

Chapter II of Part I of The Heretofore Odyssey:

That Book of Bullshit

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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 the faith 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. Though many of them were talented, even learned in their trades, life in economy offered them no chance at all. They gave up hope, and rather acquired faith, blind faith in the Despo Army and its quest for liberation.

This liberation was not liberation for life, but from life.

Once these soldiers were in the camps, away from their parents and loved ones, and away from their girlfriends and wives, they had the greatest of times. The freedom that came to them was a freedom unknown by any means. They were soldiers, they were to fight with valor in wars for peace where they will probably die, and as they say amongst each other, they will fight till death meets them. They were buddies. Whether they were to 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. They couldn't care about the admonishments from wiser and more experienced loved ones written in letters or emails. They were blinded by their faith in freedom, freedom unto death. They would never think of the enemy, that they in turn were also proud men feeling the same feelings, the same blind faith, only on the opposite side. They would not think that they were to fight one another to death. This they would only realize when face to face with their enemy, face to face with their fate, that the ones, who fire the first bullets to kill, will be the only ones to live through. In their state of fear on the battlefield they would waste massive amounts of their own much needed bullets, attempting to scare away the enemy instead of shooting them dead. It would only, in the end, cause their deaths, their final liberation. Profiteers drooled over the prospects of economic loot with the Despo Army they had created. Nobody prevented it; nobody cared, not even about their very own future lives.

In this way Despo slowly, step by step, crept up on us, with devastating consequences. With the advent of Despo the great Army for the people, the economy would come to a sudden halt, and the only viable production was to provision the war, the only enterprise still viable to be funded by Lord God the Pope Frankie Africa. The war came, and it was obvious that the investors and business men would forget what happened after a month or two, just what they had hoped for. They would not have remorse. They would continue their strife indefinitely, the strife of feeding the war for Lord God's Botum moneys. This was a much safer business venture for many. The war economy wasn't dependent on peace for its prosperity in profitability. Utter hopelessness was reborn as a new business faith, held by all the faithful and successful businessmen, in this apparent new 'fate' of mankind.

This was the so-called 'mobilization toward war'. The fat cats were too fat, and those who did admit to it were simply replaced by other, new fat cats, for the 'fate' of war was to persist. Lord

God, our Abba vader krismis, funded it all to be so with Botum moneys. He had no mercy at all it certainly seems.

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. Everywhere there were unaccountable mad looters wanting to claim all his profits as their own, and feed the war with his produce. Botum sponsored businesses where not even the business owner would take any financial risks, leaving Botum to have to run the businesses. So many looting madmen claimed all business profit as their own and Botum could not afford to lend money to any businesses, as no business would be financially viable.

What purpose has money got then? He would ask his self in wonder. He hated the money he had 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 the way all this seemed to be. 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 and the mad looters who wanted to claim all his profits and even his life. In the eyes of his parents he ran straight from the start.

He ran from the injustice of his country, from all that he hated.

NB: At this point I have to stress the following important piece of information clearly to the reader: the war did not happen because the will does exist. The war is not fate; it is a complot of the mad. The war has been averted by this invention of mankind in the form of I-messages and prospecution. It has been stopped short in its tracks, and because the will does exist. The war 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. The wrongs happened because of the ill ability of those who are mad; to have admitted they were wrong, when and as they were wrong. It did not in fact occur, I repeat, it did not happen, nor does it have to happen, because the will does exist to prevent it. 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.

We must admit that history repeats it self, that only the terms, conditions, and technologies differ, but we must also admit that the human will plays a part, and education does so too. War is not fate, we need to admit that we are more than seven billion people on this tiny overpopulated globe, making such a war of attrition deadly on all of us, and not only to some. There simply wouldn't be anywhere to run at all.

One has to admit to having deceived one's self into death by one's greed, if this is truly the case. One cannot just throw floor tantrums of attrition like Toddlers until death occurs for one, for then it occurs for others too. There is the will to care and do the right things for the right reasons, as there is the will to feasibly address current situations too, and due to people not having done so in the first place.

The final question remains for each person to answer in their selves: Do you care, or are you completely I-lessly dead as you flee your regrets and remorse by running right into your own death? Considering how many others must die because of it, would you say you have regrets? Does your I send you his/her remorse from the future? How dead are you then, in your mind, if you don't get these messages? Why must you be self-deceptive about it, if but only to let your death come at you and take you away?

Self-murder is no answer, it is the most selfish thing anyone can possibly do. It is cute for a looter to be spected into a viable means of re-assessing his or her situation of being a criminal, as due to his/her personal admission of the wrong done. It is entirely amazing to this person. This is why law provides us with pro-spect-cution, or prosecution.

Nobody can, in this time of introducing the steam and nuclear containment industries, expect friends in looting madness to go by their way of causing decay undisturbed, and expect of those who suffer to have only harshness coming their way. Economy must function too.

When life is here, why must some of us be so globe-toppingly boring to live so dead and naïve? Why must some be so jealous of life, when they too can live it for their own selves?

As I have mentioned, there is the will... the will to admit unto the self the truth.

Cedrick decided to join the army and made various notes in letters.

Your Highness Lord God the Pope Frankie Africa,

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 that is worth mentioning. 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 do reach 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.

Sincerely yours

Cedrick Boderok

(These are notes I have added to my letter here)

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 tv-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 Lord God is of concern to them. They beg only His Mercy.

So soon His Despo tribe grew so vast. He is God, the Leader of All Men, and the Highest Entity that exists on the entire globe. 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, and never to be questioned. 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 only grace that can be had can only come with death.

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. This is 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. This is something He, Lord God the Pope Frank, hates, and hates so much He has no words to describe it. He has no means to describe it. He hates that. Blasphemy, treason, and heresy he labels the acts of these people. He sends them to the gallows to be tortured until they forget of all they ever knew before He came, before His Reign and His Way.

The Mighty Despo exists, as should already be evident, for the sole purpose of convincing the Nation that, as a higher entity, an entity in it self, God does in actual fact exist. For the lack of the viable existence of the Despo, Lord God the Pope Frank exists and through terror. Due to the whole globe's nations owning their own Super Powers protecting their own tribes, not from without but right 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 since come to realize that you, Lord God, are not a monster, some higher being than me, but just a person like any other. I do apologize for being so naïve. This was not all I wrote, the following letters included herewith would explain the events in my mind of the week that followed next: (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.)

(Notes made on August 23)

I wish to correct my lies of earlier. Life, as it seems, possesses the wish 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.

I wish to join The Despotoc Army. 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 until now, it seems, and you have seen me, hopeless, and helpless.

I have now considered, and understand why it is not necessary to write to you my story in South Africa, why I should teach you of our bank Botum. You know this well, for you are a human being like me too. It all fits in so clearly. Tomorrow I will go, not to Botum, but to the Despotoc Army head office outside Oudtshoorn. There I will, under the guise of love, yes, being blindly and faithfully in love, become a part of the Despotoc 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...

(Notes added on August 25)

I have spent the whole morning writing a letter to you General, on 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 is useless. I will help the Despotoc Army in its cause to provide people with the necessary equipment of intervention.

For this though, people should be scared of their Ruler. Lord God Frank is the most ingenious man I have ever seen. I did come to see this. 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 this 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 I, 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.

How could any soul think patent rights could belong to them, and not to the Despo alone?

(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 threatened 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 his self 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 instead! I was delighted when I heard this, and I thank you.

He treated me so well on that day. I did not talk too much to him about the Idea, or the Idea that I had. He kept interrupting me, as if he wasn't ready to hear it yet. 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 both 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. At first he wanted to take me with, but then he said that he should leave immediately, and that we would meet again later. He said that he, or you General, would phone me, and he told me to keep quiet about everything and not to discuss anything with anyone. The quest had to remain a secret to us 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 note for the bill on the table which could've paid for at least three big meals. I took the change 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 wondered if Ellis had the same Idea in his mind. A few times I tried to test Ellis but Ellis was talking of the attire I was fitting, 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 can work. My head is cloudy and I can't quite remember it now, but I will not bother, not now. I just hope that I will make it through this special 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 to you and leave it here with a note attached about the importance it has to you, should you be trusted, upon your receiving it. It has to go to Lord God personally. It is really important. Let it suffice to say that I wish to portray to you the importance that it had to the Despotic 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 stating treason, blasphemy, or heresy 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 it self. Every person wishes to assert his self, 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 their selves with a something, in some sort of way. It is staring us all 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 sighs. 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 powered by the biggest engine, also who is the most skilled driver, and the domination such a winner has over the other competetors.’

‘That’s great! I love it.’

‘Woman has a way of... with Botum...’

Shyly he looks at her and attempts an explanation with his hands.

‘Keep the story simple. We all know how many cars there are since Botum made its appearance here. You did well in your explanation there. Look into what had happened.’

‘It’s an easier life. Death is no price to pay for these kids in all the chaos this country’s in.’ He stares bluntly at the window sill, tears forming in his eyes.

He keeps quiet for a long time, and then continues.

‘The stadium is filled with the usual crowd of people trying to find exhilaration from watching and sharing in the spirit...’

He stares down to the carpet.

‘...minus the many of them consumed by the Despo.’

‘In their place are those who rather approves of the finer systems of the Despo. The lazy ones. Bent on their destruction they are loud and aggressive this bunch. They were aking groups and in the hours before the race moved through the crowd in their groups, savagely led by the most demented.’

He starts crying. He moves backwards to find a seat. He has to remove his face from his cupped hands after turning away from me to be hiding his tears from me, failing to see where a chair is. Painfully aware, I look away.

‘I am Fence Bontagel.’ He cries.

He sobs quietly.

‘I am... I am an experienced man in the field of how to be a provider for, and with people, to the good of mankind with my business! I... I wrote the damned Book of Bullshit!’

He fights to break through his tears, his face uncovered. I did not interrupt.

He continues.

‘I was finishing frying the last of the meat on my fryer when it all happened.’ *(Do take note that meat was a highly expensive and very scarce commodity in these days.)*

‘I was a regular at these events and also a sponsor of this national final event held here on this day.’

‘I was the chief inspector at one of the most prestigious learning institutes before leaving this education career to try my hand in business. I succeeded! I told many people after leaving this education career that I was the author of the Book of Bullshit...’
He gasps for air, and stares out the window again.

‘... including the boy.’ He added.

‘So it is true, you have met him in advance?’

‘Cedrick did find me an invigorating person, as he said, but was, in the end...’
He swallows his own voice.

‘The damned kid was unable to make anything good of the all the things I had to teach him.’
Mr. Fence Bontagel did not know where to look.

‘For the most part, as usually gets the blame in these situations, the Despo can be said to be responsible for this mishap to have happened.’ He re-affirms, hiding his denial.

‘We all know that. The boy was consumed by them.’ I played along.

He looks down at the carpet a while, then takes a deep breath.

‘In Worcester, the base of the Mighty Despo Army found it self in difficulty with people who was meddling in the affairs of soldiers. This is so cause the base was situated so close to town and the kind of civilians that lives here are according to them, ‘too arrogant’.’

‘The Despo then decided to interfere somewhat.’

‘Their mafia didn’t succeed in doing so, and only made things worse as the businesses were by this time all closed down.’

‘Keep it short.’

‘Yes. Despotic army trucks, totally unannounced, started entering the racetrack. Big megaphones on top of the trucks first circling the stadium ordered all these arrogant supporters to one side. Their usual uproar increased by a thousand times, and they slowly and mockingly moved through the crowds of onlookers.’

He thought of how he had turned down the fryer, his meat still raw, and stated it to me. I am, as the interviewer, not able to take sides.

‘The trucks were ordered to stop next to these supporters, and right on our well prepared race track. These orders were given by some men in uniform walking about on foot. Hundreds of uniformed and armed soldiers climbed from the trucks and lined up in front of these men. These uniformed men who walked around barking the orders gathered their selves together. After some discussion orders were given again. The megaphone asked all men of business present in the stadium, to line up on one of the race track’s lanes.’

‘I had to go.’

‘Soldiers were lined up a distance from us. On both sides of the long line we were made to stand in. These Despo men felt lost, and displaced.’

‘After all this, a young man, dressed slightly different, better, more formal than the rest of the men who barked the orders, walked with perfect strides inspecting the queue we were ordered to make.

These men did not know how to confront him. We all stood with frowns on our faces. He was shy, ashamed, but not for long. He winked to three main Despotic military men to move to the front of the queue, his self a distance from there in a clearing visible to each and all on the racetrack.'

'There the three men brought the first victim, one of us businessmen to his knees in front of the young man. The kid then pointed his pistol to the man's temple and asked him a question which we couldn't hear. The man hesitantly answered and was sent off to an empty truck parked nearby manned by some soldiers who haphazardly and hesitantly helped him up into it.'

'The next man was free to go, and another.'

'Two to the truck, one free.'

'One to the truck and four free.'

'Another.'

'To the truck.'

'So it went. Three trucks were filled and left.'

'Then came the first shot. The normal usual question the kid had asked, and the man protested vigorously, but only after some fighting happened between them. Two soldiers from another truck came running toward the body somewhat reverently. A senior shot them out and they were ordered to take the body by the feet and pulled it to another open bed truck. There they lifted the body and threw it on to the truck.'

'After him seven men, all in a row, were sent to the trucks.'

Silence...

'In time three more died.'

'Soon it became my turn. We looked each other in the eye and the young man realized that this was the man proud of the fact that he wrote that damned Book of Bullshit! I saw it in his eyes!'

'You mean to say it was Cedrick Boderok, your old student?'

'I was the first face of any familiarity to him.'

A long silence lasted between us as I left Fence Bontagel to his senses.

'What Book of Bullshit was this you wrote?'

'It is nothing, only a joke.'

‘... only a joke.’

‘Okay.’

‘It was only a joke I have made!’

‘Okay, let’s go on.’

‘It was only then that I recognized him.’

‘I greeted him even. But he did nothing in return, he only swallowed.’

‘The power given to him by Despo disappeared from him and he was the young child he was before. But something sparked in him, a flame that I must’ve given birth to in him, something that must have died.’

‘It was clear; it was brought to question inside of him.’

‘By both of us.’

‘But the onlookers were watching, and he had to keep to these senseless regulations of this sick shit he was to do, you see?’

‘The slogan, the standard slogan that he had to say, he seemed to have forgotten what it was. I was made to kneel in front of him by the uniformed men.’

‘The slogan, he wondered what it was.’

‘He then remembered. I know. If only he could say it, but he couldn’t.’

‘He pointed the gun to my head and pulled it away again quickly. Fondling somewhat, returning, but only holding the gun halfway to my head, pointing past it, instead of at it...’

‘...he then said it.’

‘What did he say?’ Mr. Bontagel stuttered a great deal, trying to say the slogan the young man Cedrick Boderok was to say.

““Do you feel lucky?””

(What follows is a letter written by Mr. Bontagel without my knowledge, addressed to Lord God the Pope Frankie Africa directly, as read to Him by Cedrick Boderok.)

Dear Mr. Lord God the Pope Frankie

Okay, so this is how it was. My daughter enjoyed the praise I was giving her. My son playing noiselessly with the toys I gave him. My wife, oh it was a beautiful day. It was great. Then there came the knock, against the head. I was clean out, but came back round. I was awake and finally after a long and treacherous quibble I saw him.

I stood there and looked at him and he sat there and looked at me like I was shit and underneath I knew he kept rooms for locking me up, built for that.

He sat there looking at me and he had that kind of face that you don't know if he is looking scared or scary. He screamed things at me at the top of his lungs which I couldn't remember today or understand then. He shouted some more things I cannot remember and said that I should read and understand the Will and Way of God better than I did and I said:

'There is no use reading what I write every day of my life because it was me writing these things every day with my life.' I stood guard to a work team every day. I played the worst Satan of the worst of them all. I played the most reasonable and soft hearted and outwitted the most worthy of them most of my day. It was me, by my self, and all because I had the money, and it is ME who made it, and it is Me who is the provider.

He then looked at me like he was really stupid, not knowing weather to be scared or scary.

'It doesn't make me God then...' I told him but he still looked at me like he was stupid and thought that I thought I was thinking I was God or something.

I saw that he was getting kinda angry and scary for being stupid and scared at me who he thought was God or something.

'Only God can be stronger than you! Sir!' What possibly made me say that I don't know and I saluted him real well, holding my imaginary gun as I should, but he didn't understand it quite so well cause with scary arrogant hatred spewing from his eyes he then asked:

'What the hell are you then?!'

'A teacher.'

'Is that all?'

'Yes.'

'Are you sure?' He tried his best to look self-assured for a change.

I sighed and told him to lock me up and come ask me the questions he may have of the Will and the Way of God and tell my wife to tell my kids I'm busy somewhere and when he's comfortable that I'm not God he can free me to go on back to them and call on me when he needs somebody to talk to.

It's fine, I will.

He sat and thought this through.

'I will, while I'm here, teach these guys you think are teachable too, but only till I've had my full of theirs. If not I will stay here forever and my wife and my kids will grow scared at you and my friends and their friends will then grow angry at you. If God is your enemy you will wake Him up and when He learns, you're in deep shit and you know that.'

'So God must be on your side.'

He babbled a lot of crap after this and he knew he was babbling a lot of crap after this so he had me tossed into the cellar of rooms downstairs instead.

There I found myself stared at incessantly by these young mad adolescent delinquents of all ages who were each worse than their Master Thomas upstairs.

On the second day for some reason we all had dinner together and we could properly see each other's faces and they mine incessantly. It was the only meal you get for a day. I asked them:

'Why do you eat this?'

They were lousy enough to conclude they were hungry.

As if that was any reason at all.

'It's the old saying; if a fire spreads it is because you're spreading it!'

I told it to the Master Thomas when he called on me three days after my arrival.

'Don't make a disease and it won't even become infectious!'

He had some wide eyed white faced interpreters who made it all perfectly clear to him, which made him let me go.

So I knew he would free me some time, and so he did.

Sad thing he never called on me again.

At this point in my story it was where my nightmare started though, Lord God. You see, and this is actually quite a bit difficult:

Lord God paused, looked up from reading this letter (the one given above for the reader, and continued below) by Mr. Fence Bontagel, and looked at me strangely. He would not even take a single look at my letters, at what had brought me here. He would not listen to the horrid road that led me here, what I had to make through, or my Idea. He did not heed to me at all, he only wanted to hear what Fence's letter said and sat thinking about it. He was still sleepy and could, for some reason not even wake up.

How long was he asleep then?

Is it always going to be like this?

Is there then no other way, does no way exist then to get through to Lord God's head, by a person like me?

Did I not have a private business, way back when, and did I not make money too, and delivered a value adding service to my fellow countrymen at all then?

How could these gluttonist fat cats be getting everything for manufacturing only to feed the war with His moneys, and claim all the moneys for it?

I have not mentioned a single word to Lord God yet, and still he stares at me in wonder. He simply would stare at me strangely, fighting to only have the letters that Fence Bontagel wrote on his party-green paper, and not mine written on the ordinary cheap white paper. He despised the red envelope I had placed all the letters in too, and it was only until I had taken them out, that he was less reluctant, haunted, and grabbed only the green papers from me.

He stares at me still after I have read to Him the start of Fence Bontagel's letter.

... for a very, very long time.

Lord God it seems was still asleep, or maybe the words I had read to him as Fence wrote it on the green paper put some mesmerizing spell to His senses. He started forming a frown almost, on his forehead.

He is still staring. I grow scared.
Fright started taking a hold of me and I gave a loud sigh.

He moved a little in His chair and looked down, upon which he saw how incredibly dirty His glasses were. They were hanging around his neck, and have accumulated dust and grime in all the time He had been sleeping with them on his nose. He took them and searched the table, without them, for a cloth. He soon gave up and took hold of a piece of the withered and dusty clothing covering His stomach with His one hand, and glasses in the other, and gave them a couple of wipes.
He placed them back over His dusty ears. He looks through them toward the ground in front of Him.

He stares there for a little while longer still.

Then the little while becomes even a little longer.

He suddenly looks at me again, for the first time able to see me with the clean glasses.
I hold my gun as I was told to.
He shuns his gaze away from me as soon as He saw me, for I was looking straight back at Him.

This time He sighs or... or was it a cough.
He starts coughing.

Phlegm breaks loose from His throat and He is forced to swallow it down in large gulps...
He must have been sleeping a very long time. He almost suffocates on the stuff.
He takes the letter, the green letter, and moves back behind the desk again, still coughing.

He continues reading, or... starts reading because He was still sleeping; I had read it so far to Him, and to try to get Him to wake up, for nothing else would make him wake at all.

'Sadly, this was where my interview with Mr. Fence Bontagel had ended. I repeatedly attempted to go on with this most informing interview, but Mr. Bontagel did not want to. I returned to his home a couple of days after and he was not only a little reluctant. A week later, twice, he forgot about me.'

'I was evidently nothing but a disposable nuisance to him. It is clear that he was not telling me everything, and that he probably must be plotting something, to my mind, is undoubtedly true.'

‘The fact that whatever he hides up his sleeve does not involve us is something I was forced to make my peace with.’

‘One thing is certain, as time moves on; the less likely is it for me to continue this initial interview I had with him.’

‘So, as for the experiences he had, I can but only attempt here to relate to you, as long as it had lasted, and in full as I did.’

‘It must have been traumatic to the young man Cedrick. The time must have been agonizing and terrifying. From the house of Lord God Frank the noises was heard by the guards I interviewed on their shifts outside. The house was indeed said to have a dungeon of a cellar. He could not have survived their torture sessions, intended to deprive him of all that he once knew, all that mattered to him, and for all of us to feel his pain and terror due to his trying to remember what he had known, and only to forget it all. It is such a shame that such barbarism, for the sake of war and death, got practiced here, and on him. He was still so young and had no right to lose his mental ability.’

‘The setting was wrong, the whole procession, I am sure you would agree. It could have been so much more favorable to him, to everybody.’

‘Things could’ve been different, but simply wasn’t. I hope my brief description translated here of what had happened on that day, suffices to do them the justice they both deserved to have, but sadly never got.’

‘The following questions still keeps ringing in my ears:’

‘Why didn’t anybody care?’

‘Why are we driven with blind and ignorant fear by those who deceive their selves, and us too, right out of life?’

‘Why must we allow our selves to be driven toward it too, using the religious cultism they offer us for it?’

‘Do we realize the regrets these people have accumulated, driving them toward their own deaths in their onslaughts of terror on us, sufficiently to bring them to their senses?’

‘Why did nobody care enough to stop them as they were only chasing after a means with which to bring about our deaths?’

(The letter from Fence Bontagel written on the green paper, as addressed to Lord God, and as read to Him by Cedrick Boderok, are presently continued herewith)

At this point in my story it was where my nightmare started though. You see, and this is actually quite a bit difficult:

Right, as I said, about Master Thomas, this is the difficult part:

You see, I was walking up to the gate after my splendid stay at Master Thomas, and these big guards at the gate, the guards yes, they opened the gate for me. And the one guard who stood near me, his gun was in its holster. The holster wasn’t latched; I can remember that but nothing more. You see, next thing I was standing there and he was staring there, at me, and his face was white with fright.

There must’ve been some fight, probably, between us... I can’t remember what had happened. He was just a fucking guard!

I saw he stood still, he couldn't move a muscle. That's what I remember. I saw cause I was trying to give him back his gun I picked up on the ground for him, which could cause him so much trouble with his Master Thomas upstairs, but I couldn't move my arm.

I stopped to see what was going on with my one eye cause I wasn't seeing through it. As I felt it there with my hand it was this wet dent where it was instead, and I felt some more but my skull was this hollow in there where my eye was.

'What had happened?' I asked the guard but he could barely stutter.

I was looking for the other guard who was opening the other half of the gate what with the hot wet stuff I was digging from my skull but I couldn't see him anywhere with the one eye I had left. The other stiff guard even fell to his knees in front of me and stuttered more but I couldn't hear what he said. He was astonished, and dumbfounded, to say the least.

How was I to hide this stuff with my head going on when I was to go back home? My children seeing their dad all ripped apart in his head?

So I thought it better to go visit a friend of mine who is a really good doctor, who knows all about brains and stuff like that, like what I was holding in my hand. He would know how to stop all this hot red and grey stuff running down my collar and into my shirt.

I tossed the gun to one side and grabbed some more of the brains heaped up and running down my collar. I took it in my hands and ran out into the road and stopped someone who immediately understood that I needed a doctor. He drove much faster than was necessary I am sure, he could've gotten us both dead.

So we arrived there at my friend's house and he wanted to carry me but I told him I could walk. After I knocked at the door my friend opened it.

'Hey! Is it not good old Fence Bontagel?'

'What have you been up to?'

'What shit are that and where's your head?'

'Aaah... Good to see you. Good to see you.' I said smiling. 'I don't know how it happened, it just did. There was this big bastard with his gun and a big bang and... yeah well, it happened somehow. Can you help me though?'

And he said: 'Yea sure, come on in and we'll see what we can do.'

I went in and he led me straight into his surgery.

'I was having dinner with my wife and kids; I'm just going to wash my hands quickly.' He came back after five minutes of me trying to figure out how his chair works and said:

'There, you got the hang of it.'

He then pulled some rubber gloves over his neatly washed and powdered hands and started inspecting the cavity in my skull.

'Do you think you can do anything for me?'

'Yea sure, I'll figure something out.'

He fiddled in a place in my skull that made my leg and side twitch.

'You've been off balance lately?'

'Feel kinda bulky when I walk.'

'It's cause your eardrum's shot off.'

'It helps for balance.' He adds.

'I see.'

He held out a bucket and asked me to put the stuff I was still holding in my hands into it. So I held my arms forward and dropped the mushy stuff into the bucket with the crusty and cloggy red stuff in between and wondered how he was going to separate them all for me. I also wondered if he cleaned the bucket first like he said he cleaned his hands.

He went on working and I sat thinking.

Well... I tried to.

Lord God must be about sixty years of age. Typical of a man of His age, He would not listen to young people like me at all. He knows better, he knows much more about people and He understands life completely, having been 'through the mill' before and I haven't, according to Him, and I thus do know nothing irrespective of what I wish to say.

This He evidently assured His self of long ago. He is just the typical old man living in a trustless globe, amongst other trustless people, looting retirement moneys for their souls. He would not have to live the future because He is too old, and neither would any of His people, so bent to seek their own deaths in order to escape the regrets they gather for their selves.

How then, possibly can He live with His self when He feeds this gluttonist motor vehicle industry manufacturing industry, and this when all of us, me, must be serfs in it, and would not be able to afford a single thing manufactured?

Would any manufacturing remain, appropriately, for adding value to the lives of our fellow countrymen?

Can any just remuneration be found for it, as I failed to gain?

How can privatized and disenfranchised industries exist, if nobody can afford it at all, and are only mangled and murdered for trying?

Lord God is so absorbed in His high regard for the letter from Fence Bontagel about their sharing with one another their wise 'old man wisdom' of life, which I am supposed to be stupid about. Do you think He would take the time to listen to me?

I have waited here by Him, and for Him, for so long, and things went so wrong. I had tried to tell Him what brought me here, but I tried wrongly, vainly.

I had failed.

He would not know that old people like Him had to be placed on Botum retirement fundings if I fail to tell Him so, for this could ensure that people would have moneys and that business could happen again. He would not know that all our women, wives and

daughters sell their souls to the ethics of pure greed and greed alone, as no viable good economic sense remains here. I have to tell Him this still.

I have to inform Him that hierarchy, or authority, of which He is the head, prevents education. He has to know that education is absolutely essential if any future is going to be had.

He gets up from the chair after reading the entire letter and visibly He has pain in His back. He must've slept so long when I came to Him the first time and rocked His shoulder, first gently, then harder and harder. I left the endless attempts I have made and came again later. How much later I don't know. But I've tried again, and again, numerous times. The time that passed between my attempts I am not able to relate here.

Time to me has changed its nature.
Time is without time, here, in this place.

Time failed to be money.
I am as if lost.

I breathe, yet I do not. I have no need to.

We are all dead in here.

Here in the Great Hereafter, where you don't have to work any longer, this is what you do, you don't work any longer.
Others do it for the wise, while these wise consumes them.

Time heeds no need, not to no-one, but to some.
I do care still, and I do have hope.

Lord God looks up from the letter written by Mr. Bontagel that I managed to get Him to read after I finally managed to wake Him up, and only now for the first time.
He looks up at the ones talking all over the area, surrounding Him, in complete bewilderment.

'Who are these men?' He asks in wonder. He demands to know with a gross frown aimed directly at me.

I stood confused since in all my time here I have not spoken to one of them. I stood thinking. So much time passed, and so little dialogue between me and them. They seem to be having a jolly good time, I be without. I could not grasp their talk, all of them the same, but each different. The languages they speak are incomprehensible, yet the same as mine though. I did not see a motive, a cause, anything in common maybe.

Who can these people then be, living so eloquently, blame gaming people like me, living in such self-pitying sprees? I felt my self wondering this, along with Lord God.

Lord God I felt to be angry at me for waking Him up, or for not being able to tell Him who they were.

In truth He was angry because I knew what He didn't know, refused to know, and would not ever face.

He would have us all tossed into His war, that He is the self-deceiving epitome of.

He turns from watching me, and starts looking guiltily at them, and looks at them His self, and sees who they are. He pages through their faces, their lively talks, and all their wisdom which He knows, the wisdom I despise. Murderous bloody bastards, schemers and scammers, freakingly friendly with one another but trusting no-one, and then Lord God here with me suddenly looks down at His dusty clothes and shoes again.

I don't know how they came to be so dusty, maybe from sleeping so long.

Lord God started dusting these clothes His self, with His bare Holy hands. I was shocked to see this. It panged me to see Him having to do that His self.

'I can do it my self!' He shouted at me as I mercifully tried to help Him by dusting his shoes on which the dust settled again.

I stood terrified, backed away. I had to help Him as a duty, and He did not allow me.

Lord God looks at the wall a little distance from His desk. He frowns and walks closer. It is filled with lots of notes, letters and ideas, pinned onto the wall.

'Whose are these?' He demanded of me.

I did not know what to say, I have seen many of the talkative guys standing here in silence contemplating the notes, making some their selves and pinning it to the wall.

Lord God rips one from the wall and stares at its contents.

'Lord, I... I don't think it is a good idea, these guys can get...' I was talking about the people we know nothing about. I lost my words, and He knew it. He had an angry glare in His eyes, but was He angry at me?

Lord God seemed completely taken aback, could it be?

He stares around at the men we know nothing of, then again at me.

'Put this back up there.'

I took it and nailed it back to where it was, Lord God walking away behind me. I hurry the nail into the wall before any of these people neither me nor Lord God knows anything about, sees me meddling on the wall, and run after Lord God.

Lord God is the Mightiest man that exists, and His Way is the only Way. It is the Highway. People had no freedom of democracy, and even when they did, there was no alternative vote for anybody at all. Democracy was perverted and we were left leaderless. We only had the old and the sick, the self-murderous looters, who led us, in jealous wrath,

into our deaths too. There simply was nobody other than Him, and forever, as long as He shall live, for there wasn't any economy and only empowerment and entitlements to be found in His Service. There was the opposition, and they were equally economic racists in their sowing only war as looters.

The people voted for Him, but the people did not have livelihoods that voted, they had only the faith to find some job in the service of the Despo with which to ensure their living a bit longer. They did not wish to go hungry like the rest who had then rather to die in war, or of hunger.

Good economic sense failed us all completely.

Everybody embraced the religious cult and only deceived their selves about their deaths.

He is Lord God.

Why would He not listen to me?

Why would He listen to no-one?

Oh Dod, why with all these horrifying odds against us, can't we ever afford to admit unto our selves that we were ever wrong, when we were actually wrong?

How could we ever know we were, before it becomes all just completely too late?

He walks down, as I follow, toward the thick roped curtain hanging in an arched doorway the size of a two storey building in the middle of a giant separating wall. During the walk I watch Lord God, walking for a distance slightly behind Him, then next to Him, hopeful that He could possibly be absently unaware of my staring at Him.

His face looks numb and dumb. Maybe it is a guise. A guise I do not know, maybe He is hiding something. Maybe it is for the people we know nothing of, for maybe them not to get suspicious or something. Possibly we are going someplace I haven't been before, a secret passage of some sort, hidden from all and any. Maybe, yes, He is going to take me some place I haven't been before.

There the talk will finally start.

He could then listen to me.

There He could free His mind for once.

I do hope this is the case, for I do long to speak to Him of my idea for so many endless nights now.

There I will be able, for the first time to bring to light what had happened, how I came here to Him, the arduously treacherous road it took me, and what I wanted to tell Him, my Idea, and how I thought it through during these endless long years in here.

As I looked through His endless many letters I found my red envelope among the top ones. There must've been billions of letters. Not one was opened. Some looks like they have been sent a long time ago. But time is not time here, what that many letters means I surely don't know.

I could but only try to find it.

I found it only after searching them through for the eighth time or so. It took months, maybe a year, each time I searched. I can't remember. The reason I haven't found them was because Mr. Bontagel sent them! I didn't think he would, and was then unable to identify the envelope he had used, as it was a party-green one.

I found the red envelope containing all my letters inside this other big green envelope in which he had put my smaller red envelope. It is no wonder I didn't find it. I opened his letter and found my red envelope together with his letter in there, a letter that must've been written by Mr. Bontagel his self, and indeed I discovered that it was. It was addressed to Lord God.

I ran with his letter in one hand and my letters including the red envelope in the other to Lord God still sleeping, even after all my attempts in all this time to wake Him up. Completely ecstatic I... I finally, rudely, managed to wake Him up. It was a heavy smack against the head, I know. But I've tried so long to wake Him up.

This story had to get to some point, somehow.

I immediately read him some more of the letter that Fence Bontagel wrote on the endorsed green paper.

'Have you ever wondered, I mean... I always thought that one day when you die you go up to these gates and this Angel there asks you: "Were you good to the wayward world?" You answer jay or nay, and you do so while so many others do so too and they're all up there and knocking it out inside the Great Hereafter, there with all of us and them in there together.' I said to my friend as he inspected the cavity in my head.

'Sounds like fun.' He friend said.

Gonna be boring otherwise...

He then moved over to a table next to me and sat there grinding a piece of plastic he says is for reconstructing my skull. He also had some transparent buckets there with my bucket of stuff and he said he's cloning some more of the grey stuff I brought with, cause he said it ain't enough. I shall be stupid otherwise. He filed the mould some more. I moved my self forward on his chair with my damaged skull resting on my cupped hands resting on my knees, and we watched the grey stuff grow.

As Lord God and I walk over the giant lawn after leaving the men we know nothing of behind, I think Lord God wish for me to hide my self from the knowledge of others, from my essence, from my presence even, and so too from my idea.

I still do think Lord God to be a favorable man, for my idea I mean. There is simply too much deception, turning into depression in this global village, and religious cultism grows all because of the fear and the terror making it so. The men we know nothing of, they are rude to us for being jealous of us being alive, and being happy, and being young. They are

a bunch bent on greed, and they had no I's at all, with which to foresee where things went. The liars who knew, dried us out in hunger, and they fed us off to the war.

There has to be moderation.

I hope Lord God is a favorable man for my idea, but I must communicate it with Him first. I must make Him understand the problem, the problem that there is no bigger deception than self-deception.

He has to be a favorable man.

Presently I can but only try to be of some kind of service to Lord God. I continue reading the green letter some more, which He does not seem to mind too much, and even seem intrigued by it.

**The grey stuff grows slowly in the transparent bucket.
This is my brains, can you imagine!**

I am Fence Bontagel still, and would still be, ever more so!

'Can we be Greater than God still?' I asked my friend in wonder.

This made Lord God the Pope Frankie come to a sudden halt in His footsteps. I stopped too, taking care not to advance on Lord God too quickly, but I am sure I did hit a mark.

It was a good mark.

The only thing I want is to be respected as a human being. I have needs and wishes. I didn't choose to live here, or to be born here.

We all must all live in these boxes, until death harvests us.

I don't like these boxes.
It is ignorant to be living in them.

As I tell my doctor friend of all that happened, he asks me if Master Thomas at least provided me with some funding to expand, as he called it, my 'business exploitation capabilities'.

**'No he didn't, nothing, zip, azigolo, fokol, niks nie!'
'I ain't stupid enough, that's why his guards had me caught and why I'm mangled!'**

I recall my earlier life lived in the globe, when I studied under Fence Bontagel as my superior, my instructor.

It was only in the early days when I studied under him that he received any I messages from his self. After that, and when it all happened so tragically involving me and my idiocy, he never received any at all. Neither did I get any. I am sure, for he was dead for sure; I might just as well have shot him dead.

If possibly he still received messages, it could only have been from Lord God His self perhaps...

How is it that he gets to live still though, wreaking his havoc, and extending his self-murder still?

Why is it that I must be stuck here in the Hereafter, with this dead and buried?

If it was true that Fence still got messages from his self, I seriously doubt that it could have been from this Lord God presently standing next to me.

He was fast asleep for very long and could not have known a thing; surely, accept if somebody sprinkled Him with powdered dust.

‘Master Thomas’ security wasn’t pleased with me, not at all.’ I told my friend the doctor.

‘They have no reason to be, for you gave them none.’

‘I am me and I can’t help being me. God’s ‘little angels’ were supposed to protect me, you know?’

‘We both know that it is not happening, Fence.’

‘They had to have mercy upon my soul, but they were only a warship of their own making, a warship of pure hatred.’

‘There is simply no peace to be found amongst those without peace.’

I had made a horrible mistake, and I was misled. I was still so young and naïve. I didn’t have good economic sense, or at least I have had it before I gave it all up. I revolted against it because capitalism wasn’t going to bring me any money or steady livelihood in all the economic decay Botum brought.

I could not live like that at all.

I didn’t add value to the lives of others with passionate hard work for just and fair remuneration like I had to.

I deceived my self out of it, for I would not face the odds against me.

I played with danger and created a danger by my income being dependent on it.

I was funded to do so, and I sold my soul for it.

God’s Angels were supposed to protect me, and I had to ensure that they do! My funding came from the very same warship, the Despo Army, and it had inflicted only my personal self-hatred. It tried only to inflict regrets upon the souls of all of us there, for us to try to escape it with our deaths, and to escape our I-messages of disapproval and anger, directly from our selves!

I played with danger and inflicted it like a toy, for I wanted only death to liberate me. The Despo order and its management provoked it by remuneration they offered for it, remuneration they stole from Botum.

I was also to be murdered then, in what I was made to do. I lived the whole time with the impending danger of death on me, and my letters prove my idiocy, my blind rage at my own future self. I deceived my self right into my self-murder. I led my self into the false beliefs of Lord God as the Holiest of Holy, the Ultimate vader krismis to us all, and offered my self to its religious cult faith.

I didn't realize a single thing.

I only knew I mistrusted my own future self, and held Lord God's beloved son dear Jesus, deep inside my heart. I never took responsibility for my own self, I heaped it all onto dear Jesus, as the man sending me my I messages.

He could not bear the weight of all souls who refused to live.

'You were able to escape the rioters and populists with the book of bullshit.' My friend told me. He said that he ought not to fix my brains for me again.

I only sat staring at the grey stuff that he gave a good stir in the transparent container where he grows more of the stuff he called brains.

'I... I can't manufacture any longer, not unless I feed the war with my produce for Botum loot.' I said to my friend with sadness in my heart.

He asked me if I would.

I couldn't say.

I don't know.

I am not a liar enough.

'You are not a rapist. You are only brain-dead.'

No I am not a rapist like they.

They will murder me anyway.

Our Lord God ain't too fresh either.

I don't like reading all this to Lord God, who seem to be upset by what I say. He does not really seem to understand any of which I am telling Him. He looks around with wide scared eyes, and would not know what to do. His eyes lands on the green letter somewhat at times, as if in wonder, as if He wondered if He could perhaps in a another lifetime have had a lasting relationship with this man Fence Bontagel.

I do wonder if He is able, at all, to see me and to hear me. I wonder if He is able to do so, and is not only consumed in His own self-deception, seeking only His self-murder as liberation for His regrets.

This prompts me to subtly continue reading, but Lord God interrupted my reading saying I should read louder.

He must be hard of hearing.

I was happy with it, and was happy for the time being, with reading this letter too.

I gave up my passion to work hard with my hands, adding value to the lives of others, for there were too many looters determining the peanuts I was to get, even while I was self-employed. I had nothing to do with them, and yet all my profits were claimed by them.

I gave it up, for this?

For my standing here, reading this letter to this utter useless idiot, bound to get sent to the gallows as a heretic once I open my mouth?

For madmen loot?

Everybody gave up, and that is the problem.

Nevertheless, I continue reading:

There are too many hungry kids I told my doctor friend.

Wives, old folk, self-deceptive religious cultists, and non-whites too he replied, more than seven billion of them.

‘Of us.’ I replied. They are making the hungry go hungry, these security madmen.

My friend asked me what we are going to do then.

‘I shall think when I get my brain back again.’

‘You shall maybe not.’

‘I suppose we must just wait.’ I said.

‘Wait to die I suppose. Make some money while it lasts.’ He said.

‘I don’t know what to do, their terror is endless. They want death for us all.’

‘You are being a pessimist, and it only fuels your being so terrified. It makes you depressed. They want you to resign in that way.’

‘Else I would be brain dead yet again, you know?’

‘What about the kids? What about them and their lives?’

‘I even trained them as businessmen when moneys were still paid for it.’

I suppose we must say fuck them all, and stop caring, we who can’t afford to care.

‘We can’t do that.’ I said, wanting to live a little longer than only a little longer in self-embittered idiocy.

‘That is exactly my point.’ The doctor said. They got too much money for this security of theirs, protecting their Master Thomas and Lord God’s stooges so frantically.

‘That is the only real problem then, ain’t it?’

I agreed with my friend. This was indeed the real problem there was, together with the rapists who stole this moneys from Botum.

Lord God only wants to find peace for his mind I am sure. I am not sure where He would go for finding that, for his mind seems utterly confused.

It must be where we're going to because He started walking again.

I don't know why my self, my soul, escapes me so when I try to speak to Him, therefore I don't speak to Him.

I only read the letter Fence Bontagel had written so neatly on the green paper for Him.

Why is Lord God so stupid?

Lord God wasn't the one with Black Tourmaline in his military beret I am sure. Neither did he have Hematite with Him for His perfectionism. He didn't have a gun that He was supposed to hold the way he was told to. He did not have to be poisoned with Mercury in order to make Him stupid and forget anything worth remembering about the past, and the good economic sense we held in such high regard for our sustainable economic future.

Was it perhaps His claim then to own all He could in this cloud of disgust, for the feeding of the war? He did not walk with Opal either, for He would have been an inferiority complex driven idiot then.

What was the problem with Lord God then, or was there one indeed?

Did He hate His self?

Surely He could not have done anything other than hate His self.

How could He not hate His self, when everybody so strongly disapproves of Him, while these people we know nothing of simply stooge Him into being who He is, for their profiteering in the industries of steam or nuclear containment? These people have no wives, husbands, and no children, or have them while they, as their loved ones, want nothing to do with them any longer for they are sick lunatics, depriving us all of our future.

How can God subject to them, if not by their threatening Him into subjection and dementia?

Why am I like if at an abyss where thought simply stops? Where no answers can ever be found? Where this never ending slope are heading only straight down? Where only death follows?

Can God survive it?

Can we survive it?

Can He think?

Is God then the man to talk to at all?

Why am I supposed to think that He can lead us?

Why is this belief vain, false, and untrue in my mind, and with me knowing it full well then?

Yet I do follow Him still.

Why?

What mercy does He show?