

Three short stories

Derek Carter

Letters from Richard: a short story

1. letters

Well if I were you I wouldn't bother with these Qantas pilots or Roman Catholics and their suspect approach. All in all the Roman Catholics seem set on smoking and causing people problems. The pilots are heating things up with their constant drinking and yahooing. The laws of science are constantly played upon to outsmart people. You have to be careful as they will always drink alcohol then apply scientific reasoning. The truth is they make your life harder. They cause everybody problems constantly. Your mothers smoking coupled with science leads to a lot of problems in the world. Well I have been watching what I eat. While avoiding the drop kicks at the drop in centre with their bacon and eggs. I prefer porridge. The doctor wants to do a blood test but doctors are at best quacks constantly using science to undermine my freedom to just have a bowl full of porridge in peace. All of these science

graduates thinking they are gods gift is just forcing people to drink and carry on. Do they drink or what? Constantly at it every day with not a care in the world. All the while the world heats up and Qantas pilots keep themselves busy heating things up even more. If you want to do something useful just flush a few dunnies and feel the cool air. There is enough plumbing if used properly to cool things down. It is a lot of work cooling the world down. I am at it everyday and have been for decades. The drains if unblocked really help and keep things from over heating. Boy was it hot last week. I went at the dunnies and kept the sinks full of water and finally the clouds came over and it really cooled down. Eileen from the drop in centre has been puffing away like there is no tomorrow. She goes out the back and has a smoke all the while causing problems. Totally disregards my advice and at best causes the place a lot of problems. I try and avoid her and some of the other trouble makers.

Hope you are well. We went to Hazelbrook last week and spent some time there. It was pretty cold. You should probably get the blood test sorted just in case. The kids are well and we may get to visit you soon. Maybe take it easy on the smokers and drinkers they are just trying their best. Talk soon.

The term deposits are adding up and well the Qantas pilots are at it again. Your uncle is drinking

away and it really affects his reasoning. He really should stop his drinking but he just suits himself regardless. Anne Hathaway gave me some pamphlets and she has absolutely no interest in sex whatsoever. Just smiling away benignly all the while avoiding any mention of sex. I don't think I will even bother distributing the pamphlets at this stage and might just hang onto them. I really couldn't be bothered and my feet are sore from all of the walking. I walked all day yesterday and snuck into the church kitchen and filled the sink with water to cool things down. I also helped myself to the poor box though there wasn't much in it to begin with. Its a bit rich all of these biscuits and cakes. They are constantly eating badly and haven't got a care in the world. They rave on at the church but I like the company and every Tuesday they have a morning tea though I refrain from too many biscuits and prefer a sandwich instead.

The mention of sex can really set people off, be careful with that one. Talk soon.

The idiots at the strata are carrying on again about repairs. You see the real problem is parking. They need underground parking. Lots of it too. The building has always had problems. It never ends does it? Well science graduates coupled with Qantas pilots really heat things up. I seem to have a sorbolene infection. My skin is itchy and I put sorbolene

on it. It is a bit red and quite itchy. Though it is healing quite well. The sorbolene infection is caused by Chris and his smoking next door. He doesn't let up and if your mother doesn't stop smoking it won't be good. Chris feeds the cockatoos and it attracts mice. The mice really are a pain. There are some mice traps but they are pretty smart. If any Roman Catholics try to convince you to smoke and drink don't listen to them. They really know how to cause problems that lot. The strata could do with a few less drinkers. They are a bunch of alcoholics. They are set on causing problems. It is like they have nothing better to do with themselves.

Have you seen a doctor? Might be a good idea.

I will tell you what, doctors are a bunch of over-paid quacks. They really heat things up and you are better off without them. They really are a bunch of drongos and carry on about nothing at all while costing you a fortune to boot. My sorbolene infection is healing and I shouldn't have to see a doctor. Chris is continually smoking causing the place to heat up. I dropped a bucket of water in the drains and it should cool right down soon. I could see clouds coming over the other day and it really cooled down even with Chris and his smoking. Though people are intent on heating things up I am always flushing dunnies and filling sinks not to mention clearing

drains. Science is the real problem especially science graduates who cause never ending problems. You see all they want to do is outsmart you. You know term deposits are the best way to outsmart these science graduates. Flushing dunnies and keeping things cool really helps as well.

There was a chair in the centre of a dimly lit room. The chair had a permanent imprint of Richard's backside on it. This would have been the place for a catatonic stupor of Pink Floyd listening. A place to feel the weight of the world heavy on a tired body. A place where the world could get you but not get at you. You knew everything from this position. The world was causing you problems. You could see everything from within four walls. There was never much sunlight coming in. The sunlight made him squint his eyes. It was harsh outside in the glaring light but from here he could be in control. The voices threatened him. They told him innumerable threats making him wonder. At times he simply listened and at other times he reacted as though the threats were there in front of him. They became real. The act of writing was a bridge. It could never really be crossed. Every attempt was just that. An attempt to enliven the reader. To make them think like how he thought. To let them know what he thought. It was a guide. It was senseless to think people can connect when they have separate minds. Who could connect? The letters were written from this room where the light couldn't get in. In Spring there is a window in the kitchen where in the afternoon a small ray of light would make it into the room. This small south facing unit was a place to delve

deeply within oneself. There was no room for any disturbance. There was no room left for reality.

Richard lifted the toilet lid. Everything had become an effort. When he wasn't in his chair he went and inspected the plumbing. There was a whole subterranean world that followed the plumbing. It was fascinating in an obsessive kind of way. There was a whole uncharted world that was connected to every household. Everyone was connected. There were pipes that took circuitous routes through the world and here was Richard looking at them. He wanted people to know they were all connected though that wasn't exactly how he put it in words. In his letters, which by the way had been in the multitudes he described the affect of plumbing. If for example the toilet water was pushed away to reveal an empty bowl free of water the plumbing provided ventilation. There was a cooling affect. A breeze could go down the plumbing and possibly make it to another space. If water was left in a sink. The water itself was cooling and provided some relief from the heat that would build as the day wore on. Heat was the enemy that needed to be taken on. The constant heating of the world. The people drinking alcohol and planning a disaster that would inevitably heat the world beyond what could be handled. With all of the planes flying through the air, there was no doubt you would suffer from a heat spell. Sunstroke was to be avoided. Strangely Richards letters like any prophetic moment were largely ignored. Even though he knew the answer to the worlds problems his vision was an obscure one. It was lost in the words. The words or worlds were somewhat disjointed from the everyday. Though people all over the world thought the world was heating up as well. Scientists knew of

this problem. Climate change from global warming. Cause and affect. Yet Richard had known about this since that moment when cleaning his VolksWagen beetle in the sixties. There he was washing the car and he had seen the water going down the street drain and it came to him. The connection was clear. He needed to cool down the world as it was heating up. It was getting hotter. The water was cooling things down. As the water went into the subterranean drains it cooled everything down. It was almost instantaneous. It was nothing short of a miracle. He could do it. He could cool the world. When Richard was fired from his job he had to go into the share market to make a little bit of money to live off. He switched off the lights at all times. He wouldn't use the tap. He switched off the electricity when he could. He had to save money and cool things down. Nobody understood the import of what he was saying. They ignored him. He was right though. According to leading scientists, things were heating up. One summer was hotter than the next. It was a disaster in the making. Yet Richard worked it out from pure inspiration. From a moment that came to him like a spirit would visit a Shaman. The Shaman would set to work making spells and purifying the world of the negative spirits laying claim to the world. The Shaman had to work hard to make a difference. Richard was misunderstood. Sometimes his zeal would spill into a fit of aggression. He had to let people know the truth. He was sure he knew the answer to the worlds problems. He wasn't just sure, he knew. There are never many who know the truth. The truth can drag you down. It can make you despair.

The other observation Richard made was the people who had

tattoos were pretty suspect. The people who seemed suspect or those of poor health. He believed they were wasting their money on doctors and health care professionals. It was all their own fault anyway he thought. They should try to live a healthy lifestyle. It wasn't that Richard was perfectly healthy himself it was just that he knew the answers. The answers were simple. Don't smoke and don't drink alcohol. Have coffee sparingly and always leave the plug in the sink with some water. The share market was propped up by mining. Iron ore and coal were always steady shares. Though it was lost on Richard the import of these shares. They were also heating up the world. There was a demand for energy from coal fired power stations. So Richard really had his work cut out for him. He had to make some money from the share market to survive yet the share market was heavily influenced by coal deposits and the general destruction of habitats to keep the money flowing. They had to keep digging to keep the money flowing. He had to keep investing to keep on top of his bills.

In this chair of his he was as though atop a great mountain looking down below. The people were like ants going about their business. He could see it all playing out before him. The economic factors, the environmental factors were all leading to a warming climate. Things were getting worse. It would only get a lot worse. People rather than helping each other were competing for resources and influence all at the expense of the greater good. Money was getting tighter. Even though the electricity was off you still had to pay money to the power suppliers. It was at best a criminal system though Richard fundamentally supported it. He was a shaman rather than a revolutionary. Though he knew

they were always outsmarting him in one way or another. He had to slip between the cracks and stay unnoticed. The doctors were always trying to slip him up. They would put him away in a psychiatric ward if they could. They would gladly take away his freedom but at this stage they couldn't. It was more due to the fact that nobody wanted to pay for his incarceration. He was a free agent with his own ideas. He could live how he wanted. He could write what he wanted. He could try to convince the reader there was no other way out of this mess.

2. Endings are beginnings

Richard towered over the world. He walked through valleys like a giant. Each step though was gentle. It was as though he was made of air. An imaginary giant formed of the mind. He can see everything from this elevated view. The world is so small in his mind and there is no beginning or end. That is the power of writing letters. All of the minutiae become behemoths and the titans reduce in size, we then enter a world held together by symbols formed of cellular matter. Signals could come from anywhere. Far off in space there is the clanging of cosmic pulses. A huge repertoire of musical significance. Like the sound of falling pots and pans. Could Richard hear these sounds? Could he even decipher them? No that was for artists and musicians. Shamans hear the truth out of the noise. They won't recreate the dissonance and pulses of a complex universe musicality. He instead hears the voices of truth loud and clear

from his vantage point. That overlooking eye that is always watching and listening. He reaches out his hand and the moon falls gently into his open palm. It glows there ever so gently. It is knowledge, a symbol, a sign. The moon watches over us as we sleep. Spreading its gentle energy. It is nurturing, reflective and a gift from the heavens. He closes his hand and the moon is his. He wakes up from his slumber and the walls around him seem to fall onto him. His visual vantage point is full of clutter. Everything around him seems to have arrived there with no rhyme or reason. Everything simply existed here. Where did it all come from? Why this room? Why is the sun so harsh yet so dull? The suns rays fall onto me so abruptly. They fall onto the dull metal. I am possibly a robot. That doesn't sound quite right, maybe the universe is a machine? It is science you see. There are rules that govern everything.

For decades he wrote letters unravelling the mysteries of the goings on around him. Now there is silence. The letters stopped. He still knew more than most but stopped sharing the vision he held. Instead his thoughts were in others minds. Other people started to leave water in sinks and think about the pipes that were interconnected. They were all part of the same world and same places. They were connected on many levels. They never knew who Richard was yet they felt they were part of a world where communication was a connected sphere of worldwide proportions. Satellites hummed in space and the world seemed as one. One whole of many parts. They had all gone mad. Richard was the only sane one left. Why is it that nobody ever understands the truth? That nobody understands the importance of the vision Richard has? That it is the plumbing

and many pipes that traverse the world that keep things cool. That Havelock avenue needs special attention over all other priorities. That smoking and drinking are affecting peoples ability to reason and see the truth which is as plain as day. At least it is obvious to Richard anyway.

We are the planet you see. We are the small part that makes all of those connections. We build connections from one place to another. What we do makes a difference to everything. That wasn't Richards idea originally yet he had taken it and lived his life by that principle. Take only what you need. Think about your surroundings. Cool down the world in small steps. Even the deluded can play their part. People instead imagined the connections held together by farms of servers in empty warehouses held together by satellites and cables carrying data. Even their own personal conversations were being transmitted across borders through electronic devices and complex connections. He found the truth through washing his car. A logic fell from the sky. It occurred. There was a connection with the spirits in the sky. They were the source of inspiration. The connection to ideas. Ideas would simply fall from the sky like a welcome rain that filled the drains. Carrying intelligence from place to place. Water was intelligent and adaptable. Water welcomed the lowly. It was the lowest point. Yet became vapour and was carried by the sky. Ideas were at the lowest point. Then they turned to vapour and reached the brain. There they moved about like clouds where eventually they would become heavy and fall. Falling from the highest point they could reach. Down, down, down to the very bottom. Richard's tap leaked. It leaked ever so slowly. The composite wood kitchen slowly

buckled from swelling with this ever so small leak over many years.

He rarely noticed these things. The tins he collected would start to rust. The old radio collection was silent. The radio with batteries was used sparingly. It suddenly came to life after Richard switched it on. The radio spoke like the voices spoke. One was otherworldly. A commanding threatening voice, the other a disconnected voice briefing the listener. Both were coming from somewhere other than where they seemed. They were travelling through the sky. They came from the sky. Then they met Richard at his person. The threatening voice would not turn off. Richard was the radio that couldn't be switched off. He heard it like the radio. Richard was a crystal that was in tune to these voices. The crystal could pick up radio waves that came far from space. It was science you see. Even Richard was governed by rules. Rules that were invisible and flooded everything with an otherworldly energy. You just had to listen to the voices. You had to write your ideas down in a letter and transmit them back into space. Where somewhere far off someone would understand that you were there in the universe sending and receiving signals.

The End

Stairs: a short story

Special thanks to Lucas Munro

1. Up and down

They were in the hallway. The five of them were sitting on the stairs. The building was an apartment block. A large grey monolith that was known as suicide towers to the locals. A large grey mass against the sky that cast shadows across a piece of parkland surrounds. There was something to be said for these types of structures. They were brutal in scale. A place full of function and finality. A place that was harder to escape than it looked. Though it towered over them their imaginations were still ready to escape. They were always ready to escape and disappear somewhere in their minds. Somewhere also in their collective minds was an escape plan too. The stairs they were sitting on provided the analogy. The idea of rising up or going down. There were only two directions to go in. Up or down. If you sat on the fence you went nowhere. You would rise or fall. Some only realised too late. Others knew no different. Some worked it out quickly. Up or down. Who would know?

There was no way of knowing which way was up at times. Ideas of the common good were potentially lost on people. Some

were at the top and a lot at the bottom rungs. The common good was something for a church service that nobody ever went to. Even then if you went to church you may feel you have a special place that is void of such worries. A special function in a commercial world. Where commerce was the way up. Forget humanity. It was just a race to a finish line of monetary proportions. There was no mountain of money though. In fact money was scarce. That was the point. Keeping money in the hands of the wealthy was first and foremost a priority. What would the poor do with it anyway? They wouldn't know their place any more. They would cease to function in the system. Money couldn't free them. They needed more than money. They needed humanity. They needed knowledge. They needed autonomy. They were free though to do as they pleased yet there were only two real choices. Up or down.

People made out that money was the real answer. That it was true freedom. Not many could test the hypothesis. Even if you were told that, it was the answer you only had to believe and you were mentally trapped. You were of agreement. Why was there only one way out? Was money even the way up? Not at all. Money was mainly the way down. A mere shadowy world where you were measured by your lack of humanity. By your love of symbols and numbers. By the challenge to create wealth over all other desires. To find a utopia that can only be bought and owned. These stories are not about money though. They are about people and their place amongst the world. They mistakenly thought money was the way out. What was tested was their humanity. Their dignity was shaken. They had to make decisions yet they didn't at times realise they were making

decisions. That they were always making decisions. They had to solve their own problems yet they didn't know they had a problem to solve.

When a problem is universal but is hidden how can you take it on? When every day the sun shines and you feel its warmth yet you are not satisfied. What is my lot in life? This wasn't even asked. What can I get out of this? Can it be mine? Can what be yours? Better said what can be yours? What do you deserve? There is some that say you deserve an education. Is it simply a guise for a prisoners life? There is freedom and democracy yet you are born into the world within bounds that have no recourse to your desires. The desires are a social construct within limited opportunities. How can you be another? How can you control your life when the people in charge of it are addicts. When it is the lost leading the lost. "Don't do that you little shit!" was spat out as a small child dropped his drink on the floor. "You little bastard" was emphasised with aggression. "Give it, give it ere." The child started crying. He looked unkempt. There was a used needle on the floor. Somewhere there was plenty of money and a million choices. At least somewhere. Money wasn't going to help though. There were a million choices, heroin, ice, prison, pot, alcohol, pokies, hospital, the list was exhaustive.

People said the government were giving them money. Money was the last thing you need, especially if you don't know what to do with it. What was money anyway but a poison. Or was it just capitalism itself. Or greed. Entitlement. Profits. Shareholders. Charity. Drugs. Entertainment. What would you do if everything was against you? The sun would keep shining.

The wheels would keep turning. The television, movies, magazines, newspapers, it was all a level of confusion unsurpassed in history. A quagmire of useless information flooding us continuously. "You no good little bastard!" this time she followed through with a hit that took him off his unsteady feet. She kept telling him to shut up all the while raising her voice into an emotional peak that seemed feigned. It was unfortunate and cruel. It made no sense at all. The strange part was that when she had hit her child an aircraft on the other side of the world released a targeted munition that found its target within a metre and shook the surroundings with a cataclysmic explosion. A perfect hit. The bomb itself wasn't cheap. It had taken many years to develop this technology. The child would take many years to develop as well. The sun was shining overhead all the while.

I could avoid you. Yet you would never go away so what was the point? I could contain you. Keep you in a virtual prison. Physically you could go anywhere but mentally leaving the hood is impossible. Leaving behind the sex assaults, hard drugs, bashings and other events seems too hard. Who would play the game? Who would be the main actor or play the minor roles? Who would fill all of these parts. We need you. I find you hard to avoid. Also hard to miss. You could be sleeping under my bed. Actually you have been there for years. In a deep slumber. Dreaming up your story. The story that you would hide. A story you swore had never happened. "Going up anyone?"

2. When I get to China

Considering everything is perfect. The perfect system, rock and roll. American dominance. Sovereignty under others terms. Children brought up on love and music video. Dance hall, singing, tap dancing, the greatest story of all. The monarchy, the Queen, crazy presidents and the greatest love of all. The sun kept shining even though it felt like it wasn't shining for everyone. It was a prop. The whole shopping mall was a prop. The economy was propped up and I could have swore there was nothing heating up. There was no such thing as sunburn either. If the planet was getting hotter I might stand a chance to meet dinosaurs. Real dinosaurs. Like the ones running the country. Old, belligerent, coarse and not particularly salty. Don't for a second resort to anger or feel that there may be resentment. Nothing of the sort. A world full of blind joy. A punch the air kind of thrill for all. So who is this fake handbag? Does this

fake Watch even tell the time? It is better. It has the most accurate timekeeping imaginable. In the Long Bay re-education camp the oppressed Aboriginal minority are incarcerated en-masse making up a large proportion of the camps population as opposed to the general population. They have been targeted for centuries as part of colonial powers that presides, genocidal program of entrapment and systematic ethnic cleansing. The Australian government continues to disrupt the Aboriginal way of life through incarceration and re-education all the while pointing the finger everywhere else. There is no crime, simply joy. It is all a lie. A cleverly manufactured set of data that can neither be confirmed nor denied. The re-education camps can be seen here, in this vaguely recognisable satellite photo. It looks imposing. The image has been edited somewhat. The article has been edited somewhat. Are you in agreement? Yes, I thought you may be in agreement. Where do all of the crimes of humanity begin and end? They never end, that is what we are told. The true criminals are not amongst us. Look! They are over there doing unthinkable crimes. You are in a comfortable place. Just don't stop paying your rent. I warned you! Now take that cardboard box and go and sleep by that set of shops. Keep dry and don't bother complaining because I am too busy concocting stories at the moment. Nobody will ever listen to you anyway. That isn't cruel. What you did to yourself is the true crime. You couldn't make the rent and now you have no address.

3. banter

”What are you doing with that on ya snake?” Luke saw Ron with a pair of new Air Max on, Ron laughed ”what’s it to you?” Ron was just joking around when he said that. The other night he had rolled some guy who was new to the area. The guy wasn’t going to give up his shoes easily. A good hit to the jaw changed that and Ron put the new shoes on right in front of him. The guy cried and ran off with some of Ron’s mates giving him a swift kick up the backside for good measure. The shoes were a little tight around the toes but Ron could easily ignore that because they looked great. Who needed a job when you could steal. It was too easy. Ron and his mates knew this only too well. Anyone you didn’t know was simply a walking mannequin wearing sporting goods. School was boring, you really had to make your own entertainment to get by. Nobody could care less about you unless you were wearing some decent clothes. School was just uniforms, information you didn’t care about and teachers hassling you. All the while the rich were getting richer and the poor were getting poorer. The teachers couldn’t

help you. They had been in the teaching profession for years and couldn't come to your home and get your Mum off hard drugs. Your Dad was sitting in prison. At least he was ambitious enough to try and steal more. Caught driving off with a van load of cigarettes from a break and enter. Not just once but twice when he had a lenient judge who considered his drug habit as the main catalyst for his crimes. Its a bloody mess mate. You never chose this life. You were simply handed it. You just had to try and not get jabbed by needles at home. "Mum! Can you bloody stop leaving your used needles in the couch! Dumb bitch." Nobody would ever ask you how you felt. The obvious reply being 'like shit' because it didn't matter. As long as people were not in your way who cares? Everyone kept out of your way, or at least tried to unless they were stuck with you. You would be partners in crime. If someone was stupid enough to come looking for you they were probably just lost. It wasn't the best attitude but neither was it the best life. What was a good life anyway? There were promises of a good life on Television but everyone knew that was just bullshit.

The sun was shining overhead but it wasn't the truth. What was the truth of the things that seemed to shine so bright? They were expending all of their energy. They seemed to be booming in every way yet they were closer to death than people realised. They had no back up plan. They were at their peak. They were all show and no substance. They had fame, money, and everything that you didn't have. They were on top of the world, yet there was so much further to fall. You though had fallen already. Why does every devil feel cast out? Isn't it a world of good and bad? Not really. At least not in the social world. A

complete bastard could be one of those bright shining people. A complete bastard devoid of any reality and humanity could be the person you have to answer to.

Jacob was walking up the road carrying some gear to sell and three thousand dollars cash. He had only been in this game for a month or less. He knew the right people. He felt confident. He was a user so money went fast. Fast money moved quick. Then it was gone and you were scabbing change for a convenience store sandwich. Some of the guys in this game were violent. They preyed on the weak mostly. Little did Jacob know that one guy had set him up. He was being followed. They knew his routine. He was just on the main road when he pounced. Suddenly in a quiet street a knife was held to his throat. "Give us the cash and the gear you mutt!" Jacob was scared to death, he knew who this guy was and knew he was violent. He gave up his cash and gear willingly and was hit in the face hard. He went back to his main dealer to tell him he was jumped. The bad part of dealing and using was feeling trapped. There seemed to be no way out of the routine. Nobody could get you out of it. Your old mates would just avoid you now. You looked like a wreck. You were violent. You were a user of a drug that made you feel great. Nothing could top it. There was no way out of the spiral. Death was always lurking nearby. You couldn't trust anybody. Nobody could trust you. "Anybody going down? Or better yet, coming down?"

4. realisation

"They are like a bunch of sheep, they can't think for themselves" Justin knew Wade got into these moods occasionally. He kind of got mad about nothing. That was what Wade did. He just went off. He didn't stop there though. "Mate, they can't think for themselves." Wade sort of gesticulated wildly then said, "they can't think at all, the media has to do the thinking and they follow." By this stage Justin looked away disinterested. "We are all trapped! Like a bunch of bloody slaves." Justin looked back. "How are we trapped though when we can do whatever we want to?" Wade scoffed at this, "How can you do what you want to? Do you think growing up here was what you wanted to do? Wandering the streets, taking drugs and punching on? Getting butt raped by your uncle?" Justin felt a pang of pain "shut the hell up, it's none of your business, it could be better if people actually tried." Wade knew he overstepped the line but hurriedly said "people have no idea, they just follow their urges, they fight and steal, they talk shit." Justin jumped in "you talk shit." Wade laughed, "yeah, real shit. Do you think you just landed here by

accident? You are a product of your environment.” Justin had had enough, ”nah, you are a shit talker and I am going to go do what I want without your sorry arse, see ya.” Wade stuck his middle finger up as Justin left the car park and he sat brooding. Wade wasn’t really right or wrong. A lot of people his age went off the rails and they were handed everything yet it was nothing. Once the drugs took affect it was all over. Finished. Only a chosen few could claw their way back. People though as Wade said were sheep. There was a herd mentality that was for sure. Everybody knew this as well, yet they got caught in the same trap as all of the others. There were traps everywhere. Was all of this simply manufactured for these stories? Of course they were. The government knew what they were doing. It was unavoidable, Wade was right then. He was in the eye of the storm. He was stuck in that storm. It wasn’t an obvious storm. It was subtle. Then you were thrown in a car and your body dumped somewhere just as quiet and subtle as the storm itself. It was those moments when the truth came out. When the violence surfaced. It was sudden. It was fast. It was bloody. It was always in the back of your mind. The streets were always quiet at night. That was the attraction. Maybe all of this was an illusion? The night was cool and when violence came it was in a pack. It was in a pack mentality. The question was, could you run fast enough? The police didn’t care. The main detectives were selling heroin on the streets. They took the dealers gear and money and then sold it to other users. Who could prove it? Half of the junkies died anyway. The evidence simply couldn’t be trusted. You though definitely couldn’t be trusted. You had been using for years. Selling for years. Was there any hope?

Was there any hope for anyone? Wade needed a revolution to really change all of this. The machine just kept churning out money and creating problems for those at the bottom. The drug cartels had their super yachts parked in Cockle Bay wharf while they danced high on the stern. Junkies can fight back too. They were built tough. They might look a bit rough around the edges but they can summon some might and win this game. At least that was what Wade hoped anyway.

5. chance meeting

They bumped into each other on the street. “How are ya mate? You don’t have your crutches”, it had been a while since he had seen J without crutches. He had a bung knee. J went straight into a story. It was the latest news in his life. “Not too good, you know that bloke you saw me with a few weeks back down the road?” D replied “oh yeah” D couldn’t remember his face but knew who he was talking about. “He died four days ago”. “What happened?”. “He rang me a few days after his birthday, he said can you get me on? I said nah I don’t do that shit any more but I can get you a stick. I went over to see him and he left the back door open for me. I went in and he was passed out. I tried to revive him and rang triple zero. I did CPR on him but I didn’t know the exact address so I had to leave him and get the address then went back to him. He was basically brain dead by the time the ambo got him.” D said “Oh shit, that is terrible” J suddenly got a phone call on his small Nokia phone. An un-trackable Nokia. No frills budget phone for drug deals. D was like “mate I gotta go” and left J hunched over his

phone taking the call. Another overdose. Another day. They weren't from poor families some of these guys. They weren't well off either. You really needed a job to keep you occupied. Then there were the urges. When you had a snow cone and your eyes rolled back and you felt a wave of relief. All of the pain was gone. You switched off. Everything was at a distance. Eventually reality came back in focus. You felt terrible coming down. You were emotional. You were angry. Worst of all you were desperate. Also who ever knew the truth? What was the real story? Actually he was telling most of the truth but just left out details and changed little things. He didn't want to come over as some kind of desperate junky. No he was a dabbler. He dabbled. They all dabbled. Some dabbled more than others. This had gone on for years. This bloke though who died got carried away. He got some money for his birthday and bang, he got some gear. In the end the gear got him. He had had a terrible childhood. There was trauma and no end of drama in his life. It wasn't fair and the only escape eventually was drugs. He had used for years and had gotten off it a few times only to find the urges too great and get back on it.

Suddenly we are all transported to a room with a bong. Maybe this is the beginning? Family photos, a coffee table with bowl, bong and a colour TV with wood veneer. I don't know what this Springer TV shit is, I can't stand these people slapping each other and being held back by security guards. On my next cone I see his girlfriends face. She is tilting her head with her jaw as low as possible. Its not even bad acting its something else altogether, higher drama. My heart is pumping ice again. My flat mate has made Turkish coffee, he is the only person I

know who has never had a job his whole life. The last job he went to he had a cigarette break for three hours and then told his boss he had a smoking problem and couldn't do the job. He walks in and I ask him for the money he owes me. "I will call you". Its hard to explain what happened that day. I had a realisation. I realised how shit all of this was and how fucked up my life and friends were. Its easy enough to realise but a lot harder to do anything about so I had another cone. When you have a cone your on a Rugby pitch running with the ball under your arm. Your focused on your goal. To reach the score line and this determined feat propels you. Everything else becomes irrelevant and you glide along without sound or knowledge of anyone or anything. Then suddenly your legs leave you when they have given way. You suddenly realise you are falling slowly from vertical to horizontal. With each degree you see the grass ahead of you. You hit the ground with a thud and you realise you have been tackled, the blades of grass are covered in dew and you see their detail. Rather than coming to you just lie there with the grass at attention. You give the grass the thousand mile stare and the game stops.

6. Five

Wasn't there five of them? What sort of shit talk is this? He knew he would overthink things. He thought a lot. He was always thinking. He even wondered if thinking was really possible. Maybe if thoughts machine gunned through his mind he wasn't actually thinking at all. He was just bombarded by random bullshit maybe? Oh yes, he remembered, there was five of them. They had been on the stairs that day and he saw them when he was passing by. He was in a rush that day to get to the train station and go to Hurstville to try and sus out a store in the mall that had an easy sunglasses case. He only ever took two or three to not make it too obvious. He had a huge circuit of places he went to and he had to be systematic. He was a thinker after all. Like I said he did think a lot. He would watch the attendants from afar. He saw who was lazy and didn't pay attention. He knew some of their work shifts. There was one attendant who was like a hawk. She didn't miss a beat. There were others who were always distracted. He was always switched on. He always saw small details. He could read a persons face

and their body language. He just couldn't relax.

We went outside into the sun. It was a hot spring day, the air was hot as well. Humidity hung in the air and the sky had a cobalt hue. We walked back to the housing commission. Coffee and cones had dulled me a little. Walking was hard work and the aerosol piece that day was falling into place when a girl came by and started talking. She talked about her experience on smack and how she was glad to be off the shit. He had been on it for a while too and they confided in each other. I couldn't understand how nearly every smacky I have met tells you their story and their gratitude to be off it. I watched them speaking and then went back to the aerosol work. "What are you doing with these dickheads?" I looked over and there was this tiny guy on his trick bike haunched and glaring. "Get home now you whore". She apologised and started walking through the park to the path. My mate was a bit pissed off, he never takes anything lightly. The aerosol work though finished up very well. All of this was a tribute to a guy who had died of a drug overdose. The thing that struck me about her was that she was only eighteen. Why can't a pretty girl become a junky or ex-junkie and have an abusive boyfriend? Why the hell not? The idea of her boyfriend soon ceased to bother me but my mate wanted to bash him and would if he got the chance. Stealing was the only way to afford the habit. Sometimes the attendant spotted you and wouldn't leave you alone. Then an undercover security guard followed you all over the mall and you got nothing. You knew it was pointless and the only answer was a bag snatch or straight violent robbery. The more people knew about your intentions the more they thwarted you. That was

the story of this guys life.

The character walks by night, we never see his face. It makes you wonder if he is real. The face gives everything away. It holds you and you use it to focus, to find a point to locate a relationship. This face is never there so there is no dialogue other than you watching. He is focused looking away, even when the camera is noticed he hides. What is he hiding from? Rejection? Knowledge? His victim? His oppressor? Maybe he hides away in shadows in the night to conjure up a dark power like a witch doctor. Maybe he hides to evoke curiosity or fear. If you see him is it best not to know? If you knew would the light illuminate him as the mask falls away and a naked face comes to view? What of the mystery? What of not knowing, of seeing the dark shadows envelop the stalking dark figure playing with shadows. Cutting with fear with the power of remaining unknown, a figment of your imagination something that can't be touched but felt with blade where only pain is the message the loss of blood the force of a needle the haemorrhage of blood the loss of consciousness. A place where ownership is not negotiated or agreed upon but taken by a blunt force. Where anything is possible but never any different. Where wealth slips away and poverty reaches in taking everything away. Where the perpetrator is the victim and the victim a criminal who will never have to answer for his crimes. Not to say the relationship is not full of benefits. They sit under the one roof, they know they exist but never feel they will meet until they do and the answer is forced out even though there is no question. It is never a question of rich or poor as both have means. The banker wears the hood, he waits in the shadows. He takes your power away momentarily

leaving you empty until you are out of his power and ready to accumulate. He wears the hood to hide an identity and to create an identity, it makes you wonder if any of this is real.

7. God or god?

What did he have to do to be immortal? Did he have to die first? He was speaking to M. "You need to repent, you need to admit your sins and start afresh. You need to know a God to be god like." M looked away and as though in some kind of B-grade movie came out with a commanding "there is no God, he doesn't exist". That was a good try. M really came across as the evil mastermind for a moment. Yet he was the evil mastermind. He was plain evil. He had a devil on his shoulder. In his mind. He was overcome by evil everyday. Yet it was that little bit of goodness that kept him alive. That was why he was allowed to keep breathing. There was a kernel of positive energy hidden away within. Yet he couldn't live with himself. He knew he was mostly bad. He knew he was filled with hate. He knew he was a burden to the innocent. Who though was truly innocent? Yet that in itself is just an excuse to allow evil to thrive. Nobody is perfect we tell ourselves. Yes that is true but believe me you are innocent. That is also why victims are always blamed. Because how could they truly be innocent? Surely it

isn't possible? Well in fact they were so innocent that they were screwed over until they lost something of their innocence. Maybe they lost all of it. That was the drive of the devil. To unhinge all innocence. To make them feel unsafe. To brutalise the innocent. To find it, uncover it and destroy it. Religion told you were not innocent. You all have sinned. Yet you can be renewed. Really though you had done nothing wrong. If being a human is wrong then everyone is up for redemption. Though you had done nothing wrong and now you were supposed to be as bad as them. You were worse in fact because you had a true heart. M was waiting for you. Waiting to convert you like all of the rest. He wasn't willing to repent because that was for the innocent. They needed to repent for being good. For having more good within them. M would never repent. Yet there was a remote possibility for change. Yet change was not what was needed. He needed to be revolutionised. Radicalised. The foundations had to shift to make him shift. He had little to no worth. Yet he could be worthy. Where did change come from? Some say it is from within, or from God, from good spirits and so on. Yet the ground has to move from under your feet. Not literally like when someone is dragged into jail. It simply has to move like a body moves, then the mind follows. He could have saved everyone the distress and just got a hobby or a job.

Many years had passed. He saw a name written in dust on the side of a bus. This gesture was fleeting and would soon disappear. Of course so would he. Life is fleeting and many wrongs will never be righted. It was as though all along he would get the chance to tell his story but nobody was there to listen. It was as if he had lived three lifetimes and was world

weary. Barely able to walk he couldn't do it much longer. There were too many stories and far too many sad ones. It is not as if any of this would amount to much only of course if you believed it did. Maybe all of these lives were pointless and meaning had been lost to something greater which was neither good or bad. Rather a measure of the scope of one world lost within the universe that only knew of itself and could only know the lifeless mass of eternity. There was always something else out there, seeing it was not the point as it was there and always had been there. The mystery that could only be understood vaguely and only from within the miracle itself, was not able to ever be known fully. But like all things it was able to be known just never explained.

8. Revolutionary junkies

Jacob had had enough. He now had a crew of over twenty thousand revolutionary junkies all ready to tear down the system. More were joining everyday. They had the cash, they had gear, most importantly they had ideas. Lots of ideas for change. The main target was the government and its armies. The police were just just paramilitary Hoon's who half the time were controlling the flow of gear into the neighbourhood. It was a complex system to unravel. They had to be organised. Supreme commander Wade was inspecting his troops. A standing army now of ten thousand junkies. They were emaciated yet there was a glint in their eyes. A glint of revolutionary fervour. They wanted to change the world. The real question was, would they change themselves?

They had stolen the sports car for a bit of fun. They had made the revolution happen to get their own back. It was for the

collective good. People were mindless slaves. They were being exploited by the capitalist system. Late capitalism was crushing them under the flow of money. Drugs, crime, corporate greed were all taking any money away they could have made. They were selling drugs on the street to get by and even then all of that money was not enough to fulfil them. It was a bottomless pit. Once they had fought off the police they had to overthrow the government. The only way was to win over the military. One metric tonne of heroin did it. Soon the army was so high they forgot about civic duty and honesty. They wanted more. They wanted to rob their parents and anyone they could. The army arrested the Prime Minister and set about incarcerating him for his support of the capitalist system. The revolution was almost complete. They needed a new system. One of the boys came up with a system based around slanging. The more heroin sold, the more ice sold on the street you would become a true leader that had their fair share of social respect. Rather than being a problem you were actually the solution. Australia would become Xanadu. A new nation built for the realest people. Heroin for everyone. All drugs were legalised. Crime was a virtue not a sin. Finally things would be good. The cops started chasing the sports car, Ronnie really had to get some speed to blow the cops off. The revolution will not be televised. Nobody watched television these days anyway. The junkie army marched through the capital of Australia like a wave of hope. They were the saviours. People came from far and wide to see the junkies in all of their glory. Soon Ronnie was startled as the sports car skidded uncontrollably from the street hitting the pole with sudden loss of life. His passenger was instantly crushed. Ronnie

was only barely alive. Life slipped away from him ever so slowly as he felt his life slip by in these final moments. It was all a delusion. His life never made sense. The violence, poverty, drugs, housing commissions, abuse and the American troops guarding poppy fields for the new wave of opiates swamping the western world never seemed real. Pharmaceutical benefits for opiates, opiates for benefits and the quick street sale. Ronnie and his mates were just a part of a super dictatorship posing as democracy. A small cog in the huge machine that destroyed people through constant media bombardment. They needed a revolution but people were not prepared. They were asleep, they were robbed either by corporations or people on the streets. They never really knew that they had lost their sovereignty and their drive for true decision making and freedom. The only freedom they knew were from drug cartels or pharmaceutical companies. A momentary escape from the pain of fake freedom.

The End

Methamorphis: a short story

The middle kingdom

When all is said and done, those that wander will find a way to live. Cold charity and a cold heart. Someone will love them all. Even the dead find love somewhere in their gathered bones. The spirits that control the world watch on placing their influence here and there. The government can't control the ghosts and eager gods that linger in the spaces we live. Gods of spaces and places. Guardians of natural order that watch on from another dimension controlling us. We try to connect with these spirits through drugs that stimulate and manipulate. Alcohol and prescription drugs connect us to the other world, ever so briefly that we believe we are gods ourselves. Yet we are controlled by the government and ghosts. Then, sadly our desires take over and then our anxieties. We lose ourselves in this spirit laden world quickly. Our spirit is muddled by music and visions of violence and sexual gratification. There is the promise to fulfil desire yet there is really nothing there to fulfil us. It is just sound and vision, nothing more. It doesn't exist and even when it does it is only available momentarily. All of these visual cues and sounds drain our energy and well being, which means we need to replace the loss with stimulants. We are emptied. Corporate interests enticing and creating catalysts. We can adhere to base salacity that has been promised. You have no choice other than to obey. Even when you ignore the prompt, a small part of you finds itself in agreement. Yes, yes it says I want to know more of my animal nature. The chains are simply a form of desire. The world is out of control so I need these comfortable

chains. All the while the spirit world sends the good and bad energy that ultimately controls our fate. Our destiny is sealed unless we can escape the third dimension. Ancient wisdom is almost completely lost. Yet the ancient world still reigns over the third dimension regardless of collective ignorance.

sleeping

The spirit slowly crept up through the floor and leapt onto a heap of flesh and blood that lay quite still. Stillness. The slow drawing of breath. The depth of sleep and disorganisation. A threat. Threatening to overcome me. I will resist. My flesh and blood tainted with anti-psychotics. I walk through the valley. I am larger than life. My spirit is bigger than my body. My spirit turns like a large wheel about me. The waves lift. They fall. The energy keeps coming, turning in on itself. I was supposed to tell you the truth yet all I wanted to do was turn. In the corner of a free-way corridor someone wanders seemingly aimless. They want to be a brand. Like the ones on a supermarket shelf. They want to become marketable. The spirit climbs up through the wall. The clouds are all dragons and monsters even if you don't want them to be. Forms making sense through the lens. Focus, turn and go up. They will fall again. Energy cycles. Draw in the energy, draw it out of the ground and then let it fall slowly down back to where it came turning. Don't scare the energy away. It wants to pass through you. The spirits want to make you disappear into the energy. All of the problems will be pushed away into another dimension. The energy will be clean. Clean the walls, clean the minds, clean it all up.

Take away those nightmares that come in the night. We must have good thoughts, good dreams, good energy. The negativity slowly dissipates with every turn. With every cycle. Everything melts away into the spirit world. I want every comfort. Nothing disappoints or looks like a potential threat. How did things become so good? The energy rises and falls. My heart and mind turn the world over in my mind. It is multifaceted. Some of its faces are in darkness even though the light falls on many. I feel uncomfortable seeing this. Why do we have to look into this darkness? It is sleep. The negative energy can't be faced. It makes one tired knowing it is there. The spirits wait quietly. They will always visit unexpectedly. They look for weaknesses and cling on to them. They sometimes come with the wind and find you sleeping. Opportunities can never be overlooked. When the energy connects with your body you may not even realise it is there but if you do, look. Don't try and disturb it, simply look. Then when you let go, the energy will let go and there will be peace within. Otherwise more and more negative energy will cling onto you, dragging you into the earth. Dragging you into what is purely negative.

The threat

He called him a flop. He said he knew where his kids went to school. He didn't want anyone to feel safe or at ease. His thoughts were amplified. He was connected. They connected for a moment. It was communication. Or was it? It was a territorial dispute. The spirits controlled them both. Looking on from the fourth dimension into the third the spirits watched.

The third dimension is full of pain and suffering. Our pain will be shared. The paint is our blood as well as our pain. Work of our bodies. Our children. They both wanted to be in the same place. On the same surface. We are only here for a moment though we want the moment to last forever. Someone will be dominated. Many hands make light work. The spirits worked in his body. He called forth dark clouds and they came in waves. There was resistance. There were people watching and forcing the demons into hiding. They disappear as soon as they appear. It is nature. It watches the energy and controls it. The energy is summoned through a glass pipe. The smoke appears momentarily. Something has happened but we don't know exactly what. The blood is the carrier. It is the only value. Life blood. It cycles within. Carrying the energy. Carrier. My life became a constant feed of CCTV. I was always monitored. Cameras were deployed. There was a screen on the bus showing that I was being watched. They watched me everywhere. The strangest part was watching myself being watched. Nobody had an answer. That is right they said. They watch everything. You have become an image of yourself. A moving image. The communication was watched. Surveillance capitalism, I can see you watching me. I am watching myself being watched. They need us though, they need me. I am the product. They need products, they need products to sell. Slavery without chains. The spirits carried the chains. It was your position, time and space. Where you were positioned determined your fate. I am in a multi million dollar mansion, that is your fate. I am in a small room with a bed, that is your fate. Where are you? That is where you are headed. If you can leave the third dimension

your fate becomes your own. You become your own master. You rule yourself. Flesh and blood slips away. Pure energy. You can see the disaster all around you, yet you survive. Who wants to be rich or make a fortune when the real job is to live and survive. When the world has fallen into disarray you take what is left for yourself. Selfish survival. Though you watched from afar. The energy came and went into its varying structures. Instead of joining the fray you watched the energy play out. The patterns formed and bloomed. Then they melted away only to produce new situations and patterns just like the smoke dissipated. It seemed to disappear into the spirit world and a great psychosis ensued.

The other energies

The perversions were everywhere. You were immersed. There was water falling, a great deluge. Billboards suggested themselves to your inner desires. Sullied, moist paper. You touched the surface and its smooth texture was cold to your touch. The sun's warmth was where the desires had originated from. Warm sunshine and cool spring air. The sun had created you and you were also leftover matter from the universe. Nature had programmed you and now you were shown what you really wanted. A skin, a warmth from within and a bodies surface. Your desires were poignant and always ready. There were suggestions, nuances and naked truths. Though really truth had to be fabricated. It had to add a layer over desire, maybe becoming a higher truth. There were always levels, civilised maybe stifling and then somewhere beneath all of the layers of culture and so-

cial bonds was a naked being. Even paper was fabricated and when the body sat upon that as a representation it was remodelled and recreated. It became a base truth and a higher truth. Something to get addicted to. Synthesised flesh. It could trigger other energies. There was a desire for flow. Though the energy was locked. There was a promise of a future immersed in a moment of unlocked desire. Somewhere overlooked by society but when the moment came they looked over. They knew you were chasing emptiness behind closed doors. Looking at fabrications, they chased you. Fabrications swallowed you up. Nature still had the final say. These fabrications were nature. Nature demanded an apology. How could you try and take credit for what you had been programmed to do? You were different yet exactly the same. You were predictable. It was only when you fell out of the program that society frowned upon you. You must obey your desires and follow a specific life path. If you break away, nature will have a new respect for you. You could even break away from the third dimension and become a living god. You would leave all of your desires behind and all of the fabrications would be obvious. Though if you were to reach that state you would be alone in the world with only a small few who could use their power like magic to avoid the inevitable. This psychotic state was not the product of synthetic energy but of time itself. Time and space met at a point in your mind and heart only to propel you away from all that is illusive and built of surface and form. I am simply a body of surface and form yet within there is a reality I can't expound. Ink pushes out from the tiny pores in my skin. Ink swells from my eyes. We want to be more than a companion for paper and a thousand desires.

Dreams and reality

Dreams were reality and reality a dream. He knew this was the only truth. Gripped by dreams that would always slip away, except those that made perfect sense. Dreams though were also a way to cope with a skewed reality. He was quite miserable most of the time. Why was he miserable? His dreams were beautiful and reality couldn't compare. Reality had so many limits. In dreams he could join the spirits that controlled him. In reality he was subjected to the sky above and the earth below. Two poles of positive and negative influence. The sky was perfectly positive and the earth below a negative tomb waiting for all life. Time could be so oppressive yet even though the day would end, and he felt inclined to sleep. His sleep was a recovery from so many labours. The spirits came back to him and he felt free for those moments in a dimension of clarity. What was inspiration but a moment of clarity? A small pearl that formed from the sediment of accumulated reality. When the entire universe miniaturised in his dreams it also seemed to be its opposite like fire opposes water. Though water and fire coalesce in marriage rolling together they combine. The miniature universe attaches to its immensity. Only when the lens of our mind and heart can see all does it become so small and clear. Otherwise the monumental is simply too large to fathom. The search for clarity only forms as a wave of energies that finally materialise. Then disappear into so many other invisible powers that bombard us from every which way. We are surrounded by spirits and energies of many inclinations mapped in the nine

chambers. Judgement is the most important part of seeing these energies. Though to actually see this play out and know it exists requires knowledge and instruments to measure with. We can measure with our minds but ultimately we need ancient minds to help. Where are the ancestors? Where from duality do we find connection? Where is that point where the connections move in and out of each other? Where things become clear? That was the place I saw in my dreams. Then dreams stopped making sense and edgeless reality came back into view. What are all of these edgeless dreams in three dimensions but that connection? Threaded through consciousness to wider worlds without encompassing form. Where does it all begin and end I wonder?

The growth

The young man had been drinking that day. He had a little bit of meth the day before. He saw a man standing by the street. "That tumour is growing well" he said as he laughed. The other man was puzzled by his words. The young man looked delirious and he kept walking quickly around the corner of the street. Was this the young man that had spoken? Or was he just drunk and high? Did the drink and drugs talk for him? Was there a homunculus, maybe many guiding him into a stupor of visions and places he could visit that were beyond reality? Could he see himself on a luxury yacht climbing up to the sky? Sky high! Was he finally free to be whatever and whoever he wanted to be? Reality was just an illusion right? Now he could be an illusion. A plan, a spectre, a god. Someone who could pass judgement

freely. He could see through bodies. He could see people as fragile and easily broken. He could see the cracks in reality itself. Stimulants had empowered him and he flew toward the sun. It was bright, it became hotter and hotter. He loved to climb.....higher. The Earth moved around the sun under the influence of stars and energies that moved through space and time. This young man was born in a moment where the particular Sky energy and Earth energy foretold his destiny. The young man could take control of his own fate if it was bestowed by the energies at play. Otherwise he had to fill himself with stimulants and join dark brooding energies that would drain his life away. Even if he cleaned himself up he would have those memories haunting him. The feeling of being free. The feeling where the barrier between his conscious mind and the world around him dissolved. A vision so addictive that he could close his eyes and become king of the world. He was the king. Prescription drugs were always good. Meth was his go to. He needed the energy and vision from meth. Gods and spirits abound across the universe. The Earth is a meeting place of life and gods. If the young man's spirit was scared away he would disappear. If his energy was strong he would endure. How could he endure as his body succumbed to addiction? He was young and could bounce back. The tumour was a growth, he was growth. The addiction was growing. Everything was growing and dying.

The Nether

All of the energy was dispersed. Once, long ago all of the energy was compacted into a small space. A point of potential.

It hadn't completely dispersed. He had heard that human life was controlled by the government and ghosts. The spirit within all life is a part of life. The spirits outside of life, some larger than life made the masses weep or joyous. When you were weak they came. The energy was both living, dying, moving and all other possibilities. These energies would disappear or join other energies. The ghosts were neither spectres nor saviours, though according to human experience they were that and more. More or less. Language could not contain them. Herbs and remedies. Machines that replaced your organs. Technologies, invocations, chants all lead to delirium. Yet they could hear the words in your chest. The joy, the sadness and the terror. Of all of the places in the nether there was no boundaries that could be found within an eternity. Energy could move through expanses so large that nothing could be found or lost. So there was simply an expanse. Incalculable. Coalesce and form, formless. We would be unlikely to meet again. Unless we were stuck on Earth. Anchored to its energy. Only to leave at the very end of time. Even then there would be no change. Something lived within the mountain. It had no body yet could meet your body. Passing through you. You were afraid. It would drive people mad. Visions and destructive thoughts. The police were looking for him. There was a warrant for his arrest. The government and ghosts he thought. There was a report of an incident. Someone said he was looking for meth. They knocked him back and he lashed out. Was it true though? Was it the ghosts that had conspired against him? Turned his life upside down. Was he guilty or those that watched from the fourth dimension? Who was really guilty in a world controlled by spirits and gods that

at once were within the living and outside of them? In prison they made you work or study. Otherwise you would be sent to solitary confinement. We all love company. Though sometimes we love our own company. Silence. Work. Study. He found it hard to be on his own. He liked company even if it wasn't in his best interests. Sometimes you need to be alone. Only to help control your emotions. Working a low end job would be the hardest experience that even thinking of it made him realise that hustling on the streets was the only life he could lead. Work was only for prison.

Control

The supernatural made his spine tingle. He was superstitious and then after a few years he didn't think about the ghosts or spirits any more. He suddenly found himself within the reality around himself. He fell into something that he could see clearly. Once the young lady shaved her head and talked of the spirits that would bother her. You had to agree with her or else she would become defensive and maybe avoid you. When she grew her hair back she disappeared only to come back occasionally and see the Master. Maybe it was a world event that made her wonder what the Master thought. When he was wrong about something she disappeared for even longer. The thing that hadn't dawned on her was it was all up to her. Only she could control herself and her destiny. Well that was the goal anyway. Self mastery. She at least knew what was needed to achieve this. The physical practice. The movement. The opening of the body. The energy structure. He was like water and

put out the fire in others. It was a calming energy. Though if he was like fire they would both be consumed. The fire went to his heart and mind. He couldn't get the meth and felt that he would do anything to get it. That was what he heard anyway. Was the information reliable? He was going to retaliate. Fire breeds fire. War is fire. When everything is scorched we suddenly see what has been spent. All of the energy is consumed. Are we consumed too? He was a bit lost. The city is beautiful but run down. It is like down town but you can walk around safely. He gets to the train station after work but sees it is closed. He has been out after work in the city and suburbs. He got a few days off work that week. He thought about getting back home. He finally gets a tram as the trains are closed. A train comes pummelling up the shared road space. A stray car just moved out of the way in time. He travels in the opposite direction at a steady pace in the tram. He arrives at the coffee house. They are packing and grinding beans. She says "our harbour is beautiful..it is crystal clear.." he concurred with a laugh "it is a dump right? You are telling me it's a dump!"..the coffee bean owner said, "no, there is hardly any guilt here." She looked at him with a slight smile but said nothing more.

Storm

Storms are energy. A concentration of elemental energy. He was in bed only to be woken by a severe storm. A negative spirit came flying straight through the wall into his room and grabbed onto his back. He could feel it latch on. At first he fought with it and went into his body to kick it out. He was

looking. From one place to the other he kept looking. Then he relaxed, he gave in to the struggle. With this the spirit left to be blown away back within the storm. Why struggle with these forces? They are everywhere. The more you are unsettled the more they will latch on. There is only one goal in life. That is to find peace. To be peaceful. The more we struggle the more we lose our standing. Peace in the west. Peace in the east. We need to find a common goal. Yet before we can even hope to do that we need to find peace within. Our minds settle. Our hearts settle. Then we can truly find peace in every part of our lives big and small. There is no magic pill that will bring us to this place. It is the real struggle. Then when we stop struggling we realise we had it there all of the time. It was simply waiting patiently. Waiting for you to realise. Waiting for peace to reign.

The End