

# The Delectable Riddle

## Chapter 1 of Part I of The Heretofore Odyssey:

# Whimpton

*from the Arterinary organization of men*

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*(Photo with my better half)*

*We live in De Rust, South Africa*

*'The linguistic reality of fiction contemplates itself, and results in the linguistic reality of science.  
This, if intended correctly, spurns the linguistic reality of common sense, which, in turn, brings  
forth the good old linguistic reality of, namely, reality itself...'*

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A big thank you to the couple of outstanding individuals whose pieces I add, and have added, with only pride in my heart.

Thank you for the patience and understanding you had with all of my scrutiny.

Oh, and don't rush through the plays, **you are not as intelligent in front of all the old people as you may think...**

*He fitted the last wires carefully as he explained to them how he wishes to accomplish the reception he anticipated. They did not quite understand. He switched it on and lights went flickering, he tuned the knob and said that they used this frequency only. He increased the volume and the sound came through. They stood mesmerized, listening to the messages pouring in, one after another. It sounds distant, and yet it is. Five hours later, half past six the morning, they have all quietly taken seats. Still, barely any words were said among them. They listened, the element of surprise illuminating their fixed gazes in the cold little room littered with electronic circuitry.*

*The door coming down next to them could not surprise them, the uniformed military personnel entering through the hole where the door was, armed with machine guns, neither. They screamed commands ordering, demanding obedience. They grabbed a hold of the man who had since gotten up and was protecting his equipment from destruction. He was taken away, the equipment carelessly tossed on the back of an empty army truck, left in a smoke trail of dust, shortly before eight.*

*Thirty-seven days later, the house was flattened to the ground, and the waypoints carefully and expertly noted on laptops.*

*All that remained was an inscription on the face of the controversial rock, which read: '**Herrie**' (This was written by some folk song writer called the Long-Chief, or 'Langenhoven' in the native tongue of long ago.)*

*The whole area was sealed off, and the Military Police stood at guard, day and night. This was fortunate, for the fig tree that planted it self there could not possibly have survived the ordeal of politicians wanting to pass each other fig leaves to rectify their messes, being plucked from it.*

*Normal is only a setting on your dryer. Indeed, or else all would be well in this global village, and so with you too. Nobody would possibly guess that soon this rocky port would become known as Whimpton.*

The words still rings in Cedrick's ears. 'You have to work! Make money!' It is the entire belief his father held, and told him, over and over. After a long day at work he comes home frustrated beyond understanding and this is all he forces on his child. How Cedrick hates him for it.

His father is a tractor driver. The tractor is a true marvel of technology. Superheating the steam of its powerful steam engine is nothing but raw nuclear fusion, dangerous and horrifying if not properly contained. The re-introduction of the steam engine to power vehicles globally at around one fifth the fuel consumption we have become used to with internal combustion engines, have caused the question of if perhaps nuclear fusion could power it. Nothing was ever said about fission.

The cost of purchasing a vehicle like this is, however, completely horrific. Therefore this tractor works on eleven-hour shifts with only a single hour break in between. It has to work as effectively as possible on all the farms over an area of seven hundred squared kilometers, as Cedrick's father's boss certainly ensures, all day long, together with Cedrick's father. It is indeed an odd job.

Cedrick hasn't finished school yet. His mother wishes for him to stay and at least finish his basic education, but his father wants him into a job as soon as he can find one. His father gets very irritable at the fact that it is taking him so long to actually find one.

But it seems that intervention they could never ever dream of, and of the most unlikely kind, is on its way to Cedrick...

The media commented vaguely on, what it claims was a well-known scientist, who had been jailed and is probably being interrogated for apparently, it was said, establishing communication with the future mankind. Sources indicated that they have heard messages and that these messages could but only have emanated from the unknown depths of the future. Other sources collaborated and labeled it as hoaxes.

This apparent certainly, if indeed it is one, is enough to get one's imagination going. What could we learn from the future of mankind? This is a question to ponder, and for the time many did. The media, in different forms kept repeating this last known news of the incident. The military police declined to comment and even denied its occurrence. But something was stirring; deep inside under all the cover-ups. Everybody felt it. It was a month later, and news was spreading among people. What if it was true that we could contact our future selves and maintain a link? Wouldn't it be possible to transfer money, and even ideas, from here into the future and back into the past? The question seemed imbedded into every citizen's mind. The military kept declining comment, though it failed to persuade the well-informed-by-now general public that this major invention of mankind, and potential intervention for mankind, never occurred. But after some time this gossip disappeared and little was heard of it any more.

The months passed slowly.

In the Little Karoo however, massive infrastructure was built at tremendous speed and with great efficiency. Not even the big contractors, some of whom were imported from overseas, were aware of what it was for. Only the local townsfolk were aware of the structures rising, one reaching up two hundred and fifty meters into the sky. Those passing on the little used road, filled with potholes, saw only some of it in the distance. But only until they blocked this little port road off completely, and hauled its cracked tar bit by bit into rubble, carried it away, and, instead, laid a highway connecting this little port to the two major highways of South Africa.

Only local residents and contractors were from here onward, issued, under the strictest of control, special permits to enter. The media was completely banned from providing the public information on this so called 'encounter'.

'Till everything was ready,' the contractors assumed, equally as ignorant as the media. Reporters stood by and stayed in their cars or makeshift campsites for days, waiting for something to be heard.

Little was it known that the exact location, where the still missing scientist decided to build his now demolished house against the rock face, was exactly in the center of the main two hundred and forty three meter tall structure. By now almost complete, it was still strictly guarded by the South African Military Police Force.

'Ladies and Gentlemen, citizens of South Africa, it is not without a great deal of mixed emotions that I speak to you tonight.' The man pauses after every few words enabling the translation of his words into different languages to happen on the many radio stations of the global village.

'A great invention has been made by, as yet, a barely known scientist. This invention will in only little time, change the lives of every citizen in this country. There have been rumors in the past, spreading through the media, that communication has taken place through time. This is true, I repeat, it is true. Communication has taken place through time.'

The radio stays quiet for some time.

‘Placed, for the time being, under military supervision and secrecy, we have had numerous messages from the future of mankind.’

‘I should note that unfortunately the communication is only happening one way. They have communicated with us, initially with standard messages following one other, and constantly repeated. As they, thirty years from now, see the changes brought about by their messages, they change the messages, and provide us with new information. They are thus able to follow communication on the basis of “they tell, we do”. They have told us to build public facilities for which they provided the basic design of structure. These facilities have been built in the Little Karoo under great secrecy during the past months, which they asked us to call Whimpton.’

‘We now advise every member of the public to visit these facilities in order to register their selves. The reason being is that the public of the future will henceforth be able to communicate with the public of the present. This, we gather from their experience, is to enrich our lives as citizens of Africa. They have placed a limit on the time span over which such communication may occur. The span is limited to roughly forty years. You can expect, in the next year, to receive a message or two from close family relatives, loved ones, even loved ones to be, but mostly from your I, your self, in the future. Yes, you can now teach yourself the lessons you will learn, quicker, easier, and cheaper, than the harsh way in which life would otherwise have taught you without your I.’

‘I don’t wish to keep you with too many technical issues but the following note might be useful.’

‘Due to the repercussions that might be involved, no messages concerning death or love are allowed to be processed. The people of the future, you one day, will work through consultants to ensure the correct content of your messages.’

‘The question arises as to what one can then send, but evidently, there remains much to be said.’

‘Good night.’

The news seemed tempting to everybody and many people of the country flocked to Whimpton in the Little Karoo on the big highways and byways laid out for them, but by the next morning at ten the cars stood bumper to bumper for literally hundreds of kilometers on the newly laid highways, or clustered together in the heat. Food stalls were already popping up and the unprepared paid excessive amounts for cold drinks. Some people would leave friends and family behind and walk the way forward past the cars, in search of their selves, anxious to hear news on what they will become.

Cedrick is one of them, having secretly gotten a lift from the families’ next-door neighbors. He walks in the heat past all the cars and watch closely the sense of magic play in people’s eyes. He stood in a queue for almost six hours before he could register with his I.D. book. They took his cell phone number and his street address, telling him that they will contact him by SMS and a letter of notification to the given address when a message should come through.

Two months passed slowly and people were restless, anxiously awaiting messages through time. Gossip reigned, and some said that if information could be passed in time, so can money and ownership. It provided a sense of delight to all. No message arrived for Cedrick, and he had many sleepless nights thinking, wondering, what the future will bring him to. He pondered many nights on why he would be taking so long to contact his self. He found the time frustrating. He found it though to be a release from the vices his father has on him.

It was exactly two months and three days later, again at eight in the evening, when the astounding second public address was made to the citizens of South Africa. It was done by the same spokesperson of the Research Group responsible for the busy Whimpton suddenly jumping up from nothing. It came unexpected, yet some did expect something of the kind.

'It feels like I have spoken to you only yesterday, and yet, a mere two months later I speak to you again, to provide you with more news. The message has been sent to us that some of the facilities we have built under supervision of our future generations are intended for a different use, something that will gladden us all. But, it appears that, in order to avoid the congestion of traffic, this news has been withheld from our knowledge, fortunately only until now.'

'They assure us no further grand surprises. As you well know the traffic started moving better in Whimpton that is growing so rapidly in the Little Karoo.' 'It will become clogged again with those who have as yet not registered, and those who will come to make collections from BOTUM. This facility they are presently signing with name boards and road signs and will be clearly marked and indicated by morning.'

'BOTUM stands for Bank of Time Unionized Merchandise. It has been announced that we are able to receive financial payments through time.'

The radio remains quiet for some time. In the neighborhoods of South Africa people can be heard from their houses, screaming delight.

'The money we will receive is the same money the future will have. It is now possible to invest in your future business or house, before you have the money to afford it. We would advise people to please only go to BOTUM once confirmation is received that a payment is waiting, this is an attempt to avoid the traffic and lodging problems in the fast arising city surrounding our centers.'

'You should also note that legislation to enable the transfer of ownership of property and business are underway, but due to the complex nature of this venture, we shall assume that it will only come in time.'

After this news broke the skies, people flocked from their houses to the streets. In groups they stood talking, discussing, and giving each other hope. Hope that they will provide their own selves with good fortune. Cedrick sat on the porch of his parents' house; the bustle went on till well after one into the morning. He watched his father, the skeptic as usual, standing in a group of adults; he disapproved of the whole idea and said that it is a farce, a mockery of people. But no one listened to him. Some time later he walked past Cedrick sitting on the porch and did not attend to him. He went straight to bed. Cedrick could feel the strange magic stirring in the air along with everybody else in the streets. He is anxious, they all are.

When would they hear from their future?

For sure, normal is only a setting on your dryer.

It was a mere three days after this announcement when, at six the morning, Cedrick got the message on his cell phone. He was still asleep, and felt really tired after waking up so early. Bewildered, he read the message:

**You have received a message form:**

**Cedrick Bodderok**

**Dated: 17 April**

**Please collect message at station D and payment from BOTUM**

He reads it again. The words scramble in front of him. He could not believe what he read. '...and payment...' He ponders it a little, and then starts screaming. He runs through the house, up and down, screaming, and fails to realize the rude manner in which he intrudes into his family's early morning sleep. Slowly the family members emerge one by one from their rooms. His sister, his

mother, and then his father, all of them angry at being woken up when they could've gotten more sleep.

At the breakfast table that day he requested skipping school that day to go through to BOTUM for his collection.

'No chance in hell son.'

'But you keep on telling him to leave school to work!' His mother exclaims. 'And to make money!'

'You demand of your child the greed you won't even practice yourself!'

'He will find a role model here Daddy, let him do so. This can be heaven for him. Let him see the hereafter his self, personally.'

'He is still young.'

Silence. His father stares deep into his porridge, but keeps to his self.

'There is a special taxi service to and from BOTUM. They delivered a paper in the post just yesterday.'

'Oh, and you know everything!'

'It came in the post, why should I not read it?'

'And how do you propose you pay this taxi fare son?'

'He can lend it from me, and once he returns with his payment he can pay me back. As simple as that.'

She stares at his father.

'Let him.'

His father rumbled a lot of things as he lifted his jacket over his shoulder and left for the seven-o'clock bus, taking him to the tractor.'

As he left, his mother led Cedrick to her room and took her savings box from her closet. From it she produced a couple of notes and handed it to him.

'Here, this should be enough. Take the train to Oudtshoorn, and take the taxi only from there. The taxi will be much more expensive. Let me know how things are. Go get dressed quickly for the seven thirty bus to the train station. I have to be off to work.'

She kissed him gently on the forehead.

'Good luck, and be careful!'

The tedious trip to BOTUM ended with Cedrick thanking the taxi driver and climbing out onto the highway, blocked for kilometers with cars. He walked almost an hour before he got close to the vast structures that got assembled inside the port in such short time. Once there, he saw many people nearer to the buildings. There were land meters, dividing land into plots for sale, which were only rocky faces, and prospective owners to this land arguing the size of their property to be. Massive trucks drove around and some have thrown big loads of building material onto the properties, which some other prospective owners are disputing. He walked past such a man, having received a fresh load of building sand on the property he claims to own.

'Take your load back home, this is my property, I have already signed for it. No-no, leave it! I will use it to build my shop. Thank you!' The man said, and he was tall and proud, dressed formally in bright colors.

He grabbed Cedrick by the neck with a stiff hand as soon as he saw him.

'Hi there son! Do you see this property they are dividing here right across the main entrance of BOTUM?' Cedrick tries to free his self. The man breathes on Cedrick's face. It stinks. 'You see that marker over there, and the one over there, and those two on the street?' He points to them individually as he harshly turns Cedrick's neck to face them.

‘They are the markers to this property of mine. Soon these premises will house my cars. Only the latest fly by wire technology 4x4’s and luxury sedans, only the very best my son. Nuclear powered too, I will even build substations here for charging up electric cars. When you return from BOTUM you are welcome to come and visit my temporary shop in Oudtshoorn, it is in the main road. I have already served my interest and vision from Botum son.’

Cedrick hesitates.

‘No problem, I will take you. Remember me, I’m right here. If I’m not here one of my assistants will assist you.’ His assistants are all doing the same to other people, Cedrick sees as his head gets pointed their way with the stiff hand around his neck. Cedrick doesn’t know which assistants are his though, because there are so many.

‘Thank you but no thank you.’

His neck finds release as he finally manages to pull himself loose from the grip. He runs away from both the man and all of the assistants. He had to be careful of the trucks filled with shop goods and building equipment for all the shops to become. They drive everywhere, throwing dust into everybody’s faces. Arguments arises everywhere as every prospective owner claims his ideally situated plot. A vehicle marked as the local municipality’s, stops on one of the plots and immediately the occupant of the vehicle was surrounded by a mob of prospective buyers who wanted their properties assured in their names. Suitcases of money were brought up to his frantic face. It took only a short while before the man, just a local cleric, started frantically screaming on them, throwing rocks from a rock wall behind him at them and ran away, in a full circle with them shortly behind, and jumped back into his car. It took him a while to make his way through them with the car, and when he finally passed Cedrick in the road, the young driver’s face was pale from shock. He cried fearfully.

When Cedrick passed the open fields where the property disputes rages, a quiet came over him. In front of him the two hundred and fifty meter tall building that he had heard spoken of, rises from the ground. As he walks closer into the port, the tall building hovers higher and higher over him, like a mountain protruding from the ground it sits upon. A building people will come to say has never been designed by anyone, people in the future just wrote down its dimensions and passed the information back in time, with only their whims and wishes having made it thus. It certainly looked scary. Cedrick sees hundreds of people gathered inside the huge doors peeling in endless long queues from the entrance doors. As he got closer, he could feel the expectation on the faces of everybody there, which reminds him of what he came here for. Hope fuels up in him as he approaches the mingling crowd, too eager to form a definite queue.

A lady greets him friendly.

‘You should go to one of the eight buildings surrounding BOTUM first to collect your message and reference number before you come here. It should say which building.’

Cedrick checks his message again with her, and sees it says station D. He hurriedly makes his way there. The queue was short in comparison and not as eager as the one at BOTUM. He had to wait almost an hour before a clerk who greeted him formally served him.

‘Hi.’ Cedrick said. The clerk grabbed his I.D. book from him, checked the photo and if the I.D. book was not faked, and rammed the keyboard looking at the page in the booklet. A printer started printing next to him and he produced from it a laminated paper with his credentials on it, a space with a message, and the reference number. He pointed to him that the reference number is for his collection at BOTUM. He then smiled an exceedingly wide smile at him saying:

‘Next please.’

He got shoved out of the way by the next attending the line as his eyes was fixed on the message he received. It stood out in front of him big as can be, but he failed to grasp it:

**Look at people, some are lonely and have hope,**

**others have no hope, but they fear.**

**TDJUP4524356652563364736RR**

He left the building confused. Why could he not tell his self something he understood? He looked at the words again, studies them for anything hidden. He found only three commas and a full stop. 'Look at people, some are lonely and have hope, others have no hope, but they fear.' as simple as that, nothing more, nothing less. He would hate to produce this to his father and dreads what he will say with his strong disapproval of all of this. Slowly he walks back to Botum where all the masses are gathering in long queues contemplating their words. Once in the queue, failing to understand the words, he attempts to memorize them since he had already taken the message at least five times from his pocket. The words start to sound like there could be a hidden message lurking behind them. Deciphering them is his quest, and the quest of understanding them.

Once he reached Botum he heads toward the shortest queue of the four standing side by side entering the massive building doors. He barely stopped in the queue when someone inside started screaming without end. People around him only smiled glistening smiles as they looked at one another. They have gotten used to the idea of someone every now and again betokened by a fortune from their future selves, running out madly, only hoping that they will be next.

'I have never in my life seen so many millionaires made in one single day as today. You should just stand here for an hour and you will see.' Someone said to a newcomer.

A person came running out howling like he was mad. His eyes were filled with tears and he threw his arms in the air and, looking skyward, thanked his self repeatedly.

'Thank you Jonathan, thank you so much!! Thank you!!'

He ran away still screaming and headed straight in the direction of the annoying businessmen busy with their property disputes and harassing people. They in turn tried to outrun each other heading his way.

It did not take too long for Cedrick to realize that the majority of people came out with sobering looks on their faces. They weren't so lucky, but indeed, he saw most of them were assured in their selves, to some degree, at least. The other people in the queue gradually started to realize this too as the morning gradually progressed, ever so slowly for them, and they hoped that something good will come their way. Gossip started finding its way through the crowd.

'You come here to see your Botum.' Cedrick heard one man say.

'No Botox here!' Replied another.

'If you become terribly rich one day, and send all the money you made back here, it is not to say that you will live your life the way you would've, since you spoilt your self from ever working so hard.'

Most seemed to agree as their hopes in also becoming millionaires gradually faded from their senses as they saw the millionaires in their first minutes of extacy pass them to the salesmen outside. The words spoken comforted them, and more was heard. Jokes made their way through the impatient crowd about those certain individuals and how exactly they came, only to see their Botum.

As the queues moved along Cedrick was inside the building hidden from view of what was happening outside with the property disputes. Around thirty military men, it was said, were needed for courting off all of the prospective buyers of land and salesmen wasn't allowed access beyond the line they erected. When someone who became an instant millionaire fluttered about outside, all dazed and confused, they would all, like one man, scream for the person to come their way, fighting each other off brutally and physically with their fists. Some millionaires ran away but others would run straight at them, not to be left alone for weeks it was said, and reporters followed their stories anxiously.

When an obvious millionaire was seen, the sound of the salesmen's screams of invitation could be heard from right inside the Botum building.

As the day progressed, these sounds were understood by all waiting for their turn to come at the counter. The screaming left a cold quiet inside the building when it was heard, as if in a physical violation of common sense. Regular news came in of how the salesmen had beaten each other up and how their clothes have become torn and dirty.

Another millionaire gets made.

'I'm going to be the smartest looking man on earth!!'

He exclaimed, rapidly repeating his future self, and, it was said, ran straight at the salesmen who treated him as they would treat the most important person ever to exist.

'I will be the biggest perfectionist known to mankind!!'

They even carried him away with their dusty torn clothes when he said he didn't feel like walking. Those salesmen closer to him and those carrying him were hacking others away with their fists, whilst trying to be perfect about carrying him.

Cedrick left that day after receiving a total sum of money equivalent to what he had spent on train, taxi, and Botum fees, plus an additional round sum. He couldn't do much more than buy clothes and shoes, as his mother advised him to do. None that he had actually known of, on that day, got so little. Or at least, none of which had the mind to say so.

Back home his father was quiet when he read the message Cedrick received from his I. He said the work clothes and shoes he and his mother bought with the remaining money were nice.

'Let me get this clear, a man sends his self money to buy drugs because he is a drug addict. He dies due to an overdose he knows he will give to his self.'

'That's true yes, and what about this Botum building not being designed by anyone? It's ridiculous. They only send the dimensions of the building back in time and suddenly there it is for them.'

'Who decided that all this should be? Who knows where it is heading?'

'No man made Botum, and nobody knows why it was made.'

'How can one live in a country governed by forces one cannot understand?'

'And just take a look at the dimensions of the forces! They decided to build the biggest airport the world has ever seen right next to Botum.'

'Imagine the surprise on the faces of those in the future once they see that!' Laughter erupts between the four men suspended in wonder. The men, sitting huddled together around a round table, whilst the evening was getting late, are just ordinary men, working class men.

'Normal is only a setting on your dryer. That's for sure.'

Their tone remains rather skeptic for the rest of the evening, after which they fruitlessly, went home.

Cedrick spent a lot of time in thought. He thought about the man who got so much money and wished only to be the smartest looking man in the world, the big perfectionist, a slave driver surely, he thought. He thought about the businessman who told him about his property and the shop he will build there. But most of all, Cedrick thought about the words his I sent him:

'Look at people, some are lonely and have hope, others have no hope, but they fear.'

Could it be that the businessman hasn't hope? He certainly seemed to have. He then thought of the people who got so much money, being carried away by the salesmen who beat each other to have the honor.

Did they have hope? Did he have hope, there, one day? Or was he simply afraid, afraid of his money perhaps? Were the men who carried those who got rich afraid? At night he rolled around in bed, angry with his I for sending such a ridiculous message back in time. His mother assured him that in time he will come to understand what his future self, his I, had meant. All that he could do was wonder, and, that it was good to wonder about a good many things in life. He did so.

Meanwhile the world was changing rapidly. Industry got built. People had money; businesses were jumping up all over. Restaurants, luxury items, sports grounds, even the most elaborate grandiose golf courses. Everything one could think of. People ran around happy on their busy errands, proud to be able to. Everybody was busy with something. Everybody made money, and those who became rich, it was evident, was at it spending.

'Money sent is money spent.' The saying went. Police regularly cleansed the city from its many strays, bums, and loose salesmen.

With all this rapid change around him, Cedrick, like so many other teenagers, started to find school a bore. He would look at the shoes his mother helped him pick out. It was to work with. He is good with his hands and this pair of shoes would definitely last in an atmosphere of working with power tools. He wanted to be like the men nowadays working so hard. He admired them greatly. But, he realized, one has to have money of your own. He was angry at his I for sending so little money, and angry with his mother who let him spend it all on work clothes and these lousy shoes. He realized that he would have to find a job, and a good one at that. Maybe his I knew that he would get to the point of finding a job on his own, and needn't have told him. Yes, that could be it. He started skipping school looking for a job, to be finding a way of making his own money. This was not necessarily the best thing to do.

South Africa's population grew immensely in only a couple of months as people from all over the world, businessmen of all kinds, relocated their businesses to Whimpton and its surrounds in the Little Karoo. The Little Karoo was, in a matter of barely a year, transformed into probably the whole global village's fastest growing Business Mecca. Building material was imported from all over Africa at ridiculous high prices to build the buildings required by the businesses and by Botum. Businessmen kept on fighting in physical abuse and legal battles against their threatening competition. They became richer and richer by the day, only to fight for more and more, yet sales were always lacking for them except when they found a way to please only the ones who got rich.

Cedrick found a job as an apprentice. He has a way with his hands, having hung up his allergy against it some time earlier. He would qualify in only three years and then his salary would increase to three times what he is starting with. It gave him something to look forward to his mother convinced him, though he his self thought it too far away. One has to be learned in something, she said, you cannot just jump in and expect to make money as a boss.

It gave him something to keep busy with, and the money he earned was though not a lot, good, but he remained occupied with what his I had to teach him. He still could not make sense of what the message he received had actually meant.

The closest theory he had so far was with the experiences he had with his fellow workers. Some of them, he realized, had hope, and one could consider them in certain ways lonely, whereas others were without hope and spoilt their selves, even with the messages they got. He also realized, with a strange feeling it gave him, that they were afraid. He sensed their fear his self.

He was barely busy for a couple of months when he had to ask his boss for a single day of leave to collect his new message from his I at Botum. His boss felt obliged to let him go.

**Some are protagonists, but they cause chaos, they care too much for their own beliefs of doing their idea of good. Others are antagonists; they care too much simply for the sake of their selves.**

**TDJVT4978638905039875098RP**

The big media corporations were forced, six months after the inauguration of Botum, to place censure on the articles they published about the trivialities among the competing businessmen and the social lives of the participants in this new city. More often than not, due to their receiving bribes from these businessmen to keep the doings of these businessmen quiet, which amounted to ruthless atrocities at more times than ordinarily thought. Their selfishness exceeded anything and everything normal, and where people initially perceived their selfishness as something funny, they started to become afraid of this breed of men who were invading their country, here from Whimpton. The media then decided to describe them as a force of wealth for the nation, referring to them only as 'the business community'. Envy, greed, and hatred grew more and more amongst people every day. The media, despite these efforts to hide the opportunism, still propagated to the rural farmlands the disgraceful conduct these new city dwellers displayed, but only in order to threaten them, as they got bribed to do.

After a year of working at the company Cedrick started going to the Technical College for learning the finer points in his trade as a fitter and turner. These courses would last a couple of weeks at a time and he would attend them instead of going to work. There he met the senior official of Trade Testing.

The man, Mr. Bontagel, one day went to Cedrick as he was having lunch outside under a tree.

'It might sound funny to you but I have to talk to you about something. I got a message from my I telling me to tell you as much about who I am and what I wish to achieve as possible.'

'How is that?' Cedrick frowns at him.

'I don't know, here...' He produces the paper from his pocket and reads it:

**Talk to Cedrick Boderok, your apprentice at the College. Tell him everything about your self and where you are planning to go, as much as you possibly can. Skip nothing.**

They both wonder about the meaning of their being together, they both realize that somewhere in the future, they will meet again. Maybe, they both wonder, they will become friends. Mr. Bontagel really takes it serious to try to tell Cedrick all about his self. They got together on the same bench under a tree at the College for four days talking over lunch. Though it was enjoyable, after four days Cedrick really had his full of Mr. Bontagel.

In this time Mr. Bontagel was able to convey the following to Cedrick, taking his quest to do so very seriously, though not knowing why. He even wrote it down for Cedrick.

1. I wrote the Book of Bullshit (this was his usual off-the-record saying).
2. I feel the good I do is to test the pupils at this College as strictly as I should.
3. I intend to leave this College soon to start a business, away from the Bullshit (this was his usual saying during the three days, which Cedrick was too young to grasp).

He told Cedrick he believes that, to run a business effectively, one should be the biggest protagonist as well as the biggest antagonist among all that works there. He said that if one should fail to be either of the two at any given time, one should hire somebody who can. This Cedrick was able to relate to somewhat because of what his I had sent it to him in his last message, which was how Mr. Bontagel framed it for him. Mr. Bontagel said he had written it in the Book of Bullshit that he claims to have written. Mr. Bontagel did not consider that business is not a race, but a means of adding value to one's fellow citizenry's lives for just and fair remuneration in order to achieve success.

Cedrick, still young, took all this with a pinch of salt; he was rather skeptic and remained to be taken with the last two points only. He did not really believe Mr. Bontagel actually wrote the Book of Bullshit.

Months passed by slowly and Cedrick, moving between his workplace and the College, gradually approached the end of his studies. He wanted to earn more money and be able to dress like other people and be able to own the fancy gadgets they do, though in all earnest, he doubts whether it will make him a better person. The country around him is changing rapidly, and he sees every day how people become hollowed out, attempting to keep up with the Jones's in their blind impressionism and this with the money that their I's had sent them, not with any work they do to better the lives of their fellow countrymen for actually earning remuneration, and thus being successful at that too. They are all caught up in a mad race, wind, if nothing else.

Cedrick started becoming unsure of his quest to take part in all this. He felt jealousy, and felt that it was wrong to be jealous, but how could it be different? All people were jealous and mistrustful of one another nowadays.

He looked at his message: 'Some are protagonists, but they cause chaos, they care too much for their own beliefs of doing their idea of good. Others are antagonists; they care too much simply for the sake of their selves.' He looks around him as he walks through the streets and somehow, it does make sense. The sense it makes to Mr. Bontagel he cannot dispute, and knows that somewhere in his lonely and fearful mind Mr. Bontagel has a point that works for him. He can even see it working for him in business. He wonders what his I meant with saying that. He concludes that in ways he still has to learn, both his own interpretation as well as that of Mr. Bontagel could likely, probably, turn out to be true.

After having made Cedrick work some additional months to gain a better understanding of the work, Mr. Bontagel decided to test Cedrick his self on his final day trade test. The test went well and Cedrick was very happy with his results. Though he was angry with Mr. Bontagel he now knew that without the additional time he would not have been able to get the marks and not have been such a well-trained candidate for his trade. He did however wonder why the points he still had to understand better, was not treated earlier, and why he had to do additional time to learn these points afterwards. He nevertheless went home that day ecstatically happy when suddenly; his phone announced his next message and money transfer from Botum.

‘How can it happen?’

‘People are tired; they are fed up for sure. I’m one!’

‘Yes we know. But your I never talks to you.’ He laughs at the tired man.

‘But why does the future bring this over us?’ The oldest man frowns.

‘And bring it over us without us being able to talk back. It’s ridiculous.’

‘It’s only talk guys, next week we talk about something else.’

‘No! How can this possibly go away?’ The tired man exclaims.

‘It won’t, we will have to face its consequences in some way.’

‘People become excessively jealous it seems, and mistrustful.’ The man looks at the tired man and laughs again. This time he laughed really loud and happy, as if out of time.

‘The only normal here is the setting on your dryer,’ if you ever get to earn enough to own one, they eventually managed to conclude in spite of the laughing man who just bought one with the money his I sent him.

They did not conclude anything more. They only stared into a dark and mysterious abyss before them, the mysterious dark entity the media naively dubbed: ‘The Sustainable Future’.

## **Start your own business. Renovate your father’s old garage.**

**TDJTR4584356652558473640RR**

Cedrick took leave from work and made his way to Botum. He stood with the paper in hand and felt a certain satisfaction come over him, a sense of freedom. He made it here; he knows his trade well enough to start his own business. He can serve his clients right, he can make it good in life, better than his grumpy father he is sure.

In the queue these new people all still talked about money being made. Anxiety grew day by day. It is inevitable, since Botum made its appearance people have become shallow and only see wealth and nothing else. They want to live their lives by win-win situations only, by the means they their selves fund their selves to impose on others, sometimes at terrible cost to others. The injustices they cause are beyond them, and they would drink away their consciences on the inequity they cause with what they effectively help create, only to return again to work the next day and continue their strife. They did not want forgiveness, they only wanted to commit more injustice, and thought of their selves as enlightened elitists with liberally funding I’s, which others did not have.

These successful ones were tired of their lives, and all others were so too. They all longed for freedom, a final way out perhaps. Cedrick heard some talk but did not take any of this very serious talk too seriously. He hoped his I would inform him of anything that might be worth knowing, though he was suspicious of the consultants in the future who edits, and perhaps possibly blocks the messages his I sends him, which was a cause of great concern and suspicion for many. The media never spoke a word about this; rather they stood by their liberally sponsoring Botum every step of its way, whatever its way was.

Cedrick went with the giant sum of money he received from his I, and renovated the garage into a workshop. An expensive lathe he bought, followed by a drilling machine, the best he could find, and all the necessary tools. He put a big banner on the front of the garage saying: ‘Cedrick’s Workshop’. There wasn’t much money left after everything was bought and he used the last to pay for five month’s advertisement. It all fitted, and he had spending money for a month. ‘Sweet’, is what he thought about his self and the money he received as just remuneration for the value adding hard work he had done in creating smaller and more fuel efficient steam driven vehicles. He employed an unskilled laborer to help him, and even employed his mother as secretary. Business

came streaming in and he had ample to keep busy with considering the economic boom the country was generally undergoing because of Botum and the immense need the country had for these small new breed of cheap vehicles.

People from all over the global village streamed into South Africa, they all wanted to share in this New Frontier, in all the wealth the country generated. Rural areas were exploited to become new and vast cities with houses and shopping malls jumping up at a tremendous pace, with nobody understanding what it all was for. They had a sense of longing, longing for freedom, freedom from all the vice of having to impress, of having to have, having to be, to be somebody, just some other... new whim in Whimpton.

But sadly the talk of a defending Despo Army became more and more. It grew amongst people unable to grasp the continuation of their lives with Botum. The pessimists they were called, but sadly it did not stop.

It grew more and more.

*What follow are short introductions to some of the remaining chapters of The Heretofore Odyssey...*

## Chapter 2 of Part I of The Heretofore Odyssey:

# That Book of Bullshit

On a daily basis, by their thousands people signed up for the Despo Army. They did not query the Army, they only lived their lives in hope, hope that the Army will free them from this life the future has brought them, a life which they do not understand, and do not want, now that Despo came to free them. Once these soldiers were in camps, away from their parents and loved ones, they had the greatest of times. The freedom that came to them was a freedom to them, unknown by any means. They were soldiers, they were to fight, with valor, in wars for peace where they will probably die, and, they say among each other, they will fight till death meets them. Whether they fight for the just existence of Botum or the abolishment thereof, is not of their concern, they found freedom and an ideal, the ideal to them, is perfectly worth dying for, why shouldn't they then die for it? They fell in such deep love with this perfect ideal that they had forgotten their parents and loved ones, and what these experienced people said to them in letters or email was of no concern to them. They were blinded by their faith in freedom, freedom to death. They would never think of the enemy, that they were also proud men feeling the same feelings, the same hope, only on the opposite side, and that they were to fight them to death. This, they would only realize when face to face with their enemy, face to face with their fate, that the ones who fires the first bullets to kill, will be the ones to live through. In their state of fear on the battlefield they would waste really massive amounts of much needed bullets, attempting to scare away the enemy instead of shooting them.

In this way Despo slowly, step by step, crept up on us. Not without devastating consequences though, with the advent of Despo the great Army for the people, the economy would come to a sudden halt, only for the investors and businessmen to become forgetful of what had happened in a month or two, and continue their strife yet again. A great deal of the economy soon hung on provisioning the Army; this was a much safer business venture for many, since it wasn't dependent on peace for its prosperity.

In this way two years crept by. The Force was by this time well armed and ready. Cedrick, who was, through the economic ups and downs still busy with the business he had started, grew wary of his surroundings. He could not perceive how the money he earns could be of good use to him with people in dispute over it. What purpose has money got then? He would ask himself in wonder. He hated the money he made and squandered it all recklessly. The point of his existence to him was that making money kept him busy, and squandering did so too. He became bored with all this. He hated his mother and father always lurking over his shoulder, always curious about his doings. He ran, he ran from them, he ran from the responsibility of his business, (in the eyes of his parents he ran straight from the start), from the injustice of his country, from all that he hated.

***NB: I have to stress the following important piece of information clearly to the reader at this point: the war did not happen. The war has been averted by this invention of mankind; it has been stopped short in its tracks. It did not occur and the following piece of descriptive literature is only, and but only a depiction of the lives wrought up in the machinery of a war which possessed the wish, as such, to have happened. It did not in fact occur, I repeat, it did not happen. Though the storyline clearly indicates an inevitability of its***

***occurrence for the purposes of the narrative and of the situations of the people caught in its wake, it had been averted.***

I will unfortunately abruptly end here, my narration of Cedrick and his hitherto life of potential prosperity in Africa, to enable you to sift through the various letters and interviews, and leave it to you, the reader, to make up your mind personally, of what had happened in the unfortunate situation that befell Cedrick Boderok and his senior friend, Mr. Bontagel.

Good luck and good night.

*Your Highness*

*I send you the following letters and do hope you receive them in good order.*

*I have joined your Despotic Army in the hope to be of service to my country. The letters will explain why I say this, when, in fact, my basic principles tells me that it would be wrong doing so.*

*I will add new letters as time goes by and things happen worth a mention. If anything should happen to me, this will teach you who did me wrong, or where I could've gone wrong. I can only hope that the letters reaches you.*

*I will place the ones I have already written in order in the same red envelope as this one, and all letters that follows.*

*Thank you for reading them.*

*Cedrick Boderok*

*He, God, is the Pope, Lord God the Pope Frank Africa. Frank, Frankie, if that means anything, the leader of the Despo, and of His tribe, the Despotic people. He is a ruthless Leader. He has no heart, is of no friendship relations to anyone. He has no family, no lover hiding away from the screens, never uncovered by the prying eyes of the media. If she would be there, which she isn't, they would never even pry on her, depict to His Nation that He has a heart, of sorts. They are too frightened of Him. He is too ruthless a Leader. He is God unto them. Their prying eyes shun away into dark corners and they admit defeat, whenever God is of concern to them.*

*So soon His Despo tribe grew so vast. He is God, the Leader of All Men, and the Highest Entity that exists on earth. The cruelest penalty awaits those who may attempt as much as standing in defiance, to His Godliness. God is Grace, and by all, it is understood. Grace comes to the*

*Despotic tribe in the form of the Despotic Army, the Mightiest Army ever to exist on the face of the planet.*

*The sole and biggest problem to be addressed by the Mighty Despo is the problem of its tribal members endeavoring to bring to light a specific illusion, the people's delusion that Frankie hates with all His Might, all the Might in the world. People actually, He warns His citizens, they have this wish, this wish He condemns, they wish to portray His Despo Super Power as something absurd. Something He, Lord God the Pope Frank, hates, and hates so much He has no word to describe. No means. He hates that. Blasphemous he labels these people.*

*The Mighty Despo exist, as should already be evident, for the sole purpose of convincing the Nation that God, as a higher entity, an entity in itself, does not exist. For the lack of its existence, Lord God the Pope Frank exists, arbitrarily. For the whole World's Nations owning their own Super Powers protecting their tribes, not from without, but from within, I will not move further into this discussion since my stakes are high, and I serve unambiguously.*

*Note: This is what I wrote only two weeks ago, so much has happened since. I have come to realize that you are not a monster, some higher being than me, but just a person like any other. I do apologize for being so naïve, Lord God. This was not all I wrote, the following letters (Addressed, as you will see, to the General, though I did not at the time know if he could be trusted with what I wished to entrust him with.) included herewith would explain the events in my mind of the week that followed:*

*August 23*

*My lies of earlier I wish to correct. Life, as it seems, wishes only to throw us at fate. Our destinies forgotten, lost. Eternally we are lost. We walk the earth as beings left to be pushed around, forced thus, to be motionless. Void of purpose, of destiny. The Despotic Army I wish to join. I wish to render my service, a noble deed. My purpose is found, my meaning in life clear. I am not the lost soul depicted in my story of me. Yes, it was me being tossed around by fate, attempting to find meaning. I was so small, negligible till now, it seems, and you have seen me, hopeless, and helpless.*

*I have now considered, and understand why it is not necessary to write you my story in South Africa, why I should teach you of our bank Botum. You know this well. It all fits in so clearly. Tomorrow I will go, not to Botum, but to the Despotic Army head office outside Oudtshoorn. There I will, under the guise of love, yes, being in love, I will become a part of the Despotic tribal force. And I WILL love; I WILL be madly IN love, with Despo. Botum has its own fancy, a fancy I did not follow, could not follow, you have seen. But a new destiny has befallen me now. I will render my service to it, my faculty to be employed for this purpose only. I am a man, madly in love...*

*August 25*

*I have spent the whole morning writing a letter to you General, how my devotion can be accepted. How dearly I give my life to its new purpose, a Nation void of purpose other than that provided by Botum. I will help the Despotic Army in its cause to provide people with the necessary equipment of intervention.*

*People should be scared of their Ruler. Lord God Frank is the most ingenious man I have ever seen. How did He come to see this? How did He realize that it was all this simple? He is a Holy man indeed. I have not yet told you in the letters. I don't know if it is you, general, who will be reading my letters. You might not be involved in the greater scheme of things. You might only be a foot soldier to the greater idea, though you are a senior.*

*The idea of true genius, I will call it the Idea with a capital letter, like all else under the Rule of Lord God, for it is marvelous.*

*How many of the men in service understand it, truly, I wonder. I will nevertheless not reveal it to anyone, not yet. My letter doesn't. But it depicts my devotion unto the Despo Order like no letter you have ever received. I will be welcomed gladly, I am sure. Men do fear, and for men who fears, I have written this letter. I will be your co-mediator.*

*August 29*

*You have accepted! I am so glad I almost lost it the early hours of this morning; I walked around the house wondering, in doubt as to my new destiny. I fell asleep though, after the couple of beers I had, in advance, celebrating my success.*

*You General phoned me personally at eleven and complimented me on my excellent letter. You wish to have me as your second in command, or your secretary! If that can happen! You told me to come in and Ellis, the good friend of yours will take me to the clothes department for a uniform.*

*August 30*

*I went to the offices and was asked to wait on a seat. There I paged through books laid on the table, mostly about military equipment. Weapons of all kinds were displayed and I paged through them.*

*Your offices seemed calm and quiet; two men came in and spoke quietly to your receptionist that treated me so friendly. A couple of times the men looked my way. They soon left and I waited another ten minutes or so during which the two men seemed to have an argument outside. I did not hear what was said, except something like '...no one else...' I wondered about this, and the one looking toward me at that point, as if frightened. They went away soon after, but a while later the one who wasn't frightened of me came back and introduced himself as Ellis, your good friend. He was very friendly and helpful. His way of speech was eloquent, he was good with words. Soon though, I discovered that I could do the same and he motivated me as the talk progressed. He said we will not be going to the clothes department as I was told by you, but will go to a tailor. I was delighted when I heard this, and I thank you.*

*He treated me so well that day. I did not talk too much to him about the Idea, or the Idea that I had. I would first have to consider it on my own, to see if he is worthy of our trust. For the time being, I resolved, I would delight only in his conversation. After the tailor took measurements we headed for a meal at a restaurant where we got seated. He told me of a plan you guys had devised. It was a plan to get me a good reputation right from the start. How wonderful! I had to meet him at five the next morning, but he barely said that when he seemed to have seen somebody walking past the restaurant, or maybe toward us. I did not see anyone. He said that he should leave immediately, we would meet again later. He said that he, or you General, would phone me, he told me to keep quiet about everything and not to discuss anything with anyone. The quest had to remain a secret and it could be dangerous for us all had I known what it was in advance.*

*'For the Despo! All the best!' He whispered in my ear and was off, having left a bill on the table which could've paid for at least three big meals. I took it and left after only a cup of coffee. I would not want to waste money like that; we could put it to better use I am sure.*

*I felt important; I felt I had a cause. I still do, I am in love with an Idea. An Idea, I know, no-one could be aware of but me, us. I wonder if Ellis had the same Idea in his mind. A few times I tried to test Ellis but Ellis was talking of the suit, and the importance of my appearance. I know something big is about to come my way, I just wish I could've known more.*

*The day passed slowly and I do not feel like speculating here on what is to become. Yes, to become. I am to become. You trust me, maybe you know my secret, and maybe it is my virtue.*

*I am chosen.*

*August 31*

*I had a fairly sleepless night last night and thought that Ellis did not know a lot yesterday, though he had me believe he did. I was in the safe, he is not one of us, and he can never be trusted. You General might be trustworthy. I will write these to you Mister General, and you will read them, and you will see that my plan works. I just hope that I will make it through the day. Wish me luck!!*

*If, by any chance I should fail to succeed in my duty. I will put these letters in an envelope addressed you and leave it here with a note attached about the importance it has to you, should you be trusted, receiving it. Let it suffice to say, I wish to portray to you the importance that it had to the Despot Nation, as a whole, not to have its freedom in selfishness taken from them, by a ruler who might esteem to...*

*I will not be blasphemous in a letter addressed to Lord God Frank, nor to the Nation He admires.*

*For the Despo!*

*All the Best!*

‘Time has a way of repeating itself. Every person wishes to assert himself, you know? Sometimes... sometimes those without personality to do it with...-tries to do it in a way that... they try to do it with force; they have then to identify themselves with something, in some way. It is staring everybody in the face...’

‘You wish to tell us the story of what had happened to Cedrick Boderok, Fence?’

‘Yes. The racecourse in Worchester was where it all happened. The crowd, drunk...’

‘I... I don’t want you to tell me everything in such detail. I can see this is taking its toll on you. Take it easy. Relax. I don’t want to discomfort you.’

He takes a deep breath, stands up slowly and walks to the window.

He stares out for a long while before his senses returns from that day. He continues, staring blankly out of the window.

‘This day would be the normal event of competition between who is not only powered by the biggest engine, but also of who is the most skilled driver, not speaking of the domination by such a winner.’

‘That’s great! I love it.’

***To be found on August the ninth 2012 on my website <http://www.CJFBrand.com...>***

## Chapter 3 of Part I of The Heretofore Odyssey:

# The Hereafter

I stopped next to Him when He got to the rope curtain. He took one of the many ropes forming a doorway that is soundproof. He sees the big knot on the end of the long rope sliding on the cobblestone walkway. He looks up to see how high these ropes, all with knots at the bottom extend upwards, disappearing in the two storey tall arch. The wall extends to the roof, which He notices also. He stares up at the roof. From the wall He sees that this is the highest part of the whole hall, if one can call something so vast a hall. The two adjacent walls running from this wall comes closer to one another over the vast distance, occupied in the middle, by the many people we don't know of, and the spot where I found Lord God sleeping. On the other side of the wall, I know, the two walls extend even further from one another, housing the two rooms, or separate halls on that side. The cobblestone entrance floor to the roped doorway started just after the grass. The lawn, really big, I am already so familiar with. Standing in the doorway, facing back at the people we don't know, Lord God notices that the ground runs from being lower on the right, to being higher at the left. He finds this intriguing. He either never noticed it, sat here as a sleeping imbecile, or possibly He is an impostor, having never been here and appeared here, preferring sleep till I woke Him up. He notices that so too does all the buildings, the ones for the Lord, and the ones for the many people we know nothing of, are all skew, running with the same angle to the ground. I saw that so many times and wondered about it a lot. Lord God tilts His Head at the same angle as the buildings and the ground, His face though, still containing the same numb lifeless abstract expression. I realized though that He could've been asleep when this happened, whenever it happened. I could have been here long, or not. Maybe as long as He, maybe He was here before me. I searched long for Him, hidden away from view by the many men we don't know anything of. I never could've attempted passing them. How can I tell the Lord God of that? Of what it is they do to one? I feel I have wasted my quest, my purpose. But time had its purpose here. There were obstacles to cross to get here, missions to complete, however dreary does not matter.

**'God will always be greater than us. In that we must believe.'**

**'But He can't be Greater than us; we're even cloning that grey stuff.'**

**We sat in silence, contemplating.**

And then there was the rope wall. I had not known about it before, for very long, then, by accident, I had to grab onto one of the many ropes to keep from falling when scaling the wall once of one of the two big halls on the other side. When I realized how many there

was, and how thick, it was only when I was more than halfway through them that I heard the sounds of the men me and Lord God know nothing of, having such a good time. It was mere luck.

**So as I sat there with my head in shreds when his son came walking in. His father sent him away soon enough but I stopped him. 'Son, come here. Listen. I want to tell you about heaven. So you know what happens when you die?' This twenty-something child looks at me like he saw a ghost.**

Now I stand here discomfited by Lord God, for whatever his motives are, and I am not trying to be rude or anything, for yet I do not know the motives He may have, the course we are on. Lord God, as He holds the rope, and watches it, makes it disappear from the grip of His hand. It sways back to its vertical position among the many others. I look up at all the ropes on the outer layer crossing on their way up, the knots that came to be in them randomly at different heights, the knots that initially weren't supposed to be there, but with time came to be there, and realized, with time, which is not of essence here, how many I have caused. Lord God passed me and made me feel guilty of the wrong I did in helping those knots to be made, weather by accident or on purpose, I felt guilt ridden.

**'Let me tell you, it's not so bad. You see, when you go up there there's this big corridor with heaven on your left and hell on your right. Now, when you're meant to go to heaven you go past the Angel on the left who opens the gates for you and when you are meant to go to Hell you go through the rolling gate on your right.'**

Lord God walked through the many ropes hanging from the arch, without heeding me anything other than the blunt expression He carries. On the other side of the big dividing wall with the roped doorway reaching all the way to the ceiling, was another hall, much bigger even than the one we came from, with two walls running through them parallel to one another, forming the narrow cobblestone passage which I described extending from the side of the roped doorway we came from.

The parallel walls, ancient, made of stone blocks like all other buildings and divisions here, did not reach the ceiling though, which was incredibly high and moved up higher still, farther and farther away from the doorway we just passed through. The passage led to the entrance, through which I initially came here, rhythmically walking the immensely long stairway with so many thousands upon thousands of steps, all the way up to here. I can remember. As I passed the doorway back here with Lord God, I started feeling tired.

In all this time, which wasn't time, I never rested from my quest. And still my quest is incomplete, Lord God hasn't touched my letters, contemplated my Idea.

I came all this way, all this time I tried to find Lord God, my letters, share my Idea, and here I follow Lord God who seems still to be fast asleep. Possibly, it could be, since I have tried so long and hard to wake Him from His deep sleep that perhaps He might still be sleeping. Maybe He is sleepwalking. I never woke Him up! I look at where He stopped in front of the fence. Facing it, away from me, I cannot see His face. I bet He is sleeping again, His eyes closed and tired again from all the activity, all that He has seen. I walked up to Him, next to Him, to see that He has this atrocious look on His face.

His stare is directed at the fence. How will I explain this to Him?

He seemed not to have known.

Has He really then never seen the fence before now?

**Satan would be lying asleep in front of the rolling gate and you don't wish to wake him up to see you roll the gate by yourself. Now, in Heaven there's this big open air auditorium where everybody sits and listen to these fat old ladies screaming and crying and nagging and because they do so on perfect pitch, you can think it is music.**

**Thing is here, in Heaven, you have to sit noiselessly and listen and enjoy this music because if you don't, grisly bears rips your arms and your legs open. Now, if they do, remember you're in Heaven and things work differently over there. There your blood doesn't stop, so once you start bleeding you bleed till you're white and stiff. And believe me; once they've ripped you, you sit still from then onwards. Till you're stiff. That is the way the grisly bears likes it, and likes everybody to sit. They want to see that respect from you and know nothing more.**

**In Heaven there is then these practiced fat old ladies who spent their lifetimes on earth perfecting this agonizing crying and screaming to be on perfect pitch.**

**In Hell, on the other hand, you will find another kind of creature. See, in every country all over the world, in every culture, there is always at least one comedian or some in competition, who scares people that they are going to steal their stash. They all end up in Hell, in Hell the only position you can lie in to sleep is flat on your stomach and believe me, in Hell you get tired, really very tired. It sounds rough I know, but keep in mind that they, because of all the talent in the place, are always on the prey for stomach sleepers whose stash they can steal. And Satan lies fast asleep at the rolling door, year in and year out.**

*To be found on August the twelfth 2012 on my website <http://www.CJFBrand.com...>*

NOT A WISH,  
A DUTY

If I could be immortal  
I would  
before the sun some day  
completely fades away  
become an appropriate engineer  
cover the whole globe  
with mirrors  
huddling our warmth  
inside

If I could be immortal  
this is what I'd do

But...  
Will I ever,  
if immortal,  
in all my millenniums of building  
go on strike?

Chances are there,  
no time  
is no time  
for a strike  
is for blood  
to spill

due to our historic experiences  
nothing happens,  
without mutual consent  
Everything changes,  
But  
nothing changes

The mystic the helpless zero  
the fear, the guilt,

Pain  
could become  
immeasurable

This is our globe  
it is up to us

You ruined your economy  
for the War  
I stopped this world's engine  
by the same means you did

Who,  
if you were to think,  
will set it turning again?

Who,  
if you were to think,  
was it that succeeded so far?

The struggle  
has yet begun

Who is it,  
if you were to consider,  
who will pull it through?

You will have your steam engine  
your nuclear containment  
you could have all your power conserving machines  
right  
on your very doorstep  
but why do you want them so much?  
You already have way too many cars  
to possibly  
save you from your self?

I have pulled you right from Hell's fury  
by dipping you  
right into your all consuming War  
your ideal destruction

I have put you face to face  
with your own demise

But who will save you now  
if not you your self?

All Hell's fury is out to enslave you yet again  
to stop your engine yet again,  
should you wish to persist  
in your thoughtless, sickening freedoms

Is it anger you feel against me?

For pulling you out by your ears  
from your World War?

From becoming cannon fodder by the hundreds of thousands?

From dying, by the millions  
of dissentry or consummation?

From leaving your loved ones alone  
without communication  
money  
Forcedly making the bombs  
eating food rationed buns  
made of sand  
dying of weakness  
leaving the dead  
even eating from them?

From roaming, scorching the land  
for scraps to eat?

Are you angered against me?

To you,  
the destroyers of mankind  
never in wonder  
never in question  
never in doubt

If you continue sleeping  
accomplice to death

Death

Lays at your doorstep

This is our Globe

it is up to us

Do you sincerely still believe  
it is I who should be punished  
for your sins?  
you gave up thought  
you gave up your self  
long ago

Possibly  
you have never even lived

and  
for all the wrong you commit

you  
Original Sinner  
as the non-thinker

Wishes me crucified  
to attend your War

Outer space  
contains infinite stars and galaxies  
filled with life  
teaming with intelligence  
against you

Hope and Reason  
to conquer the Evil bestowed upon us  
is all we have

We will fear not death  
we have no reason for guilt

We will conquer  
kingless  
for never  
will we strike

Greatness can be inherited  
it can be entrusted  
or,

you can work for it

But remember

it is only the select few  
whom may receive recognition  
and it should never be wished for  
peer pressure will get you dead  
for all of the wrong reasons

Here's a model for work:

When a man is 18-25  
he knows everything about life  
when he is 25-35  
life is about himself  
when he is 35-45  
its about where he should have been  
when he is 45-55  
he makes the best of it  
when he is 55-65  
he just doesn't care  
when 65 and older  
he, like the man 18-25,  
knows everything about life

Treating men like Gods,  
and Gods like men  
is how you dipped your feet  
into an all consuming World War  
you should learn  
to treat your fellow men as men  
in your workplaces,  
in your communities,  
in your countries,  
on your continents,  
in our Global Village

We have only one globe  
and it is  
a back-stabbing crippled union  
but it has  
only one objective:

Survival

Salvation  
for its lost souls

Always

May we all live to see  
affordable quality bikes  
of all conceivable sizes,

Always  
Everywhere

No monstrous cannons  
Sure to murder you dead  
at all

and little groups of riders  
stopping only for tea parties

the genuine

Technology Supporters

we will not falter  
we will not fail

Never

## Cut 1 of Part II of The Heretofore Odyssey:

# Going home

So that is that then. That was the end of it, or was it really? Wonderful! Yes the marvel of modern technology, always something to behold. Such a powerful simulation indeed, it gets your emotions going right there where you want it and where you least expect it, don't even want them. Nevertheless I am sure you sat right through it to right to here. Where we are now.

I have tried my best to construct what it must've been like for him, how it was and what he must've gone through to provide you with as concise depiction as I possibly can. Indeed I hope it is correct in the necessary respects, for I have a secret surprise ahead for you my reader. This secret surprise will delight you even more than any technology you have seen or experienced so far.

Technology truly is a marvel, and I have been let in on a little secret, a secret that will allow us to peer right through human ages, deeper and deeper into the future. We will be able, as so far, to peer right into the future of the glory that awaits us. Possibly? Really?

We will be able to confer in physical conversation I am told, with our very own children. Can you believe that!

Oh, I'm sorry, I am talking about conversing with our children through time; to listen to them, tell us about the future.

Now, under the cover of secrecy, which is very important I am told, I have been approached by the strangest looking –and acting (laughter) scientist of our present time to hold a direct interview deep inside the future. This scientist claims to have established contact with Cedrick Bontagel, who is presently awaiting us. I kid you not.

I have agreed to the terms and conditions of the... 'Secrecy' (laughter) of the project.

I have, as per request, attempted to reconstruct for you my reader, his life hitherto so that we may hear his personal opinion of this, and our-to-be-future with Botum and the wondrous Gatbow device, which puts you into another world.

This truly is a glorious opportunity and I thank...

Oh! Sorry, I am not to mention the name of the scientist.

Before I go on into the interview, I would like to interrupt the dialogue that I have written based on the reconstruction of the recording as things occurred to warn you, in advance of it possibly offending some of my readers, as it offended me at the time. I would nevertheless provide you with a full account (nothing omitted) of the interview and its aftermath, on whom? You decide. I continue the noted interview:

'... Thank you anyway Mr. Scientist. Okay, I am presently entering a cubicle, which seems to have... a microphone and a speaker box. The scientist is seated on a chair with the audio on a table right outside the booth. I'm in. We are separated by a plastic window.'

'Can I speak?'

'Hello.'

'Hi.'

'Unbelievable! Is it you Cedrick?'

'It is me.'

'I traced your past through all the many twists and turns it took me. I even had to avoid you for the secrecy of the project, and yet here we are, finally. Did you read the story I assembled of our past?'

'I did...'

'Did you find it to your satisfaction at least?'

He cleans his throat.

Silence.

'It... perhaps...'

'I'm, sorry, surely we can work on it?'

'I do hope so.'

'Me too. Wonderful! So tell me how are you there in the 'all too distant' future?'

'I... I'm, okay.'

'You seem uncomfortable.'

Silence.

'Did you say something wrong? Is it the story of your life here up to the present?'

Silence.

'I am terribly sorry Cedrick. I must've done you wrong in some way. Please...'

Silence, then a cleaning of throat.

'Please explain.' (I remember looking at the scientist and how he evaded my gaze by fiddling with the audio instruments, he did this repeatedly.)

'It will be difficult.'

'Am I not ready for it?'

'It's...'

'Should you get another interviewer?'

'It's not that.'

'Then what is it? Tell me now!'

Silence, the gaze evasion from the scientist.

'Mr. Scientist, can you perhaps explain to me what is going on?'

'Really?'

'Till when?'

'Has this anything to do with the secrecy of the project?'

'Not exactly?!'

'Then what is it!'

'Okay, neither of you are making it any easier for me.'

'I can't say I forgive you.'

'Why... Why is the door locked?'

***To be found on August the fifteenth 2012 on my website <http://www.CJFBrand.com...>***

# All about change

How many men?  
does it take

you who've given up reason  
way back

where you were little

How many men?  
never to wake?

Wandering cadavers  
nothing to say  
nothing to do  
nothing to be

How many men?  
never to wake

Rotten white cadavers  
smelling other's excretions  
adulterous sensations  
feasts  
of pure trash pride

How many men?  
does it take

yes these ripe sun bleached cadavers  
in physical revolt against  
being least  
baking in the sun  
of their trash pride

How many men?  
never to wake

flies drumming together  
black dropping masses  
until they get up again  
from the black must  
and up  
with more thrash pride

How many men?  
does it take

you who've given up reason  
way back  
where you were little

living a life  
so brittle

How many men?  
never to wake

cadavers under cool shady trees  
packing up  
on old sores  
loading guilt feelings  
and golden leaves waves  
of further sorrow

How many men?  
does it take

you who've given up thought  
way back  
to stay this little

How many men?  
never to wake

How many men?  
does it take?

and our dearly untouched  
horrifyingly touched

by this untouchable

but far, forgotten...  
far from you

sprightly alive and colorful:

**How many men?  
does it take**

**How many men?  
before you wake?**

## Cut 2 of Part II of The Heretofore Odyssey:

# Bully Beef

‘What a lovely day!’

‘I can see you are very anxious.’

‘Oh indeed I am.’

‘Why do you like him so much?’

‘We’re alike.’

‘What?’

‘We’re, well yes we’re different. Yes, a lot. But he’s stubborn, I like that.’

‘Oh yes. I can agree to that, most certainly. But would he have gotten anywhere with it?’

‘I’m sure.’

‘Just be careful if he didn’t. We can’t do it for six months this time.’

‘Oh no we can’t.’

‘I’m glad, you realize that, but I still don’t trust you.’

‘Then come with.’

‘What! We’ve never done this before! What...’

‘Oh come on.’

‘What if we... if we contradict one another?’

‘We shouldn’t.’

‘But what if it happens?’

‘Who cares?’

‘Cedrick! I can’t believe you are talking like that! After all we’ve been through with them!’

‘This project is holy.’

‘Then why do you want to go mess things up for?’

‘Holy holy.’

‘Come on! Shit, I can’t believe you’re talking like that!’

‘Calm down wills you?’

‘I don’t trust this, honestly I don’t. I’m not sitting here with you. I’m not and that is that.’

‘Oh you will, you’ll be tempted alright.’

‘No I can’t!’

‘Tempted yes...’

‘I can’t do that! Okay, okay I will but I’m not making a sound, not even a facial expression.’

‘Why not?’

‘You’re being ridiculous! What if too much comes out?’

Contemplative silence.

He smiles.

‘I know that smile. You’re up to mischief I know it.’

‘Mischief you call it.’

Silence.

‘Okay, not mischief maybe.’

‘No, not mischief.’

‘What is your plan exactly?’

‘No plan.’

‘No plan? Honestly no plan?’

Contemplative silence.

‘No, no plan. But I’ve got a gut feel.’

‘A what? A bloody gut feel?’

‘Yep, guts feel.’

‘(Sighs) I can’t believe you, you know? After all that we’ve built, after all is achieved!’  
‘Sometimes a gut feel is all that’s needed.’  
‘Shut up! We’re not doing this session and that is that!’  
‘Really Mark?’  
‘Yes really. You first get over yourself.’  
‘But... but what are we here for?’  
‘How can you ask such a question? ...after all?’  
Silence.  
‘Come with me, let’s see how it goes.’  
‘I don’t trust this. I honestly don’t. I can’t. Not... not if I don’t know what it’s about. Oh! I know! It’s that... what did you call it? That theory of access of yours, that’s it.’  
‘Theory of access has nothing to do with it.’  
‘It does, you just don’t know it yet.’  
‘That’s old stuff.’  
‘Which you’re reinventing! Yes! With practical experiment you want to risk everything!!’  
‘Really?’  
‘Everything! I can’t believe this! I won’t, not a time like this. What did I teach you about theory of access?’  
‘A lot.’  
‘Name them all.’  
‘Oh come now.’  
‘Name them all!’  
‘Well, you can change the topic, or... or you can quickly flow a topic –lightly touched into another, or change the discussion topic to another, more interesting topic.’  
‘And?’  
‘And you can deny the future.’  
‘Yes! How?’  
‘By denying it. You’ve said it a hundred times.’  
‘This morning...’  
‘No, don’t start. This session isn’t happening. You sort yourself out –even if it takes you three months to do so. Time is no issue to them.’  
‘It is.’  
‘I know it is!’  
‘Do you?’  
‘Just piss off please! You’re bored!’  
‘You’re a risk!’  
‘Am I?’  
‘Yes you are!’  
‘Yes you are...?’  
‘Yes you are!!’  
Silence, a mischievous smile shows on his face.  
‘I’m going to get us a drink. It’s hot.’  
‘Hook us up.’  
‘I’m thirsty. Go away. It’s not happening.’  
‘I’ll bring you water.’  
Thanks.’  
  
‘You’re a stubborn bastard, do you know that?’  
‘We’re equals.’  
‘Oh don’t! Don’t start again!’  
‘Let’s do it, gut feel only.’

'You're blind! You haven't had such company for years, now you go mad all of a sudden? Get over yourself!'

'Maybe...'

Silence.

'You know Cedrick, well... How do I say this?'

'Are you going to tell me I need a full time woman again?'

'(Sigh) No, I'm leaving, I'm simply leaving.'

'Then I'm doing it alone.'

'I didn't mean that far.'

'Great.'

'Piss off!'

Two days later.

C 'Good morning to you R.'

*To be found on August the eighteenth 2012 on my website <http://www.CJFBrand.com...>*

The lesson  
I have learned  
from writing this play: I wish to share  
with you in a poem:

## **Tall as we are**

When you don't need anything  
When you don't need anyone  
your focus falling on what you your self  
have to give  
Armed you stand alone  
in only responsibility  
to our children  
facing the blankness  
of the canvas  
you fall asleep  
and wake up  
when all is done  
inspiration passed  
all is fulfilled, complete  
a completion you can never ever grasp  
no comprehension exist for you  
only attempts  
failed  
but  
through the eyes  
of the beholders thereof  
born in that inspiration  
of that responsibility you held  
for which you undertook  
Shunning the torment  
by tearing the canvas  
by evading the responsibility  
is suicide  
to a mad world

We must stand  
united for all souls  
we must

## Cut 3 of Part II of The Heretofore Odyssey:

# The Savior

C 'Hello there.'

'My name is Cedrick Boderok. This message will be sent back in time, so if you receive it, it will be from the future. It is not the ordinary message that gets carried through time by Botum. Primarily, it is not the usual short written message of maximum one hundred and forty six characters, it is an audio recording and it is long. Secondly, it is not legal. It is strongly prohibited by those in power in your time, so too in this time. Please keep this secret for the time it takes, I don't want anybody to get into trouble. I thank them, all of them, whose names I can't mention, who will help me send this recording back in time to the right people.

I live a humble existence here; I stand in service of God the Third, well... I did. Right now I am busy with treason, I am trying something and... and hope with your help we'd be able to make a drastic difference. It will take me some time to explain and right now I don't know where to start.

There was, there was the Gatbow, you will see it shortly. I think two or three years?

Ummm... The Gatbow initially gave movies where one was inside the movie, but later it changed and one could literally walk in the future by means of satellites controlling them for you. People in the future perceived people from the past as their Eyes, not I's –as you know your future selves.

Ummm... Our Eyes, they... they had to be guided and coaxed by people called Ravinors. Eyes were hunting for their future selves, occupying the weak of spirit people, the Ravinors who were standing on every street corner had to guide them. The reason... the reason they had to be guided with various sweet stories is that... that... we were poor.

The Empire of God the Third and Botum were poor, nobody wanted work, half... or... or so many of the people ... we called them flies... they wanted to be idle, they did not want to work. These people they... they wanted only money from Botum. They wanted money for free and people, the Blue Serfs as they are called, they have to do the work, all of the work.

To... to put it to you harshly, some say some owed life, existence, and some... well, they... they were convinced life owes them everything. That's the way it went.

This was where I spent my late thirties and early forties, to date. I am only describing here Botum and its misfortunes by, well, the flies it gathered for keeping Blue Serfs, for making them. I...

This is not relevant her but I wish to mention how satires depicted Blue Ant Serfs with antennas on their heads, blue heads and blue antennas. (Laughter)'

A 'Nice of you to mention.'

C 'I, I'm sorry, can we restart the recording?'

A 'I wish to have everything if possible.'

C 'Oh. Yes. That's probably true.

Ummm...

(Silence)

There... It was an awful time to live in, yes, so much could have been better. In so many ways it could have been better. The... see the... Botum would build monopolies with the, the flies it gathered, business monopolies, which didn't even make a profit. We did have some privatization of enterprise and disenfranchising moves, which were... it... at the time was majestic really. I am no financial expert at all, I don't know much about that I'm sorry. I... I should've. I... I apologize to you here.

People were so shocked then, they did the stupidest of things.'

A 'Try to keep to the point, as I understand our time is limited.'

C 'Oh yes. That is not what I am here to talk about. Yes. But...'

A 'You may, please, but try to remain focused.'

C 'Okay, my work of folly. There's... there's much to say about finances.'

A 'Indeed there is.'

C 'Alright. Let me think. There... I was still young, it was when God the Second came to power. He was a good man, unlike God the First who, got killed. The... the Ravinors he inherited from God the First all plotted against him, they wanted to kill him. Everybody knew that, and there, right there I intervened.'

(Silence)

'But it was folly. I was still so young. I sent numerous messages to myself so young through Botum, he, well, my Eyes, he visited me numerously, sometimes even my wife was present!'

(Silence)

'I felt sorry for my Eyes. He was so wrought up by the difficulties of life. I pitied him! Why in all of hell was I that stupid! He was like a child to me, a child in a different time. I altered my own life; I was too young to see... to accept it was that. I have done myself so much wrong. My wife pitied him too. She... (A deep sigh)'

'My wife... she... I... I think she knew all along, no, no I can't say that. Women, you know sometimes women do everything they do, every different thing they say, and there is no way you can argue against them?'

'Well that's the way... that's the way it was. It's... it's this instinct inside of them. I'm soft; I'm soft because of all of this. Things I think, it... it could have been different for us if we didn't know my Eyes, this child we had.'

'I don't want to blame everything on a childless marriage, I shouldn't. The childless marriage-thing was status quo with my career and such.'

'My wife grew up in difficult circumstances, she... she live a better life now.'

(Sobs) Sometimes... sometimes I'm not so sure.'

A 'Thank you for that confession, it's valuable.'

C 'I'm sorry; I should... get on with what I need to tell you. I... I feel my words are not enough, I feel like I, I am not at all conveying what I am saying.'

'Maybe, it... possibly I am too depressed by it. I try. I have to try. It's all I can do. I don't know you, I... never mind.'

A 'I am only facilitating you, that's all, say what you have to say.'

C 'Now, to get to that stupid, stupid ignorant folly of mine. My Eyes, thoroughly guided by Ravinors upon every visit I made to me, he...'

'We spoke in private; they allowed it initially, in the early days. My Eyes saw our poverty. He didn't understand it. He... (Crying) he could've! I should have left him to it! But I didn't! We felt so sorry for him, my wife did... she... Oh what the hell!'

'It happened, that silly folly. It was all my fabrication. I admit it. I was the one who started it, the whole damned thing. I'm so sorry, if I had only left him! I should've divorced my wife right there... and told my Eyes never to see her again.'

'I... I was young back then, and my faith in her.'

(Pause)

'It all started with the Stop Sentinel. She, she decided everything, I never had the right... I... I just had to keep quiet and obey. It was all wrong, so wrong.'

'The Stop Sentinel is, when, when you send money to your Eyes –you can borrow it or lend it, but you must get it back by saving it all the time to where you give it to your I one day, minus the interest. Many didn't, they demote you if you don't, and they take your possessions, your house, and your car. Many people got thrown into jail for it.'

'The Stop Sentinel is a notice sent to Botum in time to freeze the account with the money in it from use by your Eyes, until you get the money over time to repay where you lent it from. You know where your Eyes spent the money, so you can stop it in time. Still, many people ended up losing everything, houses the lot, and even jail.'

A 'For the sake of their arrogant demanding Eyes?'

C 'Yes.'

A 'The foolishness, that deed of folly I know was because of that Stop Sentinel my wife placed on my Eye's account. He became a hungry lion, only wanting more and more to spend. My wife taught him that, she liked him visiting her, begging her, and lying to me. I was so young, in both instances. I got angry with her, I mean myself when I was young, and I wanted revenge. She propped me up against myself.'

'I knew back then she was wrong, wrong for spoiling me, I knew I was wrong, I wanted to wreck myself. I... I'd done much more than that...'

(Silence)

'I ruined entire livelihoods.'

'I who believed by my wife, my surrogate mother, that life owed me everything!'

'I've lived my entire life by her. Still I cannot argue, I cannot explain. But... when... when this recording is done, she will know. She will finally know the entire truth.'

***To be found on August the twenty fifth 2012 on my website <http://www.CJFBrand.com...>***

# Preliminary index for my http://www.CJFBrand.com website

## The Heretofore Odyssey Part I

### **Chapter 1: Whimpton (the delectable riddle)**

*free download*  
*(with short introductions)*

The story of the initial coming about of the bank called Botum through my personal narration, as based upon the facts given to me by Cedrick Boderok of his younger life with the initial days of Botum forming in Whimpton. It is one and the same life we all must still come to live.

#### **Additional:**

The poop lady, the lion, and the thorn, Eliasse, The Guide

\$ 3.00 (Aug 07 '12)

The first story should perhaps provide some comic relief, especially after reading The Truth Cedrick Told Mankind, but all should be easily able to relate to it. Eliasse is your own to read. The Guide provides insight into bringing mankind that promised New Frontier.

### **Chapter 2: That Book of Bullshit**

\$ 2.00 (Aug 09 '12)

This part reveals in part, together with the next part, the grave situation that befell Cedrick and Mr. Fence Bontagel. It also brings one to curiosity about the bullshit prevalent in politics and its silly ideological outlooks as instigated by greatly depressed and bored intelligent individuals. They are especially of old age where they have no care about the future and are totally naïve about the real underlying problems and complex issues at stake in our achieving any form of sustainable economy, and this through technology not yet revealed. I have to add here that I am merely an artist, a narrator of a plot I have only a clue to what it was meant to become, once it does become, and therefore am not really in any position whatsoever to objectively discuss it here.

### **Chapter 3: The Hereafter**

\$ 2.50 (Aug 12 '12)

As above, I have to add here too, that I am merely an artist, a narrator of a plot I have little idea what it was meant to become, once it does become, and therefore am not really in the position to objectively discuss it here. I feel I can however say that this final close to Part I of The Heretofore Odyssey reveals to us the Hereafter we must all come to face, but through the varying opinions of the bullshitting older of age citizenry. In the narration these older generations form a stark contrast, as opposed to the young, eager, and potentially hard working and their ideals, as the older oppress them in jealousy of their being young and eager, living, and this while age brought some of us so much closer to death.

Even in spite of the Great Lord God and his mightily arrogant and murderously terrorizing Despo, and all that refutes Him, Dod does exist, but how would we know that at all? If we are to make a difference to this global predicament of self-deception into self-murder, how are we going to do so? Can a guy reading comic strips suffice, when he remembers his question this time round, and only by writing it down instead?

*All of the above*

\$ 7.00 (Aug 12 '12)

#### **Additional:**

1634, All in time, Words like tics, The merry-go-rounds for the festival, and others  
\$ 3.99 (*when ready*)

*All of the above* \$10.00 (*when ready*)

## The Heretofore Odyssey Part II

Cut 1: Going Home \$ 3.00 (*Aug 15 '12*)

Cut 2: Bullybeef \$ 3.99 (*Aug 18 '12*)

Cut 3: The Savior \$ 3.99 (*Aug 25 '12*)

## The Heretofore Odyssey Part III

Chapter 4.1: The Truth Cedrick Told Mankind (the horrible truth)

*free download*

Chapter 4.2: The Truth Cedrick Told Mankind (the horrible truth)

\$ 3.99(*Sep 25 '12*)

Chapter 4.3: The Truth Cedrick Told Mankind (the horrible truth)

\$ 3.99(*Oct 25 '12*)

Chapter 5: Study of death: 27(*plus minus*) Studies in Death

\$----- (*when ready*)

Around twenty seven letters about death, as truly existential, considerate and observant, even compassionate analyses as addressed to various people, ideologies, careers, and epistemological outlooks and the specific situation they would, and ought, to be finding their selves in toward the privatization and disenfranchisement of the motor vehicle industry for successful steam production as well as nuclear containment, not excluding the innumerable riddles of immigration. These are the perplexing issues as brought forth through the mind of Cedrick Boderok. No amount of extreme measures taken by mindless stooges and gluttonists, headed by demented populists, can possibly expect to give any better answers for the solutions provided in these letters. These are the cornerstones, and must be respected as such. They should be prosecuted for their intervening in this project, which would inevitable take time to accomplish, and should be allowed the right to come to its inevitable conclusion. I, CJF Brand stand obviously legally liable for what I publish here, and that is entirely just and fair, but so too must those who prevent me or threaten me to finish it be liable for punishment too. This prosecution does not only apply to the demented stooges that get sent to do the dirty work, and mindlessly so, but the real greatly depressed attention seeking gluttonists with their billions for global destruction. They really ought to know better.

It became apparent, after my receiving a couple of letters, that Cedrick, having brought upon his self the reputation of the man in the future advising us, actually did live various lifetimes, different each time. He did so in order to deliver these letters to me, and to be that sympathetic mind to those he dedicated these actual complete lifetimes. He never actually bothered to tell me from the start that he actually lived different lives, having in silence rather decided to keep it secret as long as he could, ever more so than earlier with our initial interviews. Astonishing!

If there is one thing that is not two, then it is the fact that Botum must be built, and steam engines must be manufactured, and nuclear containment must be done, and we must live, and we must live with our I's in touch with us to be guiding us along with Dod upon our way. What is good for us the living, is good for the self-murdering lunatics too.

I can but only hope and trust that mankind, as a whole, would enable me the freedom, the time, the privacy, and the self-respect I need in order to work my way through these letters Cedrick gave to each and all of us, so that I may present them to you in good time.

Thank you and good night.

Go break a leg!

# T-REASON

## **Treatise on Our Global Village's Sustainability, Peace, and Prosperity, Through Trust Our Sole Means.**

This work focuses on the economic recovery made possible through creating a New Frontier of the Third World with its abundance of resources and workers. It focuses on legislative criterions for smaller practical steam driven vehicles to be used by far more people as aid in privatized industry forming to aid economic recovery. Though largely incomplete and only a future projection and mere pipe dreams at this stage due to the risks involved, I, Coenraad Brand would sincerely like to get to it some day. With my time my own, meaning no interference from distraction, I shall have the time and the sanity to be able to finish this project that Cederick Boderok has given me the files for. The aspect of my personal time and freedom is but only one of the necessary aspects, I would also need my privacy, and my and my loved ones' lives intact, with the same freedom, and only if I have that I would certainly be able to bring these files to mankind in a properly intended manner. I cannot do so when blamed for all kinds of criminal deeds that gets invented to jeopardize my future. This is our future. It cannot be governed by the whimsical demand of those who are self-deceptive about their self-murders, and wants it, even while knowing well that what is good for the living, inevitably is good for them too.

I sincerely thank you for your assistance in this regard.  
Coenraad Brand

I, Cederick Boderok would like to say here that though it took me many years upon years in different lifetimes all lived selflessly in observation and consideration of life itself, and for your benefit would find condensation in these works, chapters to your sustainable future in so many of the perplexing issues of global leadership. My shortcomings are that for the most part, I have lived wifeless, and due to not having that reflection, that second opinion that only a wife can offer me due to having lost her so many times, my words fail to find it self communicable to people. No leader in the history of time was ever able to spew anything but hubris at those rejecting him, when not aided by a woman who guided his words and serve as a soundboard to him. Coenraad therefore needs his beloved wife in order to edit my work, to remove the swearwords, the accusations, the frustrations. Global sustainability and prosperity lay only in that. He needs to have a peaceful environment, and with these initial notes of mine I offer him, he needs the privacy with which to address the issues involved, to confront the frustration I just simply, in spite of my best attempts, had failed to do. We are all human, and we all make mistakes, but to be inhuman in doing nothing is not a virtuous position to be in with which to devour the attempts of those who actually do try. That is lunacy, it is self-deception right into self-murder, and lunacy must be called by its name, for how can legal perversion allow one such deceit in a globe wanting a future at all? Did those who try, actually then allow it?

I thank you for your assistance in this regard too.  
Cedrick Boderok

### Main chapters presently included in T-reason

*The following chapter and appendix layout is subject to change, but all would be present in one form or another, Dod permitting (e.g. if no sick person/s loots and/or perverts it in spite of my/any attempts to actually prevent it).*

- 1 Abstract: The Indubitable Truth about Sustainable Economy**
- 2 Accountability in the Third World New Frontier**
- 3 River flood**
- 4 The Movement of Particles**
- 5 Hitler's Flaws Our Strength**
- 6 A Global Challenge for the Successful Containment of the Nuclear Reaction in a Single Fuel Cell whilst Drawing Parallels with Food Security**
- 7 The Menu**
- 8 Military police -Epicenter Conduct**
- 9 Privatizing and Disenfranchising the Motor Vehicle Industry whilst Introducing the Steam Engine**

- 10 Bank Turmoil
- 11 The Will and the Ownership of Ideas, Business, and Property
- 12 Splitting Communication from Economy
- 13 Is this we? 27 Studies in Death (given earlier)
- 14 Green Teaming
- 15 Somebody the Lunatic with the Greatest Depression
- 16 Stones, Witches, and Sorcerers
- 17 Closing letter

#### Appendixes

- A The New Social Deal
- B Model Human
- C Short Stories of Gyration
- D Other Short Stories
- E Whimpton (*Given already*)
- F 1634

## The Heretofore Odyssey Part IV

Though only a pipedream at this stage, I do hope to bring this Odyssey to its ending here one day in time, should I be spared to do so, and should I have the time to. It would be stage production not dissimilar to that of Part II, though the argument might arise in these dreams I have about it, that there are just way too many lunatic artists in this globe, bored and sick, ready to ruin it all for us in perverted lunacy. This is due to the aspect of double standards being maintained on the globe in terms of capitalism and communism, or re-inventions of ideologies that are simply not sustainable economically. The cold war era that saw this division between men for decades gone, was instigated by none other than free market capitalism gluttonists, and funded by them, so that they can effectively pervert global universal common sense by it, through the lives and communities they physically ruined down the drain and into their own misery and death. This the gluttonists did in order for their sick selves, by the sick universal common sense they had thus created, to be free in what they then called 'free market economy' and ruthless, mindless, selfish exploitation. These gluttonists do what they do in the hope that it would be undone one day, or simply not caring at all, only wanting their grandiose looting exiteerism stunts, schemes and scams as long as they can push it. They push in I-less blindness, and they have no conception about the universal aspect of self-deception into self-murder, as the universal delusion they mutually established, when the two biggest industries ever known to mankind, steam and nuclear containment, are being introduced. This is an immense problem, for they have no consideration for what they instigate.

The internal combustion engine caused the deaths of seventy million people over the span of two World Wars, which was more than the total working population of Europe at the time, and this during the fifty years prior to the end of the Second World War. It was not a war of valor or pride, it was war staged to hide, and to get rid of the hungry citizenry who had no future due to economy having been ruined by delusional ideologies completely. It was a war of self-deception in the heart of each and every person caught in its wake, and the wish for self-murder to escape regret for what had become, and for what they may have been individually responsible for. It was a war in the hearts and minds of each and every person, never a war of delusional ideologies, this was only deception placed there for the children who had to die in the wars for war profiteers of the industries at stake, and in these industries then supplying the wars using endless holy money.

Today we are seven billion people on a vastly overpopulated globe, food and energy are both commodities that only gumption in hard work can possibly hope to bring us, and without just and fair remuneration they won't, and when they don't, how would we survive? Who would undo the damage done by religious cult lunatic madmen, as they seek attention for their great depression which they want to make our global depression with their launches of terror on us, and have no interest even in the grandiose looting exiteerism they entitle their selves to, being really so totally sick and demented?

Who allows these jacks out of their boxes, that cannot be placed back into their boxes again, for when we all suffer the delusion of self-deception into self-murder and become just as sickly depressed as they are, how can anybody expect then to recover back into life of future common sense observation and consideration at all? How could any good economic sense be born then?

Be warned that history repeats itself. It is only the terms, conditions and technologies that differ.

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