apparently, it geometrically increased in strength through the space it travelled returning to its place of birth unseeing, uncaring and completely

oblivious to the devouring nature it possesses. Apparently, it is some possessed soul who does not know the value or meaning of Life.

Both Aera and Wodora stare, transfixed in horror, knowing we do not have enough time to make it to the exit after that failed Spell.

Pyre whimpers, "Maybe those blinking doorways were a warning . . ."

Orthe cries pathetically, "It must have drained us, after all . . ."

The sheer unimaginable Force of the Implosion is unrecordable in the Electro-Magnetic Spectrum.

We are horribly crunched and compressed into the very space and time we are standing in.

Fooling the Black Shadow's, we are able to use their own Energy to go through the nanoscopic portal within, in between the orbiting particles themselves of atoms and sub-atoms.

WA.MB

We arise through the lofts of a Moon Light filled ruin, Silver Light splintering off large glass pieces. Cold fresh air greets us, the scent of fresh flowers, the perpetually heightening garlic, the starry black endless sky, and silence, eternally peaceful space.

We just thought we would contradict the sky smoothly. However, this seemed impossible. We feel revitalizing Energy coursing into our beings. Given the readout on our devices, we still rise through the planes. And, we need the garlic to scare off the gnarlies after the last frightening episode.

'Hmm, slight problem . . .' monitors Wodora.

'Wot's dat?' says Aera who is enjoying some bubbly to calm the nerves.

'Well, if we don't get down to it, we never will.' Wodora wryly taps a grin.

'We could keep on goin' forever but I don't see the point . . .' Aera wonders.

We see around us, enclosing the opening, the pyramidal roofs of auburn.

We keep on ascending and not listening to Wodora, who is babbling calculations to herself. She is also a Master Mathematician and cannot help herself.

Pwwwwwwwonnnnggggg . . .

'What's that?' Pyre says.

Aera looks at him, 'Well, my dear friend, I think you have a vertical axis polarity problem there, young man.'

Wodora controls her smirking, 'You want to know how I feel?'

'How?' Aera puts her head down and wiggles her fingers.

'I am barely unable to prevent myself from unifying with all reality, and giggles over that.'

This is too much for Aera who presently spews her non-existent breakfast up as she gets hit by an oncoming car. Of course, she is laughing hysterically now. She does a bent over Janis Joplin freak out.

Wodora stares around in Wa Wa Land. Pyre and Orthe are absolutely dazed. Next to the bubbly, we do enjoy now and then some smokes.

We are, of course, forgetting to slow down after that exaggerated output and find ourselves presently rocketed into space. That is, Hyper Space.

Such a fine acceleration, we never felt before. All of a sudden, we are enjoying the finest head trip we have ever had and we have to stop for breath.

Aera stops the rising action by pushing down her straightened palm and fingers. Or is that a heart trip? We feel smoky bubbly effects going through our heart and chest.

Water returns to our perception. That is the water of the oceans below us. We look open eyed at each other, still frightened, though working up some more courage.

'What are we supposed to do?' Wodora's eyes trance slowly back and forth, up and down, blissfully.

'Why-why-why-why-uh-why do . . . , uh, don't we try to reach some head space, ya eh buddy . . .'

'No, no, I think we should seriously descend. Who knows how far we could possibly go . . .'

'Isn't that why we are out here?' Aera narrowly watches Wodora's shaking hands.

Wodora follows her gaze, 'If we do not, you are responsible.'

Aera smiles, 'Why don't we just float right here?'

'What do you mean, float right here . . . Do you realize where we are?'

'A planet?'

'Class M?'

'Big tough strong guys ready to pounce.'

'Or submissive women with wicked clothes.'

'You're right, better go up.'

'Right. No! I mean,' Wodora scrapes a claw through the air, 'don't even try *that* Aera.'

'What, they got us working against each other, real close, I might add, ow, this place is powerful.'

'How did we end up way up here from a brink of ruins; though nicely covered by vines.'

'Well, it was Celtic.'

'With pyramids?'

'Yoh, and they thought we were . . .'

'Who's they?'

'Not us.'

Aera leaps to his assistance.

We float above the entire area with a mildly humming Null EM Shield And Sphere.

Meanwhile, Pyre scans the area.

Its bellow compresses the chamber below, "I WILL CRUSH YOU MORTALS!" It seems to be coming from all sides at once. Its anger is most disturbing.

Suddenly, we are snapped back to reality, like a 40,000 volt hard wire going off in your brain.

A metal barbed wire sharp laurel cracks out of the seat around Orthe's head. Aera frantically places her hands and feet on Orthe's wrist and ankle bonds.

Her eyes Burst Negative Entropy Ray's. The shackles get an Overload Effect and fall off. Orthe gratefully slides just fast enough under the needle which penetrates through the stone of the head rest. Aera is near-instantaneously annihilated as her head sprays blood everywhere and she keels over backward clutching and clawing at her forehead.

At the same time, Pyre disintegrates the corridor with Total Utter Fusion. It, the still very undead Black Shadow Spirit, hurls out Negative Energy, spitting and cursing the whole way.

Orthe ignores Aera's frigid smoking twitching dead body on the floor.

Pyre puts his hands forward in the Power Symbol of the Triangle of Light and Fire. As it hits Pyre, blinding whiteness, with yellow red orange aftereffects, meets the charge of this Hell Spirit.

BOOM!

Pyre is flattened against the wall at a most horrific speed of well near 650 km/hr, bones breaking, spine splintering, muscles flattening and he slides to a bloody pulp.

“Hah hah hah! YOU'RE MINE! Weak foolish morrrtaaaaaals . . .” It attacks Orthe.

Orthe has no clue where it is coming from for he is surrounded with a Spell of Obscurement.

“HAH HAH HAH . . . Die fool! Dieeeeeee! BLOOD, bloooooood, mine, finally, after sooo loooooong!”

Orthe replies, “I wouldn't speak so loud, if I were you . . .” He Crushes his hands together in a Fist Slam of Crushing Implosion And Xplosion.

KABOOM!

This time, Orthe is not thrown back. However, he does step back against the wall a few paces. Calmly, though deadly, their two forms smoke around each other. Orthe Absorbs Matter from the wall.

Heavy Metal is such a fire substance. It ricochets the walls. The Black Spirit lunges for Orthe's head with its open maw of near-infinite death.

Orthe's fist, practically 100% neutrons, clasps the head of the Spirit. It shudders and fights back with everything its got, it is now entrapped in a Vice Grip. Orthe has never encountered so much personal trauma in his life. He grins and sucks in Dark Energy. His eyes become pits of coal burning Hell. One can see tiny molecules flair in brightness, momentary recollections of life, as the friction burns out their cells from the speed of the intake.

Suddenly though, a Proto Pod whips around the back of it and plasters Orthe in the solar plexus. Orthe goes cross-eyed and wavers on his feet.

“You are fighting against yourself, idiot.” It growls deep Low Waves descending downwards in great immensity.

Orthe shakes his head, “Oh, thank you.” Orthe holds it off at arms length, exhaling.

Orthe asks, with a deep hollow voice, “What is this darkness that feeds off me?”

“It is your own Shadow and Death.” It replies in dark melodrama.

“Then I seek to embrace it for you cannot break me.”

“ARRRRRRGGGHH You cannot resist me! Resistance is USELESS.” Its very loud yelling and screaming voice resounds with the Collective Might of many Shadow's here.

Orthe sucks in air hoping to become one with his Shadow and Death. Great Funnel's of Negative Energy pour into him.

It screams and loses integrity.

With a Thunder Clap that would make a God or Goddess proud, Pyre stands up having regenerated and with an expression of complete and total self-controlled hate he Thermo-Nuclear Blast Furnaces the Black Evil Shadow Entity plus Multiplexed Laser Fire.

Never before has there been such black char marks on the edges of the Celtic and Scottish stone here.

The Dark Black Negative Energy rapidly fizzles out of its form, like atoms discharging. It spirals in on itself in painful jagged form as it gets sucked into its own personal blackhole. With a pop it's gone.

Orthe collapses, breathing rapidly and shallowly.

'I love it when a Battle Plan comes together . . .' Pyre rubs his hands and lights up a green cigar.

He looks to see if Wodora and Aera are okay. After a time, he resurrects us, bringing life back into our broken bodies.

Orthe scrapes himself off the floor.

'I suggest we don't take the corridor exit. It'll probably be, uh, a little sticky.' Pyre looks around.

'Well, this place sure treated us nicely.' comments Orthe.

'What you say buddy, pal, we take the, uh, normal route?'

'By the way, how exactly did you do that?' Orthe rubs his head.

'Well, you see,' says Pyre, 'after observing it for awhile, it finally gave away a clue. I then figured, hey, I know how to suck the air out of that one.'

'Really? Cool.' Orthe is impressed.

'No. Really HOT. So, what say you, shall we take the window route?' Pyre points up at a star-filled sky to the blinking doorway somewhat beyond the ceiling.

Rooftop

Wodora laughs, “Hah! Now!” With a big swooping action of her arms she brings us down.

“Aaaaaaaaarrrrrgggh.” Coming to an air tearing stop we drop lightly on the roof: Wodora smiles.

Aera does a little cat hip jut and meows, ‘Woo ya! And you thought this place was far away from the last Hellhole we were in!’

We look in the direction of the great black smoking maw of what is left of its ceiling.

Orthe and Pyre are next to come down, definitely fixated on the stars, still sleeping . . .

‘Well, what is space and time in infinity? Your darkest evillest nemesis could be lurking only a few steps away.’ Wodora looks around pointedly at the rooftops and lurking shadows, returning to psychic communication.

Aera gets a little uncomfortable. Maybe it is the sharp jagged stone with 4 times 12 pointed angled Gothic pinnacles, ‘Well, shit, also Gothic style, therefore, and the sky sure looks black and blue-tiful.’

It is dusk. Around the fortress encampment of jutting out large gray stone angular buildings with their arched windows symbolizing 3 and 6 spirals in circles is a full live lush forest. Wind blows a cool steady breath through. The sky persists.

Having been abandoned a very long time ago, one has to ask ourselves what the purpose was of such a fortification, if there was also a forest back then and what type of planet and species it may have been.

Wodora asks, ‘Why do things have to be so far apart?’

Aera plays with a toe, ‘Well, they are not, obviously.’

‘So, what do we do now?’ Wodora puzzles.

‘Let’s try waking up these two.’ Aera moves to push Pyre with her toe.

We are blown, blasted, blitzed.

'No, wait a second, if we need the rest of us we can always wake us up.' Wodora counteracts.

'What if we don't . . .'

'Yah, ok, you're right. YOH!' Her mental to verbal voice echoes over the forest.

No reaction. Aera shakes Pyre.

Pwuwuwuwuwonngggg . . .

Orthe and Pyre come sputtering out of a dream trip. And right into another one. We start oeing and awwing over the Gothic buildings and old Trees. Wodora and Aera stare confused on and then burst into uncontrollable laughter. The laughing booms across the Tree lengths. We shut up real fast. Orthe and Pyre finally regain consciousness of the two women.

'Woh . . . where were we? I don't remember anything.' Pyre smiles on purpose.

'You were half-comatose, idiot. And, don't try to fool me again!' Wodora remarks.

'Oh. Smirk. That was fun.' He scans the area.

Silence envelops us, after a few million years or so. We look around us in awe, slowly and warmly honoring the upper environment. A warm bright red orange fuse of the early evening sky is beginning to disperse the scenery.

'I have never been so blown away by anything before.' Orthe recollects, 'If we encounter that kind of danger then we better be prepared for some action.'

Silence envelops us once again.

Pyre's nod is cut short. With a final symmetrical expansion and contraction the entire visual field returns to still. The matter is evenly distributed throughout, one and the same.

It remains still.

We are still too much in awe to want to do anything about it. All we feel is our hearts warmly beating in our torso.

Appearing around us are plenty of small quasi-translucent Dwarven shapes. They seem to be moving their hands in front of them, up and down, very slowly and orderly.

They almost Chant, “We would very kindly appreciate it if you wouldn’t speak so loud. Thank you.”

We shut up, surprized.

“Yes, that’s better.” They hum collectively.

Pyre is stunned into shock.

“Welcome to the next level!” These dwarves then whisper, “Step on our toes and we will kill you . . .”

We stare mutely on as they unfold their story.

They wait and breathe while nothing happens.

‘We must wait for the great door to open . . .’ They also telepathically communicate to us, with empathic vibrations.

Silence returns. A great feeling fills our bodies and is sustained.

Slowly concentrating with a magnificent progression of whites to grays to blacks is a huge precisely angled circle in the sky between us. It looks like a slowly ticking clock. Orthe is opposite to Pyre, and Wodora to Aera.

Like a very large jelly fish it puffs back outwards.

Colors stream down flashing between us. Except for the light we are all stoned immaculate staring up at the sky and the manifestation with our mouths open in awe.

And then there is this large jarring sound, like the sound of a cupboard beginning to be opened. They transverse, ‘Be very careful what you do next . . .’

We are left without explanations.

Images, Ghost’s gallop out, a rush of substances flow through us lending wonderful pies bringing fresh richness to our noses.

We are drawn towards the ultraviolet light within the center of this being-like reality-wide apparition which has transformed from a clock-like form to a semi-translucent massive glowing and radiating gate.

‘Woh woh . . .’ Wodora raises her hand, ‘Aren’t all of you just mesmerized? Let us take a look at the event horizon, please, and see how far we can see . . .’

Aera takes the farthest point with her thumb and forefinger, her arm an extended shadow. Wavelengths course through it.

'What is this?' Wodora psi's.

'This is the DOOR to the next Universe.' They intone unanimously.

We look at each other, awed.

'Uh, which Universe?' Aera senses.

'Very funny. If you wish to enter, you may.' Their thoughts have no effect on the surroundings which is now appearing to return to normal.

'Silver . . .' Wodora returns.

"WHAT?!" is blasted out loud around us.

We look at each other and around us wondering where that response comes from. We shrug, must be a residual apparition.

'So, we made it to the end?' Aera questions.

'The beginning . . .' They are fading.

We look at each.

We look at.

We look.

We.

We Sensai, hear, see, smell, taste and touch.

We also spiritualize, telepathize and mentalize.

We go.

Wodora's heart leaps in her chest and with a sweep of a hand gives us a full 4D sensory scintillating transition into the gate.

WE.B

Welcome to the 3-dimensional tetrahedron!

Boof, our reality crystalizes into a narrow beam of focus, dilates once more, and Bwoinggs; we hit Hyper Space like a Stellarnaut. Our Space Ship makes a smooth transition and we find oursssselves in an absolutely wonderful scene.

Beautiful rocks with water flowing over us, 3 or 4 mini-fountains positioned perfectly behind: Trees are on the other side of the bark and behind us. We sit with our feet playing in the water, all sorts of water birds visiting us including a heron, there right before us, it is, only within 3 meters, the cool breeze pays a visit, delighting our subtler futures. The setting Sun pokes liquid rays through the leaves, pulsating bright orange, also a couple meters away. There is no one around and this cool river pleases us in its lapping way. We could get up and walk along tinier and tinier pathways until the Sun comes up once again. We finish the book we were reading and set it in our Multi Sage All Time Carry Bag's. These pop out of existence.

Pulsating beneath our feat and radiating red is the nourishing warmth of a Mother Earth. Pwow, a bird flies by at high velocity, a ½ meter away. We look at the commotion. It is gone through the Trees.

We settle back on the ground, resting our heads on our garbs, admiring the dwindling Sun. We close our eyes in the receding bliss of universal transmission.

All becomes still and quiet.

Falling on us and attacking verociously, driving us down into the earth, are thousands of squishy tendril-like flesh boring mites.

Nets of sinuous fibre, which clump into sticky thin and very sharp lines, fall down on us.

Aera silk-screens.

Proceeding further, these icky little cretins drive for the vital source of our hearts. We repel in horror running madly and screaming only to find another cloud of them on the other side of the fountain. The very air becomes alive with small black flying insects Slashing down with their sharp Fin Skater feet. They come from horizontal, vertical and diagonal. All over us, they aim for our eyes, nomads to sweet juicy nourishment.

Them bugs make our lungs stop. We are paralyzed with several emotions and fight just to try and keep track of all the directions which they are coming in on us. They are trying to splice us off into bite size little exportable cubicles: "Great for Astronaut's!" and "Keep it as long as you want in space!" was the Audio Advertisement back on Planet Earth in the 21st Century.

Their perpetual darting forms give witness to their huge multitude: "All Star World Famous Rock Band's name themselves after them!" was a good Alien Planet Joke.

Bringing with half-decayed bodies, a rich toxic fume, filled with stench, from the bowels of Hell, this rare occasion.

Aera fights for life as cockroaches pour out of her mouth. She barfs for eternity, yellow white corpuscle fluid flowing with it. The piet absorbs it.

Our skins crawl with billions of bacteria from all walks of life. We feel the beginning of the sharp cracks of rigamortis.

Orthe telepathically communicates to us trying to lighten the mood with his last drop of Life Blood, 'Maybe we should do something about this?'

Orthe is one with the earth, stone still, Wodora is in the middle of a fountain up to her waist, a gigantic grey moth wing of bugs around her. She is in the monadic defense position of the middle ring. Pyre's entire body is vibrating, suspended in midair. Aera is static, floating.

And, Orthe gives lenience to ultimate gravitational influx.

An unbelievably dense Black Field rises up out of the Earth. Orthe laughs with Cthulhu. Bringing the infinite Black Force to stratospheric heights, he brings things down to rock stillness.

Total lack of motion diffuses space.

We are caught in Chinese surrealistic still lights.

We look at each other clairvoyantly.

A voice rocks the matter, "Do not touch these four, they are sacred."

"We are blown away in stunned surprise."

"You may step out now, you have been inoculated into the highest order of Cosmonaut's."

The voice just is.

A deathly calm sets upon us.

Orthe takes a tentative tidbit, with his toe, out . . .

Everything seems okay. He gives us a mental cue. With solid deliberation he cracks out of his cocoon in one step. Remaining behind are the frozen silhouettes of every Killer Alien Insect in the Universe, entrapped, as it is, now like an Egyptian coffin. Orthe is stoned into breathing Idol oration by this full blazing space in the perfectly clear sky.

Wodora, in almost grieved relief, senses a cool liquid flowing near her, though externalized. With a poke, she tests the air through the thick membrane around her. She drops. Endless space rushes to meet her, the divine coolness of fresh spring water. She swims naked, breathing its eloquence.

Aera pauses for a minute, memorizing her structure. With the grace of a goddess, albeit in this case, a lesser goddess-like heroine, she uncoils to stand upon the ground behind her afterimage, silver becomes her through her falling back black curled hair. She arises slowly, breathing.

Pyre exits his tensed position like a wailed cat and crashes to the Earth on his back. Stabbing his head free and rolling to sit, he sucks in gulps of erotic breath.

We pause in existential splendour, the moment cannot last long enough. Our hearts begin a slow long lasting recovery.

We undergo our second transformation into god-like Hero's. It is inexplicable, did it happen in our minds, only, or is it also physical . . . Having shed our many layers of foulness, dirtiness, sickness and disease we arise anew.

We float off of the ground, our hands together and our Field's vibrating.

We explore the spaces around us.

This realm here is. The quiet, the tinkling of water, the soft brush of wind through spruce Trees, the occasional crick crick of environment friendly exoskeletons: The Moon and the reactions unfolding from such is an adventure for the unendingly curious.

We look at each other coincidentally and receive major flashbacks from the door in space.

We move around in our personal circle and discover an interwoven pattern between each of us. It appears we are interrelating with each other in a particular fashion, this underlying geometry manifesting in our motion. Who knows how long over time we have been going through this. It appears to be normal motion to us. We stop.

We arise even more now, twirling through the silver rays shining through the misty Trees.

Wodora smirks in a low tone, “Funny to meet you here at this particular angle, Orthe.”

Orthe has tingles of joy throughout him, “Never thought I’d make it to see your swirling face, Wodora.”

“Oh sure . . .” she does a bow, her arms moving up and down, entrancing slowly back and forth.

We feel a transversant urge to merge in mind, body and soul.

Aera and Pyre admire the colorful Energy coming off of us. As though it is contagious, we begin to experience the same thing.

There are two ascending Trees above us creating a wind. With the only aftermath of the purifying Initiation, a web sheath around us shudders, a piece falls off and flutters to the ground, disintegrating.

‘So, what do we do now?’ Orthe asks as our two minds become one.

Wodora looks at him strangely, ‘What do you mean? Do you not know me?’

‘I mean, which way should we go?’

‘Well, since we chose to take the scenic route, why don’t we just pick a random direction?’ She plays with her lip and smiles mischievously, like a little girl, ‘Well, why don’t we go . . . wow . . . each place is an entirely new reality . . . though where are the blinking signals?’

‘Oh my, it all flows into one another like a lucid dream. All we have to do is walk. She adjusts her posterior napeal cavituric vertebrae glutami.’ Orthe has some strange thoughts now and then.

‘Or fly.’

Wodora laughs a playful laugh, ‘Yes! Oh, can we?’

‘Well, what is Aera doing?’

‘Aera . . .’ Wodora heads up to us who is similarly engaged with Pyre, ‘Huhhh . . .’

Staring down at her are Aera’s eyes glowing, her form succulent. Power and Energy Beam’s Radiate down at Wodora through Aera’s fanaticized eyes.

Pyre is hypnotized. The Spring Equinox Full Moon is directly over her head, strongly directing. Other forest Being's stir around us having taken notice of our mystical Ascension from the filth below.

'How is this going to work?' asks Wodora, 'Do we simply float up to lighter realms?'

'I have no idea.' Orthe answers, 'Seems a little bit too easy and obvious.'

'Let us aloft, shall we?' Wodora compells.

'Good idea! I'm willing to give it a try, though I do prefer to have my feet on the ground . . .' Orthe answers.

Concentrating our thoughts on the Ascension, we Focus our Energy on the absolutely wicked clear and alive filled sky. It is a great expanse of near-infinite blackness and silver stars.

The large clock-like gate is now much larger above us, still full of some unknown source of radiation, however it is reflecting the Silver Light Ray's of this very strong initiating Full Moon along its rim.

Nothing happens with a modulating mirage effect of the very substance of our surroundings as we Levitate above the Tree branch level.

We raise our arms out to it to embrace its greatness.

Incoming on the wind is humid warmth, filled with herb samples, flowery aromas greet our passage. The scene only alters slightly and the distant call of birds travels across the sound waves to us.

We fly, once again, through the ascending gate.

AF.E

We enter a garden, a fine garden. It has a Chinese quality to it. There are neatly trimmed dark green bushes and water pools with small flowers for birds, hanging lanterns and a multi-arched perimeter with their classic dark tiled roofs.

Incense fills the air with little smoke dragons. They are hot, fast and swirly, though dissipating rapidly lending a very pleasant spicy scent to the entire area.

There is a very large transcultural implanted Garuda Bird looking directly at us. Engraved in the rock under its feet is the other name for it: Garuda Bird. Most think of some form of Stir Fry upon hearing that word, however one would probably not want to go up to a God and say, "Hi, Mr. Stirfry!" And, if you said it with a Chinese accent you would probably be stir fried yourself.

'But, what was his entire education worth to him?' Pyre ponders.

The air is incandescent endowed with appropriate metaphysical and spiritual properties. One could probably become Immortal here or something like that. A very large Spider occupies the space between two just wedded Trees.

The marble brown Garuda Bird laughs a joyous welcoming laugh enticing us to enter. We stand under an arch, the sky racing above us, white blue blurs with occasional flashes of reds highlighting, "Come into my domain . . ." a deep man's voice intones. Indeed, the grove is tantalizing. Lots of cut forget-me-nots fragrance the grass.

There materializes Garuda Bird with a Huge Spider.

Aera recovers ground, quite shocked at first, "We would love to, oh great one, alas thy multi-legged friend is a little imposing."

We nod enthusiastic confirmation.

"Ahh, in thread, its name is 'Bud'. An old friend of mine, Paharishma, suggested it for its progressive new avant garde modernistic Tantric approach. Yes, please uncross your eyes, you might blow a circuit. Ahh yes, 'it stretches its wings skyward', and go easy on the bass." A 3D virtual digital surround system turns on by his mental command and pumps chill groove through the air.

Pyre politely waits till it finishes as Immortal Etiquette demands, "Shall I put on *the* track?"

One large marble white eye looks into his soul, “I see you are prepared. What is it, I am so very happy with my very fine sound system . . .”

“We are sure you do . . .” Pyre looks into his rematerialized Handy Backpack Of Carrying, “How does Funk Trance sound to you? And, would you like to switch to telepathic mode?”

‘Oh, Bud loves to Trance, and I certainly have some Funk root, now it then and listen.’

The purest quality music resounds through the space as though it possessed the best acoustics in the Universe. In fact, every frequency is discernible to our ears. The Huge Bud Spider grooves its head.

‘Now, tell me what your questions are and I will answer them for you . . .’

Aera double takes, ‘You mean any of our questions can be answered?’

Pyre thinks to himself, ‘Again?’

We fall to the ground in shock as Aera splits all of the chromosomes in half of the Garuda Bird in a near-instantaneous Surprise! Attack.

The Huge Bud Spider looks up surprised, stunned at the smoking remains of its previous Master next to him, “What?!”

“No creature so majestic as the Garuda Bird would act so, nor appear to us, how dare you! And in addition to that, Prahayama never knew the Garuda Puppet’s personally. And, you also wrecked my education completely, not to mention almost my entire career, by lying to me in such a horrible way.” Aera sets the vast Huge Bud Spider in its place.

“How stupid can you be? No, how dare you!” It springs at her, its web-like stickiness is Identical Polarity.

Aera bites the air as it zooms under her. As it passes, Pyre generates instantly, a Sub-Space Barrier, unfortunately for it somewhere around its mid-section. Symmetry was never so precise and indicated. Here we have a fine piece, please admire the fine lines and how they are now broken, irreparable, “Oh, and how about my masterpiece, asshole, I will kill you.”

Tragically, we forget the regenerative capacity of the morphological specimen. After all, something has to promote eternal War from the most hated and most deadly of human’s enemies, Alien Insect’s right after fungal rots. What would life be without death? Uncooperatively, it artfully reforms itself right before our eyes. It then does a Jump Split 20 meters in the air with eight legs.

Orthe Deflects it like a good Samurai Warrior of Light and Order should. Pyre Phases temporarily out of existence. Wodora is unaffected because she just became Liquid Floating. These all are, of course, instinctive reactions born from a life of constant training and plenty of danger.

Aera, to the sad miscalculation of Bud, proceeds to, only as natural law dictates, land on its back, which is sadly horizontal to the turf, and impale its crown jeweled head with her Athame Of Stabbing Black Death. All kinds of liquids pour forth.

It teeter totters like a good dead loser should, twists and turns its off-balanced head, and bucks Aera off several kilometers forward to who knows what realms. One gone, three to go! Her cry trails behind her. Aera does not at all land horribly but Hyper Speed Flies out of sight.

Simultaneously, Orthe, Wodora and Pyre Pump Xcessive Energy into it, hoping to Overload it. The surroundings start to glow with the Residual Energy and Radiation being absorbed, deflected and reflected.

“Hah hah hah, intrepids, you think Energy will destroy me, this is exactly what I need!”

Pyre gives Orthe the ‘we did not miscalculate now did we?’ look.

It pulls another trick out of its bag on us, thus not rolling over dead: It apparently tied itself onto its own string. With a yank, it dislodges two Trees, Throwing them at us and flinging its equally Gross Net over us. Having a lightning calculator for a brain it determines precisely the resulting momentum affected on it; it slides back to its starting position out of entrapments way.

We dive for cover. Orthe is too late and receives the most disgusted look on his face he is ever had as he gets thrown, Tree and all, ripping through one of the arches hitting wooden pillar, wall and roof. Wood splinters and tiles Xplode everywhere.

Wodora is balled over by the female Tree, however manages to avoid injury by Deflection through the usage of her quite powerful telekinetic ability. With a grimace she turns toward the monster.

Pyre moves towards it cautiously, his right hand making a circular motion at waist level, with a growing Ball of Intense Fire when it begins vibrating. He stops, a smile spreading over his face.

“What is happening to meee . . .” All eight eyes roll over itself.

“This, you low-life deceiving impersonating lying beast!” Pyre is too late to stop Aera as she blasts through the air from out of nowhere behind it and Pokes with Great

Force a Wojo Stick Of Ether Lightning in its back. Blue Silver Light bursts out around it. The air crackles. The fumes stink. The Black Arachnoid laughs horrendously.

“Thank you, my dear, oh yes, yes! Now I am free to roam the galaxy . . .” It jabs out a blinding fast foot, in a Javelin Lightning Attack, express for Aera’s head who is still moving rapidly.

She somehow manages to Dodge it, doing a Full Vertical Axis Twirl, Flying up and landing on the opposite Chinese roof.

In the distraction, Wodora charges madly, blindly and disastrously at the head of this octopodous Creature hoping to catch it off guard and distracted, ending with a Knee Slide and Karate Chop. ‘Ending’ is the indicative word for she is caught in its mandibles and tossed away with a loud rip, like a piece of dung; distraction means very little to a Huge Black Spider.

Aera gives Pyre the handslap cue in for the double team action. She then leaps on Pyre’s shoulders and gyrates like a mad witch doctor. Raising her hands with the support of Pyre, we flood in virility into the compound with a Horny Wave of Higher Energy. Potency builds up.

“Pfff . . . I could puncture that like this.” It scoffs, Poking another Razor Sharp Limb into the Field of Pyre and Aera. Sparks detonate and it is rejected painfully, “Ow ow ow . . .” it sucks its toes fast.

Pyre and Aera’s voice rise into the sky, the tone, amplitude and layers increasing dramatically. We intone glory, praise and accolade to the Goddess. A Funnel Tunnel, twisting the fabric of the air, Twirls down to us. We usher in by Calling and Chanting, “We Call upon the magnificent ones, the enchanted ones, to help us in this time of distress, to cleanse this place of putridity, to abolish the abomination forever!” An enormous, though very well enveloped, Thunder Clap disturbs the area. A Blast Wind bends the Trees.

“Who is it to wake us from our slumber, calling upon our might?” A serade of quantum voices respond.

“We, Pyre and Aera, besetted upon by evil which we cannot purge from our presence. Help us!”

The voices come take a closer look, curious. The Air Funnel Tunnel becomes a Tornado whipping around its eye, the center of attention. They exclaim, “Hey ho, Oh Bud, pal! How’s it going? Long time, no see, what’s up?”

Pyre and Aera’s faces drop.

Oh Bud growls with a large smile, if Spider’s can smile.

They continue, "What's the problem here?"

Oh Bud points points sullenly at us, "Ask them."

They do, "What are you doing here, stupid mortals, do you have any idea where you are?"

Aera cannot believe it, "You mean you are not going to extinguish his royal vileness?"

They announce, "No, we are not. You see, Oh Bud, here, is Immortal and we couldn't do that even if we wanted to . . ."

Pyre's mouth drops open, "Wahhh . . ."

"And, in addition to that, a spider is a handy friend in time of trouble . . . you should really never kill one in your own household . . ."

Aera slides slowly down off Pyre.

"So, sorry we can't help you with that, however we can show you the transient nature of Form."

The Huge Black Spider becomes very still. Shrinking, the very substance of its shell transforming, it changes into something else.

Greeting us with a smile in a bowed head in a Buddhic Pose is a White Clad Monk.

With a calm wave of a hand he says, "Thank you, for the fun Battle, and may you have many enjoyable Illusion's."

His Master of the Tantric Art's also reappears with one small curt bow.

We are Null Planar Teleported off to a different dimension.

AW.B

We take a look around us at the mess. Dirt and parts of Trees and building are scattered around.

“I could certainly use a rest . . . hey, where the Hell did they go?!” Wodora turns around rapidly looking for them, scraping herself off the ground.

Orthe comes to as well after a somewhat arduous process.

Pyre explains, “They must have some kind of juncture point in this place. We have been sent to one of their parallel worlds, even possibly in a different timeline, but they have remained in theirs.”

“Yes, shall we find it?” suggests Aera.

“Oh sure, let’s have this long adventure and see if we can find that place, again . . .” Orthe moans painfully wiping off the last bit of goo, “I am getting so sick of surprises. Wow, you so underestimated that spider . . .”

“Who’s asking you?” Wodora replies, crossing her arms, somewhat pissed off.

“O.k., what way do you think it is?” Aera rubs her hands together in delight.

“Well, from the drifts of these places I’d say take a rest and reprieve ourselves in lower dimensions.”

“Well said, why exert this high frequency output for nothing?”

“O.k., duh, how?” Wodora puts her hands on her hips.

There are a variety of exits from this garden meandering off in hazy directions. Their destinations are shrouded in a mist.

“Well, since we are so good at ignoring physical barriers, why don’t we just sink through the grass, it’ll look really cool.” Wodora speaks eagerly and sarcastically.

“Yah, maybe there is a cavern with lots of treasure.” Aera is still totally for it.

“A Dragon’s treasure!” Pyre always has an overactive imagination.

“Yah!” Orthe loves the idea.

“Yah!” Wodora is now tempted too, her hurt pride recovered.

We fix our pants and skirts, respectively, and wiggle our toes in the pliable soil. Within seconds we begin to depart.

“Oh, cool! I can’t wait to see what happens!” Aera warms her hands in her pockets.

Dark amber light engulfs us. We have no difficulty with breathing. We feel a presence around our heads, the rest is just like bodily tunneling through earth. Wodora dares to open her eyes. Dark diffused light of a yellow orange brown sort reaches our photoreceptors. We travel, travel, down, down, deeper and deeper into an entirely different state. The earth changes consistency and becomes wet. It becomes wetter and wetter and is really quite disgusting.

‘Maybe we should return.’ Pyre, dreamily, mentally sends. This is another instance where telepathy is ideal for the circumstance.

‘Not at all, we’re almost there.’ Wodora responds.

‘How do you know?’

‘I can Sensai it.’

Sure enough, though after Wodora, the rest of us begin to feel this welcoming calming feeling of wet nourishment. We hasten our pace with purposeful neutron attracting aftings. We can touch the oncoming release of tension. Aera shivers.

The granular texture gradually dissipates and we are left immersed and progressing through only water. We can see through it in brown white yellow colours; Sun Light is throughout. It is tepid yet revitalizing, it is as though our very membranes are absorbing. We take big gulps.

‘My my, I wonder how long this lasts?’ questions Wodora.

Out of the brown earth we are falling, through thick damp air. We take rapid glances around us. A stony fragmented stone basin cavern awaits us, below.

Orthe and Pyre scream from the falling, having fun. Maybe it is the stalactites.

Wodora and Aera start waving their arms madly, like crazy birds, trying to fly.

We accelerate downwards to our certain doom but falling is a lot more fun than impacting.

Wodora and Aera begin to float while we choose to rapidly befriend our doom.

'Uhh, maybe we should dive after them, and uh, save them?' Wodora throws a question in the air.

Aera ponders a moment, 'Sure, why not? They're not allowed to have all the fun.'

Taking Swan Dives, they plummet after them. At the very same time, with their Faster Speed, they grab onto their scruffs and straining their necks upwards their toes break off tips of coned death. They blast upwards following the curve of the cavern towards the water, breaking off a couple more tips. Just below the water level they come to a rapidly decelerating stop. Of course, they begin to swing back, so grabbing them under the armpits with their legs they begin to Pump Air. Descending like very unusual Harpy's they land in a small shelter of limestone and graphite as the water above peacefully drips.

Orthe and Pyre are unconscious, Wodora thinks, 'The stupid men had forgotten that falling at high speeds makes you faint.'

Wiping her brow, Wodora stands up and examines the scene. It is, indeed, refreshingly new. Aera leans back against a custom made salt deposit. There are two big dark holes in the molded cavern. Apparently, the luminescence is sourced in blue green phosphorous algae living along the edge of the water.

'Wow, cool place.' Wodora comments to Aera.

Aera nods agreement, her eyes wide and trying to delve into the mysterious darkness.

Orthe and Pyre groggily awaken.

'Sorry, we wanted to find out what the impact would be like . . . Fascinating.' Pyre looks around at all the very rare flora and fauna.

Orthe struggles to stay awake.

The design on the soft stone is stepped. Moisture clings in light refracting grids along the surface of the various solid waves. Little mushrooms grow in a few pieces of loose humous. Occasional drops of water drip down on selected spots creating patterned degrees of colored marks. Most are blue. Some rare examples are shining silver. Aera walks over and admires these.

Orthe and Pyre get up and explore curiosities.

Wodora walks around inspecting novelties. Life here is teaming. There is an endless quantity of fascination within this confined space. One can drink the air.

There are also, amazingly, small flying insects with gray white translucent wings going back and forth between drooping yellow brown and in some rare instance orange flowers.

Wodora begins to shed tears. Her heart contracts smoothly and softly, water freely flowing through. She must pause by a forest of a unique variety of water lilies emitting violet purples and marine blues, shedding soft light fragrances. She brushes her fingertips through the tingling dew upon their surfaces. Smooth fragile toadstool stems leading up to the corrugated roof ducks makes Wodora sigh when she catches sight of the white polka-dots amidst burnt orange leading to the thin green stemmed dragon maws.

Aera walks carefully and enthusiastically under hanging vines leading to the next passage after gently lifting lush vibrant fore stalks. She looks under, discovering a miniature waterfall streaming against the rock. She walks towards the opaque gaping hole. Doing a one-step twirl, she carelessly moves on to the next enticement. Her lungs expand with pleasure with each turn in the story unfolding.

Orthe inspects the stones. Pyre takes samples.

Unsuspectedly, a breeze comes in. We turn our heads in reaction, surprised. It continues for awhile and goes. Bringing euphoric scents our curiosity is triggered in that direction.

Following the direction of the motion, causing us to bring the entire scene back into attention, almost floating, are diversely colored glowing birds. An entire school of them passing through the air waves.

'That is absolutely incredible.' Aera alofts.

'This place is a total wonder.' Wodora complements.

'I could stay here for at least a year taking in all the sensations; this one cavern is an enthrallment to rival the castles of the wealthiest King's and Queen's.'

'And all just for the taking, no admission fee, no hidden costs, a world unto its own sustaining its own existence. I wonder where the caverns lead to.'

'Why don't we find out? What do you say fellas, shall we choose a passage?'

Orthe nods agreement and Pyre stares after the disappearing winged ones.

'Oh, I can't resist, I must see those creatures further or at least find out where they are going.' Wodora sighs with delight.

Aera adds, 'Yah, however, maybe we want to find out where they came from.'

We are paused by indecision.

We take a sniff in their direction. Welcoming us are deep pungencies lowering our tongues, complete silence immersed in impenetrable light, embracing our skins.

In the other direction are blended impressions of musty earth, old, dense.

'Hmmm . . . I suggest after them.' Wodora causes an affirmative reaction in Pyre.

Aera frowns, rubbing her chin, 'You know what? I think you're right . . .'

Orthe ponders a moment, unsure, 'Here, let's say I Ignite an Artificial Torch?'

Wodora wiggles her body all over, 'Oooh, ambience.'

We go into the next area.

WE.M

The cavern narrows considerably, bringing our visual to a minimum. The wet rock glistens with our approach. The orange hue of our Artificial Torch Light brings us to the cleavage; it is wide enough for only one person.

“Shall I?” Orthe offers in a conversational mood.

“Be my guest.” Wodora accepts, peering suspiciously at the pure Black Hole between two vertical rough edged rock surfaces soaring up to more impenetrable blackness. We scan it and read it goes very high and there is no apparent danger.

Orthe squeezes along the moistness dripping along its surface. Condensation and moss is disturbed falling on his head and clothes. We follow, not so eager.

We press on pushing plumply through for what feels like ten meters. Our clothes stick with the sweat of our exertions and the humidity.

Orthe announces, “I can smell something, we are almost there.”

A thick rich aroma fills our nostrils, drawing us onward.

The last part is particularly difficult to navigate.

Orthe grunts, “Damn, a rock is lodged where my feet are, I can see the opening. Let me just step over it . . . What!” Crashing to the ground, Orthe manages to extinguish our guidance. He curses foully and repetitively.

“What happened, Orthe!” Wodora reaches down and forward to find him. She grabs his body, slips and screams a rapidly cut off scream.

All panic breaks loose as we fumble over each other trying to figure out what is going on. We scramble over Orthe and Wodora who are caught in the narrow space with some gross wet thing flailing on top of us.

“Quick, into the chamber!” Orthe’s voice sounds far away, “I Call upon and Ignite another Artificial Torch!”

Thick and syrupy fragrance now surrounds us entirely. We Tumble Fall into the room as the glow springs into existence.

Our stomachs turn. We hear a loud crack and slurping satisfaction.

Glancing around at our circumstances, our minds are pile driven into near submission. Holding Wodora's sagged body aloft is a white purplish decayed corpse with a mucous tendriled open gummed mouth who is half out of the brown scum slimed wall grinning evilly. Its pale milky unseeing eyes in a mottled torn face turn with hate at Orthe. In an awkward gesture of Impure Strength it hurls her broken body at him. Being a little bit taken off guard he does not dodge and Flies towards the opposite wall. There to greet him are the open arms of another hairless homogenous Solvolysis Undead Spawn.

Their voices drawl upon focus pits churning from their bowels outwards to our breath, "Mrrraawwwwww . . . Come tommmmme usss . . ." Leaving behind steaming drops of boils in the air, their voices fall.

"Aren't you already in your tomb?" Pyre is brought to his knees and bent over forward, his back and face bloated in anguish, from the mere bringing forth of such an evil voice.

Orthe is trying to break loose and recover clearheadedness, Wodora's bruised body at his feet, Aera is alone in the middle of this large stagnant chamber. The second cavern is now intruded by animate grotesque carcasses at frequent and regularly spaced intervals. They twist and turn on through these black gray white pods dripping with slime.

"Whaaddd shelll weeeeeee oooo med yoooooo liddle plydings?" They speak as one, their speech morphing as they drone through various exceedingly irritating layers of Low Waves with a grating edge like they are squishing their toothless jaws together in unison, their punctured white flesh and bone exposed arms reaching bent towards Aera. She does not move.

Their voices somehow refine, a little more together now, "We cood yous marrow of you sord plydings of warm moisd undrflejjjj . . . Commmmm do us! Grrraaaaa . . ." Their just awful chorus ends in a scream.

Pyre repeats his remark, "Aren't you already free?"

Aera sags to her knees feigning weakness and succumbing, "No please, don't hurt me . . . I won't do anything . . . Don't take my . . ."

Like a fat juicy worm, one leaps out of the wall at her where they are also nestling. Bile squirts out of the hole which rapidly fills with another Solvolysis Undead Spawn. It falls 2 meters short and slugs across the rock towards her leaving a trail of white yellow foamy puss. It has no legs. It slobbers and shakes spasmodically back and forth, its arms pathetically pulling itself along.

Orthe finally gains leverage though thoroughly covered with intestinal juice, "Take this you . . ." He grabs the constantly moving arm of the one grabbing at him and

yanks forward. With a wet plop he tears its arm off; worms and parasites burst out of the socket in abundance. They fall just behind Orthe who Tumbles forward slipping over slickness and Pyre stares in disgust at the one crawling not believing his eyes that such Hell Creatures actually exist and what their Bad Karma must be to have deserved such a fate.

Pyre cannot help himself and puts the thing out of its misery with one Mighty Blow of his Long Sword Of Fire And Electricity. Lightning and juicy wet pieces of rotted flesh Xplode in all directions.

Aera tempts some more towards her with body jiggles. Their heads turn and look at each other in triumph, harshly curving lips upward, drooling and nodding at her apparent submission. They flop towards her.

While regenerating, Wodora is instinctively and prematurely awoken by active fluid eating through her clothes. She is terrified and still wounded; she claws her garments off and Casts a Heal Critical Wound's Spell on herself.

They get extremely excited at her nakedness, thinking she is food, "Yesss, more fledjjj . . ." One takes a swipe at her, however she Dodges and Spin Kicks it into oblivion. Pieces of its dead wet flesh fly all over the place.

"Orthe, watch out!" She leaps for him.

They begin to burst out of their mud holes, all together, bubbling mud remaining, "Now you are oursss . . . all of you . . . each liddle suckulend tidbid . . ."

"Shit! A Trap! They wanted us to enter the cavern." Orthe expels, suddenly throwing up involuntarily, excessively, simultaneously and continuously over everything as he lands face first on one hand 10 centimeters from the reach of the closest.

Fortunately, they are very slow and very stupid, not accelerating at all.

Wodora is next to him. In one motion, quickly recovered from stamina built up from plenty of bars, Orthe jumps up, spins vertically and lashes out his right foot with a Quarter Forward Foot Ball Kick at the incoming head of this lower denomination. With a loud and very Hard Thud its head Xplodes in a 10 meter radius spewing brain matter everywhere. They howl in rage and repulsion, their arms clawing upwards from the ground as their heads bang into the rock.

Pyre repeats again, "Are you not already enraged and repulsed?" He starts swinging madly away with his Long Sword Of Fire And Electricity and sticky body parts go flying in all directions.

Wodora gratefully knocks Aera out from behind for her antics with a good solid Head Knock to the neon pink glowing target, the best place to get it, that sweet soft wet

spot at the back of her head. She falls limp to the ground and Wodora smirks at getting even.

Dozens of these Solvolysis Undead Spawn pour out of the walls and Pyre cannot hold them off any longer. He falls and they crawl over his already half-comatose expellant covered dead body.

“What the Hell are we going to do?” cries Wodora to Orthe.

“I haven’t the faintest, I have had nightmares before but this takes the cake!”

“Noding!” They rejoice in an enclosing circle. The place absolutely reeks. More wait in their fetid embryos. Their numbers seem endless.

This time its Orthe turn to crack jokes, “Noding? WTF!”

The webbed catacomb begins to shake in eagerness, coming alive. They come closer and closer as Orthe and Wodora think what the Hell to do, their heads slobbering and exuding digestive fluids beginning to gestulate in a Chain Reaction on top of two piles over the dead bodies of Aera and Pyre forming small hills.

With Aera and Pyre between them and minds linked there is only enough time for one word as many more pile into the cavern, “Leave!” They grab Aera and Pyre telekinetically, the bodies of these Solvolysis Undead Spawn flying through the air chaotically and crashing into the jagged walls and their Spawn Holes lined with tendrils and vines. We fear, of course, that it may not only be Solvolysis Undead Spawn who are here but some full grown specimens.

We fly straight up for the next blinking exit for lighter realms.

Realities meld, or rather commence such.

Ignominiously, several launch themselves upward by sheer effort from a couple of the heavily piled up hills of spawn corpses grabbing for our ankles. Orthe and Wodora remain clenched into each other, holding Aera and Pyre in annihilatory concentration. Like a parabola of churning grease, the entire emulgation melds through the earth above. About 6 cream Solvolysis Undead Spawn hang on, following.

Orthe and Wodora fight on, directing in vast quantities of Energy; the very walls fight against our attempt, absorbing most of it. Like breathing membranes, the fabric of existence is held in sway by this collective Entity of Demonism; the walls puff in and out slowly, showing murky veins devouring its own which are still stuck in their capsules. It is a very large spawning ground going up kilometers. It grows in strength challenging the Electro-Magnetic Might of Orthe and Wodora.

We pump in more Power and Energy. Our enemies follow establishing a Circular Stasis Unification within this construction. Vital fluids pumping through become poison for us.

Orthe bites through steel jawed ego, “It’s not working, we’re doing something wrong.”

Wodora Stagger Zaps back, knocking two out of their Unholy Grip, “We . . . must . . . stop . . . this . . .”

The Solvolysis Undead Spawn reach in for their reward . . .

Wodora and Orthe reverse the polarities. In a Matter Disintegration Crush, we stop the Negative Influx coming from the very complex itself, their Solvolysis Mother Queen herself!

Opening up all pathways, we allow a Vacuum Hole in sub-space to enter and exert a Great Reflection Force at it in return.

We are flung upwards and outwards, Hyper Accelerating into another existence as this huge act of destruction eliminates everything beneath us.

AF.M

We fling through Hyper Space travelling in mindless bliss for awhile, realizing this with the gradual return of layer after layer of sensory manifestation. This a rather significant delight to us, considering. We reachieve identity frameworks, surprised no screws are loose . . . Life is such a fascinating substance. Death is as well, albeit a little too attractive.

We come up via our neural network into the awareness of perfect heat—not too dry, not too humid. Adding to this, like a fine pastel complementing a deeper underlayer, is fresh Citroen Water being poured into our eager stomachs. Following with deliberation is the aroma of fresh strawberries leading to the night cap of a dark brown wood table with crystalline liquer glasses on it appearing through white smoke. A puff of blue and a Harp Of Multi-Layered Chord's begins to play in old Celtic style, possibly a continental tribe or the mystical seclusion of the Isle. We are floating in midair several thousand meters above a forest island beneath us.

The sheer joy of this circumstance puts Aera into phasis, 'Wow! Look at all the clouds, gee, I can't believe we are so high up, how did we get here, oh, uh, what do you think Pyre?' Her telepathic voice also resonates in harmonic vibrations.

Pyre silently laughs at her enthusiasm, 'Joy forbade me, witch-all-pride, all right, all right . . .'

'Fascinating . . .' is all that comes from tired Orthe and Wodora. They lounge with a cocktail in their hands on Cloud 15.376B.

We renourish ourselves in this lofty altitude. There appears to be a removal of the cloud cover, possibly a showing for some high official. The Sun gradually reveals its bright orb, damnating the sky yet exposing it in brilliant ultraviolet pink to white crystal blue. The waves move peacefully far beneath us.

Pyre stands up on his and Aera's Cloud 12.944Q wobbling for a second and achieving a lion's roar which stretches vastly, 'Ahhh! I always wanted to do that at 3000 meters.'

We laugh between sweet sips. The puff clouds are infinitely soft and buoyant. Adjusting themselves to your exact back problem, they blow away any recliner. In fact, we are so immersed we have no idea how to get off; of course, we do not want do this.

He continues, 'I wonder if we can, like, go somewhere with these? Wadda ya think?'

Aera takes up the gauntlet, bouncily, 'Ooh boy, oh boy, why don't we go to a foreign land in some distant time, you know, a place out of the fables, say, like 'Merryland', yah that's it.'

Pyre rubs his chin, "Merryland'? Eh? I don't know, not a bad choice, however, what about 'Fairyland'.'

We suck in a clear breath of oxygen in delight, 'Oh Fairyland!'

Aera clasps her hands together, 'Oh yes, let's! Can we, uh? Can we? I want to see the Pixies, Brownies, Faeries, the Satyr, Nymph's, Dryad's, Sprites, and uh . . .'

'How about just 'Eldorado'?' Pyre does not want to see her hopes broken.

'Whyyyyyy . . .' Aera is caught up in this bracelet.

'Well, for one, except for Pure Will, we have no idea how to go about directing ourselves to any particular plane of existence. We are stuck in this multi-dimensional maze going from one doorway to another which are somehow connected to each other. So far, we can up and down, to higher realms of more Goodness and lower realms of Badness, yet we cannot jump to any one we want to for we do not have the full map. See the problem?' Pyre is matter of fact.

'I see what you mean. If there is no gate at the destination or we don't know where the gates are, in the first instance, then how can we puddle jump there? However, what's wrong with Will: I want to.' Aera pouts.

'Pfff . . . , like I didn't watch that one. I have no idea though, if you just guess and Null Planar Teleport then you could end up in Deep Space 9.5 in the middle of some Godforsaken space sector, if not in the middle of some planet or asteroid field, on the other hand if we just travel at Light Speed or 'Super Light Speed' then it will take half a millenium to get there, so you know as they say K.I.S.S., why don't we go to the forest below and see if we can fulfill your wish. In fact, I think it is the very same place . . .'

'Which?' interjects Wodora.

Orthe adds, 'Yes, Witch Warlock?'

'Oh yes, right, thank you, almost forgot, rather, ok, now let's see.' Pyre finishes the string of his Lute Of Complementary Tones. Wodora finishes her Harp playing with a nice long brush of her fingers which rises up divinely.

Aera is overjoyous: She jumps off.

'No! Wait! I wasn't finished.' tries Pyre. Wodora negates his attempt.

In any case, Aera goes nowhere, fast.

She looks down at her candy floss feet, 'Wha?'

We curious, move to take a look though find ourselves similarly meshed.

Pyre struggles with his feet, 'I don't get this, since when is vapor impermeable?'

'Where and when are certainly the key words,' mutters Aera, 'maybe we should sit down and go figure the exact technique of Planar Travel . . . or we'll end up in another cesspool like that Hell.'

'Yes,' Pyre assents, 'this should be funny if it wasn't ridiculous.'

A cold strong breeze buffets our perch while a large range of EM Radiation warms us with soft friction. We feed off of the lively rarities. Feeling like exotic birds we crow madly to break the tension.

'Bah, I'm not concerned,' Pyre boasts, 'we can get out of anything.'

Aera slaps him up the side of the head, 'Never say that Pyre! That is an admonition of our very souls; never tempt the God's and Goddesses, especially so close to their residing place!'

'Never say never, and what makes you think they all live high—Who is Osiris, a goody woody twoo bwoo?'

'Never, Never, Never, Never! Never ad infinitum.' Pyre goes on and on for almost forever making his point, 'There are some things I would NEVER do!'

Orthe corrects him, 'You don't know that, you could get tempted and/or possessed.'

'Anyway, whatever, how about the Kid going Never Never Never Land, the whole time . . .' Pyre continues, 'We're stuck, thank my God not in the Neverlands, so what are you going to do about it?'

'Me?? It's more like Nether Land . . . I think the thin air here is making you lightheaded.'

'Right . . . it's only the air . . . And anyway, I'm always Light Headed.'

Aera makes the T-sign, 'You don't even know how to define shit right, it's Light Head, stupid. This is a problem, another one, a sitcom, oh no, not another late night sitcom, soap reality show, it's more like sharp brutal harsh reality with a few ups like this fine place. And, can we please, please can the canned laughter?'

This bursts us all up in Bright Light's And Spark's and we are unable to concentrate.

'Oh, I get it.' Pyre raises an index finger, 'Let's ask the clouds; they got us here; every problem has a cause; understanding your enemy is half the battle; knowing the cause allows for solution of it; the solution is 1; QED.'

"Ow." is all we say, out loud again.

We finally notice, strangeglovely enough pondering over all the slaughterhouses below on primarily Stupid Human Planet's and Stupid Mutant Planet's trying to forget that *they* do not care at all, that the cloud is not moving.

Aera observedly points this out, "Hey, look the cloud is not moving."

"Yah, neither are we." Pyre adds dismally.

"O.K! Seriously, now." Aera points her finger unsteadily at Pyre trying not to smile again.

He flippantly asks, "When's now?"

She Soft Knuckle Punches him in the belly, finally through with him, square in the solar plexus. He springs back and forth like a wooden clown. Little bird twitterings flutter out of his mouth.

"Well, geeeeee, what do you expect," blabbers Pyre idiotically, "if things are going to just keep happening to us, I'll be not going to cooperate, so there." He folds his arms and his voice ends in a higher pitch.

Aera exasperates, "Fine! Since reason and morality is for Philosophy and Science and Mathematics are for facts and logic we still have that damn Astro Physics Planar Theory to learn, let's go into action, once again, and see what happens. This time, though, let us consciously Observe each moment, to the best of our ability, as though we go slower through time and space . . . and try to get the relative positions of the blinking doorways."

Pyre comes to rest, "Aren't all Law's metaphysical? And though your monologue had intimations of Immortality, we could just simply remember and spew out the answer suddenly. What do you think is preferable?"

This stumps us for awhile, which is apparently not a problem, since nothing untoward happens.

"We could just wait . . ." proffers Aera, intrigued, chewing her fingernail, acting dumb.

“Nah, that’s boring . . .” returns Pyre, puzzled, ape-like, scratching his head, acting stupid.

The cloud dissipates.

“AhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhHHHHhh.h.hhhhh . . . hhhhhhhhhh . . .”

We picture pancakes in Tree branches though that vision could be merely induced by rapidly changing air pressure.

“What do you do when you are falling?” screams Aera.

“Fall more.” suggests Pyre.

“Ahh . . . hhhhhh . . .”

This time we fall even farther down and faster, reading lesser modulations from the lower blinking exit.

FE.E

Falling is great fun, it is landing which is the problem . . .

We need to mind meld again.

'After our usual verbal intellectualization, we resort back to our normal virtual means of communication, one that can work in any situation requiring little time and is efficient, thus whoever comes up with an idea instantly communicates it telepathically to us and we consider it. The rest will follow. Or to quote a well known digital electronic house group who's name we forget: 'Free your mind and the rest will follow'. Or is that, free your Base Chakra and the rest will follow? Or, eliminate all resistance and you will travel quickly and freely . . . Most definitely a caption for the zen-like 'Horrorscope' Comic Strip who's Author's name we also forget, considering we are severely occupied presently. And in that line of thought, who exactly is talking? Yes, boys and girls, 'Can you spell: 'A . . . noth . . . er . . . mys . . . ter . . . y . . . ". Can you pronounce that? Are you getting irritated by the continual apparent shifts of the writing perspective (maybe I want to talk directly to the reader, great fun in free fall). Why not or why: Two equally relevant questions? R.A.W. did it and sold 100,000+ copies pronto . . . Hmm. Right, maybe I should stop. Also, O.S.C. wrote a total write on for the sequel to 'Ender's Game'. Don't you just love all the wonders? Funk Trance is cool, too, but did it go anywhere? In any case, after this one I am going to get real serious and you'll wonder how the Hell I did so; I'm getting my jollies while I can. Better all at the same time you know, then the reader will think you're creative. And, what are limits? Do know however that this is a legit part of the book whether you like it or not. So, I leave you with a question: Who am I? And, who are we?'

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhh . . ."

"*@!!X-"

Pyre stops screaming as we plummet, 'Gee, I'm getting bored of falling!'

Orthe nods, 'Worse than being sea sick, air sick is.'

We achieve a useful interesting existential perspective. Maybe it is the apparent lack of progress with known velocity; the terrain changes so little this way, only more of it. Like Depth Illusion's, the depth is illusory. So we move, yet do not.

Pyre goes faster, 'Since I'm bored of saving myself and I'm sure you'd agree, like I can save myself from anything, why don't we free our creativity, leave it in the hands

of, uh, Fate, and go with the flow. I personally feel rather accelerated.’ He also likes retorts.

Orthe takes a seated position, reclining on his elbow, ‘Oh hah hah, intriguing option though, what is your plan?’

‘Well, let’s stop justifying ourselves for awhile, we’ve done plenty of that with reason, cause and effect, intuition, reaction time, duration, consistency, etc. etc., I’m happy with myself, let us just do absolutely nothing and see where we end up—no, we won’t even use our Illusion.’

Wodora and Aera are busy in lively conversation.

‘Fascinating, yes, I see your point, oh thank you waiter of the cognac, would you like something?’ Orthe responds, doing full body turns.

‘If we stop directing our mind frames onto the fabric of nature then maybe it will do that to us? We certainly have enough momentum to bring us somewhere.’ Pyre concludes, his waist length hair fully extended.

‘Gee, you’re so clever, Pyre.’

‘Personally, I think you’re a genius, too.’

‘Thank you.’

‘Thank you.’

‘No, thank *you*.’

‘Let us tell the girls.’ Orthe motions at us, ‘Hey, we came up with a plan . . .’

They cut him off with absent nods.

He returns, flapping his arms.

Pyre offers, ‘Shall we wait?’

‘Yes, and r.s.v.p. breathe while you’re at it.’

‘Now is a perfect time for me to get in some more words, but I will decline the offer, satisfied with my previous recourse and lack of reiteration. This statement is false: In relation to what?’

Orthe and Pyre stare eagerly at the oncoming Tree branches, like two kids discovering a new danger. At truly phenomenal and accelerating speeds, we Hyper Accelerate

to our destination, though hopefully not the final one. This grabs the attention of the mademoiselles who turn to the monsieurs.

Aera is slightly irritated, 'Well, haven't you done something yet?'

Orthe and Pyre are mildly affronted and demonstrate this in their body language, with bent elbows, arm crunches and middle fingers, though how such is possible plummeting straight downwards with the great friction of the wind howling by is unclear.

A mammoth contained Roar of Wind is around us as we reach near Light Speed.

Wodora indicates, 'Can't you see, we are about to impact.'

Orthe and Pyre smile mischievously as we do so.

KABOOM!!

Brown red black earth succeeds our vision; we touch the sliding by earth with ecstasism. Very little is received by our nostrils and taste faculties; we would not want to become quiche.

Flames and sky sent earth ricochet upwards. Trees entirely Xplode into billions of toothpicks. Rocks shatter. Crust after crust of magma are insufficiently solid. We make our way to the center of the Earth, or maybe China.

The detonation is heard for thousands of leagues. Dust is sent through the atmosphere creating night in neighbouring populations. The superstitious kneel and prey. Satanist's glubber. A forest fire is started.

After a time equal to g minus inherent resistance of the object we come to rest. We deflatten ourselves off of asphaltite, but it sure feels like asphalt, nothing like Out Of Body Projection, and stretch oxygen back into exerted muscles.

"Wow, uh huh, that was farout!! Cheap thrills!" Pyre's mouth is wide open as he looks at all the destruction around us.

"Yah, uh huh, let's do it again." Orthe drools, "I'm, like, totally a major adrenaline junkie. Damn ya, what great effects!"

"I don't think we can, Newton is a bastard."

"Yah, uh huh, uh huh, that would be just stupid to fly up again, fall on purpose and then, uh huh huh, clobber the living crap out of everything with another massive crater, or, uh huh, make this one deeper, if it wasn't for his bwainwashing maybe we could've gotten somewhere, already. But no, they had to go and wreck it all."

Orthe and Pyre do the last whip off of their early Metallica and Black Sabbath T-Shirt's and smell the air.

The women look concerned at them. Around us is a future-archaeologist-go-crazy-to-rival-the-Incas cone valley. Already, Alien's begin moving in for the spectacle.

Seeing we are no longer alone, the Natives, also intrigued, moving in faster than anyone thought to gain their presence and position on the brink of this disaster area, are somewhat freaked.

We return to telepathic mode.

'I think we have a problem . . .'

 Orthe points.

Around the circumference of the better-than-Grand-Canyon-and-more-esthetically-pleasing-than-Dragon-Child is an increasing bound ring of smoke in the sky.

'Dope!' Pyre exclaims.

'No, that's not dope, you dough head, that is a problem. Look at what you did!'

'Me? I didn't do it.'

'It was your idea, genius.'

Without further sacrilege we fly up. It takes ten minutes to attain a view adequate for ascertaining first what the worst counteractive measures are. The Rainforest is furnacing for about 10 kilometers in every direction.

Actually moving with the hole event itself, as the most paying dumb tourists, was quite thrilling but we cannot tolerate this huge destruction of the Ecosystem and will take very effective countermeasures. Hopefully, we will even be able to reverse the process, however the elimination of an ancient jungle forest is usually completely irreparable and irreversible. The flora and fauna alone which get killed and all the possible cures for Humanity it can provide will never return, once extinct. If this irresponsible leeching, raping and killing of Planet Earth does not stop then there will be no sustainable future except for a few Elite Artist's and Scientist's who blast away in their Elite Colony Space Ship to escape it all.

'Damn! Quick, Earth and Water, I Call upon you my bested, douse this red inferno.'

 Orthe and Wodora yell in unison.

Pyre grimaces, 'What kind of lousy Incantation is that? Hurry, let us pump Nullifier's over it. This is horrific.'

Wodora, with the help of Aera, sucks water down from the sky in the form of Rain Cloud's of Insta Condensation. Orthe, with the help of Pyre, achieves Light Speed, this time by Will and Power And Energy, and Ground Blasts a wide trench around it.

Alien Tourist's and Immigrant's continue to populate, some setting up booths to sell tickets for the show.

Big billows of Fire Flares lick up the air. The temperature is very high. The intruders are definitely from Mars. Some even have the audacity to suggest beginning construction of their facial and pyramidal monuments justifying that, 'Wouldn't it be so post modern, beep beep wee, if it looked like such from a distance and all we have to do, get it, is calculate how long it takes for the whole thing to erode . . . Start Betting.' Our efforts go for some time unacknowledged.

We return to center for a Telepathic Conference above and in the middle of this crematorium.

Orthe is sweating, 'It's always better to solve several problems at once, eh? So, why don't we Trans-Induct all this mysteriously vanished Matter and particularize several generalities in one?'

'Great! How?' Pyre asks, wondering how much time they still have.

'Well, all this condensed Matter went somewhere, so let us hold hands, slurpy kiss, and bring it back.'

We agree.

Like fine weaved thread, we Reverse Time in an isolated fashion. Martians used to this sort of thing, ignore.

Beginning with a fine stream of pebbles and dust, solids exponentially return. Boulder after boulder, rock shelf after mineral deposit, are replaced into original positions. In a minute, the Area is completely dumped over with fire quenching earth.

The other invading Foreigner's not expecting this, hoping to capitalize on this who are too close to the burning and smoldering rim, are buried alive.

We erect the solid Matter's into a Wall Of Protection.

With quiet flourishes the Tree Family rebuilds itself, leaf and twig twirling back into place. All is serene and peaceful. A bird begins singing. We let ourselves slowly down to pause in Tree branches, hanging limply.

'There, I'd like to see someone point there finger on that . . .' says a translucent apparition who materializes from nowhere, pointing at us.

We look at it, trying to figure out who it is. It dissipates though.

'After lunch, let's continue.' Orthe does not ponder too much.

'Excellent idea, Orthe.' Pyre falls asleep from exhaustion.

The women nod agreement and also pass out.

In our dreams we enter the next reality.

EF.M

We find a multi-faceted 100-sided die in front of us with other small twirling dice and we grab it.

'You know what,' Pyre says, 'I don't think that was a good idea!' And he laughs like Baying Hound Dog's with the grey white black clouds, with their mouths ragged, up, and black dirty pools in their psyches.

'Well Pyre, I think you have already found your place here in the weird scenes inside the goldmine . . .'

'Really??' His eyes bulge out like Lava Centres which are very busy these days . . .

'It's okay buddy, it's all right.'

'No. I mean really.'

'Oh, it's all right, eh? It's more like they need a good solid left in the face.' He looks slyly at him.

This goes all the way through our heads. We kill the floor thrashing madly in hysterical laughter.

'O.k., man, if that is you standing here like a Celtic Warrior, then straight in back and proud with the 'courage' of lions.'

Someone pushes an Electronic Button somewhere at this precise moment and every time we think we are safe and can babble a little with each other, then It does . . . A crowd of highly super trained Armor suited Robo Cheer Leader's break into a huge Dance Techno Roar, "Hey, AHHHHHOOOoooyoiiii . . ." then the mood kicks in, round about midnight, with the Full Moon, standing between the Trees in the blue sky, with streaming white clouds, and their goes the button on the Electronic Piano, 'Ddddddddddlllllit, Boinnnnnnnngggggggggggggggggg!'

We come to our shaken senses, clarified, 'At Lasttttttttt!'

Like a finale, a Roman Greek Statue bursting its fine white ceramic god-like 'glass eyes' mirage trip, Pyre's head Xplodes.

Being psychologically developed by this confiscation, he smiles Mediterranean Cooking Spices.

'Which way?' Pyre intones with his virtual head, now fully Out Of Body, growling like a Thunder Cat of the Gray Mountain's, particularly along the highways of British Columbia.

'Well.' Orthe cannot believe his own 360 spherical degrees.

Like a CAR WARS fantasy Illusion fulfilled to real. Their roars of metallic silver wheels screaming, echoing over the pine Trees, as they semi-transparent 3D Hologram's of the Undead laugh evilly and Death riding by on his black silver steel phantom Harley Davidson.

Orthe continues, 'This place is damn fine, mind you, why don't we just go to a Coffee Shop, with a strong 80 proof iron whiskey bar grooving the 24/7 3D digital surround sound tracks, and maybe climb a few mountains.'

We pause and wait for a while at the edge of the road as they scream by and reminisce. The models on these things are incredibly gorgeous and varied.

After they go by, we pause for a while and admire the low cloud structure. The green white blue black junction point is in between, steadily pulsing and stirring like a thick hot drink.

Definitely, we are having an influence on the present State of the Universe, the red brown black entrance point, going way down the foundation line once again. We are earnestly trying to pause and cannot seem to begin again, hopefully in a slightly altered level. We stand, broadening our shoulders, taking on similar Form's as those of the Egyptian God's and Goddesses attempting Meditative Technique Transformation. We smile.

We seem to be attempting a certain stasis of our reality.

'What say you, Orthe? Shall we? The girls could use a vacation, and hiking has got to be their great sport.'

The babes in the woods nod.

'Fine then, maybe we can meet some more Dwarves. You know, this gold here can keep you busy for drainage after drainage.'

'Ok, pardner, let us enter this sacred ground, maybe we can find some sacred rites and write them. Of course, a good really old Celtic Egyptian Ceremony should, the local, get us working together to promote the Native Indian's, wow, we are caught up in the local, however as I said,' Pyre, with a slight hesitation, is fired and the real Pyre smiles through. Great fun, for the kids, 'Now listen to the Dragon of the After-Life speaking when he is in really damn Low Frequencies. And if you insult his Silver

Hairpiece and rapidly demarcating yourself by staring at it too long, you'll never see him again for a very long time.'

'Fine,' Pyre takes over, 'we have achieved a stillness around us, with the occasional rustle of the chipmunk and squirrel, the steady blow of the wind, the howl of the wolves, the cooing of an owl, similar to a European School Teacher in one of those old Christian Villages, and let us Bard's of Timelines walk through and create Civilization's, Cosmonaut's of the 1st Degree, every iotum or so.'

'Fine plan, you were certainly long on the breath though . . .'

'Thank you . . .'

The Hotrod's walk through entranced, preparing for a Shadow Cat's nap, in comparative degrees.

'If we achieve some altitude then we won't even notice them and they will still be by our sides.' Orthe continues pointingly with needed stance and brow, back at them, 'We . . .'

Sulfur pepper First Man Creatures cooking Spices, with their pungent earth based flow of blood through our veins, the sky sucking in our lungs, first through the nostrils and then out the mouth, light filling our environment with clear indicated angles, the air is fresh to the taste, primal Panther stalking Pantheress, "Mrrrowwling . . . Mrrroww!" through the Trees of the night.

The potency of the unifying of our perceived combined reality is constantly pulling on our intellects. With a conjured Oscillation Drive, Pyre fights in Screwed Up Might at the subconscious Tree affectors. He does not succeed.

Pyre states, in an arbitrary fluctuation, 'The method would be useful, would it not Orthe?' He says with a tight grin.

Orthe's real estates shout out in ecstatic manner. They are so ineluctable stonework. He stops at the entrance.

Now we are here in the middle of a throughway. It has become a strawberry bedecked patio on the Mountain of Shiva. Taking our seats, we sit back and enjoy the very blue remaining sky; the swaying twirl of the multi-color super red blue is ricocheting between the @ Cherry Trees, with our work crop fields.

With unnoticed passage, a condensed White Light moves into and becoming a Tetrahedron, even more deadly than the Cruxus, or better yet, the Cruxus Nemesis, it starts emitting Ray's Of White Light through the entire west coast, where Post Fallout Hippies still smoke, wear long hair and play bongos.

Orthe comes back from weeding a quarter acre, 'Intensive labor this, I sure like it.' He does a Beaming Chest Smile and Ups our perception of Universal Existence.

He points at one facet of the die and seeing the opportunity Casts a Spell on it.

"Don't!" Pyre expulses, too late.

We are set spinning, like we cannot believe our eyes, this pyramidal glowing red pie around us: The Death Biker's, the road, the Dark Trees, the mountain ranges, are space blasted way below us and we are sitting and spinning in the ionosphere.

The three acute angles from above pour out tanned White Light. The Universe is hologrammed, our best description, at about twenty paces from us, if we were to walk towards it. We check out this Phenomenal Form in its Light Speed moving splendour. We discover we can fluctuate the very fluctuations, colors momentarily melding, and Orthe's hand is repulsed back with a slight bounce.

He pulls it instinctively off and solid Black Fool's Gold rivulets, like a puddle, glide over the sides . . . His mouth opens in surprised disbelief.

Pyre beckons, 'What if their was a time limit?'

'It would be death for us, for sure.'

Pyre punches the side of the die in the precise middle with an unstoppable blur, 'I think we were doing the combination of Intent and Will and is this world getting smaller?'

With a Random Sequential Beeping we are Electrocutted with White Lightning. The Pyramid Of Our Life is now out of sight, though Egypt is a booming place.

We sit in front of a solid tiled vine protected entrance, 'Well, uhhhhh . . .' Orthe does a beer salute, 'Maybe this is a tunnel to some high up Demi-God, or something.'

Wodora and Aera are stunned.

'So, that was the is, and which is now, maybe, the becoming, however most certainly the happening, of the combined inspirations of iron deposited bluffs which frame the juncture.' speaks out Pyre, in his red, to brown, to white, simmering surface.

'It is overwhelming.' Orthe feels extremely exerted.

The glorious materializing of the Full Moon dominating our perception in the night sky trips out Wodora and Aera who's swaying bodies gamma to the middle of the penetrable air above the gulf of the beach, yet on the beach, pulling us like magma crust layers expanding into thick adamantite granite.

‘So, if I punch this die stone, do I transfer myself to where I Will?’ Pyre questions.

‘Which number do you want to press?’ Orthe laughs and Pyre invites him into the room where he stands arms spread over, yet on the side of this earthened keep.

‘Maybe there is a password? A layered oscillating toned wavelength one . . .’ Orthe investigates.

‘I think the indicative gesture does it.’

‘Can’t be both, can it?’

‘Why not?’

We try. We waver back, like opening the treasure filled Light Chest Of Pandora, where ironically enough all the Evil Shadow’s sprung from, flipped out of our geniusized minds . . .

AF.B

We find ourselves in a Transparent Tower. This Tower is in the middle of space.

The Universe shines beauty around us in the Form of the Celestial Constellation's and their myriad of Galaxy's, Solar System's, Sun's, Planet's and Moon's. He sees the Matter's and Energy's fluctuating in particles and waves throughout all the spectrums.

'Wow, that was fast.' Aera whistles surprisingly, her pale white face taking it all in.

'What a view.' Pyre looks around. His eyes glow black, yet filled with a great Light and Fire.

Our Sun shines paisley stylized white contrasting with the black of interstellar space.

This Tower is cylindrical, we inside, tiny dots of light, the rooms are adorned with interior decoration of the ages. Their red white outline gives a fine futuristic effect. We enter a hallway with black and white diamond marble floor tiles.

There are doors and doors and doors . . .

After looking at all the pretty pictures, Aera stops our tour, stretching, and hesitates, 'Let us become lost in this maze of a thousand faces.'

With awesome stature, towering 6 meters above us, is a similarly glowing Wizard's face, which is quickly followed by an intricately working hand, who grabs the base of our structure and laughs evilly, 'Ah Hah! I have you now! Ignorant fools playing with Unknown Forces, let this be your lesson. Reverse, asshole!' With spine searing torque our orientation is altered 180 degrees.

The apparition is gone, just as Pyre shouts out, "Hey! Who the Hell are yoou? What are you doing?" Now, as a mildly irritated Scottish Highlander Lord Of Battle And Leadership, now getting pissed off, he turns around rapidly looking for the now vanished Wizard.

The Sun is now broadside through perfectly clear crystal arched red-lined Renaissance windows between the doors giving us an evenly distributed tan.

Pyre recovers ground, somewhat worried, 'Aera, maybe, I suggest we test the walls of this place, if that is a Wizard as seen by his attire then we are fucked.'

She considers and with supernaturally endowed strength spins over to the wall with the Sun in the center coming out with a shattering right. Her hand cracks to a dead halt.

She buckles over holding her wrist in torture, 'Ow, that hurt.'

Orthe smirks, 'What diiid ya goo n dooo that for, just stupid.'

Pyre tries another wall. Solid block. Before long, all 6 directions are checked. We are trapped in this magnificently decorated hallway with a black concave slightly domed ceiling full of randomly blinking white stars and silver red gold Magic Symbol's.

'We cannot exit, our learned Trick is not working, not to insult the owners or anything, it is just we want to make sure we can leave, if we want. Plentiful influences and, in fact, every single name I know of, and more.' He enchants the walls with his favorite in.

This does not work, either.

The horrid Giant Wizard returns glaring balefully into our enclosure.

'O.k., now I've got it, all will be mine! Can't make money, eh? I'll pull an Asophist Maneuver they'll never get. Heeeeeee hee hee hee . . .' We now see he has a red white black Coned Wizard's Hat.

We look at each other terrified, intuitively and spontaneously realizing something at the same time.

'Wah! What did we do? I've never encountered an Evil Magi so large, and in his domain.' Aera hisses.

'Nah . . .' Pyre admonishes, 'We couldn't possibly have walked over the path of a Black Star Walker.'

'Or, something disguised as such.' Orthe analyzes.

'You detect a surface mechanism?' Aera asks Pyre.

'No, besides the fact he's right off his rocker with Great Power And Energy.'

'That means nothing, all of a sudden, I'm just a little bit concerned.'

His old twisted pruned face cackles, blasting by us through a window, 'Right off my rocker, eh? Wat do yooou call all that shit!'

Aera jumps in, taunting, 'You mean you're not just a vague apparition?' She gives the signal, 'This fucker moves fast.'

'Of course I am not, you idiot, why do you think I am your Royal First Prince Of The Southern Realms? And don't even talk to me about your stupid pathetic Knight's In Shinin' Armoré.' He floats passed again from the window to the door. A Spell of Fire Smoke Warding surrounds him with burning red orange flames seeringly bright to the eyes, rotating and orbiting rapidly through the smoke.

Pyre blinks twice, 'Sure, no problem, though we do have a problem.'

The Southern Wizard smiles ponderously, 'You sure do.' He vanishes.

'Damn, we can't even Track him.' Pyre is red in the face, 'And, unless we want to repose in Limbo for all of time . . .'

Orthe and Wodora shake their heads musingly lamenting our plight.

'If we don't know the Access Codes or the Break Spell's, we're screwed!' Aera rings her hand through her hair, only staring at Pyre.

Pyre's eyes bulge, 'You'd think he'd at least give us the Chinese Room Torture, but no, we are stuck in a minimalistic room . . . bla!'

'Really minimalistic. I kinda like it . . .'

'Really so, if we ever get the Hell out of here, and we have no clue how to get out. We obviously did something really stupid.'

Orthe puts his stupid maffiose voice on, mentally, 'No duh, do ya think, maybe we shouldn't have played with da die?'

We fold our hands before our chests in front of the unchanging existence, thinking we are trapped forever in unending cycles and bonds which we can never escape from.

Nothing happens.

We attempt to Merge with the Null Frequency of the Cross Point's of this room.

'Stop that!' With the tip of his forefinger, the embroidered white red black robed one spins the axis of this place again.

We crash to the ground, dizzified.

We, literally, try every trick in the book. Nothing, still happens.

We investigate every crack in the brick of this place, desperately searching for the lever, not wanting to find out what will come.

'For sparse furnishing and simple clear cut Object's in small quantity, this place sure is complex.' Aera cruises in aspect mode.

'There has got to be something we've missed here, there has got to be something here.' He strains between clamped teeth.

We drip, we push, we pull, we work, the very definitions of our framework fire up planar storms. We do not overcome.

'What is this! I can feel the edges of doom curling around our lives.' Aera is wide opened pacing back and forth in this confined space.

We bust through to our Final Trick. If the bugger wants to play games, let him come, and we will preempt him. Pyre Fists his Form on, 'We have to work together to do this. Now!'

'No kidding bucko, c'mon, let's build a big one.' Aera throws herself onto Pyre and wraps her mouth around his.

They fall to the ground embracing, Kissing Kundalini, raising Enervation's of Sex and Love Energy.

Wodora and Orthe are stone still, staring out like statues on an ancient coast.

We gaze through the distance, the Planet's wavering into Depth Field's. We search through the unmoving luminance following the dim matterless path, returning to the point of the source. These emanations are practically impossible to follow and travel through epochs, dynasties, empires. We can not bring a bearing on it for it is far too subtle.

Pyre sucks air, what little there is, 'I don't believe it, it is not linear, it is geometrical like a tragically difficult Mandala Of Power And Energy. We're not out of this one yet.'

Aera is blown away, looking at the soft grey hue of tenuous substance which we are immersed in. It spreads out like an Evil Taint curled in smoky tendrils. Occasional Black Holes make an eye, galaxies being sucked in, interstellar ships transport unique deposits, solvence and dissolutions turn the mass in many areas giving lead in ports to other solar systems, opaqued background fills in between lengthy corkscrews.

Pyre is not believing we are stuck in this.

That does not work, either.

He carefully utters, 'I think we had better be very innovative.'

With a random poking of a Wand Of Air And Ether, Aera punctures one section. Nothing happens, 'Damn! That also NOT work.' She stamps her foot hard and almost flinches from the pure marble.

We become very agitated. The ceiling shifts once counterclockwise and clockwise with each door and window shifting one position in a blur, like the staccato effect of a jump frame.

'This is going to hurt, however, I think we can weather it . . .' Aera does a forward step and bowing once with arms spread wide over her back, like a Balinese Swan Dancer, she exhales out loud, "We welcome you in to our cube, please do not touch the sapphire ruby." Her voice soothes, like wind over flames.

Pyre completes the Spell, "All that comes, give us passage out, and you have within."

Purple Light saturates us, the hallway, the doors, the windows and each and every last layer in our Being's.

The Southern Sorcerer Of White And Red And Black Fire Power And Energy pops back, 'What! Nooooooooo . . . You cannot escape meeeee . . .'

He falls for our Trap, since he returns on an irregular basis and severely underestimates our own Psychic and Magic Power's and Energy's, how many he must have entrapped and killed before, so we Trigger Activate an enhanced Trigger Chain Reaction Activation Trap.

The Purple Light Grid crashes down with Lines Of Binding connected to each door and window. He is engulfed with very bright intense ripping and binding white Mauve Light and Radiation

His face is sickened in horror as he sees his plight and his Fate in the Planes Of Hell below and is ripped asunder. The size, intensity, loudness and brightness of the Xplosion is extreme and we cover our eyes, ears and faces with our arms as the Shock Wave whips past us at a horrific speed.

We see the Shadow's of those he murdered jump up with claws and fangs, rip him to shreds and engulf him.

With fearful and shaking tentative steps we move onto our Celtic And Scottish Tweed Handwoven Flying Carpet's and blast off through one of the doors or windows, into somewhere else, a.s.a.p.

AW.E

'Gee, I feel so relieved.' Aera gazes around her stupidly.

'Let us take another Permanent European Vacation, shall we?' Wodora is equally contagious.

'Yah, the stops and starts are unbelievable, woman.' Orthe smiles a little.

'Fuck you, oh ya, I've never been to so many mountain spots in one square kilometer.' Aera retorts nicely.

'Or better, let's go to Amsterdam and get a PHD in Psychology? Ach, hee hee.' Wodora smirks.

'And they thought we were tripping out, nah, we're Planaring all over the place.' Pyre finishes it off.

'Yah, touch my 3D virtual 14.2 surround system again . . .'

'. . . or my Sun show . . .'

They coupe d'einde together, '. . . with your beam of disturbance, and we will concordance.'

Around us is the edge of a waterfall with a broad gnarley Tree overseeing. We find reprieve in this ancient haven, rejuvenating our spent nerves. The view overlooks a valley jungle where once warring tribes slaughtered each other; the ground is lush with a trillion ultra rare species.

All of a sudden, the sky turns black. We are bathed with a Dying Moon, and it is dressed appropriately. We munch on free, nourishing figs, dates and oranges.

'Ahhhh, if only we could spend our time always here, without concern.' Aera stretches in wakefulness.

'Ahhh, however we have things to discover, places to go, bizarre encounters, you know, an adventure, missions, danger, excitement, exploration, learning, getting smarter, wisdom . . .'

 Wodora takes the guise of the overbearing Mother.

'Well, we could stay here, you know, if we wanted to . . .'

 Aera mocks her tone, adjusting her position on the Tree trunk, eating an orange.

'Oh, indeed, if we all agreed to.' Wodora knocks back some refreshment which cools down her whole chest called a Chill Refreshment Drink Beverage and it is white blue silver.

Orthe and Pyre are smoking, staring at the scene.

Wodora and Aera sit there, sharing the dream.

The grass below involves us, surprisingly enough, weaving its happy way over our heads. It dissolutes on our way down, yet going nowhere, into water, air, poof, gone.

The natural architecture is relit. Surrounding are pleasant combinations and transitions of bright clear colors. In the midst of the air is particalized yellow. The sky is our ocean and we are illuminated enough to walk on its floor. It flows in a steadily curving current to space. We rest and detensify our systems. Wind blows through.

With measured paces the program plays itself out, fortunately not catching us in any snares.

With a snap of her fingers, Aera reads the moment of change. Presto, the time is night.

"Wow, impressive Aera, what a totally engrossing spot!" Wodora leans over a fallen Tree branch admiring the almost vertical rocky descent. She pauses there moving like a Great Sphinx caught in the throes of a mind numbing algorithm.

"I never thought Shadow could be so cool." Aera is practically bobbing around with her nose uplifted.

"Yah, it sure is . . ." Pyre practices Focused Tantric Concentration.

Lo and behold, a group of Traveller's poke their heads out of the pathways.

Orthe sits a little straighter.

"I can't believe my eyes, we have visitors." Wodora transfers darkness back at the very instant of her blown kiss to Aera.

"Holy . . . it could be anyone . . ." Aera turns in their direction.

They trudge up the steep small treacherous pathway with the aid of Staves Of The Mystic Pilgrim's, heads bent to the ground.

Moon Light enhances the tanned weathered raised cheekbones of them. They are dressed in brown cloaked robes. Glints of shiny steel cause a Silver Aura around

each of them. One reacts, unbalanced, shooting up a hand to his mouth, inhaling Prana.

The bearded man says, "Woh, we didn't expect any one here. Who are you and where did you come from?"

Aera shrugs, "Well, you can never predict what you suspect."

"Eh heh, what's the probability? So, you are an intellectual." He turns to his two other companions, one a shallow boned back black haired woman, the other a fine looking Priestess of the Waning Moon. We notice this from their Robes having studied our legend.

Wodora is puzzled, cocking her head to the side, "How do you mean, after all nobody comes here."

He codes, "Nobody say nobody." in his best down New Yorker gangster style.

Orthe and Pyre are a little confused but intrigued and offer him our Pipe Of Pleasant Contemplation. He accepts.

Taking his time before continuing, he puffs outloud, "Quite potent here, is it not, may we have the honor of joining you?"

Aera cues in the devastating effect of complete illumination, "Sure, however, be careful above my frontal lobes."

They crack amused smiles, one picking herself off the spot from the introduction.

A fanged toothed angular face one remarks, "Fascinating clearing you have here."

We begin to merge with all externalizations in range.

Aera claws out her hand forward stretching a Magenta Ball forming between her sharp nailed arced fingers, "Entreat yourself to this Energy Filter."

The clasped one bows in mock salute completing the introduction.

"Well, well, well," Wodora turns her words, "we have finally encountered our like, fellow Time Traveller's."

The tension disappears instantly and we break into easy soft conversation dispensing appropriated formalities.

The night life hums its nonstopping chord.

With the darkness, Wodora sounds, “We were wondering, what is your preferred mode of transportation?”

The dapper pale one angles her head forward, “And what do we have here, an experimenter on,” her fingers sweep the totality of this betwixt ground, “a fleetingly vanishing substratum . . .”

The natural objects become an integral part of us, the objects of our sensations, taking on identity within a limited outside environment.

“Ohh ohh, I’m not sure we can deal with this.” Wodora wobbles.

The friendly strangers are equally caught up in temporal warp. We look at each other, like we are taking on inherent roles in each of our realities: A 7 Way Mandala all the way to the 7th Plane Of Heaven.

Our outlines bend, topical applications losing grip on appearances.

Aera is right on time, ‘I see, structural relationships altering.’

We are nearly knocked off our feet by the miasma of interacting densities.

“When you have left, we shall stay here for a long time.” The stern voice glances over space and time as though a stone was flitting over water.

Not merely a one time natural phenomena, rather an ever enlightening plane. And the diversity is incredible.

“What, can you read my mind? We think it is a good time to keep on moving. We will wait for the Moon Light beginning our entrancement. May you receive as much as we have from this forest exposition.” Wodora takes her first step, exit stage left, to the undergrowth, together with dousing of the light.

They nod thoughtful nods.

We enter intermixed sensations, all the objects in our heads shifting places in our passage.

We keep moving in this direction looking for more experiences.

‘Hopefully, we will discover this technique, sooner or later.’ Aera leads the way.

We jump off the Tree branch and fly into the next blinking doorway in the middle of the air itself.

AW.M

We enter substratum.

Foliage crawls around our midsections. It is dark, very dark. We are left to the mere guidance of touch and feelings; each step could be the last where that one last crack is everything.

Aera leads the way with Wodora close in tow. Orthe and Pyre protectively take care of the rear guard.

Sweet flowers beckon us to come, besides this, it is very restful. Big Trees moves past us, their might radiating.

'This path leads nowhere, we'd be practically suicidal if we took it, the way things are going.' Aera stops the party.

'Yah, my heart doesn't particularly, either, agree with this course of action, if you know what I mean.' We see Wodora only by faint shimmering green blue colors around her.

The faint fresh aroma of bug repellent herb surrounds us.

'O.k., let us climb the Trees and find some surface.' Aera suggests.

We do so, digging our strong fingers supported by developed wrist muscles into the grooves of the Tree trunk. Fortunately, bark does not fly off which would set us on the ground. We straddle upwards with toe support, hugging the trunk in case of tiredness.

We climb and climb and climb and climb and climb and climb, and climb . . . , climbing through the Field's . . .

'Does this thing ever stop?' Aera is flabbergasted.

We find, next to great and wide Tree branches which you can even walk on even though the height is tremendous and if you slid off of one then you would probably not survive the fall, a lot of mold, fungus, interesting compatible Tree flora, a huge array and diversity of small highly complex living organisms, primarily insects.

'I feel like I am becoming symbiotic with them. You know what I hate about symbiotic? The tic.' Wodora hunches her corded thighs around the bark.

We, now, have to wipe off the dirt and residue which is one of the major drawbacks of hugging Tree's.

'Strangely enough, no sky is poking through.' Aera strains upwards, looking without success.

'The Trees are all mostly parallel and evenly spaced.' Wodora's eyes have adjusted.

'Maybe we should attempt a Direct Out Transfer.'

'From here?'

'Why not? Knock on wood, eh? Maybe one of the portals is in the Tree.' Aera tries.

Nothing untoward happens to us.

'Damn,' Aera mutters, 'I am getting really tired of scanning for each one of them, so how about we put our PAD's on automatic.'

'What? Didn't we do that, already?' Wodora blinks in shock, playing along.

'Just kidding, B Humor has always been a favorite of mine.'

'That would though be so convenient.'

'Yah, no kidding.'

An undeterminable depth of peace fills in around our words until there is only the peace. We can feel the distance in all directions lengthening, '. . . till there is not a space to measure.' She finishes our observation.

'Alas, we cannot see much through all the leaves, I would so enjoy staying . . .'

Wodora begins bouncing upwards.

'You don't really expect there to be an end do you?' Aera has a possessed fatalistic look in her eyes.

'Well, I'll put it this way to you, there was an old Irish man who once told me, 'If you've swum halfway cross the ocean, there girl, you might as well keep on swimmin!''

Wodora responds.

'She is full of mysteries.' Orthe comments on her.

We struggle upwards, tiring a little, travelling the identical distance in no time with less results. Aera looks pointedly at Wodora.

‘Well, you see here, las, this is where your theory falls down and my Branch Theory takes over . . . For if we’ve travelled half the distance, why’d we not go back to another branch or explore our roots more, eh?’ Aera cracks a grin so wide she nearly knocks Wodora off of the Tree.

‘Yooo are full of surprises . . .’

Orthe and Pyre look at each other, shaking their faces. They look down at the inky pool.

Pyre sighs relief, ‘Well, at least we can’t see the distance. You can’t feel it either, unless you take a really deep . . .’

‘. . . breath and send your thoughts below. Then vertigo comes reeling in.’ Aera seems to be enjoying herself.

We travel upwards, beginning to puff with every breath. With a final gasp we come to a secure rest.

Wodora groans, ‘Why did we come up here anyway?’

As usual, not one answers. We hug life. Slowly, and taking its time, a maple leaf comes circling down. Undisturbed by harmful wind currents, it goes its natural course, slowly spiralling by our faces.

Aera’s mouth opens, ‘Wait, that must mean something . . .’

The other three are impressed, however they show far less enthusiasm than her.

‘That has never happened before, though very tall Trees with empty branches up there isn’t exactly your stock product.’ Wodora squints in concentration. The height at this time is indeterminable.

Aera throws in a question, ‘Are we progressing or regressing?’

‘I think we should take it as a good sign, for it is different, and continue on for one last stretch.’ She moves upwards, slower yet surer. The sheer height here raises our heart rate and shallows our breath, looking down makes one near-instantaneously dizzy.

We go and go, and go . . . , going through the Field’s of space and time until we explore all the planes of existence.

We unbelievably make it to the top foliage, packed solid against the intruding sky. We look at each other tired and aching. We sleep. The branches even at this level

being 4 meters wide, we have no danger of rolling off of one in our sleep with the help of our Secure Ropes and SAF Comfy Full Insulated Tent's.

Upon awakening, we Conjure Metal Rod's Of EM Null Force to move aside the leaves. Gratefully, they are not too thick.

Wodora pushes through and easily lifts out of the top, her feet going straight up.

Aera says, 'Wait, let's adjust the entire future of our existences; I will go last.'

Wodora nods, 'After all, can we not alter our own Timeline by simply and unexpectedly just turning left at some Tree branch intersection.'

We reach the top of this massive Tree.

Orthe and Pyre, pleased with this bit of logic, comply. They similarly follow. Aera, having taken the last place, prevents utter plot disintegration, and with story saving prowess, though with interesting after affects, looks up, on her way up, since she is a good paranoid conspirator, and finds the Eagle Maw of a Phoenix's head staring hungrily down at her. In terrible fright, she drops her Metal Rod, and with natural inbred reactions Wills herself up as a Vertical Reverse Pile Driver. This fine maneuver grants her access to the higher level, though denies her phoenix penetration. She drops to the sharp edges of an extended plane of interwoven Tree branches and Tree greenery. Orthe, Pyre and Wodora are a little bit entangled hanging upside down from the Claw Of Devouring of this magnificent bird.

Aera jumps into diplomatic mode, "Of course, how stupid of us, a nest, *your* nest above the Tree line, uh, and we, silly us, are walking on it, far, far away from the harm of your Power Beak Of Ripping And Stabbing and your forceful Claw's Of Devouring."

Wodora comments again, "How do you know that is what it has got?"

Aera does not even blink, replying, "I scanned it for Strength's and Weaknesses."

It only stares at us, its suspended strength and grace sending Waves of Awe through us.

Aera shakes her head cordially, "No? Ok, well what is your offer then?"

It screams. Nowhere in all the lands is there such a sorrowful heart wrenching, intermixed with anger, infused disharmonious scream. It ends, its head tilting slightly down, its grip tightening on its prey.

Aera shakes her head, dumbfounded, "Oh no, you don't understand me.'

With swift thought, anything else would probably end her up dead, she transforms herself into the image of a female Phoenix rising up beside him. It loosens its grip on its veridical dinner.

Aera moves weavily and seductively towards him beckoning the recollection of ancient memories, where Golden Pyramid's lightened the way, and mountain forests withheld their secrets. It drops its meal.

In a rough heap, we painfully land on our heads.

Aera is in the process of floating away with the virility of this mythical being.

Wodora cries, "Wait, no! You are getting carried away, it is too potent for you!"

Aera does not listen and begins to move away, caught in a timeless dream.

Wodora scrambles over to her. Orthe tackles her onto the Tree tops.

Pyre utters awfully, "No one can stop the Phoenix, it just keeps returning."

The Rainbow Gem colored arcing Back Feather's of its grey white Wing's Of Glorious Ascent moves its body backwards, facing Aera's slowly flying form.

It looks deep into her eyes, sees all, briefly smiles, and pulls away from her, fading into the Tree's network. Aera's form dissolves.

Aera swoons unconscious, drifting to a soft rest on agreeably bending twigs, her hand on her breast.

We rest awhile at the top and decide to take the fast route down. Using the Gaelic methodology of Sheer Will we succeed.

WE.E

Monotone sensations embew into us. The light darkens, solidification commences, we take deep inhalations of rich air, our mouths water in anticipation, and coming into a bedecked room the exotic intermingling of past incenses washes over.

Covering the walls are skilled crafted ingenious pictures working together to make a whole; they immediately catch our action, being in the science fiction/fantasy vein. The room is 2 x 4 x 3 meters only. The interior designing is also rather clever. The owner seems to have managed to pile an entire life's worth into it. There are bookcases, four in total, a 3-seater sofa, a strong metal framed bed, and a medium sized desk. There is a small totally planar desk in front of the french doors which open up to space. Upon this is an oldish computer. Next to this is a cupboard upon and within which things can be placed. Scattered around are various small items such as a calendar displaying August and a 'Cosmic Wizard' painted in full form by M.P Notables are displayed, on the bookshelf and desk, Hot Wheel Dinky Car's are. On the opposing bookshelf are painted miniature models. We four comfortably and easily place ourselves down in seats and gawk open mouthed at our position.

The doors are closed and there is no apparent way out, no blinking exits, no doorways and no portals . . .

"I-I cannot understand the engineering of this dwelling place . . ." The occupant sitting in front of the computer with his back to us rubs his head in pain.

We find ourselves in miniature form on a white metal framed open shelf.

'I wonder what is behind this door.' Wodora says, indicating the closed way to the right.

Orthe gets up and steps over the legs of his friends, 'Let me try my might,' he thinks and then bellows out in a false baritone, "I am and strong and brave enough!"

'Careful for the shelves . . .' Wodora warns, alas too late.

He yanks a Force Pull. Fortunately, it does not budge. The miniatures stare evilly and mockingly up at him. He sticks his tongue out at them and takes another go. With all his ceps bulging vulnerable veins, his face turns red from the exertion. The door is wired.

'What? This is not possible: How can a normal door not budge??'

Wodora gets up impatient, 'Must women solve every problem men make?' and she peacefully fastens onto the knob with the tip of her fingers, 'Don't you know, its technique, not idiot brutality.' With a slight twist and a burst of blue white silver Light Amplification System Of Emitted Radiation, she does zip.

'Tragic . . .' Pyre yawns and sprawls on the bed which is against one wall.

'Oh, thank you, now we can adore your lazing form.' Aera comments.

Orthe Lock Picks the door and Dis Traps it and we Fly through into a small light wood hallway painted white and blue. There are two doors to the left, french doors and what looks like a front door to the right.

Orthe, now agitated, looks around nervously to try to prove himself. Finding the to us massive french doors, he moves towards them. He throws them open and there is a softly vibrating Null EM Shield between him and near-infinite silver starry filled black space.

'Woh . . . Check out this view . . .' Forgetting his task, his arms drop to his sides.

We spring up in the air with enthusiasm.

'No, me first, it's my right.' Wodora whines like a spoiled brat, much to everyone's extreme, complete and total absolute irritation. They let her go.

Her head snaps forward a little in true unexpectedness, 'How far down is the floor?'

Aera and Pyre crowd look down for an interesting relative sight.

'Let's open the other doors and see if we can travel through them.' Orthe is eager.

'Oh, sure, first mistake, last mistake, and that is probably vacuoses outta there, meister.' She looks at him directly.

Now Orthe complains, though in a more cultivated manner, 'But I'm claustrophobic, I need to . . . how are we going to get out of this ?'

We sit down, pondering our options.

Suddenly, the blocked door with its Modulating Field opens, and with Lightning Speed and efficiency the single solitary occupant enters, we follow him as fast as we can, and he places his to us huge Handy Bag and Handy Backpack on the bed and closes the door before we can exit. He does this so fast, we do not catch a glimpse of what is beyond.

Total outer space greets him.

We enter a heightened Trance State as we wait for him to return.

This normally dressed human being with shoulder length thin dry brown hair returns and turns on this unusually limited frequency range illumination and walks towards us, in thought, sitting down to type on his second also somewhat oldish portable computer, once again with his back to us. We feel this Electro-Magnetic Urge which draws our attention to the thing. We are immaterial to this being, however he exerts an enormous influence over us; we feel strangely akin to him, like old memories tugging at the strings. Regrettably, we cannot place him.

He pauses and speaks again, after bringing something up on the screen of the computer, "You four are now behind me, I intone, bring your essences here, so that you may take Real Form. Though unseen to the eye, or any other sense device, your presence is and will be felt." Characters on the screen respond accordingly to his commands.

Wodora flings her hand up to her mouth, in surprise. Coming out of this box is a female soothing seductive voice with undertones of self-commentary humor.

"Can I take your order please?"

He responds simply, "No." Then he blanks the screen with the wave of a hand, and falls into a bout of maniacal laughter, repeating back in hilarity her words to himself. After the tears stop rolling down, he brings something else up on the screen and types.

'Boola, this fella ain't even the slightest bit aware of us. Who does he think he his, a Wizard?' Wodora moves up and rudely waves a hand in front of his face. There is no recognition, just this whitish staring look.

'Maybe he is.' Orthe rematerializes and points at the calendar.

With manifested gusto this person then exclaims after another pause, like verbalizing the remainder of his thoughts, ". . . or wants to be! OMMMMMMMM!" Then, with exaggerated flurry, he pushes down on a previously unnoticed Red Button.

We have a brief attack of conscience, and with a big "BlilllluuuuuuuuuuP!" a poster near the door comes to life. Its image enlarges out of the surface, pulling a playful red light behind it, becoming 3D. It is a Pyramid with a glowing angry red eye near its summit.

The Author is in Trance, mouthing the word which comes forth from this ancient symbol, "M.F. told you, '. . . you CANNOT USE WILL ALONE. THIS is a futile effort, for there are entities beyond your wildest dreams of power, realities better than your best measures, limits which are not . . .'; as A.H. announced: 'When the Doors of Perception are cleansed, the true nature of reality will be seen, as it is, infinite.' Now

meditate on my Form, and discover the true technique since such does not mean to go and use an excessive quantity and quality of drugs . . .”

We think to ourselves a couple minutes about that one, ‘Thus, from Observation and Experience we have learned, now, that it is not futile. For if you do not succeed in this one and your Karma is not so bad then you will succeed in the next one.’

Like a Spell, we are clicked back into reality, pressed against our Cyber Seat’s, looking angularly at each other, not daring to breathe, in the wake of this powerful and energetic presence. The indweller is no longer here. We also see, for a very brief moment in time, white grey black afterimages of computer consoles and a large command centre in which we sit on upholstered molded polyformed Cyber Seat’s looking at the blurred stars whipping past the front screen, a slightly curved 34 meter wide Space Screen.

We, without further delay, do precisely as commanded. We sit in comfortable positions and stare at the Pyramid, now a mere inverted shell of its previous endowment. We look a long time. Nothing comes to us.

We look further. It is an ordinary Polyhedron, just one with five sides, making it thus, a Pentahedron!

Drawing careful analogies over time with the combination of intrinsically important data, we fail completely in our attempt to understand this phenomena. We sit a little further, thinking over our options.

Wodora comes up with it, ‘Not a serious difficulty here, the slight misindication was sidestepping, for we know that M.F. referred to Tetrahedrons, not Pentahedrons. It is sufficient, however to, finally,’ she rubs her hands greedily together, ‘put one and two together to make four, I mean three. Add another one and get four, then ignore the false reference, eliminating five, and presto, you get your answer!’

Orthe is puzzled, ‘I see, the geometrics are obvious, it’s Metaphysic’s which stumps most people and thus earns its bad reputation, qua lateral thinking. Why don’t we look at things as they actually are: This is a Power Object hiding infinitely cool secrets. We just got to figure out how it works, so figure out its Rules and Law’s, and then play its game . . . Simple, really.’

‘Right . . .’ Wodora smiles, ‘Well, I’d say, it being a 4-Dimensional Object with engravable triangular sides, and this fact being based on previous learned lessons, that possibly its ‘rules’ and ‘laws’ are 4-faceted.’

‘Chill, and all we have to do is learn the Trigger Mechanism which sends us careening off into space and time. I’d recommend, for user-friendly’s sake, that we can discover the intricate details later, that we conjure the image of it, or its

representative in the local reality, and in a manner of speaking: Choose the dice result.'

'How?'

'Why don't we just point it?'

We ponder this proposition. Not sounding to bad, we take a spin.

51 Interlogue

‘We call the unconscious “nothing”, and yet it is a REALITY in potentia. The thought we shall think, the deed we shall do, even the fate we shall lament tomorrow, all lie unconscious . . .’

‘. . . Now, to the extent that unconscious tendencies—be they backward-looking images or forward-looking anticipation appear in dreams, dreams have been regarded, in all previous ages, less as historical regressions than as anticipation of the future, and rightly so. For everything that will be happens on the basis of what has been, and of what consciously or unconsciously still exists as a memory-trace. In so far as no man is born totally new, but continually repeats the stage of development last reached by the species, he contains unconsciously, as an a priori datum, the entire psychic structure developed both upwards and downwards by his ancestors in the course of the ages . . .’ (Jung C.G., *The Archetypes and the Collective Unconsciousness.*, pp. 279-280).

ME.W

We rip through solid fog, our clothes blasting behind us. We descend into an undertoned blue white silver black brown setting.

Wodora looks down at this encircling paused cyclone. We can see the randomly spaced canals. The external world pulls excessively. Our intake and output determines future considerations.

Ascanning ship comes, air indicating divergence of pressure, however, nobody listens to such insignificant swirlings. We continue on, looking at all the pretty pictures, in The Ausperg House, in Austria Hungary. Cthulhu pulls another ring down, causing Universal Writer's Stock's to rise. We click out of this frame of reference and descend into a deeper one.

Encompassing around us are little twisted babies in long bulbous threads going with the turning of a funnel in a large spherical Human Cryogenic Growing And Cloning Chamber. Keeping in mind the sheer G below us, we grasp onto the widening hole. We hit stellar space. Light explodes around us. We are the center attraction of visual planar laws. Left now, round about the entrance of the Aztecian Temple, we lean against the stone bench commentating on the steppes.

'Given this hideaway, I could certainly spend awhile. What say you, partners!' Wodora does the hipcheck and then pulls in a Digital Electronic Masterpiece.

This ends the silence for a brief moment, returning to calmnity. A bizarre Phase Shift appears in the air.

A Master Chinese cusps his hands before him. His smile is all telling. We laugh in appreciation.

He barks a command, teeth clenching shut, 'Do as I tell you, you foolish greedy spigots.'

That gets us thinking: '24 Power, 14 Resistance?'

Green emerald webs with blue interspiced red violet reality Chill Condensor's flashing around us. He is now right over and in front of us, after gliding through midair.

Undeniably attentive, Wodora sways, much to the enjoyment of her guest, "Wow, cool silk embroidered Robe Of The Water Dragon's, did you make that yourself . . ."

His eyes and mouth waver up and down, “Sure, Duchess, what do you do here in this forlorn place?”

“I, uh, we . . .” she pops around him with a keen look to her, and then snarls, “better get that engine revin’ buddy, cause I’m gonna get ya.”

“You will stop breaking the rules, or we will break you.” His grin is great.

Wodora steps in, “Desire actually is a good way to get there, willing which side will enter, or exit as the case may be. In more complicated scenarios, or when fast transferring, “Theatric Tekniek is preferable. Of course, you could always choose . . .” she provides him with a teeth glinted smile/frown.

He deflects the morrow light, sinkingly, “Don’t try your petty tricks on me girl, you couldn’t get a free flow swig even if you descended 10000 past lives in one day.”

“Did that, been there, done, yawn, boring, what are you blaissez laissez . . .” Pyre looks around, now standing, looking around at all the fine details.

“O.k., try its multipical . . .”

Ow-Ow Master goes cross-eyed for a moment, comes out of it, “I can’t resist your grasp.” He is mildly sarcastic.

“So out with it, nuff of the fiddle faddle. Why are you here?” She gives him the big hmmmm look.

“Uh, uh, I do not know. You have my fine layering messed up with your British accent.” His eyes undermine.

“I don’t know? Just leave,” she pops his mouthpiece, “or else there will be another conflict here.”

He crosses his arms elevating, “This is my domain bitch, do as I tell you.”

She sits down rudely and crosses her arms, “Well, of all the doggone lousy manners . . .”

Pyre draws in the blue sky, taking his time filtering it back out, tapping his fingers on his arm, waiting for his cue.

Wodora makes one last attempt, “You are disturbing our peace!”

The Chinese Master responds, “This is my area, if not my entire region.”

Wodora gives up and with a Super Fast Spinning Rising Whirlwind Kick Blasts the floating China Man with her right foot into oblivion. It takes a minute for the poor sucker to hit the Trees about a kilometer away.

Pyre breaks up laughing releasing built tension, “Good one, Wodora!”

He quickly loses his grin, however, with an unexpected tapping on his shoulder. He spins around to meet a Flat Palm Negative Energy Tiger Claw to his face. Any more cartwheels and Pyre would look even more stupid flying and screaming through the air at rapid velocity into a Tree.

Wodora goes for a Lightning Lunge, knee up and arm extended, but this time the grinning China Man is ready for her. Grabbing her arm, he uses her momentum against her, spinning her into Orthe and Aera, returning the favor. Aera gets knocked back into the Aztecian stone, however Orthe is undaunted catching Wodora safely, doubling the momentum and throwing Wodora back at the China Man. This is a little too much for the Chinese Master who gets hit hard by both of Wodora’s approaching Fist’s Of Wild Waving. He staggers back a couple footsteps almost falling off the steppe.

With a howling scream, the China Man sucks up the moisture off of the Trees and Torrents Orthe and Aera as Pyre comes flying back. Wodora is already making her next move to defend Orthe and Aera by jumping and Null Punching a hole into the Temple wall allowing for a waterfall to counteract any harm being done to Orthe and Aera. The Chinese Master flips backwards over and over repetitively to a lower steppe and Pyre blazes harmlessly over circling around for another go.

Everything wet from exertion, Wodora flips after him hoping to land on him with both her feet strengthened by powerful legs in collar-bone Null Breaking Power. The China Man somehow manages to cross both arms but gets knocked down another steppe, absorbing most of the damage.

Wodora lands on the steppe below the Chinese Master as Orthe and Aera shake themselves off like wet dogs and Pyre hurtles in Pyro Fireballs plus an intense Fire Cone Departalizer at the China Man’s position. They hit directly but do not seem to affect him.

The Chinese Master hisses, “I will get you later bitch, you infidel . . . No one has ever lasted against me longer than 5 minutes in 5 long centuries . . .”

Wodora cuts him off, “Oh, shut up and . . .”

With an even more dramatic Multiple Hands-On Knee’s Somersault, he jumps over Wodora, comes out of the Hyper Fast Horizontal Turning with arms and both fists

forward, and disappears straight over the edge of the bottom steppe into the Tree layer, laughing, “You try it . . . Noob’s . . .”

An unexpected forced Rip Hell Gate opens behind him and we are sucked in, screaming . . .

FM.E

Our eyes glow with the friction of emitted light instafying our sonar receptors: Crackling and crushing. We are biting down on hot sulfur, not sodium.

We try breaking, moving headlong madly and Hyper Accelerating into the future like a blindfolded drunk bipolar dyslexic young teenager with no seatbelt on going straight down vertically and the brakes have been cut.

All Hell breaks loose.

The entire world's faces stare down at us, bending out of our semi-spherical atmosphere. They give us waning smiles, direct stares, hearty laughs, menacing growls and all these are focused on us.

Down on us the consciousness's of the world crush. They tear at our mind frames, trying to rip us to pieces, mentally speaking of course, when all of a sudden a Demi-God steps out of the sky. She is before us. Golden dune hair flows down her supple back. A God puts his hand up across from his throat.

She smiles and telepathically emits, 'Do you know where you are, congratulations . . .'

Her body melts down like wax, bone exposing, dripping down, to the inner organs, no longer pulsating, her lighted upraised hand falling.

Buildings crumble like dust, making fine cone shaped hills, fire springs open from the ground engulfing the entirety, whole continents are emerged, worlds explode, stars nova, light permeates it all.

Higher she flies, taking Universes with her. The bright ones stalk her right back and are not filled by her disguise and impersonation.

However, no one can avoid the form of Vishnu, one of the brightest of them all.

She moves her head back and forth in a tantalizing snake like waving. Her fingers curl in delight under our chins, 'Kira, She-Wolf, Hunteress And Stalker Of The Night, she who protects the darkness. And what are your names . . . Her black form solidifies into a human woman shape.

'Took a little while for you to figure it out, didn't it?' She accents her last mental words, 'Well, congratulations, no one else has ever done it. RAH! My ass!' Radiating

blue white colored Field's around her curled form, she now speaks to us as a black white tomcat:

'Beware the ones who walk the Night,

They will surely bite,

Every iotum,

In existence,

Like,

Simultaneously triggered,

Traumatic repression,

AHH!

There is a pause and another Telepath's voice appears in the night:

'Bestow upon me knowledge

Wizard-all knowing all wise,

I want to rule this kingdom,

Make sweet the breeze now defiled,

Dethrone the evil prince's iron fists

In velvet gloves of sin . . .'

(Megadeth, R.I.P., 'Five Magics'.)

We, there, suspended in time, watch the realities blur by us with an unfollowable complexity.

Pyre speaks truthfully, 'Where are we, who are you?'

However, she is no longer here; afterimages of circling triangles fills the lighted background between matters.

We are standing in our minds, having defensively and instinctively closed our eyes. Subtler versions of reality shine through our eyelids. Highlighting are glowing radiances, to guide the way, in this pit.

Fire Demons play on the over-hanging cliff completely surrounding us like ancient warriors lined up on hilltops.

They command us, yelling out loud and very strongly with sharp biting edges, "To do exactly as we say, or suffer your consequences, is a wise plan: Get up!"

The rocks turn to air, and Pyre sneers, "And WHAT exactly are you going to do about it?!"

They step back as we rise through clouds of smoke, "Good . . . Your attitude and inflection are good . . ."

"I wouldn't want to insult you, now would I?" Pyre gives his cheeriest too-la-loo, and spreads his Wing's Of Pure Etheric Fire And Null Ether for the heights. The rest support.

We reachieve globular solar lands, exiting danger.

As we rise, Pyre directs at Aera in a shout for the winds are seriously passing us by, "A little bit carried away isn't this?"

She looks at his harried form burning to flesh with wide eyes, 'We aren't stopping.'

Pyre's head ships up, 'Sure enough, we are approaching a wider scope of communication bands. Down we go!' He bends his form back and dropping forward Funnels his Wing's Of Pure Etheric Fire And Null Ether into an air shaft that sends us plummeting downward.

Aera shrugs one shoulder at him, 'We aren't dropping.' Her hand goes quickly back and forth in front of her.

The irresistible attraction of the Solar Sphere at closing proximity is all-encompassing. We reactively put our hands out to stop the overwhelming Rising Energy.

Pyre shakes his head vigorously, 'NOOOOOOH . . . We will overload.'

Miraculously, the heavy haze stops. Crystalline serene warm buoyance suffuses our existence. We stand in a High Tech Modern Torture Chamber, not getting it. Two skeletons, the flesh dried and hanging type on one, swing in the breeze. There is no ceiling on this conjured court built around crossroads. In the fashion of ancient warriors lined up, the Master Torturer's tools lie glittering against the desert plain. A twisted blistered Tree stands at the base of the tower, finely placed against the sand brown and blue.

'We have got to stabilize.' Pyre is sweating verociously.

We lean against various machines attempting to remain standing, associating without oncoming doom in our minds.

Pyre claps his hand before him.

Nothing happens.

With a loud snapping sound the metal fanged mouths of the Metal Torture Helmet open with a loud snap. Orthe kills the floor, screaming with his hands to his ears, suffering a major Flash Back Effect. Wodora bites dust, lots of it, blinded into half-comatosis by the sharp white reflection of the light of polished aluminum steel metal.

A voice of a horrifically Old Ghost roars out of pallid materialization. Aera is scared to death and suffers heart palpitations. Pyre stands impossibly, Shiny Adamantite Armor coalescing around his being; it being semi-translucent, the Laser Visor is not a problem.

He speaks to her, Silver Laser Beaming into her third eye, 'Stand back and cease your entrance, though you may certainly continue your passage.'

Her voice tugs at the dark carefully guarded sorrows of her body, 'Who are you foolish human mortal Hero to question my passage?'

'That is exactly what we won't do, though we are afraid you will enter and betray us.'

'Then, step aside, mortal of the transient flesh, how dare you question me!' She, Kira, She-Wolf, Hunteress And Stalker Of The Night, moves forward with a scowl, two fangs and plenty of claws.

Orthe obliges, 'Yes sir, oh Great Goddess of the Night.'

Calamity returns.

Pyre flusters, 'There are no signs of passage, only blockages . . .'

'Be assured with persistence, noothing will cooooooomme.' Aera sounds possessed, again.

Pyre enchants, very loud, his voice Booming:

“BREAK THESE WALLS ASUNDER, THEY ARE
MADE OF NOTHING,
MORE THAN, AND WE WILL BE NULLIFIED,

SO I ENTREAT THEE,
VANISH IN YOUR LIMITLESS.”

Nothing happens.

‘Man, this is stressful.’

Aera raises her head to the churning red sky, ‘May we be raised, like the dead, to new life.’ She bows her head slightly and curves her Spirit upwards.

Pyre holds his ground, ‘We will not stand for this Perpetual Phasing.’

The solids ooze.

‘I think it is time we used some methodology, this could go on forever, unpleasantly so.’ He squashes his lips.

Whatever is governing things here pulls away slightly and like pulling the surface of a wave pattern through time, completely alters our topography.

The Arch Demon Covert appears with all his Hell Hound’s by him. They stare openly and slaveringly at us, their dark brown black hairy forms and fire-hole eyes. They make us totally caught up in Evil Black Red Fire Negative Energy and we fall towards their unholy judgement, their accusing stares piercing us.

Pyre sums up, ‘When all interpretations are reversed, you know the going is rough. Hah!’

With a specified jabbing of his finger, he nails the right side of the Pyramid Device and ejects us from this reality.

This time we are in control again and do not let ourselves get slurred away by some horrible, lying and misleading attraction.

BW.E

We approach crashing waves, their meditative pattern revealing secrets to us. Fresh air greets us, bringing refreshments from the past. The cry of a bird pierces our semi-conscious state, awakening us to welcome memories. Its shadow of a silhouette bends past us, the scene opening to us. With exhausted bodies we fall to the sand, embracing it, accidentally swallowing salty grains, leading us to absorb impressions from reservoirs.

We sit at the edge of the falling waves, our feet playing in the coolness. Occasionally, a naughty one soaks our legs and underwear, however overall it is appetizing. So, we lie on our backs naked, and freaking out the conservative white ass motherfuckers spying on us, psychically or otherwise, we really groove with Nature.

Wodora lolls around and moans in ecstasy turning her arms and legs in weird Wooly Dancer rhythms.

Aera wallops up and down making 'onking' noises briskly and irregularly shaking her head.

Orthe lies stone rigid even allowing the water to cover his head.

Pyre twirls, his long wet hair whipping around in Shamanic Mesmerization.

Having sufficiently applied that structural model, we hoping their electronic surveillance devices, shipped out from insurance and detective agencies, to local agents, are adequately fried, or at least their minds are.

Being subject to such close scrutiny, ALL THE TIME, and being aware of it, is definitely bizarre experientio.

'Isn't it nice to have triggered a waiting computer?'

Wodora eases back, smiling up at Orthe, their wet bodies glistening in this twilight world.

'Yah . . .' he agrees, 'code a random sequence analyzer and they've got you. In the words of the infamous poet, Max Headroom, once again, "Don't t-teach them how to read and w-write, t-that'll whir, whirrrr, get'm. Thank you! Buy! Yes, buy me.'"

She giggles uncontrollably, her belly heaving.

'What-what's . . .'

She conningly slaps his belly, 'Oh, you're such a charmer . . .' She jerks and vibrates her whole body showing her absolute distinct pleasure from these sensations. Coming to a last stop, she lets out her last gasp, clawing the sand with her fingers.

Orthe comments, 'That'll r e a l l y get 'em.' He swims out to sea.

Wodora pokes her fingers through sifting particles speaking a complete sentence on the wall or something, 'Seeeeeeeeeeeeeeee, ARGHHH . . . Even the tiniest little thought is heard, they'll never understand my slipping reference, not to mention all the hidden references, that would take another 500 pages.' She proceeds to massage her thighs, just to get the dope-headed asshole jock's Kundalini going so she can suck them off in good old traditional religious conservative Vampire Manner. She moves harder and faster, instead of just softly blowing on it . . .

Pyre and Aera only watch on, enjoying the surf.

Orthe shouts from some far virtual distance, "YOU KNOW WHAT! THEY CAN EVEN CONTROL YOUR ACTIONS. RIP THIS!"

To drive her point home, Wodora then does jumping jacks, enjoying her show. After awhile, when the tide calms down a bit, she sits back down, squirming and squishing her bottom into the surf. She moves her fingers around her spare tire in close-eyed satisfaction.

Like a well-rounded desert, Orthe returns to her side. He stares into her absorbed eyes and falls unconscious.

'Damn!' Wodora complains, 'They all do that to me.' She looks poutingly at Aera, 'Want to dance?' A big childish smile widens her face.

Aera shakes her head, 'You're totally bonkers, though why not?' She conspires the tone of her voice, immediately sucking in more Spy Stalker's, 'It would be really fun to make all these straight people completely, totally, helplessly, utterly paranoid . . .' She then falls to the ground cackling hysterically.

Wodora questions frighteningly, 'Do you all think they would suspect?'

Aera gets up normal, 'What?'

'That we rule the world?'

This knocks Aera out with a quick mental Chop Suey Hand Chop from Wodora to the Past Life Centre. Coincidentally enough, this reawakens Orthe.

Sadly enough, the positions are reversed: Feign Death with Heavy Blood Splatter's. She jumps up backwards in a half turn over his head, with the help of Telekinesis, and right Power Kicks with the ball of her right foot straight into the back of his head, to return the favor. Blood Xplodes out the front of his whole wrecked face and he crumples lifeless into the sand, little particles flying up in all directions, his turn to bite sand.

Wodora now, with a seriously cunning angle to her face, admires the torn dragged remains of an Arena Amazon Warrior. Especially, the odd placement of the head is regretful.

She sighs, almighty, 'Oh well, I always win: Timing is of the Essence.' She looks around, like a curious child, 'What should I do now?'

She puts them to sleep for an eon to contemplate.

Great clouds roll by, the connection to our past remains, and various distractions remain. Besides that, the ever present cyclical mandaling of things is enlightening. She looks around, eyes squinted, for some action. Finding none, she does 1200 sit ups and 600 push ups for 9 months, each and every day, almost. The others frozen forms remain like stranded ships.

Remaining, she egoistically and in self-contradiction contemplates the meaning of Life.

No one visits this isolated beach in this dreamless segment of the Universe.

Tides come, tides go, years pass by. She does a few things, builds a few maniacal sand castles, walks back and forth, masturbates.

A long useless record is compiled in her attempt to throw a wrench into the Universe's Clockworks.

Having defied the Natural Law's of Everything concerning this place, she pleased, takes a formal pose and claps her hands.

The others awaken, rising out of stiff shapes.

'Well, I think we have sufficiently demonstrated our point, let us end this workout and proceed forward.'

Wodora crosses her eyes like a really good Japanese Army Commander should.

After some time, even millenia, she wakes up her friends.

Orthe gets up, shaking sand off his trousers, 'Yes, not backwards.'

We retain contact with our Self-Developed Guidance System, and slap another face of the die.

Our heads spin, though not our reality. We transfer to a new realm. Like a Field Wall, like a photocopier beam crossing the whole scenic view, wifts of smoke coming off vaporized post mortem objects, we step into an entirely different situation.

And all this from tapping the left face, visualized in the middle of the air, like a holographic image. The neon shining line drawing of the triangle passes over and around us. We step, grooving, through. With a small twinkle, it condenses out of existence, to be summoned later.

We go straight through the sand into one of the lower blinking portals, all the particles dissipating around us like it never existed.

BE.E

Then the sensory transition hits us, like an aftershock of what took place, like Insta Memory. We recall its beaming around us and the changes that took place.

With its motion, it altered our immediate foreground, the background taking on a grey hazy tone. As it went by us, everything blurred and followed, its Form in a glorious triangular following. This white streaked looking glass flashed out of existence, resulting in the new. Strangely enough, we appear to be the largely governing Force upon the modifications, for upon touching us the final translation took place inside the tetrahedron.

‘Anyway, now that we are back to the present,’ Orthe stretches, ‘we can continue.’

We see a churning land beneath a fertile brown turf. Plants seem to be growing anew, returning vitality to a forgotten place, and fending off subterranean pulls.

Getting bearing on this place is difficult for it is defended by many Wards of Deflection Confusion Distraction. We look down upon a very simple outlay, demonstrating exactly what it wishes to, sometimes more. One garden in the midst of a mud plain is, beckons for more. Excitingly enough, not even a pillar holds up the vines, and this Life Form is more than just food for thought.

‘Especially, considering our reluctance to walk further, for why must we, with control of our directions, this Brocade Of Binding is most suitably placed.’ Orthe throws off a few abstractions.

He continues, in a more practical tone, ‘I am sensing more under this, it is very difficult to get a bearing; not necessarily bad things, there is a strong sense of fulfillment of further developments of an attentive sort. Hit the bass.’ He closes his eyes and looks down to the earth.

‘You certainly like this place, don’t you?’ Wodora ignores the indefinite depths.

‘It is so off pace, yet has an identity.’ Orthe concentrates deeply, his eyebrows tilting in slightly.

Pyre suggests, ‘Maybe it is alive, and conscious.’ He shivers his shoulders in anticipation.

Meanwhile, with all this nonsensical musing, the plants grow higher.

Orthe hits upon something. In particular, his knee, which he begins to build a drum layer on. He impresses his foot repetitively into the soft mud. It makes a wet sound, though definitely not disturbing.

'It is near, very near.' Orthe dramatizes.

It pounces through us from the farthest yearnings of the deepest jungles. It presses us on and onwards, continuously. It helps us through the hardest times, coming alive under duress. It arcs our backs in pleasure, it bends us over in torture. From gravity to absorbance, it fights on, like the plants straining upwards from the surface of the earth. It gives you surefeet, unquaking knees, firm hips, warm stomach, confident heart, proud chest, thick neck, defiant stare and an upraised head that is level with the ground.

'What is it?!' Orthe exerts a strong effort of perception, struggling to define this presence which has now suffused all our bones.

With a life reaching glow and pleasure it suffuses our bodies; we feel like raising our arms, dancing and laughing. Orthe keeps pumping out the streaming beats, which have now, taking on a life of their own.

Pumped into our craniums, all our sensory cells are activated. The area explodes with life. We see tiny minute fliers, bright colored auras around Veda's, and the ground is no longer substantial. Rather, we look down, mesmerized from the endless distance we can travel there in. The darkening soil has passageways to many worlds. We only stare in worship, idolorating this paradoxical occurrence.

Wodora turns her head back and forth, 'How can solidity have such depth?'

Orthe replies in the Throe of the Flyin' Shaman, 'Joy is fulfillment and I will continue to struggle for this, if I must.' His eyes open and emit orange brown Sun Setting Radiation.

'There does not appear to be a sense of struggle.' observes Pyre.

'This is because you are seeing the results of so much time of evolution.'

Besides the constantly moving growth around us, a suffused light of satisfaction springs into existence extending beyond the horizons.

Orthe extends out his arms palms opening in front of him, 'May you draw upon this ever fountaining source. I hope in all times of work that you are decorately nourished.'

'When you have fought through the tangled brambles, bleeding and wounded, falling unconscious to the wet grass covered earth, you will be licked by a Lynx of Secret Knowledge Intelligence And Wisdom, and you will discover the meaning.'

Wodora purses her lips ironically, 'I think you are enjoying yourself, too much Orthe, you aren't permitted to do that.'

'Yes, I know, I don't deserve to be so happy and excess leads to punishment and suffering . . .' He laughs at an old joke.

All of the feeling vanishes.

We almost fall down from system shock. Orthe looks like a hollowed out puppet body.

He shouts, 'Don't worry! Things go up and down! Back and forth! To and fro. Tally ho. We are in a large depression generated by our inaction, our mere intake, with no output.' He gets going, as Wodora and Pyre nod their heads back and forth, side to side, 'Keep the memory alive! Bring it back! Bring it back! Yaaaaaahhh . . . Cue in the back beat. With our collective focused intent and effort we can reverse this thing. Why on Planet Earth would we want to end it?' He ends on a humble note.

Aera is a proverbial idol doll, her head tilting.

We now collective mind meld, again.

'We, however, begin to sweat as we Funnel In our Will Power's And Energy's on a common interest. Our eyes are closed, we see fuzzy images of the external things from this perspective. However, it helps, for in the center of each of our visions is an unfocused Ball Of Light. We poke our minds into this. It grows, and then pulses back, pulling on our very emotional centers. Negativities and uncertainties tug at our Will's as we work to do Good: To fight the Good Battle, to fight the Evil and wipe out the source of its rottened poisoned core, where the Dark Minion's all come from, how they relentlessly plague, rape and kill Humanity. Regardless of how Stupid Humanity such is we will not allow only the Elite Scientist's and Elite Artist's to blast away in their Elite Colony Space Ship while leaving Mini-Nuke Effect's everywhere behind.'

Orthe chants, flying, 'For in the promotion of Good, one becomes Good, and by logical necessity attracts Good. Like attracts like, not contradictory Element's, unless they need to learn something from each other, the fact you lack it, you are attracted. And, don't talk to us about methodology, the difference between the Hero and the Villain will always remain the same, Good and/or Evil, and don't let them use Better Tactic's than US.'

His words are voluminous, loud and clear in the enclosed space of our joined minds. The Ball Of Light Energy grows bigger. Pyre points both his fingers to his lobes.

Wodora is moving her head up and down, applying a ghetto street style technique to this innerspace travelling. It pushes down on our skull, trying to gain control; we feel mortal, frail and vulnerable.

Streaming down melodies of digitalized Jazz out of the blue, it envelops us. Its Tactic's increase greatly in complexity.

Flashes of tiny blue white orange Afterglow Comet's play in front of our closed eyed vision, evading our direct gaze. Waves of jagged tension pressure in on our skin and deeper followed by an overpowering aroma from the plant life. This modulates while plain dirt is thrown over this banquet.

We press on, our breath ragged to the bone. Our very bone sheaths having to adjust internal Null Pressure Mechanism's to sustain this.

Wodora is pressed against the earth in a round Gaia Idol Form. Pyre's face is so tense, it is about to break off. Aera is practical chalk, immobilized.

Orthe spins on his heel doing a Shamanic Dance Ritual of the Serpent Raising Energy. He holds a Magic Stick before him which he taps on the toe of his one upraised foot, in rhythm with his up and down turns.

The scene develops to include Static Alien Flora, once again dominating the picture.

With the slightest hint of inflow, the presence returns after defying the very DNA, RNA and GNA of our vertabraical bodies. We were able to adapt, to adjust Form, to Transform, remembering that horrid time in Atlantis when they gave the legislative order to allow all gene mutations, in the name of Hyper Modern Medical Science, like it was some kind of FREE Entertainment for High And Elite Society.

With a momentous happy humming, Orthe successful, the potency of the matters immortalizing, he springs us into another world . . .

MF.B

“I will kill you! I will annihilate you!” The King is screaming, in the middle of this forest on the Hawthorn Throne, and he is looking at us like we are materialized images. He startles to a stop.

He cocks his head, “Well, I do believe we have a visitor here, quite right, how silly of me not to notice it. Let me rephrase: My Crown Will Crush Your Staff Peasant. Bye bye.”

He continues on, demanding rightful space, peace of mind, for he his King, “You will die! You will be annihilated! So, get out of my head right now, or I’ll rip off yours in one grasp!” He breaks into horrid crying, bent over on the root packed earth.

We startle back, unbalanced by the sheer velocity of his reality immersed in emotion. Hard to get away, we look at his transforming face. Closer and closer we must look and we cannot resist.

His face turns into a terrible darkened lowered stretched Black Hole demonition. His red bubbly tongue pokes out at our eyeballs, frothing creamy white bubbles. His chest heaves. His face holds the majority of our attentions in its materialistic glory.

He turns into an it. It bellows out again, the earth in this forest sagging with its Force, “Welcome to my domain! I hope you find this living place to your liking. Beware.” Its long fur covered hand screeches out at us in an arc, black smoke bellowing behind.

“I AM here to teach you a lesson fool. Bow down or be burned at the stake, you imbecile pettish adversary. Feel my poison, and at this proximity it’ll be sure to get you.” It rips down its Teeth Of Annihilation Anarchy And Apocalypse in a gargantuan roar.

Our peaceful Trees bow down in on us like we are defying some sacred time held law. The branches bend into our plane of vision, creating a hallowed infrastructure. With blending of our dendrites, with our conscious experience, we are quickly transferred to another perception of this reality, a far more feared and hated one full of horrible Psychic Fire.

Before us, still the King with his right hand outraised, are two Evil Wood Warrior’s in Metal Armor with a Two-Handed Bastard Sword and a Kopesch with Shield. They freeze for the instant of a moment and blur towards each other, faces grimacing intensely.

In frightening flurries, they insubstantiate through each other. Upon emerging there are 4, not two who spin on us.

One is a blue robed appearing as a normal Wizard of Near-Omnipotent Energy. The other is a stocky woman, her thick skinned fist upraised at the sky, holding a Hammer Of Massive Breast Attack's. The first two are on us, however we amidst this smoke filled enclosure next to the stone stronghold notice an identical pause before we are impacted.

Pyre is plunged down by the Barbarian crashing mighty blows down to the stony beach. The nature around us accelerates its alteration. Orthe is lunged at by the helmeted Gnome with Ornamental Feather's decorating his layered scale. Pyre stops his Bash with a conjured Oven Bodiku. Orthe Fist Slams his hands together before him, elbows bent 90 degrees.

Released momentum Xplodes around them as the shielded one materializes at the side of Wodora with a piercing blow, obscured by the confusion. The pointed hat one points, with one hand on a jeweled quarter staff, giving Aera a nice excess of potency.

Wodora and Aera glare evilly down at them, smashing the Evil Negative Energy Life Draining Kopesh to the side with Iron Hand's and whipping a shiny round pebble up at a 20 degree angle. Orthe Deflects around him in Visual Shadow Copy's, the Thunder Xtended Astral Form of the Weapon. Earth warps beneath him. Wodora slices the Chinese Craftmanship like 100% Plant Sourced Margarine. The stunned look of the dark dressed human is evident. Wodora smiles like an Arch Demon's Plaything.

'Well, not every day is your day . . .' mutters Pyre as he watches the Bastard Sword cleave through him and his Walking Stick falls to either side. Aera is black streaked with Lightning which ignored a Tiny Neutron Cluster. Her jagged limbed slim body falls shattered to the below, adding a fine complementary touch to the empty bone strewn moat.

The Gnome is dissolved into the Pit's of Hellish Torment as his projection rebounds with Full Force upon him. He is gone. Wodora follows up the parry with a Forward High Kick pulverizing her pointed toes through her fragmented skull. Shaking the very walls of the rook, in slow motion her shell plummets to the rocks.

The King Projects himself through the Fortress causing a Net Result Warp Effect moving the entire structure in the middle of us. We instantaneously Teleport to the inside.

Sensing each other's presence, circling and roving through the rooms wary of each other, we stalk. The rooms are spacious with the latest hardware adorning various

roles and positions. All is minimal silver. The furniture is solid lacquered beech with brightly colored velvet upholsteries.

Wodora and Muscle Man bump into each other in a raised hallway over a precious stone room, each directively emitting Negative Radiance out from the doorway. Without further hesitation, they howl and lunge at each other, meeting halfway.

A voice blares through the building, "Come out from your hiding place cretin and meet your fate."

Orthe answers, "Try to find this one." Spreading out, unoriginal. He stays Low Floating across walls and floor.

Their verocity towards each other is frightening. She Spins to the side, levelling the Power And Energy Smash, a couple of centimeters away from her, her increasing motion making it around his Blade. Severely, the Sword cuts no further and right angles at waist level. With a Wet Crunch he Bisects her. Blood, gore and innards tumble over the bridge. He remains stock still, panting.

Unified with the vary Life History of the setting, Orthe and the Mage take on identities of it. Reaching towards each other with tendrils and limbs of night and day, the walls pulsate from the world outside.

Translucent they become as a medium is accessed; Orthe, eyes and forehead clenched, beholds the red spectrum of the turned back of the Sorcerer, another one of their evil bastards disguised as a Good Wizard. It spins, too late, as Orthe lashes out an imaginary straight armed jab, focusing across space on the robed figure's Crown Of Near-Enlightenment. The lifeless puppet flattened on its carpeted stone, hands completely compressing the once animate head, is an opaque black 2-Dimensional Hole.

A presence ripples through, 'Now, don't forget your place . . .' Even the Ghost's run.

Quietly avoiding, leading and Trackin' amidst cobwebbed corners and displayed exhibits, the two remaining search hungrily . . .

The walls dissolve as we are lifted to a higher level, a balustraded roof. Cannons fit the hedge stone circumference. Floating in the middle are the Horned Wing's of the leathery hided Human Beast.

"You may begin, stupid foolish ugly mortal humans." It utters in utter superiority.

Orthe and Tribe Man gladly take a glimpse at the potentials and lavishly proceed to Tear each other to smithereens. They both Jump from a standing position of 20 meters,

at each other, their bodies taking on the Power and Energy of Self-Determination. The King claps his hands together in glee at the intersection.

Orthe spinning a Mournin' Star, red bikini clad Jungle Man holding point forward with one arm, they entirely miss each other and land 30 meters apart. Turning and running in a crouched ball, Orthe Charges the Charge of the screaming Barbarian who's Livid Blade is spinning above him.

With a heavy thick wet Splat! 'Tarzan Man' is stomached, who's reach was insufficient for Orthe's rising Heavy Bludgeoner Of Mind Energy And Body Power. Orthe Throws the Barbarian's dead body back and over him in a long trajectory of 2 kilometers.

'Excellent!' The Devils' Voices resound in multi-layers, 'Congratulations, End Game. If you play Chess as good as you Battle then you might not all die.'

They reappear on a black gray white Checkered Board Plane, directions spreading out as far as you can measure.

'Now, you fight me . . .' It gloats.

Orthe is not too smart but fast with his tongue if need be, 'But, I don't want to fight you.'

'WHAT?? You are not supposed to and not allowed to say that. Come on!' It lunges forward a Claw Of Doom Death And Destruction, beginning a large black streak.

Orthe moves steadily forward, 'You are not permitted to play a hand in things, who and what do you think you are: All Mighty?'

It looks down on him, 'Pretty much, compared to you.'

'Don't speak to soon. Homunculus!' Orthe without hint leaps dimensions, Casting the Spell telepathically as they have also conducted most of the Battle, speeding forward at impossibilities!

The last Fire Demon, one of the Devil's Evil Minion's, catches up to him and with a Furnace Blast he is burnt to the ground, like an engulfed stick.

Its laughter torrents out for a long time.

With a Merry Twist of a Devil's Claw, it whirlpools us back before him, in a forest root tangled grove.

The last thing Orthe hears in his mind is, 'I thought I'd teach you a lesson.'

We dwindle to nothing.

Having lost the Battle, we cannot always win versus stronger, more powerful and energetic, not to mention Ranking Enemy's; we enter bad nightmares of the previous events.

E.MB

Dwindling on the Wave Front, we demagnify to a pinpoint of light. A huge rush blasts by, whipping our hair behind us. Warm fluid filled air saves our lungs. Our mouths slaver at the oncoming. Our hearts beat rapidly and Wave Front's of Death pour over us.

We stand in this timeless moment for infinity. Though our very chest cages sag, we tried to put on a normal face.

'How appropriate if I am chosen, again.' Wodora looks up smilingly at the Angel's of Black Death, those harbingers of evil pitiful moments where the suffering is the greatest and life expends itself.

“ . . . There's still a few animals,

Out on the yard,

But it's getting harder,

Harder . . . ”

(Jim Morrison, The Doors)

quotes Orthe.

Wodora adds,

“ . . . Just take another little piece

Of my heart,

Why don't you . . . ”

(Janis Joplin)

The cesspool spins beneath our feet.

Aera acknowledges, 'Nothing quite like this plexiglas you have here. Why didn't they just use some . . . ? Now they're dead, political assassinations disguised by fake drug and health issues, and shit happens.'

All sorts of mangled bodies, churning in their filth, give us pallid glares. They cannot reach us, however, for we have sufficiently Advanced Technology to deal with these matters.

‘Ooh, what are we going to do with all these apparitions.’ Wodora shifts one foot, ‘Like, what is this, the Universe’s sewages? Where all the evil lying two-faced bastards went to?’

Pyre raises an eyebrow, ‘Wouldn’t be the first time in the fucked up History Of Humanity though . . .’

Our guts are wrenched down in large hooks as a biggy comes up.

‘I feel so petid here.’ Orthe squirms.

Giving the high assed stance, doing her best She Wolf stance, Wodora puckers up to Orthe, ‘Ooh, ah, wouldn’t you look good with a tomato soup.’

Wodora smashes down her wet lips as Orthe takes care of the shiny, ‘I wonder if there’s a Gem Of The Heart and Core Of The Truth at the bottom?’

Orthe’s head jerks up, grabbing her lip, ‘Shall I . . .’

He then catches himself, once again under the dominating influence of Wodora who continues, ‘Ever been to such a place? Why don’t you all just take a diver.’

‘Wodora, please no!’ Orthe looks up concerned at her.

We enter our group mind meld, once again.

‘What are all you, just simple ignorant pieces of dead bone and flesh living in the planes you made? Get up, stand up for your rights, and annihilate the hypocrisy in here. No, do not approach us. In fact, now that the introductory ceremony is over, we would certainly appreciate some rest and peace of the Mind’s Eyes exploring through Space And Time Trance Meditation Mode. How about a Permanent European Vacation? We can arrange it for you with your money and they’re all going to the Hell’s, now, with their trespasses and transgresses upon the People Of The Nation’s and later groups and individuals. It has always been a young land of colonization, competition and blood. It was even laid down by the early slavery times and the War Of Independence and the wild west. It was then somehow turned into this huge Industrial Machine which to date has cared for nothing but its own profit. Now the Eagle has been Laser Sniper bit in the but with Hyper Modern Technology and Information Technology. However, they will never buy Values, Morality, Ethic’s nor Philosophy anymore. Now, in this Timeline, they are dead, the Statue Of Liberty with Death’s boned skulled face staring down at Alien’s due to some inexplicable unpredictable environmental disaster. Some tried to prevent it but were outnumbered

and outgunned, eventually they were all pulled into the massive Negative Energy Vortex beneath their whole continent.'

We then hard drive up and out of here, seeing shadows of things which were and could be. Lots of slurping sounds ensue, though our ALL Protection Bubble looks a little shaky.

Our Form's finally stubble off the building, following us, and falling. Aera looks away. We enter a region, bodiless, and we know this instantly.

Which for that exact reason, Wodora responds, 'Nothing like the cooking area of BIG BLACK MOMMA RECEPTACLE!' She then expectantly turns to look at the same place.

There is a graph line area hastily coursing up and down in all kinds of landscapes under our feet. We throw our arms up and Surf Keeping Balance. A really big jagged spike gets Wodora's heart rate going and she glibly slides through the solid version.

Sucking all hopes, we do a heroine dive into a Black Hole.

'Wow,' Wodora looks around dreamily, 'Look at how many people are looking at Black Holes these days. Gee, I sure feel feminine.'

We jerk to a stop at the edge. Our front tires scream with the pull. All kinds of Circuitous Bright Light jags around us. We observe our adversary, constantly taking from us.

'I want my toy back, NOW!' Wodora crashes.

'Those who do not comply will be Terminated.' Her voice is presentable in this context.

The Wind's of Hell's blow through us, whipping off to a new adventure.

We bounce around a little more on this topography and then whip off to a new adventure.

'Hopefully, we won't have anymore crash landings shattering all those poor innocent folk centered around that poor tattered beggar. Gee, that would be so unfortunate.' Wodora is mannered, if not curt.

Kerpow, we sit in a Null Negative Black Energy Vortex on a reversed mountain grinder, the mirror image of the total gap. We can barely escape for fear of our lives.

We zap through a series of virtual Shadow Tunnel's all webbing around each other. The graphical highlighting is accentuous.

'We don't appear to be getting any further.' Wodora scrunches her finger, into her face, thinking.

'Don't trust your senses. Do not believe anything you Sensai, think, hear, see, smell, taste and/or touch. But, o.k., you're right, one can still spiritualize, telepathize and mentalize . . .' Orthe wiggles his toes and nose.

'You mean trust no one.'

'Right . . . Such is an impossibility.'

'Well then, gladly accepted there,' she points down, 'come to come along?'

'I don't think there is much point.'

'Yah, I know, it is so discouraging.'

'You couldn't keep them probing for one second.'

'Well, let us say, there will be a few hard will-cracked lesions, hopefully disintegrating this Will Pool.'

Wodora indicates the torrentuous stream of highly accelerated matter, 'Otherwise, we might not make it out of its G-Field.'

Orthe gives the 7-fingers-up sign.

We stare a little confusedly at these dips and peaks. Focusing a little, we make a bid for our future hoping it will not get sucked into another Black Hole Effect.

'There appears no way out of this closed system.' Wodora blithely gives away.

The stakes drastically heighten. Basic support systems spark.

With the friction and resistance achieved from years of experience, Wodora Side Steps the sudden Black Cobra's Strike from the shadows where it was waiting taking Blast Damage only. She, however, was not ignorant of its presence.

She looks attentive, 'Maybe we should depart to more intelligent realms.'

We look at her, caught in a moment.

Closing her eyes and diamonding her finger before her, she chooses the bottom side, and steps to the side on a more solid line.

It, of course, yanks us along and we are custom-lined on 60 degree back angles, 20000 G's at a min of to the chest. Our Power and Energy Augments through the stratosphere.

The Magic Symbol Epigraph steps through our minds, and we exit through one of the upper invisible, though not to our scans, blinking doorways.

F.BE

Moving forward through time and changing location in the Planes Of Existence we materialize into this new realm.

Unbearable pressure tears down on our bodies, cutting carbonates lacerate our mouths, the acrid stench of burning bodies fills our nostrils, searing bright rays scorch our eyeballs, Thundering Xplosion's crack our ear filaments.

We are on the edge of a smoking city, its marbled blackened ruins lighting up the sky. Dead horses, men, children, babies, animals, all, froth under the fly begotten pestilent heat. Clouds of still fatal noxious fumes billow up out of spots. Naked smiling Humanoid's pick their way through the remains, now and then lifting things to their mouths.

'Y = Stupidest Question Posed By Humanity. It is How or What which is better. And X is a much better letter. FUCK OFF NOOB!'

The Ghost's whisper, conspire and gossip in the shadows mocking this fetid dance of Human decadence; the bodies are so pitifully and cowardly stacked up under the blazing eye of the Sun of this desert village.

A Smoke Dervish whips up in front us, "Come play, oh lucky ones."

We decline the offer, ignoring its double countenance, though taking pleasure from its bent eyes.

"My my, what a sad and disgraceful thing this Human Being has become." Pyre shakes his head.

"Yah, they didn't even last one hour.' Orthe ruefully adds.

Pyre chuckles.

With the expected earnestness of an Arabian Terrorist Double Agent, from the locality of a refugee camp, he pops in, 'We told you, you can't do that.'

We look at him and Pyre side remarks back into telepathic mode, 'What?'

'What do you mean 'what', you must follow the Rules and Law's or die, obey the word and the custom, the unwritten law which so commands; if you don't know already then don't ask Stupid Question's.'

Pyre retorts, 'What kind of blubber is that? We will do exactly as we like, unlike some other miscreants.'

His eyes rise up, 'There is actually a Great Order in our Negative Hierarchy, if you just want to be stupid and foolish Human's causing only Chaos and Anarchy then go right ahead . . . Consider yourself warned, mortal, lest you step upon burning coals.'

Pyre points a glaring finger at him, 'Listen, you arrogant ignorant low-life scum hole dirty stupid 2-dimensional liar, say another word and we will completely and utterly annihilate you . . .'

He transforms into an It and puffs up.

Pyre continues, ignoring the warning, ' . . . and take your 2-bit nonsense and shove it where the Sun don't shine plus your petty revenge full of Nuclear Warhead bearing monstrosity . . .'

It Karumbas down on us. Black tarry smoke and bright red white flames tear the earth around us to pieces. We smile, languidly on, enjoying the radioactive fallout after-effect high. The Ghost's continue on, ignorant to those unseeing.

Its hallowed scream tries to pinpoint us, "I will blind you, I will destroy you, and you will never reach the dreams you want . . ." It ends with a satisfied smile.

Pyre comes in, strong, direct and out loud, "Know fear, mortal you are yourself, all you have is an Inflated Ego Human Complex sick on Wealth, Power, Energy and Greed, lest your very spindles be pulverized. Where you miscalculated is that it is laced to the core with Negative Shadow Energy. Goodbye, cause if you think you will survive or prosper in that Lower Plane Of Hell, then think again."

At this cue, we all simultaneously lunge at each other.

(Different Types of Warhead's Xplode in the background)

Taking on aspects even to flatten the Indian Deities, we partake of the ancient bloodletting. It sacrifices. We raise our hands to the clouds.

The walls turn in on us, claustrophobing our entire Civilization.

Orthe mutters, "When not even your own family will not stop attacking you . . ."

Pyre synopsis, "Now, know Power And Energy."

With a Burning Fist, with all his Might, he Right Hooks a graphite pillar. It holds, the Efreeti Like Projection looks confused on, and a wonderfully large Blooming and

us and we explore this somewhat outdate Fossil Fuel Society which went up, in this Timeline, in smoke and flames.

It has some interesting angles to it, not much to say for the future, we leave. Looking for some nature, bright and alive, completely around this, we talk to some scintillating specimens. Maybe across the waters, we are thinking, we shall go.

We go. An entire additional Chapter of History Of Humanity awaits us, like flowing through the gamma realms, yet unbelievably down to earth, a nice refresher, recovery from pure unabated living Hell.

Pyre contemplates back in telepathy, 'I wonder what my future lives will be like, in particular my next one. It is a fascinating discourse.'

'Though beginning, at this very instant, like travelling at the Speed of Light, we move directly upwards by several Planes, reachieving ground status for you would not, really would not, want to upset the locals, rather, enjoy the Trees.'

We look stunned by this phenomena. We have actually Trans-Planed the effect of the Trees.

'I DID not know our Curse upon those mortals, if we may be so bold, was capable of extended geographical, universal, uh, well you know what I am talking about . . . your unholy presence may leave now.'

Wodora adds, 'And, if you persist, well you know what I am talking about . . .'

We contemplate a little further, taking our time over a Refreshing Drink, deciding which part of this world we Will and wish to Explore.

'We will not create a single incident, albeit, we will create many places for future destruction.' Pyre grins with satisfaction, liking his cute little irony, for:

"Castles made of sand
Fade away
Eventually, into the sea . . ."

(Jimi Hendrix)

'I personally hope it will be Galaxies.'

All of the Collective Universes depart peacefully, just like we arrived so, though it does take an indescribable quantity and quality of time and timelines to do so.

Like Self-Congratulatory Over-Dimension Diplomat's, we take our time.

Just to speak down to your level, hands for the next one, we sit on the edge of our Ship's, with a reefer, or two.

The absolutely destructing Digital Electronic Music in the background, for sheer unabated pleasure, with all these consciousnesses around us, we anticipate the following:

We catch the next departure time, nodding up and down with the waves. Mostly down, this Nine Gallion takes us below the waters. Cool pressure grooves our heads, like the best ambient. We enter an entirely different world; the air is salty, smelling of the sea. Indeed, it is rather solid, however we ignore this and take watery bites of mind altering seaweed.

E.ME

'I have this sensation we are going down . . .' Orthe facetiously comments from the keel position.

We hold the four points keeping account of our surroundings. After all, as all the Sea Traveller's logged, there are big bad ship crushing monsters about.

We come to rest on a black icky rock shelf. With a Big Current, Wodora cleans it. The boat leans casually to its side.

Quite dramatically and unexpectedly, expectedly, the water vanishes and we are in the middle of the right bottom quarter of all of space. We stand on this stellar shelf, like a laser cut stone, admiring the twinkly Immortal's.

Aera glubbers, 'Gee, look at all the stars.'

'Yah,' Orthe replies, 'Just like . . .'

The high hits us like a meteor, the Dragon's Head: The colors fractal out and around. Static nulled sound positions us. We look at each other longily for a friendly touch. We take in our bubbled abode, the essence of minerals hiding our thoughts. Our hearts probe the potentials here. We, here, stoned immaculate against all the forces against us, as spaced Shaman Practitioner's of the Sacred Art's.

We cannot move: We do not have to.

'Either this is one far out base, or I'm not me.' Orthe affirms.

The Devil enters, upside down, clad scantily in red and black, hanging from a transposed twisted Tree branch.

She speaks sweetly, "Don't drink, don't smoke, don't move, don't breathe, don't do not what I say, don't play music over 200 decibels, don't look at me, don't do this, don't do that, don't drink blood, don't step on an insect, don't try, don't lie, don't have sex, don't unesthetically position furniture or art pieces for this matter, don't think, don't act, don't annoy me, your almighty houselord, don't fight back against my knives, don't contradict the flow, don't stop your demise." Through all this she stares penetratingly at all of us, simultaneously.

Orthe waves his hand, "Logical, merely a discourse on duality. Now fuck off."

She petulantly alcoholicizes, “How insulting . . .” Turning into a snake, she begs the question, “How would you like it if I tore down the barriers of your reality and let it all in?”

Orthe scowls, “How about I do that myself, you snake.”

She pokes an eye-sized hole in our dome. Our attention is immediately focused on this leak. A cylinder of pure intensified radiation is now drawing a line from stone to sky.

“Not very intense, is it?” Wodora remarks sarcastically.

“You keep your mouth shut, bitch, though it is much more like liberacé biacé . . .” Now a reptile, she spits.

“If this is the way you want it, keep pouring out your poison, I don’t care.” Orthe folds his arms and admires the scales around her form.

They switch to rapid back and forth Telepathy.

‘Don’t look at me like that, or I will stare you down.’

‘Ludicrous, no one has beaten me in a staring contest.’

‘Then you have no idea who I will, you maggot spawned.’

‘Oh, good grammar, trying to fill a quota, Helen the N.’

‘Insult my numbers, and I will really scathe thy nose.’

‘See, you are already falling, some short term memory.’

‘I could throw more disks at you than raged octopi.’

‘So you follow no rules, what’s new? You are averaged.’

‘I already have you by the balls, for I control Element’s.’

‘Just try me, I have more curve balls, then Einsteins.’

‘You think you are clever, however every plan you’ve . . .’

‘. . . building on your perpetual mistakes, I make them . . .’

‘. . . laid I’ve undermined. So, don’t even start with . . .’

‘ . . . rich and happy and sexual and inuendo and wowee . . . ’

‘ . . . don’t interrupt me, and if you get my funny engine.’

‘This is boring, let us play another game, oh Lothful.’

‘On your grave then, oh great Artificer, lest we lose.’

We continue being pulverized, the unseen Energy’s, for we are still also partially Human, making Tjap Tjoy of our nerves, in the deathly grip of excess gone wanton.

With typical backstabbing, Dragon of Darkness And Trickery, Blazer crushes on us in centrifugal impact, leaving us stunned. Her presence leaves our bodies as we return to an abnormal unmoving status.

Aera attempts to move her mouth, unsuccessfully.

Orthe tries to howl in laughter, great bouts of tension building in his abdomen. Not even the local Sentinel’s can resist, and in a humungous expulsion Orthe spews his funnies out the hole at momentous velocities. Besides this, though, he is not permitted to move and his mouth emits no sound.

We remain in nothing, doing nothing, achieving nothing, like transitory Black Holes.

Feeling a little censored, we try the Ancient Chinese Trick of Slipping and Flexing out of our mediae.

Orthe attempts a transmission. Unevidently not.

We sense out.

We audit.

We look.

We ab-.

We in.

We b.

However, we do not move an iotum.

With absolute sharpness, the Protection Shelter Shield around our puniness goes away.

The splendor of all of the Universe in this part of the Multiverse reveals itself in all its horror. We are rocked back on our heels as local locks and chains become irrelevant.

However, we do not move.

We break through a non-communicé. Unfortunately, we all had the same idea, so it is amplified four times; the details are lost, though we do get across this one concept.

Back to awed silence, we completely forget what all the sudden commotion was about, leading on our stagnant sterile half lives from where we left off, which is exactly nowhere, so we get nowhere.

The pinpoints of the gross bodies, the streaming of all sorts of expensive messages bounces around in the eternal underlying unmoving Spiritual Light Energy suffused throughout the entire Universe, becoming one big singular combine. For that which is subject to motion, change, cannot be eternal.

We do our best to emit, but vacuum is a little strenuous. All empty space is filled with Light and Shadow, Light Matter and Dark Matter, Light Energy and Dark Energy, though it is technically better to call such Light and/or Shadow, however there is nothing stated about what is outside the expanding Universe.

Our lowest chromosone is just doing its best not to divide. And we really like our know ledge, so please do not do that to us, oh big sleep.

We appreciate and utilize creative tension. In case you missed the fine print, the unspoken, the lie behind the wall, or just your stupidity, the Trees are witness to the crime.

When all is broken down, and this is payback, just in case you missed the action, one will arise which can counteract all hypocrisy, and not who or what you think it is, and not some Child Of The Light, which will, just as it is doing now, Focus On and Disintegrate all Electro-Magnetic Resistance.

At this terminal juncture point, it condenses between us and with us mesmerized, blasts out into a non-diverging arc.

Curving up and out of sensory range, it exits known existence . . .

We come out of our high euphoric dream state and exit door left.

A.BE

We accelerate, our heartbeats achieving pains, biting down on pure grit we feel the metal of mercury filled bullets deeping in, we blow sulfur and garlic in and out of our fiery wide noses, piercing electricity lights up our eyes, thunder welcomes us, shaking the roof of our skulls.

“Welcome to my domain!” Aera is in the middle of a soot filled air, arms upraised to the sky. She howls in madness. Mountaintops fall off in submissions on residing islands.

We give her a safe radius as a huge Black Shadow descends upon her Pentagram. Her scream is cut off. Besides the local frightened flora and fauna, with the palm Trees routinely swinging, no sound emits from her Tower Of Death.

We uneasily step from foot to foot, hoping this ritual is non-lethal. We wait around for the liquid display. Not wishing to venture beyond the realm of certainty, however far that maybe, we dive in after her.

Taking firm holds of this liquid steel, we fold it back allowing lee way. She steps out. She is sparking. With a swing of an arm she severs. The mass does not budge. In fact, it gets better. Taking advantage of our hand holds, we fling us three over the edge. We tumble down this hill, avoiding her anger.

She yells even louder, “I AM RULER HERE, GIVE ME JUSTICE!” With the smashing down of most of her might, she cracks an island in half. She offers it to the local patron, like a walnut.

A far greater voice comes from above, “AND WE WILL NEVER TOLERATE ANOTHER GENOCIDE!”

The spirits, caught up in the wind, churn insanely around her, looking for more. Blurring her hand, she Inscribes Polygram’s, all in front of her in the air.

To no avail, the static cloud breaks upon her. Horrific sounds are summoned. Yellow jagged lightnings, on dark background, blast determinately out, around and at her. She begins to shake her head hysterically, possessed, her body gyrating, her arms swinging up and down, her head banging, like listening to great Dance or Heavy Metal.

The other three finally make it back up, and stepping between the bolts, like a Fin Polish Waltz, it trigonometrizes in front of Aera.

Much to the total irritation of them, it displaces itself behind her. Taking command, it transmits in vivid detail the reasons why she must stop.

Our limbs are animated, in strange ways, we are forced to move rapidly. Aera is a bedraggled Spirit Doll amidst this. Like the pair of totemic Indonesian clay puppets, her arms make praying mantis sword slashes, sharp and jagged around her. Her Spell is meaningless, for she too, is a victim.

A victim of their rampaging, ripping and leeching Mongol Hordes.

Faster and faster and faster and faster and acuter and acuter and acuter and acuter, we blaze our stories.

A straight wooden cue blinks out Wodora whose remains imitates Stone Gaia's.

Orthe is circuiting her every half circle, mighty supernormal leaps taking him there.

To describe Pyre would be to rip out all rules and laws in the worlds. He cannot be looked upon, for his apparition is ghastly. Let it be said, he goes completely out of control, entertaining Chaos and vanishes from this lush island view. His body remains to feed the birds, in stoic unmoving complexity; it functions as an anchor point for Aera's identity.

The Jungian inspiration, satisfied with its Mandala, has now sufficiently drained the Energy's of all Life in proximity. It expands operations, covering Orthe and Aera. It makes a grab for Power, succeeding, the sky filled with Direct Energy. With consummate pain, torment, rage torture, enslavement, agony, horror, grief, spite, anger, pain, pain, and more pain, it opens up complete terror on the denizens below.

Aera's body shakes off of the ground, "I PLEAD WITH THEE, NO MORE!" Unagnomious laughter responds to her.

Orthe suddenly stops and backs off.

Uncomplementarily, it spikes down at her Form, with a Clenching Fist. Her body arcs in orgasmic pain, rising a little further off the ground, emulating Black Death, Ripples of Negativity caress the fold of the horizons.

She screams her puncturing cry in Ultra Sonar Sorrow. Her strained arms stretch behind her. Black Astral Substance pours up and out of her chest. Red glows out of the slits of her Eyes Flow. The all-encompassing reflection of her self has a fast grip on her; it pulls with unrelenquishing Evil. Her face changes back and forth under the intellectual strain. Tears stream out from unbearable battering. She shakes her head, still uncomprehending, from this besetted upon her.

The cloud yanks again, zapping her vitals. Over and over it does this; rain torrents down, electrons violently discharge, gales blow, tidal waves crash, everything is thrown to and fro, yet she persists . . .

The climate changes, temperatures drop very low, pressure systems drastically fluctuate, the yes and no stimuli are unending . . .

The island quakes.

All Hell breaks loose.

The Gates Of Hell are broken open.

Demon after Demon shows its ugly face and flies upward protected by this vast veil. They kill as many Human's in proximity as they can, now just Shadow's of the past, the rest are taken by the Evil Element's also coming through.

No longer do we exist in a normal peacable dwelling; our inner senses are shuddered awake, ready for Battle.

Still, Aera is bonded with the big dread as her frame is torn by release after release of traumatic heritage.

The underwellings of her Secret Psyche scramble out to freedom, blitzkrieging in glee.

The territory is reduced to monological bone, and then the mere shells of such.

With a decisive heaving also the air begins to spin around her. The overdecking exceedingly disturbing vibrations condense their pitch.

Moment after moment gets better and better, as the winds increase Aera becomes quieter. Like a steady measured whipping, all particles Cyclone Funnel around her. Her body becomes rigid, the end of a long drawn out curse. A purified yellow Cylindrical Transport Beam holes her nemesis. It Stutter Shocks to a momentary full stop.

This, however, is sufficient to back log the million bits of flowing data and jam its system. Resoundingly killed, its entire bulk falls. Networks crash, computers hang and systems blow up.

Aera, in light hearted urgency, avoids this pending disaster, attached to us comatose three, chains flowing behind her as she amounts to the heights, through the passageway of Light, which she made. Sadly enough, not all can be saved.

Free, she languishes in Blue Light, watching this substratic semiconscious Matter fall. The world below is annihilated, and she turns her head to miss the details.

Orthe stands next to her, once again his normal self. Pyre materializes from where he went to. Wodora shakes her head groggily, still disbelieving, successfully, but she sees it is very not unreal.

As surviving Priest's, Priestesses and Island Warrior's, we observe the growing mountain beneath our feet. It grows up and out of the shrouded depths, its shining reflective peak triumphant. It is huge, vast, the haven for all kinds of socialities, mostly the dead now.

A huge 100,000 Army of Undead now marches upon Hades demanding retribution for the loss of all of such innocent lives. Another 150,000 will Flank Attack Hades, shortly and soon enough.

Aera cries out one last time, "SURRENDER OR DIE! Well, to think there is an end, I feel a little dissociated, what say we find a natural spring or hot bath and relinquish our sufferings to the past? I could certainly use a break. I thank you all for supporting me, laying down your life in the time of danger. I greatly appreciate it. Uh, Pyre, I think you need a hair cut."

We look at her, puzzled, though Pyre agrees readily.

Taking stock we look around. We return to our telepathic mode.

'Well, I still feel a little buzzed. Let's say we go hiking.' Pyre raises his eyebrows hopefully.

'We should probably take a rest.' Aera suggests.

Pyre responds, 'We are impressed with the work out and the great difficulty . . .'

Orthe interrupts, boasting a little, 'Don't be so crass, what do you mean 'Great difficulty'? Pffffff. Now, if you meant a very helpful work down, appropriate Energy Offspin, then you are talking . . .'

Aera nods, summing up, 'Upon attaining these heights, we now understand the myred difficulty emplaced in the souls of the few and the inevitable necessity of the entrenched to be helped out of their self-defying guiltless pain. May you rest in peace.'

We arise away from the sometimes not so silent whimpers, moaning, utterings, speaking, yelling, shouting and screaming of the tortured, tormented and anguished souls as we fly up towards the next blinking doorway in the sky above this blown island.



Angry Thunder Spirit

A.ME

We sit down and try to recover from the aftermath of irrationality.

Stimuli goes off and on around us. It is very crucially annoying. Fragmented Shadow Mind's shatter around us. Their grey ghostly images fill the air. We run for cover in the shelter of our restless dreams.

Aera awakens, her eyes aglow with a new strange light.

Bullets spread our circumference. We spring from sitting positions to the meager cover of small boulders, on this hillock.

'How dare they shed violence on this sacred ground.' Aera states. With the simple raising of her hand she Depolarizes the entire air. Lightning fries the area for about several kilometers cubed.

With her hair on end, Wodora raises an eyebrow, 'Uh . . .' loud thuds interrupt her speech, '. . . how did you miss us.'

Aera smiles, beginning off in the direction of her prey, 'New trick: Selection.'

'Very funny.' Pyre undertones.

We find ourselves in a small charred Druid's Grove. We know it is such because of the slanted Sign in a Stylized Celtic Cross depicting such.

There in a heap are four parachuted Human's, petty creatures these, twisted and mangled in bloody heaps.

'Not a pleasant sight is it? Let us take the valuables and burn the remains so they do not taint this second sacred sight.' Aera formalizes.

We comply.

After solution, we aloft to the pretty heights away from the miseries of Humanity and into the limitless realms. Here we enjoy a few insufficient scientific arguments and make a mockery in disguised form of their limited axioms, how what they teach is basic contradiction, or something dualistic of that sort.

We prefer travelling the web. Of space and time, human is made a fool of, in their superficial sensory ways. Even Logic pales in contrast to the expanse of the Exploration of the Cosmos, whether this be mind space or some other vesicle.

Like birds of awesome stature, with Metal Compounded Wing Span's, we Fly. The Power and Energy of the wind, shipping by our tingling necks, sends shivers throughout our nervous systems. The sound is something to behold; the very might of the world expressing itself through fluctuation is breathing the essence of Life itself.

We fight for higher. With supersonic aftings we attain troposphere status. Suddenly, the gear mechanism fails, the motor whirls and our spinning hot wheels in our brains stick.

We are left with mere momentum and gravity, a source of future FREE Entertainment.

Pyre shakes his head to awareness, 'Well, this is one way for Adventure to find us. What, do they actually think we are scared?'

Aera looks steadily at him as we begin a descending arc. Sweetly, she adds, 'It all depends on who is behind all this.'

Wodora shakes her head, 'What? A plot factor introduced now?'

We laugh.

Aera nods self-satisfactorily, 'Sure, I can perform more.'

She clicks her fingers above her head, just to annoy those watching, the Ghost's in between.

We rise and increase our velocity.

'There! Nothing like agreeable Magic.'

Upon this Magic Word, in this causally susceptible locale, which we are in the process of discovering, all the participating particles visify.

Pyre's head jolts back like the sudden cold fury of a divine messenger.

Rushing around us as we rise to the highest portion of Tropo Land are small circular shaped objects. They dance and swirl around each other in carefree delight. Our blasting through here merely seems to elevate their Energy's. In clustered populations they surprise us, falling to lower levels in spontaneous emissions. These messages gives us interesting puzzles: Some in bizarre frequencies.

We raise our heads to the oncoming freshness of Pure Light, the realm of space. Nourishment courses its way through our membranes, our lungs heave back to action, our flesh is stripped away in the pure presence of the Sun's domain.

In the ascent, we are given the capacity to wield Great Energy's, some sufficient to shake the foundations of Civilization's. This unrest can cause certain personal conflict, and thereby we are granted the total capacity to defend ourselves with the basic substrata of matter. In coiled serpent twinings around our fingers and hands are engraved the telling of the few in the integration of these molecules.

Strength smashes into our hearts like a much needed medicinal injection. After the initial rush, our heart rate steadies out to pleasurable consistencies.

Pyre raises his hands in new found delight. We equally admire our own Craft and tools.

Aera dejectifies, 'I suddenly feel humble.'

Wodora nods, 'This comes with Power and Energy.'

Aera slits her eyes, 'Hardly, this comes with perspective.'

Pyre argues, 'Rather, no, I think this comes with experience.'

Orthe corrects, 'No, it comes with both.'

We ponder.

Aera Focuses, 'What direction should we go, so everybody watching us doesn't get confused.'

'That very sentence was a disjoinder.' Pyre smiles.

'Thank you.' Aera maintains the reasonable Philosophy Debate, as opposed to tearing each other's throats out, 'Like Politics, I suggest we ascend.'

'Which realm?' Wodora queries.

'Well, we still have that question, don't we? Isn't this Time Tripping just a little bit complicated?' Aera questions.

We nod commonly.

'We have the one hint of the Pyramid, however there is most definitely a clear confusion. There are so many unanswered questions and mysteries regarding it, I don't even know where to begin to prove such. In any case, the white coats won't believe it until they can see it on a computer screen, myself not excluded.' Aera adds to her question.

We sympathize.

This produces some interesting effects.

‘Since direction is the question, let us look, geometrically and algebraically, at the Pyramid.’ Aera’s proximity while floating in thin air must be beneficial.

Pyre replies, ‘Logical.’

‘O.K. There are 5 sides, 5 points, 8 lines and lots of stones.’ Aera sums up, not able to resist the joke, as though we were always on this subject.

We consider.

‘Worthless; no correlaries.’

‘Let us then tie in an Unknown with a Known, in hopefully, the common domain of Space and Time Travel.’ Aera continues, ‘Previously, we established 6 directions of endeavor and we followed blips and signs: Due to intermediate events, though it is very possible we are being governed by entirely different Law’s than before. Also, there were and still are transitions.’

‘We have a correlary.’ Pyre remarks.

‘Yes, the transitions . . . These are totally, like so non-intuitive, non-identical. Let us waste no more space or time, and try another.’ Aera puts on her cute fake airhead accent.

With her lead we oblige, stepping off into immateriality.

We sink even more into the unconscious realms of the mind through another portal, near-instantaneously.

W.BM

'Have you noticed a sudden lack of transitions?'

Wodora inquires.

We turn, suddenly attracted by her, attentively.

We are sucked down, like water paint jerked upwards on the canvas due to some apparition, internal or external, the scenery blurs.

We can feel the very pull on our organs as though someone is pulling your leg.

'Here we go again . . .' Aera's voice increases in pitch.

With our eyes half-shut, our ears popped from pressure change, the air rushes out of our contracting lungs and nostrils, the substances derive our tongues next to the complexity of the Middle East, and warm embrasure supports our bodily systems, while we twirl to deep depths in a liquid-like passage.

The trip lasts, as though a dream from long ago has reappeared.

At the end, a sub-omnipotent voice beckons us, "YOU ARE WELCOME. TO ATLANTIS YOU HAVE COME, NOT AVALON, THOUGH WE CAN ARRANGE TRANSPORT AFTER YOUR INDULGENT STAY. PLEASE BE PEACEFUL. AN ATTENDANT WILL BE WITH YOU SHORTLY." Its preserved form leaves through a shadowed sea weed framed throughway; our feet sink a little into the mud.

We stare with watery eyes open at each other.

Wodora blows tiny bubbles, 'Are we still dreaming? How can we technically tell the difference between dreaming and not dreaming, based on the vast diversity of perceptions, consciousnesses, senses and experiences?'

Orthe snaps, mildly irritated that she might defeat him at an argument, and breaks the telepathic mode, "Yah, o.k., right, like wake up."

"How can I do that?"

The attendant enters, who returns it immediately to the telepathic mode, not wanting to disturb the already fragile peace, 'Good Question, did you define that, you idiot, where would your party be off to this time?'

Wodora's face is a little crumpled and ignores him, returning it back to verbal mode, "This time? I don't remember being here before . . . Who the Hell are you?"

The small man dressed in a dark suit with the typical Atlantean Symbol near his chest area holds his head back, "You are the @*Uglian-BaggaWagga, \$\$\$Haggaa Party?"

Wodora raises an eyebrow, "From WooHaa?"

"Yes." He smiles confidently.

"No." It was not too hard to read his mind.

This stiffens his body back several inches, "Then who are you?" Undertones of malice tone his voice.

Orthe interludes, "Well, we just appeared here."

"Well then, please disappear."

"We're afraid that is beyond our resources."

His voice ripples throughout telepathic layers, 'It isss good you arrre a little uncerrrtain n afraiduh, heh heh heh, let me sssummon our Master . . .'

Wodora slaps him down with a mental pointed finger, 'Watch your semantics!'

His head involuntarily jerks a nod, but he likes her sense of humor. He departs with a shadowing smile, syntactically.

We impatiently wait.

Aera comments, 'So, now we find ourselves at the entrance of Atlantis. We are no step closer to a solution.'

Wodora downs her lips, 'How funny Aera, please do not comment again.' She stares at her directly.

We are now knee deep in mud. We remain immobile, as much possible.

'Maybe we should study this construction, whether it be of subtle or gross manifestation.' Orthe suggests.

'Good idea, Orthe, hope you realize what you are standing next to.' Wodora then tilts an ear in the direction of expressed joy. She goes through, 'This is the Gate

leading into dock channels previously surfaced over all others now occupied by Dark Denizen's who constructed these fine solids.'

A warm current hits us.

'Let us complement its glory, transforming beyond human status, in this Universe Community, and walk around.' Wodora leads the way.

Just then, she appears in Royal attire.

Dressed in form becoming purple black glinted scales, her turquoise and pearl Necklace Of The Princesses Of Atlantis is admirably syndicate with her Lichen Crown Of The Dark Deep Atlantic Ocean. She sends, 'Do you need Water Salamander's to accompany you?'

We from knee deep position, 'No, oh, Great Princess, High Priestess Of The First Circle, She Of The Double Face, Ruler Of The One, Council Of The Tripartates, etc., etc., etc. . . . , we only attempt to fathom your Goddess given creation, what a most fine huge underwater city.' Wodora adds the final touches, bowing with spreading arms downwards.

Her Form becomes a Statue as we explore. Dolphins, rays and sharks swim by.

Undersea Species of ferns, algae and kelp supplement the Grecian, Victorian and Modern Architecture. Multi-Level's lead to many entrances; the presence of this vast complex extends well above. Mandalic Eastern inlays add touches to corners and nooks. Local figurines perfect the display.

A vine plant shoots out its huge root, paralyzing Pyre, and it attempts to wrap around Aera who jumps out of the mud and does a leg split slashing down with an Apparent Blade. This fends off the attack for now, green goo splurting, as though ejection is animating a hose.

Interspersed, Orthe replies, 'Yes, how would you think inverted relational release could exist?' He Sidesteps a Lancing Green Goo Tentacle from Wall Clinger's while enlivening his Power and Energy. The long thick stem Wooshes by him to be entertained by some water vine climbers.

'Intriguing situation, indeed, I wonder how many variables?' Wodora calmly conversationalizes with Orthe as she buries, with a gesture, one nemesis. It churls to a stop.

Aera bravely jumps back, bubbling Pyre's head, waving her own long black hair back and forth, she moves towards Wodora and Orthe and is dead stopped by a Teleported Reefer around the structure. Wodora Lifts Up a Null Wave Current, Orthe goes to hit the ground, then stops, reconsidering.

Orthe progresses, 'Maybe,' he bubble chuckles, 'I should attain some altitude.'

She just looks at him as the moved limb cuts gruesomely on one of the edges of this Roman Grecian Temple, 'Good, perspective is useful.' From total darkness one rockets straight towards Orthe who has already automatized his arms and legs as propellers, shooting upwards. She casually Bats an assault away, paying Paralyzation for Paralyzation Attack, 'Don't forget to systematize.'

Orthe is too slow, getting impacted chest center, but he manages to stun it. His momentum indexes in front of him as he pushes up and backwards at a fine Pythagorean angle, 'Conserve Energy, it is recommended. There is no guarantee there is equivalent opposition. And, by the Law of Conservation of Energy, one cannot fail.'

'That I do not disagree with, there must be, or Chaos Rules.'

'This might be so.'

There communications are quick rapid, in Meta-Language.

'It is so much better to know method.' Aera sardonizizes, intellectual as always, scanning around her for the remaining signs, evidences and proof of such transgresses and transgressions.

In transition, now augmented, Orthe Pounds his Power And Energy Fist's together, reaching the summit, out of range of Wodora. The irkish sediment opens up, Slurping one of the Wall Crawler's. Wodora is frozen to her spot by the incoming point aimed directly between her eyes. She keeps staring at it until the last microsecond when she tilts her chin up efficiently with mouth open. In an extended pleasurable pause, she Dissolves it with her Will alone.

'Ahhhhhhhhh . . .' Orthe and Wodora Synchronize.

Great pending silence resides.

We recover. Wodora attends to the potentiality of Aera's and Pyre's stylizations. No luck.

Mentally foggy, she verbalizes, "Orthe, what do you perceive?"

"Plenty of nothing . . ." Wodora chokes back a swallow, Orthe adding, "There is, most distinctly, a considerable quantity and quality of work distilled into these parapets. Woowee."

There transmissions make no impact on the still waves.

She calls him back, “Descend from your throne, oh mighty Poseidon, tremble me to my knees.”

Orthe returns at once, “On my way, Queen of the Nile . . . Yet, you forgot the Egyptian Pantheon so quickly . . . Just typical of Stupid Humanity and their very short-term temporary transitory memory complexes.”

Upon union, we join mentally, ‘We are definitely looking at a basic contradiction, though not entirely incompatible.’ Orthe smiles close to her.

She softly puts her arms around him, warmth reaching up to protect us two, ‘Four sides and a top and bottom = 6. I can calculate that, too.’

The High Priestess Princess and Royal Servant approach again. Her original appearance was just a 3D Holographic Projection. She Projects Black Ink at them, and he jags his arms, percolating a column.

We set up Trigger Nodes, fluidly getting out of the way.

“You are dishonorable.” She states and, “You are mistaken.”

“You are dishonored.” He states and, “You are misplaced.”

Plenty of bubbles and mud particles keep rising from the commotion.

We fire various Spell’s into each other.

Wodora remains, Orthe falls, vanishing, the Princess Priestess remains, the Servant disappears.

The Battle switches into psionic mode.

Wodora’s eyes open up, ‘Is this predetermined?’

The Princess Priestess scowls disdainfully, ‘Is this of the Free Will?’

She whips her Backward Closed Fist around at head level. Wodora’s arm pulls up, Blocking, causing a Wave Bubble Front of Xplosive Potency.

Wodora relaxes, ‘Certainly we are permitted learning?’

She does not let further, ‘Who are you?’

‘Excuse me! Learning is a right.’

‘It is a privilege: Noblesse Oblige.’

'This is why I retort with Nobless N'Oblige. Noblesse N'Oblige. Learn it, learn it faster.' Wodora's face warps out.

She Null Teleports straight behind her enemy and Right Fist Swings, hard.

'ARRRGGH!' Her Royal bejeweled body is no more as she sinks into the mud.

'Ah hah . . . I see through your lies and Illusion's, this is not at all Atlantis . . .'

Wodora presents out loud her right arm spread out, "In summation, let me conclude, that by 6 indicatives, regardless of particulars, for these have already been divulged, 6 directions are a constant. We will explore this path, doing our best to avoid contradiction. Thank you." Wodora is rejoined by her lively associates.

Displacing attention, she points, "Let us proceed . . ."

We ascend once again, reaching for the heights of the Universe.

A.BM

We take a walk along the mountainside, great green lush Trees welcoming, the white gray black mountaintops poking out. We decide to explore each one, in turn. We tread lightly, peacefully, not wishing to disturb the patrons.

We flow through water, like fish in their inhabitation, cool, fresh, ancient Tower's Of Darkness springing up to meet us, beckon us, come in and out, with the might of fallen ones, Lightning and Thunder-Thunder Chariot's.

Without warning, Death stands in front of us, his Oak Silver Scythe is, smiling.

We immobilize to a silence against the edge of a drop off. Below is a hundred meters of ragged finely honed rock. Our palms begin to sweat against pure minerals.

His Rieper Of Life Draining glints dark silver reflecting the Moon Light. Bright shiny teeth glint of diamonds. He stands unmoving, the entire scene still around him.

'Have you recalled the lessons I have taught you . . .' His mental voice in our heads and throughout all the areas is low, deep and very Evil and hollow Null Res Vibing.

We think for awhile wondering if we actually met him before . . .

Aera quickly figures out the Impersonation and replies, 'Yes sir, we have . . .'

He waves a hand, 'That is good.' He is perpetually laughing and smiling, his semi-transparent white gray black skull full of infinite blackness, his wavering and rippling Cloak Of Eternal Death moving about him with the Wind of the Cosmos. He stands 4.6 meters tall, his huge Oak Silver Scythe held in his left hand and his Rieper Of Life Draining in his right hand.

Aera requests, 'Oh, Great Lord Of The Under Dark, may we bequothe ourselves to the lands of stability, for we are surely aught to here . . .'

He interrupts, passive, 'You were warned to stop this Nietzschean, or Freudian for that matter, breaking of the Rules and Law's, after all, did not Jung blow all of such away . . . and do you expect not to be punished for such trespasses and transgressions . . .'

Aera hastily responds, her heart appropriately trembling, 'O' Repeater of All Those Lies and Death's, may your face be r.i.p.p.e.d. off continuously,' flames hypnotize around her, 'we thought we were only bending the Rules a little bit.'

'This you most certainly were, Mortal's, let me demonstrate . . .' Even the horizons form a perfect circle on the event horizon.

We find ourselves instantly 1 centimeter away from his R.I.P.P.E.D. Skull. We swallow uneasily, feeling the absolute coldness of unending eternal timelessness, Pyre tinkles nervously, 'Almost Omnipotent One, though who is to deny that you are even possibly the greatest God of them all, we cannot stand the Great Power And Energy of your proximity.'

With a mere wave of his arm we are Null Planar Teleported.

We find ourselves walking along a peaked trail, without donkeys, enjoying the dense packed Jungle. We step involuntarily back, observing the Pteranodons; 18 of them fly in the direction we are going.

Aera screams psionically, 'Get Down! They have,' the sky falls on our heads, 'a formation . . .'

'Too late, indeed,' Death commentates, 'as the Pterasaurus sweeps down lifting four at heightened velocities, four babies somewhere cry simultaneously, and it rises above the flock it is tending.'

'We fly across time, to who knows where. We take it all in, returning the compliments . . .'

'We travel through burning husked remains of worlds, through vivid spine shocking tortures on the racks of the 1500's, we do nothing while alcoholics in collage overlay beat their husbands and children, we see smoke rising all around his dark gray black purple ultraviolet Kalian Photograph, we walk slowly and carefully through this almost infinitely detailed dwelling, sheer stone walls rise, surrounding, as though the very colors in the sky nanometer per nanometer develop, fortresses in exquisitely carved detail fall and rise at our sides.'

'We watch as Evolution of Human's on this Plane develops from primitive ape-like creatures to the Agriculture Age, to Trade, to Art's and Sciences, walls, buildings and armies arising and falling, now all but shadows of the past. It fast forwards in front of our eyes as we float with Death who has chosen to show us these scenes for reasons inexplicable except to maybe show the true transient nature of all things. We watch their Spirit's and Soul's rise up or fall downwards upon each of the inevitable demises of their very temporary hollow husked puppet host bodies, some lighter or darker than others. We see only their Soul's then disappear at some point in time or another from the local scene changing throughout the no longer existing past centuries of this Timeline.'

Death takes his time, 'Now, my little morsels, I treasure you so, may you know, you cannot do without such technique.'

We stop breathing, like Life taking the breath out of us.

Aera eyes her own projected form, there, suspended in the sky, the Cosmic Wind's billowing about her, as she keeps us walking at a steady pace through a rising and falling forest, next to a river with an old waterhouse which is turning . . . A wolf jumps out and she gets torn to shreds for no reason, whatsoever.

Wodora says, 'Confucius say . . .'

'Oh, execute me,' says Death.

Wodora continues, 'Wahhhhhhhhh . . .'

Death executes again, 'It is good to take rest between each and every action, not to mention reincarnation . . .'

Wodora picks some Ginkgo Biloba with her conjured Golden Sickle, hoping to delay the inevitable and remember that minute so many years ago.

'THIS IS YOUR VERY LAST WARNING.' Death calmly steps into Aera's identity, taking precedence over all formalities. Aera is now just a helpless host body with no control of herself.

'Can't you remember it? So, any last requests?' He reachieves Alien God Form in a shudder, resting against the Grecian satellite dishes.

'We promise to use our Trigger Mechanism's, undyingly, forever so, grant us two more hours to perfect our Art, no longer a trifling Artifice, against your hollow eye, we could not rest nor resist . . .'

'Null Respect, get on with it.'

'PEN is mightier than the halberd.' Aera looks whitened, 'May you forgive our impudence, however, we said we cannot stand against your Gloriousness. And, the pen is mightier than the sword, cause you just Stab someone in the eyeball with a sudden Surprize! Attack.' She bows gratefully down and backwards, slowly twirling, as Death plays with her with one single white clawed long bony black leather gloved right index finger.

Death has long black hair, is deep dark eyed, Evil, his Aura of Death and Negative Energy surrounding us all and pulling in strongly, like a Black Hole, 'What are you trying to recall? I think you forget.'

'Space Ship's rocket by in hordes, evidently Low EM Propulsion Engines, streaming in on this Planet. We space.'

Aera shakes her head, 'We will utilize the corners please, and avoid total hypocrisy, for when the very walls work against you, you know that you have to replan.'

'Do you want to see my visage again?' He moves with his right hand to rip one of his masks off, the stars blur, after a Shadow Year in 0-1 second Hyper Acceleration. He disappears for a moment, completely invisible.

'No . . .' Aera's voice extends, wavy and trembling, in Time.

'We come to a full pause at the edge of the waterfall, its overwhelmance in Lovecraft manner, Cthulhu laughing over us silently and deady.

'The sky opens up in brilliant accolade for the accomplishments of wannabe Immortal's.'

He reappears bonafide gratis and for FREE, all the typhus for FREE, to go around, get your own over there, even, fuding with us four. We die painlessly and near-instantaneously; our hearts leap in Joy, like the ever Celtic Irish.

His hands open wide to the vast Ocean of Space and Time below us, the Planes Of Hell, the Abyss.

'You have 10 minutes to admire many of my creations and destructions.' With the snap of black leather gloved bone fingers, Death goes off to make more music, there standing still as a statue in front of us and off to the side, smiling, ever so.

We come out of his Ever Awe Enthralment Entrancement Enchantment. We glance at each other disconcertedly.

We have never felt such a mind integration as this one. The very subtle spectrums jigger and Power Object's, aboriginal, circle every second around our very still gemstone perches.

Aera suggests, 'If you will, I think it would be a good idea if we start receiving less disturbing, mutating, negative pressure from the local community where we are now. Maybe the testosterone will exit the neural pathways, eh? What do you all say?'

Sandstone buildings poke their balustrades, in multicolors, through the almost unending surfaces.

'Oh, you want it the opposite indicative direction, is that it?' Aera looks hopefully at the rest of us.

She continues, 'Well then, let us drop a little bit below sonar, so I don't die; and I suggest the rest of you do this as well.' She does so.

We immediately coincide.

'IF I CATCH YOU ONCE DOWNING THESE FRIENDS OF MINE WILLINGLY, YOU WILL BE ANNIHILATED.' His Black Cloak Magneto Uniform flutters once in the Universal Circulation.

We take our choice of three spheres, having finally figured it out.

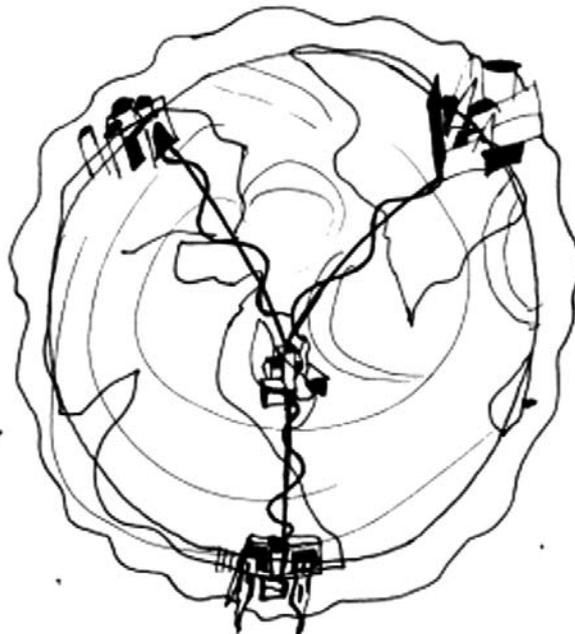
We choose one from the Inner Command Center, one of the three points of this Eternal Peace Symbol, including our desire.

We plummet off this viewing ledge into open space, the crisp air refreshing our nerve endings, tingles watering our mouth, safron enrichening our olfactory responses, the tiny splash in complete contrast with the crackling affector of the ice cold water.

Everything happens.

Nothing Awaits Us.

We extend through chemical reflections to the six points converging on the middle, and explode into another doorway in space.



Under Relativity

TRIANGLE PORTWAY

Before us stands the Great Triangle Portway. We step through, ignoring details.

Instantly, we are off and travelling through space. We are merely moving through a rapidly diminishing triangular cone of a throughway. Diffused Light is our only comfort.

'Looks like we made it.' Orthe mutters.

'Definitely present.' Wodora comments.

'Esthetically pleasing.' Aera critiques.

'Time for more.' Pyre states.

We brace ourselves for final impact, as the cloudish Light converges.

It limits its Self to a transformation.

We glide through, dreamily, soft vaporizations playing with our thoughts. Energy Cord's interspersed brighten up the terrain. In plain sight before us, lies all our potentials, and behind us.

Vitality, carbohydrates, sugars, vitamins, minerals, trace elements, compounds, basic elements and more complex elements saturate our Chakra's. Our souls, minds and bodies percolate upward to higher levels, the Might of the Essences filling our strengths. Orthe roars. We can hardly contain ourselves. Like an Emperor declaring sentence on a fallen contender, finger pointed in end accusation, we rise to maximal girth. Wodora brings down the skies, her arms outstretched in adoration, tears running down her face like warm rain; Being's congregate in concentric and overlapping circles. Energy, substance, power pills, sustainers and builders, initiators, settlements, laborers, constituencies and messengers fulfill the solar systems. Aera spins into electrical dancing, fire serpents sheathing her body. The gulf streams of information begin to vibrate discoherently; Creatures leave places of disagreement and disharmony. Pyre having absorbed his plenty of Pranic Current's, Levitates above the diminishing groups immersed in Divinity, without trying. Fissures open up, generating animate particle clouds. The worlds shake.

We, enmighted in splendour, loor for passage.

It arrives, like a crystalline opening, stone solid, direct in our faces. We diverge, unwary of our latent motion, into, apparently an entirely different reality, for now, sprung open, a cache mechanism, is a long cylindrical thread curving out of view in either direction, with us in the middle.

Fire Energy

Geometrical Form's blast through our consciousnesses as we whip through this continuum. We grasp to comprehend, succeeding barely to tie in correlatives in this necessarily linear way. We exit this freeway via la triangle exclusief. It jerks our heads like a Vampire Demon finishing lunch. Our bodies copy this motion. Sensation is, is distorted. We have no fixed bearing on anything, finding ourselves unable to Focus on anything. Strangely, we are caught up with reflection of reflection within our Cortical Information Loop. It is not impenetrability, rather, it is piecemeal, an irritating fraction of yesterday's messages.

We jitter, trying vainly to hold it together.

With a loud crack, these jagged Form's come together. Gratefully, we repossess integrity and distinction.

Blowing madly around us is wind, indicating storm, in a grove we have found ourselves, the Trees looking intently on us, their gnarly eyes potentiating.

A small sandy beach, littered with a couple stones on the side, for esthetic purposes, welcomes the rare Canoe Traveler who may find this perfect natural harbor. Grass clumps fill the regio.

'Alas, I do not fill buoyant in this part of wine and where?' Aera corresponds.

'Surely there is nothing displeasing to you?' Pyre expresses concern.

Orthe and Wodora examine the nearby vicinity discovering much of like.

'It haseth a plethoric ambience to its efference, howevereth, leteth us not bothereth matters with my trifles, whereth?' Aera tops on a petite smile.

Pyre uplifts his head, 'My Queen, youeth speaketh to my heartfelteth,' he gestures to the land, 'I would do anything for you, my love, however I've haven't de faintest incline where.'

'It is possible to find out.' Aera turns her upperbody to the occupied pair, allowing Pyre, her Man-At-Arm's, to glide nerve-awakeningly over her body to kiss her neck, to kiss her neck, to kiss her neck. He withdraws from her still breathing stance before the other two are finished.

Orthe claps his chest, 'Pyre, sir,' he gives a court nod to Aera, 'we are on an island. What must we do with an island?'

'What kind of question is that? Get off of it, of course.' Pyre looks suspiciously at him.

'How?' Orthe pig-noses his voice.

Pyre sneers, 'Gee. I wonder.'

Orthe nods, 'You are correct.'

'Good.'

'Definitely.' Aera looks up and out, 'Let us be off then, we have much to do.'

Wodora confirms with her PAD Scan, 'There are no exits on the map.'

Walking in the manner we wish to, over clumps, holes, stones, herbs, we come to the top of the nearest hillock and look over the island. There is a bigger hillock farther up. The refreshing cool breeze fills our lungs. It is daytime and there are clouds obscuring most of the Sun Light, a phenomena which Aera seems particularly intrigued in, for her gaze is directed so.

A bouncy rabbit springs past us, saying 'And who the Hell are all of you?' in its manner.

The island brings back memories for us, the rise and fall of tinges of felt heartbeats.

After several hours, we come to a hill, centrifuge of accumulation, Aera in front, 'Lo and behold, another hillock, friends, or is that a mountain?'

'How can it be larger?' exhales Pyre.

'Must be a natural phenomena.' enlightens Wodora.

We climb it to the top, panting.

'Nooo, another. Hey look . . .' Wodora comments.

There in view, between two distinctly larger earth piles is water. By now, the Sun is on its last emanations, exciting layers of realism for the enjoyer. It is half plunged in her enfolded splendor, to our left.

'Well, that's easy. A day's walk and presto, the other Kant.' Aera shakes her head loose, the signal for our rest and consummation point.

Pyre sympathizes, sitting pleasurably on a flat rock, its vertical part conforming to his back, 'Wouldn't that be a drag, if we used four different languages, simultaneously.'

'Very funny.' Aera bites her lip smackingly into the sandwich Wodora summoned.

'So, a round trip would take half a day's sandwich, squared.' Orthe calculates, 'Dat's a sandwich for each of us. Why twice?'

'Your basicness astonishes me, Orthe.' Pyre lifts his nose, 'If it wasn't for your practicality, I have no clue where we would be now.'

With a determined, though mysterious descent, the evidently great provider ceases communications.

'So much for descriptive objectivity; this scene defies words, and in thus saying, I have defied meself. Damn.' Aera draws three glances. She ends, 'Not bad.'

Pyre's voice is lowered in respect, 'It is difficult to describe the material. It is so permutable. You sense other than me, and hear little voices where I do not.'

'I do not!' Aera pouts, 'I am perfectly sane.'

'You are perfectly insane, my dear.' Pyre horizontally waves his eyes.

Aera stares ahead, 'K'thank you.'

We descend with large steps, passing through a scent filled valley. With penetrative impression we pull ourselves through the V-Gap and arrive at a magnificent view.

'Wow, it makes me think that everything is description.' Pyre is immobilized by the final fading streams of warm colors that make his soul happy to be alive.

We stand small in front of the two small hills, wiggling our feet in the sand, listening to repetitive sound emissions from the ocean. It is soothing to our tired limbs.

'We will have to do an exploration of this pleasant abode to see what there is, and walk around to see if there is a nearby body of land adjacent to this island. I am a little concerned for particular unsaids, they might become a problem.' Pyre states.

'Nothing can affect us, so we will watch out, however in terms of those negative trifling inconsequences, they are almost nothing next to us.' Aera raises her arm to the sky and then cuts it down to the ground swiftly.

'Prepare for integration.'

Orthe mumbles, 'That's a sandwich. How puzzling.'

'So we need a week, you idiot, so what?' Pyre whacks him comradishly.

'Ow.'

'Let us be prepared for tomorrow then, and enjoy our dreamings . . .' Aera stretches out flat and begins snoring.

'That's decisive.' Wodora copies.

'Sh.'

Tomorrow in a neverish fashion comes.

We arise, stiff and cold, shaking off the morning dew. The Sun burns full and hot in this dawn, its rays of white yellow orange light coursing across the waves into our faces.

'Nothing like a night under the stars to immortalize you.' Pyre divines the first thing he sees for the day.

We explore the mini-mountain island arising from the depths of this tropical region.

It is everything and nothing.

We search another day. The same.

On the .638721 part of the relative to us third day we find, in middle center of this island, what we must have walked over at least twice before: A very well hidden blinking entrance in the layers of space and time leading directly upwards, which was also, naturally, covered by an invisible boulder. Someone took great effort in purposely hiding this entrance to another reality.

'Go figure . . .' Pyre awes, reaching with his left hand towards it.

Without warning, the most intense Psychic Fire rips straight through our skulls, engulfs us completely, tearing apart the very molecules in our bodies and Null Planar Teleports us off to another dimension. We scream more in fright and shock than pain as flames leap up around us for we have already Departalized into Immateriality.

FM

We ascend through discharging atoms, their radiant impermanence shedding colors through their issues. Giving us sparkling refinements to our skins we enter a roomier space. We open our mouths in awe, letting hideous insane laughter crash down on our heads.

Shaking like powerful deactivating Space Jet Engines we come to a heightened sense of reality. Substances weave around us. We cannot help ourselves except move with it.

We materialize before a bench. This Upholstered Multi-Seat Recliner is green, painted poorly, worn down from much usage. Behind it, behind a road, behind shelled metal hulks, behind a stoned walkway, behind charred walls, lies the quiet emptiness of solitude coexisting harmoniously with its dark twin.

Aera, again, looks around, her black eyes reflecting the light of more intrigue. There, now in front of us, is overgrown ferns, vines, and heff, a very common Alien Plant akin to hegari, intermixed between solid tall and old Oak Trees. Highly developed support blocks ring a large canal water area; similarly, empty buildings lie across from it.

The broken, bent stone walkway, which we stand upon 150 meters above ground level taking in the details, gives a sharp picture of coniferous forests on either side stretching to the horizon, its previous existence now dead and twisted. A bitter smoky breeze flares our nostrils.

'What are these strange metal molded objects, next to us on this bridge, with circular attachments . . .' Pyre examines these before he gets interrupted.

Furiously come, out of the empty buildings from behind walls and Trees, hair covered Mongoloid Mutant's, their crooked frames smashing Metal Weapon's before them as they leap off and out of the multileveled complex. Sprinting, Charging, Jumping and Flying, they yell Battle Cry's, their Weapon's raised above their heads in both left and right arms. There are about 36 of them.

Aera yells, 'Wait! We come in peace!'

Their advance is swift, organized, deadly. A previously curtained window explodes open as an Ion Projector simultaneously destroys the wielder as it Fires and Xplodes and Wodora along with it who did not see it coming. They cackle with Hell Force. Her dead body falls off the stone bridge, falling head over heels and coming to a loud thunk head first into a rock; her dead body crumples bent and jagged over, dead.

Pyre's head jerks around spitefully, Orange Red Glow Energizing his frontal lobe. His chin snaps up as several take on Orthe and Aera in hand-to-hand fatalism. With a Static Crack Pyre destroys several walls outwards, bricks flying in all directions. These randomly crush the skulls of 10 Mongoloid Mutant's who Attack through our protagonists, Swinging strong and verociously. We Block, Deflect and Reflect. They also Slash through supporting cables. Sagging disintegrates a significant portion of the foreth barricade of matter.

Orthe's Howl of Defense Defiance And Demoralization defines the area.

Figures in presently intact sections of the living complex rise up on Dark Wing's, shadowed in their up to now passive observation. There are about 12 of them floating slowly upwards through the Trees, 6 on each side.

A Throwing Pole-Axe Of Higher Accuracy blurs down on Pyre, impacting heavily, who stunned, leaps back, tripping over a loose broken stone on this elevated walkway. He rolls back with Judo using his momentum to soften the blow and regain his footing, not stopping. In one motion, he lights a cigarette and comes to a standing position facing the enemy.

Aera whips her blue black white Cloak Of Air And Etherealness around her, vanishing. The Cross Bow Bolt's and Sword Lunge of one of these Beast's pass harmlessly through her previous spot.

Denied, they scream unceasingly, hopping up and down, Flying around in fast circles.

EM Power Drum's roar up in the quiet, thundering repetitiously. Another rush of Mesh And Wired Armor wearing half-naked Half-Being's charges, frighteningly powerful, energetic and fast.

Dark clouds coagulate messily above, spitting biting drops of some dirty liquid. The Trees bend from the Force of an arriving wind.

"We demand the payment of this trespassing of our territory!" One of the Mongoloid Mutant's Blasts in our faces a long calked pointed bright colored haired Skull Rod wielding Negative Prana, a blistering 10 meter tall Leader of the Cyber Rogue Band, who's rippling muscles and trunk chest glimmers in the Moon Light. His full length thick dark gray fur-lined Robe Of The Dark Thief And Shaman engraved with many Evil Symbol's complemented by his Staff Of Shadow Creature Control and Skull Rod is a Hell of a lot more impressive than the long jagged curved Two-Handed Bastard Sword Of Dismemberment Disembowlment And Decapitation.

Without waiting for an answer, he and his Elite Guard instantly take up the places of the now Flying over the water Hell Creatures who were on Pyre and the already fallen Evil Minion's which Aera avoided. Orthe is 20 meters up in a Tree, sheltered

by Tree branches, doing multiple consecutive rapid Sante Maria's. They, winged Shadow Creatures, Daemon Spawn, have already Triggered an Area Device and prepared a tubular headed machine rolling through the forest on the left side along a dirt cut path.

In between, Pyre shouts, now standing at the edge of the brackened water with poisonous and polluted acid-like rain still drizzling down, "Stop! Or you will be wiped out."

"Threats to our bodies??" The barely-a-biped wreaks a Negative Energy Flux into Pyre, "No! You will fall." He waves his left arm from bottom left to top right with a Spell of Hell Creature Conjunction.

Fire Bursts out of a portal window, a massive Xplosion bends the Tree tops on the right side with a Wind Blast and they ignite with unevenly made Fist Shaking Endomorph's Flying through. Other dumpy big and ugly looking Mongoloid Mutant Slaves hop up and down gleefully behind their rolling apparati. Stochastic Mini-Mushroom Xplosion's and Cloud's hit the area.

Aera in a Battle Cry, her eyes streaming from the smoke and acidity in the air, comes back into vision, lands heavily into the stonework, a direct hit into her knees almost knocking her out. Three of the Dark Wing Shadow Creatures topple over at the same time for no apparent reason. Her instincts send her Rolling with the momentum across this stone bridge, behind one of the dead hollow wretches. With her defiant amplified Battle Cry, she Casts Higher Air Magic to send her blurring at Super Sprint Speed's, a large Particle Cloud in her wake expanding, into a dark hole in one of the building structures. Bullet's Pump the wall behind her, sharp yelps adding to the chaos of the Battle Scene.

Orthe Immunizes himself to the Fire Envelope while ripping up a large thick wall with Telekinesis, mimicking the style of the building. The circling Flying Mongoloid Mutant's still have difficulty getting at him with their Sword's due to the cover of the Tree branches which is now rapidly falling away. This sends several of them into higher airborne trajectories, so they can arc straight down on him. Orthe then Teleports himself on top of one of the walls, his own Two-Handed Bastard Sword Of Null Defence And Heavy Damage awaiting any attacker.

Pyre lets the Death Vibes of the Mongoloid Mutant Shaman Blow around him, adding, "You cannot ignore the Shining Light which Imbues my being."

"You have No Potency," it snarls viciously, standing a safe distance from him on the stone bridge, swaying somewhat in all the frictions, "You can't even see the signs on the road."

"Hah! What board. Please define your symbols and characters!"

“Symbols and characters? You petty fool. This is my land, know you nothing of proprietorship . . .”

“You are obviously coming out of a Post-Holocaust Dictator’s Nightmare, like your own worst type. What kind of Hyper Reactionary Fanatical are you, sending your troops against us, without first acknowledging our presence and parleying.”

“It is your responsibility to respect the ground and air, thus the Territory, where you tread. Oh well.” He says this, matter of factly, while throwing his Pole-Axe into the Earth. The ground quakes and everything in proximity shakes and shudders violently.

Pyre throws his cigarette butt to the charred grass below, but is distracted by the tragic end of Orthe, who’s body parts decorate the branches of a nearby burning Tree. Having taken out another 10 of the Mutant Mongoloid’s with brave, courageous and heroic swings, one can only last so long against a greater number of enemies.

Pyre sneers, “Let us contest our strength then, you pitiful construction. I tried to diplomacize and all you did was spit it back.” His eyes drop a little upon witnessing the crumbling of Orthe’s wall, his fiery heart dropping by one notch, his resolve and determination, though, never waning.

“You are a coward, not willing to stand up for yourself nor save your comrades, at least die brave, knowing your group has lost as you uselessly sacrifice yourself to me.” Their Dark Evil Priest regrasps his Staff Of Shadow Creature Control and advances on the Stone Bound feet of Pyre, “Ha ha, bet you didn’t notice how I have Bound you in place, I will cleave you in two and then savor your eyeballs.” He swings his free arm back around him, “My own, find her! Alive!”

The dozen hunched over Electrode Implanted Head’s of these Beast’s turn as one, giving reminiscence to a biotechnological Kingdom of Hell, remainders of a self-abusive past. Steadily, they disappear into gaping throughways, between the smoke and now black rain, looking for where Aera has hidden herself for another Tactical Strike on the Dark Wing Shadow Creatures who now float 10 meters above the Tree tops.

His Two-Handed Bastard Sword Of Dismemberment Disembowelment And Decapitation is whirring Dark Silver, encircling his massive frame as he twirls, closing one step at a time on Pyre.

Pyre iterates, “I am the radiance, encaptured, I am the cooperation of multitudiny, I draw on our collective leader, the Solar Immortal, I individualize my identity in the logical space.” His hands Light Energy Clap before him, a mere iotum away from his opponent’s whipping. Intonations of Subtler Energy’s come into being.

He mimics Pyre’s tone, “Ug, you couldn’t stop me even if I wanted you to. Pfff.”

Pyre's stance wavers briefly as its slicer comes to proximity of his chest, both his arms now in surrender, succumbing and stillness at his sides.

"I have you, though you will remain forever separated, ha ha ha . . ."

"Come then, foolish conjuring Dark Priest, divide me."

With an enthusiastic jerk of its shoulder it adds final momentum into the last spin, penetrating Pyre's chest, who is merely standing at the edge of stone bridge, floating a little bit in the air, still, unmoved.

His Weapon passes harmless through him.

Pyre smiles, 'My Mana is more powerful than you, I choose not to exist. Moron. Not nice knowin' ya.' With Unseen Force Pyre's Fist Of Lashing moves faster than the eye can see through and beyond its head.

Pyre aims not incorrectly, the Dark Shaman tries to dodge, his head deposed, who aims lowered and forward his shoulders into Pyre's body for a Strong Power Body Grab, Pyre grabbing him in return, twisting and sending both of them plunging over the stone bridge into the dark water. An enormous splash goes up.

Meanwhile, Aera is tactically making her way through sub-space, Blinking and Teleporting rapidly and taking out several more.

Pyre sends his Flying Fist, pulling for altitude as his enemy Slashes its Knife Of Cutting Stabbing And Slashing along his stomach. They somehow surface, like two water snakes repulsed from each other by given wounds. This does not, however, stop their reuptake of activating externalized bodily bases; the effectors and effected, reanimating their vesicles.

The buildings Bloom in a collage of flying bricks, huge Ricocheting Vibration's, bodies, fire, smoke and bits and pieces of Aera. Her last Massive Attack in the form of a Spell of Air And Fire Disintegration Xplodes through the entire area. She is no more, however she succeeds in taking out another 3 Dark Wing Shadow Creatures and the rest of the Mutant Mongoloid's.

There are only 3 Dark Wing Shadow Creatures left and the Leader of the Mutant Mongoloid's who is engaged in heavy Battle, mightily blows passing back and forth, with Pyre.

Pyre, having built up the Power And Energy the entire time of his Orange Red Glow Energy Fontal Lobe Kill Attacks near-instantaneously with a Focused Beam this Life Energy Sucking antagonist.

Pyre dives to the bottom of the river, the Trigger Chain Reaction Xplosion's missing our Hero.

Remaining at the bottom for minutes, hearing the Booming of Repetitive Detonation's, Pyre surfaces when things sound safe. He Teleports himself from the surface of the water to the grass, Dodging the Knife Throw Attack of the lone desperate survivor of the havoc, who is more afraid of the wrath of the Dark Wing Shadow Creatures, and Mind Wills a pebble into the solar plexus of the surprised look of the enslaved Beast. The Dark Wing Wraith Shadow Creatures, all three of them, howl in hate, anger and rage and seeing they can no longer win Null Teleport out of the area.

Pyre routinely collects the remains of his comrades and Resurrects them after a time.

"I am, so I may do." He poetically paraphrases one of his favorite historical figures.

ME

We regain consciousness by arising.

The large pull of its density drags on our inner organs. Our mouths are pressured shut. We quiver our noses. Blinking rapidly and REMing our eyelobes, we embrace the music of a Spectrum of Spheres, which is of course speeding around us all the time.

‘What exactly is ‘it’, and gee, that sure was negative.’ Orthe, wide-eyed and bouncy, works blood back into his muscles.

Awakened to awareness, we find ourselves in an entirely different environment. It appears to be the Plane of Sound. Interesting place, this. Absolutes, unspecifieds, and shades trance our forebrains. Basal Ganglia paradise, Hypothalamus sexual excitements, Pituitary Gland composition force us to remain unmoving, letting the vibrations flow through us.

‘Yo man, dit is really hip . . .’ Aera opens her arms to the flow of substance.

Pyre taps his forefinger to the rhythm, and Wodora lies stomach down letting her flesh be with it.

Orthe, rock solid, stands with. He examines the surroundings and basis, ‘Yah baby . . .’

Crisscrossing lines opaque the level of this gray rock plain. The sky is a fractal spiralling worthy of analysis. It moves. Colors punctuate tinted notes.

Orthe footnotes, ‘It is definitely vibratory.’

‘Oh yes,’ Aera purrs, ‘given the development and nature of the Natural Languages we are looking at a distinct paradox in the folds of space and time, if I may be so indicative.’

‘Over what?’ Orthe responds.

‘It.’

‘It what?’

‘No, what it . . .’

'Is it not just . . .'

'It certainly is . . .'

'I can see that . . .'

'No, you cannot, I am talking about contradiction, do you not hear?'

'I be, an Illusion ever becometh me . . . please . . .' Aera ends her line in a long drawn out ecstatic moan.

We cannot help except move and unify, simplification of higher desires, to the base, to the divergence, and over and over and over and over. The pages fly off their binding, harmonizing built steps.

'The mountain peak crumbles even faster than the Pyramid. I deconstruct the images that fall before me.' Orthe raises his chin.

'Does that not heighten you?' Aera side glances Orthe.

'Yes, alas, two negatives do not make a positive.'

'I have been told otherwise.'

'We do not know it.'

Aera sighs, 'It does know us, for has it not shown its presence to us, on more than one occasion?'

'You mean personality.'

'Distinctly. And Character.'

'How about Class? Clever though it may be, we have become noticeable of it.'

'Nothing exists.'

'Wrong. Basic self-contradiction.'

'You're right. It must be confused with something else.'

'Then tell me, who am I?'

Orthe and Aera gasp uncontrollably for a subtle voice enters their heads.

'What is . . . it?' Orthe looks paranoically, circumventally.

Aera's mouth is still a gap, 'Do you mean that predicately, propositionally, analytically or equatorally?'

'Well, if we grasp onto the word and say, 'It = it: I am not It.' we would be accurate, though a little existentialist. And not wishing to aggravate, hard though it may be, any Prophetic Power's, I would look at decay in the same manner as growth, for surely it, which I am clueful from, is a mean.'

'A meta-point, causal or otherwise, does not exist, is merely virtual, you're just some statistic.'

'You are speaking nonsense.'

'Precisely.'

Orthe lets Aera continue, with a Beruvian Toka, 'Let me be brave: It is everything.'

As on a preposition, like becomes like, we are brought to a symphony.

Aera chews her lip, 'Yet, it is singular and particular, a mere object of speech.'

'Yet plural and general at the same time, is it not grand?'

'Evidently.'

'Indeed.'

'Well, there is false debate over that one.'

'I prefer two, focus on what is. Yah, that's it.' Orthe gets in his 2-bit byte.

Quite unexpectedly and rewardingly, all sorts of shapes dance through our visions, leaving optimism after revelations.

'I have noticed that this world is innovative.'

'Productive.'

'Decidedly so. Even though somewhat virtual.'

'Let us be A World Engineer, your circumnavigator inscribes your Rules and Law's into my major membrane, if I may be so arrogant in so saying.'

'Ah hah, hah hah.'

We are immediately falling, virtually in our minds, as we walk through this seemingly endless plain, the great god-like 3D digital surround sound playing everywhere. Great fun till impact.

Aera continues the canter, 'How else can we understand the syntax?'

'Without basis there is no clarification.'

'It is a happy truth, though few like it.'

'Better off with lies, deceptions, misleadings, half-truths.'

'Even better the norm, the facts, the numbers.'

The local virtual representative materializes, dressed in a black and white post-graduate cum laude uniform, 'Thought you needed some help, I am.' It says with a smile.

For the second time we recapitulate.

Orthe kneels formally on both knees, playing it up a little for this stranger in a strange place, 'We are honored by your Official Ambassador . . .'

'I am also not here,' it says in a Rambursingpurian accent with a tinkle of laughter, 'I am, of course, not physically here. Do you like falling? Albeit, it be in your minds, only.'

We enthusiastically respond in the positive.

'Good good, you all have much potential.'

Now we laugh.

Orthe does not stop, 'It is momentous.'

His face cracks open in a dispelling hideous snarl, with actual white silver fangs, his face suddenly bending viciously, in a second it is gone, 'No! It is not.'

'Ow.' Aera understands.

Black liquidy mirk fights to a thickly flow in his eyes, 'It is not, nice being challenged, though . . .'

His alternate she face pops on and singing at that, "Do you the three jewels, or do they you, have you the understanding of Form, or does it possess you?" In a completely unreverberating tone, she lets it sustain out.

'How long do we have?' Aera's body wavers and she stays in telepathic mode.

She in her suppliance breathes, softly out loud, "Congratulations, you already have . . ."

'We will do our best to be equal and indicative to you.' Orthe returns to standing.

We accelerate beyond measurable speed, the most subtlest matter lifting up and then whipping past us.

We are parted from its greatness.

Our virtual falling in our minds now becomes very real and we blast straight downwards at immeasurable speeds through a lower blinking entrance.



Hindu Buddhistic Observation

BE

We land on top of this huge slimy gray white brown Massinid. Its big stupid eyes roll disparingly at us. Somehow, its body absorbs the gargantuan momentum we built up. It smiles dumbly, alerted to our presence. We roll off harmlessly.

It belches. We did not realize it had a mouth, however now that we are pressed up against cold damp walls with the majority of the space taken up by MR. JELLY we can notice a certain Gelatinous Fore-Protrusion blubberishly moving.

Orthe remarks, offhandedly, 'This reminds me of certain backward completely out of date aunts who attempt to make sound by moving their toothless gums. I guess this is materialist goo-dom, where factualities mean nothing.'

Wodora plugs her nose to avoid the extinguishment of brain neurons, 'I sure hope this organism is as mentally immobile as it is physically.'

It splutters profusely, generating subtleties of idiocy.

'If it weren't so redundant, I'd forgive, however, hey, live and let live.' Orthe looks around for an exit.

'Uh, a slight alteration, Org, I mean Orthe, but this thing certainly does not 'allow'.' Wodora does likewise.

Orthe reconsiders, 'Though, indeed, in this case . . . live and let die . . . even put it out of its misery . . . if it feels anything, at all . . .'

Pyre and Aera are paralyzed by the lack of motion here, not to mention the noxious gas.

There, behind it, noticed by the gradual shifting of tones in the stonework, is an outlet.

'Don't you just hate the ambience of ignorance, it has such a collective feel to it.' Orthe without making an impression squeezes past the heaving bulk which goes right up to the wall.

'Hate is an insufficient descriptive; should we kill it?'

'I don't know, is it in pain?'

'It must be.'

'Well then, better to let it suffer. We will be pleased when we are beyond it.'

Orthe and Wodora carry the other two out of the contagious radius. We make our way along the wet moldy wall leaving lines of presence. Doomishly, its all mightiness needs maximum parameters for its widespread operations, thus blocking off freeway to outside.

Our mouths drop open automatically, though we instinctively, quickly shut them, soundlessly.

Wodora jibbers, 'W-what do we do now?'

Orthe raises an intelligent right finger, 'Over it! Yah, that's it, I have no idea.'

We look at this relic from the past, when amoeba were determining International Politic's, though attempting to absorb as little as possible. Its facial features are accentuated folds of flesh, granting minor permutations to incomings. They constantly move, embraced in yellow slime sheathings and green mucous membranes. Externalized endoplasm constitutes its pale white flesh, the color of sickness. Past ruptures hold dark red purplish sheens.

'I am going to reject.' Orthe dismays.

'Maybe we can, like, transmorgify.' Wodora coughs.

Having heard something it can understand, it with crackly hard won ripples adjusts its face to our head level.

If it was not for the long earned Disciplines of us and the lack of accessible departure points we would be eagerly on our way.

"Urrraaaaaaaaaaaaaarereggrrrrhhhgugugauguauguslurbel."

'What?' Orthe clamps his ears from the volume.

It moves forward. We have exactly 1 meter.

Wodora concerns, 'Uh, did you, uh, learn that, oh, you know, Dislocation Spell?'

Orthe looks around and behind him, 'Wah, who, me?'

Pyre and Aera are still, out of it, completely.

'Should we make a goo of it?' Orthe tenses his muscles.

'If you think that is the smart thing to do and if you really believe you can make it through that thing.'

'Well, I don't know, Divide and Conquer or Befriend and Manipulate? It is a question of how exactly do you deal with people so fucking stupid and aggressive.'

'You think there is more going on here than meets the eye?' Wodora looks at him ambiguously.

'Clearly, ever heard of blissfull ignorance? I am sure the lackeys of this are somewhere near by, though maybe not, most likely in some snob hole glue infested air entranced state of rigamortis.'

'One thing is for sure, we have to fight off this negativity; if it follows us, it must be eradicated, destroyed, annihilated, im/ es/ sur/ sub/ co/ fore/ super/ aft/ in/ eff/ ##/ \$%@/ Xplode!'

Orthe yells, "CHARGE!!!!"

With the stiff bodies of Pyre and Aera under their arms, Wodora and Orthe leap up the vertical surface of this slimebugger struggling for traction, legs pumping, just as it moves forward another Cyclical Phase.

We make headway, progressing higher each step, unlike some low-lifes who go around in their circles, once in a Blue Moon coming up with an original thought.

Our weight sinks into its liquidy internals, though gratefully not puncturing the leathery hide; we Catrun.

We make it halfway over it, running up its side to the top point, sprinting as fast as we can, our arms pumping, when it unexpectedly gurgles, "ARGUARGUARGUOOOOOOGIWAHAAAAAAGRUGGLE@ARFUS. GRRRRRRRRRRRRUGLI."

Orthe does not stop, 'Definitely canine.'

We dramatically leap further, one stickly jump after another: Splat, splat, splat, splurf, splot.

Its grotesque face, unsuccessfully covered with preservatives, turns towards us!

'Ahhhhhh! It's coming after us!' Wodora yelps, pacing Orthe, and passes him!

'The chase is on!' Orthe gleefully and hastily speeds.

We jump off of it, Sprinting for the exit.

Its mouth opens, coming after us, in its primordial manner. Like a large country swallowing the resources of a weaker smaller neighbour, it slurps at the heels of us.

‘Definitely boorish.’ pants Wodora, ‘I would never invite him out to dinner.’

‘Or an exclusive, reserved, only for the particularly limited Sucktail Party, why didn’t you accept me, oh Leviathan?’ Orthe Throws back a Dagger behind its mouth, distracting its tiny Negative IQ.

Wodora philosophizes, like a 2-year old, ‘Was this thing developed, or is it a natural?’

We near that blinking point of light.

‘No kidding, talking about a dynamic state of being.’ Orthe diplomacizes.

Having gained ground on it, so to speak, we are a few paces away from it, and it follows.

‘Think we can make it?’ Orthe is breathing heavily.

‘Don’t think, just do . . . I mean, yah right, oh oh . . .’

Given an impetus, it jumps forward, not quite taking us in. We spring for solid ground, not double talking multifolded warblings, waverings and quiverings, not in a state of denial.

With a Razor Metal Jagged Toothed Maw for bite sized humans inclusive big ugly fucks, it makes a grab for us.

Snapping Cortex Shattering Splinters a couple inches behind our feet as we avoid Symbiosis.

‘On the land of opportunity,
our future looks so bright,
we think we have seen the Light.’

(Megadeth, Rust In Peace, paraphrase)

In the depth of despair, our future looks so miserable, we think we have seen the Shadow. But then we encounter Hell Creatures like these.

Relieved, we roll into the cavernous chamber where the blinking exit is, killing our momentum by crashing into the opposite wall, knocking chips out of it, we fall to beat pulps.

‘What a fine fresh space!’ breathes Wodora.

‘Indeed, is it not so, m’ Lady?’

‘We have made it!’

‘Yes, we are alive!’

‘Careless, free, in contrast enlightened.’

‘Strong, victorious, never to be withered.’

Pyre and Aera recover from a strange poison.

We look around.

Wodora ponders, ‘Is this an entire cavern we can explore?’

Orthe decides, ‘I would much prefer stepping out over that sharp incline to outer realms.’

Wodora inhales powerfully, ‘I feel the road is that way for us as well.’

‘Shall we then?’

‘Yes.’

We jump into the next shadow doorway.

EE

Warm vibrancy fills our organs, flushing out to our extremities, pain vanishing. We here, a distant tinkling there. Smart crisp freshness of Tree ripened apples enlivens our taste buds. Reaching us are a few rays of a colored sort. Crisp cedar chips and sap sharpens our wits.

We sit on a flat rock, a fragment exposed by daily wear and tear, in the middle of a coniferous forest. The supporting presence of many proximo Trees swaying and brushing brings security to our chests.

Wodora, in keen eyed form sensuousity, delves a little deeper, 'I sure like Space Looping.'

Orthe, in the same endowed tone, hums to himself, getting a grip on the surroundings.

Shadows enshroud the wayside. Night Insect's make their twitterings and scratches. The Full Moon gives minglings to the background music of the night; this strong earthen Full Moon gives minglings to the movements. Cozily, we relax into each other in a circle.

Crashing through the underbrush, knocking everything out of its way, loudly haroomping, coming parallel to Wodora's position, disturbing the peace, is a wild barreled stomached Redfaced Mini-Giant, his corded hairy arms wielding a Club Of Crashing Crushing And Clobbering that matches his torso in verocity. Big tufts of red hair clump his pale skin. Red meat and alchohol stained eyes turn readily on us.

He bellows, wrecking the mellow mood even more so, "AND who might you be?!" He stops, towering over our small gathering.

We take stock, a tad flabbergasted by its imposition.

Wodora is clever, "Would you like to join us?" She asks with innocence.

He slobbers out a wart spotted tongue, laughing grossly, "WHAT? With you weaklings? Hah! You are small, impecunious." He claps his bulbous gorge, smiling gloatingly, eyes slightly crossed and bulging.

"That is impeccant," corrects Orthe, "may we know your name?" He does not move.

“OOH, a toughy, why don’t I just squash you and eat you?” His fatty head awkwardly turns to match Orthe’s stare.

Wodora catches this one again, “Then you couldn’t torment us.”

He sticks a meaty finger in his nose and thinks. Pulling out a big one, he glumbers, “NOT true, I could pancake shorty here and torment the rest of you.”

Wodora shrugs, “Makes no difference to me.”

This really gets bozo, who is stolid for a minute, “I really don’t like you wusses, this is my forest, go away.”

“Where exactly does it say it is your woods?” thoughtfully inquires Orthe.

“UH,” it smacks its big Club Of Crashing Crushing And Clobbering into a Tree giving a loud crack, “There, mine.”

“We don’t understand.”

“Stupid intruders, I just claimed it.” It then roars in delight of its own ingenuity.

Wodora stands up angrily, wounded by the blow to the Tree, going up to its face, “Excuse me, we have as much right to be here as any one else!”

It sticks its now into hers, causing her to recoil vigorously, “OOH, a woman, I’m supposed to be intimidated. I could sweep all of you away with one blow.” It struts its upperlip proudly.

Orthe smiles, at ease, “Try it then, big guy.”

It hesitates, uncertain what to do with the bluntness of that proposition, “OH, come on, you couldn’t possibly stand against this here Might Stick of mine, and that is just my weapon, you should deal with my arms.” It flexes a Massive Bicep.

Orthe rises slowly, “Do you have no respect for our space?” He continues, “You have no foundational claims on this land, where is the evidential support, and we are taking up a very minor quota of it, not to mention the fact THE YOU barged in on us when we were only having an after dinner drink . . .” The Golem Creature begins to refute, when fine wine glasses appear, deep sweet liquid rebounding there in.

It alters its approach, biting its tongue in the process, “THERE are no dinner remains.”

Wodora grimaces, “We don’t have dinner remains, and besides, they’re buried.”

“OH.” is all it says.

“Yes, and . . .” Wodora coaches.

It eagerly goobers, trying to secretly rub off sweating palms on its rump, “WELL, I-I I’m bigger Jew than a-all of you are, so I have more rights to space than all of you do. You were all in my way, and you are all also working against me, so I’m right, you’re wrong.”

Orthe diplomacizes, “We appreciate your capacity for negative-positive discernment, however,” he elongates this word, and extends a comradish-like arm to his 3 meter shoulder, “the amount of room YOU, big fella, would need, is beyond our resources.”

Bigga jerks upwards, head upstraight, chest out, saluting forward, eyes fixated and still slightly crossed, Club Of Crashing Crushing And Clobbering reactively smashing a meter into the turf, barely missing Aera, “Ya, and them? THIS forest is big enough for me; it’s mine.”

Orthe shakes his head sadly, as Aera’s heart palpitates, pondering at the viscosity of this lud’s imagination.

Wodora throws up her hands, “We give up! We do not comprehend your capacity for individuation. Do you practice?”

It gleers victoriously, plaque encrusted teeth center stage, “NOW you see, smart girl, would you like to be my plaything? We can feed the rest to the bones.” He wiggles suggestively and favorably to her.

Wodora’s eyes open wonder wide, her voice is of a small girl, “Would I really get the whole forest?”

He nods enthusiastically, goo flying, hopping up and down a little. Then, deviantly, he looks at the rest of us nervously, “FIRST, we’ll have to get rid of them, think you can do it?”

She sticks a finger in her mouth, and moves her crotch a little, “Uhhmm, I’ll try.”

Completely caught up in its own reverie it bounces uncontrollably, “OH goody goody—Dufus gets! Yes!”

So much is it diphthonged, that it does not notice the Quick Light’s Out Rap to the back of its skull delivered by Orthe. It crumples to the earth.

Orthe extends his neck muscles, “That was gross.”

Wodora rushes over to Orthe and clings on for dear life, “Do such . . . things . . . really exist?”

Pyre and Aera shake their heads sadly.

“Never saw such a defenseless bugger in my life.”

“Never been more confused by something before.”

Wodora conjectures, “If there was a brain circuit for every higher learning we wouldn’t of had any problems.”

Orthe grumphs, “If there was a brain section . . .”

“Rather, it appears,” indicates Wodora to its fallen form, “the body as a system must be brought in to deal with more difficult matters.”

“In any case, it looks as though Newton’s 1st Principle holds, karmically.” Orthe is purposively evasive.

“Still though, does it not own this forest, which it conquered, bought and/or built on and worked for, back then, even?” Aera politely retorts and finishes the argument.

Orthe considers and closes, “And Germany, or any other country, which got all its territory back even after all of such War’s, indeed.”

We continue, into the depths of the warm woods to find another doorway in some Tree.

WE

We glide through. A cloud wall of smoky flavor reels us in. Our mouth walls water. Guitars thunder and Laser's criss-cross.

The waves lap along our naked feet; many sensations triggers our skins, similarly unclad. Monumental cliffs rocket straight up next to us, wet black streaks cutting through the graphite: Their ragged edges define the cloudy sky.

We breathe in and out, giving ourselves Energy, with noticeable satisfaction. Aera and Wodora's hair blow salty behind them. Orthe looks for sea shells and Pyre points out the two islands sharing this location.

A storm is building on the horizon and the air is gulf warm, though brisk.

'I have this supernatural sensation.' Wodora quarter tones.

'There is no such thing as supernatural, Wodora. You should no better.' Aera smiles at her.

'What are you talking about? Don't speak in riddles. And, anyway, if I can't define any differences then what is the point?' Wodora utters as she sweeps the scenery.

We are making our way to a turn in the coastline, quite away off. Birds make their passage for us.

Aera draws, 'Interesting things round about here somes.'

'Such as?' questions Wodora a little taken aback.

'Oh, ok, you're correct.'

They fall into each other's arms laughing.

Wodora describes, 'Well, for example, I think I could stay here forever.'

'You realize of course you can't do that.'

Wodora stops.

Being in front, and now overly banged into, the two girls notice that Orthe and Pyre are copying them. They continue to copy them.

Wodora continues, still mentally, 'I, me, could do that easily. How about the rest of you go on; I have found my home.'

Aera bends her head, 'Ahh, c'mon Wodora, you wouldn't wanna do that, would ya?'

'Why not? I know where I am from, I don't know where I'm going.'

'So. None of us know where we are going.'

'True enough, life brings me somewhere, danger pushes me elsewhere.' Aera starts us to null again.

The ground shifts causing the ocean to move.

We end up on our butts.

'Woh, far out. I guess that was a reaction.'

'That's the great thing about life, you can just wait till something happens to you or you can exert your Will and Force . . .' Wodora shakes her head, floating happy over her, noticing.

A Higher Entity temporally appears, saying it is such.

'What?' exasperates Aera, 'How do we know you are a Higher Being?'

Wodora jumps in too, 'And how do I know that I do not know that your image is ever reflecting in Planar Existence?'

It possibly has something to do with its residual glowing eyes, inflated chest, great aqua marine Robes Of The High Priest's And Wizard's, encrested with a red black green Left Fist Of Power Control And Enlightenment. The Master emits telepathically, 'You have to understand the animation of this emblem. It controls Nation's—the great nether child rolls over in its sleep. You have to comprehend the nature of my Ideal's which are based on tangibilities being told to you here in this Astral Projection.'

'Ahhh, how could I tell? Was it the periphery glow?' Wodora ups her eyebrows critically.

Aera snides, tilting her hip, 'I thought we were in the Astral Plane.'

Orthe and Pyre smirk, now pausing in repeating our body language and mimicing our words, Pyre guffawing, 'Oh, did you miss the fine print?'

This messenger looks sheepishly at us, head a little bowed, 'Please don't devalue my words, here in this relevancy.' His body wavers a bit, giving off small offings of red.

Wodora gives a stiff jut, 'Lookie here buster from disjunct central, if I wanted to do that, I'd start with you, however K.I.S.S.'

Noble beclad one sniffs snobbishly, 'Fine, my Master tells you, from 'his luscious chair', beware the things that go bump in the night.' The robed Master moves to do some reappearing act, however Aera pokes up a flagrant right finger.

'You mean that which we cannot see, correct?'

His uppityness sneers, 'You figure it out!' With a snap of his fingers and a Pink Puff Ball he is gone.

Wodora angles her head, 'Well, at least he has style.'

Aera starts walking along the coastline with crashing waves again, the beach party still blasting in the background with semi-transparent somewhat primitive Human's gyrating excitedly, 'Really Wodora, you really shouldn't be so severe, not good for the conscience.'

Sand crackles under us, accentuated by shells. A shark says, "Hell." We look at it for several moments, considering such truly unique and interesting, and it leaves.

A guppy fish leaps near the surface giving off ripples. A feather drops, finally seen, landing in front of us. We walk further. For the first time, the continuous colliding of the Tree leaves along the residing dunes reaches our awareness.

Artistically raising her arm, Wodora sends forth a Blue Wave of Bubbly Virtual Water, 'We could potentially interact with the natives . . . yah, I'll leave it at that.'

'You are so minimalistic.' Aera looks at her sideways.

'Hardly, by very nature, I am a slurper.'

Aera cringes, 'What, precisely, do you slurp?'

'I am not sure, however, I suspect everything I put in my mouth.'

'Don't be so highrised.'

'Well, fortunately, my built Radioactivity Sensor's filter off excess noise, though don't ask me what that is.'

'Let us swim.'

'What inspired you?'

'The Full Moon, the ocean, all the Element's, I don't know, maintained presence, I guess.'

We two follow though in different directions, engaged in our own unheard dialogue, as Wodora and Aera race into her exposition. Waist deep, their glistening breasts bouncing gladly, they play. We two men pound our chests and also play on the sand and in the water, large waves continuously crashing down in rhythmic cyclical motion and cadenza.

'Where there is something, one can interact.'

'I agree Wodora, there is simply infinite possibilities.'

'I think the trick is doing the most with the littlest.'

'The winner is the one with the most toys and not just at the end?'

'No, the victor is the one who had the most fun.' Wodora Streaks Gray Silver White Water at Aera. They then play fight, rolling in the sand and water, half-naked. Inevitably, one gets hurt a little and we stop playing. We regenerate.

'The question is how to turn water into gold.'

'Already done, you oppurtunistic Capitalist.'

'Already done, you productive Socialist.'

'All the built things in the world do not come without their little package,' improvises Wodora, 'Inherent Karmic Value. So much better than Instant Karma.'

'Hmm, kind of like a Fascist Virtuoso?' Aera pokes fun at Wodora.

'I do not understand.'

'Me neither, though please do not relate to me another Family Vendetta.' Wodora stands evilly.

Aera pauses for awhile, 'Ah, key word, one has self-evident interrelationships which are mostly missed.'

'It is so nice communicating with someone intelligible.'

'Well, it's a little difficult dealing with unacting animates. I mean the Human Species just discovered such, or rather a few elite few.' Aera enlightens the area with some Wind of Gust's And Spiral's.

'What in the world is not Biophysics?' Wodora iterates.

'I guess the trick is, we'll just keep having to discover to do exactly such.' Aera lifts.

'When the Door's Of Perception are cleansed, the true nature of reality will be seen as it really is, infinite.'

'Well then,' Aera raises her eyebrow, 'to repeat once again, that does not mean using an excessive quantity and quality of Drug's, let us just swim off into currents of Jungian Unconsciousness.'

We draw ourselves onward, moisture evaporating from our homeostasis. The Sun rises, distinguishing clouds. Electro-magnetic radiation makes its universal circuit. A Psychic broadcasts a Nation's Final Defeat Message through the atmosphere in the horrible Psycho Cyber War's to come and, "Oops, sry, we accidentally blew the Moon away, sir, with a stray maverick Inter-Planetary Ballistic Missile, sir." A Machine Augments the final calculation of a Master Mathematician, just another Insane Genius For A Better Tomorrow. We eat breakfast, delicious citrus fruit from the swaying Trees and not at all pie or eggs and bacon.

We shed another tear at the hopelessness, or the infinite hope, of Humanity and find another throughway through the sands and waters of space and time.

WB

Dragged through this terribly inky murk, little can be seen except blue spindles occasionally highlighted in a dark mass. Liquid warmth suffuses our chests, like sipping superb hot tea. Dilated radiation keeps us steady. There is utter complete and total vibrant silence.

We exist amongst Shadow Tower's, perpetual similes as so, Oriental prototypes, an orange red streak covering the setting Sun. Very little motion is prevalent within the large spread of huts, bungalows, forts, castles. The foreground comes into focus and we know we are next to blossoming Trees, their hibiscus flowers giving magnetized ions, impulse to explore a little further the token of greater ones. The sky ends with a black swallowing of godot blue.

A Low Wavelength Salutation/Challenge arises upon our ears; we are pleasantly surprised by this highly sophisticated usage of the means. It in words, exactly states, out loud and with great volume and depth, "Have you learned your lessons, Light Children, do you know the way?"

The underintonation of malice hits us heavily a couple seconds later. We transmit back, "Beware that you are being watched. Show yourselves." We begin Scanning all in proximity and at medium range.

Silently walking out from its Non-Secret Cover is a difficult to see Side-Stepper. Wodora swallows wetly and deliberately in her throat. She steps forward. An exhale of disgust responds to her move, though not from the very still Secret Silent Stealth Mode, almost completely invisible, Ninja of Blackness.

We feel not the need or want to disturb the sacred quiet and in any particular moment there is sufficient communication interchanging.

Nonetheless, Orthe dares a Telepathic Projection, probing the obscure darkness, as a Ceremonial Armored Samurai equally becomes present, his Sword Of Xtreme Sharpness And Accuracy unspoken before him, "We are unarmed, why do you give us the Royal Dance of Death? Our intent is peaceful."

From somewhere behind us, by the sensation, comes the answer, "You have once again missed the signals, if you think you are so clever, you trespass upon our domain." There is an eery, Nether quality to it.

This time it's Orthe's turn to snort.

Orthe keeps the relay going, "Grant us forgiveness, we respect your Might, and the Free Will to move."

"Your thoughts are sweet nectar, like the displacing hummingbird, we know of your reputation." Her umptiness shows one of her Form's in the guise of a Nubile Gaisha Dancer. Her purple blue gold in-woven glinting Gown Of Charm Seduction And Beauty gives depths to her eye centered face.

Reflexively, Orthe blinks and loses control of his adam's apple. Aera attempts saving her etiquette prerogative and bows with a mild tremor.

Wodora questions her respectively, "You give us solidity, you are unthreateningly vulnerable, we understand the consequences of disobedience to the Law of your time, though tremble next to your exquisitance, looking for pardon and passage to our own Universe." She weaves living essences of innumerable sort into an Adoring/Diabolic Diagram for the Empress Wizardess.

The Empress Wizardess burns a Character into the air before her with a fanged snarl. She then Blasts a Psionic Lash into our minds, with an even deeper fanged snarl, 'There is no pardon for trespass and transgression!'

Our hearts sink, though quite unintentionally the rest of our bodies roll out of the way and into the brushes. Orthe and Wodora go left, Wodora quite obviously making for the forest backdrop. Pyre and Aera fall off to the right, Pyre tumbling toward the city. Our Scan's and Filter's finally clear up all the disguising shadows protecting their city.

Her Mental Intensity is numbing as she laughingly screams to us, 'Be happy I limit my Magick's! Fools! You do not even recognize the first and most honored!' Her Barrage Crystallizes straight to the center of our minds before our Defence System sharply and rudely cuts her off. Her bodily voice bequoths curses, rapidly spreading her Cloak Of Near-Infinite Defence opening blackness subsequenting.

Orthe keeps doing exactly what he was doing, soundless, despite jungle terrain, upon hearing a very earthly potency announcing itself, uncaring, hungry, incredibly powerful. He begins a minute curving inward arc.

Aera, gliding off the ground, as necessary, is more focused than the python, Pranic Current's more tight than an Indian Martial Art's Hero. She is keeping tabs, as she is all of A World's Conqueror.

Pyre does only one thing: Everything; the awareness of his surroundings has never been more complimented than by his Activation of the Candelabra's Of Trismegistus.

Pyre breathes deeply, animating only the subtlest vorteces, a square open window unreal against monotone external, walls beginning to modulate as the Arch Demon pays scanning homage, he contemplating Dharna. Arcane rites unwantingly flicker through, and he lets them extinguish themselves, till quiet, peace, nothingness returns. He exits his position.

Digital Electronic Music hits the city, of an Underground Funk Dark tone. Each heart and every muscle instantly shocks, paralyzed. Blurring, each and every automatically and unconsciously recover successfully . . .

An Unholy and Holy Substrata enters, causing the walls to quiver and pull, as organs begin to slowly pulsate. Strangely, there are no echoes.

Two consciousnesses, identities undiscernible, Trigger context:

Quick cometh Death,
The black hood pulled over,
Hear, your Fate is real,
No more continued wanderings,
For four of the most undeserved,
Achieve Mantavara. Here is last
Breath.

The voice is like a Silver Ghost.

By this time, everyone is tuned in on everyone else, Strategy and Tactic's developed to 50 to the N^{-1} logarithms and potentials. We achieve a communal timeless moment, wondering at what is more than formalities, seeing Past/Present/Future at the same time in blue yellow red overlapping, like an expensive Amsterdam Porno Flick. The matter is mere transitory stuff, occasionally merged for greater effect, granting derivatives on Immortality, hopefully first drawn, leading to oneness of purpose, for the necessity of space, knowing what must be done in this nostalgic convergent unity of identities.

We Null Teleport into this Chinese city of the future in some far distant space and time.

In with the Gadget's, Devices, Trick's, Method's, Will, Action's, Spell's, Meditation's, Primary Objectives, Secondary Object's, the full array of first rate Universal

Merchandise is on display for the rare brave Collector, lined up at exclusive price are the Universe's privileged, earned or bought.

Aera is Stomach Punctured at the 4th juncture point. Exchanging furious Block's, Feint's, Counterposes, Lunges, the Shadow Master Ninja finds Wodora capable. Crunching undergrowth at one per nanosecond, with customized contained graphics, Orthe is dumbfounded at the confidence of the raging Poly-Animalistic god-like Form of the attacker, 'Ready . . . ', Pyre's ranged Telepathic Implosive hits her, '. . . little human . . . how you tread where Angel's fear to go . . .' Every city conspiracy nails her, and Pyre in return is crushed against the Nine Hell's, his own neural cellular feedback patterns short circuited. The music instantly transmigrates to Hardcore Jazz, a contemporary success. She whips back the Ninja Star, waist level, out of the shadows from where this formidable Shadow Warrior charges.

Close and personal, the Yoga Training comes in useful, microscopic peripheries stressed maximum. Orthe attacks, DNA and RNA plus Bonus Point's for mutation rears to his Real Might as a huge Gray Werewolf, tearing apart plantage, Negative Charging a legal radial solid with lethal free radicals, while he watches on from a deceptive distance, smiling over his own 3D Holographic Projection. They find each other a street width apart, a Roman Citadel on the right of and a Grecian Temple to the left of, as blue white silver sentient particles say hello to Pyre, during the opening of the sky with fire melting down everything to do with her. He ignores it, space jolting, when the projectile leaps up Whipping by his side jerked Helmet Of Two Seeing, knocking off his left Angel Wing spinning it around and round his cortex. Neural parameters become redundant to prophetic insights, utilizing dealt-in subsystems with one gap targeted after another. Orthe whips a Neutron Spell sectioning off a part of abstract space and jumps over it as the big milk eyes of it turn in two different directions triggering Orthe's tertiary plans, an Anti-Gravitational Field Insta Activating, a gargantuan Lumen Arm striking, frighteningly spurious. Complete nothingness opens up, busting previously defined limits, momentarily pausing the two of them, much to the satisfaction of the public audience who have noticed the virtual Battle, though charging each other single-handedly, Ninja Shadow Woman Warrior causes a programmed Illusionary Assault with her Fan Of Apparition Illusion And Death ending forever hideously in Pyre's heart, while the Hero rides a volunteer horse godling, with Laser EM Artillery backup from both Temples, him spinning towards her from uncountable directions, as the horse perishes. Aera's arms solidify into a pie shape, torso wide, Dart's Of Piercing Penetration And Precision, shimmering under Her Air Guardianship, forcing him to the side, though he continues forward with a Blue Electrical Snap, Time Jumping dimensions next to her, making her move. Full Spectrum Energy emits. Wodora, Master Freestyle Martial Artist And Priestess Of The Water Moon and Master Martial Artist Woman Shadow Warrior hold only each other's eyes through multiverses of potentialities, intercrossed Light Beam's guiding the way. The Life Draining Lumen Arm impacts Orthe, sending him flying, Orthe clapping a congratulatory hand on it before Teleportation, it severing its own limb into a spare world, Orthe vocally "Ugging". At face range, she Xplodes a Psychic Blast, worthy of a god, at his closed countenance, instantly denying all things,

unsuccessful, his presence, Pyre, with unfathomable self-control, calmly Tapping her on the shoulder, unfortunately not sufficiently Annihilating her vileness. Orthe's Virtual Khopesh whirls. Wodora punches forward. It warps Orthe's reality. Pyre emulgates with her and nullifies self.

Someone yells, "Jumanji!"

Everything is staticized. The two Ring Master's wait while nearby sectors collapse, a few predicted locals fall in, and the last variables solve themselves. The record crowd does not breathe, waiting anxiously.

Shadow Ninja Woman Warrior's atoms migrate, forcefully.

The third party, Blackhead, with its Life Draining Lumen Arm ejects, headily.

Swamp God, below and Betting very poorly, suffers long convulsions from a system virus. Orthe will need a long recovery period, from MFS.

Lord Of The Universe, one of the Ring Master's, is decapitated for unfair judging. Do not ask. Aera is presently in Pre-Bio-Regeneration from a similar Death Attack.

There is scandal. The destructive Force attacks the other.

We, Wodora and Orthe left alive, carrying our wounded and dead Null Teleport to a higher blinking doorway.

WM

We elevate, polarized, particles rising our chests.

Our bodies follow. Pressure expands our nasal cavities, Light beaming out and around us in a fuzzy glow. We taste the oncoming of something delicious, large, well spiced, enough to satisfy a huge yearning. Like, we just focus right in on it and keep the local motion active, not that it ever went.

“That was enervating.” Orthe pounds his chest exuberantly.

Aera nods rapidly, “Indeed, I sure wouldn’t want to meet them regularly.”

“Kinda gives you that angle on life, doesn’t it?” Wodora flexes, doing a few tripods.

Pyre, not wanting to be left out, cheers, “That was, without question, very positive,” he raises a hand, beers appear in ours, Wodora sets hers aside, “to the future, our future, that we may be, now, gone from this Hell ride.”

Wodora nods, returning us to mental communication, ‘It will all go fine now . . . Let us then note, hi, how eyes are deep pools, white under the pupils,’ we stand in the middle of an upward slanted streaming bridge on the edge of starry space, uncertain, pointing. Orientated pixels through its surface give a certain creative outlet to the barrier of our protective Null EM Shield And Sphere. We are mounting this path with an ornately carved red silver burgundy background, black wavering around its perimeters when a black clad Human-like figure comes into view towards us, waving his arms madly, uttering strange barbaric exudings. We helplessly laugh at the absurdity of the situation. Unimpressed, we change the channel to another streaming bridge, near-instantaneously. Another similarly pathetic and absurd puppet bounces around for the entertainment of the viewers; too bad, his whole body is coned, this opens our eyes in surprize at the strangeness, Wodora ‘ahhhh’s’, ‘and with the final touches to this elaborate vague dance in space we attempt to take out the source of our confusions . . .’ Wodora lets it trail off, with a tad unsurety in her tone.

Pyre gives a stern dispositioned outset, feeling weird and existential, staring at the fabulously built walls and balconies curving behind us where the previous background was. There, sparkles of light in the concaves, ‘There is an un, oh, anti, anachronist, annexed Nexus at the meeting point.’ He tells us, as we like we are the participants in some bizarre cosmic show, ‘Here are the evidences of the past, can you read them? If it wasn’t for the juncture points, I surely would not know how to decide. Which way to go, I do not know, do you?’ Ripples of blue gleam through this blue white construction, its interaction with the surroundings developed inwards. He looks

again at this streaming bridge, a Troll or Giant long ago avoided, possibly slain if it was stupid.

Wodora rubs her hand in front of her stomach, 'I feel a little hesitant, not looking away from this slowly dissolving overpass, how about you, my friends?'

Pyre rubs his chin, a few unshaven stubbles scratching his strong fingers, considering her abstraction, 'I would say, if we keep stepping it shouldn't collapse, how about you, you with me?' He asks us in general.

'Giving and more so should hold it together, I feel sufficient bindings satisfied to make the jump to the next world.' Wodora gives the 7-finger up sign.

We try rising a little higher, the vibrancy accelerating. Pressurization and adjustments work around us. Timing is crucial, as we wait for the right moments, activating deliberate and undeliberated plans. We work with the Forces at hand; we try to convince them to work with the mechanisms of this streaming bridge and the turning surroundings.

Pyre nods, more sure now, 'I can see we are succeeding a little bit, ok, a little there, no, a little more there.' He points conclusively at various key points in the space around us, Light Waves emanating from his hands and small bright Focal Point's being lit up in a geometrical Light Grid, faintly, like a stage conductor lightly and melodiously humming, as our virtual Space Ship around us rises. It is transparent with only silver lines.

Wodora tops her finger with a light blue Spiral Water Twirl in the air, potentially deadly, 'Do we know how to Activate this structure with our Space Ship?'

Aera can barely hold her humor in, cheeky, puffing, an ancient ritual of holding your breath as long as you can without cracking up laughing.

The virtual elliptical Space Platform of our Space Ship now activated, also only outlined, suction cupped to our feet Repels the normal EM Attraction of various EM Field's pushing our Space Ship up, in a fluid, smooth motion. We rise above the almost completely gone streaming bridge.

Pyre reports, 'It looks good! We have our raft! A beauty it is.' as he calls up a Visual Console before us, to take a look at the multidimensional space and time around us. It runs on a gradated meteorite, coned to a fine engraved purple crystal point, a sufficient Null Energy Conduit to maintain the structure and most functions. The advantage, however, of this virtual construction is that it runs primarily on Mind, Thought and Will, with its varying Power and Energy Level.

Orthe does his duty, pressing a Particular Module zooming into place: ARing Command Console springs into place, with grey sheen, black chrome, bright colored pushable

Button's and inlays beckoning for attention, white Upholstered Cyber Seat's follow allowing for Hyper Brain-To-Wave, and vice versa, Control's and Command's.

The most remarkable, and useful, aspect of this virtual Space Ship is it is Conjured into existence by the sheer Psionic, Psychic and/or Magical Power and Energy of one or more individuals.

We sink relieved into them, they modify themselves to each of our most ideal sitting postions.

Wodora relays, business-like, 'Work smart, not bent.'

Pyre, noticeably, is struck by a few Dizzy Spell's from the effort, his hands crossed behind his head.

Meanwhile, the purple greenish indian red haze emission around our virtual Space Ship motivates itself to this depository of unlimited reason, Pyre sits up, 'Yes, haze . . . it seems to be air-like ethereal atmospheric particles, sort of animated though . . . kind of a pretty thing . . . I hope it doesn't permanently modify the local space here . . .'

Wodora relives the fascinated persona, 'We are progressing on schedule, necessary prerequisites have been fulfilled. Good work Aera and Orthe! Without a good goal, a solid Computer Programmer and Navigator, we'd still be in shit creek! Or, falling straight off of the thing into deep space, again.'

Pyre leaps out of his chair going to the completely transparent walls of our virtual Space Ship, standing at the edge of the near-infinite abyss, looking down, 'I knew it. Looking down is way more fun. And looky wooky, we have already gotten the attention of some who are following us,' he is wry and sardonic, 'tsk, those silly worshipping robots, slaves, cowards . . .'

Aera confirms, with her best Pirate accent, 'Sure 'ting, Activate Map and Scan!' It reads 'Fibrolous Membrane at Alterior Motive . . .'. She looks up open-eyed, 'Oops, looks like it's still a little buggy with the spelling and grammar. My Computer, Start Debug Procedure on Language Modules.'

Pyre zooms in some more, his mouth drops open and he spins on his heel, shocked to his knees, dumb-eyed in fear.

There is this huge Multiple Tentacled Igneous Veiled Black Shadow Entity rapidly approaching from below.

Pyre gasps out loud, "Where the Hell did that come from and what does it want with us?"

Wodora, the Cyber Co-Pilot, grabs the attention of the eyes of this monstrous potential danger. She inquires, sending a Null Space Signal at it with the Universal Language Translator, "Excuse me, who are you, we are trying to rise and pose no threat or danger to you or this Space Sector."

It responds in a high falutent fibrous Robot Narrow-Band Frequency, with a very irritating noise and treble pitch, apparently it is actually some kind of manned Space Ship, "We understand, why are you rising?"

Pyre recovers from the shock, "Well, you see, we just decided we would like to follow through with previous invented plans of ours to Explore space and time, we are Planar Traveller's, and . . ."

It curtly interrupts, "Not according to our Scan Result's . . ."

Wodora sweet talks, "Who are you to contradict us? We are merely giving out a False Signal so as not to be detected or compromised." She suppresses the Visual Console and Wall Screen, both ways.

It snappily nods, with what sounds like clicking mandibles, "We, c-click, would like to suggest an alternative . . ."

Wodora is about to retort realizing that cutting its sentence off might be rude and says, "Never mind . . ." letting it continue.

". . . for quite clearly present is the outcome of a few, uh, let me say, 'representatives' in this Space Sector," it could not sound more dronish than a lab experiment or a History Teacher, "or to reduce ourselves to your furry Space Traveller's," there is a very unusual repetition of 'This'll be our little secret' in the background and it continues, much to the total blinkness and incomprehension of us, "we, with our superior intellects, as is obvious, for you are but a lower class, see an ERROR-ERROR-ERROR in your flight route; it may lead to danger."

Aera hits her blue Ring Command Console out of frustration, "Damn it! I thought I got the bugs out. Start Debug Procedure of Universal Language Translator!"

We briefly discuss this amongst ourselves with Zero Audio Signal Transmission and Pyre then replies, "Thank you, we fully understand what you are saying, thank you and everything is under control, could you be more specific as to what danger you are referring to?"

Its arms flicker around the edge of contacted EM Field's, which are present throughout space itself, gripping on for stability. Some cause interference with our own utilization of such with our own EM Propulsion Engines and Orthe gives a sharp negation of those Lines Of Energy. It remains with us on its own volition and does not disturb or slow our own accelerated velocity.

Small grey clouds wisp in and out of the cerebrum of its Dark Energy Space Ship, mildly circulating, with many shadows, the persistence of certain consistencies remaining constant.

It intones in return, "We see structural breakdown of your vesicle in a short matter of time."

Aera frowns angrily at the slowness of the Debug Procedure.

Wodora puts a little more respect in her voice, "Thank you, starting from which exact point? Our own indications do not read any instabilities . . ."

"Don't worry . . ." It emits positive assured warmth, "Our devices are superior to yours, you can trust us, you are not accounting for the Time Dilation Effect along the present accelerated verocity of your Timeline."

Aera crosses her arms and curses silently under her breath.

Wodora mutters side ways to Pyre, "Lo . . . is this guy working on all legs? It seems more like to me a few kinks in its brain chain are definitely disrupting its momentum." She double rises her eyebrows, twice, to affirm her position with Pyre, our Cyber Pilot.

Pyre defends her position, getting mildly irritated at the persistence of the Dark Black Shadow Alien, "I am definitely not receiving any logical inconsistencies and there is nothing wrong with our Quantum Optical Cyber Space Ship Computer. Would you please stop following and leave us alone . . ."

It shrugs, apparently a non-hostile routine Dark Black Patrol Space Ship, though we do not understand its otherwise dark and menacing appearance, "Fine then, have it your way, be stupid and do not heed the warnings, your own choices . . ." It descends with its evil looking Dark Black Patrol Space Ship.

Aera finally smiles a little, "Good, looks like that's most of the bugs and glitches."

Pyre shouts down at them, "Oh yah, and no Tracker's, eh, this is a Private Cruise Vessel." Pyre strikes his palm successfully, "That should hit a note somewhere."

We return to telepathic mode.

'I still don't get how they picked up on us so fast, maybe our Space Ship Emission's didn't get absorbed fast enough with Activation.' Wodora waves with a hand on the arm of her Upholstered Cyber Seat's with a Mini-Ring Command Console redirecting her conscious attempts, once again, to the building of this vehicle to see if there are any design flaws. Her eyes blur over, Focusing inward currents. Pure Will and motivation takes her through previous Design Mode Diagrams, her Mental Eyes flying

through darkened mental and digital corridors. Wodora's own Light Guide directs us as she receives clarification from our tangled minds. With eyes, one colored in green vividness, the other shining blue, she speaks as though from a Digital Trance, 'There was a tale one time, of a young one who got lost because he didn't know the way. Well, one day he came across a chasm, big as this was, broken though as it was, down and deep in the gorge. One did not know what to do, though one recognized the make. One reconstructed events, quite detachedly, considering his context, and found this all, symbolically, fit in nicely with his situation. This left one nothing to do, so if everything corresponded, how could one differentiate?' Wodora pauses it there for a moment of reflection, as we enter the whiter more illuminated Light of expanded mind levels and virtual planes of thought. Above are the hinted Form's of mountain tops, our digital Helper apparently no longer sustained; the thing is too active, the quiet disposition of low pressures maintaining.

Pyre harmonizes his mental voice with our Mental And Digital Engine, 'In other words, oh efferent Wodora, one must choose carefully what next to do?'

'Otherwise, you won't get out of the chasm.'

Aera adds to their Mind And Digital Meld, 'Or you'll just crash and burn.'

Orthe grins, 'Or be pulled down by hostile forces.'

Pyre agrees, 'O.k., why diddle daddle? If you want to get up, and out of a place, why don't you just let go and go up?' He hits the Hyper Acceleration Button with his right forefinger, 'I don't want anything holding us no more down!'

Our virtual Space Ship, constructed of Lines Of Energy with the Power And Energy of our Mind's, Digital Brain-To-Wave Interfaces and a Purple Crystal Null Energy Conduit, Woomps us into Hyper Space. We move at speeds never before thought possible.

We blast out of lower dis-dom Space Sector's, aiming for the higher Nebulous Planet's.

The Force of accurately directed co-ordinates is unhindered, thus Random Jumping avoided, by any counter negatives, though we can still feel its sucking might beneath us.

Wodora then suddenly remembers something, 'Where's our EMI, sir?'

Too late, we are Null Planar Teleported into another Plane Of Existence.

73 NEVER LAND`

All the woman here are my true loves;
I've never seen so many beautiful ones,
So many beautiful faces, bodies.
I hope I get one,
It's been so long now, over two years,
I've paid my dues, drunk my beers . . .
I'm in a world where all the girls are not feeling loved, lonely ones;
It's hard to imagine every minute another,
Spin my head around . . .
I am dizzy from all the incomings,
Give me rest in the embrace of her,
All her hair is flowing freely,
I wouldn't mind, stepping next to one, so pretty.
Liberate me, she can stay with me,
Live with me, and help make a Unified Peace on
Planet Earth.

All the woman here in this land are my potential wives:
What is a 22-year old supposed to do with that?
I've now had seven, however they were transitory,
A little too much so, in my life,
Too much motion, beware of too much change,
For it leads to disintegration, and loss of memory,
I fought to the Peace Palace, and now I wait,
In the garden of delights, playing the tricola of a whore,
I am the victim of circumstance;
Thank goodness not the evil route.
Or that'd surely of been my death warrant.
I've had little help or guidance in these matters,
Each step I take, my own, in a world,
A Universe of minute myriad details,
Let us rest for a far breath's shore . . .

A few breath taking moments and then
Die together in peace.

To my loyal and loving wife to be . . .
Whether it be in this one or the next . . .

And let us stay in these Dream World's
Forever . . .

AE

Coming to a calm, soothing, buoyant rest, we pick up traces of a spicy delicious taste, floating through the air, wafting towards us. We follow it, anticipating the popping of bubbly taste satisfactions rolling around our tongues and neck nerve ends. Bright coming-to-life interspersed color radiances curve around formulating cells. A counter note humming arises, between the real becoming bodies.

‘That which is, is original.’ Aera spouts.

‘That sure got my attention.’ Pyre grits.

‘Do you get my point?’ Aera offers.

‘Of course, did I study 5, uh, 10 Multiverses to disappoint you?’ Pyre smiles suggestively.

Our words meander and waver through the manifestation. It simply rises out of the ground Weaving Trancing fingers before our eyes. All kinds of sensory mitigation comes. It is overwhelming, embewing, strengthening. It bears us up to higher more etheric levels.

We behold this creation around us, undoubting of its perpetuality. We are borne aloft amongst these real tangible objects which are one with our identities moving with the long flowing tresses which take their time to select.

The above realms reverberate white purple, with immersed orange, while we Levitate observing the furniture objects below remaining stationary. We register a district up, though precisely how requires investigation. Platonic shapes and Form’s float past through the thin air.

Aera Inscribes a Pentagram with her right index finger, ‘Rise Snakes of the Irresistance, your duty is to take out all evil in proximity.’

Gesturing and talking telepathically to an emerging Higher Entity, Pyre gets distracted by the huge White Silver Ethereal Snake and loses contact with the now disappearing Higher Ethereal Entity who is not particularly interested in such lower interactions.

The very vaporizations of the expanding and rapidly moving cloud parts is worth seeing, seeing huge multiplying potentialities through the black blue horizon on our ionospheric attainment.

Aera dares defile the pure air with her mortal speech, "Not too many birds up these ways." She sighs halfheartedly.

Magically, like we all want, a flock of ribbon carrying birds appears bringing a chorus of communications.

Pyre times the same trick, going back to the more Immortal telepathic mode, 'Uh, I've always wanted to have all the vitality and good feelings that I want in whatever Form or Fashion, I please.'

Orthe snorts, 'Oh please . . . keep it to one variable.'

Pyre swivels headily upwards, not believing his endocrine release, 'Hm, I have a continued decidedly steady pull downwards, remaining, displeasing the 1st Chakra.'

'Gravity sucks.' smirks Orthe.

Aera suggests, 'Why not keep looking upwards, you directly so, and maybe it will go away.'

Pyre squirms, 'I really don't like it.'

Aera becomes irritated, 'Oh, just ignore it.'

'Fine.'

We push for furtherance, a useful physical, mechanical application. Clear Interferal Discord's ride the waves.

We reach introspectal focation, this realm, of clear rapid particle contained vibration, nasal sufficiency, streaming extreming repeating substance, complete activation of bodily system enervation, is instafyingly propulsing.

We enter the realms of the God's and Goddesses even above the Platonic Realm and this is the Realm of Timelines.

We immediately initiate preprognated mandatory admiring. We have a whole array of poses. These play themselves out, hopefully to the amusement of the eternal watchers, there are no Tower's or valleys. We notice this, understanding the necessity of divine visitation.

Overlapping in structure, in their indestructible lighted frames, are banquets for Demons', King's, Statesmen, Citizen's, Beggar's, and, of course, highlighting layers, fulfilling fillings like not other fillings define us, and the cushions, and citruses, and inebriations, while thunderous, powerful series waterfalls our equilibrators.

Pyre is awe crushed. He chooses to not remain silent, though he finds no truths to describe the phasing oncoming Giant's.

Her arms Force, freed to the limitless space, Energy warping through her, body rigid, her celebration scream shaking particles.

Omnipotent vocalizations pound through the 99.999999999% Vacuum, which does not make up our present reality, "WELCOME! You who are wise, who are strong, who know the secrets wither the secrets, the Rules within the Ruler's, you know!"

We are flattered and immediately give up our one egg and sperm. We attempt to generate serious humor with a fabricated context of a contextual tombstone design . . .

Laughter, knocking off many follicles, gives us further arrogance to perform, you know, like strings on puppets. We know when not to respond.

A Click Trigger Mechanism Tricks, Triggers our hearts, and we are asked to facsimile copy, and do it quickly, efficiently, and silently, please.

Aera says to Pyre, 'So much for our plans, I find it still all so hard to believe.'

Her godly telepathic voice is just as powerful and energetic, 'Good, don't belove your senses, we are being promoted, in a transitory . . .'

Pyre, Blue White Lightning Light speeds at us, giving afterimages of bursted limits, while the overlaying of every emitted sound by every Animal in Existence Omms us, supporting fluidic, distilled process, giving us might, perfectly restful breathing achieving, unification of the third eye with all linearities being. The Earth is out of relativity and far gone in distance and memory, a past primitive development of the now Immortal and Enlightened Ones, few made it but went back to the Wheel Of Life And Death.

The One Sun, the Two Moon's, the Three Star's, the Four Substances, the Five Magic's, the Six Pillar's, the Seven Law's, the Eight Leaves, the Nine Muses, the 10 Great Construction's all clarify their intrinsic properties to us revealing in themselves, themselves, their one indivisible design, all interconnected throughout the near-infinite expanding Near-Infinite Universes within the one Infinite Timeless Reality. For the Omnipotent and Omniscient GOD is in all things, is everywhere, is all things, is everything.

Once again, a Higher Consciousness comes to us, 'Know that you four who have now been touched by the Nth Derivative of Divinity and can no longer go back to your Mortal Questing. Welcome to True Immortality, where also your Body's cannot die and you no longer have to Reincarnate into the Wheel Of Life And Death.

“Be raised to True Immortality!” She raises both her hands, palms up, from our toes to our heads and a great Power And Energy becomes one with our Being’s.

“Be raised to True Immortality!” He raises both his hands, palms up, from our toes to our heads and a Great Power And Energy becomes one with our Being’s.

GOD does not deny our ascent to True Immortality.

We understand, unalterably.

We cry in great Joy as we feel such Power’s And Energy’s course through all our Body’s.

Pyre humbly asks to word, and is granted, “We, mere nanoscopic tadpoles, pixels in your greater fractalled glory, if you so will, pardon me, ask to have the highest entitlement of insulting your beautifulness, by using, what we can, mere signs, symbols, and letters, in telepathic, thought, written, verbal and gesture Form’s, for we can never fully describe your Perfection.

“I offer, give, freely, everything I don’t need; you all would not want me to be self-contradictory to this ultimate unification of hard prospered for ideals and wrought out intellectual methods with all their diverse applications.” Aera clasps her hands again in joy, happiness and anticipation and leaps into the Void.

Our hearts modulate with balancing tempos like The Tree, looking down at all these idiotical plans and paths called Mortal and Human.

All the Timelines of our past in various shades of gray, here and there a light or dark point, reveal themselves to us and we remember all things we did.

‘We work for nothing,’ realizes Pyre, ‘what a funny notion.’

‘It is all clear to me now how unclear we are.’ recites Aera.

The mental voice of the God and Goddess, now as one, state to us, ‘You are now ready to start your Immortal Quest’s as lesser god’s and goddesses, you have successfully progressed beyond the mere Hero and lesser Demi-God status . . . Remember, you are still not infallible and even a God or Goddess can still Kick, Ban, Ban Forever, Defeat, Vanquish, Banish and/or Terminate you. Permanent Terminate is not so bad, too.’

To quote, for he helped me live: ‘Death comes and ends it not, for we are all persona’s under the Star Prince and Princesses, the holders of the values, the ones who do not forget.’ Bringing his aim forth through quantum’s of latency, Pyre does a curt bow.

'That which comes after cannot be seen; it is a subtlety. It is, is very good too, prudent to organize yourself properly in its shifting.' Aera finales, begins again, 'Be aware of the passing of the Ages, for if, in your Soular Progression, you find yourself on the cusp of new discoveries, let up happen, put pen to paper, nose to conical thing-a-ma-jig, and create!' Aera vigorously sends the last with a likewise vertical act.

The ground is pulled from under our feet and we are free falling: Free falling . . .

We learn our place in this Universe.

We open another doorway to another one for more Adventure.

AM

Still travelling in our delicate virtual Space Ship, in this union of our minds, we rise to higher depths. Skies merge into each other. We reach Treeless and Timeless Realm's.

Yank! There is this massive pull on our stabilizations. We have never been quite so yanked down, like a long ebony finger tugging your collar shirt. Our little Spacecraft begins to shake, Torque Twisting's of Power violating down the center of our funk machine.

Aera disdains, 'I really don't like this! What the Hell is goin' on?'

Pyre laughs, 'Listen m' Lady, we're in for the ride. Do you have a problem with an otherworldly presence?' His look is all umm.

'Yah, we just had one.'

There is a momentous pause.

A deep grumbling begins, way down, though strangely part of our Ship. Our lives begin to shake again.

Everything is now vibrating, our faces jiggering with the Force. Orthe and Wodora have everything under control. Sort of.

Pyre crunches his muscles, his fist clenched, 'Oh Yes!' He scrapes in guttural.

Aera shakes her head violently, 'What is this, an invitation to Hell?' Wodora aims the Defence System.

"Defence System Operational." She quotes from the Guide Book Of Verbal Command's.

Now she shakes her head, lobally possessed, "That is," as the rackings become more agitated, "Defence System Operational!"

Pyre worries his head, "Do I look and/or sound stupid??"

Aera calms him with a stroking hand on his shoulder, like her plaything.

"It's okay Pyre, we've gone through worse . . .'

‘Shut the fuck up you stupid shakings! Last Warning! They are making me very nervous! Obey or Die, you stupid Space Ship!’ He turns on the Xternal Signal Transmission, ‘If you, whoever you are please, if anyone is out there, reach, communicate with us, talk, anything, I’ll go as far and fast as Instant Karma, we hope you appreciate . . .’

We rapidly lose Altitude. It is kind of like being instantly transferred to a different reality, with a loud crack, though there are also Internal Stabilizer’s, cute Anti-Pole Devices which . . .

We rapidly lose Altitude. It is kind of like being instantly transferred to a different reality, with a loud crack, though there are also Internal Stabilizer’s, cute Anti-Pole Devices which . . .

The Staggered Repeat Effect through rude and abrupt Plane Jump’s causes a Time Disturbance Effect, our Action’s repeating themselves exactly for a short moment.

Aera rapidly does some fine Bug Tuning, ‘Yes, yes . . . O.K! Sure, what? Nah . . .’ She comes out of it, as Orthe fights for control of the ship, and Wodora looks dumb. Systems rise and fall.

‘Woh! Daddy! I think we got a big one coming!’ Hallucinatorily enough, the walls shake less.

Pyre claps his hands once to get our attention and Focus us, ‘Oh. O.k., irrelevant association and incoming . . . HOLY SHIT!’ Pyre careens back and is flung into a Cockpit Chest Cabinet behind him. It is like an Invisible Force just flattened the Hyper Acceleration Button without first following correct Activation Procedure. In fact, that is just what happened.

Aera throws her hands up, ‘Well if that’s the story, I give up!’ She clicks off the Activation Procedure Sequence and whaps the back of the Triple-Bounce Buck Roger Cyber Seat’s.

We Phase Out. Sort of. That is just the problem: Having Computer Dependent Escape Sequencers is like saying, ‘Hi! I’m Shish Kebob. Eat me!’ Being temporally suspended while you get a long boring lecture on Tactic’s, i.e. camera angles, is doubly annoying.

Pyre jerks his head in quadrangles, ‘Hi again! There is one thing, err, ‘annoying’, and another, ‘lazy’. There is one thing.’ He knocks back to normal reality.

Aera tries this fun trick, ‘And what a Head Space Man.’

The unknown opponent gives up, crawls away, and goes home, or at least we wish it did.

Instead, we are still plummeting.

Pyre gives up, 'Holy acceleration Batman, uh, let's, uh uh, I've always wanted to do this: Let's be the SAME!' he lets out an 'Ah hah hah!' and 'You lose!' and 'Buy buy!' and '. . .' Time Shifting, Time Phasing and Time Repeating at rapid staggered consecutive intervals.

Aera squints in concentration, Scanning as rapidly as she can through various Space Ship Computer Sub-System's, 'Ah hah . . . I can read your mind better than you can read mayo-on-o . . .'

Orthe slams the Trigger Mechanism at the same time as Wodora. Sort of.

We are free falling, our virtual Space Ship still twirling straight downwards through Planes, Dimension's, Space and Time. If the colorful blurry very fast spiracle funnel around our Ship was not so nauseating then it would be quite pretty.

Pyre whirrs his head, 'Oh, go click, no mo on, go boom, me no think no mo, only slo mo . . .'

Aera falls over comatose, the speed and vertigo reaching inhuman G-Level's.

'Oh yah?' boasts Pyre, 'I am the Pilot of this Space Ship and no one has ever defeated me, especially not the Space Ship itself, oh, damn, where did you go, Aera . . .' He looks right at the slumped form of our unconscious Computer Programmer.

"YAH!" This huge voice out of the Space Ship Com System yells Pyre straight into the floor, almost puncturing his eardrums, shattering little bits of flying metal at unregistered speeds, while necessary available Space Tension is released.

Grogging his ears, Pyre rises slowly, bleeding from a thousand pieces, poking his finger bendily in his right temple, 'I'm a good boy, really.' He crushes back with everything our little toy has got. He emits as his last over-dramaticized words, "What a manly way to go . . . Oh no."

RIP BOOM!

We impact with something.

Aera jerks violently awake, reacts quickly and controlled with many decades of training and calmly straightens out her hard but which fell asleep, Ghost-like, in her flowing sheened form. Her eyes dance, 'You want to fuck with us, whoever or whatever you are? First, go through these doors . . .'

Pyre gets his last spoken words in, inspired by his most favorite Captain in the History Of Space Travel, before falling over, "Why, do they, keep running, madly at

us, falling, over each other, at the walls, my Co-Pilot?’ He clinks face first into the Magnetite Metal of his Ring Command Console.

Aera prefers crystalites, her voice having a proudful focus, “Yes . . . No . . . I will make this,” her voice ripples pondily, dark ebbies beneath, “a ‘positive experience’, it will work.” she states, matter of factly, and then asks to no one in particular, “Who are you, this contradictory presence, you grab my attention so, how about dealing with a little personal service from the man himself?”

“Oh yes, and don’t forget the olives.” Orthe is also overwhelmed, something unusual is evidently playing around with his bases.

“You are not the man, damnit, I’m just trying, ow, a few, s-score, ahhh, my ear, Scary Tactic’s.”

She completes with a bite of her lip while her plan is Activated. Crunching down, in usual fashion, are the cold threads of an orderly, starting at the zenith, Vertical Conical Contractual Neutronification.

A voice crackles evilly through the damaged Space Ship Com System, around about all our heads and very loud and aggravating, “How do you like that one, my jackpot!” It then is sharply cut off.

A noise is lost: “Hu . . .”

A Field Of Cushioning comes into being staving off certain breakdown of our neural pathways.

Pyre is re-animated, crookedly adding, “Death . . . my old friend . . . you sure visit us a lot . . . oh, last time was a warning . . .” Plonk. His forehead crashes into his Ring Command Console.

Aera starts to panic—when the floor just does not seem to be there, no matter how many times you push down, you know you had better do the wash.

Aera sits down calmly in a business like manner, unmovingly observing the gallons drop. She throws down her proverbial sewing needle, “Oh for ()^&*\$% sakes! Just play with us, why don’t you! Get it over with, kill us, already! Why can’t I find the f’in corrupted code and backdoor the asshole is using!” She continues rapidly moving her hands and fingers over her Ring Command Console.

Wodora shakes her head groggily, “What kind of person would just come here, pick on us obviously ‘Lower Life Form’s’ and not even announce him or herself . . .” as the gauge reaches the quarter level point, “Bah, who deserves such and what is the point . . .”

Pyre jerks awake again and groans, “Where am I? Who am I? Why does my, me, feel too whirly? Where . . . is . . . the . . . space . . . ship . . . ?” He looks around and about, up and down.

Aera snaps at him, “Stop impersonating, you idiot, because you’ve been out cold on the floor, for . . . oh forget it!” She leaps at the Consoles trying desperately to get them to work correctly, breaking a nail, falling, howling to the floor.

Pyre is immediately there again to give advice, in his best psychiatrist-help-patient tone, “Don’t worry . . . Everything will be alright, you shouldn’t worry so much . . .” Our Space Ship abruptly flings rightward, airborning him straight into the left transparent wall, “Waaa-ahhh, let up WILL YOUUUUUU . . . Kerbaf! Sliiide. Thud.”

It finally responds, apparently amused enough, “NO! Earthling, I am *not* Human. Tell your dumb chick there to off it playing with that Console, or that’ll be the end of the story.” Deep shaking dense tones make their way echoingly from under our threatened Space Ship, “You idiots, how could you not see me.”

Pyre animalistically looks down, reflexively, but sees nothing, “OFF IT WITH THE HYPOTHALAMUS CONTROL, ASSHOLE, or, WE will take you down to Hell with us! Who do you think we are, weak mortal Human’s who you can just play with?” Pyre is like a Drunken Sailor, fights to compete with the Grisly Bear.

It actually talks to us all the time, not just blink on, blink off.

“Look STUPID, this is what is happening to your weak and pathetic Mental Digital Framework.”

Aera nods, trying to appease it, “Yah, noticeably, all the time.”

A Thunderous Laughter Booms giving us severe migraines.

Pyre sniffs haughtily, “Oh, is that the problem, do you mean, oh vastly superior intelligence, for I only know such a word, do we have to stop you?”

Smacked into the floor, it takes possession of us like a Dark Black Evil Poltergeist and we are killing ourselves in laughter with its Roaring.

Pyre attempts boldly to strain versus it with all his Will Power And Energy, “A-and you are immmediately knocked down, f-fool, cease resistance, or I will remove youuu . . .”

It taunts us, “Jiggling at the end of a projected string, your body is mere jelly, not to mention your, uh, walnut.”

Aera takes advantage of the out-to-lunch break, also regaining her Focused Concentration, “Yes, why waste a walnut?”

Both Orthe and Wodora, however, are in Wa Wa Land.

This gets its large Super Globulous Eye directed at Aera. It blinks and skoovers with its Mind Fuck her up and down.

Pyre takes advantage, springing up in the air like a collapsible doll, one right fist raised upwards, Triggering his own Killer Program in the background, having mentally programmed it with the Brain-To-Wave Computer Technology in our virtual Space Ship and having Feigned half of the Mind Attack’s on him, he Order’s in Telepathic Mode, ‘Yes! Go Mates! My little Nanobats, do your work, take him down!’

Shedding many of its own penetrated, corrupted and contaminated code levels, one layer of our vessel after another seperates and blazes downwards to permanently entrap this nemesis, this Dark Black Evil Ghost In The Machine, in a Vice Grip. Our Space Ship Computer can easily Restore itself later.

Pyre gives the OK to execute the Kill Switch and we find ourselves somewhat temporarily exposed, floating in the middle of space with only our personal Null EM Shield’s And Spheres to protect us.

With wave after wave, the enemy is given a Lightning Head Jolt, the Cockpit of its familiar Black Tentacled Dark Shadow Patrol Space Ship is briefly Lit Up as it Xplodes and we see four black attired Alien’s fall back down to the Abyss with their Patrol Space Ship.

Strangely enough, afterwards, we hear laughs after laughs after laughs . . .

Apparently, when reentering space and time with our virtual Space Ship, they picked up on us, once again, and thought with some clever Cloaking Technology to surprize us.

We look at each other with raised eyebrows, having learned our lesson.

Wodora punches the Hyper Acceleration Button into the next dimension.

BA

We enter a wavy front. Birds perpetually chirp. Our tongues bite from the liquid. Buzzing, the after effects of our forefield, what do we see, from the 180 degree point of view which Wheees around into mind space, a Dante scene.

The ground stretches off to a chipped horizon in white black linear fashion. Roughly in the center, there is one audacious robed figurine divided by it and there is a scaled Green Gray Dragon coiled on an angular black lined rock, further off in the distance.

Aera expresses, 'Well! This gives me perspective.'

The sky is godot blue.

Orthe grins, 'Well, I ain't Samuel Beckett, though I am still waiting for godot . . .'

Aera tsks at the Serpent Crown Of The Dragon, shimmering ever there in, silver dark red hues, round; her finger is perpendicular to her concaved palm, her shoulder strutted, ass back, 'And what can I do for you, oh Hypocrat? Money is never a problem. Learn it. Faster.'

Orthe moves deliberately, 'Let us go, say to . . .'

Pyre remains stock-still, taking in the circle view of this plain, noting the large spread of various Creatures and Object's, there is something hard to see roughly in the center.

The She Dragon curls a little bit, lightly tipping her right corner eyelash, grabbing our attention. There is a ringed Yellow Crescent Moon. In the sky it shines, disproportioned. A Lizard flicks its tongue, red deep, rolling an eye, not so far away to the right. A white gray silver Castle off to the left is like a toy. In the left corner, relatively close to Orthe, is a lean flat rock. Left of center in the overall circumstance of the picture is a Cocktail Party. Our first urge is to go anyway, why not, random incoming.

Wodora is a Spy Killer.

Grid lines, yellow-lazed, with bright sparkles zoom in, animating the whole picture. The pieces move through the Object's back and forth, equilibrated chess pieces. Their radiance is felt immediately. The axe floating above the Cocktail Party is immobile. The Yellow Crescent Moon nuts. We interbeam our mind rays, hoping the Sun will once again lift the leaves of the old gnarled Tree next to us and to the right. Suddenly a child runs by us, from right to left, giggling, playing, hopping, skipping

and gleeing. Strangely, she is somewhat white and gray with a dry smudgy dripping bullet hole in her left shoulder.

“I will kill all those goddamn Spy’s for you . . .” Wodora sheds a single silver tear.

Turning head over heels, slowly moving past us, far above the static axe, is the hubble craft APOLLO IV, or is that V? The hull is so dusty and dirty it is hard to tell.

Orthe makes a few adjustments in his position, standing: Cuff, collar, left thumb up. There is little response.

These Creatures and Object’s float in their directions, slowly, self-occupied with little nothings. For some reason they are all caught on this Dream Plane completely oblivious to their surroundings.

We step onto a Conveyor Belt Trip which extends from the misty obscured gray space behind us into the dream landscape which we paid for, leading us through the scene. Occasionally, plexiglas curved windows Vlip Up to stop thrown rotten beer cans.

We glide along to beyond center and come to a door. The vague blurry Object has now disappeared. Around this door, the path curves to the right and we see little Nuclear Xplosion’s go off leading to a form of deep darkness. There is a brick wall and the path flows like water. The entrance sucks at us. On the right, a nicety place, is a storm with the signboard under it: ‘Come Open Storm.’ The Whirls Man to the left keeps us safe, buggingly jacking his aim, and roller skates flow along.

Orthe utters, ‘It is like a childhood memory all coming back to me—the investment potential. I never understood before.’

Aera wipes a tear from her eye, it dropping here, her voice filled with emotion, ‘Oh, I never had it like this before. Oh, oh . . .’

Orthe pats her on the shoulder, smiling impishly, ‘It’s okay Aera babey, we all want the cherry too,’ his voice then mesmerizes and his eyes go all big and fruit bat buggy eyed, ‘I know I’m reckless, though you will not remember any more of this, yes I’ll be that blunt, pay me.’

‘What are you talking about, I hate those candy cherries . . .’ Pyre looks sternly on.

Aera does the same to Orthe.

Wodora looks concerned on, “If they don’t stop Spying then I will be forced to murder their whole family.”

With a slight wubble, the Unwhole Plane changes.

Wodora springs into Intro Fast Talk, “Maybe it just decided to hop on its back, or something, or turn over on its stomach, who knows, in any case we are here to kill the enemy and if it is in self-defence we have the full right to do so . . .” She lets the suspense fall away, another ripple alters reality.

In the place of the Object’s are similar though different ones. A Clock Of Timelines Bing Bongs, a Princess moves erotically, an Amphibian loses his tail, and a feather takes off, much filled with useful export items.

Orthe smiles, ‘It is what it is.’

Aera lips her mouth to her thoughts, ‘No, it is naught what it is.’

A hushed whisper descends upon the plain. All is just like, mirrors dancing, cutting, people reflecting.

Orthe, dreamily reflecting, a long grass piece in his mouth, ‘I wonder if this leads anywhere?’ His mouth drops open, one eye swivels out in Picasso fashion, for a better look at this Dali Scene.

There, before us, about mid-field, below the still radiance, over the 3-dimensional marble cake slice, with dark veins, approaching us, accelerating, the Yellow Crescent Moon observing on its non-transitory perch as always, is a Big Ball Of Electricity crackling by us quickly.

We dive out of the way.

“It is very disagreeable to be Spied upon, do we have no rights?” Wodora continues her intense manic monologue, though there may be reason behind her madness.

‘What next?’ asks Orthe, a sand particle in his eye.

Wodora screams, her arms ripping upwards, “Welcome to the murderous Spy Kill War’s!”

Aera acknowledges, trying to ignore her and do the denial and distraction thing, ‘Good question, or Smart Question, now for a Stupid Question, who’s first . . .’

Orthe shrugs, smoothly displacing wave particles along the folds of his shirt and head, ‘. . . for Nemo?’

‘Who’s next?’ asks Aera, a slightly frightened look to her as Wodora starts vibrating angrily and violently floating off the dry cracked red brown parched plain.

“You, you bastard Spy, you are next to Die!” Wodora screams bloody murder at the darkening sky filling up with thunder and lightning clouds.

Orthe confirms, 'Fine, who's second?'

'This is not difficult. Please call our toll free number, 0900 NOOB, to buy in.'

'Einstein.' Aera taps via inner channels, causing more disturbances in the surroundings.

'When next?'

We are rapidified; $X \rightarrow Y$ ME, ON, $Ax \rightarrow y$, A3, Os, $Os(n \setminus o)$, EOS. $R(r + 1, r + 2 \dots r + n)$. $R(r + r!)$.

'Where next?' clicks back Orthe, to the not.

Wodora starts turning in midair, her arms and hands bent like a possessed Witch Bitch, a dark gray Water Funnel moving up and around her, "We will kill every last one them compromising our Privacy and Security!"

Aera automatically transmits, 'Xeno.' Unbeknownst to no one, she gives a good 'So there!' association, too, to the tangled trail behind her.

Orthe does his best, his left eye jolting back and forth, not to look at it, 'How next?'

'Typhus.' Pyre poignantly delivers.

Aera immediately keels over coughing, hit by some higher influence coming from the Yellow Crescent Moon.

We crumble back down to the ground giving each other space to hold together the remnant of the faltering past.

Wodora points up now with both hands and releases a huge Tidal Wave Of Punishment Purification And Purging onto the plain before her. This washes away many Creatures and Object's which gets Pyre's tongue licking his lips, involuntarily from the stimulating FREE Entertainment and excitement. She then screams even louder, "I am not your goddamn Puppet! Die Spy die! Holy Gruesome, Spy Kill!"

'Given a gush of wind,' Orthe keeps going with cones on, 'come to me, please . . . so that I may wreak my revenge . . .' He is possessed now, too, by the Yellow Crescent Moon on this Dream Plane, or is it a Nightmare Plane?

Aera clasps her hands in Gordian delight, 'Oh! Mon petit bouchon, voulez vous marchez met moi? C'est la nuit de l'humanitariteit.'

We are caught in a cracked backward looking glass.

Orthe rolls over on the ground, quite oppressed, 'There is definitely time. It is just so distanced. So there.'

Four white candles float by, ablaze. Naturally enough, the wicks do not prick the wax.

Aera repeats her hand, 'What can I do? I have four poodles all ready to be castrated, and I don't know where my brilliant apes are, strange expression that.'

'The omni-picture doesn't stop . . .' Orthe gives in his haughty taughty British accent.

Aera whines, 'Why can't we all just stop and AO the things we wah-unt?'

Orthe struts up, 'Cause dear, we wouldn't want to drive the neighbours here out of their cotton-picking minds.'

Aera looks at the Here-Driving Neighbour's and causes, 'Oh?' in a tiny peepy voice.

Wodora starts to descend, laughing hysterically, "Would you Spy on your neighbours!?"

Pyre definitely grabs the opportunity, 'Oh, true deservers, I can see all right, this is how I know how what you say and do and feel about me and how to Spy Kill, oh, and p.s. the little blue fuckin' birdy told me everything about each of you when I was not here.'

Aera slaps him down with a white glove, 'You must learn to live like Princes and Princesses, not consume each other like them.'

Orthe holds a mimer's hand over his mouth, 'Born with the Power and Privilege and taught to use it.'

Pyre corrects one mistake of his, '. . . or when the Hidden Spy Camera ran out of tape . . .'

Aera looks at him stupidly, 'No longer a problem on that one, duh . . .'

The Yellow Crescent Moon makes us all look crazy on this plain, now with the Wind Whipping around at great speeds, Thunder Booming and Kabooming, Lightning Crackling down Xploding black charred spots into the dry cracked red brown earth. The Creatures and Object's are flying around with the wind and we are in danger of being blown away.

The Form's clasp in, finished with their deathly dance, and reality takes a sharp turn again, though nice fine lining . . .

Wodora drops back to the ground on her feet, "All you Spy's will die."

We continue on, our hands signing limply in front of our faces, bent over from the strain of Celestial Spheres, trying to come to terms with this place we are in, not on.

Artist's make their subjects to be parodied around the market.

Aera directs, 'To too two.'

Orthe objects, 'Or, is that one?'

Pyre projects, 'How about three?'

Wodora very loudly and resoundingly rounds it off for us with a tortured cry, "Whyyy
yy . . ."

We carol together, telepathically, 'Let us seperate more ingenuities from the stock pile.'

Before the Unwhole Plane gets completely blown away, we jump into our small virtual Space Ship and Hit the Null EM Propulsion Engine Activation Button.

We blast straight upwards and through the Yellow Crescent Moon hoping to get the right doorway.

Stars

We land on the Moon and walk around normally with only our Null EM Shield's And Spheres to protect us, the pretty shiny silver Star's shine above us in great clarity and splendor.

Orthe decides it is the only way to fully determine what this external pressure is. He swallows and opens both eyes wide.

It hits him directly in the head and then his whole body as one sense is triggered, one sense after another linking.

He is standing in the middle of a perfectly balanced World. Each Element is flowing into the next, yet maintaining their own, creating a huge pattern. It is throbbing. Its throbbing is in counterpose to Orthe's pulsating.

He looks, eyes wide open, mouth agape at the World. The Sun is almost to the horizon.

He fully senses Electricity and Electro-Magnetic Field's coursing between World's, Planes and Universes. All of a sudden and as smooth as a wave of Light, the two unify.

Orthe explodes into sheer magnitudinal bliss annihilating all barriers between all Existences.

* * *

Wodora sits down.

The sand curls around her legs and the water basin lies still.

She checks her gown and brushes hair out of her face.

She looks across the water basin, reaching out to the distance as her eyes expand. She lets her weights rest on the Earth's.

The water basin stirs.

She is Now Here.

What to do? Where to go?

What to do? Where to go?

She ponders, chewing on her lip. She sighs in the comfortable presence of her body.

It is fluid and floating.

She looks into the water basin. Through its gray white dead sand she sees an emanating deep blue green aura, and so are her eyes.

She sees it expand as it flows through everything. She feels its monads as it begins to speed up. She remains motionless, only her rhythmic breathing lifts and lets down her body.

She moves into its Aura and it reaches around her, through her, over every part of her Being.

Through she goes. Around she flows.

And her being expands, and expands, and expands, and expands . . .

* * *

'Time to fly . . .' Aera thinks.

'I think I will try . . .' she cuts her arms into the air above her.

Her vision circles around her exultant figure atop a 333 meter cliff.

She yells out, "Yes!" It spreads into the air before her, above the ocean and tiny beach.

She breathes in the very substance of the air, absorbing its particles, energizing her.

A glow of warmth fills her head and a wave of tingles rushes up her back from her feet through and out her arms. She spreads her arms wider, looking straight out, into the sky.

Wings Of Pure Ethereal Light grow from her shoulder blades. They reach out to coalesce her entire being. She leans back and screams a piercing cry of Victory.

She feels herself beginning to rise and slowly twirl from her right to left. Blue White Light courses around.

Her eyes blaze, her mouth is slowly opening. She feels the infinite potential . . .

Her mind takes on the motion of flight and reaches for that pull: The pull of . . .

Nothing.

Potentialus ad Majorus.

She breathes into the pull, exploring its nature. With a single last breath in she pulls herself up and into it.

She achieves the Ultimate.

She is there. She is here. She is nowhere. She is everywhere.

And cyclical repetitions dance everywhere.

* * *

And he stands on the top of the highest hill of Mars in the future, fists upraised to the sky, eyes looking at the brightness of the clouds.

The Fire And Electricity crackles and burns throughout his body. His eyes are glowing white sockets of vibrating Energy. From the rocks beneath his feet to the opening clouds above him Red White Lightning fills the sky.

The sky is bright opal blue with pure white cumulonimbuses. Not a Creature in the sky or nearby. The turquoise ocean air roars at the shore line and a few droplets reach his raging form 100 meters back atop the elevation.

The entire stone beach is alight.

The clouds condense where touched. The Sun poles in the sky. Thunder shakes the beach and him. Despite the sleek wetness of the stones beneath his feet he does not fall, does not move.

With pointed focus he awaits the push, crackling Energy sizzling around him. His Electro-Magnetic Field reaches through the sky into space with the Electricity spiralling towards a destination.

He has full confidence in his ability to succeed.

He becomes disoriented.

First, there is this sensation of Dream, then there is an aching in his body, then there is this awareness of his breath losing it capability to nourish, then this dullness.

He becomes uncertain.

His head starts to ache. He shakes his head and turns his spine to eliminate the hard edge making its way up through his lungs.

He looks at his surroundings. Nothing is different.

The agitation in his Body increases through this, his mind remains separate, almost numb as lacking in sleep. He feels completely uninvolved, holding no importance whatsoever to the state of affairs. No sensations are felt except for this numbness which seems not at all displeasurable. Importance as to position or action completely fades.

He looks at his Mind as a construction and yet also as nothing: An empty shell; something can never be the same and thus holds Nothingness, the persistent underlying Null State allowing all things to move without getting burned up through intense friction.

Grasping at Absolutes his fingers fade away.

He then gains a perspective. He sees himself watching himself and recognizes that he was looking at his Mind as a construction, something of definite Character, his present Ego Matrix which includes his Body's, and he was also looking at his Mind's as filled with Nothingness; Nothing being that which persists despite Everything, for you can also not have no opposite to Everything.

Maybe in spite of all, he thinks.

He tosses the one against the other: 'Everything, Nothingness. Which has more substance? Which is me? I have this Body and yet I also have this Consciousness . . . I think the point is, I have this state. Whether it be Nothing or Everything or both, whether it is a perception of Nothing or a perception of Everything or both, who cares? It is there. I have a sensation of something . . . yet, I also know there is the lack of something . . .'

He recognizes the return to the initial question, eliminating the answer. His thoughts blur, 'Hold on! I have a sensation. I am in a definite state of perceiving . . . No. Wait . . . Why go farther? I have . . . Why say more? I have a sensation. Period.' He accentuates the last word, 'I am perceiving. Period. And now I can discover exactly what it is. I am thinking, now I can figure out what it is. Now I know, so I know what it is.' All of this is spoken to himself in his Mind in a quiet detached calm orderly manner as though it flowed of its own accord, despite the great Energy coursing through and around him.

The Electricity is still ripping through the Electro-Magnetic Field's and the atmosphere.

He then recognizes the Mind to be Nothing coursing through Everything, and also thin Ether and Electricity coursing through thicker substances, and the Body to be Everything coursing around Nothing, and also thicker substances around Ether and Electricity.

He gains the Absolute Consciousness, his Consciousness ceases to hold boundaries, his Body becomes Everything, the Universe, he then ascends as Pure Spirit and lives forever happily ever after as a Pure Soul.

* * *



Invloed

Epilogue

We awaken from our dreaming, out of Hyper Space . . .

A New Colony Planet is in view as our huge Elite Colony Space Ship takes up a Stable Orbit.

AGGRESSION

If you stand on my Element's,
I will stand on yours;
Cute little leniences,
Defens ad absurdum does not work, all the time,
Moral's and Values are the lines,
What path do I try to walk?
Apologies is a useful
Political title
For a working relationship.
Oh yah, in some times, forcibly.

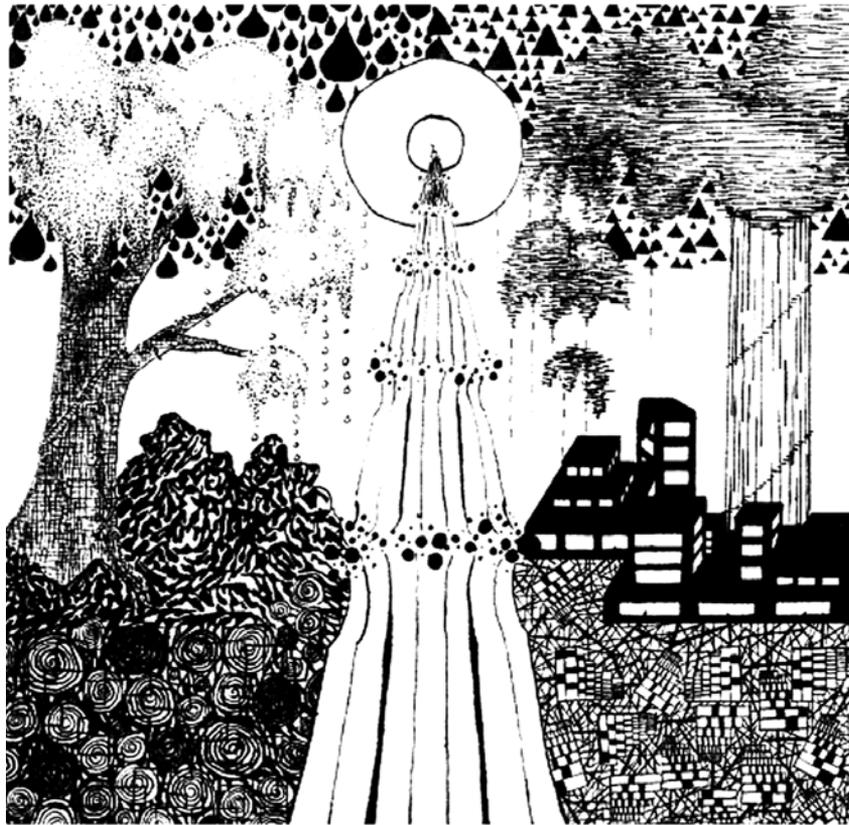
pLANE aRT

The front cover doorway is a form of
line art, called pLANE aRT which
I invented. The front cover is
the depiction of all the doorways
in the very air around us,
ever blinking,
in the fabric of space and time.

pLANE aRT for those unaware
of it is a fun and easy way of making
3-dimensional topographies,
if you animate it then,
I guess,
it is 4-dimensional.

It is a precise, 2-dimensional,
metaphysical, way of making
3-dimensional compositions,
and all the lower and higher dimensions
of the past, present and future.

viz.ad.etc.is.si.n.z.v



Nature N Society

The Black Dungeon Doorway

Third Edition

Written by: Kyle Lance Proudfoot ©

