

LUNATOPICS

Ivan Radev
Sofia, Bulgaria

Smashwords edition

Published by Ivan Radev at Smashwords

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Special thanks to Maria Nanova and Ralitzia Batcheva for their generous support.

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[A WALK WITH A MASK](#)

One day, as I walked unassumingly through the park, I looked around. There were many people, but still, the faces of those communicating with each other, were left unseen. They were covered with masks. As they walked side by side, they lied to themselves and to those besides them. They walked silently and void of life... they walked, all of them, towards the sunset – so beautiful and so natural... and, for but a moment, I removed my mask, which had left its mold on my face, as if I wanted to tell them “goodbye”, just like that – for the last time.

Nevertheless there were those that were no longer masked. Their thoughts wandered in circles, growing weaker and weaker, as their feelings screamed into infinity. But were they to see some hope, some distant sign, maybe even a ray of light?... their thoughts quickly hid beneath their masks put on in just a moment onto their faces – the masks stood proudly scarred, worn-out and rotten from the inside out; then, they set forward with resolve. But I did not remove my mask for them, they were now too little... too pitiful.

There were also people with ideals. People void of sorrow. People full of dreams. People void of fear from the coming day. They wore their own masks, yet their masks were different. The masks were not to hide them, quite the contrary, to protect their beauty, to protect their souls. And yet I could see their eyes, stressfully concentrated, waiting for what's to come. I, out of respect, slightly pushed my mask away, so they could see my eyes, for they should know, that maybe they are not alone.

One day, as I walked unassumingly through the park, full with buildings and cars, I looked around.

WHEN SURROUNDED BY LUNACY, SANITY BECOMES MADNESS

Most would say that an essay starts with an introduction. But why is that? Why should this be so compulsory when these texts should be readily distinguishable from each other? Would I be mad if I don't write an introduction, or would I be mad if I wrote one and became like all the rest? Why do all grey voices answer in unison:

- "Who are you to say what is right and what is wrong? Be like us! You scare us now, although we do not understand it."?!

Imagine a place, a place which is full of faces, but has so few worthy souls. Just imagine our society. Am I alone in it, although I feel that there is someone else? Am I all alone?!

- "No!" – you answer me – "look at everyone around you – they are all alive – just like you."

- "Are they really? Is this true?... for one to be alive, doesn't it mean to have faith and desire?"

- "No!" – you answer me in yet another unison – "What are these improvable things that you write of? Why hasn't anyone of us written a book on that topic? These things do not exist!"

...and clearly I am now alone, searching for someone, who can stop the pain and sorrow, waiting and believing in Her. Someone so needed and so desired. Am I really the one that is insane amongst all you sane ones, or aren't you the ones that are terrified and crazy!?!...

Now a conclusion should be written here. But why should I write one? Why am I supposed to write it? Shouldn't you be the ones that have to arrive to a conclusion, without my help?

- "Do write – what kind of essay will this be otherwise? And why do you even write this text, when you do not want to write it as we do – as it should be done!?"

- "Why should I be like you? Don't I have the right to be myself? Don't I have the right to exist? Don't I... don't I have the right to think and feel!?"

A DAY

(Part 1)

A nice early morning. Everything is so beautiful. The sky – so big and blue... understandable, after all, it is enormous. The wind – so quiet and peaceful, as if it has no problems... obviously – after all it is the wind, always void of troubles. The trees, birds and animals... carrying the freshness of the spring with them – naturally – they live their own life harmoniously – guided by the natural song of fate.

- Really?

A gentle late morning. Everything is so normal. The sky – sparkling and shining – obviously – the Sun is so bright – the closest star we see. The wind – soft and cool – fun – it seems to guide me towards something... Where does it lead me to? The trees, birds and animals – playfully engaged in strange dances – interesting – it's as if the time for them passes without ever ending.

- Sure... but what will you choose?

A passionate fiery noon. Everything goes by so fast and crazy. The sky – bright and hot – it is great for tanning. The wind – wildly blows through my hair – not a big deal – I was going to the hairdresser anyway. The trees, birds and animals – out of breath due to hurrying too much, because they also want to find a mate to get laid.

- How does it feel to be great? How does it feel when everything is at your feet and the world spins because of you – letting you take whatever you want?

- You lunatic – envious of my charms you are!

A grey and boring afternoon. Everything is so annoying. The sky – dark and rainy – heralds a storm. The wind – cold and cutting to the bone – it wants to punish my roughened skin. Why?! – I ask of it. The trees, birds and animals – their eyes glaring at me, while their twisted branches wallow – they are making fun of me because of what I'd become. If I could I would uproot them, kill them, destroy each and every one of them!

- What happened to you, did you age?

- This is none of your business – it is easy for you to speak like that, when I am only in this essay!

- Your fears are lurking at every corner, and I will show you that I am but one of them...

A dark and evil night. Everything is out for some raw meat. The sky – lonely, with but a single glimpse of light in all the darkness – how I wish I could find the strength to have an impulse of hope – I know – it is just a ball of mud reflecting the light of the Sun which had forsaken me – it is worthless. The wind – blowing in an evil rumble, it urges me to run – how I wish I could hide from it, but I know it is behind my every step – everywhere around me. The trees, birds and animals – angrily they point at me, hissing and roaring – they watch me with their red eyes, as if they want to eat me!

- You know all too well what happens to you next.

- No! I refuse to accept it!

- Does it matter if you accept it or not?

- Stop, you have no power over me!

- I ought to disagree... and I will show you why. Still, I don't think you will understand.

-You are just stupid and insane – you can't achieve anything in this world and now as you know I have weakened, you abuse my life however you wish!

-Didn't I warn you?

-It was different back then – I am not responsible for what happened long ago – I changed.

-In life mistakes have no expiration date.

-You understand nothing – you are nothing, yourself.

-Yes, that is true. But still the paragraph is almost done, your day is over, and now as I finish writing, your end will come.

(Part 2)

An interesting and playful noon. Why noon you ask? I slept through the whole morning. I opened my eyes too late. But still I have no regrets. The sky has just become lightly blue – just the nuance, which looks great on a young lady. The wind playfully whispers names to me... of friends and strangers – who should I see today? The trees, birds and animals speak unheard words to each other, all in this world full of beauty. Chills run up my spine when I think that I may be a part of all this.

-YOU ARE JUST NAÏVE AND FOOLISH – JUST HUMAN!

The afternoon has come and it is time for the struggle to begin. If I look to what's above – foolishness – planes are circling around with an insensible dose of human mindlessness and unjustifiable pride. The sky – it is grey – but I know that it will survive humanity so I can see it again the way it was – beautiful and gentle. The wind is angry – full with human stupidity and stench. The trees – they are now but a decoration – at their place buildings grow. The animals – they are running and hiding – literally to save their skin. The minority is lucky – confined and chained to some concrete prison.

-YOU ARE WEAK NOW – YOUR TIME HAD COME.

Night... cool, even cold. I stand by myself, but not alone. The wind speaks to me, and the animals are telling me their lively stories. The trees are hugging me with their branches and the sky – it is so beautiful as it had just interchanged the colorful sunset with this manifest of twinkling stars.

-YOU ARE NOT ALONE? DON'T MAKE US LAUGHT...

-Didn't I tell you who keeps me company?

-THESE ARE NOT PEOPLE – THEY ARE JUST THINGS... YOU ARE A LUNATIC SPEAKING TO THEM.

-There are a lot of people too.

-WHERE ARE THEY, WE CANNOT SEE THEM?

-In their place inside my soul.

-THERE IS NO SOUL, YOU ARE JUST SCARED.

-Doesn't matter what you say, I am surrounded by all this endless beauty.

-THINK WHAT YOU WILL, BUT YOUR DOOM IS DRAWING NEAR...

-I know, but isn't it beautiful?

-YOU ARE CRAZY!

-Isn't it true that for a given life to have been beautiful, it has to end beautifully?

-THAT'S IT! IT IS OVER FOR YOU!!!

-Thank you.

ANIMALS. PLANTS. HUMANS.

Birth.

Learning.

Hunting.

Eating.

Sleeping.

Developing.

Sex.

Offsprings.

Teaching.

Hunter.

Shotgun.

Shell.

Shot.

Death.

Scarf.

...

Birth.

Groundbreak.

Leaves.

Base.

Blossoms.

Fruit.

Offsprings.

Development.

Chainsaw.

Death.

Chair.

...

Birth.

Spoiling.

Waiting.

Eating.

Sleeping.

Developing.
Sex.
Pleasure.
Mistake.
Offsprings.
Annoying.
Fights.
Aging.
Illnesses.
Death.
Rotten.

PARADOX II: WILLFUL ILLUSION COMPLEX

You...
You are alone...
You...
You want someone besides you.
You...
You are searching for him...
You are waiting for him...
You...
You hope...
You suffer...
He...
He isn't what he is?!
He...
He is lying to you...
He...
He isn't he...
He...
He isn't him...
Why?

Why?

You...

Do you know what faith is?

Faith?

Faith is everything...

Reality?

That what you believe it to be...

Why?

Why?

The truth isn't reality?

Because you...

...you believe in something else...

...someone else...

...he isn't he...

he isn't him...

Why?

Why?

Because you are afraid?!

But why?

From what?

Because you may not see what you have imagined?!

Because you may have lived in a dream up until now?!

A dream more valuable than many lives...

Your eyes...

They are so beautiful...

Your eyes are so magnificent and this rotten world couldn't possibly deserve to see them...

But how?

But how could you see him, if you are afraid of this...

...ugliness...

...vileness...

...loathing...

You...

You need to strive...

...strive to open them...

No!

You needn't!

Please!

Please!

Strive!

You are good,

gentle,

sweet,

merciful,

generous,

irreplaceable...

You...

You are the epitome of all who feel the sorrow from the constant illness of the soul...

You...

Believe,

Please,

Believe!

...and one day you will find the one who will...

...erase the sadness...

...illuminate the world...

...build a beautiful...

...beautiful,

but incomparable with you,

...shield...

...give you a little...

...a little,

but everything,

...everything he has...

...himself...

...himself and all he is...

Please,

Please,

I beg of you!

I know it is hard,

but please,

Try,

little by little,
day after day,
To open your gentle and beautiful eyes,
and when you see him,
SEE him.

PARADOX V: YEARNING COMPLEX

You always want something... you want a car... you want a house... you want a plane or is it a helicopter? You want a new computer... you also want a new TV – a huge LCD, of course... you want... you want everything! You don't seem to have anything... you don't have anything you want that is why you want it... how unfair, isn't it? Truly unjust... it was fun but now I have to stop. Making fun of you is just as pointless as you are pointless yourself. It doesn't matter what I write to you, it would never help you, because, all in all, wanting is the sole purpose of your life – to have some sort of entertainment until you die, and what is more interesting and endless than the desire to want everything you don't have. It would be really odd not to want something, right?

Hello,

It must be a frequent sight for you to see someone whine because he doesn't have this or that, how much he needs the object of desire, etc. when in reality it is clear that he has something which does a similar job. As I have already mentioned, this is a very interesting and worthwhile way to spend your life. What do we have left then? To try and enjoy what we have? But isn't this the definition of the phrase "giving up"? Should we try to stop wanting anything then? No, this way we will die from a total lack of will. What do I suggest then? I wouldn't dare advise you, but when it comes to me I want just a little, but at the same time I want everything. How is that possible? You may have heard unassuming people saying that all the stuff around them equates to nothing – there is no need for money if you are ill, no need for a car if there is no gas, etc. These thoughts led me to one, quite paradoxical, idea:

If so many things equate to nothing, then it's logical to conclude that a few things constitute everything.

PARADOX VII: INFERIORITY COMPLEX

A human, who has no chances to achieve something memorable.

A human, who has nothing of worth in his soul.

A human, who has no ideals, feelings or dreams.

A human, who has no shame when lying to those more beautiful than him.

A human! A lowly piece of garbage, capable of only creating trash such as himself.

A human! A wicked conscience striving to stain those more valuable than him.

A human! A twisted soul, which has long broken everything precious in its short life.

A human! A terrible being, waiting for its own end in its personal pseudo-darkness.

A human!!! Where are my boy, I want to rid you of your grey lifestyle.

A human!!! What are you waiting for, you better run!

A human!!! I am sorry, I didn't mean to scare you, I only meant to crush you!

A human!!! When will this "caring" heart of yours burst?!

You made a mistake more serious and more important than everything you are and you will ever be.

Through it, you proclaimed your own sentence.

You hurt something far more beautiful, kind and strong, than what your rotten imagination could ever dream of.

Your time has come.

Let the Light blind your eyes, which were full of vileness hidden by the mask of illusions.

Let the Darkness crush your grey shadow, a shame for all that deserves respect.

May people point the finger at you, for you were revealed for what you are and may no one else ever feel the sorrow from the constant illness of the soul, you once inflicted.

[PARADOX – LAST: HUMAN RACE](#)

Money.

All different, all equal. Happiness or sadness.

Money. Wars.

All different, all the same. The first one wins.

Money. Wars. Abuses.

All equal before the law, but the law is different for all.

Money. Wars. Abuses. Fear.

All scared, all terrified. Death is waiting at every corner.

Money. Wars. Abuses. Fear. Arrogance.

All different, all human. Let Nature deal with the rest.

Money. Wars. Abuses. Fear. Arrogance. Malice.

All different, all with a knife in the back. Who hacked whom?

Money. Wars. Abuses. Fear. Arrogance. Malice. Stupidity.

All men, but women are nothing. Leave her some of her blood, so that you can do her until
Death set you apart!

Wars.

All different, all the same. The first one wins.

Wars. Money.

All different, all equal. Happiness or sadness.

Wars. Money. Abuses.

All equal before the law, but the law is different for all.

Wars. Money. Abuses. Fear.

All scared, all terrified. Death is waiting at every corner.

Wars. Money. Abuses. Fear. Arrogance.

All different, all human. Let Nature deal with the rest.

Wars. Money. Abuses. Fear. Arrogance. Malice.

All different, all with a knife in the back. Who hacked whom?

Wars. Money. Abuses. Fear. Arrogance. Malice. Stupidity.

All men, but women are nothing. Leave her some of her blood, so that you can do her until
Death set you apart!

Abuses.

All equal before the law, but the law is different for all.

Abuses. Wars.

All different, all the same. The first one wins.

Abuses. Wars. Money.

All different, all equal. Happiness or sadness.

...

Kill,

Buy,

Sell,

Abuse,

Empower,

Enslave,

Screw, do,

Prey,

Lay, lay, lay...

And then get some sleep.

When you have rested – want!

Want,

Want,

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Want,

Until you can carry no more.

Use,

Abuse,

Whine,

Complain,

Demand,

Punish,

Screw,

Screw,

Screw,

Screw,

Screw,

Screw,

Screw,

Screw,
Screw,
Do,
Ram,
Pound,
Slam,
Betray,
Leave,
Crush,
Crush,
Crush,
And then screw Her again,
again,
again...
And if someday you lose Her – then help yourself!

And money and wars and abuses and fear and arrogance and malice and stupidity...
And again...
...money and wars and abuses and fear and arrogance and malice and stupidity...
And again and again...
...money and wars and abuses and fear and arrogance and malice and stupidity...
And again and again and again and again and again and again and again and again...

ENOUGH! Enough of this human foolishness. Do I have the right to judge?

I am a human? / I cannot judge?

I am I – I can do whatever I want to... this is your motto... or is it that way as long as it suits you?!

Why am I so arrogant, as to call you a “paradox”?

Weren't you the ones that neglected Nature and Her laws? How is that you are greater than the greatest thing of all?!

Isn't that paradoxical?

Why do I respect them?

They define beauty.

They are beauty itself.

And I wonder: aren't they paradoxically needed?

When, after all, I need them more than I need myself.

ARTS

I tried to write something for you...

I couldn't – when I think of you, I am at a lost for words.

I tried to compose a song for you...

I couldn't – only 7 tones and a few octaves, too little to even compare with the melody of your voice.

I tried to paint you, to make you a sculpture...

I couldn't – you are too beautiful for that.

FREEDOM

When I was born I was not free. I was unable to do anything on my own. I was left to the mercy of those around me. Everything was so strangely organized.

Then I started developing reason. Still, I wasn't free. I was capable of many things, but I needed the people's permission. I wouldn't say that things were strangely organized. Instead, I think it was strange that they are organized.

Now I know who I am. It sounds funny, naïve and clichéd, but I am bound by chains, which I have named:

Paradox X: Orderly Freedom Complex

“All” “we” “humans” “live” empowered by “freedom”! We are “free” to do “everything”, as long as it is not prohibited. We are “free” to enjoy the sadness of another, as long as it doesn't bother us. We are “free” to hurt anyone as long as it is “only” spiritually. And when I write that we are “free”, I know that we are “free” to be equal. I cannot be freer than anyone else. Not even freer than the one who sells his Freedom and Faith. Not even freer than the one who forsakes a principle of life – to seek strength and power – whether for good or for evil. Power in the powerlessness – face to face with Beauty – or – oppressing the stupidity born from the depths of the foolish human conscience – they are all the same to me.

How easy it is for you thousands of people – spiritually petty, little and oppressed by your own beliefs humans, to suffocate collectively the strong and spiritually great individuals!

It isn't good to strive!

As you may succeed...

It isn't advised to believe in the unimaginable!

Because you may be right...

You must not dream!

Because the dreams of only those who dream come true!

Why do I write like that?! Why do I think that these things are forbidden?!

I write because I want to. I don't think – I feel.

I don't need a question to give an explanation:

All you are entitled to strive for is a salary,

All you are entitled to believe in is what everyone else believes in, implanted into you from your birth through cursed hands and petty spells... long before you are able to say "NO!"!!!
What anger have I felt against those fools, whose underdeveloped brains think:

"Why does he care so much about that?",

but as soon as they get ill they run to their ugly and spiteful god, in a plea to save their asses from the worms awaiting them in the ground.

But let me say this to you – the worms are in your bodies, minds and spirits!

I can continue in this manner for many more pages – mocking and abusing those petty people, whose will is only ever enough to animate their little hearts (and I may as well be addicted), but there is no need for that – none of them would read this...

I write for there can only be Freedom in a world that allows it. And what could be a greater world than the soul of each and every graceful being!

I believe that those of us who long to be free have something that others don't. I, for example, can open this strange portal, which enables me to share my thoughts to those willing to listen.

Sunset. I stand still and watch how the magnificently colored Sun makes way for the similarly magnificent, but rather mystical starry sky. The feeling is beyond words. And this happens every day and every night. How could I ever complain about this world!? This view is so much more than me, that I feel astounded being able to see it.

Silence. There is no sound but the wind and the gently dancing leaves. It is so tranquil. I get the feeling that my petty thoughts go beyond the horizon and when I stop thinking, this striking natural silence returns to me.

I feel the air around my hands. I feel the miniature drops of water in it. This is the same water, which lets me live. Regardless of how minute this Freedom is, it is incredible how much strength it gives me. Strength, which I cannot even dream of – regardless of how many times I try.

All that was but a single moment. A moment spent watching the sunset at a quiet place. How little do we need... and sadly, it seems, too much. Nevertheless, all this doesn't really compare to someone really beautiful. (I have written so many words on that topic, but then again, isn't that also a sign of Freedom?). I greatly respect Nature, as well as what She has given me, but still the Sun doesn't have those eyes, smile and radiance... The wind does not have your sweet voice...

After all,
To be Free,
We just have to be together.

[LIFE](#)

First Movement: An Interlude to Chaos

It rains!

It hails!

Thunder roars and the ground shakes!

A vigorous storm the skies quakes!

The branches break, the animals cry!

Action and Chaos!

A lightning hits the earth!

A torrential shower floods all that's beneath!

The forest moans!

The clouds light up in sparks and answer in frightful tones!

Another outburst,

Quickly dispersed,

In danger and beauty immersed,

Relentlessly attacks the creatures accursed!

A lone animal treads the grass,

Waiting for something to come out,

And then at last,

The victim shows and it's eaten by the scout!

The storm never eases!

The roaring thunder the sky seizes!

A strive ending in a prize or punishment – for the inhabitants of the meadow!

...and thus through the eternal time,

What comes later goes,

Thus will come the now distant sunshine,

And the wind will calm, and who knows,

When Earth's time itself will end...

...somewhere there it is always known, known to no one,
The choices made by everything and everyone,
In eternity it exists and it does not exist,
Is and is not,
Does and does not,
Helps and hinders,
Does not help and does not hinder...

...but with no knowledge of all of this does my hero stride the magnificent storm,
He walks without knowing how his Fate will come and pass,
He will personally choose the choice which is already chosen,
A prize and a punishment for him,
His life and his soul,
All that belongs to him,
Happiness...

Second Movement: I am, I want, I can, I will, I am strong!, I am I!!, I am me!!!, I am I!!!! (I tirade!)

I am I!

*They show me many pictures,
They show me many strangers,
He struggles in deadly wounds,
He is one of the wealth exchangers!*

But I am I!, they and he are of no concern to me!

I am I!

*They educate me in many sciences,
They educate me in many madnesses,
He discovered the flame and the Light,
He discovered the world of Beauty and Might!*

But I am I!, they and he speak only trash to me!

I am I! My faith I will never betray!

I am I! The sole thing I have, I will never give away!

Not for salvation!

Not for Happiness!

Not for anything!

Because I am I!, I am more than they are, I know and I can,

I can and I think,

I think and I do,

I do and I strive!

I STRIVE!!!

I BELIEVE AND I FEEL!!

“The world is a place dominated by herd animals, which attack the different ones and those who are strong willed, without fail.”

Third Movement: The STRUGGLE and The Defeat

Have you heard,

Have you heard,

Have you heard???

Did you know,

Did you know,

Did you know???

of HIM!

This little disobedient bastard,

He tries to change the world – the petty rebel,

Does he even know how much he has pestered
Those around him that are far more noble!

*Who are you to know it all,
Who are you to take it all,
You have no right, you have no way,
To chase us derelicts away!*

Who is he to try and stop us!
He will never succeed even if it's his only purpose!

Who is he to say that we are petty,
even stupid,
When the punishment is beastly,
even morbid!

You know nothing!
You have nothing!
What we want, we do!
Thus we will never spare you too!

Let us show him that the dreams are only dreams, and he is but a lowly insect,
And because he always looks up to the skies, let us leave him wrecked!

“One who is alone in this world is nothing until there is someone to verify his very existence.”

Fourth Movement: A Defeated Petty Little Rebel. Alone At The End Of His Dreams. He Tries To Find a Sign That Was Long Forgotten Through Time, A Way to Go, Back To His Home, The Place Where He Discovered All His Dreams. He Now Knows That He Cannot Find That Place.

DARKNESS,
My hero feels awfully RESTLESS!
DARKNESS,

All his dreams are now POINTLESS!

DARKNESS,

He is now becoming MINDLESS!

DARKNESS,

DARKNESS,

DARKNESS,

DARKNESS,

DARKNESS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Will he ever understand that he cannot go on this way?

Would he beg me for my aid?

So I can show him the Light of day,

So I can save him from his fate!

...or will he see at last:

THE LIGHT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

...THE THING that I can't recreate!

“Society makes people forget the dreams, the magic, THE LIGHT, and thus people start drowning in the depths of their doomed, grey and mediocre lives”.

Fifth Movement: Could It Be YOU?...

As it happened my hero understood

That he couldn't see the dreams from where he stood,

He, alone, could not achieve the task,

So he desperately made the move to remove his mask.

Beneath it he had other feelings,

Not just spite and anger,

But also towards these great LIGHT beings

And it was as if Fate guided him to HER.

But is this really HER?!

SHE who will reveal to him the world of the LIGHT!

Had he always dreamed of HER?!

SHE who will help him renew the Fight!

...let us hear now what goes inside his head,

...although SHE is in all his words unsaid:

Is this HER!

Is this really HER!

What are these newfound emotions?

Why are all my thoughts controlled by YOU?

The thought of YOU is so strong; it is heard across the nations!

And I surely know my respect for YOU I won't review!

That crazy rebel found himself a new toy,

Some girl, also living in a constant coy,

Thus he had seized his crying,

But he doesn't understand that he is on the road to dying!

Lowly rags, do not even speak of us!

You cannot even start to comprehend us!

You are wrong, we understand and we know, but you are foolish and confused,

Only for sex and for cooking could they be used – and, of course, abuse!

You are surely lying to me?!

Don't make us laugh, why would we?!

We know you are tailing us!

When did "I" become "we"?

And my hero became misguided,
He was scared, but at the same time taken aback,
And it seemed he was weak minded,
As they steered him far away from his track.

But then the Chaos entered,
It gave them a reason; it gave them a chance,
They looked each other in the eyes and...

Seventh Movement: Ruin!

How much I care for you,
I don't know what to do!
We have all we need,
We won't ever be worried,
But still I wonder...
...what magic you use when you rest upon my shoulder?

They are somehow happy,
We must tear them apart,
So that they can remember all that's crappy,
And break their rampart!

“Humans, humans, humans, humans, humans, humans, humans, humans,
for them there is no worse insult!”

Eight Movement: ...and unhappiness

How did I

*Let it end this way?
How did I
Make you feel this way?
And it is no surprise
That you are now gone away...*

*I cannot repent
For the wrongs I've made.
I can no longer change
Neither can I turn back the page.
I can no longer make you smile,
I am truly sorry for acting so vile.*

*And I know I cannot convince you,
I can no longer help you fly...
And I see that I cannot defeat them too,
But I feel, I BELIEVE!, you can reach the sky!*

*So let me bear all the guilt!
Let me bear all your sorrow!
Let me face the monster that I've built!
Please, please BELIEVE you don't have to follow
Me through the debris of our strife.
Please, live for both of us a graceful LIFE!*

[THE LOGS OF A SLAUGHTERHOUSE](#)

Day 1 – We opened the slaughterhouse. We didn't have anything to do, so we slaughtered two people. Many clients showed up to buy some fresh meat.

Day 2 – The business turned out to be very profitable. Regardless of how many we slaughter, the crowd is insatiable.

Day 3 – Today we registered our first shortcoming. We slaughtered someone, who had no dreams anyway. This was not to the liking of the herd, because, as our marketing department asserted, it felt endangered. From now on, we will only slaughter Dreamers!

Day 4 – The business is once again blossoming – the Dreamers turned out to be easy prey. Overall, they are defenseless and they can't oppose the society-slaughter machine. The interesting thing is that, regardless of how many times we cut them up, they continue to strive. Our R&D department established that the Dreamers' power comes from their dreams, which in turn became our primary target.

Day 5 – More and more clients started complaining from self-resurrected Dreamers, which constitutes problems for the long-term operations of the company. Therefore, we took action by employing a task force consisting of teachers, medics, psychologists, police and army men, scientists, etc. With their help, we were able to destroy the dreams of a few Dreamers and then we successfully slaughtered and sold them. The best thing is that their price doesn't fall as their food properties remain the same, with the added bonus that there is no need to fear the Dream Aura.

Day 6 – Top Secret – Field Report

For the attention of the General Command
Of the Slaughterhouse

A DESPARATE PLEAD FOR HELP

From a butcher

Today, in an attempt to detain, dedream and slaughter a Dreamer, we were spitefully attacked by a strange, unknown and terrifying creature, which self-proclaimed itself to be a Rebel. All attempts to negotiate and recruit the creature failed. It denied all and any association with the slaughterhouse, declared war to us and then attacked the slaughterhouse group. Everyone was killed, while I was allowed to write this letter and

WE WILL BE VICTORIOUS!

REBEL

What should we do?

What is this?

- Let us converge tomorrow to decide.

Day 7 – The Meeting

1. We want an explanation!

2. What do you intend to do?!

3. What's wrong with you, brothers in butchery! We have to slaughter this thing before it slaughters us!

4. We need to hear a solution!

5. Be calm, butchery brothers. Being the boss of the slaughterhouse, it is my opinion that we should answer in kind the violence exhibited by this lowly anti-butcher... Revolutionary, was it!

6. In fact... it's Rebel, boss!

7. What does it matter! To war butchers!

8. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
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Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Day 15:

The preparations for the war are now complete and we will soon engage in military operations. Our intelligence service located the hideout of the beast – a place, where one could gaze at the sunset. Ha-ha – funny! No one can stop the slaughterhouse machine!

- Attack!!!

Day 16 – The First battle

We surrounded the residence of the monster. Our special units treaded carefully, checking for anti-social material such as essays, music, etc. – it looks like the parameter is all clear. In this case, we continue on with the plan. Critics – begin operation “Shitthrow”!

... powerful shitty explosions and clouds of poisonous decay shook, as the Dreamers call it – the beautiful spot...

-There is no way that “the thing” survived...

-Commander – there are witnesses that a mighty Rebellious force is coming from behind. It seems that the Rebel had anticipated your plan; he gathered a strike force composed of these rags the Dreamers and now they are attacking us! What should we do?!

-I cannot believe it (I don't believe in anything, really), how did he manage to outsmart me (after all, I am a butcher and thus I am very intelligent)! Retreat to the slaughterhouse!

Day 17: The Second battle – The Siege of the slaughterhouse

I'll make them pay! How could they take to the hills, when we were butchering them so humanely?! This has to end right now! The nerve they have to siege our slaughterhouse?! They will pay...

-Boss-commander – the Rebellious force has begun their assault! Rate of progress – 100%! If this goes on we wil...

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-You will pa...

REBEL FOR BEAUTY!

Please.

It's hard to speak upon hearing that word. Maybe You are too beautiful. And maybe someone in this twisted world decided, that a creature like You deserves something else besides tenderness. You are so magnificent! If I were a poet, I would surely say that Your eyes so blue are like the skies above, or maybe a colorful phenomenon as pretty as the rainbow, but no! The skies and the rainbow copied this spectacular color and beauty from You! If I were a writer I would compare You to the Universe, which brings life, the Moon, which innocently protects the Light when Darkness rules the World, the Sun, the star that sends us Light and warmth. But I won't! The Sun feels ashamed upon looking at Your radiating soul, the Moon, I know, rises because of You... the Universe – you are a Universe Yourself, always full of Light and goodness!

I know! I know how all this sounds. I know that it seems too much and too unreal. I know I sound like I want to impress you too desperately. I would gladly fall to my knees, if that would make you happy!

Why?! Why is it so common to insult and degrade these gorgeous creatures?!

This is it – enough with all this patience – we need a revolution! Let us take to the hills!

REBEL FOR BEAUTY!

-Once again, we are sitting at the table... have we all forgotten the urge to rebel and revolt, we once had...

-There isn't much choice, as you know all too well yourself... what can we do?

-(The Darkness) If only we could stop them! If only we could crush them!

-This is what I want as well, but you know that, as of now, we just can't...

-(Sadness mixed with the pain from the fallen aspirations) As we sit here and wait to get ready, the Light ones continue to be abused and killed! There must be something we could do!

-I wouldn't want to agree with you, but you are right. We are responsible for what is happening. I have also thought about summoning a smaller fairness – killing all those who have dared raise a hand against the Light ones! I only wish there is a better time...

-Was that fear?!

-No.

-It certainly sounded that way

-(A large amount of sorrow exited the little door, which kept it inside the soul) Do you think I really like where things are going?! A few more years and they will take away what Freedom we have left!

-(Some reason entered the body) Whatever you say, the fact that we are just a handful of rebels, and they are a whole planet will not change.

Hi,

How is the resistance going? I know how hard it is for you, and I am too shamefully powerless to help you. I remember how I promised you, that I would change the world for you. It feels like it was only a moment ago – and I achieved nothing. I try to aid you, although I am not capable of much, I strive to give you what I have, but still it is far too little. I can't give you the Freedom you deserve. I assume you know, that we can live in our own world together, but I know that you are saddened by every moment when this twisted world tries to take our dreams away. I know I swore to become everything there is, so that I could give everything there is. You deserve it! You deserve infinitely more than that as well! Your beauty keeps me alive, because without you I would die! You are so magnificent! You exude graceful purity! The source of life and goodness, you are! And I have almost forgotten, that after all you are a god, what else could you be?...

Today we lost another one of us. Another soul sworn to protect the Light ones is now gone. This time, the Lunatorium took it. I hope that one day when we rise we will go there and save it.

Once again I write of revolutions. But please understand – I want to fight for you and I really do dream for this world to become something else. I dream that one day it will be a better place, far more worthy of all of You.

LET US REBEL

FOR YOU

BEAUTIFUL BEINGS!

A GUIDEBOOK FOR THE SOCIALLY ACTIVE PERSON

1. believe in society
2. believe in mass faiths
3. be tolerable to your fellow socially active people, so you don't get into trouble
4. be popular and well-liked
5. do what it takes to be a hero
6. number 5 can be achieved by having sex with many girls
7. well, if you are a girl, that will make you a prostitute
8. try to appear as a part of the cultural context
9. try to like only what's right
10. say that all arts are very important things, without knowing anything about them
11. in your spare time never engage in cultural activities – it's not cool
12. read only novellas and porn
13. the latter will help relieve the stress in your arms
14. happily watch how others suffer
15. laugh at those who really care
16. complain but never do anything to change the status quo
17. say that the pillars that support society are very important things and must be adhered to
18. saying 17 doesn't in anyway compel you to do it
19. be skeptical of the need to educate yourself in arts and philosophy
20. be fascinated by science
21. insult the government but continue to give bribes
22. care for all those in need
23. just joking, don't BE caring, just PRETEND to be
24. say that you are into arts, even if you are not
25. that will make you more attractive
26. it's good to be attractive as this will help you have sex
27. try to have sex as much as you can
28. if you are unable to have sex for a while (which is very likely the case) say that you do it 5 times a week, and this is only because you had far too much already
29. to have sex, use as many lies and tricks as needed
30. do not have guilt as guilt is something stupid to have

31. if you are a woman there isn't much choice, is there
32. society expects marriage and children from you
33. if you don't want to be a child-spitting machine which has the feature to cook, then do not attempt to speak about it with your parents, as you will infect them with anti-sociality
34. your parents should always be respected
35. even if your dad is a pedophile
36. or even if he doesn't care for you at all
37. THE MEDIA ALWAYS TELLS THE TRUTH
38. try to have as much money as you want, as this also leads to having sex
39. buy an expensive car even if you can't afford it, because it can also lead to sex
40. do not gaze at the stars, as it is stupid to have romantic inclinations
41. you can betray anyone you want as long as it is to have sex or to save yourself
42. deny any prejudice to those that are different
43. this doesn't mean you can't be a racist, just don't say it
44. expect someone else to solve your problems
45. do not strive to achieve much, because people may start suspecting you of being a rebel
46. have sex frequently
47. say that you had sex more frequently than you actually had
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- 186.see Paradox – LAST: Human Race
- 187.say that you are not afraid to die
- 188.don't ever say that anyone will die
- 189.die in the worst of fears

[THE SOURCE OF LIFE](#)

This will be a fairytale. I will tell you the story of a mystical place, which is larger than the Universe. I call it “The Source of Life” – it may sound clichéd, but this is a fairytale, so that is alright. And as you may know, it is hard to adventure into the vast world on your own, so that is why I have a companion with me – a strange, but at the same time a very interesting creature... I will later give you more information – now let us get on with the story.

Everything started in the city where I live. My friend lives here as well, but sadly, it became very hard for it to hide in this never sleeping big town. And I would've told you more about this place, but it seems far too boring – only buildings, roads, and young mothers discussing the latest TV show. The cacophony of cars and people was getting old for us, so we decided to start a journey. We didn't know where we were going, but neither did we want to, as this would have turned our journey into some simple tourism! We were adventurers – officially!

We walked for a long time, greeting the noon, afternoon and lastly the dusk. We decided to stick to the adventurous lifestyle and thus we agreed to sleep below the starry skies. Nevertheless, we still had to find a safe place to shelter us from the wild animals and the weather. The weather... I forgot to mention, was the typical spring classic – it was very nice,

carrying along the aroma of the freshly blossomed trees... I tend to give a special attention to the linden fragrance, as it easily manages to impress me every year. Let me now get back to the topic, which I almost forgot – my companion and I decided to seek protection in the woods that gave out a very interesting, yet strange scent. My slight nervousness was compounded by the fact that the closer we got to the forest, the fainter the odd odor became. I thought to myself that this was due to me building a tolerance for the aroma, so we bravely went ahead. Upon entering the forest we saw two trees with entwined branches, as if indicating the gateway to the woods. Beyond this gate we knew that no violence would be allowed. We became joyous from this feeling of security the forest gave us, as we were almost drowned with exhaustion. Therefore we climbed on the first comfortable-looking tree we saw and it wasn't long before I slowly started to relax. I admired the linden blossoms and soon I was gently drifting away towards the world of dreams. "In the city we could never see so many stars, shining brightly onto us, don't you think so?" – I asked. As I received no reply I knew the time for sleep has come. After this the night started to smoothly drift away from the sight of my sleepy mind. It was 2 or 3 hours after I dozed off when I felt a pat on the shoulder: "Look, look – all the forest animals have gathered and are heading for somewhere!" At first I thought I was dreaming, but then I realized that this is as real as it can be! All of the forest inhabitants from the tiny butterflies to the wolves and foxes were headed for some strange place. We were overrun with curiosity and so we decided to follow them. We walked for about 10 or 15 minutes when I once again was able to sniff the puzzling scent I spoke about some time ago. After a few more minutes of midnight treading we saw a small mystical valley, covered from above by hundreds of trees which had spread their branches covering the sky. The wild plants that surrounded the vale made it impossible to enter this dell from anywhere else but the hidden path that we used. In the center of all that there was a veiled spring, which exuded the strange fragrance I found so interesting. We stood there and watched how the animals gathered around the pond, and it was soon after when all the invited ones had assembled. Finally, the celebration could begin! The forest creatures had forgotten which is prey and which is food, all they did was play, dance and sing through the whole night. And just like that, as if only a moment had passed, the sky started exchanging the Moon for the Sun becoming brighter and brighter. With the coming of the dawn the critters started leaving to prepare for the next anxious day, full of hiding and waiting. It was then that my friend decided to ask where we could discover our treasure – the place where there is no sadness, the Domain of Dreams. Nothing dared to answer, but maybe because of our resolve and perseverance a great bird came down to us from the skies. It was purely white and it looked as if it was not of this world. The bird and my companion whispered to each other in the strangest tones. My mate looked at me and told me: "It said that we should go inside the "Cave of the Brave and the Cowardly". There we will be judged, and the result will determine what we will receive."

Having found our new goal, we departed in the pointed direction and we had just reached the fated region when something quite expected happened – thunder started raining from the skies, a sure harbinger of a mighty storm. We wasted no time and started searching for a shelter. When it started pouring down on us we couldn't spend anymore time searching so we settled in a small cave, hard to tell apart from a hole in the ground. It was very humid and rainwater still came in, but it was manageable as compared to what was happening outside. We waited for about 2 or 3 hours for the rain to let up, and when it finally did stop, we decided to go outside. As we walked towards the exit, I noted that we were not getting any closer. We paused for a moment and we noticed that the little light at the end was getting smaller and smaller.

-“This is it!” – proclaimed my partner.

-“What is it?”

-“This is the cave we are looking for – the one separating the brave from the cowardly! Let’s not run towards the exit, let us stay where we are and not fear the consequences!” – passionately said my friend.

I had almost agreed to the idea, when something terrifying happened – my companion fell into a hole that had appeared out of nowhere! I couldn’t do a thing... it happened too fast. Then I heard a scream and I said to myself – “I hope I am not too late” – and I jumped! We soon managed to meet each other as we were falling. When I looked around there was nothing to see – a bottomless chasm! As I was thinking about whether or not this would be the end, I realized that all is good as we are together in this. We were falling for what seemed an eternity when I spotted a tiny white dot somewhere down the abyss.

- “Is this really the end?” – I asked myself.

- “I believe this is not the end! This should be the place!” – my pal answered my unspoken question.

I was quite surprised that we started gently slowing down and when we were just an inch away from the ground we came to a full stop. Still we had no time to celebrate as before us a white fog had appeared. It was sparkling so brightly that we couldn’t ignore what was going on inside. After a few minutes of aimlessly walking around inside the odd mist we saw something glowing with an impeccable shine. We looked at each other in agreement that this phenomenon was solely caused by the strange light. As we went closer, fighting the feeling of excitement with nuances of restlessness, an unseen and supernatural machine started revealing itself from the cloud of smoke. That seemed to be the reward for us which the great bird wanted us to find. We tried touching the apparatus and it became animated with motion. A powerful wave of energy shook the ground and the bottomless cave along with it. During this spectacle presented by the unknown technology, the device was climbing in altitude until it was far above our heads. When it started maneuvering in order to land near us, we were certain that the mythical cave had judged us worthy of handling this awesome and secretive transportation vehicle. Through making use of it, we could reach beyond the horizon in search of our dreamed of place. We didn’t need any time to wonder whether or not that was the way to go – at the very moment that our newly acquired airship landed we bravely entered the cockpit and set to the skies. It was a beautiful night. We thought about viewing the moonlit sea and so we headed there. We were very excited when we found out that the machinery understood our thoughts. As soon as we viewed the sea in our minds, the ship had already taken us there, using a technology far ahead of the one we have. We levitated motionlessly above the water, all in defiance of gravity, watching how the little waves meet the rocky seaboard, which was illuminated by the Moon. We were finally able to relax and as we were tired by the long journey filled with many emotions, we soon fall asleep.

An alarming noise! Lights are flashing while sirens are screaming... “What is happening?”, I asked. The main display in the cockpit lit up saying:

”The humans are chasing us; they demand that we land ASAP. Should I comply with this command?”

For a brief moment, I thought about whether or not we should hand over the strange apparatus, but it was what would help us reach our dream. I and my companion knew that the humans are incapable of taking responsibility of such a powerful tool. Sooner or later they would use what they had found inside the aircraft for wars and power, not to mention how long we would live after we complied with their ultimatum. It was decided – we firmly held each other’s hand and looked straight towards the sky! In a flash we were there, among the stars, while the Earth below us reverberated with the explosions that were meant for us. “Let us find a better world, a place where no one would bother us, the place that is the Source of Life!”, said my friend to me and I agreed.

We were flying for what it seemed to be days through the vast space, we circled around stars, planets and numerous beauties, all unknown to me. I felt so small and ephemeral when I looked at these enormous objects in the cosmos.

Soon after I came to this realization we reached our newest turning point in our adventure. It was a strange planet, glowing in the colors of the rainbow, which was so far from the Earth, that I was probably the only human to have ever seen the Rainbow planet. The automations of our craft started the landing sequence and soon after we were awestruck by the view of a single, but gargantuan, portal which split the whole planet into two hemispheres.

When our technological marble landed we looked around but we didn’t see anything besides the light coming from the portal. There was nothing else on the horizon. We thought to each other: “If our vehicle led us here, then it must have wanted to show us this strange doorway.” And thus, we headed towards yet another unseen miracle. The more we closed the distance the clearer we saw that there was something waiting for us there. It was the Great bird we saw on Earth. We asked it:

-“Is this the place you wanted to show us?”

-“I do not know what you speak of. It is my first time meeting you”, answered the extraordinary animal, “One of my brethren must have sent you here.”

-“Why did it send us here? What exactly do we see?”

-“This is the entrance to our world” – replied the white bird, “but beware, anyone who goes there will never return... unless her mind is sharp and her soul is pure.” – warned us the miraculous creature.

-“Let us go through the portal” – urged me my own miraculous friend – “I believe in you!”

I told to myself that there is no easy way to reach one’s dreams, and besides, in the world of the beautiful birds there isn’t going to be anything evil, so we hurried towards the light of the gateway. As we walked for a bit the light started dispelling and before us an incredible world was revealed. In this dimension, none of the laws of physics had power – there was no gravity, there was no wind... there was no need for walking either, as we established that all one needs to transport herself was to will it so. I started realizing that if a thought was capable of teleporting you, then couldn’t this world show me the Source of Life? At the very moment I started thinking this way, reality started blurring and I was now seeing myself from afar, just like an actor in a movie. My viewpoint was slowly closing in on me and it wasn’t long until I looked myself straight in the eye. After a second or so of self-stare the phantasm became stronger and it went through my eyes and it entered my mind. There I could see a variety of paintings, which resembled all the nightmares I had in my life. They were so many... I started

losing myself in my own conscience. Then I felt a terrible sensation in my soul, as I realized that the beautiful creature that was travelling with me could be experiencing the same situation... I shook off the petrification and the dismal fear and I started moving forwards. The more I advanced the worst my visions became. It was becoming almost unbearable to deal with all of them.

- "Wake up" – a voice spoke to me.

But I couldn't, I felt how I am drowning deeper and deeper into this illusion.

- "Wake up"...

When I heard those two words I straightened myself and collected all my remaining willpower and I reached for the tiny light amongst all this horrid angst around me. The moment I touched it, it destroyed everything around me and rid me from my memories... there, before me, I saw the Source of Life, I saw my soulmate, I saw...

-Hi, it seems I was dreaming...

- "Was it a nightmare?", she asked.

-No, I don't think so. How could I call my dream a nightmare when we were together in it... together through the mystical things on Earth, together through the unseen worlds, and how can it be a nightmare when I realized what you are to me...

- "And what am I to you?"

...Her, my Source of Life.

THE DOMAIN OF DREAMS

THE BEGINNING

I dreamed! For a day and a night – I dreamed! I dreamed of different things. Some good, some bad, but for a night and a day I dreamed! Now, let me tell you the story of what happened, when the twilight embraced this world, and I dreamed!

And it was night and I dreamed of...

THE BOTTOMLESS PIT

I dreamed... maybe in my sleep. Probably that was one of those nightmares, in which you are doomed, regardless of your actions. When I came to realize where I was, I saw before me the edge of a bottomless pit. Around me, an innumerable amount of people had gathered. They watched me with a look... how can I put it – so unpleasant. It wasn't evil, no – surely it wasn't, but strangely it had compounded envy, disrespect, fear, and greed in it. I felt odd, didn't know what to do. Then the crowd screamed, as if commanded:

“JUMP! DIE!”

But I did not want to. I would not give in to them. Then they continued:

“JUMP OR ELSE WE WILL HELP YOU! JUMP AND DIE!”

I was set not to obey them. I suppose, not because the pit was truly bottomless, but because they couldn't have it their way, because I wouldn't allow them to have what they wanted. It was then, that I saw, on the opposite side of the pit, that they were doing the same to one of the Light ones. They feared her. They would not approach her. They couldn't push her of the edge. That is why they stomped the ground with their feet, which was weakened anyway. With arrogant eyes they looked at here, with twisted lips they smiled at here. With all their wicked might they shook the rock. Probably, because we were in a nightmarish dream, the rock beneath her feet crumbled, and she started falling towards the non-existent bottom. I could not restrain myself, so I jumped. I knew I could not help her, but what a tragedy it would be, if someone like her died all alone. I caught up to her and asked her, with a smile, broken by the wind and sadness:

“How are you?”

She smiled and replied:

“I am happy, what else – I am flying!”

Then I thought to myself:

“This is a dream, isn't it? In dreams, you don't have to eat or drink! How wonderful a life this is, when you will soar in the sky forever. It's great that the pit is truly bottomless!”

She, as if she knew my thoughts, said to me:

“...isn't it?”

Then, sadly, I woke up from the nightmare!

THE DREAM OF REVENGE

I dreamed...

Let me show you what is pain,
You're the ones, who live in vain,
I will deny you,
I will defy you,
I want to break you,
I won't forgive you,
I will not give you,
Justice by all your rules!
Don't try to face me,
Don't try to place me,
Into the mob of fools!

Run now,
Make another try,
Tell me,
Are you being shy?!
Hide now,
Let me see you try,
Don't lie,
Show me how you cry.

I'll take away,
All you have,
Leave you nothing at all!

I'll haunt your sleep,
Every night,
Always waiting for the call!

You took away,
All I had,
Until I had nothing left!

Take away,
All my life,
Let me see you try!

Now your time comes,
And you have to fall!

Now you beg me,
And I tell you – “No!”!

...

Because you stole my dreams!
Because you drilled inside my brain all your lies and fears!
Because you buried me with unjustness and ugliness!
Because you made me live your life full of worthlessness!

Today I swear,
To make you pay,
For that today I pray

Today I swear,
To make you pay,
No matter what it takes.

For you have tried to take away my soul...
For you have tried to kill my dreams...
For the pain you put me through...

I swear to make you pay!

...and full with anger I woke up from the dream.

...

And now, fully conscience – to you I swear – I will make you pay.

THE DREAM OF THE END

I dreamed...

I dreamed that the dreams have died! Ignorance and the lack of belief killed them! I dreamed how happy the greys were and how they celebrated the death of dreams!

I dreamed that the dreams have died! The inability of humans to see the beauty finished them off! I dreamed that the greys were not bothered by all this, they were even joyous!

I dreamed that the dreams have died! I was looking at their rotten bodies, long forgotten! I dreamed how the greys were joking that the dreams deserved their doom, because they don't come true!

I dreamed that the dreams have died! No one will ever feel their power and might! I dreamed how the greys were finally able to relax, because they could now sleep well at night!

I dreamed that the dreams have died! I started feeling a vast emptiness inside! I dreamed how the greys are commemorating the end of the strife!

-“When you comply with what the greys say, you will only get hurt! Come with me!” – said the Dream to me.

-“When you go, take me away with you” – I replied to the Dream – “don't leave me alone, let me join in the fight... because now I am only running – running from myself every day again and again! Come!”

-“Calm your soul – I won't let you fall! Stay with me...” – said the Dream to me.

-“But you will soon soar away! I will be alone, unable to rise with you... you urge me to come, but I have no wings, like you do! If I jump into the abyss, would I fly or would I fall?”

Then I dreamed that I am down, with no dreams, I'm insane and tomorrow will be the same,

And my joy and my hopes, they were all but lost to the foes,
Lone and done, overrun, when tomorrow will never come,
My spirit was broken and bent with no clear remedy to implement!
All I do is run until I am caught as I cannot save those I care about!

- “Do not waver; everything will be fine, if you are braver!” – said the Dream. “Close your eyes open your mind for the world; jump and you will see that you are circling the Earth with me! – said the Dream to me, waking me up!...

THE DREAM OF VICTORY

I dreamed! I dreamed that I can now see through all of their deceit and tricks! I dreamed that I forcefully deflect their attempts to argue with me!

I dreamed that many others rise with me! I dreamed that my fight will be their fight, as the greys have violated all of our dreams!

I dreamed! I dreamed of raging into the battle at last! I dreamed of winning it all, all we had longed for! I dreamed that my wrath was guiding me and those by my side! I dreamed how we united to attain victory in the clash of the dreams!

I dreamed! I dreamed that it is now permitted to talk of feelings! I dreamed that they can no longer stop me or blacken my pride! I dreamed that all impurity has died in the fires of the victorious night! ...and no one would ever dare to rob my soul!

Yes, the fight was tough and hard, but we believed in ourselves and finally managed to satisfy our hunger!

Now we are free, we can feel and dream! We can punish the greys for what they put us through! They shall now pay what they deserve to, without any mercy, without a chance of escaping!

...

...

In passion and joy I forgot I was dreaming. I dreamed maybe because I had gone insane, maybe because I am foolish, maybe because I imagine impossible things, but I dreamed of our victory over the greys. The victory which would make a better world possible, where it is not against the norm to have a glimpse of hope. And although the time has come for this fictional

image to be laid to rest in the depths of my memory, my longing remains that the dream will one day come true!

THE DREAM OF POWER

In that stormy night I dreamed of power. I wanted to be just like the never-ending tempest outside. I wanted to possess might, I detested my own powerlessness. I dreamed that I would never experience what I felt on that forsaken day. I swore to myself that I will never ever be the same again!

I dreamed that I will have the strength to always tell and face the truth; I dreamed that I will not fear and hide from what I am responsible for. I promised myself that this will continue as long as I am alive. I made a vow that I would never waste my time again, I vowed to fight the greys for as long as I can, and for that, I would attain power.

I dreamed that this world filled to the brim with mediocrity would be cleansed and all that's worthless will be removed. I dreamed that I would help to achieve this dream with my new found powers! I dreamed! I dreamed that they will not stop me, they will not break apart my spirit, and I dreamed that they will reap what they have sown! And I will be the one to make them...

And I knew that justice is on my side!

I knew that I will win the war! I could tell apart the truth from lies!

I felt a newfound strength developing inside of me, I was sure that the greys would fall by my hand!

...and the time for them to face, beg and fall before the dreams they denied has come!

...I wouldn't be defeated by the greys!

...I wouldn't stray from my route!

...I wouldn't doubt the justness of my truth!

...I wouldn't hide from what I am responsible for!

...I wouldn't blame my dreams for my own incompetence!

...I wouldn't stop no matter what!

...and on the wings of my hope I reach out my hand and I fly away, for I was able to defeat the greys in the battle for my soul!

...

“ - You fool, blinded by your own mind,
You are destined not to find,
This light you so proudly speak about...”

“ - It is just ahead” – I replied to the greys!

“ - You know, time is never coming back,
Don't say, that you are alright with that,
We know that you are scared inside, yes we know that...”

“ - Maybe this was all a dream, I may still be weak, but I will never stop! I swear I will follow the path chartered by my dreams! One day, I vow onto myself, I will make you pay!

Then, drowned in sweat, I woke up from the dream!

THE DREAM OF ALLIES

I dreamed, or it could be that I remembered, how all of us ran away from every obstacle.
I dreamed, or it could be that I realized, that all of this is just a game they make us play!
I dreamed, or it could be that I was disgusted by all this rotten pulp they want to drown us in!

I dreamed! I really dreamed! I dreamed that the pain will stop! I dreamed that we have cured it together!

I dreamed! Maybe in disillusion, that there is someone who can hear me when I shout!

Because there are always people willing to strife,
People who do not fear the truth,
People who continue to believe in the Light,
People who would not halt just because it is hard to go on,
People who know that they are the sane ones in an insane world,
People who never lose hope!

I dreamed how I summoned people to come; I urged them to reach for the sky above, to gaze freely beyond the horizon! I dreamed of how we gathered and we undertook the long road to freedom! No one was hiding, no one was laying low and we were all united under the same cause!

I remember making promises in the dream, promises that I would not quit, I would not whine, I would not tolerate the greys anymore. I promised that we will win, I promised that I will clean the world from all that's twisted, I promised that I will remove all the fears and the Light ones will never ever cry again!

But just like all other dreams I had that night this one started turning into a nightmare. Everybody left and I was stranded on my own!

I asked! I asked and shouted:

“ – Why won't you come?!”

-Why would you serve those who kill dreams?!”

THE FOREST OF MONSTERS

I dreamed... I dreamed that I was wandering around a forest, ruled by Darkness. Underneath the twisted branches of nearby trees, there were things... things I do not know. Were these things some monsters? Or maybe they were beasts feeling the fear? Did they watch me, or did they hunt for their prey? Or maybe they were doing both? Would they leave me to cross their forest?

No! Somewhere from the dark, a critter threw itself before me! It had shark teeth and it hissed and stared, ready to swallow me! I looked at it – and then I laughed at it!

“- Do you think you are a monster?!” – I asked with a smug grin on my face – “With those large teeth, you can tear me into two pieces, but this is nothing, compared to the greys who tried to tear my soul apart! Would you like to try and eat me?” – I stepped with pride and poise towards it...

“- My teeth are for the greys!” – the creature replied. “If they have hurt you too, I won't attack you, I kill with pride, unlike them!”

And so, I continued, alive, walking through the forest of the dream. But then I got ambushed again. This time, it was a 100-meters-long snake. It suspended itself from an ancient tree, and with its poisonous fangs it targeted me!

“- Are you poisonous?” – I asked in distress.

“- Yes, I have the most potent poison, capable of killing every beast in this forest!”

“- If you are poisonous, then I have nothing to fear!” – I replied. “During these long years the greys poured tons of poison in my head, but I can still hold my own!”

“- What poison do they use, that makes you think that it’s more potent than mine – the most potent one on Earth?!” – hissed the snake.

“- What poison did they not use!” – I laughed – “from education, which deprives you of clear thought, through culture, which robs you of your virtues, to religion, which takes away your soul... they tried everything, but to no avail!”

The snake probably thought to itself “my poison will be weak for him”, so it went away! But my misfortunes did not end here! After another few minutes of walking, I found that the road was sealed... by a whole mountain?! What was it doing here, I did not know, but even in dreams roads do not end this way!

I was still wondering about this unfortunate barrier in my path, when it moved! When I looked high above I found out that this was some creature that was unknown to me! A giant!

“- Who dares wake me with his presence?!” – roared the giant.

Its scream uprooted a few trees, and by some odd miracle did not send me into oblivion! Either way it was going to find out who was the culprit, so I told it:

“- It was me.”

It looked down and said:

“- And why did a small insect like yourself wake me up?!”

I, without the slightest bit of remorse, responded:

“- I did not know that you were here. How could I?”

“- That’s true,” the giant noted, “but isn’t it a bit arrogant of you to reply so calmly, when soon I will crush you!”

“- How much do you weight?” I asked.

“- As much as a whole mountain!” – the giant replied.

“- That’s not enough,” I smiled, “a few billion greys tried to crush me and those like me, but they couldn’t do it for millennia!”

The giant, upon hearing that, sat down, causing an earthquake, laughed to its heart content and told me:

“- Everyone, who is an enemy of the greys, is my friend! I’m lucky that I have this forest, or the greys would catch me too and put me in a cage! This is just how they are! Come on, pass through here...”

And after those words, the giant moved aside. I continued on my way, and as the dawn drew close, I told to myself: “What a great dream I dreamed... it was awesome that there were no greys in it, or it would have turned into a nightmare!...”

...

...

...

And so, the dawn came, and with it the day started.

DREAM POWERED APPARATUS

I dreamed! I dreamed that I flew! I soared above the plains, above the mountains, even above their highest peaks! I dreamed how I crossed oceans – how easily I went from coast to coast,

as if they were not thousands of miles apart! I dreamed how I circled the clouds and dodged the lightning bolts! I dreamed that I was leaving the planet – how I passed with supersonic speed the stratosphere, how I barely survive the human junk above the atmosphere! I dreamed how I passed the Sun and how I saw never before seen stars and planets! I dreamed how I approached new worlds, unknown alien creatures, how I communicate with them, and how I part ways with them! How I dreamed, how I travelled through the Universe, how happy I was, all because I saw your eyes!

THE DREAM OF THE PAST

I dreamed...

I dreamed that I was sitting on that field which was now but a part from my childhood. I sat silent. I was shaken by my own weakness and what I could have had. I sat there, on the colorfully painted valley, which now looked grayish and void of feelings. I reminisced about the time which has past... how arrogantly I said things like “I would never do that” and “forever”... and now I sit here on my own and the wind is slowly freezing me... and I do deserve its coldness...

I dreamed that one day I will be strong, I dreamed that I will make no mistakes, I dreamed that I won't be like everyone else... I dreamed of giving you everything that you may ever want... but now even if I give you my life, the past won't come back...

I dreamed, my dear, remembering that night and how beautiful you were... so white and full of tenderness, comparable only with your eyes.

I dreamed about the days that I was awestruck by you... I dreamed that we were once again sitting together on the grass and I admire the calmness with which you look at the horizon...

I dreamed, I dreamed to see you again... smiling and fearless... I dreamed that what I said – that we would never ever be apart is the truth...

I dreamed how I felt your gentle breath close to me, I dreamed that you are here with me, helping me to make my little world whole again.

I dreamed that once again there was reason and color in my life; I wished you were here...

I dreamed... No! I feared that you are now somewhere in this wicked world, crying on your own - hurt only because of the goodness you possess...

I dreamed that I am with you and I was silencing the sadness... I dreamed of asking you to let me embrace you... I dreamed that I will always be besides you; I dreamed that you would never cry again, I dreamed that I am capable of exorcising all your fears, I dreamed that we have defeated all the hurdles before us...

But why did we go our separate ways?! Why was I so foolish, so stupid, why didn't I act back then?!

Please, please dream... Although it is hard, although much time has past, please dream on...

Please, please dream! Hope, some say, never dies, so please – dream!

I dreamed... I dreamed that one day we will meet again!

THE DREAM OF DESPAIR

I dreamed...

I dreamed with tears in my eyes for the future... I saw the dreams, all of them, tossed in the wasteland for hopes and dreams...

I dreamed, with a quite sadness, that the shadows escorting me here have won the war inside my head... dragging me through this wicked way every accursed day.

I dreamed, in slight desperation, that the brainwashed losers decorated with diplomas are left to do as they please with this beautiful world, ruled by incompetent and greedy fools... and I had given up... fallen to my knees before them.

I dreamed, praying for this dream to end, that the greys have conquered all worthy lives and everyone who fought like me has been defeated... because we didn't manage to unite... how many times did I feel comfortably blind as I watched what was happening!

I dreamed, trembling in fear, that I will never realize my dreams and I will lose everyone... until there is nothing but pain left in me...

“I won’t lose, I won’t lose...”, I dreamed repeatedly – “I am keen on protecting everything that I have left! I would never turn a blind eye towards all the agony in this world!

“You liar!” – said a grey voice inside my dream.

- “You are just like us – all you do is pretend you want what you dream of, you only pretend that you are worried for the world, you are just like us, the greys – you can only survive if you are a part of the crowd, you are just like us, you are “us”

- “You are just like us – all you do is pretend you want what you dream of, you only pretend that you are worried for the world, you are just like us, the greys – you can only survive if you are a part of the crowd, you are just like us, you are “us”

- “You are just like us – all you do is pretend you want what you dream of, you only pretend that you are worried for the world, you are just like us, the greys – you can only survive if you are a part of the crowd, you are just like us, you are “us”

- “You are just like us – all you...” repeated the voice coming from the stench of the dreams that were thrown away and left to die!

-“All your dreams”... continued the voice...

-“All your hopes,

All you are,

All you believe in,

All of this is nothing, just a lowly scam! It will never happen for real!”... concluded the grey...

It was during this moment that faint memories started surfacing in my conscience, memories for the dream which I couldn’t forget... I saw Her Light – in this terrible dream... and I kept on believing that She will survive!

The greys started proclaiming, as if they were a broken radio stuck on repeat: “You lost, you are left unable to see the Light you feared, you will now be assimilated by the Darkness and no one will help you! You will never be any better than us, you will always be alone! You will soon be lying dead together with all your dreams, here, buried in this wasteland for Dreamers and dreams!

But in the freezing coldness of this awful dream, some tiny warmth managed to slip in and calm me... and then I remembered... I have promised to help You make Your dreams come true!

I smiled and looked at the sky... I said to myself: “I may be at this wasteland for ideals and a graveyard for dreams – but the sky here is just as blue as the one You see... isn’t this great – please, please be fine...”

And this dream inside the dream woke me up from the nightmare...

THE DREAM OF YOU

And I dreamed!

I dreamed all these different dreams! I dreamed for all these distant things...

But in the end I realized, that only for you, my dear, I dreamed!

I dreamed that you took me out to a place, where we could softly gaze, at the Sun that wakes...

I dreamed... I dreamed how I asked you to be calm when I must set to make all unfair just...

I dreamed... I dreamed I was apologizing to you, for I have made you watch me fall to the innermost depths of my soul! Sorry, I am so sorry that you often had to save me from my own dreams, from myself, and thank you, thank you so much for all the Light you gave me!

I dreamed, I dreamed that I would never ever let the greys play the strong and stain the Light ones like Yourself, when in fact they are so vastly wrong! I dreamed that we will never again be treated like we are those who are insane...

... I dreamed that there is no more law, authority and power, or anything else that marks us with blame...

I dreamed, I dreamed that those with pure souls like You won't pay for the lack of competence in those whose minds are filled with decay... I dreamed that the lustful ones won't ever get you Light ones in their rotten binds!

I will not let them do as they please no more!

...I dreamed that it is not a crime to dream anymore,

...I dreamed that you can now leave a place for hope in your soul,

...I dreamed that I may show what I think,

...I dreamed that the battle for the truth has ended and that we are victorious!

I dreamed that I am alive in this beautiful world!

they said that all dreams are like a throbbing ache in the chest, they said there is no point in living with them, they said that all I long for is just an imaginary lie!

I told them, day after day, that I would never exchange my dreams for illusions provoked by fear, in which they trust,

I told them that I am firmly set on finishing this war with them – the war for my dreams!

and YOU,

YOU tell me how to fly,

YOU make me reach the sky,

YOUR Will is what I'll serve until I die!

YOU will never be alone,

And even if I'm gone,

I'll make it so that you're forever warm...

YOU aid me through my days,

YOU show me what is grace,

YOU let me heal my soul in your embrace!

YOU are nothing but sublime,

With YOU I'm always fine,

With YOU I want to share all my time!

YOU will never shed a tear,

And YOU will never fear,

I promise YOU that I'll be always here!

YOU are shining bright,

YOU guide me through the night,
Forgive me when I'm lost without YOUR Light!

And YOU relieve the pain,
YOU vanquish all the bane,
And YOU are the one who keeps me whole and sane!

YOU ARE THE ONE FOR WHOM I DREAM!

...

...

...

...

...

THE DOMAIN OF DREAMS

For a whole day and a whole night, I dreamed!
I dreamed for 119 times...

I dreamed and never stopped dreaming!

Because day after day I woke up with my dreams.
Night after night I fall asleep guarded by their radiance.
...and time after time I was aided by their warm aura...

When I dream I know that I am still sane, I know I want to speak up – boldly and with honesty!

When I dream I find the answers to unanswerable questions, I find the will to continue this draining conflict!

When I dream I ease my load and my life, both made hard by the relentless attacks of the greys!

When I dream I know that my mind is still intact, because would a broken mind ever dream of a better and purer world?!

When I dream I am filled with anger... my veins pump the wrath I feel which fuels my body to keep on going in this stupid bloodcurdling game, which the greys like to play so much!

When I dream, I can tell a friend from an enemy, because I know who makes my days worthwhile!

And if you ever go away – allow me to come!

Because I know this life is my only one and it can't be redone!

People are measured by the dreams they dream, by the smiles they fake, by the hopes they've lost, and the feelings they forsook... and if one day I cause you to die... please let me follow you!

Because day after day I strife in my life.

Night after night I seek the light of hopes.

...and time after time through your help, My Dreams, I have survived...

....

....

....

....

...

...

121 times I dreamed!

THE UNHUMAN CHRONICLES

THE BIRTH OF THE HUMANS

It was night. The Sun rose and with it came the day. That was the day, on which the first human was born.

On this day the Unhumans converged, summoned by the wisest of them all – the one with knowledge of everything.

-“Why did you summon us, Wise one?” – asked one of the younger Unhumans.

-Today humanity was born – the species that will destroy many of us”, answered the Wiseunman, proclaiming a prophecy.

-“But how will they when they are only human, they are powerless against us. Their annihilation is for us to decide!” – shouted thunderously one of the strongest Unhumans.

-“But we cannot kill someone, who did nothing to us... also their filth will give rise to many great souls. We cannot just eradicate them” – replied the Wise Unhuman

-“What do you propose we do?”, asked a Unhuman voice.

-“Let us leave this planet, it is not for us to inhabit anymore. Let us go somewhere where the humans will never reach us”, concluded the Wiseunman, after which he shot for the skies and the endless cosmos with those who followed him.

Many refused to part with Earth’s beauty and they remained here. This chronology tells us of their deaths.

1000000 TIMES UNHUMAN

He is born of the rain. Created from water, he walks the Earth for one human day. This is his whole life.

But this is not what makes him Unhuman.

Everything he is equals 1 000 000 times what the humans are capable of – the Unhuman is 1 000 000 times stronger than a human, the Unhuman is 1 000 000 times faster than a human, the Unhuman is 1 000 000 times more intelligent than a human. Therefore, for the Unhuman 1 human second equates to 1 000 000 Unhuman seconds, 1 human minute equates to 1 000 000 Unhuman minutes, and 1 human day – a whole Unhuman life. Above and beyond that, the speeds at which the Unhuman travels – 1 000 000 times quicker than the speed of humans, makes the Unhuman practically invisible to the human eye.

But this is not what makes him Unhuman.

This is what makes him Unhuman:

A thunder stroke the ground! It was the herald for the coming of the Unhuman! Powerful raindrops attacked the earth beneath, and from them he, the Unhuman, rose.

He was the Unhuman of water, and like water he had no form, and like water he was an elemental tempest. When he was born he used his first human second or 1 000 000 Unhuman seconds, to plan out his life. He wanted to show his gratitude to Nature, for She has created him, by helping her to annihilate the perversity roaming this planet.

...and the Unhuman was on his way to fulfill his plan, 1 000 000 times more complicated than what a human could understand...

He left behind his temporary form and he became a tempest again, a tempest set on delivering justice to the Earth, filled with human junk. He himself could not understand why, having so many far more important tasks, from a human viewpoint, chose to start with the following case:

A young girl, as if sent by the Light, walked on the pavement of the grey street. A boy was heading towards her, who may have known or not, that one day he would have ruined her soul. The Unhuman, without even knowing the reason himself, raised his mighty hand and he stoke. 1 000 000 times the human strength compounded with 1 000 000 times the human speed resulted in exploding the young human into millions of pieces, small enough to be invisible to the human eye. Thus the Unhuman saved the future of the girl. The time he spent for her was planned to be used for destroying a small army, participating in a power struggle. But he had no regrets. He was in fact bewildered by her. He could not take his eyes off of her. He started making small trips to get a job or two done; to kill a murderer or a rapist; to crush some pointless bloodshed. But he never left her for more than a few human seconds – to protect her from every speck of dust; to move all ugliness away from her route. That way he lived his life up until the Sun has set – spending some time with her, then spending some time doing his work... With the coming of the night she went home. The Unhuman could not let the moment she had no need to mask herself as one of the greys pass him. She so gently changed the expression on her tender face, which now glowed with a graceful flame given off by her eyes. The Unhuman was shaken by what she really was. She was too beautiful to be

imagined, even by a Unhuman conscience. In but a moment he had forgotten everything he thought he should do. He was treading lightly besides her, inhumanly careful not to hurt her, as he could not forgive himself otherwise.

A few human minutes later she saw on TV another human war - another unbearable tragic for her Light soul.

She was saddened,

He was mad with wrath!

Anger conquered his heart and he snapped. He tossed away his current form, slipped through the floor and soon after he was heading in mighty jumps to the guilty war. He was at the very middle of the battle when he sprang to the skies, hitting the ground on his return with unstoppable force. This was not even 1 000 000 times the power of a human – this was Unhuman vigor. Such energy was unleashed by him, that both sides in the conflict were totally annihilated. What was left of them, the Unhuman finished off coldheartedly. He came to his senses only after he had murdered each and every warring soul on this now lifeless field.

He went back to the home of the girl having avenged her sadness and now free of wrath. He softly watched her as she was slowly travelling to her room.

After the girl has arrived to her quarters, she sat down and started drawing. Her paintings were impeccably beautiful, but it seemed as she could use some inspiration. The Unhuman tried to help her. And as he could neither talk to her, nor could he touch her, he started circling the world to bring her different aromas – sometimes these scents came from unknown and exotic places, sometimes they came from a magical forest, and sometimes he brought with himself the fragrance of a desolate beach, untouched by a human being...

...and the whole night passed like this – she was painting and he was helping as much as he could...

The time has come to rest up and sleep. He was incapable of looking away from her – for when she lay calm she exuded the light of a star, watched from a short distance. So long did he gazed at her that he was now near the end of his life. Just a little before he evaporated, he looked at her eyes, which he was afraid to see before that, as he was awestruck by her beauty.

She was looking at him. She could easily see where he was, as he has been standing still for hours watching her. He used his last 2 000 000 seconds to trace the movement of her hand, reaching out for him.

Happily he evaporated.

He was with her for 20 000 000 hours.

But this is not what makes him Unhuman.

He still wanted to be with her. This is what makes him Unhuman.

The next morning the girl went out filled with sadness, but keen on continuing on with her strife. Then out of the vast sky a raindrop fell, lightly went down her hair, warmly touched her gentle skin and became fused with a lonely tear.

...and they were together again.

THE UNHUMAN PAINTER

She was born into a poor house – her father was a loser, while her mother had to work as a street artist, painting portraits for those who pay, so that the family could make ends meet. In between the everyday fights and the occasional home violence, a beautiful and silent girl grew up, who realized that she is not like all the rest. She wanted to create art that will change the world. As she watched her mother work, the latter using her daughter as a means to get some spared change, she learned the basics of the fine arts. It wasn't long before she started drawing herself, alone at home, without showing her drawings to anyone.

Time passed. One day, as her father returned from the usual alcohol filled night, he found by chance a recently finished canvas which rested upon the corner of the room. This painting wasn't already hidden, because the young girl didn't expect her father to return at all. The piece was so beautiful, that even her dad was able to understand the magnitude of the talent his daughter had. Then, in his brain eaten away by alcohol, an idea was born. His simple thought process managed to compute that if both his wife and daughter work as street artists, regardless of how young his child is, he would be able to drink twice as much as he did then. The age of his girl didn't bother him and when she returned home he started persuading her to join her mother on the streets. She expectedly refused. He wanted to hit her, but as he was barely able to stand on his feet he tripped and fell. Enabled by this incident, the girl took everything she could and locked herself on the building's ceiling storage room.

She spent her days there, painting and waiting for her father to go out, so that she could take away some food and artistic tools. Days went by, then they were followed by weeks, and all she did was paint, supported by the Sun during the daytime, and protected by the Moon and stars at night. She could understand the language of the stars, the birds, which were coming to see her through the small window in the room, and the wind that chilled her through the huge cracks on the wall. Her gentle hands created masterpiece after masterpiece, so beautiful and emotional, that they looked like they were real. She made so many paintings that she hardly had room for sleeping.

One day, after yet another domestic fight, her father and mother left. She made use of this opportunity to go obtain the things she needed. Unfortunately, as it was cold outside and her father calmed down, he went back to get his coat. He caught her as she was stealing things from their home. She started running for the ceiling, and he followed her. Just before he could catch her, she was able to close the large metal door that separated her cold quarters from the rest of the building. He then decided that he would not let her humiliate him like that, so he decided to wait as long as it was necessary in order to get back at her. He stroke the door, insulted her, then stroke the door again, and again and again. But she never stopped painting – with no food and no water. Two or three days went like this which the girl used to paint more canvases than she did in all the time before that. She knew very well that the time has come. She went to the door and opened it – upon seeing her, her father took a piece of metal that was thrown away there. Then he swung it. Then he hit her. She fell lifeless on the ground.

Her father, prideful of his might, didn't realize that at this very moment the paintings came to life. By the time he started wondering where to dump her dead body, her creations had surrounded him. When he noticed them, they used a mysterious power to send him to a dimension that would inflict him pain for as long as he managed to survive.

The strange creatures gathered around her after that... but she was silent and motionless... so they grieved, for they were born of her soul. Then they decided to give her back the part of her spirit she once gave them. They formed a circle, uttered a spell, and upon completing their ritual they disappeared. But she didn't come back to life.

She took her rightful place as an Unhuman – far from the humans. She would paint beauty in the world, without possessing any material form or body. She would paint beauty in Nature, she would draw things no one else could. Thus the Unhumans named her – “The Unhuman Painter”.

THE UNHUMAN WHO REMEMBERED EVERYTHING

He had lived on this Earth for millennia, watching over it. He saw the birth of life itself, he saw life evolve... he has seen everything.

He was immortal – nothing could destroy him.

He was invisible, hidden in a magical sphere.

He knew that as long as he remained in it nothing could hurt him. In exchange for this invulnerability while he was protected by the sphere he had no means of communicating with the outside world.

Many millennia have passed but in the beginning the Unhuman watched over the world with great interest and curiosity, remembering everything that has passed. Then the humans emerged.

The human was different from all the other animals – human arrogance and stupidity greatly exceeded the expectation of the Unhuman, who had many millennia experience behind him.

The humans were the first animals to turn against Nature. They were the first animals to sadden the Unhuman.

Nevertheless, he was not worried because of what they did to Nature. What he could not understand was why they would treat all that is beautiful so badly. He wondered, and then he thought and planned.

Time passed and he was ready with his plan to expose the humans for their wrongdoings. When he started going out of the sphere, it whispered thus to him:

-:"If you leave me, you will die!"

-“Why, wouldn’t you let me in when I am done?”, replied the perplexed Unhuman.

-“No but I guarantee it – you cannot survive for long in the world outside.”

Despite being baffled, the Unhuman was keen on showing the right path to the humans. He reached out and slowly left the sphere. Upon doing this, he said thus to the humans:

- “Let me tell you what is the most important, most beautiful thing on this Earth! Let me show you the way which will guide you towards a synergetic future with the great Nature!”

No one paid him any attention. Everyone passed him with an arrogant grin. They all thought that he was crazy and he was not worth the bother. Amazed the Unhuman headed back to the sphere. Then a human spoke to him in a gibe:

-“What is this great thing you speak of, do tell... let us here it...”

The Unhuman started proclaiming passionately:

“What is this?

This thing that makes you lose your mind!

This thing that makes you selfless!

This thing that makes you indifferent to all things, except one!

This thing that no words can ever describe!

This thing that is more than life itself because it creates life!

What is this thing, is it a feeling or is it a state of mind?

What is this thing, is it art, but isn’t it more than just art?

What is this thing, is it something emotional, but isn’t it more than an emotion?

What is this thing, is it something beautiful, but isn’t it more than beauty?

What is this thing, is it something graceful, but isn’t it more than that?

What is this thing – I dare not say it!

Even I – the Unhuman – dare not say it!

What is it – it is more than everything else!

What is the thing you believe less and less?

What is the thing you abuse more and more?

What is it?!...

... Here the lowly laughter of the crowd stopped him. They thought that he was gone completely insane and thus they insulted him. They pointed the finger at him and they mocked him. He headed to where he came from. That is when he saw a girl at the edge of the crowd, which bore the same sadness in her eyes as him. She knew the answers to the Unhuman questions. He watched her and watched her... while the crowd threw stones and ridicule at him. Even he, the Unhuman, could do nothing, thus he killed himself.

THE UNHUMAN WHO CONTROLLED THE STARS

Many years have past after the last Unhuman walked the Earth. The long and never-ending human wars and greed had transformed the Earth into a half-dead wasteland, where everything just lived out their remaining days. In fact there were no days – the atmosphere was overflowing with dust and ash, making it impossible for one to see the sky. The only things left on this planet were lustfulness and indecency. The Unhumans have long given up on travelling to this accursed place, where so many of their kind have met their death.

But where despair is most prominent the flames of hope burn the brightest! There was a girl, who lived in one of the few mountains that were left after all the wars. Day in and day out she sat quietly and watched the darkened sky. All she wished for was to see what the Sun, stars and Moon, look like. She had heard stories and seen paintings of them from the time, when there was still some bravery left in this world. Her life was one of the few beautiful things left on Earth. Her soul was courageously strong for she could face her fate, hoping that one day her dream would come true. The dream that the never-clearing clouds would go away and the radiating Sun will take her into his Light, making it the first time she had ever felt warmth in her heart.

And just like that she dreamed day after day, reaching out her hands to the skies that hid the countless stars in their veil...

Somewhere in this Universe the mightiest of all Unhumans roamed – the one with total command over matter. Before he was born, stars would collide with each other leading to their destruction, as well as damning those lives sharing their Light. His birth put an end to this, as he used his absolute power to move and rearrange the stars and planets so that no stellar impacts occurred. For millennia he fulfilled his duty with no rest and no error. Once he went to speak with the wisest of all Unhumans. Upon receiving guidance as to the stars that are about to get hit and what is the course of action needed, the Unhuman who controlled the stars seemed to feel curiosity and asked the Wiseunman thus:

-“Great thinker, one that holds all the knowledge of this world, why is it that you are always crying?”

-“Do not ask me this, for this knowledge will kill you” – replied the other Unhuman.

-“But I cannot die, answer me please, why do you always cry?” – persisted the Stellar Unhuman.

-“I have no means of explaining it, but my knowledge brings me great sadness, so I never sleep and I always cry”, was the answer heard.

-“Could I not help you, even if it is only to understand your pain?”

-“You have lived for many millennia, but every moment for me is an eternity, you cannot help me, but you could still understand me. But beware – this will kill you” – spoke the Wiseunman.

-“I want to see this unhappiness, that can make an Unhuman cry” – said the Stellar Unhuman with a great aspiration.

-“Go to see the forbidden planet – the one where we once lived. There you will find what you seek – but do not seek unhappiness – seek happiness instead!”...

... And with these words the Unhuman who controlled the stars was sent to Earth.

All he needed was a moment and he was there. He looked around the desolate planet for another moment, but he still could not see what the Wiseunman had spoken about. What he saw was that girl, who was reaching with her hands towards the skies bound by Darkness. He went closer and asked her:

-“Why are you looking at the sky, when you cannot see through it?”

-“Because I know that what it hides is something beautiful”, replied the girl.

-“Yes, it is beautiful, but this planet was sentenced to never again see this beauty... why do you try to do something that is not possible?”

-“When you dream nothing is impossible, don't you know?” answered the girl, unfazed by the unknown creature.

-“But do you realize that your dream will kill you... if the sky does clear and the Sun rises, you will die?” – asked the perplexed Unhuman.

-“That is fine by me” – told him the young girl.

The Stellar Unhuman wondered for a few moments and then decided to clear the sky, if only for a short while, because he became interested in whether or not the girl will really give away her life to see something that he sees constantly.

He cleared it.

The girl, astounded by the view she saw, was moved to tears.

-“Wasn't this what you wanted? Why are you sad? Do you not like it?” – asked her the one who controls all the stars.

-“I like it, that is why I am crying” – replied the girl.

The Unhuman thought for a while and then decided that this must be what the Wiseunman was talking about. Thus he stayed with the girl, gazing at the starry sky for hours...

Soon the time for the Sun to rise had come. The Unhuman said:

-“It is time to blacken the sky; otherwise the Sun will burn you alive.”

-“Please, let it do so! I know that it will be worth seeing, even if I pay with my life!” – the girl told him.

Slightly saddened, the Unhuman agreed. It wasn't long before the closest star started rising from underneath the horizon.

-“It isn't too late” – frantically proclaimed the Unhuman – “please, don't die like that!”

-“It is not a problem; this will make me happy...”

...and the Sun dawned. The girl smiled as she saw the big star and started waiting for her end to come. But nothing happened. She looked at the Unhuman, who was standing besides her... he was smiling and crying while the Sun's rays were blazing him.

He whispered:

-“Please, live happily!”

She knew that he had transferred his immortality to her and that he will now die instead of her. She embraced him firmly, protecting him from the Light that hurt him.

-“Please, hide the Sun, take away my life, but please save your own!” – she said.

-“It is too late for that, I have no powers left, but still I have no regrets... now I know what the Wiseunman meant...”

He was happy and prepared to face his Death.

She was crying because he was dying, while he was joyous because she would live.

Then they heard the voice of the wisest among the Unhumans:

-“Do you now understand, why an Unhuman can cry?”

-Yes, I do, and I am happy!” – replied him the now powerless Unhuman.

-“Then I shall give you my powers to replace yours. May the knowledge make you as happy as it made me sad.”

And then the Wise one burnt away. This was the first time, when the Wiseunman was not right, and also the moment when the stars seized their endless motion.

Millennia passed since then and they still live alone on the desert planet, once again inhabited by the Unhumans.

LUNATORIUM

From all illnesses, they say, those of the spirit are the most fearful. In order to find if this is really the case, today we will conduct a tour of the local psychiatry, where we will be shown around by the department chief Head Psychiatrist (HP) and his assistant Assistant Psychiatrist (AP). What better place to start than with:

Room 42 – Drugs

Foreword:

Her mother was a strict woman. She would never let her daughter drink or smoke. The boys, although justifiably, were controlled and anyone outside the norm was censured. Her father wanted his child to attain a Masters degree in Law, which would allow her to have a good carrier afterwards.

- Study!

Only those who study achieve success in life, they say. The parents who were both educated people, revealed to their young girl the secrets of life, little by little, with much pathos dissolved in disgust – they told her that those who drink end up in a hospital, they told her that those who try some marijuana end up in a sanitarium, and those poor kids who try hard drugs end up in the morgue, all because their parents didn't warn them.

Day in and day out she studied – she needed to prepare for a Masters degree. Her classmates invited her to go to cafés, parties and similar entertainments, but she couldn't join them... all she had in her life was books and booklets. She started developing neurosis, depression, compulsive behavior. Then her parents decided that she must be sent to swimming practices, as, after all, swimming relieves stress...

Thus, after another practice session was inserted in her schedule, she was stress-free, but the sadness never went away. The situation became unbearable. She once heard that some alcohol could solve her problem. Although she was afraid that she might end up in the toxicology, she collected some bravery and asked her best friend to bring her a bottle, stolen from her parents.

As our heroine was instructed on how dangerous whiskey is, she was very careful not to drink too much. After a few gulps she forgot about all the sciences she had to know, which was a very rare event. A gentle and pleasant warmth started to possess her, as if a friend had covered her with a blanket.

Few hours later when her curfew came, she went home. She was calm as the alcohol consumed was so little, that all it had done was to make her sleepy... but she was always sleepy, drained of energy by her many responsibilities. After she entered her home, her parents greeted her with a smile, generated by yet another praise that came from her teachers. She was very surprised that they didn't find out that she had drunk, but this was understandable as she had what many would call just a sip. Then she went to her room and fell asleep.

And just like that the life of the girl was filled with some new friends, who were always there for her, especially when she had far too much education on her mind. Soon, the initial dosage could no longer solve the problem. From half a shot, she started drinking one shot, then two... one night, after she got a B in school, which in fact was a capital offence, she decided that as she would be yelled at anyway she better find some consolation in her spirit friends. This was the night when her parents found out that she was secretly drinking. The same night she could not sleep at all, as she waited to be taken to the hospital, as all alcoholics go there. Nevertheless, this did not happen – she wasn't that drunk and also she was fortunate to have one of those hangovers that do not hurt much and go away in less than a day.

She didn't believe her parents anymore. They have told her that alcohol would spell the end for her, but all in all it had only caused her a headache, which was nonetheless something that she frequently had due to overloading herself with the endless amount of knowledge she was required to attain. The only thing that changed for her was that some critical measures were taken, which aimed at making any future attempt to drink futile. Her father picked her up from school and the lessons she went to, so that they can be sure that she doesn't have booze there, and her mother sniffed her breath to double-check. The stress came back and with it the sadness was rekindled. The situation was once again unbearable, but this time it was much worse than before.

One night on her way back from the local supermarket the girl saw a group of stoners, gathered around an abandoned building. She had nothing more to lose. She had heard all the scary stories about what scary people drug addicts are. Regardless of that and with a lot of fear, she went towards them. They were still smoking the weed, and thus were still relatively reasonable. They were capable of communication, looked intelligent, had problems very much like her own. She had to quickly part ways with them as her parents would start searching for her if she took much longer. She said "Goodbye!" turned around and started walking, but then one of the boys said to her:

-“Try it, it will calm you down!”

She was scared, but she didn't have time to think about it. Nothing really mattered to her anymore, so she tried. She felt terrified that when she got back, her parents would find out. As soon as she stepped inside her house, she saw her mother ready to conduct the compulsory breath test. As she had inhaled some hash, she had relaxed and wasn't bothered much by her mom. Her matriarch sniffed around her, noticed the foul smell, thought about what may have caused it, but she remembered that she and her husband had forbidden their daughter to use any and all chewing gums and sweets, so that the stench of alcohol could not be veiled from their expert noses. Thus the girl was let in without further ado.

As our frantic student was allowed to go to her room, she immediately laid down to rest up from the long day. The cannabis had depressed her even more. However, the world around her had been painted in strange and unusual colors. The annoying pop songs coming from the neighbors sounded OK for the first time. The stars in the sky were dancing. After getting some sleep everything was back to its usual state. The problem was that she wanted to bring back the vivid coloration she saw last night. Thus she started rushing to get all the groceries done quickly, so that she had time to spend with her newfound buddies. She was also pleasantly surprised of how cheap this pleasure was, especially when practiced by a larger group. All this seemed to be a very good investment for her, if only because she could see her mother's powerlessness and inability to discover what she was doing, regardless of the effort put in. The cause of this phenomenon was the very high educational level of her parents regarding drugs, who didn't even know what a joint looked like.

This continued for quite a while. The turning point came when one day the matriarch went to go shopping herself. Then the cashier joked that their daughter is rushed far too much, if she has to be so frantic to finish shopping so quickly. Upon hearing this, the mother told the father, and then they both put up their hypotheses for the problem, and thus decided that they should tail their daughter as she is hurrying too much in the shop. The first thing they tested is whether or not she was doing something irregular in her room, but after thoroughly checking her quarters they found nothing abnormal there. Therefore, the next time their child went to the supermarket, her father tailed her.

Then he found what she was doing.

- WE ARE SENDING YOU TO THE !LUNATORIUM! WHERE ALL OTHER LUNIES AND THUGS LIKE YOU GO!

Thus proclaimed her father. Thus they did. The two honorable parents now spend their time discussing the evil that drugs bring to even the best of families, as well as criticizing their worthless daughter for her weakness. They were painfully ashamed by her very existence. Never again would they see her which was the one thing that kept them sane in their delusional, educated and cultured, world.

...

...

...

His parents were wealthy people. They never denied him anything. The abundant free time their child filled with endless dates and parties... but even this gets boring with time.

One day he wondered what he could do to kill the boredom. Then he remembered that a friend invited him to a party with various fresheners... namely amphetamines. This story will not be a long one – the boy went there, bought some drugs, which were cheap for him, and then got high.

Thus he found a more interesting way to spend his plentiful free time. Nevertheless, soon even that became boring. He heard that ecstasy make sex feel better than anything else. This story will not be a long one either - the boy went there, bought some drugs, which were cheap for him, and then got high. This time he managed to drag down someone else with him. Regardless of that, for him the feeling was worth it. He tried this stuff a few more time before a friend of his, upon hearing about our hero's adventures, laughed at him and told him:

-“Why do you intoxicate yourself with this cheap shit? Freshen yourself with some snow – it is far better than these cheap junks! Come to the party next time!”

It was as if a guiding light has shone onto the boy! Not only would he be able to spend more money, which made him feel good, but he would also achieve higher status in the young deviant society. This story will not be a long one either - the boy went there, bought some drugs, which were not cheap for him, and then got high.

As this story repeated itself on each and every party, not a rare occasion by any measure, the hero started feeling certain financial difficulties. Upon bringing this problem to his father's attention, his parent was duly angered, as he was giving his son every week what most people receive for a whole month. The boy was very saddened by this terrible and undeserved turn of events, so he decided that he was now depressed. He knew that depressed drug addicts should use heroin. This story will not be a long one either – the boy went somewhere, bought his drugs and then got high. As he lay helpless on a bench in the park he lost all his problems, which weren't that big anyway. Nevertheless, sadly for him, a cop found him and called the !LUNATORIUM!.

What happened next is clear – his father found himself wealthier than before.

...

...

...

HP – This, mister AP, is one of our biggest cages in this honorable madhouse!

AP – Yes, yes #sound of ass-licking#!

HP – It’s great that only thugs became addicts – very great!

AP – Yes, yes #sound of ass-licking#!

HP – Why are you repeating the same thing over and over, did you get high?

AP – No, no #sound of ass-licking#!

HP – Some very strange sound is coming from these human pieces of trash... let us continue our tour!

Room 1 - Loneliness

Foreword:

She was a graceful girl. She was smart and beautiful. She was so superior to the greys that there was no one with whom she could communicate. Thus she was all alone. Time passed and there was no one to adore or take care of her. Care in that sense of the word, which is now dead, killed by materialism and vain.

Seasons changed, holidays came, people celebrated, but she was alone. Not that she wanted to celebrate foolish holidays – she had no need for that. She knew that happiness could not be found in thought-up traditions and archaic rituals. She would never feel any joy from eating too much, drinking too much, or through money or gifts. But the winter is long and although it is beautiful, it is very cold when you are alone.

Her life was such that she had to strife with all its unjustness – something that had greatly tired her. She had to wake up early when she was young, she had to go to school, had to act as if she was interested in what they taught her. But she did not want all that – she knew that no one has any use for such knowledge.

- “BE LIKE THE OTHER KIDS – NORMAL!”

...told her her parents. But she could not be normal – she was much more than that.

Time passed and although her job replaced her school, nothing good happened. And she deserved good things. She deserved to hear from someone:

- “YOU DESERVE TO FEEL GOOD! YOU DESERVE TO BE HAPPY!”

...but there was no one who would tell her that.

The truth is that there was no one who could deserve her. But although Fate had made her unhappy, she was grateful and happy for being alive... and some day something good would happen. But this day lost its way to her and couldn't come.

The words had long lost their meaning:

- "SMILE!"

...she was always told... but not with a good intention. Her employer frequently told her that, so that the "clients don't have to suffer" because of her depression. The world has become truly merciless, if you can't even be unhappy!

All gestures directed at her were lustful and inappropriate! She never sought someone to shelter her, someone to pay her bills, someone who would buy her stuff, someone who would use her and then throw her away – all used up.

SHE WOULD NEVER!!!

...she would never end this way!

But the greys were afraid of her. They could not bear watching someone dream or live in Freedom... they couldn't bear that someone will always be superior to them!... thus they convened. They sat down, tired of their own worthless lives, and they started judging her. The meeting was also attended by HP and AP – as both are renowned greys. It wasn't long before the crowd lined up and proclaimed thus:

- "BE SENT TO THE !LUNATORIUM!"

...was her undeserved sentence. But there was no one who could help her, no one who could protect her. She was alone. Her loneliness sent her to the Lunatorium – unjustly and with no reason!

...

...

AP – It was such a long walk to this cage – my pulse reached the ceiling!

HP – It must be so! Otherwise she would infect others with her loneliness!

AP – Is that even possible?!

HP – It is, of course, this is why we locked her here – far from all of us!

...

...

A shadowy silhouette, a dark ghostly hero approached the door, he looked inside, made sure who was in, grasped the lock and tore it apart!

...

She is a graceful girl...

Room 69 – Sex addiction

Sex! Only sex! Nothing else! Why would anyone need something else!?

There is no adoration, no more tenderness! Because there is sex!

There is no more foolishness such as being faithful and honest! Because there is so much sex!

There is no gentleness or respect! Because there is so very much sex!

There is no goodness, nor are there any feelings left! Because there is only sex!

...

Have you heard of the man who declined sex because he thinks that sex is meant to conceive children?!

THE FOOL! A MADMAN!!!

And have you heard of the man who didn't take advantage of a drunken girl, but helped her go home instead?!

THE FOOL! A MADMAN!!!

Did you know that a man declined having sex, because he thought it was not ethical?!

THE FOOL! A MADMAN!!!

And did you know that a man didn't masturbate while imagining one of his female friends?!

THE FOOL! A MADMAN!!!

Could you imagine the man, who respects a woman because of the person she is, and not because she has a vagina?!

THE FOOL! A MADMAN!!! A LUNATIC!!!!

And could you imagine the man who cares more for a woman than he cares for himself?!

THE FOOL! A MADMAN!!! A TOTAL LUNATIC!!!!

All those fools – let them stay outside! All the rest – come join the orgy in the
!LUNATORIUM!!!

...

...

HP – This is our most normal room in this highly respected institution... but what can you do
– a directive...

AP – How do you choose who exactly is treated here?

HP – It's very simple really – you have learned nothing mister AP...

AP – I am very sorry #sound of ass-licking#!

HP – We choose those who we envy the most! They shouldn't be allowed to have so much
sex, to feel that good...now let's go take advantage of the next room!

...

...

A shadowy silhouette, a dark ghostly hero approached the door, he looked inside, made sure
who was in, grasped the lock and twisted it around so that it could never ever be opened
again!

Room 12 – Prostitution

Foreword:

Upon bringing up the topic of prostitution, most would quickly jump to the self-satisfying conclusion that there is no need to feel sorry for the girl as she chose that life herself. This could very well be true for the majority of cases, but even then it isn't less dispiriting.

The biggest issue for me is that some do not freely choose to do it. Imagine a magnificent young girl, 14 years old, who wanted what everyone her age wants – she would try to graduate from an university, find a caring boyfriend, get a good job, etc... if only her mother didn't sell her. And when I write "sell" I mean exchanging her for money, as if she was some grocery – without feeling any remorse.

Being sold to the local pimp, she never got to choose. They violated her in ways, so terrible, that no one her age should ever experience. In fact, no one regardless of age should ever be treated that way. Only she knows what will to live one must have to continue on with one's life when you are inflicted such pain.

During this part of the story an Unhuman would come to right the wrongs – to destroy the greys and save the heroine. But the Unhumans would not come... what came for her was a local thug who wanted her only for himself... and got her.

For a while this tormented girl felt cared for and respected, as what happened to her was the tenderest thing she had ever felt – having sex with only one man. Soon after, even he threw her away – used and broken in more than one sense of the word. While her mind was exhausted by all the tragedy in her life, her body was shattered and wrecked. The only thing that was left for her was a bipolar depression.

This is the foreword for this room – nothing really inspirational or progressive – just a harsh, sad and unpleasant story, with no chance to end happily.

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AP – Would we take advantage of her!... would we!... would we! #sound of dripping saliva#

HP – She still has far too much pride – we can't – she will color us!

...

...

A shadowy silhouette, a dark ghostly hero approached the door, he looked inside, made sure who was in, grasped the lock and tore it apart!

- “Hopefully one day someone will come, and exorcise away your pain...” – whispered the silhouette and then disappeared.

Room C₂H₅OH – Alcoholism

One beer. Two beers. Three beers. Four beers. A beer belly and some unspecified liquid on the ground! New paragraph!

One glass of wine. Two glasses of wine. Three glasses of wine. Four glasses of wine. One bottle of wine. Two bottles of wine. Three bottles of wine. Four bottles of wine. A fight with insults and some unspecified liquid on the ground! New paragraph!

One shot. Two shots. Three shots. Four shots. Five shots. One bottle of liquor. Two bottles of liquor. Three bottles of liquor. Four bottles of liquor. A fight with fists and some unspecified liquid on the ground! No more paragraphs – directly into the
!LUNATORIUM!

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HP- Another needless directive... why do they make us do such a terrible thing to such undeserving people... I don't understand it!

AP – If I have to be honest, I also...

HP – You don't have to be honest – no one cares – pay more attention or those above will hear you!

...

...

A shadowy silhouette, a dark ghostly hero approached the door, he looked inside, made sure who was in, grasped the lock and twisted it around so that it could never ever be opened again!

Room 00 – Fat-o-larium and their African neighbors

Foreword:

Generally, I don't like kids. Therefore, I rarely write about kids. Nevertheless, now, likely for the first and final time, the hero of this short story will be a child. This is because those sharing his problem never live long enough to become adults.

The youngster had many talents. He could have learned to play the violin. He could have graduated from school. He had what it takes to attain a Masters degree. He was persistent and organized enough to find a good job which would allow him to take care of himself. What he didn't have was about 20-30 kilos... but this is Africa – who cares for Africa – let them be – while should I bother. And the nerve they have to die that much, when the other part of the world is far more pleasant when it comes to making analyses and comments. Here, we have tons of food. Thousands of tons of food. We have so much, that it is hard to choose what to eat... this is why some people choose too much – transforming themselves into moving shitbombs, which are ready to go off when you least expect them to! No restroom is safe from a smelly destruction!

But I feel for them... the hyper obese people, of course – who cares for Africa – let them die there! Here we have burgers, shish kebabs, sandwiches, pizzas, meatloaves, snacks, wafers, chocolates, sweets and most of all – French fries – how can you dislike French fries! If you show me someone who doesn't eat French fries, I am sending them straight to the Lunatorium!

...when I think about it, the African children do not like French fries – if they liked them they would eat them... straight to the !LUNATORIUM!

Generally, I fully understand the feelings of those people, who eat far too much. They have one very simple reason for doing so – it is tasty! I fully understand them. But I have grown far too tired of calling over a plumber to fix the sewer pipes – the plumber is very tired too... thus, if you would be so kind, go inside the

!LUNATORIUM!

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HP – This room smells like shit, I don't want to check it anymore!

AP – Well, actually, it is full of shit...

HP – True, but what annoys me the most are those anorexic little kids. Why do they behave as if they haven't eaten anything in a month?! Are they insane?!

AP – They are, they are!

Room v. 3.9.023b – Computer Addiction

Foreword:

The character in this story doesn't have a name... this doesn't symbolize anything, he just has a nickname. He has many friends – exactly 4023! How did I manage to count them? Easy – facebook counted them for me! 4023... so many, he must be happy to know that many great people... if he actually knew them, that is. Some of them are famous – some are superstars! He knows their every step... he follows them... in twitter. He communicates with many girls, although he never dated any of them in real life. Who needs real life, when you have so many dating sites – go watch some pictures and enjoy yourself. In these websites he is tall, handsome, strong, ripped, drives an expensive car and lives in a castle... although in reality he is short, thin, stooped, doesn't have a driver's license and lives in a slump. None of this matters, though, when his friends would enter the den of the beast for him! How do I know? They already went to the den of the beast with him, they even killed the beast together – a few times – all this in just one MMORPG. Well, it's true that occasionally they blow each other's heads off, but what are 2-3 headshots among friends?...

The more I think about it, though, it's fortunate that our hero stays in the cyberspace all the time. It's for the best. Well, it's also true that late at night he tends to use too much toilet paper and napkins, but why should XXX matter in a harmonious family... nevertheless, I don't think that trees should suffer because of some little wanker... Therefore – go plow the farm in

!LUNATORIUM!

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HP – This is my favorite item in our PsychoVille!

AP – Why, level 99 Master Psychiatrist?

HP – Because when my PC breaks down, I have someone to fix it – this kid does a really good job!

...

...

A shadowy silhouette, a dark ghostly hero approached the door, he looked inside, made sure who was in, went in and smacked the head of the patient with the PC monitor!

Room 100 - Rape

Foreword:

She had eyes just like the clear summer sky. She was beautiful, talented and free-minded. She didn't fit at all in this rotten world, which had turned beauty into a gentle curse...

ALL BECAUSE OF THE GREYS!!!

She had everything that a human could dream of – her father was a wealthy man, he took good care of her. She, although saddened, was able to cope with the grey reality, believing that someday the world will become more normal, where utopias like “freedom” and “fairness” would become an actuality.

She had friends... whatever the meaning of this word. She had people who she knew, with whom she communicated. People, who only wanted to use her. Was it because she was too beautiful, or was it because she was one of the Light ones?! Was it because her father had money?! She detested money! Money was something that she saw as an insult, something she despised. Money was the thing that had made her beauty something that people tried to buy. But she wasn't for sale, and she will never be! She wouldn't become someone's gift or trophy. The most beautiful part of her – the true freedom she possessed – had been the source of many problems...

ALL BECAUSE OF THE GREYS!!!

She had the will to fight with everything that was against her in this world. But she couldn't fight what should never be allowed to exist!...

It was a dark night in the middle of autumn, cold and wet. She was used to feeling cold; she was used to the pain and that suffocating feeling when you can't do what your soul desires. This was happening

ALL BECAUSE OF THE GREYS!!!

She had an intellect that the greys could only dream of! But they aren't even able to dream, that is why they make everyone drown their conscience in the grease of human knowledge.

She didn't want to know how to wage wars, how to hurt Nature, and how to hide this unforgivable crime behind such words as "physics", "chemistry", "economics" and all other "sciences"! That is why she had to stay at school until late:

ALL BECAUSE OF THE GREYS!!!

All her senses were made to feel tenderness! She could see the Light of a distant star, even in the darkest night! But too many monstrosities roam the Darkness:

ALL BECAUSE OF THE GREYS!!!

She had a perfect body which was the epitome of Nature! But this was a crime, in the world of the greys:

ALL BECAUSE OF THE GREYS!!!

She had no fears – none at all! This is why, when this lowly beast was closing in on her, she did not scream – she knew that no one would here!

ALL BECAUSE OF THE GREYS!!!

No one would save her because the world was ill with decay!

ALL BECAUSE OF THE GREYS!!!

She would have no future, because something that I can't even think of would have happened to her:

ALL BECAUSE OF THE GREYS!!!

(end of part one)

Room 61 - Dreams vs. Reality

AP – Mister HP, why is this door so heavily guarded? What kind of monster dwells within?

HP – It is forbidden for us to know – just the thought of this thing would make one insane!

Inside:

Hello dear readers and welcome to the eternal derby between Dream and Reality, coming to you live from our psychiatry. Commenting for you are a group of abstract characters, I am Spectacle. Now entering the field are our two competitors – on the right is Reality in a grey shirt, grey shorts, grey socks, grey shoes, grey shoe laces, grey bandana, and a few more grey things, and on the left we can see Dream, dresses however it wants. The coach for Reality is Society, while Dream has no coach, because it does whatever it wants. Today's match will be refereed by the department head in the Lunatorium Department Head...

Humor: His parents didn't think much about the name, did they?

Spectacle: ... and a few other doctors. The audience is comprised mostly of my men... now the security guard Ruthless will chase away those who came here to help Dream.

Ruthless: Of course, we want to see some spectacle.

Spectacle: You will surely see me. The important thing is that all unneeded helpers are now gone and the derby can begin. Dream grows itself wings without feeling any remorse and heads towards the target. What a surprise – Medicine, which is in the studio with us, starts to vigorously shoot at Dream. Medicine, what ammunition are you using?

Medicine: As it grew wings, which is due to its unwillingness to walk on earth, treatment with earth-binding medication has been deemed necessary.

Health: But wouldn't you hurt it that way?

Medicine: Do not interrupt your creator!

Health: But I have existed long before you were invented...

Spectacle: No one cares for both of you... Logic, you know everything, who is your favorite?

Logic 1: Dream, of course – it can do everything!

Logic 2: Reality, of course – Dream doesn't exist!

Logic 3: None – the battle will never end...

Spectacle: It can't be easy for you, having so many variations of yourself.

Humor: At least it can start a choir...

Spectacle: Yes, it can. But clearly this match will end soon, as Boredom starts its shift after 5 minutes, and we really don't mix well.

Medicine: My pills are almost used up, I can't stop it!

Spectacle: This is truly unfortunate, isn't it? No one wants to watch Dream win. Unfairness, if you will...

Unfairness: Of course I will.

Spectacle: Ladies and gentlemen, Unfairness rushes to help Reality, which helplessly stands still. And here we go – a wall that came out of nowhere saved the score. Dream is forced to retreat, but Unfairness will make sure that it had its last attack. The inhibitions of Society are removed, which enables it to start a stormy shitthrowing against Dream.

Fairness: You will not chase me away! Hope, Help – do your job!

Ethic: It is not ethical to defy the majority!

Spectacle: So very true – what else can I expect from my own child...

Fairness: No one asked of your opinion!

Spectacle: Oh, no! What an unpleasant turn of events! A moment before Dream was drowned in crap Help summoned a shield to protect it. Hope was seen behind the grey Reality and so Dream decided to try one last time. A strange light shone on the field. I can't see a thing! Oh, no! The score is:

Dream vs. Reality: ∞ - 0

This is by no means the end, though – Unfairness is down with the referees and they proclaimed Reality to be the winner, because the one with fewer points wins. Logic – how would you comment that?

Logic 1: This is not logical – there is no such rule!

Logic 2: This is logical – a victory should be acceptable to the majority for it to be viewed as the truth.

Logic 3: This argument will never end.

Room 204 502 000 – War and Depression

A collection of reborn themes;

Theme 1: The one who saw the stars

He was a pacifist – he detested all wars. He was mobilized – to fight for the flag, the country, the religion and for justice! All those things have no meaning, when you had to leave behind someone so precious! His fate was a short one – in the very first fight he died – shot through the chest! While he awaited his doom he looked up at the sky filled with countless stars. He watched as he spitted the blood gushing out of his damaged lungs. Then he smiled and said thus to the stars:

-“You are lucky – my blood will never stain you!”

... and he died with a smile.

Theme 2: The one who embraced the flower

He was a pacifist – he detested all wars. He was mobilized – to fight for the flag, the country, the religion and for justice! All those things have no meaning, when you had to leave behind someone so precious! This story will be a short one – a shell detonated near him, it tore apart his leg and cut off his hand! He doubled up in pain on the ground, when in the corner of his eye he saw a bright blue flower, which had radiance comparable to the big summer sky! The view was so contrastive to the falling bombs, the blossom could so easily be recognized in the smoke of detonated explosives... but no one could see it, as fire descended from above! Everyone was frantically running and hiding. The hero of this theme began to slowly close his eyes, knowing that his grave would be protected by something beautiful. He was just about to pass away when he saw how a soldier almost stepped on the gentle plant. Then our hero said:

-“I won’t let you die here! You deserve better!”

Then he started crawling towards the flower, regardless of how much pain he felt and the way he was maimed. Upon reaching his destination, he looked at the beautiful blue petals with utmost happiness. Then he put around it the only hand he had left and whispered:

-“Please, let me guard you with my dead body!”

... and he died with a smile.

Theme 3: The one who had made a promise

He was a pacifist – he detested all wars. He was mobilized – to fight for the flag, the country, the religion and for justice! All those things have no meaning, when you had to leave behind someone so precious! Upon departing from his home, he promised her that they will be together one day... but during the first battle he was wounded in the stomach. He was bound with pain to the earth he was soaking with his blood, watching the sky in regret! He lamented not because the life he had was a bad one, but because he wouldn’t be able to fulfill his last promise. Then he started crying... never had he lied to her!

And just like that, in disappointment and sorrow, he lay on the ground and cried. A gentle rain started falling from the skies, which washed away the tears of our hero. Then he smiled and said to himself:

- “Today this rain will fuse with my tears and tomorrow they will become rain again. Then, after maybe a week, maybe after a month or two, one of my tears will carefully knock on the roof under which you sleep... and knowing the way home the teardrop will slip beneath a tile and it will lay down to rest besides you... just like I promised.”

... and he died with a smile.

Theme 4: The one who became a traitor

He was a pacifist – he detested all wars. He was mobilized – to fight for the flag, the country, the religion and for justice! All those things have no meaning, when you had to leave behind someone so precious! He was sent to a faraway desert land with no water, but with abundant oil... why would one want any water, when there is so much petrol. The country was inhabited with different people, who believed in a different god... while he didn't believe in any gods. Even if he did believe in something, the war would quickly teach him otherwise.

During one of his many patrols of the occupied city, he saw how soldiers, his own brothers in arms, torment a little girl, who was left with no home and no family. He wanted to go back to the one he cared about, he wanted to be with her again, he wanted to see her smile if only for one last time before he dies.

But how!? How could he look her in the eye, if he had forsaken this innocent child!?

Then he shouted – “Stop!”

The band of lowlifes, who molested the little girl turned around, looked at him and they laughed at what he said. They replied:

- “When we are done with her you are free to do whatever you want!”

Then his anger blurred his vision and he started pushing them away. Then they beat him up. They would thrash him a little, then they would attack the child, then he would jump at them, and then they would batter him again. And this went on for an hour. After that, they got bored and left him be.

-“Deserter!”

This is what they called him. At least the child was safe now. This was making him happy, regardless of the pain he felt from the broken bones and swollen limbs. At least his soul was joyous – that he didn't betray her!

After this incident he started taking care of the little girl. This, however, was very hard – he was seen as a traitor for the occupiers, while he was an occupier for the local people. In between the frequent sessions of humiliation and battering the only thing that kept him

standing was her smile, when, although rarely, he was able to find food for her... and he hardly ever ate himself – war and starvation go hand in hand after all. Two months have passed when his health greatly deteriorated. He started saving up money so that they could both go home, but this was becoming less likely with every passing day. He could feel his ending drawing near. One evening he gathered all he had, bought a ticket for the girl and called the one, who was waiting for him at home. He said to her:

-“I am sorry, but I won’t be coming back. I am so sorry. Please, protect the one good deed I did here!”

And after sorting out the travel arrangements, he got the child on the train and sent her away. Days after, upon receiving news that the little girl had arrived safe and sound he relaxed...

... and he died with a smile.

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This Lunatorium room is empty!

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No	Year	Name	
1	1904	Herero and Namaqua genocide	75 000
2	1911	Mexican Revolution	2 000 000
3	1914	World War I	65 000 000
4	1914	Armenian Genocide	1 500 000
5	1915	Assyrian genocide	750 000
6	1915	Greek genocide	1 000 000
7	1917	Russian Civil War	9 000 000
8	1919	Decossackization	500 000
9	1932	Holodomor	10 000 000
10	1937	World War II	72 000 000
11	1937	Nanking Massacre	340 000
12	1937	Dersim Massacre	70 000
13	1941	Holocaust	11 000 000
14	1941	Ustashe	655 000
15	1945	Expulsion of Germans after World War II	3 000 000
16	1950	Korean War	3 500 000
17	1955	Vietnam War	6 020 000
18	1961	Some of the Indonesian Human Rights Abuses	400 000
19	1962	Massacres of Mayan Indians	200 000
20	1969	Dictatorship and political repression in Equatorial Guinea	80 000
21	1971	Bangladesh atrocities	3 000 000
22	1972/1993	Massacres of Hutus	150 000
23	1975	Cambodian Genocide	3 000 000
24	1980	Iran–Iraq War	2 000 000
25	1983	Second Sudanese Civil War	2 000 000
26	1983	Sri Lankan Civil War	100 000
27	1986	Al-Anfal Campaign	200 000
28	1994	Rwandan genocide	1 000 000
29	1998	Second Congo War	5 400 000
30	1999	Persecution of Falun Gong	162 000
31	2003	Darfur conflict	400 000
			204 502 000

Room zero - Poverty

Foreword – First story:

It was winter and the sky was pink. That shade of pink which is dark and ashy, hiding within it the mysteries of Nature. From it, snowflakes fell. The type of snowflakes that are larger and which decorate everything they land on. The silent northern wind blew, which was easily recognizable through its icy hand, touching the souls of the strangers it met on its path. The Darkness ruled the Earth once more, when the following event happened:

During the winter there are many festivities that try to summon the Light to come a little bit sooner. The greys didn't like the Darkness – they feared it. They feared the Light just as much, but as the Light ones bear no malice, allow no wrath and they can't, no!... they don't want to punish. The Light ones often became victims of the greys and thus only a few of them are now left. One of them is the heroine of this story. She, as all other Light ones, was one of Nature's wonders. Her beauty was gentle and mystical just like the pink winter sky. Her skin was as white as the snowflakes, dropping lightly from above. Her soul – it was quite and calm

– just like the northern wind – and just as strong. And just like the winter, a gift from the Darkness, the Light one was undervalued and unwanted – only because she was more than the rest. She had nothing – no family, no friends, not even a set of warm clothes – all because she had no money. Her father ran away from home. Her mother left her – all because they had no money. No one wanted to be her friend – all because she had no money and because she was too tender, despite all that. She had nothing to warm her during wintertime – all because she had no money – but she had a soul much warmer than the stars in a large constellation.

This season wasn't easy for her – but she enjoyed it nonetheless. She respected the rule of Darkness as much as she respected that of the Light. She had it rough... her white skin would frequently become blue from the freezing cold, and the only ones who ever noticed her were addicts and lowlifes, who were hiding, veiled by the long nights.

During one such night, she managed to find a lukewarm corner, tepid from a company party, where the greys celebrated one more year and the worthless money they had won. She couldn't understand why they were inside at all – they were eating strange food, which she would never eat regardless of how hungry she was. They drank expensive brands of poison, which helped them forget that they are poisonous too. She stood alone and gazed at the stars when one of the greys saw her and shouted:

- “If you are a good girl, tonight I will feed you something – though, I can't promise you exactly what!”

Then the sky became infuriated and cried with a thunder upon the grayish land! The grey one was electrocuted! Soon after, a group of greys went out for a cigar, saw her and shouted:

-“Come with us and we will warm you – you don't even have to pay!”

Then the gentle snowflakes became infuriated, they gathered into icicles and unleashed their fury upon the grayish land! The greys were impaled by the countless ice knives! Soon after, the greys started leaving the party. As they saw one of the Light ones alone in the cold, when all of them were hiding inside their expensive coats, they were truly joyous. They started laughing at our heroine:

-“You deserve to freeze to death!” – shouted they in unison!

Then the wind became infuriated, it compressed itself into a fist and it stroke upon the grayish land! The grey crowd was frozen dead! Thereafter, none of the greys dared say anything to the Light creature. They stood there and watched her freeze in the cold, unable to do anything at all, because the whole world is now ruled by money. Then a shadowy silhouette, a dark ghostly hero approached her and said thus to her:

-“You deserve to be forever warm, but I am a monster and I cannot help you! Please allow me to give you some of my soul!”

Then one of the hands of the silhouette started burning as bright as his wrath towards all the greys. And just like that a beast made this winter night the first time when the girl felt warmth in her life.

Nevertheless, the greys could not allow such a deed to go unpunished. The moment, the dark ghostly hero departed to spread justice to the world, came the greys from

!LUNATORIUM!

- “This one has no money; she has nothing, why would that madman help her?” – asked himself HP, who was the team leader – “The next time we should be ready with some countermeasures against him!”

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Second story

It was summer. The Sun scorched the earth. The town unpainted grey by the concrete and the greys was turned into a silent oven, which slowly and with gentleness drained the life of those who do not deserve to see the Sun’s Light. Melancholy ruled over everything. Even time has slowed down due to summer fatigue and was at the brink of stopping altogether. But in this summer tale not everyone had it easy... at least our heroine didn’t.

She was one of the Light ones. The Light ones rarely have problems with the heat as it is a gift from the Light Itself! She had no problems with the weather, she did not feel the suffocating embrace of the nearest star, because all the Sun could do to her was to caress her. In fact I think even It was awestruck by her. I cannot know – I am not welcomed in its kingdom.

The heroine had some very special friends. The Sun – It was the one which kept her company during the day. The Sun, they say, is one huge atomic bomb, with an unquenchable potential to burst and burn, but It was very careful when sending heat her way. That could be because her warmth easily compared with Its own. I do not know... what I know is that during the night the Moon covered the girl with a starry blanket, whilst singing a quiet nocturnal song, which could only be heard by a gentle creature, such as herself. When I think about it, during the summer the Sun rises sooner and sooner, maybe because It misses her too much.

She lived in a small room. A small room with two small windows. Two small windows through which she talked to her best friends. Friends, which belonged in the sky, just like her. And the sky – it was reflected on the small white bed, as well as on the small table, which rounded up the furniture in the tiny room. Everything in the room was so small... how could her huge and magical soul fit inside? Inside the room for poor people in the !LUNATORIUM!

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The girls from the two stories were put in two separate rooms – most likely because if their Light was in a single space it would overilluminate the world! The two small rooms, which the greys made as small as possible, so that they serve as a reminder of their poverty, were sharing a common wall. The wall was tough, large and, of course, expensive, as it was made out of titanium. The greys never went to check this ward – it was dangerous for them to get near it. No one ever went there... until the day when a shadowy silhouette, a dark ghostly hero came. He looked smugly at the titanium barrier, laughed at it, and then hit it, sending it flying far beyond the horizon. He was careful, very careful, not to hurt one of the two Light ones – he is a monster, but he would never ever lay his hands on such purity and goodness.

He looked at the girl in the first room, lowered his head and said:

-“I am sorry that a freak like me comes to save you – I know that I do not deserve such honor...”

Then he turned towards the Light one he saw for the first time and told her:

-“I am sorry, you do not deserve to see a monster such as me, but I had to free you!”

And she looked at him, smiled and replied:

-“I am free... and I have always been that way.”

...showing him a hole that the Sun had made with Its morning rays.

Room !Forbidden! – Rebels

AP – What is this room? Why is it so heavily guarded?

HP – Inside it dwells the most horrible creature in our sanitarium! Barking mad!

Rebel: {censor}

AP – What is it shouting? I can’t hear a thing...

HP – We shouldn’t be listening to it! The other greys told me that if you hear the maniac inside you are finished!

Rebel: {censor}

AP – Why did they put him here?! Why would they ever keep such a monstrosity inside?!

HP – I have no idea... I just hope they send it away! Unfortunately, they said they cannot touch it! It was invincible!

Rebel: {censor}

AP – Is that even possible?!

HP – For it, they say, everything is possible!... let's get out of here!

Rebel: {censor}

Rebel: {censor}

Rebel: {censor}

Rebel: {censor}

Rebel: {censor}

Rebel: {censor}

Rebel: {censor}

Rebel: {censor}

Rebel: {censor}

Rebel: {censor}

Rebel: {censor}

Rebel: {censor}

Rebel: {censor}

Rebel: {censor}

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After encountering this beast our dear psychiatrists had to take some time off from their harsh entertainment. Therefore, the boss of the madhouse sent them to visit a similar institution, where they imprison all kinds of lunatics!

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At the entrance of that institution a strange individual welcomed them, who called himself a Dark Figure. “He must have gone crazy, considering his job... I don’t blame him”, thought HP. Everyone quickly went inside and started touring the cages. The first one was:

Room 2 000 000 000 000 000\$ - Greed

This room was full to the brim with people. Some money was scattered on the ground and everyone was fighting to their deaths, so that they can get it. Also, in the farther side of the room some apparently sickly people were lying down.

Then HP asked:

Those at the sidelines are the crazy ones, right? Why aren’t they fighting for the money?

Dark Figure – No – they are all insane. The ones you talk about are just starving – that’s why they are ill.

AP – Is starvation part of the therapy? It is in our sanatorium...

Dark Figure - No, it is not. We are just asking them to pay for their meals, but they don’t want to spend any money on that. They say that they will become poor...

HP – Great! Rich people deserve just that! Let us continue with the rounds.

Room $C_6H_2(NO_2)_3CH_3 + C_8H_{18} = ?$ – Army Personnel

In this room there were a few men with uniforms, all good looking and all playing some computer games. Upon seeing them AP remembered the boy in their clinic, who always played games on his PC. Then he asked:

AP – Is this your computer addiction treatment cage? We have one as well!

Dark Figure – Partly, but those play only wartime strategies.

HP – Why?

Dark Figure – Because they are used to doing it for real.

Room A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z - Teachers

Here, few strange people had armed themselves with sticks and a machine, which had the following label:

Shitening device for brainwashing.

To be used for persons aged 5 to 21, the period can be extended.

Ingredients: culture (shit), knowledge (modified shit), education (modified crap).

Manufacturer: Greys Corp.

As there was no one else they could spray with upbringing, they sprayed each other, but logically there was no effect. Slightly mystified from what was happening, the two psychiatrists whispered to each other:

AP – Isn't what's happening here a bit strange?

HP – No! If you had to deal with little idiots all your life you would end up here as well!

Room 10, which is really room 154, or it could be room 23, as well as room 3 – Politics

- "I will make you rich! You will live well without having to work at all! You will have everything you want! You will have no problems!..."

- "I will make you rich! You will live well without having to work at all! You will have everything you want! You will have no problems!..."

- "I will make you rich! You will live well without having to work at all! You will have everything you want! You will have no problems!..."

- "I will make you rich! You will live well without having to work at all! You will have everything you want! You will have no problems!..."

- "I will make you rich! You will live well without having to work at all! You will have everything you want! You will have no problems!..."

- "I will make you rich! You will live well without having to work at all! You will have everything you want! You will have no problems!..."

AP – I want that!

- "Vote for me!"

Dark Figure – Don't listen to him.

AP – Why?

HP – Because they are all lying!

- "Because they are all lying!"

- "Because they are all lying!"

- "Because they are all lying!"

- "Because they are all lying!"

- "Because they are all lying!"

- "Because they are all lying!"

Room 3, 7, 12 – Religions

The next group of crazy people was situated in a cage outside. Most of them lay on the ground; some of them utter strange verses, while others looked up at the sky. In the farther side of the cage there were fruit and vegetables which were ready to be picked up. Then HP asked:

"Why do they look so pale?"

Dark Figure – Because they haven't eaten for a while.

AP – Why is that?

Dark Figure – Because all they do is look at the sky and perform strange rituals, expecting that this would satiate their hunger.

AP – Madmen!

HP – And why don't they eat all that is growing around them?

Dark Figure – Because they don't know how.

AP – Madmen!

Room

3.14159265358979323846264338327950288419716939937510582097494459230781640628
620899862803482534211706798214808651328230664709384460955058223172535940812
848111745028410270193852110555964462294895493038196442881097566593344612847
564823378678316527120190914564856692346034861045432664821339360726024914127
372458700660631558817488152092096282925409171536436789259036001133053054882
046652138414695194151160943305727036575959195309218611738193261179310511854
807446237996274956735188575272489122793818301194912983367336244065664308602
139494639522473719070217986094370277053921717629317675238467481846766940513
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958537105079227968925892354201995611212902196086403441815981362977477130996
051870721134999999837297804995105973173281609631859502445945534690830264252
230825334468503526193118817101000313783875288658753320838142061717766914730
359825349042875546873115956286388235378759375195778185778053217122680661300
19278766111959092164201989 – Scientists

-“Hello people! Can I destroy the Earth?”

HP – Who is this?

Dark Figure – A lunatic.

Room 120/80 - Medics

The next room was very sterile. Some people, dressed in white, stood alone in cabinets separated with glass walls. All of them had cut themselves and were analyzing what they had inside with an odd interest. After seeing how the crazy ones were tampering with their insides, AP proclaimed:

“This must be your drug addicts cage – we have one as well!”

Dark Figure – They are not addicts, although they tend to use too much drugs. They do not follow the will of Nature; instead they try to heal what cannot be treated!

Then HP whispered to AP: “This place is very strange, it’s good that we have one last room to see and after it we will be leaving!”

Last room - ?

HP – We are nearing the end of our tour. Is this the last room?

Dark Figure – Yes, it is the last room, although as of now it is empty. We modified it.

AP – Why?

Dark Figure – So that it can withstand a greater degree of insanity.

HP – What kinds of modifications did you make?

Dark Figure – Go see for yourselves.

Then the two psychiatrists went in. And then the Dark Figure, a shadowy silhouette, a dark ghostly hero approached the door and closed it! Thus, the label of the door was revealed:

“Last room – Psychiatrists”

- “If you didn’t fear me that much, greys, you would know who I am!”

Room 100 – Rape {part two}

Everything - ALL BECAUSE OF THE GREYS!!!

No!

No!

No!

No!

No!

No!

No!

NO!

I won't let it happen!

NO!

No! I summon JUSTICE! Let righteousness rule this world!

No! I summon all that is pure to rise!

No! I summon THE REBEL TO APPEAR BEFORE HER!

Let this Dark Figure, a shadowy silhouette, a dark ghostly hero,
CREATE ORDER!

Let this Dark Figure, a shadowy silhouette, a dark ghostly hero,
PROTECT THE LIGHT ONES!

Let this Dark Figure, a shadowy silhouette, a dark ghostly hero,
PUNISH THE GREYS!

And he came.

He raised his hand.

He stroke and JUSTICE came!

...

...

...

...

Then the greys from !LUNATORIUM! appeared. They came prepared and thus they detained him. They detained her as well. She was put in room 100 – and he was sent to

Room !Forbidden! – Rebels and Murderers

But does this really matter,
when there is no power which can bend one's justice and righteousness!
when there is no wall, no gate, which could ever imprison the will to strife!
when beauty, goodness, purity, honesty, gentleness and valor have to be protected from all those lunatics, who want to break them!

TEMPORALIA

THE BEGINNING – IN MY SLEEP

Whilst sleeping, one is different. In your sleep you can do anything. In the Domain of Dreams everything is possible. There is no grey. There are no greys. There, you are your own master. There you see the best of yourself, and also the worst. You see yourself through the prism of your dreams. There are many dreams, but some are more than all of the rest. I will now tell you the story of one such dream of mine.

When I came to I was in a dark place. It resembled one of those optical illusions, where the staircases and the floors are entwined, where you walk up and down unbound by gravity. It was one of those places, where it didn't really matter if you went up or down, as you would arrive at the same spot. I wandered aimlessly for some time. I walked on walls, I walked on the ceilings... from time to time I encountered the doors which held inside the horrors of my conscience. Confined, restrained, chained and wrapped with safety tape they beckoned me, through their interdiction, to unleash them. All I had to do was move my hand and the slime of my subconscious mind would flood the room through the tiny cavities. Even the thought of them is like a malicious tumor – if you ever relax, regardless of how minutely, it would have already gripped you tightly. The boundary is so thin... you give your subliminal mind a little freedom, you let it breathe in some air through your own alveoli, and it would have permanently replaced you in your own body... and you would have become just a simple beast. But even this invincible vegetative monster, this thought cancer... even it has one weakness. This weakness is its fear. The fear that it is nothing. It and its fears – they are the greys in my reveries and dreams. But, sadly for it, in the Domain of Dreams my apprehensions melt away to become my strength. Sadly for it I am the master here – I create all the rules.

“NO!!!” – I shouted in my dream.

Then the walls started rearranging. The staircases began to twist and interweave. What was an evil puzzle a moment ago now became an oval stairway which only went downwards. I started to descend the stairs, thus going deeper and deeper in my own conscience. After going down a few levels I saw a door labeled “Dream Controls”. This didn’t seem very interesting; I wanted to see what else was there. The next door I encountered was labeled “Heart Controls”. I smiled placing my hand on my chest – my heartbeat was as fast as ever.

“While my blood is near its boiling point I know that I am alive! I don’t want anything else from my heart!” – I proclaimed.

Then I realized that I was talking to myself. Such depths are dangerous for a wayward brain. But I don’t care! Life is worth living only if you face its obstacles head on, instead of trying to go around them. I must go further. As I went even deeper I started feeling that all the clarity of mind I had left eroded. I began to see illusions and hear voices. I tripped, but I always stood up. It felt like a whole year had passed when I reached a mysterious doorway. It was labeled “Mind Processes Controls”. Its gravity pulled me towards it with great force. My hand trembled from just the thought that I might reach out and open it. There, terrible things were waiting for me! What happens if I forget how to wake up? Or if I forget how to breathe? Or even worse – what will happen if I forget who I am? Or if I forget my dreams, if I forget what I desire the most?! I looked around and as I saw all the delusions created by my unstable reason I said to myself:

“I was never sane to begin with – nothing will really change” – and with those words I went through the door with determination.

PART 0 – BRAIN PUZZLE

When I came to I was on the other side of the gateway and there I saw a long, seemingly endless, corridor. I began walking and soon after I saw a room, which was enclosed with glass. Inside it I witnessed myself standing in what looked like a pool. The me inside was crying and there was a huge stone that depressed me. When I inspected that me which was within the glass room I realized that my tears had created the pool which I would shortly drown in. As I was watching the stone, which pushed down on my shoulders, I recognized it as the weight that was resting on my soul. This was the room of my depression, which was always waiting for me in the depths of my mind. When I decided to move on and made a step, I was pushed down by such a force that I almost fell. I felt so heavy and it seemed that the whole world was pressing me downwards. I turned my head around and I saw that the stone was now on my side. Depression is always like that – if you start staring at your own sadness, it will soon grip you ruthlessly!

“I won’t stop here” – I vowed to myself – then I touched the stone and told it – “Go away!”

...and just like that, as if through magic, it disappeared.

When I went further down the corridor I saw another glass room. I saw inside it myself again, but this time I was talking to the walls and hiding from my imaginary foes... this was the room of my schizophrenia and paranoia. What scared me so much? Why couldn’t I accept my loneliness? What made me fear that much? The moment I thought of the latter question, monsters started raining from the sky. They were the embodiment of my fears... but I am through being scared. Why should I be panicked... if my terrors knew the pain I see... then they would be afraid of me. Nothing frightens me anymore... I have only pain left.

- “Go away!” – I ordered them.

After walking a bit more I arrived at the end of the corridor. There I encountered a broken glass room. From it, my own eyes looked at me intently, although they had no emotion left – it was as if I was unable to feel anymore. I eyed the other me, smiled and told it:

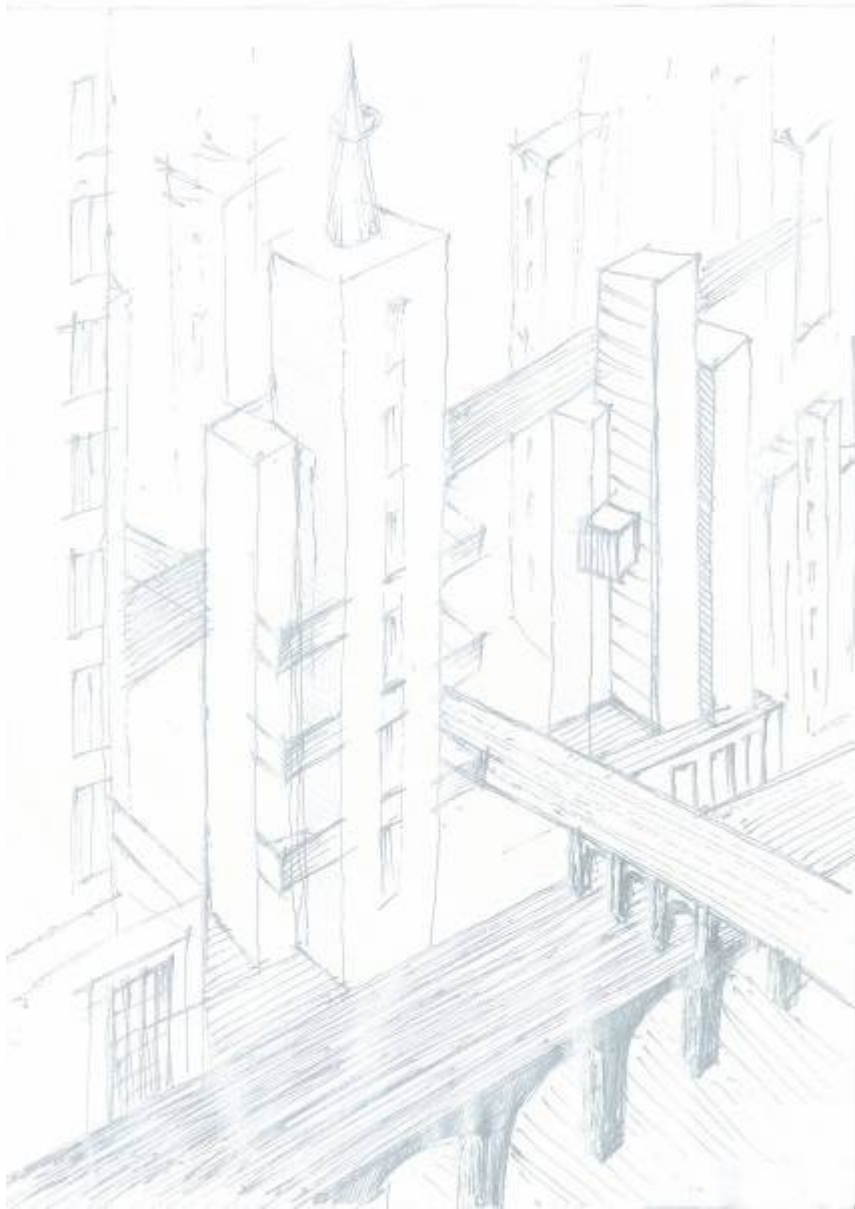
- “This world void of any sentiments will make me throw away all my emotions sooner or later... you are what awaits me at the end of this painful road. But I know that there is one feeling which is common to both of us – none of us could ever shed it away from our spirits... if I stop caring for those dear to me, I would cease to exist! Move aside – I want to go ahead!”

Then the other me stepped away and I saw an elevator entrance behind him. I entered it and it began to descend.

After going down for hours, the elevator finally stopped. It seemed that this was my destination so I looked up to see the number display but there a strange name was written – “TEMPORALIA”. When the doors opened, I found myself in a bright and warm room. In it, on thousands of monitors, all my memories were projected... there were even things that I couldn’t remember when I am awake. In the center of this place there was an enormous book which, as if through magic, was leafing itself through. In it, I found all my knowledge – everything I had ever heard, seen or known. Nevertheless, the most spectacular thing there was one sparkling sphere, which levitated above the book. As I approached it I started realizing what it was. It held the power of perfect extrapolation. It possessed the ability to help me use all I know and all I have ever experienced, to reconstruct the puzzle of life, to find what happened before my memories existed. Then, having recreated the past, I could see the future. Deep inside my own brain I found one of the greatest secrets of the Domain of Dreams. I couldn’t stop myself from looking at what is to come.

I grasped the sphere in my hand and it engulfed me in Temporalia – the power to travel through time.

PART 1 – MODERNITE – THE CITY OF TECHNOLOGY



When I came to I realized that Temporalia had sent me to another world. I was now in a city where technology was so advanced, that it exceeded my wildest dreams! Everything was moving so fast, everything shone so brightly! I just had to understand the inner workings of this interesting metropolis, where cars travel without even touching the ground and the advertisements appear in the air projected in 3D by unknown in our time apparatuses. I

decided to go inside the first thing I would see. Soon I found a strange saloon which was labeled:

(SUBPART 1.1 -) BEAUTY SHOP

In our time we have a lot of cosmetic, hairdressing and other torture centers. Nevertheless, when I entered this “beauty” shop the things I saw there were hard to believe – the people who had undergone a procedure were changed drastically. At the entrance a doll, dimly resembling a man, greeted me and showed me a mirror. In the mirror, I looked malformed and dysmorphic, as if my whole body was out of proportion. My reflection was but a grotesque. I looked at the doll and told it:

-“This is not me. This is not a mirror either – everything it reflects is an illusion. I cannot be so easily led astray – it was not long ago when the phantasms in my mind tried to confuse me – but they failed and so will you!”

-“I do not understand – this is a mirror and it shows the truth,” answered the doll, “but don’t you worry, if you order the relevant manipulations we offer, you will become beautiful, just like me!”

-“Beautiful?! I cannot become beautiful... only the Light ones possess beauty – they are beauty themselves. And apart from that – what makes you beautiful, when you are just a doll! It is an insult to beauty to call something without a soul “beautiful”!

-“Mister, please, it doesn’t matter if I am a doll or not – I am beautiful and everyone wants to be like me.” – replied the puppet. “Please, look around and see what we offer, then decide what to do.”

There was no reason for me not to do as instructed, and thus I started my tour of the saloon. There was a man who didn’t like how his hair looked – it was the wrong color... when did colors become right or wrong?! A hairdresser came, pulled out a machine, cut off his client’s scalp and sew a new one to replace it!

- “Magnificent!” – exclaimed the man...

“What is magnificent” – I thought to myself... I asked the hairdresser what this procedure is and he explained:

-“This is a hair change procedure – we put you another hair, in whatever color you like, with whatever style you want – everything is synthetic – it doesn’t fall, it doesn’t need to be cut, as it doesn’t grow – it is practically eternal! And no one will be able find out that this isn’t your real hair!”

- “What happens if you want another style?” – I inquired.

-“Easy – you come here and we put another hair with the style you want – it is quick and simple!”

I hadn't heard such scary words even in my wicked consciousness... what had become of this world! But that was only the beginning... as I continued with my examination of the future, I saw how they replaced noses, how they injected muscles into people and how they implanted artificial torsos...

-“How disgusting!” – I proclaimed!

Then I felt all the eyes staring at me which signaled the time for me to go... I used the powers of Temporalia and I deleted my own presence in the shop from the future. When I was once again before this hypocritical slaughterhouse's door, shortly before I would go in, I thought about what is becoming of beauty – why is it transforming into an artificial and unattainable ideal, which is achieved through using poisonous chemistry and digital illusions. Don't people know that the most beautiful thing in this world are the Light ones... and the Light ones are beautiful just because they are happy! There isn't a greater joy than seeing a happy Light one! When the carnival of masks ends and they are free, all you need to do to understand what is true beauty, is to gaze at their honest smiles!

...I won't linger on here, outside this repulsive place – I will continue to study the world of the future, but I will be cautious – this city is far too lustrous for the ugliness it hides!

SUBPART 1.2 – THE BUS FOR THE SCRAPPED

As I wanted to tour the city, and knowing that Temporalia isn't something that can be used for a long period of time (as it will disappear the moment I wake up), I decided to catch a bus. Upon reaching the nearest bus stop, I saw a crowd of people, who were enclosed inside the bus station with a steel fence. There was also a robot at the entrance. I asked it:

-“Can I use the bus?”

-“When do you expire?” – enquired the robot.

-“What do you mean?” – I responded confusedly.

-“What is your expiration date? When do you expire?” – pressed the machine.

-“I don't have an expiration date, I am not from here... are all these people past there expiration dates?” – I continued with my questioning.

-“Yes, they are going to be scrapped now and from them we will make new people.” – explained the robot.

-“How do you know when they expire?”

-“They expire when their genetically programmed exploitation time is up” – told me the machine.

-“And how do you know that their time is up? And apart from that, don’t all these people have the right to live as they wish, to engage in arts for example!?”

-“The exploitation time is programmed in the Human Factory. There, based on simulation, the experts can assert how long each individual will be an asset for this perfect society, and after that the individual has to be scrapped, so that there are no losses incurred because of them. Each and every individual has a constitutional right to spent 3,512% of his time for “personal amusement”, and I am programmed to say, that the new government raised this percentage by a generous 0,001% from 3,511%. Art isn’t a word I recognize – I cannot answer. Go to the Modernite Library – all knowledge is stored there.” – recited the robot.

-“Where is the Human Factory? Where does the government decide on policies?” – I asked anxiously.

-“The Factory is just across the Library – you can reach both by traveling on this road for 53,431 km. The government is democratically elected and convenes in Auruminium – the city of the higher humans. This is all I can say – I have to load the amortized cargo onto the bus. Have a great time in the city of Modernite!” – automatically exclaimed the robot.

SUBPART 1.3 – THE LIBRARY OF MODERNITE

I used another Temporalia power and I teleported myself 53,431 km down the road where I found the entrance of a huge building – The Modernite Central Library. Unmoved by the imposing scale of the construction before me I went inside, where many robots were situated at a large reception desk. I approached one and asked it:

-“Where can I find a book on the history of art in the last century?”

The automation looked me with eyes, unable to compute my request. Then it replied:

-“There were no arts in the last century. A perfect society doesn’t need such illogical and ineffective ways of wasting time.”

-“Literature? Doesn’t anyone read books?” – I inquired angrily.

-“Many read books – our great genetically programmed scientists have written an unreadable amount of books that contain all of the secrets of the Universe!” – answered the receptionist.

-“Doesn’t anyone write odes for Beauty!/? Doesn’t anyone concern himself with spiritual happiness?!” – I raved.

- “Beauty is analyzed in many books analyzing psychology and biology. The common conclusion of all researchers is that it is but a worthless illusion, which the lower humans of the past once had.”

-“What about fine art?” – I questioned the machine.

-“I am not programmed to understand its meaning – it is not needed anymore – there are 3D TVs, after all!” – explained the robot.

-“Music! I hope there is still some music left!” – I shouted!

-“There is music... our supercomputers have calculated all music that is possible in this world and you can hear it if you want.” – responded the robot.

-“But is there any feeling in that music?! Does anyone play live concerts anymore?!” – I pressed nervously.

-“Why should there be any feeling in music – after all, it is a sport!” – said the machine with an automated smirk – “Soon there will be a concert in the library’s music hall – you can go if you wish.” – answered the robot and I headed to the said hall with what little hope I had left.

SUBPART 1.4 – GMO-PIANISTS CONCERT

When I arrived at the theater I saw a hologram poster, which said:

“World Piano Championship – 28 fingers class – semifinal”

I didn’t have high hopes coming here, but I was starting to lose what little interest I had left in the futuristic city. When did art become a sport where the feeling doesn’t matter as much as the complexity of performance and, of course, the money? The only thing that kept me there was my curiosity – what did they mean by “28 fingers class”? Therefore I decided not to waste anymore time so I fast-forwarded time by 30 minutes when the pianists were getting ready to start playing. There were two performers, but what amazed me was that they both had 4 hands with 7 fingers on each hand. I asked a man from the audience who was sitting next to me:

-“Why do these people have so many hands and fingers?”

-“So that they can play the piano, obviously!” – the man laughed at me.

-“How were they born this way?” – I replied.

-“Because they were programmed to be born this way in the Human Factory, obviously!” – the man snorted at me.

Soon after the “concert” began. Both pianists had to perform the same piece at the same time, and a computer decided who wins, based on who was more perfect in playing the written notes. “This is not for me”, I said to myself and then I headed to the Human Factory.

SUBPART 1.5 – THE HUMAN FACTORY

I went in.

I saw this insult to Nature.

I used Temporalia.

I shattered the facility into billions of pieces.

Then, as I stood in the midst of nothingness and embraced by timelessness, I thought.

I thought that the Will of Nature has not been adhered to for a long time.

I knew that it was hypocritical of me to remove human wickedness only in my dreams.

I must strife!

The fight must go on when I am sleeping and when I am awake!

Thus I turned back time and never ever went there again.

SUBPART 1.6 – THE FARM FOR ILLUSIONS

I wanted to leave behind this awful future city. There was no reason for me to stay here. Everything I like and care about was deleted. I was sure that there was some place in this Temporalian world, beyond our time, where it would be worthwhile for me to go. I was near the city border when I encountered a strange building, labeled “Illusion Farm”. “This could be interesting”, I said to myself – and with a speck of well-hidden hope I entered the door. Once again, a robot welcomed me and said:

-“Hello, what illusion do you want to live in?”

-“What illusions do you offer?” – I asked with what little hope I had left.

-“We offer everything you can imagine – driving fast cars, having sex with incredible women, possessing all of this world’s riches... you can also fulfill your compulsory illusions’ quota.”
– replied the excited robot.

I was saddened by how even dreams had become so petty. Why doesn’t anyone dream of the stars, why doesn’t anyone dream to be of service to the Light ones’ beauty? Why did everything become so mercantile and vulgar? I would leave this place right away, but the latter part of what the automation said intrigued me:

-“What are these compulsory illusions?” – I asked.

-“You don’t know? Anathema!” – proclaimed the dogmatic robot – “You are obliged to believe at least two times every month in one of the approved religions. It seems that you haven’t dreamed your quota. Guards!”

Then two guard robots came and detained me. They started dragging me towards a room in the innermost part of the building. There was a display on its door:

(SUBPART 1.6.2 –)RELIGION v3

It was a small room where some odd people cried for no apparent reason, spoke illogical things, performed strange rituals and all in all acted crazy. I asked what those people were doing, and the answer was:

-“They believe! This is Religion version 3 – the newest version where you can repent for your sins by paying online! The more you believe (or pay) the higher your level becomes. At the highest levels one can even become a saint!”

-“This is not my place.” – I laughed.

-“Sit down and believe! You are obliged to!” – shouted the robots.

-“I believe in all that is beautiful, but I will never believe in crap!”- I told them and then I rewound time to when I haven’t yet entered this disgusting structure.

This city surely wasn’t for me. I used the powers of Temporalia and I teleported myself to the nearest city, which the infinite knowledge of Temporalia showed me.

PART 2 – AURUMINIUM – THE CITY OF THE RICH ONES



The place, where I found myself, was nothing like anything I had ever seen. Everything – from the road and buildings to the water in the fountains looked as if it was made from gold and platinum. It was an unseen luxury, even more amazing than the city of technology. Shortly after I arrived, a golden robot came to me and just like its kinsmen from Modernite, it talked:

-“Hello! Can I see your ID card?” – it asked politely.

-“I have no ID card – will you detain me?” – I responded.

-“I won’t if you pay – many of the Rich ones here don’t carry their ID cards with them, so that they have something to pay for when touring the city.” – answered the robot.

Humans always found interesting ways to spend money. For someone who has money it has always been important to show it. Even if he didn’t expose himself, it would still be important for him to find a reason to have so much money, be it by buying excess properties or just making worthless acquisitions, all in the name of feeling superior to everybody else.

Nevertheless, my situation was good for me, as a power such as Temporalia would have no problems at all creating any and all material goods. And just like that I had in my possession an uncountable quantity of money, from which I bought my freedom... if only true freedom could be bought with money.

-“I want to drink some water.” – I said – “Where can I buy some?”

-“Do you prefer golden or platinum water?” – asked me the robot.

-“I want normal... I will poison myself with all this gold and platinum!” – I proclaimed.

-“Yes, you will poison yourself... but then you could pay our great doctors to heal you. Medical attention is very expensive and thus it is a lucrative way to spend your money!” – answered the robot.

-“No, thank you.” – I continued – “Is there any normal food?”

-“No, the food here is bad for your health too. This is because it is so important for it to be costly, that it has to be made from ingredients that are not safe to eat.” – replied the robot.

-“OK, then, what amusements does Auruminium offer?” – I pressed with high hopes.

-“Here you can find an infinite number of R&R activities! You can play “civilization” with the people of Modernite – they are created for that purpose! You can buy a human from there and do with him whatever you want – they often let these lowly have-nots run around the suburbs of the city so they can play safari with them. This is a very popular sport at the moment – it is far more interesting than what the people of the past called “hunting”.

If I have to be perfectly honest, I wanted to humiliate the people of Modernite – I didn’t like that city at all. I wanted to punish them. I wanted to give away a little portion of the money I had in abundance just to make them feel bad. I wanted to feel superior to those genetically programmed lowlives. I wanted to be great – I wanted to be above all the rest... and then I thought to myself – money can easily change you. All it takes is a little bit more money and the material world quickly enters your mind. Just a minute ago I didn’t need anything, didn’t need any money, but now I want more of everything. And the worst thing is that I don’t really need them – I just don’t want others to have them – I want to have more than they do. Then the robot continued:

-“If you can afford it, of course, you can play our most entertaining game – war! Unlike our battles with the Rebel from the Lunatorium, which we lost due to a lack of luck, in this war against what is left of the resistance you will surely win. We use the most advanced military equipment while they hide in caves and use primitive weaponry!”

-“What happened during the war with the Rebel from the Lunatorium? Who is he?” – I interrupted the robot with an unhidden curiosity.

- “This information cannot be sold.” – replied the robot.

-“I want to see what the resistance looks like – it’s a form of tourism!” – I lied.

-“I can give you the coordinates of one of their closest bases, if you pay, of course!” – said the machine.

I paid the offered price and the robot told me where I could find the aforementioned base of the resistance. “The best thing I heard today!” – I thought. I was sure that if there was anyone sane left amongst all these madmen, she would retaliate. I didn’t have any patience left, without saying anything else I used Temporalia and transported myself to:

(PART 3 -)THE NAMELESS TOWN OF THE POOR



Everything here reminded me of a desert. There were only ruins and dusty boulders. There was no water; there were none of the technological advances I saw earlier. Poverty and crime were the only things left here. The sound of fired bullets resonated constantly, it was full of people who were dying or already dead, lying on the only street in this rough town.

-“I will go on” – I said to myself – “I have seen too much tragedy, too much mindlessness today, for this to be able to stop me!”

Thus, keen on finding the rebels, I went inside one of the bars in this little town. I sat down and just as I was asking the barman if he knew what concerned me, a band of thugs entered and started shooting. The moment the first projectile flew towards me I used Temporalia and stopped time. There was so much fear captured in that moment, all clearly written onto the faces of the people inside. Desperation, regret, lament, wrath... all this could be seen in this moment separated from time. Maybe one day in the future, when this actually happens, the people here would feel time just like I feel it now. Would their thoughts be as light as mine? I doubt that, it is so easy for me to hide behind Temporalia and to use it to escape from reality... as if this reality isn't mine to bear... but tragedies happen even when I am not dreaming, and then it would be hard to protect myself from them.

Upon leaving the bar I let time flow again. The air filled with roaring bullets, some meant for me. I, just like the people of our time, went away, as if I had nothing to do with that.

Soon after, I met Hope herself. She was a graceful girl, seemingly untouched by this crooked time.

-“Hello! I am a time traveler from another era!” – I said with irony.

-“You must have had a long journey”, She smiled, “can I help you?”

-“I am looking for the rebels in this city. I want to meet them!”

-“You met them already!”, said the girl in a gentle laughter. “Come with me, we can’t talk here!”

A few minutes later we reached one of the many broken-down houses, home of the young lady. She invited me inside and we sat around the small rotten wooden table, covered with a ragged cloth, which was nevertheless perfectly cleaned.

-“What do you want to know about the revolution?” – She asked with a smile.

-“Everything! I want to know everything about the surviving sanity in this world!” – I proclaimed with childish enthusiasm.

-“The revolution began with the Rebel of Lunatorium.” – She started telling me – “He could not bear to see goodness and bravery being treated as some kind of madness, as if they were useless. Many of the Light ones were hurt so much, that they were beyond any help. Others were captured by the greys, who tried to steal their freedom. The Rebel, who is a monster unlike any other, opposed them and managed to prevent them from stealing the Light ones’ powers. Following that a war broke out, which the Rebel won with the help of the Allies. The majority of the rebels and the Light ones found their freedom among the stars. Those who couldn’t make it then, or did not wish to do so, continue to struggle for the revolution. I am one of those who stayed behind.”

-“Incredible! It was high time for the greys to get what they deserve! But why are You still here, in this world infested with grey?” – I said keenly.

-“How can I leave this place when so many of us haven’t found their way to the skies?! I cannot be happy if this meant that others will be suffering!” – She stated with pride, which only a Light one, such as Herself, can possess.

-“I am sorry; I am also responsible for what was happening in the past.” – I answered humbly.

-“Don’t be sorry,” She smiled, “let me bring you some tea so that you can relax after the long journey.”

-“Please, don’t,” I said, “I am not real, I do not need tea... especially if that would cost You any effort!”

-“If you are not real, then my efforts aren’t either! What is the problem then?” – the girl said as She brought a cup of tea to the table.

-“Please, that way I would be in Your debt long before I actually saw You! And even if this world is not real, Your beauty is more than real! Have you ever seen a flower bud that doesn’t blossom beautifully? Just like the flower, one day You will be born graceful and beautiful! Temporalia is an incredible power, but even it cannot fully reproduce something as pretty as Yourself! I deserve no favors from a Goodness such as Yours!” – I said in shame.

Then She smiled, so that even the Sun can’t compete with Her Light. She looked at me and told me:

-“Someday in the future, when I am real, would I remember this day, before I was born, when you were here? Would I put two cups of tea on the table, would I wonder why I did so? Hopefully the past will be righted and with that the present will be fairer! Let me now show you the passage to the Underground city of rebels...”

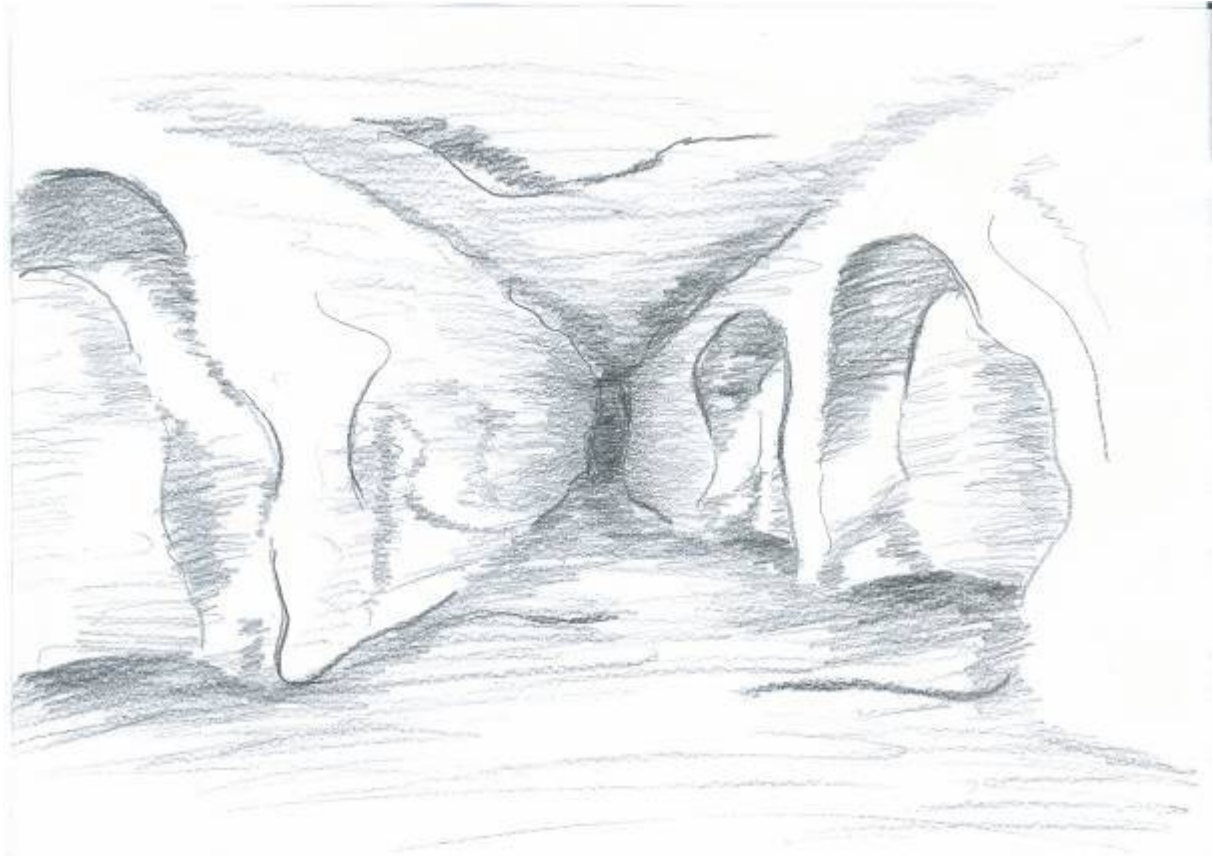
I wanted to promise Her that everything will be alright. I wanted to promise that I would do what it takes to make the world a better place for Her, long before She is born. But I am weak... what kind of arrogance must I have to say something which I am powerless to realize! I could only wish for the best and follow Her. She lifted a carpet in the far corner of the little room, thus revealing the entrance to an underground cave. As I climbed down the stairs leading from the house to the cave, I saw joy in Her eyes. This was the joy of being able to show another one the Road to Freedom. But She had so much sadness in Her... surely as much as She had beauty! “Didn’t She want to be free too?” – I asked myself. “She wanted, of course – this is why She is so sad!” – I answered my own thoughts, while I was traveling down the stair... and when I reached the floor of the cave, I heard the magnificent assonance of the closing lid and the gentle tear, which lightened the path through the Darkness.

TRANSITION 1 – THE ROAD TO FREEDOM

The cave was dark and damp... it was so suffocating. It was steep and slippery. It was full of obstacles; it was testing the souls of those who treaded through it.

I could easily teleport myself to its end. But I didn’t do so – for the road to Freedom should be a hard one! I must get used to it!

PART 4 – THE UNDERGROUND CITY OF REBELS



I had finally reached my dream destination, but it wasn't the fairy tale I envisioned. Everything was small, cramped and humid. Everything was stained with mud and ash, but even then it was much cleaner than the lustrous streets of Modernite or the glamour of precious metals in Auruminium. There was something strangely romantic in this underground town. I wanted to learn more about this place so I approached one of its inhabitants:

-“How does it feel to attain Freedom through your own efforts?”

-“Freedom? Where do you see Freedom here? Is it an act of Freedom for one to be confined like a bug in the tunnels of this cave? Are the Light ones who came here Free, when they cannot see any Light?” – answered the rebel with unveiled resentment.

-“This is better than being bound to those disgusting grey cities above, isn't it? There, not only is your body shackled, but your soul is too!” – I said with determination.

-“It is pitiful to seek the lesser evil, and it is even more pitiful to be happy with it!” – proclaimed the revolutionary.

Then one of the Light ones approached us, Whose Light wasn't dimmed a bit by the pitch-dark cave. She looked at us and said:

-“This is a guest who came here from a different time. It is better for us to tell him what is happening in our present, because unlikely as it may be, he could be able to help.”

-“If this will make You happy I will tell him the story of our time.” – spoke the dark rebel and started his narrative – “As you know, years ago the Rebel of Lunatorium started a war against

the greys. I admit that no one has ever achieved such a victory against those lowlives, but his act was unconvincing! I acknowledge that he and the Allies managed to achieve some great deeds – most of our resistance was able to escape from here and went to the stars... the Light ones can finally be calm and free, while the rest of the rebellion can plan how to enforce the final justness here on Earth. But what of that? We continue to be slaves down here. Everyday one of us dies in a battle with the greys, everyday one of the Light ones is sent away to that disgusting place on the red star, that prison! At least they don't harm the Light ones anymore, as they fear the consequences. They know that the Rebel will fly across all the stars if he has to, if only to annihilate them after they do something so horrid! We tell each other that we will do what we must here, that we will repeat or even top the success of the Rebel... but the only thing we do is free the naturally Free Light ones from that despicable prison on Mars! We have achieved nothing! Nothing... but I am adamant that I will keep on fighting! We soon depart for the red jail, if only to clean the stars of the greys' filth!"

-“Come with us”, whispered silently the Light being, “you can learn something valuable from our journey through space!”

-“I am coming!” – I replied with enthusiasm and impatience. I fast-forwarded a few days' time to the moment when we were scheduled to depart for the boundless skies.

TRANSITION 2 – THE ROAD TO THE SPACE ESCALATOR

When the fated moment came, the rebels and the Light one gathered, uttering no word or sound. Then we started our journey, but not with a space ship, but rather by foot. We walked for about 7 or 8 hours through the dark underground corridors towards the far reaches of the cave, when we finally saw the surface. There a rusty broken-down car was parked, which, nevertheless, looked as if it was produced long after our time. This was an interesting experience for me, because I had never imagined that the car of the future would look like that. But everything ages, and the vehicle was no exception. Nonetheless, what surprised me the most was that it actually started and then we headed to a place they called “The Space Escalator”. They explained to me that this device was needed to make the acceleration needed to leave the Earth's atmosphere more bearable, especially for those people who frequently travelled to outer space.

Our route went through a desert and the melancholy of the infinite sand horizons was slowly taking a hold of me. After some time passed, I got curious and decided to see how fast we were going. I asked the driver and he answered:

-“We are sluggish as this machine isn't what it once was... we are cruising at no more than 200 mph.

Technology develops incredibly fast, I thought... if only souls could be this way! And just like that, in thoughts and embraced by the sandy infinity our group arrived at a huge and unfathomably high construction, which shone brightly even during daytime. It seemed as a glove thrown at the Sun – a challenge to see which is higher and brighter. Crowds of people

were swarming at its entrances and it looked like half of the desert was turned into a parking lot for those who left their transportation there. I asked:

-“Is this our destination?”

-“No.” – laughed at me the driver.

Another 20 minutes passed, when suddenly a large metal panel dropped literally a few meters to the side of the car. When I confusedly enquired about what had just happened, the rebels told me in unison:

-“Our destination... well, a part of it!”

Then I saw in the distance a towering structure, seemingly similar to the last one, but nevertheless it looked a little different. When we arrived there I could see why – the whole escalator was falling apart. The wind was blowing away parts of the construction, just like the one that almost hit us. When we got out of our rusty vehicle things got even worse. Our journey from the car to the space elevator was made into an adventure, as three rival trafficking organizations were shooting at each other, fighting over some cosmic drugs, which were very popular. Also, a pirate ship crashed into pieces as it failed to emergency land after being hit by the Earth’s anti-space defenses. “If we survive that, the retro escalator won’t be a problem”, I encouraged myself. Nonetheless, my bravery was seriously impaired when I saw the transportation that would take us to the stars. It was hard to believe that what was before me was in fact a space ship, as it looked like an antique, all rusted and full with bullet holes from the many illegal cruises it had made. I turned to the rebels and told them:

-“This came from some war museum, didn’t it?”

-“Of course it did, we stole it from one exhibition not long ago!” – replied one of the revolutionaries with unfazed joy – “Let’s board it!”

We did. The few indicators that were still working in the cabin lit up. The lights of the escalator lit up as well and then we felt a strong blow, which began to push us upwards. Our ascend was accompanied by some really disturbing noises coming from the elevator and from our retro vehicle. When my nerves and the ship’s plating were just about to go, suddenly everything calmed down and then I realized - I was a space-traveler!

TRANSITION 3 – THE FLIGHT TO THE MOON – THE CRIMINAL SATELLITE

I was just about to relax after the harsh ascend to the Earth’s orbit, when shells started blowing up around us. The experienced pilot from the resistance easily avoided the enemy fire and it wasn’t long before we were outside the effective range of the Earth’s anti-space defense

system, operated by the greys. Nevertheless, this wasn't the last of our worries. Although we were traveling pretty fast we were intercepted by an anti-rebellious fighter unit, piloted by genetically modified pilots. We couldn't escape them with the scrappy ship we had. Then, to my surprise, our space chauffeur proclaimed:

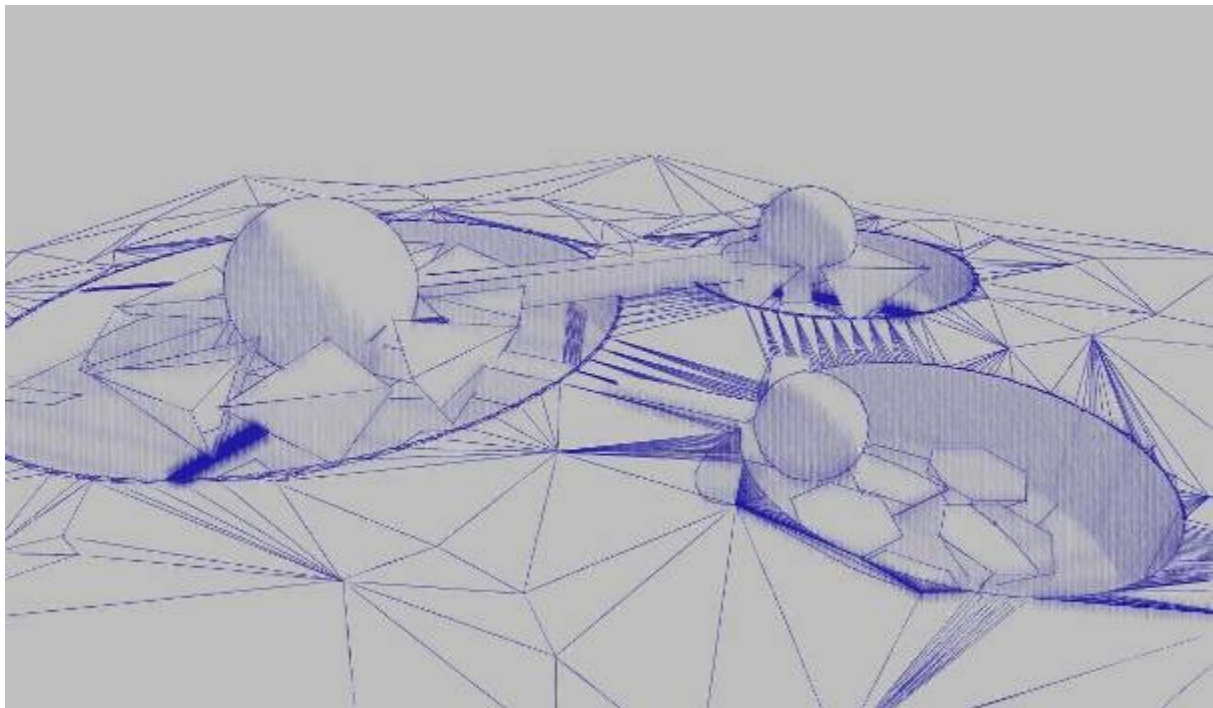
- "We've got you!"

And out of nowhere a group of interceptors appeared and sank all enemy ships.

- "This is a part of the Space division of the Resistance! With their talent and the Allies' technology nothing can stop them!" – exclaimed one of the rebels.

And just like that, unbothered and escorted by a friendly convoy we reached the Moon. I could see the surface which was full of craters, most of which filled with one or two criminal gangs' bases.

PART 5 – DROGERIUM – THE CRIMINAL CITY ON THE MOON



The Moon had become a really strange place. As we hovered above the little star, holograms were beckoning us to visit bars, where androids prostituted, to go to illegal lunar casinos, to try some designer cosmic drugs... it was full with a multitude of criminal cartels, which nevertheless attracted many tourists from Earth, as well as nearby pirates and smugglers. My companions explained to me that this was due to the fact, that the Moon was the first space colony and although living in space has always been the dream of many humans, the conditions there were never even close to those on Earth. This led to governments sending

only thugs and poor people to the colony, so that resources on the Blue planet could be preserved... everything else is just a manifest of logic. We, ourselves, were headed to the local arms dealer, who could lend a hand to the revolution.

When I asked if the dealer was a part of the Resistance, the rebels mocked me, saying that the contrabandist is a part of all those who pay him. When we arrived at the arms' shop, labeled "Your best friend for your worst enemies", I was surprised by the offered assortment of goods... I was even surprised by the way they were being sold. For example, you could buy bullets from a vending machine. When the seller enquired about our order, the rebels gave him the prepared list of weapons they needed, then they paid using a large diamond with a thick violet tint. When I asked about its origin, they replied:

-“Simple, Lunatoria is filled with such stones – they are just like the mud on Earth – inexhaustible.”

Then they explained that the Rebel went to the distant star called Lunatoria. The moon was supposedly covered with diamonds shining in violet, as if to guide those who want to fight as a part of the revolution. I wanted to go to that place. I really wanted to see it. However, we had to leave Drogerium first and head to Mars, where Fate awaited the greys!

TRANSITION 4 – THE FLIGHT TO MARS – THE RED PRISON

Upon breaking away from the Moon's gravity, two of the planes from the rebellious escadrille which escorted us earlier approached our space scrap and attached to it two auxiliary engines, which would help us reach Mars. While the fighters were backing away from us, our pilot pointed the ship towards the coordinates, which the navigation rebel was calculating with an inhuman speed. When everything was ready the half-working hologram monitor at the center of the passenger compartment lit up:

ATTENTION! ACCELERATION IN PROGRESS!

-“We are going to Mars!”

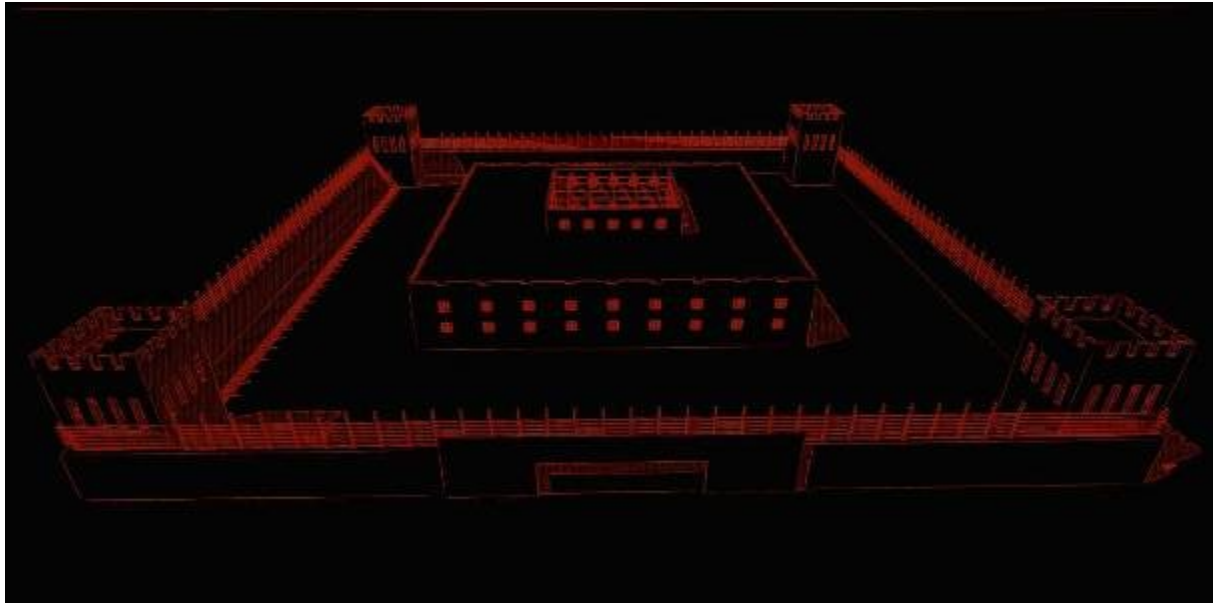
ATTENTION! STEERING IS NOW IMPOSSIBLE!

-“Our relic cannot maneuver at this speed!”

ATTENTION, ATTENTION! BEWARE OF SPACE DEPRESSION!

- “It can't be any worse than having to look at the greys!” – said the rebels in a united voice, whilst the constant acceleration was pushing us forcefully to the seats.

PART 6 – MARS – THE RED PRISON



I fast-forwarded time to when we had reached Mars orbit. What was a small red dot in the infinite cosmos days ago now looked like a sea of fire ready to consume the spirit of anyone who dared set foot there. I expected that we would soon encounter enemy fire, but to my surprise there was no resistance from the greys up until the moment we landed. When I asked about this odd turn of events they told me that nothing the greys have can compare with the technology and ability of the Space division of the Resistance, which on multiple occasions had shot down the Mars orbital defenses. When I set foot on the surface I was captivated by the strange mixture of icy clouds high above us and the twinkling light of explosions detonating near us. As I was running with all my strength towards the prison, plowing my way through the packs of greys, I realized that this isn't a bad place at all... nothing in Nature is just bad. The truth is that Mars was yet another planet which the greys had ruined. If you have good enough eyes and soul, you could find beauty and romance in places no one else could. Nature is truly fascinating! It is fascinating how this warm sandy red color can radiate so coldly. It is fascinating how the icy clouds form sculptures which are unique and unseen. Everything can fascinate me... everything but the greys!

No matter the resistance we met it wasn't long before we manage to break into the prison. It was, however, filled with traps and many unknown to me security systems. There were invisible walls, automatic laser guns, guard robots... but nothing could stop the urge for revolution! The rebels crushed the greys and their robots. Soon we stood before the sector for which we came – the ward that they used to detain the Light ones. As we forced our way inside I saw a maze-like structure, consisting of barriers and automated anti-rebellious weaponry. The closer to the center of the structure we were the fiercer the grey opposition became, but nothing could stop the rebels on their way to justice. When we finally reached the center of this prison sector, I could hardly believe my eyes – in the middle of a small room, one of the Light ones stood. She was so beautiful, that She easily compensated for all the vileness and grey that had infested the Martian jail. When She saw the group of rebels, who had travelled millions of miles, She said in a silent and shy gratefulness:

-“You shouldn’t have come here only to save me... I am not worth sacrificing so much”

-“We disagree!” – everyone proudly proclaimed – “We are the ones who don’t deserve Your beauty! Your eyes are worth making any journey – even if we have to travel across the whole Universe! Your smile is worth striving for an eternity, if only we could see it! You soul... it is worth spending an eternity in sorrow and death, if only we could feel it!”

I approached the invisible barrier, which separated us from Her. If I used the powers of Temporalia, I could easily eradicate it. But would I be able to do that on my own? Can I ever be worthy enough as to help the graceful Light beings? A coward like me can only hide behind the Domain of Dreams... and to want... and to want everything to be better, to long for the coming of justness. I could only kneel before the invisible bars, I haven’t earned the right to look in the eye One of those, who deserve justice, but do not get it. I am like the greys! My weakness is there accomplice! I sat there, on the ground, where I belonged. But She stood up, made a few steps, looked at me and told me:

-“Why are you kneeling on the ground?”

-“I do not deserve to help You! You are capable of going through any barrier Yourself!” – I replied.

-“Barrier?” – She asked – “There was never a barrier here – I just didn’t have anywhere else to go up until now.”

And just like that, with a gentle smile on Her face, She treaded the road created by the rebellion, inspired by Her beauty... and I stood imprisoned in my own imaginary cage – with no way to escape. I had jailed myself in my own limitations.

- “Come”, She said, “your journey has yet to end.”

I was mad with anger! I was angry at myself! My wrath was fueled by the fact that instead of striving to become more able and powerful, I sat down in self-pity, engulfed in my own mediocrity!

-“Let it be so!” – I shouted in my mind – “I should live on with my weaknesses! I should live on with the disgust I feel for myself, so that I can transform it into bravery! I should turn it into strength!”

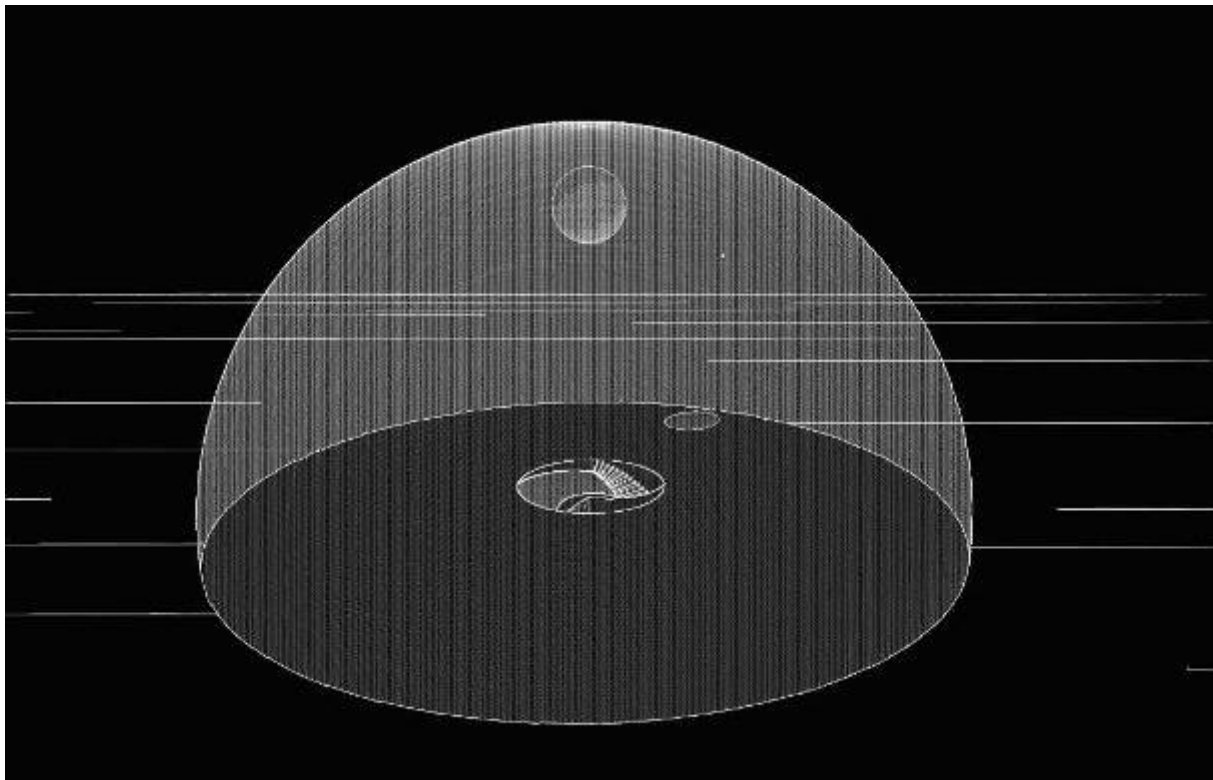
Then, having acquired a new companion, we escaped from this horrible place and headed to where we landed. To my surprise, a pure white ship had landed just besides our cosmic scrap. The strange apparatus was something that could only exist in my wildest fantasies. Before it, the Light one who came with us awaited.

- “Traveler!” – She said with inspiration – “Come, if you want to see worlds that you haven’t ever dreamed about!”

TRANSITION 5 – THE FLIGHT THROUGH THE STARS TOWARDS EUROPA – THE MOON OF THE LIGHT ONES

The ship that the Light ones used was elliptical and was purely white on the outside. Inside, the floor, walls and the ceiling were fully transparent and one could see through them all of the star’s beauty... one could gaze at the passing comets, planets and the dark moons. One could see things no human has ever seen... but what of that! I would be madly insane to look at the cosmic expanse! Just besides me, with the Light of a galaxy, two incredible beings shone brightly!

PART 7 – EUROPA – THE MOON OF THE LIGHT ONES



When we landed on Europa, the icy Jupiter satellite, an unbelievable but yet incredibly warm view welcomed me. On the frozen surface the Light ones walked freely, with no worries or troubles. They were embraced by an invincible, gentle shield, which provided air and warmth. The tiny light in the middle of this shield gave out a little bit of Light, which could not compare with Theirs.

-“Goodness is not punishable at last! Freedom has returned to those, who give it so easily!” – I said with a grate passion, as I kneeled meters from the space ship.

-“Why are you kneeling?” – asked me one of the Light ones.

-“I kneel out of joy!” – I replied – “I kneel because I found a reason – because I found a place where I can bow my head down to all of You... because You all deserve it unconditionally!”

-“You must be the one who wants to see the Rebel.” – correctly guessed another of the Light ones – “Come, there is a place where you can rest.”

I was just about to say that I didn’t need to rest... but how arrogant must I be if I insisted that I stay at the square full of Light ones! I better hide somewhere dark – where I belong! Then the Light being guided me through a mysterious corridor, which was at the center of the square. After some walking down the stairs we reached the level, where the ice of Europa melted into water. Further down, I was accommodated in a small, dimly lid room, where I had to wait for a few days to pass, before I can depart for my meeting with the Rebel. I lay down on the soft bed, made using an unknown technology. I looked up and saw a multitude of alien fish swimming in the water... colorful and strangely shaped... but I wanted so imprudently to be up with the Light ones.

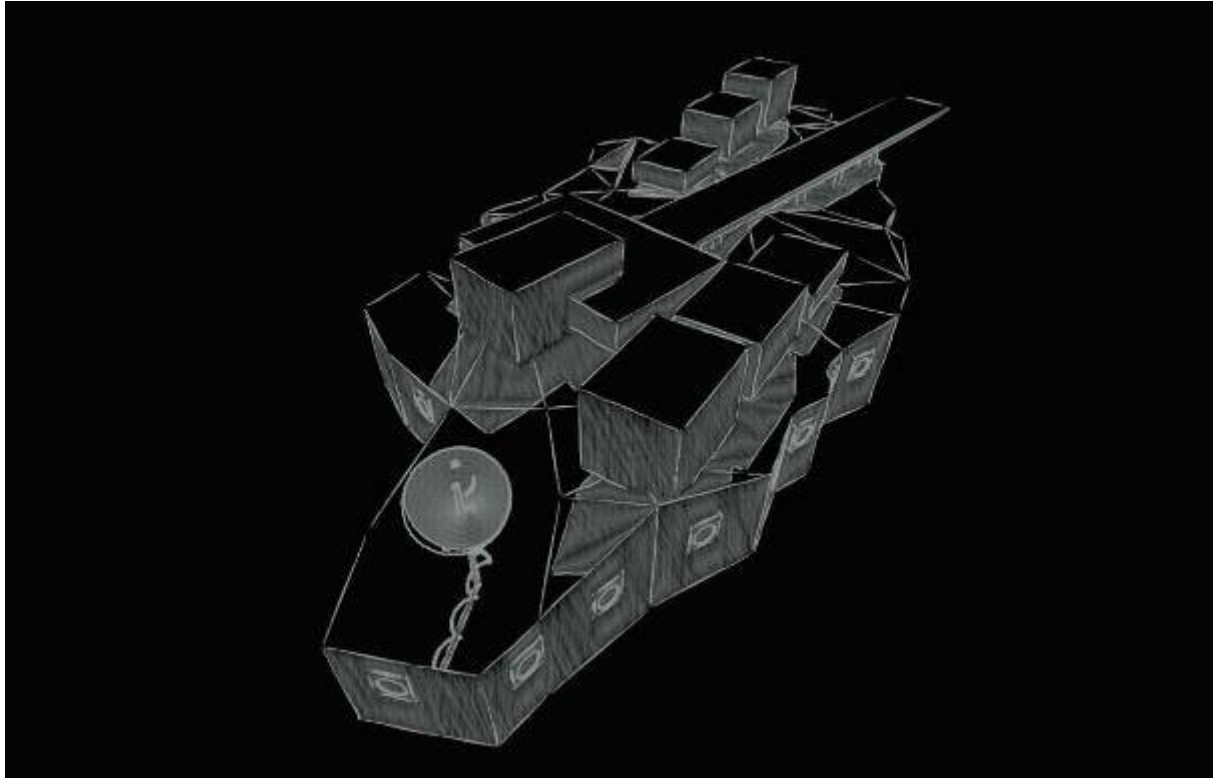
-“Unforgivable” – I said to myself – “I do not have the right to think of that!”

And I fast-forwarded time to when we were ready to set sail for Lunatoria – the Moon of the Resistance.

TRANSITION 5 – THE FLIGHT TO LUNATORIA – PART 1

I faintly remember this journey. I knew that we had to cross a few star systems, before we got to the famed moon. I remember how many mythical worlds, many unseen stars passed right before my eyes... but I could not see a thing – because I was firmly dazed by the beauty of the One, Who travelled with me.

PART 8 – TYRAMODE – THE ASTEROID OF THE MACHINES

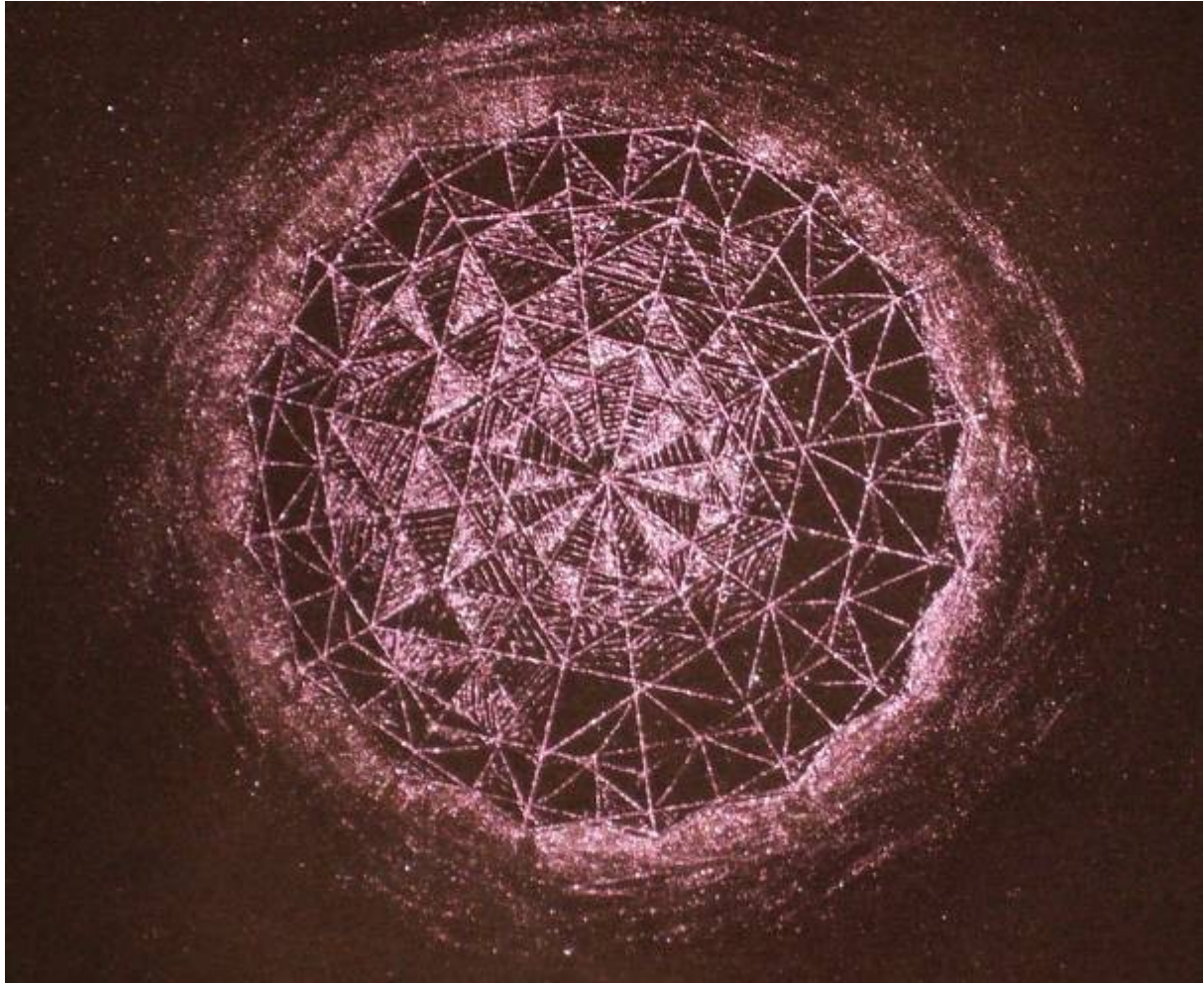


When I came to my senses, we were far from Europa, surrounded by strange spacecrafts from all sides. Their structure was such, that one could easily understand that they were unmanned. I asked, with undeserved arrogance, the Light one what was happening and She explained that we had been intercepted by anti-rebellion forces. These spaceships came from Tyramode, which is an asteroid no larger than a few square miles, inhabited only by machines. There was not even a bit of a soul there – a barren land! It compared so closely to the world that the greys had created on Earth! The Light being told me that in their attempt to stop the Rebel, the lowly greys sent after him self-replicating weapons, which are much more effective when fighting against justice. With no souls and no fear, the rebels do not overwhelm them as much as they do their manufacturers. And when I expected the robots to start shooting at us, so as to force us to emergency-land on the asteroid, where we would have to dig up precious metals for the rest of our lives, they saw Her, cowered in shame and let us pass.

-“Not only the blind, not only the ones with no eyes, but even those with no soul are fascinated by Your beauty!” – I exclaimed.

-“Do they really understand beauty... or are they afraid that they would anger the Rebel?” – replied through a gentle smile the Light one, who led the way towards the moon of grey nightmares!

PART 9 – LUNATORIA – THE MOON OF THE REBELLION



After the short delay caused by Tyramode's military we needed no more than a few minutes to reach Lunatoria. And the beauty of this cold planetoid was truly captivating – its surface was pitch-black, illuminated only by a strange violet glow. When we landed I realized that this incredible radiance came from millions of purple diamonds which easily surpassed a human's height. Could this have been yet another revolution, which was a façade veiling the greed of its leaders? I had to find out! Therefore I summoned the Rebel to come with all my might! Then I felt the dark eyes of shadowy silhouettes staring at me behind the mauve shades. They wanted to take my life away so intently... so enchantingly! Then, out of a deep cave and a bottomless abyss, through an insurmountable mount a shadowy silhouette, a dark ghostly hero appeared! Colossal, as big as a giant, he towered above all the rest. He was easily the beast of all beasts!

-“Ask!” – he shouted, blowing a fleet of Tyramode ships to pieces!

-“Was the revolution just a way to get a hold of these diamonds?! Do you have any idea how the Light ones live on the Earth you abandoned?!” – I asked confidently.

-“I need the diamonds on this moon!” – said the Rebel and threw a piece of brilliant towards Tyramode – “Do you think I do not wish for the happiness of the beautiful Light ones?!” – an explosion from a Tyramode factory shot with a diamond reverberated!

-“The Light ones? What do you know about beauty?” – I shouted.

And the Rebel said:

- “Beauty... in that rotten world – there far across the stars, beauty has become an insulting word! What do they call beautiful there?! The soulless machines are beautiful! The vulgar things are beautiful! The unnatural is beautiful! “Beautiful” is a lowly word, said only for one’s own gain! The word “beautiful” is gone!

How can I tell one of the Light ones that She is beautiful?! How can I, when this word is used to recreate the sexual urges of the grey insects into something that emulates the world of the Light ones! Where do the greys see beauty?... they see it in make-up, they see it in lewd and ostentatious clothes... they see... they see nothing! The look... they look at the body just like the butcher looks at an animal’s corpse – a nice leg, a nice butt... nice ribs... awesome! It is so awesome that I am urged to vomit!

Beautiful... with their greasy fattened hands they try to touch what they see as beautiful. And this is not because they care about anyone – they are garbage – they are incapable of caring! For them, beauty is unimportant... there is no beauty for them! For them, it is highly important to possess... for them, it is highly important to use and to know, that they are superior to those who are beautiful... thus they want to be superior to beauty – because they can own it! I punished them too mercifully!

Beauty – I do not like this word! It is an insult... it is disgustingly insulting! You cannot tell something so beautiful that it is just beautiful! You would insult it! I am a monster – my hands are drenched in blood... deeply... I cannot want or even dream of looking at the Light beings. But one day, if I have the arrogance to succeed – I won’t tell Her how beautiful She is – I will show Her, even if it costs me my life.

Said the Rebel and a thunder stroke Tyramode

-“Monster, why are you a monster?“, I asked.

And the Rebel said:

I am a monster! I am a poisonous monster! A beast! An animal with the insatiable desire to kill! So many greys I slaughtered with my hands! And there are still many more! Many more that I am yet to butcher! My hands are drenched in blood! But this is nothing compared to the blood which is boiling in my head! My mind is drowned with blood! I dream, I intently dream of the blood with which I would soak the world! And if one they I poison the Earth with the blood of the greys – I am sorry! – but I will leave none of them alive!

Said the Rebel and a hailstorm stroke Tyramode

-“The greys, what did you do to the greys?”, I asked.

And the Rebel said:

The greys? They are born only to be slaughtered! There is no use for them – only their death is useful! First of all, I gathered them in my Lunatorium – the place for the insane!... and I imprisoned them there – then I set them on fire! – so that they burn to death! – so that they know what it feels like to have your soul pointlessly burn and boil! I punished them too mercifully – I should have returned and set them ablaze again! Then I attacked the rest of the greys – I fought with them for a thousand days with no rest and no sleep! I fed myself with wrath; I quenched my thirst with blood! Then the Allies came and spread order! I am weak! I need much more power!

Said the Rebel and an earthquake stroke Tyramode

- “The Allies, who are the Allies?”, I asked.

And the Rebel said:

The Allies came from the stars, because the beauty of the Light ones illuminates the whole Universe! They were afraid that they would have to live in pitch-black Darkness, which is why they came!

Said the Rebel and an explosion stroke Tyramode

-“The rebellion, what started the rebellion?”, I asked.

And the Rebel said:

The Light ones! They look at me without seeing a monster... how can They do so?! I ask myself how this could be possible, when I am bathed in blood. I ask myself how can They look calmly at something as ugly as myself when They are so beautiful! I will not find the answer to this question... I will find nothing – because I am still too weak and I am capable of nothing! I have a whole world, but this means nothing, when I don't have Her besides me! NOTHING! I have all the diamonds in the world, I have spaceships, I have... I have nothing! When She is not here, everything is missing. What kind of arrogance should I possess to want to adore Her, when I am this weak?! I wanted power! That is why I wanted to revolt! I wanted to be wise! That is why I wanted to revolt! I wanted to become much more than I was! That is why I wanted pain!

Said the Rebel and an asteroid stroke Tyramode

-“Here,” said the Rebel slicing in half a mountain on Tyramode – “take my diary and read it when the right time comes!”

-“This world is not real – when I wake up everything will disappear!” – I persisted.

-“It will not disappear!” – shouted the Rebel, destroying two oil platforms on Tyramode – “I can do whatever I want – even inside the dreams of others!”

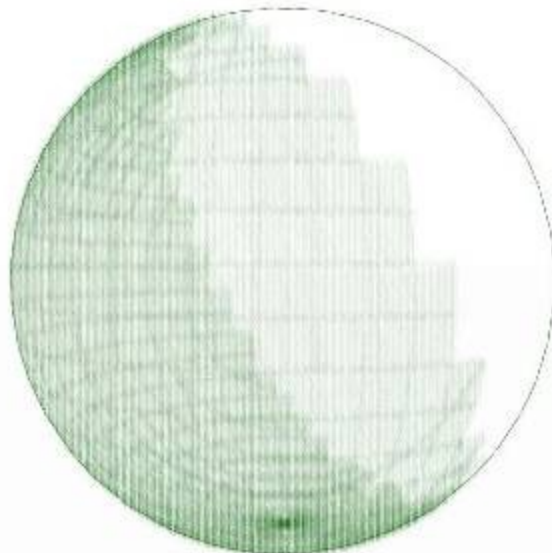
Said the Rebel and together with the Light one, who came with me, and one of the revolutionaries, he sent us to the meeting of the League of Aliens, knowing that soon the powers of Temporalia would fade away

TRANSITION 6 – FROM LUNATORIA TO =!A! =

!!!HYPER SPEED – SANITY IS IMPOSSIBLE!!!

BUT THE BEAUTY OF THE LIGHT ONES SHINES ON!!!!

PART 10 – =!A! = - THE PLANET OF THE COUNCIL OF THE LEAGUE OF ALIENS



It was a minute after we departed from Lunatoria when we had already reached a strange planet, far beyond the stars we see. It was purely green and blue, seemingly untouched by any

kind of technology, except for the huge Spaceport, orbiting high above the atmosphere. Made using some kind of science that I couldn't even begin to comprehend, ships constantly landed and took off from there. When we landed inside, we quickly headed for the meeting, where the rebel and the Light one would be participating. We were transported from the station to the surface via an invisible force field, which gently dropped us on an enormous rock, untouched by anyone. The rock itself was as big as a building, but the really interesting thing was that many different aliens stood on it, who all came from distant worlds. The time of Temporalia was almost over, when one of the aliens turned to me and told me:

-“Traveler, come closer so we can talk!”

I approached this strange being, which had no body, but rather it looked like a cloud of dust. I thought to myself that the world is really big and there may be all kinds of different species, which a human can't even imagine. So many aliens did I see in my dream that my head started flooding with the thought that Temporalia was never something real. Then the extraterrestrial said:

-“It is something real, traveler, everything here is real!”

-“How did you know what I was thinking?” – I asked in astonishment.

-“I see all thoughts. I hear all knowledge. For me space and time are no longer real concepts. Temporalia... I feel nostalgic for the old times, millions of years ago!” – answered the dust-like creature – “As you will ask me why we haven't touched this planet, I will answer you that every world has its natural right to developed by itself, that the technology known by humans, that destroys Nature, has been obsolete for billions of years. Glory to Beauty!

As you will ask me why we helped the Rebel, I will answer you that any soul determined to attain its Freedom is a phenomenon which our intellect greatly admires! Only the one who is willing to sacrifice everything for Freedom can develop spiritually! And besides, what kind of monsters would we be if we left even one of the Light ones suffer because of the greys!

As you will ask me why we are so different from the stereotypical alien, I will answer you that there is an abundance of life and beauty in this Universe! Every rock has a soul; every speck of dust is alive in its own way! Intellectually underdeveloped beings such as the humans cannot comprehend even a tiny fragment of what life really is – this is why they destroy it so easily!

As you will ask me what will happen next, I will not answer you – this would change the past! But before the powers of Temporalia run out, you can see for yourself what the future holds!”

And after the dust-like alien answered my unasked questions, I started fast-forwarding time. I saw a huge fleet of spaceships heading towards Earth... nevertheless, as I watched them close in on our home planet, Temporalia started fading away and slowly, but surely, I was coming back to reality, retracing my steps to the present time...

I saw so many beautiful things! I visited so many enchanting places! I am so joyous that I could finally see the Light ones happy! I am so glad that there is hope for our unjust world!

... and I want to be stronger, so I can transform the future into reality!

PART 1 – REALITY.

THE REBEL'S DIARY

THE SNOW AND THE BEAUTY

As I watched the snow falling from the skies, I started dreaming... its bright white color so easily reminded me of Her skin. The softness of the snow-drifts was melancholically reminiscent of Her gentleness. The quiet manner in which the snow came to the ground was in an ideal unison with Her breath. The snowflakes, uncountable, beautiful and yet always different inspired a slight remembrance of the infinite ways in which She is beautiful.

The snow outside was innocently playing with my dreams, while the coldness was reflecting my reality.

THE SNOW AND THE GREYS

While white beauty is falling from the sky, I am watching the grey news. There they tell me that it isn't advisable to go out, because I can get the car stuck somewhere or even worse - someone could hit me. I could unintentionally find myself high in the mountains with no water or electricity. They keep telling me from the screen that I can freeze to death – I must put so many clothes on that I would be prepared for a polar expedition. They tell me that there is an epidemic on the loose – the poor people on the streets – they are all getting sick now, because they didn't watch the grey reality messiahs! Medications – buy as much as you can! Thus beckon the butchers, veiled in white! Buy vaccines – against the flu, against everything – it is far safer to poison your blood with everything from the local pharmacy than leaving yourself open to the deadly risk of catching a cold! And if someone is unfortunate enough to actually catch a cold – he better run as fast as he can to the health businessmen to get 2 kilos of pills – “There are no unintended effects – hand on heart!”.

And just like that the electronic prophets beckon us to stay at home, to watch whatever they air –

news,

movies,

news,

movies,

news,

movies,

vulgar and stupid shows then some more news and then some more movies!

And again, I have an urgent need to buy an axe!

HOW I LIKE IT

How I like it! How I like it when my heart is aching! How I like it when my compulsively clenched hands to powerlessness are numbed! How I like the taste of metal dripping from my gum! How I like the pain in my mind, how I like the razorblade thought, which never lets me rest! How I like it, when my eyes become crimson red, staring into stupidity!

How I like all the spite in me! How I like it when my soul burns with a flame, which could never be put out! How I like to watch with arrogance from a high place, but I like it even more when I go down to pass judgment! How I like judgment!... and I pray that it is brutal!

THE EGO'S DEATH

Let the Ego die! Gently, slowly, sweetly. As if a knife is run through its body. Let it die! But don't let it die because of someone else's morals, idols or masters. Let it die willingly, in happiness!

Kill the Ego! Butcher it, smother it! Force it to rot and then burn it! It isn't needed – it is but a hindrance! But not because society doesn't like those with a spark inside their souls, which blazes through all that is grey. But not in compliance with some self-made hero! No!

Kill it, gazing at the stars, seeing what they are and what you are! Finish it off, gazing at the stars with someone you prefer over yourself.

Let it rot! Let it join the junk!

DO YOU KNOW THIS PAIN?

Do you know this pain? This pain, which burns inside your chest, but not that pain you feel when your chest with a knife is maimed!

Do you know this pain? This pain, which strikes your mind, but not that pain you feel when poison enters straight into your brain!

Do you know this pain? This pain, which destroys the soul, but not that pain you feel when sadness burns vigorously like a flame!

Do you know this pain? This pain you feel when something so beautiful to its Death is lain.

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ivanradev.lunatopics@gmail.com

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