

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

# The Hereafter

*by C J F Brand*

I stopped next to Lord God 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 as He pulls it to and fro. He looks up to see how high these ropes, all with knots at the bottom, extend upwards, disappearing into the two storey tall archway. This wall extends to the roof, which He also notices. He stares up at the roof. He sees that this is the widest part of the whole triangular hall, if one can call something so vast a hall. The two adjacent walls running from this wall comes closer to one another over a vast distance, occupied in deep discussions in its corner are the many people we don't know nothing of, whence Lord God and me came from, 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 vast rooms, or separate halls. This is to be found on the opposite side of this roped curtain archway. The cobblestone floor which extends past the roped doorway starts just after the grass lawn ended. 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 great deal. Lord God tilts His Head at the same angle as the buildings and the ground, His face though still contain the same numb lifeless abstract expression.

I realized 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. They stopped me each and every time, all of us who tried.

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.

I took to the green papers in my hands and read some more from the letter written to Lord God, by Fence Bontagel:

**‘God will always be greater than us. In that we must believe.’ My friend said to me vainly.  
‘But He can’t be Greater than us; we’re even cloning that grey stuff.’ I said.  
‘It is called your brains.’  
‘I shall surely need them.’ I added.**

**We sat in silence, contemplating.**

...and there was the rope wall. I had not known about it before, or not for very long. Then, perhaps by accident, I had to grab onto one of the many ropes to keep from falling when I was scaling the wall of one of the two vast rooms on the opposite side. When I realized how many individual ropes there were, and how thick, I couldn’t imagine it was a doorway made like that in order to be soundproof. It was only when I was more than halfway through them that I heard the sounds of these men me and Lord God know nothing of, having such a good time. I then finally learned there was something beyond them.

It was mere luck.

**So as I sat there, me, Fence Bontagel, of all people, with my head quite literally in shreds, when my friend’s son came walking in. His father sent him away soon enough but I stopped him short and called him back.  
‘Son, come here. Listen. I want to tell you about the Hereafter. So you know what happens when you die?’  
This twenty-something child looks at me like he saw a ghost.  
Well, considering the state I was in it surely was no surprise.**

I am standing 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 haphazardly on their way up. I look at the knots that came to be in them randomly at different heights. I see the knots that initially weren’t supposed to be there, but with time came to be there, and realized that with time, which is not of essence here, how many I personally may have come to cause.

As Lord God passed me and made me feel guilty of the wrong I did in causing these knots to be made, whether by accident, or on purpose. I felt guilt ridden, for I knew the knots caused some of the ropes not to be touching the ground any longer due to the knots making them shorter. Some were entangled with others and were meters from the ground.

I continue reading:

**‘Let me tell you son, 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.'**  
**'It really is that simple.'**

Lord God walked through the many ropes hanging from the arch, without heeding me anything other than the blunt expression He had been carrying all along.

On the other side of the big dividing wall with the roped doorway reaching all the way to the ceiling, was the other even bigger hall with these two vast rooms, much bigger even than this one we came from. It had two walls on either side of a passage running parallel to one another through the middle of the vast space, and forms then this cobblestone walkway, extending from the side of the roped doorway we came from.

The parallel walls, ancient, made of solid granite blocks, like all other buildings and divisions here did not reach the ceiling. It which was incredibly high and moved up higher and higher still, away from the doorway we just passed through. The cobblestone walkway led to the entrance doorway through which I initially came here. In order to reach it I had to have rhythmically walked the immensely long stairway with so many thousands upon thousands of steps, all the way up to its entrance toward which we were heading.

I can remember it still.

As we passed the rope doorway, me with Lord God, I started feeling an uneasy tiredness. In all this time, which wasn't time at all, I have never rested from my quest. Still, my quest is incomplete. Lord God hasn't touched my own letters or contemplated my idea. I had never said a word about it to Him, in fear of what He might do and how He might react. Instead I said nothing, not yet, and don't know when I would, or should.

The opposite of love, what is it, if not fear? How can I speak my letters, what had brought me all the way here to the Hereafter, the road I had taken, or my idea, to such a man sickened in fear? Half of our lives' mistakes we have caused our selves, but would He listen to them?

Would He care?

Why must I tire, and be forced to sleep now, when in all this time I was awake and never ever slept?

How can I deceive my self still, and so much?

What about life?

Yes, what about life in its self?

What about love, some observation and consideration, with which to dissipate this fear?

I came all this way, all this time I tried to find Lord God, my letters, tried vainly to wake Him from His sleep, and share my idea with Him. Here, now, after all this time, just look at how 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 indeed still be sleeping.

Maybe He is sleepwalking. I had never woken Him up! I look at where He stopped in front of the fence, here in the middle of the cobblestone walkway. As He is 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, then next to Him, to see that He has this atrocious look on His face.

His stare is directed at the fence on the cobblestone walkway, extending beyond the rope curtain doorway.

How will I explain this to Him?

Does He know?

He seems not to have known. The fence separates the two giant rooms whose walls don't extend all the way to the roof. Those scaling the walls can then not reach the other room from the one where they came from. This is because the fence runs all the way down the cobblestone walkway, right to the main entrance to the Hereafter, where you initially come in. It separates the two rooms by force.

Has He really then never seen the fence before now?

I feel uncomfortable and read some more from the party green letter:

**'You see kid, Satan would be laying asleep in front of the rolling gate of Hell and you don't wish to wake him up to only let him be seeing you roll the gate by your self.'**

**'Now, on the other side, 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.'**

**'Son, you have to decide which room you will take, and will stay in, when you come in.'**

**'I don't think you're in the position to be teaching Fence, you lost half your brain.'** My friend warned me against my teaching his child things like these.

I went on explaining to his son nevertheless. He knew he could correct me where I go wrong, and even his son could.

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

**'In Heaven then these practiced fat old ladies, who spent their entire lifetimes on earth perfecting this agonizing crying and screaming of theirs, and for it to be on perfect pitch, are crying the whole damned time.'**

I ventured to cough somewhat in the presence of Lord God who seems to be perfectly at ease with my words, if perhaps not asleep still. I do not know. He would not do anything else but listen, or sleep, so I decide to rather continue reading as He is possibly watching the separating fence He had up to now probably not yet seen.

**‘In Hell, on the other hand, you will find another kind of creature. You see, in every country all over the globe, and in each and every culture, there are always at least one comedian, or sometimes even some in competition, who scares people that they are going to steal their stash. Every country has them, and they all end up in Hell.’**

**‘The problem is that in Hell the only position you can lie in to sleep, is flat on your stomach, and believe me, in Hell you get tired. You get really very tired.’**

**‘It does sound 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.’**

By this time it really does seem that Lord God had not seen the fence before now.

He looks at the man who lies with his deer hindquarters fast asleep beneath his unique clock. Yes, he has from the lower back down the hindquarters of a deer and two black stump horns on his head. When, in a couple of decades, the clock rings its wake up melody, he gets up slowly to switch it off. He would stretch his deer hind quarters, with the hoofs crackling on the cement surface, next to which his little sleeping mattress still lies. Around his left deer ankle two halves of metal meets, the one side with a hinge, the other side with a lock. This would be shaking and ringing together with his hooves on the cobblestones as he stretches out from his long sleep. From this ring of metal a long steel chain runs, of which the end is attached to the wall next to his clock and his mattress.

He would scan around him, standing in this, his corridor. He would look upon the one room on the one side, look at its wall, and then upon the other room and its wall, and then upon the fence running all the way through the cobblestone corridor, separating these two rooms. He would slowly walk to the roped doorway, holding his fork proudly upright, or dangling it against the fence, making a loud noise as he does so.

The fence stops a couple of meters short of the ropes. This is also where the slack of the chain attached to the deer ankle of this man stretches stiff. The fence, a strong, solid steel construct, with rods running from deep within the cobble stones protruding up to about two meters length, splits into an interwoven artwork with sharpened edges all round the top, making passing over it impossible.

Into this place no tools such as hacksaws or cutters or anything could pass.

This man with his deer hindquarters would take a deep, proud breath and start walking back, next to the fence. His fork he would let clutter against the steel rods, and thereby scare all people from his self, his deer hind quarters, the horns on his head, and his shiny, pitch black goat bearded face. This is his fence.

After the long walk through the corridor up to the soundproof rope curtain, clattering and ringing, he would get to the end of the fence. This would only be a couple of meters away from being able to hear the party of men which me and Lord God knows nothing of, saturated in eternal discussions we know nothing of, behind the soundproof roped wall.

He does not take time to look around. He would only look at the end of the fence stopping short of the soundproof roped doorway, with his chain pulled tight. He would move out his free hand and feel if the end is still properly cemented. Satisfied that it is, he would then slowly turn around, facing the length of the fence again. He would simply, slowly walk back, once again pushing his fork against the rods and making a noise.

As he would get to his clock and mattress he puts his fork upright against the wall again yet again, next to his clock. He would then habitually set the clock for another couple of decades, and go back to sleep curled up on his little mattress on the floor.

**‘Stop this bullshit, you’re confusing the kid.’ My friend stops me again. ‘You’re confused in your self right now.’**

**‘Don’t stop me now I’ve got something to tell. I know it.’**

**He just sighs and goes on working in my head.**

**‘But as I said son, you come into this cobblestone corridor, Heaven and Hell is to your left and right, but the corridor goes on. And, although many millennia ago these walls were built to keep people in for eternity, as you know nothing made by man can last forever. So people scale the walls or make holes, and thereby escape their eternal wrath, if they eventually realize their predicament.’**

**‘If, that is.’ I said after thinking a while. ‘...and in an attempt to eradicate this wrath of the predicament they are in, they might just decide to scale the walls of their damnation, either with their stash stolen, or not.’**

**‘This they do in their quest to further their personal inquisitions into the purpose of the continuance of this corridor. In all the time they have there, they have discussed amongst one another and repeatedly questioned those said to have witnessed this eventuality of the continuance of the corridor.’**

**‘Are you following me still, son?’ My friend said I was talking shit, but allowed me to go on still, working on my head.**

**‘Yes.’ He said.**

By this time I grew tired, wary of the company I am in. My tongue started to drag as I read the letter. I could not go on any longer. I did not want to be here any more. It was all so boring, so monotonous. It bore no meaning other than the self-deception about self-murder that was prevalent in all the racism, the fascism. I had enough of it. I was fed up, and Lord God, what was He to do?

Who was He?

Had He any care?

I stood in wonder as to how I could explain my self to Lord God, being as tired as I presently am. He still stood staring at the man lying on the ground of which everyone was so scared of, even after I stopped reading. I saw as Lord God dangerously move closer to the sleeping man with the deer hindquarters lying curled up on his mattress, my eyelids growing heavier and heavier, the clock ticking above this man and Lord God. I grew scared and wanted to save Him from the dangerous sleeping man.

Nobody ever dared disturb this man’s rest. Lord God simply walked up to him and took a hold of the chain attached to his deer ankle and pulled it to inspect if it was properly attached. I almost ran away as the deer’s hindquarters moved. It really did seem as if he had been woken up.

I failed to tell Lord God of this man, I failed to tell Lord God of a good many things, and nothing yet of the fence, of all the racism. I knew though, that since I was accompanying Him wherever it was we went, He would surely ask me since I was here so long, and all

the time I was actually awake. I do not know why Lord God never asked me anything, only looked. What was it He knew, and what did He wonder?  
Sadly I grew strangely wary and tired. It was so long ago that I have gone without any sleep at all.

Never in here have I slept.

I must've dozed off or something against the wall, for Lord God bumped against me when He returned to walk back, or so it seems.

I don't know if He wanted me to follow, if He did listen to the letter I had read to Him.

I followed Him reluctantly, tired.

My limbs were numb, I only wanted to sleep. I forgot about my idea, about good economic sense, about privatization and disenfranchisement and all I ever knew or believed. I faded away, and became a nothing, nobody.

I needed to sleep, but I could not leave Lord God unattended. I have to get Him to read my letters too. I, we, Him and me, we have to see what this letter is about. This is the letter which was added to mine by Mr. Bontagel, and which he had sent here to the Hereafter for us, I am sure he did.

I have to yet again remember, as to what my special quest is, I have to share with Lord God what my idea is.

What was my idea again?

What was all this time for?

I had grown so wary.

I could barely follow Lord God.

He walked ahead of me and I watched Him with His long grey hair and long grey beard walking in long strides.

I could not keep up, but tried. As we headed for the roped doorway soundproofing these two big rooms from the noise of the men me and Lord God knows nothing of, I looked back. I wondered if I will ever have the opportunity to return to the people who in this time, and in these rooms, I have gotten to know. I wonder how they, also having been as self-deceptive about their inevitable self-murders they were to get for their hatred, could have been so stupid and ignorant.

I wish I could at least find a chance to tell Lord God of them, and of my experiences with them here, our differences, of what we had in common. Thea was good company, but she was innocent and wanted to stay that way, then there was Rick and Danny, Danny I liked, though Rick was a prick. Rick Prick.

Only vainly do I remember them at this time.

**'Now son, there's this one guy who gets out of Heaven barely succumbing to the grisly bears guarding the wall easiest to scale, or perhaps he came past Satan guarding Hell. He walks down this cobblestone corridor he was told of, and sees that it really does exist.'**

**'At the end of the corridor he notices a huge entrance. To the left there is situated a reception desk with some big abstract logo on top and one in front of it. It looks pretty much neglected, left to centuries of decay like everything else around here.'**

**'Behind this reception desk a receptionist is sitting reading comic strips. Why he reads comic strips you shouldn't ask me because I wouldn't know. But anyway, as he comes walking toward the entrance having escaped the eternal wrath behind him, the comic strip reading guy lifts his head only slightly from the arm he was leaning on. He raises an eyebrow, giving him an inspecting look.'**

**"May I come in?" The man asks him. The receptionist, in an attempt to evade any possibility of being questioned as to the requirements of entrance tells him in all earnest: "Yes."**

**'Oh come on, your story is ridiculous.' My friend says.**

**'It is not always that this comic strip reading receptionist bites those coming through shit.'**

**'You just don't know what to say because you lost half your brain.' He said.**

**'Indeed, and he wouldn't?'**

**'I know it is tough to pass into your Hereafter's unknown part, but what does it hold? Where does it go?' My friend prompted me on.**

**'This man who escaped his eternal damnation was obviously scared of this man querying the requirements he had to have, don't you think so, son?' I ventured on.**

**I cannot possibly remember what the boy's reply was.**

I feel tired, I have to sleep. First I have to follow Lord God. Then I realized that as we walked through the corridor back to the roped doorway, that it has gone. The giant wall dividing the two rooms from the hall on the other side was missing all of a sudden. It had disappeared completely. Instead there were only two walls keeping the two rooms closed off from the area with the many men Lord God and me knows nothing of. To the left of the entrance to this place with the men Lord God and me knows nothing of, there stood a reception desk instead.

It was amazing.

Behind this reception desk sat an odd little man, the man I remember despising most of all in this Hereafter. I remember him reading comic books. This was because I climbed on to the wall of the one room once to see what he read and saw his comic books. I do not remember him behind a reception desk. I only remember the roped doorway, but yet I do remember him here, somehow...

I am so tired.

I wish only to sleep now.

Yet I take the party green paper and read from it still, to Lord God:

**'The guy escaping his eternal damnation in Hell, or perhaps then his eternal liberation in Heaven, walks on and notices a giant neatly kept lawn stretching from left to right before, as well as right round a massive venue. A hall on the left with a big canopy attached to it houses all the innumerable people there next to a giant store. They all seem to be having a jolly good time there. The conversation is blooming. Loads of invigorating loud discussions seems to be going on over there.'**

**'The guy approaches a group standing to one side around a table and propose the wish to join in the conversation, but he could not quite grasp the expert field of discussion on which they were presently focused. After a while somebody there noticed this new arrival looking lost. He excused his self for a short second from the conversation and pulled the new arrival toward the lawn. He points to one side. "Do you see that shed over there?" He gets asked. "Yes." The guy reluctantly replies.'**

**"I was wondering if I could ask you if you could perhaps push the big lawnmower out there onto the grass. Something is wrong with it and the grass is growing taller, as you can see."**

**'The guy went in just as much curiosity as the man who sent him to this shed, and to go and see what was wrong with the lawnmower.'**

**'Then there was another man with stash stolen who scaled the wall of Hell and nearly fell on Satan sleeping as he got over the wall. Fortunately for him he didn't. He walked past Heaven, but did not like the music of the fat old crony ladies at all. He decided to walk the road up the alleyway to where he saw, in the distance, our previous guy walking toward the lawnmower shed, and he followed in this direction.'**

I followed Lord God right to the reception desk but cannot bear the thought of waiting awake here in the company of the receptionist that I learned to despise and hate so much. I decided to curl down under the height of the receptionist counter so that he may not see me at all. I sat down, but made sure I moved in sight of Lord God who stood facing the reception counter so He may remember me when He should depart after speaking to the receptionist.

The Lord had that same reptile like gaze on His face. Expressionless His gaze was, still, as it had been with me, and as we head on to our secret place, a place I had not known of, could not find, without Him.

There, perhaps there, we would talk, and I can tell Him of my idea.

'What are you doing here?' God asked Him.

I lifted my head from my tired arms, seated against the counter because suddenly Lord God spoke, and spoke to the receptionist. I was astounded to hear Him actually say a word. I thought He was still asleep. Lord God sees my astonishment, and looks angry at me. Completely dumbfounded, there and then I decide to read some more:

**'He reached the place the first guy got to in good time, and decided to also attempt talking to the men having such a good time instead of following the first guy going to the shed. He ended up talking to a different man, who looked around for some time and after seeing the first guy busy with the lawnmower, he said: "Son, yes, you see that guy there busy with the lawnmower? The rear wheel is flat. I don't know what he is trying to do there. Can you quickly go see to that?"'**

**"Yes." The second guy reluctantly said.'**

**"The lawn is getting longer; it is starting to become a problem for the men. We need it cut by morning latest."**

**'The guy left and went to join the first guy busy at the lawnmower.'**

I do not know why I was stupid enough to interrupt them to read this, so I sat back down, hiding behind the counter.

I did read it loud and clear, and tired as I was. The receptionist or whatever he truly is, gets round the counter, and gets down on his knees in front of Lord God. I do not know if he even saw me at all, or heard my reading, or if perhaps he understood it. I just know I am tired.

I find it odd to suddenly see this reception counter, which had appeared here so suddenly in the place of the giant old wall extending all the way to the roof with its roped doorway. How did this happen? I have only seen it now for the very first time, as if it had never been here, but yet as if I know so well. I frown at it in wonder.

The receptionist begs Lord God for mercy, but why?

'I... well, please! I... I stand guard here at the entrance. I... I have to!' The man clearly is particularly nervous. I have never seen this man I learned to hate so much scared. He was completely petrified.

'I mean... ' He tries to explain: 'Well... please forgive me for I have sins!'

He literally crawls in front of Lord God on the ground. If not for this I would surely have been asleep already. I try to keep awake, and he trembles.

'I have to ask this question, this very particular question, my dearest Lord God, to the people, you see... ' I hear as he vainly tries to explain, and I try to keep my eyes from fading into sleep.

'To see... to ensure... -to make bloody sure nobody wrong gets in here. Yes!' He tries to look justified in his answer. My eyelids falls over my eyes, I lower my head onto my arms.

'Which wrong ones?' I imagine a frown on the face of Lord God as He curiously asks this of the petrified receptionist.

'The ones that must stay that way and never come this way.' He ends up pointing toward the men Lord God and me knows nothing about.

'All I wish to know is by what criteria you allow people access to that other side.' Lord God asks, as he points there too.

'I have to see that they are right, of course!' I hear him trying to sound self assured again, so typical of him.

'Right?' God exclaims, waking me from falling asleep.

'Right for it... for that side...' He points his finger toward the men in loud discussions again.

The Lord thinks a while. 'Who told you to do this?' I tried to listen and I tried to keep awake, but could barely make sense of the words that was only a nuisance to me as it hammered my mind from sleep. I was so tired.

The man explained something of how, many millennia ago somebody amongst these people Lord God and me don't know nothing of, told him to ask this question to those trying to come this way. I think that was what I had heard. I was too tired. Sleep was all that mattered to me now, all of a sudden. I could not keep my eyes open, my head was spinning and their words gradually became inaudible. The sense of words being spoken faded from my mind as sleep crept up on my mind.

I dozed off, but only for a little while.

Then I stood in a dream. I remember it still. I had heard them still from inside this dream.

'...but it is okay if you cannot remember my child.'

'Please forgive me my Lord!'

'It's all right my child, do not fret, and do tell me more...'

I pulled my self upright with a fright, held the party green paper to my eyes to try and keep them open, and was intrigued. I read it out loud:

**'So I ask my friend the doctor's son why he thinks this really big lawn with its neatly trimmed trees and resting benches are so important to these people having such a good time.'**

The words rolled in front of me on the party green paper, the words even came from my mouth, but to Lord God they must be inaudible. I stopped to recall what was going on around me, stopped my reading, and fell asleep.

In my dream I stood facing Mr. Bontagel.

He stood on his knees, but he did not frown at me.

Why now, why such a dream?

Fence Bontagel wasn't petrified, and he had no shock to deal with, neither did he show any emotions for the fact that I was blatantly pointing the gun right at his head.

I specifically remember not having pointed the gun at him when it happened, but next to him, and here I was, pointing it straight at him.

Mercilessly...

His face, instead his face was soft and white like silk.

It had the tender complexion of somebody completely at rest.

It was completely void of expression. It looked like the face of God.

It showed no emotion, if only that of rest, tender sleep.

Like mine.

As if from a far distance away I heard words that made no sense to me, words that kept coming and coming in streams. It was Lord God and the receptionist, still talking.

'...but do tell me more.'

'He would never tell me, he is Satan, and his lies cannot be understood...'

'Tell me.'

'...and ...and then he would come here walking on those deer hindquarters and question me, to see if I can remember. He would never tell me! And then he just goes off again...'

**'And this son of my friend the doctor looks at me and doesn't know what the large and neatly kept lawn and all is for.'**

**'I ask him to think about it.'**

**'And so he thinks.'**

**'And he thinks, but he couldn't answer it.'**

**'He had no idea what the lawn is for!'**

**“It is for the golf course!!!!” I exclaimed.'**

I can remember back in those last stress filled days of my life before I was caught, how I handed Mr. Bontagel the keys to the safe in my room containing the red envelope with my letters. It happened here in this dream, but as I gave the keys to him it simply fell to the ground! It is because his limbs were numb and hung motionlessly down the sides of his body!

He must pass the letters! He must!

I must share my idea and my experiences!

I must be the messenger!

From within my dream I can still hear the receptionist crying in shame, and Lord God comforting him.

If only such fate as that of the receptionist could be falling on me too.

I seem to be seeing the face of Mr. Fence Bontagel, and somehow I see the Satan, the man with the deer hind quarters, standing on the right shoulder of Mr. Bontagel. The Satan, standing there, faces me with anger.

He stares at me as if to know if I am man enough, yes, did he say that?

No, he never could.

It is Mr. Bontagel who speaks through him, for him. They must be friends.

No, the Satan looks as though he misses this friend, and he is angry at me.

I feel sad.

I have killed Mr. Bontagel but I see no wound to his head. There is none, there are no bullet marks. There is only the silky skin and the soft hair, the sleeping face.

On his other shoulder stands the guard at the entrance of the other big room. It is the Angel who loves the song coming from the auditorium inside the room so much, with the plastic smile which could not help but fail to convince one that it could perhaps once have been genuine.

For the first time I realize that.

Why, never before, did I manage to see this?

Mr. Bontagel's sleepy and silky face fills my gaze. The Angel in white is looking at me and smiling, convincingly, standing on his right shoulder. Sadly the music, like Fence's life, is gone.

Nothing is to be heard.

Why then, is the Angel still smiling? I cannot understand it.  
He seems not to miss the friendship he had with Mr. Bontagel.

He misses mine.  
He expects it from me, the Satan looks my way too.

I shun them from my gaze, looking sideways, but at exactly at the time when something swooped up into the air.

I looked at the racetrack and all the people who are gathered, in shock and horror at my actions; they are gathered all around the racetrack. I am the centre, the centre of the racetrack.

I look at them and they look at me, and I know that some are with the Despo.

I look at all the others too.

I look skyward to see what swooped up into the sky so suddenly. There, way up high, I saw something as small as a needle's end, deep in the vast open distance vertically upward in the clear sky. The thing kept swooping ever higher and the wind can be heard swooping around it still, fast, and so fast, until it completely disappeared.

Then another, and another, and three more.  
It didn't stop.

All the cars, race cars, the trucks, and ordinary cars in the lot were swooped up into the void, the vast open heavens, where they all disappeared into the distance beyond, beyond any of us.

The truck with the men I had shot and the truck with the captives I had made, the race cars and visitor cars, all of these were swooped up into the open void too.

Blades of grass and gravel coming from their wheels and from the ground they stood on slowly rained down on us all.

Why do I find Mr. Bontagel standing here on his knees in front of me, armed with an Angel on his one shoulder, and the Devil on his other shoulder?

He is neither.

He cannot utter a thing without them.

Muted he stands, his eyes glazed by death.

He is dead.

He has been dead for long, sordidly self-deceptive about it.

Mr. Bontagel's eyes did not gain any life at all, even as the first carcass of a car came wrecking down from the sky at tremendous speed. It smashed straight into the ground next to the racetrack lane and the pain caused by its splinters and shards of glass hitting the people sped them off in various different directions.

Mr. Fence Bontagel's eyes did not gain any life at all, not with the second smashing wreck, nor the third.

All the vehicles went up, and all the vehicles rained back down, slamming down on this global village. They had done so, as if invited. They were, due to their weight and speed, being smashed flat with their impacting the ground.

The frantic people scrambled all around. Each and all of them were frantic, avoiding the path of impact the cars will have with the ground. They were all looking up, all aiding, and all grabbing one another. Together then they were running to and fro in their little packs. They were holding hands and screaming warning with their hearts filled with their petrified gazes.

I slowly walk to a wreck of a race car that landed quite close. The driver's completely deformed body hung halfway through the window. His head was still in his racing helmet.

I turn his head around my way, and saw again the sleeping face of Mr. Fence Bontagel, soft as satin.

I walk to one of the trucks, as it lay flattened to the ground, still filled with the bodies of the people I have murdered with the gun.

Their dismantled bodies lay strewn amongst the debris of the upturned truck.

Each and every one of them had the same face. It was none other than the peaceful white soft satin face of Mr. Fence Bontagel.

How could this be?

I only wanted to be a messenger.

I didn't want any of this.

I wished only to be a bearer of my idea, that's all. I didn't care where I was to stay, where my money was to come from, from whom, why, how I was to live.

So many messengers there were. They were the bearers of an idea. There were so many bearers, so lost.

I only wished to be a messenger.

What am I doing here? How can anything right be done right without any moneys for remuneration, as remuneration for passion, for having a viable calling?

Is it not true that Lord God's Botum loot would go only to those threatening His life, scared of their existence being unjustified as looting madmen and murdering lunatics?

Who else could it possibly go to?

Why am I trying so hard, so vainly, and so late, to achieve the inevitable, namely life it self, and yet is it not the impossible in this Hereafter?

I don't think Lord God is the man to speak to.

I think Lord God is totally and helplessly demented. I think these looting Tods we know nothing of would blatantly murder Him if He gave me anything at all.

I think they would still do even if He only gives me some well wishes.

Would these looting Tods not be imposing on Him a replacement, an impostor maybe, to be the new puppeteer to these shepherds of death threatening Him so?

I have an idea and it is our idea.

I want to be a messenger...

Will you live and work for a future, giving mankind your message, when this very same Lord God and Master Thomas must fund you?

Is our fate our will and wish?

Are we owned unto death?

Are they perhaps dead and done for?

What am I doing here? Why am I trying so hard, so vainly, and so late, to achieve the inevitable, namely life it self, and yet is it not the impossible? How can anything right be done right without any moneys for remuneration, as remuneration for passion, for having a viable calling?

Is it not true that Lord God's Botum loot would go only to those threatening His life, scared of their existence being unjustified as looting Tod madmen and murdering lunatics? Who else could it possibly go to? Is it not they imposing on Him a replacement, an impostor maybe, to be the new puppeteer to these shepherds of death looting Tods threatening Him so?

I aspire to bringing that message...

I want to be a businessman again. That is my wish.

Workers are those who do the work and earn the remuneration. Without getting it, who is work for?

This is my golden ticket. This is life's New Frontier.

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 entire 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-murderous self?

I have pulled you right from Hell's fury  
by dipping you  
right into your all consuming War  
right into 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 and your 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 dissent or consummation?  
To the profiteerism of the mad?  
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?

Are you then really angered against me?

To you,  
the self-pitying and blame-gaming destroyers of mankind  
never in wonder  
never in question  
and never ever in doubt

If you continue sleeping,  
accomplice to death

Death

Lays at your very 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  
running into your personal death  
to not face your own remorse  
to let others die for your grandiosity  
as a looting madman,  
a lunatic

you  
Original Sinner

Wishes me crucified  
or perhaps to attend your War  
for an extension  
but only,  
a mere tiny extension  
of your existence lived in jealous wrath  
of life it self  
as you heap your regrets  
derail your self in depression  
ever more

Outer space  
contains infinite stars and galaxies  
filled with life  
teaming with intelligence  
against you  
you who never knew,  
you who never ever wondered

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

We will fear not death  
we will stop death,  
for 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 murdered  
for all 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 him self  
when he is 35-45  
it's 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,  
and in our Global Village

We have only one  
and it is  
a corporation  
and it has

only one objective

Survival,  
Subsistence,  
Sustenance,  
Salvation,  
for its lost souls,

Always

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

Always  
Everywhere

and little groups of riders  
stopping only for tea parties

the genuine

Technology Supporters,  
hard working,  
value adding businessmen

Standing in,  
understanding,  
the good economic sense  
of a peaceful,  
global,  
sustainable economy

Money is needed to start a business  
if racist Tod madmen and cronies keeps it  
to their selves,  
for their selves,  
they can but only use it  
in schemes, scams, and stunts  
for sowing us to death  
specifically for keeping us from seeing  
the grandiose looting exiteers  
that truly they are

But life must prevail

we will not falter  
we will not fail

Never

Because still,  
we are ALIVE