

Waking from

# A Dream

*Richard Vizzutti*

© Copyright 2011 Richard Vizzutti. All rights reserved

# Wakeup

“Wake-up!”

Thomas Holden now opened his sleepy eyes after hearing a recognisable voice. Rubbing his eyes, he heard a woman’s voice once again repeating “wake-up!”

With his eyes slightly opened, he could see the silhouette of the woman towering over him. Thomas could now see the young woman clearly. “*Shit! It’s Alice!*” he thought to himself.

Alice at that moment squatted beside Thomas. “Hey sexy, are you enjoying the floor?”

Thomas started to rub his eyes and mutter, “How the hell did I end up here?”

Alice laughed and replied, “You passed out while crawling on the floor looking for another drink.”

Alice annoyed Thomas because he never really clicked with her and he certainly never had any desire to sleep with her. She was blonde and attractive, but she was not very bright and had an endless hunger for sex. “Damn, I need to get a smoke!” grunted Thomas as he slowly and carefully stood up from the hard wooden floor. He then lit up a smoke and asked Alice in a very sheepish manner, “Um Alice, did we...you know...um.”

Immediately Alice replied, “Hell no sweetie. You passed out on the floor before I could get you in bed. It was close, but unfortunately no cigar.”

“Yes,” screamed Thomas in his head. “*There must be a God!*”

It was not that Thomas was Gay; it was just that he was very discriminating with all women, and he had no appreciation for the aggressive women like Alice. Alice knew this, but for her, she was always up for a good challenge. Thomas was so surprised that Alice made it past the front door and into his house. Thomas felt that he was a strong person, but because of this incident, he now felt slightly weak and vulnerable.

With a smoke in his mouth, Thomas pulled back his long brown hair, tied it in the back, and then tucked his shirt in. It was now time to ditch Alice, so he took a long slow drag on his smoke and blurted out, “Um, Alice. I really got a lot of stuff to do today, so if you don’t mind...”

Alice laughed, “Now you are kicking me out? You are such a chicken, but that is fine since I got tons of stuff to do today. Maybe I will see you later in the bar.”

“Sure,” mumbled Thomas lacking any kind of emotion in his voice.

After Alice left, Thomas opened the fridge for something to eat. There were containers of old food wedged between the bottles of beer and vodka. He grabbed a container of boiled potatoes and next opened up a can of sardines.

He then mashed the potatoes with the sardines and spooned it on to some toast topping it off with some good ole hot sauce. Now with a little ketchup and mustard to boot, his breakfast of champions was complete and ready for consumption.

Just then, there was a thumping sound. It was his cat jumping up on the counter meowing for food. "Bacon Boy!" he exclaimed. "I forgot to give you the sardine oil didn't I?" At that moment Thomas pinched off some of his sardine and gave it to the cat that rushed the plate, pawed the food a couple of times, and started to eat.

With his Frankenstein breakfast in hand, Thomas plopped down into his old but comfortable TV chair. While watching the news he wondered why it was so important for him to do so. He was getting very annoyed with endless stories of house fires, car crashes, and politics. The political news shows were often filled with talking heads, spin-doctors, all having an over indulgence of empty speculation. On the other hand, in, it was better than watching endless reruns of Lost.

Thomas was likable but had very few friends. He never really felt connected to people even though he was a bartender and manager at a small bar called the Saturn. The Saturn bar was a slow-paced local watering hole that was small, but comfortable. The wallpaper was old with the stains on the rug appearing to have crowns of burn marks from forgotten cigarettes. The lighting was dim and the smell of sloshed beer often wafted through stale air intertwining with streams of smoke from cigarettes. The Saturn bar is where any drink was available, yet beer was always the number one drink in sales. The Saturn attracted the lonely and the self-absorbed people looking for a spot to hang up their minds for a while. If they were lucky, they could find a sympathetic ear, if not, it would be up to Thomas to be available. Unfortunately, it was the last thing he ever wanted to do.

Thomas was twenty-two and felt the pressure to make something of his life but he never really got past the quicksand of the Saturn. He certainly did not intend working there forever. People were strange and often annoying to him, so it was rather odd he would be working in a bar. After eating, Thomas's phone rang, and it was his friend Kip phoning.

"Are we going to watch Godzilla movies tonight? I got my hands on some potent smoke!"

"Well hello to you too Kip. I can't do it because I got called into work for tonight," sighed Thomas.

"Okay then I might drop by during your break," replied Kip.

At the Saturn, Thomas took a break from his shift and sat down at his reserved-for -staff table. His friends were all waiting with beer and pretzels in hand. Sitting at the table was Jenny Johnston who was always looking for a soul mate. She had bright green eyes crowned with frizzy red hair, and would often be asked if she was the singer Cyndi Lauper. Jenny was very interested in the paranormal, natural food, and such. She was always fun to be with and always up for another beer.

Sitting with her on her left was Ziggy Foster. Ziggy was a young gay man always looking for upbeat things to do. He was proud of his long spiked black hair because it made him

look like a glam-boy rocker. He was interested in spiritual things and would often keep his beliefs to himself.

Next at the table was Kip, who was a loner. Kip was Thomas' friend from school who he would see once in awhile. Kip and Thomas bonded over the occasional smoke of dope and equally loved movies. Kip however was very neurotic as well as being overly concerned with his looks and the regularity of his bowels. He was rather a dull person with no genuine interests in life suffering from a lack of ambition. If it were not for drama scripts in his life, Kip would not have any real function in life. He was an artist who painted amazing works of art that managed to keep his bills paid.

Thomas now sat down at the table. "Hey guys, what's new?"

Straight away Ziggy straightened up in his chair. "I got laid last night!" he beamed.

"Oh man Ziggy, too much information!" barked Jenny waving her hand in the air like an Italian woman at the market.

Ziggy pulled back in his chair while rolling his eyes at Jenny. "But if you got laid, I gather it would be fine," he retorted.

"Oh Jeeze Ziggy you know what I mean!" exclaimed Jenny shaking her bracelets on her arm. "Two guys together in bed doing you know what, Ewww!"

"So like just because I am gay. I am forbidden from having sex?" Ziggy asked shaking his head. "Anyhow I was just kidding. I just need to find a real loving and committed partner in life."

"Shut up!" barked Kip slinking down in his chair. "There's Lola; I would kill to go out with her!"

"Well then ask her out?" Thomas asked.

Kip freaked, "Are you nuts? I would die of a heart attack!"

"Cool," laughed Jenny. "Does that mean I get your music collection?"

Ziggy waved his tattooed arm saying, "Hey you can have mine. I am so bored with music right now! I mean like...shoot me in the head."

"Hey," cried Thomas, "Where is Kip?"

Immediately Jenny lifted the beer stained table cover and shouted, "Oh my god, he is under the table hiding from that girl!" With an explosion of laughter, Thomas ordered another round of beer.

Jenny laughed so hard, "Honestly Kip, you have this weird fear of women you need to get over! Otherwise you will end up like Ziggy!"

"Oh please," responded Ziggy with a forced lisp.

"Well my mother loves Kip," declared Thomas. "She says Kip is a man of strong moral values."

"That's right!" Kip replied from underneath the table.

Jenny now rolled her pretty green eyes upward almost choking on her beer. "Oh my goodness, Thomas it is no secret that your mom is a fundamentalist religious nut!"

Ziggy blurted out, "Yah, and she thinks I am demon possessed because I am Gay!"

Thomas laughed, "Listen you guys, try being raised by her." For a few seconds the table fell silent as everyone shook their heads and had another slug of beer.

Ziggy rose up in his chair, "Man she is always trying to convert me to Jesus while telling me Jesus was not Gay. People like her are like mindless robots programmed to condemn and convert for the Church. Whatever happened to love and forgiveness? And why does she come to this bar?"

Thomas laughed, "What do you think? She comes here like the Terminator seeking to convert."

Struggling with his chair Kip laughed, "Man she is always trying to get me to come to a bible study."

"Hey get this," shouted Ziggy. "A week ago in the mall washroom, there was this hot looking guy staring and smiling at me. I thought I must have died and gone to heaven. As I moved, closer to him, my heart pounded like a jackhammer. Then he pulls out this track from his coat and asks me if I know Jesus. Damn!" The whole table now shook once again with laughter.

"So according to these people, what the hell is wrong with sex?" Kip asked shaking his head.

Ziggy laughed, "I don't know Kip. However, when you have sex one day, you can then let us all know."

Thomas drew forward while lighting another smoke. "Well apparently you can have all the sex you want as long as it is with your spouse."

Jenny now jumped in saying, "That's like saying you can have all the ice cream you can eat as long as it is only strawberry. I mean...like...what is the point? I am not a virgin, thanks to booze, but I am holding back for my future soul mate. Honestly, I had sex just to kill my teen boredom, which is not a good thing. 'Forgive me father for I have sinned.' Why do these people think that sex is only for reproducing and not for any kind of enjoyment?"

"Oh and let us not forget the old line of 'God created Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve,'"said Ziggy. Okay, now for an off subject question for Thomas. Why don't you have a girlfriend yet?"

Thomas inhaled deeply on his cigarette. "Well I can't find any girl I like. Women have forgotten how to be feminine. Instead of desiring to be soft and womanly, they just want to be hot and sexy. It is all about short dresses and big boobs, but it is a woman's personality that makes her pretty, and it is not about how cool she thinks she is. Women have gone so overboard, and by the way, what is so sexy about anorexia?"

"God," snapped Jenny. "You need to see some of the guys I have dated! They are nothing but a bunch of bone heads. All they talk about is football and how hot the chicks are on MTV. Ten seconds after meeting them, they have their octopus hands all over me. They wouldn't know the meaning of romance if it kicked them in the balls!"

"Hey, you should see all the girls that I don't date," sighed Kip.

"The guys I meet are so aggressive," said Ziggy.

Jenny asked, "Say people, what are all of you doing for Christmas?"

Kip sadly replied, "Guess I will pop some Champaign and make passionate love to myself."

Thomas chuckled, "Funny Kip. Say, did you hear what happened last Halloween to crazy Billy? He is like seventeen years old, and he goes out trick or treating with a pillowcase. The nut goes to the doors with a smoke hanging out of his mouth. Then he does not say trick or treat, he just says 'What's up?' Turns out that old man Ferguson down the road called the cops."

"Too funny," Jenny chuckled with her familiar but cute Chinese smile of hers. "They don't call him crazy for nothing!"

"Yah," said Thomas, "but get this! Billy is now dating old man Ferguson's daughter. So if crazy Billy can find a girlfriend, why can't Kip?"

Kip responded, "With a defence lawyer like you, I would be up the river in no time at all!"

Jenny now spoke up, "So Kip, you can come up to the table now."

"The thing I hate about Christmas, it is that it's a form of blackmail." Ziggy declared. "Someone buys a gift for you, and then as the guilt sets in, you feel compelled to buy a gift for that person. Before you know it, your credit cards max out and one becomes broke and depressed. The banks and corporations love it when we shop until we drop. Yah, so anyhow, what are you all going to do this Christmas?"

Jenny squinted, "I probably won't do anything except open presents with my family."

Thomas shifted in his chair as he lit another cigarette. He was a bit apprehensive about the appointment he had for the following day with a psychiatrist. His mother set the appointment up and insisted on paying for the session. Thomas found the idea interesting, but he was a little offended with his mother for thinking he needed to see a shrink. He did think he must be a little crazy since he was twenty-two years old still living a static life. The Saturn was not very active, and there was talk that it was going to be converted into a strip

joint, so Thomas felt he should somehow move forward in life. His life at the bar was too mundane for him.

## Meet the Shrink

Thomas now sat in the shrink's office, he kicked back in a waiting room chair thinking about his past. As a child, he was bright, happy, and had such an imagination. Adults would see him and declare him as such a cute little boy. In public with his mother, people would come up to him and squeeze his cheeks. However, it was often painful, and little Thomas would frown back at the people pinching him. Subsequently, they would then become even more thrilled leading to squeeze attacks.

As a little boy, Thomas would play outside until it was time for dinner. This is when his father Jack would whistle for him to come home. Thomas would feel slightly saddened by this because it meant that the day was ending. His mother Janet often made very plain lacklustre meals, and he could not leave the table until his plate was completely empty. Thomas felt it would have been no problem at all if they only had a dog that he could secretly feed under the table.

Often after dinner, his father Jack would fall asleep in front of the television snoring up a storm. Jack was an uneducated crude man who sold cars for a living.

He worked hard and was a good provider, but his true passion was for wine, women, and song. There were many late nights when young Thomas could hear his drunken father pound on the front door screaming his head off trying to unlock it. Like a raging bull, he would thrash around in the fridge looking for food while screaming at Janet telling her what selfish bitch she was for locking the doors. Often Jack threw a few punches at the wall and sometimes at Janet herself. Because of this, Thomas always felt it a little ironic that he worked at a bar.

The one thing Jack hated the most in life was religion, yet he married Janet who was a fundamentalist born-again Christian, who was always nagging the unsaved into the Kingdom of God. The lust of the world became Jack's god, and was his downfall.

In the waiting room getting bored, Thomas shuffled through the old and tattered sports magazines that were on the table. He had no interest in athletics or housekeeping so he left the magazines to themselves. He still could not figure out how his mother convinced him to make an appointment. He felt fine and seemed to have little stress in his life if any, but he was interested in exploring his inner-self. Thomas always had an attitude of "why not" which made it easier for him to agree to see a shrink in the first place.

Minutes slowly passed until the secretary finally called his name, and Thomas then entered into the office and shook hands with Gloria the psychiatrist while exchanging a few pleasantries. Gloria was tall, well built, and looked very open and friendly. After they both sat down, Gloria asked him if he would like something to drink so he asked for coffee. Gloria then queried, "So Thomas, what brings you to my office?"

Thomas looked deep into her eyes and said, "Well, I got in trouble with the last institution when I pulled up a water fountain from the floor, and then threw it through the window allowing all the clients to escape."

Gloria's face drew a very puzzled look that quickly gave way to an "ah ha" moment. "Okay I get it," she declared. "You're talking about the movie One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest right?"

Thomas's head fell back as he laughed, "Yah you got me!" He often told jokes that other people never fully understood, but he did not care as long as he felt they were funny. He was impressed though at how fast Gloria caught on.

Gloria then grabbed her pen and paper and asked, "So Thomas why did you decide to come and see me?"

"Well it was my mother's idea."

"So you felt it was a good idea?"

Thomas grinned, "Sure, why not since she is paying for it."

"Okay so what do you expect to get out of this session or other future sessions?"

Thomas sighed, "Oh hell if I know. Maybe I can find some direction in life. I am twenty-two years old, and now I have to decide what I am going to do for the rest of my life. We are born into this world attending school for a huge part of our lives, then we graduate, and after that, we look for work.

Then we get married, have kids, get old, and then die in a nursing home just after screaming, where in hell are those dentures of mine. I do not really care for this template of life. It sounds more like some kind of prison life."

"Why is that?" Gloria asked.

Thomas shrugged, "I don't know. It just seems weird somehow. You know, get up in the morning, go to work, come home, eat and sleep, then start the whole thing over again in the morning like a mindless robot."

"Well we do need to eat, so therefore we need to work so we can have food and shelter. Everything has a price tag."

Thomas scratched his head and then responded, "Well, I find that so strange."

"Why is that?" Gloria queried.

"Think about it. We have to pay to live on a planet we were born on. Does this make sense to you?"

Gloria was a bit anxious as she replied, "Well let me change the subject a tad. I would like to know what kind of childhood you had."

Thomas pressed his lips together, "Well nothing special."

"Let's start with your father. What kind of relationship did you have with him?"

"Well he was always, drinking, and constantly chasing women. He never had time for me. Mother was not much better since she was married to her religion."

"How did that make you feel?"

"I felt nothing until I got older. It is strange because if I think about it now, I get really pissed off. He was a bully who badgered people to get what he wanted. If you ever disagreed with him on anything, he would explode and tell you off. Most people that he knew would go into shock, thus they would think he was just trying to be funny. On the other hand, my mother was a cold fish that was only concerned about her own wants and needs. It is really amazing how parents look forward to having kids, and then when they have kids, they emotionally gut them like fish."

"You know," said Gloria. "Parents mean well, but are often selfish of their own needs. Tell me more about your mother."

Thomas smiled. She is a gem. My mother completely wraps herself up in her religion and bible. She spends her life waiting for the antichrist to arrive. I thought she would be more inclined to wait for the return Jesus. As a kid, I was constantly in my room because she did not want me to sit in the living room; this was because I would move the couch pillows and create a so-called mess, and there was always a danger of me touching the walls leaving smudges behind. Heaven forbid that we have a house with a few smudges. My god, what would people think? I believe this is why I am such a loner."

"So today are you still a loner, or do you have friends?"

"Oh I have a few friends, but basically, I am not a people person. I work in a bar where my friends often hang out to chat over a beer. My life is simple, and that is the way I like it."

"So you like to play it safe?" Gloria asked.

Thomas scratched his head. "Yah I guess you're right. A simple life means less responsibility."

"Do you see your parents very often?"

"Not really," Thomas mused shaking his head. "I have enough problems of my own, and I do not need to add to them."

Gloria now relaxed her pen. "Do you love your parents?"

"I can't say I do, because that involves a process of bonding. I never really bonded with my parents because they by no means ever met me half way."

"Do you have a girlfriend?"

Thomas laughed, "Nope. I guess that is the loner in me. I have a female friend named Jenny, but our relationship has never gone past the friendship level. However, Jenny is a fun and crazy girl who makes me laugh. She often comes to the bar with my other friends.

I really kick myself for almost sleeping with a girl named Alice. She is pretty, but I do not click with dizzy chicks. She has been after me for years, and it just took a bottle of Jack Daniels and a T. Rex CD to have me grovelling on the floor. It all seems so cheap somehow. She almost got me into bed, but thank goodness I passed out on the floor."

Gloria smiled and asked, "Have you ever been alone with Jenny?"

Thomas now looked puzzled. "Come to think about it, not really."

"Do you have any hobbies?"

"Nah, I work too much in order to keep my stinking bills paid. I like to paint once in awhile, but that is all. Painting or having a few beers with friends is cool."

"So what is it that you would like to get out of life?"

"I am not sure. My life is comfortable, but at the same time non-eventful. They say everyone is here on earth for a reason, but hell if I know what that is."

Again, Gloria smiled, "So you are not religious."

"Hell no!" laughed Thomas. "I do, however feel we all have a purpose for being here. I am just not sure what it is. I have always had a feeling that there is something not right with the world. The world feels phony to me. As a child, I felt that one day I might wake up in a hospital and a nurse would then tell me that I was in a coma, and that my whole life was just a dream, is that not weird or what!"

"That depends what you think."

"Oh you are so by the book," laughed Thomas.

Gloria laughed too, "Yep that is what I do best. "Tell me, are your parents still together?"

"Nah, they divorced years ago. Old man came home with lipstick all over his big fat drunken face. It seems he, and his young secretary practiced rolling on the floor of his office from time to time. Mother had enough and filed for a divorce."

"How do you feel about sex?"

"It is always a lonely experience for me, so I never did look for it. I cannot relate to cheap bar girls who come in stinking drunk sticking their tongues out looking for action."

"Do you feel that you are gay?"

"Hell, I love women, but not in the way my father does. This is why I am such a disappointment to him."

With pen to lip Gloria asked, "Do you resent him?"

Thomas's hands tightened. "He's an ignorant stupid man! He eats, talks, and fucks like a pig! Let me say that I tolerate him."

"Do you resent your mother?"

"Yah I guess I do. She is so in to her prison religion. She is so full of self-righteous 'thou shall not' judgments! She is like a bitter old librarian censoring people's books of life. It is all about control for her." Thomas now mused, "Hey that is interesting!"

"What is that?" Gloria queried.

"My mother was so much in control and my father was so out of control. Why ever would they get married?"

"Were you always in control?" Gloria asked.

"Well I wasn't when a certain girl named Alice got me in her radar, geesh. Do not get me wrong, I have sown a few wild oats when I was in my teens with so-called friends, but one day I realized they were just wasted drunks and not true friends. Today, I have real friends whom I care about."

"Have you ever been in trouble with the law?"

"Who me?" laughed Thomas. "Never, but I was into drugs like marijuana and the occasional LSD. Oh, there were also great parties happening." Thomas chuckled, "Some of those parties I can never talk about without my lawyer present! So I have been here babbling away, and now I like to know what you think concerning me."

Gloria smiled as she lowered her pad and pen. "Well just off the top of my head I feel that you are a person who feels a sense of control over life. Your life is slow, smooth contrary to fast, and chaotic. You have a female friend named Alice who seduced you, and you ended up feeling out of control. This shook you up a bit, because you may have felt as if you almost became your dad at that point. Also, your life was not so smooth and controlled. It could be that you felt cheapened by the encounter by letting your own personal guard down. This could also be what motivated you to come and see me. Your mother appears to be always in control with her religion, and you have become the same way to a lesser degree throughout your life."

For a few seconds, Thomas was speechless. Then shaking his head he declared, "Man you're good!"

Gloria now smiled. "Well, it is a bit easier when you are on the outside looking in."

The early morning sun rose through a blanket of cold winter wind. Taking in air with a huge yawn, Thomas slid open the curtains of his bedroom. He then snapped his head to his side reacting to the bright sunlight. His head filled with the conversation he had with Gloria. Thomas pondered the fact that he never was alone with Jenny since he would only see her at the bar and occasionally phone her. They were good friends at a distance and there was

no friction between them, so why not give her a call and meet somewhere. Thomas made the call, and Jenny said the two of them should meet in the park, since it was such a bright winter's day.

## It is a Date

At the central park, they bought two cups of hot coffee from a nearby coffee house, and Jenny just had to have a bag of popcorn to go with the coffee. They headed towards the nearest wood bench overlooking a cold smooth icy lake. The crispness of the frigid air made Thomas come to life. He lifted his head to take in a deep breath and shouted, "Man what a nice day!"

Jenny smiled as she took a slow sip of her hot coffee. "You know Thomas; we have known each other for some time now, and this is the first time that you asked me out. This isn't a... you know... date is it?" Jenny now carefully watched and waited for Thomas' reaction.

Thomas nervously laughed as he stroked his long hair back, "No, not at all. We are just friends having a get together right?"

"Right..." Jenny replied slowly.

Immediately, Jenny began to share her popcorn with the pigeons that were currently on a hunger mission. As she was feeding the birds, Thomas noticed the rays of the sun shining through Jenny's curly red hair and thought how nice it was to be with her in public. The only time they would see each other was at the Saturn bar during breaks. "You know Jenny; it is good to get out in the sun. I have been working so many nights at the bar that I feel like a vampire!"

Jenny giggled, "You're not a vampire, and you're a human surrounded by vampires!"

Thomas half smiled and shook his head. "Oh you got that right. Every night the bar is full of people whose lives are like ghost towns. They appear to be alive, and yet at the same time appear to be dead. It is hard to explain, but there seems to be a lack of true passion in the world and in the lives of everyday people."

Jenny perked up and commented, "I think I know what you mean. My dad was a hard worker and good provider, but he is empty somehow. I love my dad, but we now seldom talk ever since he got a promotion because he is just too busy and tired. He became a stranger to us. You know; he is like a walking zombie. I think his is why my mother drinks too much."

Thomas now perked up. "Yes, same with my dad, as he is always working to get a better house or car while mother works for her religion."

"Speaking of your mother, have you seen her lately?"

"No, not lately, she is too busy on the Internet trying to figure out who the antichrist is going to be. She is so obsessed with so called Bible prophecy that she now spends all her time searching the news sites for clues."

"My parents are born-again atheists," Jenny acknowledged after throwing some popcorn to the persistent birds. My mother always said that if there really is a God, then he should smite all the churches."

Thomas now covered his mouth laughing. "Hey, I like that!"

"My mother was always thinking. She would constantly tell me that most people avoid thinking."

"Why is that?" Thomas asked.

"Because when people think, it then creates a new higher consciousness. Problem is that with a fresh awareness comes responsibility, and this is what people avoid like a plague. For instance, people sit in church and never question the doctrines. Why is because they would have to be responsible for the outcome. For them, it is best to go along to get along."

"I can understand that. You know; in the old days, people were more determined and were a lot tougher. It seems that people had more respect for themselves and worked hard. They were happy with what they had. One day at the bar, there was this guy freaking out because his cell phone was on the blink. I swear he was almost hyperventilating. My god, there are people in the world that eat maggot infested garbage to stay alive, and this guy was ready to crap his pants over a broken cell phone!"

Jenny laughed, "I know what you mean. One day my little sister's hair dryer broke and she went crazy! I mean I almost had to slap her in order to bring her to her senses!"

Thomas lowered head his and sighed, "What really bothers me about the bar is that it's filled with men who, instead of being at home with their wife and kids; they are in the bar drinking and feeling sorry for themselves. I hear many wives complain that their husbands are at home watching sports with all their friends while doing nothing to build the marital relationship. This is one crazy world. God it is so nice to be out here in the fresh air and under blue skies instead of working in the Saturn cave!"

Jenny smiled, "Oh Thomas," then leaned over kissing Thomas on the cheek.

Thomas was now actually blushing. "What was that for?" he nervously laughed.

Jenny chuckled, "I never saw this side of you before. It's cute!"

## Kidnapped

Working hard at the club, Thomas took his break sitting at the staff table with the gang. "Hey guys, what's new in the Zoo?"

Kip ignored Thomas because he was staring at some tall blonde-haired girl like a deer in the headlights. The girl was totally ignoring him as Ziggy kept slapping Kip's shoulder in an effort to break his trance. Jenny just sat back in her chair smiling at Thomas.

Thomas finally got Kip's attention and asked, "Kip, why don't you ask the girl out?"

Kip rolled his eyes and replied, "Because she will make fun of my bucked teeth!"

Now shaking his head, Ziggy shot back, "Kip! You are so neurotic! You are a good-looking guy, thus do not worry about your teeth! Buck-teeth never stopped Freddie Mercury!"

"Oh that's cute, a compliment coming from a gay guy."

"Ziggy is right," said Jenny. "You are a good-looking man."

Now Thomas slid down in his chair, "Crap!"

"What's up?" Ziggy asked.

"It's Alice at the door, and she is heading this way!"

Arriving at the table, Alice threw her hands in the air blurted out, "Hello cats and kittens! What's happening?"

There was a few seconds of awkward silence until Thomas perked up and said, "Hey, nothing at all. What are you up to?"

"Well," Alice said slightly biting her lower lip. "I am looking for a guy to have some fun with." Alice at this point was hoping Thomas would suddenly jump up and volunteer.

Scrambling for a reply in his head, Thomas instantly blurted out "Kip...yah that's it! Take Kip out! Introduce him to some girls! "

Kip frantically looked around the table and noticed that all eyes were now on him. "Hey wait a minute! You guys are not expecting me to go I hope!"

"Right on," declared Thomas. "Hey everyone, let's raise our glasses to Kip's new adventure!"

With squinted eyes and a feeling of betrayal by Thomas, Alice huffed and immediately grabbed Kip's hand. "Come on sugar, time for you to learn how to fly!"

As the two walked away, Kip looked back and snorted, "Oh you guys are so dead!" Then turning to Alice and asked if he could first go home to brush his teeth.

Thomas could not believe his good luck. "Man I feel so lucky I may buy me a lotto ticket!"

Ziggy now raised his beer and cried out, "To Kip! May he become a real man!"

## Round Table Talk

After the laughter settled down, Ziggy asked Thomas how the appointment went with the psychiatrist.

Taking a sip of beer Thomas replied, "Not too bad. All she does is listen to me blabber on about life, although I have been thinking more about things in general since I went."

Ziggy leaned forward, "What do you mean?"

"I just have this feeling that there is really something wrong with the world."

"Well that's for sure, just read any newspaper," Jenny said.

Thomas slowly scratched the label of his beer bottle. "No it is more than that. It is something deeper. Ever since I was born, I felt different."

"I am not sure what you mean exactly, but I am sure different," declared Ziggy. "Being Gay is not really being happy and gay. People shun you and can become very abusive. Even my own family shuns me! They keep saying that I chose this lifestyle and chose to like men. Religion can never say gays are born Gay because it makes God look like he made a mistake. Religion is unable to question God, so they put the blame on us. Many believe that Gays choose homosexuality out of need to rebel against God. I am sorry, but I am not a minion of Satan."

"I see what you mean," Jenny sighed starring at the table with a distant look.

"All my life I have been gawked at, judged, and condemned. Why would I choose this lifestyle? I remember in school, there was a kid who came out of the closet. He was often bullied and beaten. I too have come out of the closet because I refuse to pretend to be something that I am not. I need to be true to myself. I am, and will be, who I am. The world is full of too many people bent on controlling other people's lives. The more they judge, the more self-righteous they become, and that's when the abuse and killing begins."

Thomas rubbed his face while tapping his beer bottle on the table. "I can tell you this brother, my world is a little like yours. As you know, mother is very religious and I grew up always conforming to people. You have to look and act like everyone else to be a part of the herd. There is no individuality, and you should never ask too many questions.

If you do, the rest of the herd begins to wonder what is wrong with you. Sometimes they even curse you for thinking on your own."

Ziggy lit right up, "Yah it is all about going along to get along! It is just one big cookie cutter existence."

Jenny interjected, "Well, I must admit there is a lot of freedom when you have atheists for parents. My parents expected me to find my own truth, and I was always allowed to think for myself."

Thomas shook his head, "Man, there are so many groups out there in the world squeezing people into their ignorant moulds of reality when we should all be free to be whoever we are. That is what true freedom is all about. For me, real freedom is all about life and living life free of ridicule and judgement."

Ziggy spoke up, "Yes, why should I pretend to be someone I am not? Should I wear a suit, tie, and become a member of some church? I am not prepared to go along in order to

get along. There is all this talk about a new therapy that changes gays into so-called normal people whatever 'normal' is.

Now we all know how cats chase birds, and that is what they do. Some cat owner may think that is evil and train the cat not to chase birds. For a while, the cat may very well stop chasing birds. However, in the end, a bird will fly by and the cat will instantly spring into action. A cat is a cat and you cannot change it. Do I have to chase women in order to be considered a normal human being?"

At this moment, Jenny raised her bottle of beer high into the air, "God Ziggy! You really rock!"

"Amen!" Thomas exclaimed.

"I am just so bitter when I know I am forced to live in someone else's mould. We are all so afraid of what others may think. God forbid that any of us should rock the boat. Man look at your mother Thomas, she has a religious mould that she is constantly trying to force you into."

Thomas started to reply after taking a sip of his beer. "Well, when I ever voice my opinion, my mother just responds with, an emotional knee-jerk response, about how Jesus loves me and died for my sins. I asked her once, if your God is loving, then why are people condemned to hell, for asking too many questions. Must they first become deaf, dumb, and blind in Jesus? She then went on about how we send ourselves to hell and that she prays for my soul to find Jesus. You know; it is all that guilt shit.

Damn, my mother is like a robot going around ranting the name Jesus repeatedly like a mantra.

I get emails from her that contains animated graphics of crosses with big pumping hearts on them saying Jesus loves you. Then there is the endless Jesus loves you Teddy bears. Like robots, they go on about Jesus this, and Jesus that. Like a member of a cult, she can never talk about real issues in the world. Is Jesus going to pay our taxes, put food on the table, or even pick up the kids after school?

My mother has no depth and certainly cannot think for herself. She lets the church, and her pastor interpret the Bible for her. Here is another thing. Why is the Bible viewed to be greater than God was, and often treated as an idol. She is my mother, but my god; she drives me nuts at times."

"You are so on to something!" blurted out Jenny. "The Bible was written by men inspired of God. What if I get inspired of God and write some chapters, then when they dig it up in two thousand years in the future, they can say it is a written by God himself. I once asked some church guys how they knew the Bible was the Word of God. They told me it was because the Bible says so. What kind of stinking logic is that? Benny Hinn says he is inspired of God and writes books. Now, what if in two thousand years we discover his books, would his writings then be considered sacred gospels, and would people believe they were written by the hand of God just because Hinn says so in the books? I mean there are a lot of ministers claiming God speaks through them."

Ziggy started to laugh, "You know what we could do? We could all dress in black and tell everyone that we are Satanists. You know, like freak everyone out. We can walk around like bad asses yelling boo!"

"Not a bad idea," replied Jenny giggling away. "I think this is what the black metal bands do. Many just want to piss the churches off."

Ziggy sighed. "It is all mind-control and peer group pressure with an illusion of freedom. See, society gives us choice; we can choose to drink Pepsi or Coke, but if we drink brand-X, people will give us strange looks. They will think we are crazy or have no sense of coolness or taste. Some of the older crowd might even think we are rebelling by not drinking established brand names. Churches are the same in the way they force people to choose salvation or damnation. No time for investigation, just shut up and have blind faith before it is too late. There are so many zombies in the world.

We are much like cattle herded across the country in a huge line. If we question anything, or have a different perspective, we become pressured to get back in the by the hired cowboys. If we think outside of the box, doctors then give us Prozac. I am different because I am Gay. There are church groups that would like to impose the death penalty for people like me. The controllers of this world are churches, government, and all other institutions of power. The worst is the media and the educational system.

The schools manipulate the minds of the young, while media influences the uneducated in society. These people continue to keep us in the party line telling us that we cannot do this or that. They are the mind-controlled cattle that protect and preserve the art of controlled box thinking."

Thomas immediately cut in. "Yes that is how it is done! The early Christians rounded up all the non-puppets that could think for themselves them tortured and burned them to death. Talk about the love of Jesus eh! Millions of people died because they committed thought crimes. Have you read the book 1984 by Orwell? Man, it already has taken place centuries ago. The ministry of Love was Rome, and Big Brother was the Pope. They were all fighting the boogie man Satan."

Jenny scratched her red hair, "For goodness sake, it is all about getting people to conform and then start exercising strict control. The book 1984 was a great example about how to keep all of us cattle in line."

Thomas rubbed his face, "I so feel like the character Winston Smith at times. He was alone and cut off, but the worst thing of all, is that he went along with the system for some time before taking some risks. For most of his life was a walking zombie right at home with the dead. The world is full of zombies thinking they are alive because they have jobs, bank accounts, and a ton of useless junk to buy."

Ziggy took a drag on his smoke then said, "We are all in some kind of prison. God I would give anything to be straight and hassle free, but this would not be the real me. I also wish my family could be a little more understanding. My dad was always cold towards me, and he is much fonder of my older brother Karl. Karl was a drunkard and a womanizer who

continually scored high points with dad. I was the sissy in the family and the one constantly picked on. I was always the one told that I should be more like Karl. Karl is my brother, but he is the biggest asshole I have ever known. Why can't people respect me for who I am? Why do they stomp on people that are different?" Ziggy now placed his hand over his glistening eyes. "Why must I be the short end of the stick?"

Jenny instantly threw her arms around Ziggy and gave him a big lipstick kiss. "Ziggy, you are the sweetest guy I have ever known! You are the type to give your last dollar to anyone in need. I love you just the way you are! Don't ever change!"

"Amen sis!" shouted Thomas.

Ziggy rubbed his eyes and choked, "Hey thanks guys! You guys are the only real family I have!"

"I feel the same way," affirmed Thomas.

Jenny laughed, "You can include me too!"

## Another round Gentlemen

Coming to work the next day, Thomas hung up his black leather jacket in the back, let go a big sigh, and then mumbled "Show time." Sitting at a bar stool was Fred. As a businessman, Fred worked hard and made a lot of money. He had a very attractive wife and stable family, but he seldom went home after work. Next to him was his friend David, who was a young local doctor who would often come in for a quick drink of rum and coke.

"So gentlemen," asked Thomas. "Will it be the usual?"

"Sure thing," chirped David. "I have to have a belated drink for my promotion."

Fred loosened his tie and blurted out, "Right on guy! When did this happen?"

"Oh it was about two weeks ago. I am now head of the board of doctors."

"Far freaking out, you're doing good Dave!"

"Am I?" sighed Dave grabbing his drink and napkin. "I am making much more money but the responsibility is hard. I work longer hours, make more money, but I never see my family much anymore."

Fred laughed, "Welcome to the treadmill of life! We run hard to pay bills, ever-increasing taxes, and mortgages, and it never ends. In fact, it gets faster and faster until you fall off and they take you out the door feet first. I work like a dog and the only thing that keeps me alive is this pathetic bar. No offence Thomas!"

"No problem." smiled Thomas filling up the pretzel bowl.

Dave shook his head, "I love my wife and I want to give a good life, but at what price? It is all so crazy."

"Dave! Why are we here? I feel like I am a slave on a plantation working for the man. Hey Thomas, hit me with me another drink will yah."

"Well Fred, life's purpose appears to keep the elite rich from our hard work. I love that line from the movie Ben Hur where he is told, 'We keep you alive to serve this ship.'"

Fred rubbed his five o'clock shadow and sighed, "My fellow ship mates at work just want to stab me in the back in order to get my job. They are angry bitter people who will stop at nothing to succeed. What are they succeeding in, Being the richest asshole at the office? All I see is a can of smashed assholes! You should have been as the last office party. All the worker slaves bragged about how they fought hard to get where they are now. God, I thought I was at a narcissist convention! Every time those bastards drink at office parties, they try to feel up my wife. Freakin low lives! I would love to quit my job!"

"Me too!" responded Dave. "This world is not like it used to be. People used to care about their fellow humans, now it is all a cash grab. Get in the way of a dollar and you instantly become expendable! I can tell you that I have had my share of back stabbers at work. Say Thomas! You have it good. You do your work and go home leaving it all behind. You have a great simple life."

"Simple is good." smiled Thomas as he replaced Fred's drink. "The thing is that I will never be rich."

Fred now almost choked on his drink. "God Thomas, I would trade places with you any day! You are young, single, and you have your whole life ahead of you. Man all the chicks you can pick up here must be awesome in bed!"

Thomas laughed, "Yah but they are dimwitted broads that are nothing more than sex addicts. I am not interested in them."

"Jeeze," exclaimed Fred. "Send them my way!"

Just then, Thomas' cell phone rang. Excusing himself for a moment, Thomas moved off to the side. "Kip, I told you not to phone me during work."

"I know man, but I am being held prisoner by Alice at her place."

"Where is she now?" Thomas asked.

"She's in the washroom having a shower. My god Thomas, she took my virginity away!"

"Yah that is what she does."

"What do you mean?"

"Ah, nothing, just hold on tight and have fun."

"Fun," cried Kip. "She is so relentless! I am stuck here with no breath mints or even deodorant! Can you bring some stuff over when you get off work?"

"Kip, you are doing that Odd Couple Felix Unger neurotic thing again. Damn, you just slept with her, so I don't think she is too concerned about your breath!"

"What if she is pregnant? Oh my god, I would have to marry her and have a kid would look like me!"

"Kip I have to go now so try to relax."

"But... but...but!"

As Thomas snapped his cell phone shut, in through the door came Sherry the part-time server. She was an attractive blonde haired woman who was married to an abusive husband. Because of this, she enjoyed the attention given to her by the men in the bar. "Hey Thomas, sorry for being late, but my dentist was so slow today."

"No problem, just hang up your coat and check out our stock. Maybe tomorrow we can set up the rest of the Christmas decorations. So would you two gentlemen like a refill? "

"Not for me," said Dave. I have Christmas shopping to do."

Fred now perked up. "I will have another. I need to drink more so I can sleep tonight."

In the back, Thomas approached Sherry. "Hey girl how is life treating you?"

Sherry pulled her pen out from behind her ear and began checking her clipboard. "Not bad, I decided to take a night class and further my education so I can make more money. My kids already have a Santa list that is a mile long."

"How is it going with your husband?"

"He's still a prick. He wants me to get a haircut short because his secretary got hers done. What kind of shit is that? He keeps telling me how hot she looks so we had another big fight in front of the kids. It amazes me that I have not smothered him to death with a pillow yet!"

"Sherry, you need to find another guy, who will treat you well."

"I can't find any good men." Sherry said narrowing her eyes. "They are all crazy, gay, or just plain perverted! If I ever do find a man, horny hubby will be history!"

Thomas smiled, "Well just as long as you don't kill him."

Now coming in through the front door was Jill releasing her arms of endless Christmas presents. Shaking snow off her thick red Christmas coat, Jill found an empty table, which was not very hard to do. As Jill lit up a smoke, Sherry placed Jill's favourite drink on the table. Jill smiled, "Thanks Sherry!" Looking up she waved to Thomas. "Hey Thomas, if you're not busy, come here and sit down for a minute."

Thomas headed her way, pulled up a chair, and then sat down. "How is it going Jill?" he asked.

"Absolutely insane, Christmas madness is in full gear! How goes it with you?"

"It has been slow around here. I guess everyone is too busy Christmas shopping."

"Man, tell me about it! I am so tired of all this shopping and maxing out my cards. I am totally stressed out!"

Thomas laughed, "Don't worry, the banks still love you. They will even give you a free calendar."

Jill grunted, "What the hell is it all about?" I so regret telling my kids about Santa Claus. I feel like I should have told them that Santa died in a reindeer accident. I have far too many gifts to shop for!"

"I just send cards," smiled Thomas.

"You're so lucky Thomas. With no kids, you can be yourself and do whatever you like. When I got married, I turned into a mindless soccer mom. Now I am mindless consumer joining all the other retail Christmas consumers."

"I am sure glad that I do not have to fight the barbarian hordes."

"So Thomas, tell me something. Why is a nice kid like you still single? You're not gay are you?"

Thomas winced, "Man, I have been asked that a lot lately if I am gay, hell no! I just have not met the right girl yet. Many girls here chase me, but they are always stupid, drunk, and horny. I do not bond with that kind of mindset. I guess I am not part of the so-called in-crowd."

"Well I wish my oldest daughter could have met you first before marrying the lump she is with now."

"Hey thanks Jill!" beamed Thomas.

"Yah my son-in-law works in a cardboard factory. Great future there eh, all he does at home is watch sports and whine for more beer."

Thomas chuckled, "When I was young, my dad would pass out after dinner while watching sports and it would be my mother doing all the whining."

"Too funny," Jill chuckled.

"You know the only good thing about Christmas is when it is over. I get so many drunks in here singing the blues and demanding more drinks."

Nodding in agreement Jill declared, "Yes and then there are the drunken relatives who come for Christmas spewing out their family bitterness and promises like they are in some group therapy session."

"Okay Jill I have an idea. We can tell kids Santa lost his passport and now Christmas is officially on hold. Then we can take all your presents back and send the money to the poor."

Jill now shouted with glee, "Yes, right on! I will drink to that!"

## Sober Wine

Getting home late that night, Thomas sat back with a glass of red wine staring out the window. The crisp cold air gave birth to another fall of thick snow. He always felt that his past was not that important. Nevertheless, sometimes in the still of the night after work, the remembrance of shadow memories would come like swirling mist. He gazes at the gentle falling snow remembering the time that he and his father made a snowman.

Thomas piled the snow and his father sculptured it with an old machete. The result was a snow carving of a man sitting in a chair. It was a lonely looking snowman sitting in his chair staring into space as though lost in thought. It was one of the few times that Thomas and his father did something together since his father was always in his own world. At that moment, Thomas felt a slight breeze of sadness rise up as he pressed his lips to the glass of wine.

Thomas did not feel he needed to see a shrink because he felt his childhood was relatively normal to a certain extent. After all, he did not come from the streets, and his father gave him most anything that he wanted and he never went without. His mother was cold but not abusive. He was very interested with talking to a shrink because he liked the idea of having some attention given to him.

Soon, Thomas drifted back into memories of early childhood. These were fun years apart from when seeing Billy, the boy who lived next door. Billy was a friendly kid who without warning, punch Thomas in the stomach. For no reason at all Billy would suddenly turn, punch, and then laugh his heads off. Apparently, Billy thought it was funny. Later on in life, Billy ended up in a reform school.

Playing outside the thick forest would often become a stage for wondrous and magical imagination. An old stump would be a grand castle that he would defend with honour. Thomas was very happy to be alone in his personal magical forest. Coming home from his enchanted kingdom, he would often see a vision of a giant family in the sky that would smile and wave at him. One day he told his mother all about the family in the sky that watched over him, and then suddenly Janet's mood changed as she barked on about how it was of the devil. Needless to say, he never saw his sky family ever again.

Thomas's father habitually worked hard and never had time for him. Often Thomas would press his nose to the window watching another father play catch with his son out in the yard. One day Thomas was so happy because he was to help his dad cut the grass. Thomas glowed as he helped his father put all the tools away in the basement.

Without thinking, he placed all the shovels in a cement corner of the basement nice and neat. Thomas' smile fell when his father started to scream at him for not putting the tools away where they belong. "But hey," he thought. "I was never beaten."

# Hey Jenny

During his break at work, Thomas sat down at his table. Jenny was there wearing a new dress. "Hey," said Alex. "Where is the rest of the gang?"

Jenny smiled with that warm smile of hers, "Well Ziggy is at a party, and I have not seen Kip since Alice kidnapped him."

Thomas chuckled, "He called me screaming he is a prisoner. That boy is so neurotic."

"Hell ya, I took him out for a Chinese meal one time, and he was complaining that there was too much rice. He went on about how it would plug him up if he ate it. I thought it was only old people that worried about their bowels."

Thomas at this moment lit up a smoke. "Well, if Kip had nothing to worry about, he would worry about the fact that he had nothing to worry about."

Jenny laughed so hard she almost fell off her chair. "Oh man, with all his neuroses, he must feel like he is in hell with Alice!"

"Alice can be intense at times. One time there was some drunk trying to feel her up. She then asked the guy to buy her a drink at the counter. She ordered a shot of whiskey which she gulped down and then instantly punched the guy in the face!"

"No way!" exclaimed Jenny.

"Funny thing was that the guy passed out cold on the floor. Apparently, her dad taught her to box when she was a little girl. He always wanted a son, so he had to make do with her."

Jenny laughed shaking her head, "Alice is surly one of a kind. My dad was into fishing. One day he wanted to have us fish together and do some boy stuff. Guess he wanted a son too. Oh how I hated poking the fish bait through the head of the fish with a hook. After a long time in the boat, we caught a fish, and in the boat, it began flopping around like crazy. My dad hands me this wooden club and shouts at me to kill it. I then got close to it and swung as hard as I could. When I hit it, some blood splashed on my face as one of its eyes popped out! I never went fishing again! God, I am amazed that I never get flashbacks!"

"Did your mother ever go fishing with him?" Thomas asked.

"Oh my god, she has no concept of fishing. He did take my uncle out once.

Uncle had been drinking beer while as he accidentally gave himself a shallow cut from a dull fish knife. As he looked at his hand, he suddenly went as white as a sheet. Then without any warning, he fainted and plunged backwards into the water."

"No way!" retorted Thomas.

"Oh yah, my dad managed to grab him by his hair and pull him up."

“Good thing that your dad wasn’t into hunting!”

As the night wore on Thomas drank his wine observing Jenny as she told him more stories of adventure, and stuck around until the end of Thomas’s shift. Both bundled up preparing to embrace the cold night air. Outside the snow glistened from the bright streetlights, the air was crisp, and the snow was still. Thomas walked Jenny to her car. “Well here you go,” said Thomas.

“Sure you don’t need a ride?” asked Jenny with a feeling of anticipation.

“Nah, I am fine. A good walk in the snow is great for the head.”

“Okay then I will be off now.”

As Jenny turned Thomas blurted out, “Hey Jenny!”

Jenny now crooked her head, “Yes?”

“Ah...nothing, have a great night,”

## Shrink Again

It was another cold winter day when Thomas headed out to keep his appointment with the shrink. The office was warm and dry with a slight smell of staleness in the air. The office had a safe and open feel to it unlike before. He now sat down and snuggled into the thick client chair.

“So how are you doing,” smiled Gloria?

Thomas sighed, “Oh not bad. My life seems to be a constant in an ever changing universe.”

“Are you troubled by this?”

“Honestly I do not know. It just does not seem right somehow. I have no complaints about my life, but it just feels wrong somehow.”

“Why is it wrong for you to have a comfortable life?”

“I have no idea,” Thomas said shaking his head. “Maybe it is because I find it not very challenging.”

Gloria looked at her notes and asked, “I would like some more input on how your relationship with your parents as a child.”

Thomas rubbed his eyes, “It was like cardboard. My mother as I told you was very self-absorbed. She was in her world and my father was in his. I was on the outside looking in, so I often kept to myself.”

Gloria looked up, “Can you see that you are still keeping to yourself?”

"How is that?"

"Well as you said you have very few friends."

"That's right; I guess I am still on the outside looking in."

"Exactly," said Gloria. "You had parents who kept you at arm's length, so now you keep your friends at distance."

"Yes you are right; I only meet and interact with them at the bar, well except for Jenny, who I recently went out with for the first time."

"Did it feel right?"

"It sure did," said Thomas grinning from ear to ear.

"See Thomas, we are all products of our parents. Let me put it this way. For many years, I had a habit of slapping packaged whole chickens in the store. Then one day my husband asked why I did this. At that moment, I realized that this is what my mother did every time she shopped. It was a learned behaviour from my mother. You learned solitude from your parents and could potentially pass on to your future children."

Thomas shook his head, "Amazing!"

"It is called imprinting. As children, we are all sponges absorbing and learning both good and bad actions. A male friend from college had a real passion for red headed-women. One day he recalled a memory he had as a small child. A red head friend of his mother bought an ice cream for him and kissed him on the cheek. As a small child, he was overwhelmed with glee. Now as a married man, he is married to a red-haired woman.

Once, there was a client of another psychiatrist threat attacked women with a knife. Now I cannot say who he was, but he would cut them but never seriously harm them. With so many assault charges, the court ordered the man to seek counselling. After a couple of sessions, a particular memory triggered. His mother was an alcoholic who collected knives. One night as a child, his mother was very drunk and showed him a knife. She giggled as she slowly caressed the knife. Then suddenly without warning she pricked the boy's face causing him to bleed a bit. Naturally, her son started to cry. The mother smiled as she cleared his tears away, and then she said very softly, 'Don't cry sweetie, I always cut the ones I love.' This was a clear case of imprinting. After knowing this, and doing some soul searching, the client has now stopped assaulting women.

Thomas's head went straight back in amazement. "That is so incredible!"

Gloria smiled, "Do you now see why you are happy with your own company?"

"I sure do! Good old imprinting."

Gloria continued, "This may be why you have a life that is static. Being your own best company is a safe way to live. Being alone is being unchallenged, but all of us all need

challenges in order to grow, providing you have a desire. Many people are too afraid to take chances, so because of this, they never grow."

Thomas now rubbed his face, "Should I change? Do I need to grow?"

Gloria gently put her pen down, "Only you can answer that."

On the way home, Thomas pondered his life. He felt that what Gloria had told him about imprinting was spot on. He wondered if everything he liked in life was just imprinting. He was always afraid of knives and remembered a time when he was with his mother and some of her friends. All gathered in the living room when young Thomas noticed a man with a big knife attached to his belt. Thomas was so curious and asked the man what it was. The man replied saying it was a hunting knife. Thomas remembered how strange it was that a man should be carrying a big knife, and then asked him what he would do with such a knife. The man snickered and leaned over whispering into Thomas' ear that it was for, 'cutting the ears off of little boys!'"

At that point, Thomas was terrified. He looked at his mother, but how could she know what was going on since the man spoke in a whisper. His heart pounded in his chest as Thomas screamed a silent scream from within. For the rest of his life, he would shudder at the sight of any sharp knife.

The weather was getting colder, and the snow was thick at times when Thomas walked to work the following day. Since talking with Gloria, Thomas felt he should examine his life more closely. He now felt that everything in his life had a meaning and a value since it was all lessons.

At work, Thomas could not wait for his break to come because the night was very slow. Just before his break, Kip came charging through the front door and settled at the group table. Taking his break Thomas headed to the table noticing how agitated Kip was. "Hey Kip, what's up?"

"What's up you ask? Alice is up! She is always up!" Kip ranted with eyes as wide as an owl. "That woman is relentless! I lost my virginity to her and now she wants to party all the time! I am becoming a limpy wimpy! She never lets me go home! I feel like a prisoner!"

Thomas's eyes filled with tears of laughter, "Jeeze Kip. For years, you have been complaining that you will never get a girlfriend. Now that you have a girl, you are still not happy."

"You don't get it!" shouted Kip.

"What don't I get?"

"She's killing me! She wants sex night and day! She can out climax any woman on earth! She is relentless!"

Without warning in walked Alice pulling back, her long blonde hair looking like she was on a mission. "So there you are hot stuff!" she announce totally ignoring Thomas.

Kip instantly reacted by slouching down in his chair. Looking up he sheepishly said, "Hey."

"I was looking all over for you!" Alice said boldly like a lioness with a fresh prey. "I bought some good Christmas brandy we can share in front of the electric fire place," said Alice, who was now pulling of Kip's arm rather hard.

Kip said goodbye to Thomas looking like a condemned prisoner dragged off to meet the hangman. On the way out the door Kip gave a final look of desperation to Thomas, but that point, Thomas had to turn away as he was about to explode with laughter.

Sherry was behind the bar grabbing her stomach laughing, "Did I actually see what I think I saw?"

Thomas pounded the table with his fist laughing away, "You sure did, and by, the way, welcome to the Twilight Zone!"

Walking home, Thomas wondered if the snow was ever going to stop, but the snow on the ground was so very serene and soothing as a cool wind blew and swirled light snow that landed on Thomas's face drawing a smile. Late nights were quiet and peaceful without the hectic confusion of the day. He wondered what he was going to do for Christmas since because his friends had plans with their families, and his mother not good company. Christmas was supposed to be a joyous time of year, but somehow, for Thomas, it never was.

While growing up, Christmas was never a main event in Thomas's home. His father would put up a tree and his mother would sparsely decorate it. No presents were ever under the tree since Thomas's mother felt it was foolish. He would frequently press his nose to the window looking out imagining what Christmas with other families would be like. In the end, Thomas would often learn to be his own best friend.

At home, Thomas sat back near his window looking out while having a smoke. He thought about why he and his mother never seemed to communicate well. Janet was much too wrapped up in her Jesus thing to ever allow him to be himself, and conversation was always strained between them. Janet never listened to people and their opinions, which included Thomas. If other people's opinion were not exactly like her own religious views, she would, and then suspect them of being demon possessed.

Thomas's mother wrapped herself too tight in her dualistic world, which consisted of mentally circling the wagons to defend herself from all the demonic forces outside of her circle of belief. Her reality consisted of fear and paranoia of an all-powerful Satan.

Because Thomas somehow felt obligated to break her free of this rigid and structured thinking, he called Janet and asked if she would like to go for a cheap dinner. After work, Thomas met Janet at the local cafe where she was already waiting. With a compact mirror in hand, she started to plaster more lipstick on her face. Janet constantly wore too much makeup, and her hair was constantly like straw from over bleaching. Even though she was older and aging fast, she always felt that she could turn the heads of young boys who in turn would confirm her sexy image of herself.

# Mother Dearest

Entering the Cafe Thomas chirped, "Hey mother, nice of you to come," said Thomas as he sat down and signalling the waitress to come. "So how are you doing?"

Janet sighed deeply, "Oh fine I guess. There are more record breaking floods and earthquakes all over the globe."

"Yes, but how are you doing?" repeated Thomas.

Janet muttered, "Oh hungry I guess."

With pad in hand, the waitress came to take their order. "So what can I bring you," she smiled.

"Oh I will have the fried chicken and fries."

"Mother, you always order the same thing, why not try something new?"

Janet grumbled, "Not today!"

Thomas now looked to the waitress, "I will have the Grand Slam burger with fries and ice water."

As the waitress walked away, Janet spoke up. "Thomas, all that grease is going to make you fat."

"Well did you know fried chicken is loaded with grease?"

"Doesn't matter, I am only concerned about your health."

Thomas now was on the defensive, "My health is fine mother."

"Oh dear," sighed Janet. "I wonder if the cook knows Jesus."

"Oh my god, what has that got to do with anything?" Thomas grunted.

"Well if the cook knows Jesus, then the food is blessed."

"What," Thomas gasped. "Can't you just bless the food with a prayer when it comes to the table?"

"Oh that is not what I am trying to say!" Janet pouted as she fidgeted in her chair. It was clear to Thomas that she did not understand a thing he said.

"You know I pray for your soul every night!"

"Why is that," asked Thomas.

"You need to accept Jesus, or you will go to hell and suffer for eternity."

"I thought God is a God of love?"

"He is, that is why he is, trying to get you to accept his free salvation through Jesus Christ his only begotten-son. If you do not accept Jesus you will go to hell."

"That makes no sense at all; it is like saying if you are not for Jesus you are against him. President Bush tried this with his nine eleven speech! Some people just spend their whole life questioning trying to understand it all, so why should they burn in hell forever when they die?"

Janet was now redoing her lipstick. "You are not allowed to question God. You must choose Jesus before you die and it is too late."

"That is so cruel!" choked Thomas. "God sounds evil to me."

"Remember it is your choice. We'll all have free will."

"This is not free choice. If I put a gun to your head and tell you to choose between a burger and a sandwich, but add that if you choose wrong you will die, is that free choice?"

Instantly, Janet said, "Well you are going to go to hell if you do not accept Jesus and why will you not stop selling evil liquor to people at your bar. You need to preach Jesus to the people you serve at the bar or they will suffer forever!"

"Sounds like spiritual fascism to me!"

Janet sniffled, "Oh I am going to pray for you tonight! I worry so much about you."

Thomas clearly recognised the guilt trip his mother was pulling. "Well, I cannot help you. I am not going to change my beliefs just to please you, and I am not going to pretend to be something I am not. If I am going to hell, then my spiritual bags are packed!"

"Oh Thomas you are so rebellious against God's love. I can't stand stubborn people."

"Okay Mother, You want me to accept Jesus, then I have to ask which Jesus."

"What do you mean?" queried Janet as she put away her lipstick in her purse.

"Well there is Jesus the prophet of God. There is Jesus, who is God, and there is the Jesus the man. So which Jesus is it?"

"Oh that is easy Thomas. The Jesus of the true faith is the only Jesus."

"Okay, there are thousands of churches with many separate beliefs, which one of them has the true faith? Which church worships the real Jesus?"

The waitress now interrupted by bringing the food and placed it on the table. Janet began to pray as Thomas just continued. "So mother, why am I a sinner?" Thomas asked.

Janet stopped praying and perked right up like a little school girl. "Well it is because you rebel against God's love by rejecting Jesus."

Thomas's patience was now starting to wear very thin. "So are you a sinner, because after all, we are all sinners?"

"Yes, but I am forgiven in the name of Jesus."

Thomas bristled, "Well, I think people are born good, and that it is the cruelty of this world that makes them hard and bitter."

"No. If you do not love Jesus, you then hate God, and you will go to hell to suffer all eternity."

Rubbing his face, Thomas shook his head in frustration. He felt like he was talking to a Jesus zombie. Instantly he now finally lost it. "To put it bluntly mother, I think your God is an asshole!"

At this point, Janet's mouth immediately fell wide open. Thomas had never been so angry in his entire life. As he stormed out the front door of the cafe, he clenched his fist and shouted, "Yes!" in his mind.

Before Thomas knew it, he found himself back again in the psychiatrist's office. It was fast becoming a habit to him. Thomas shared with Gloria that he was questioning many things in his life. They did not appear as problems, but still he was asking. Gloria then told Thomas that what he was going through was a period of soul searching. It was a time when one searches the inner self and asks many deeper questions. It was a time when people searched for who they really are. Gloria added that some people search their past for answers with different therapies, while others may seek out religion. She also added that her work was not spiritual; therefore, Thomas now needed to seek out help from a spiritual helper.

## Father and Company

Again, it was another endless slow night at the Saturn when Thomas's father came in with a female date. As they came through the door Thomas was thinking, "Oh my God, I hope she is at least twenty-five years old!" Jack sat himself at the bar with his old grey stained joggers on sporting some black winter boots and looking as tacky as ever. "Hey Thomas, how is it going? I want you to meet my friend Lola!" Lola was a tacky looking blonde girl with a super short skirt on, even though it was freezing outside.

"I hear from your mother that you have blasphemed the Lord big time."

Lola now cut in, "What does blaspheme mean?"

Jack instantly laughed, "Oh sugar you are so stupid at times."

"Hey!" snapped Lola.

"Don't pout toots, it's why I love you!"

"Hmm," she smiled. "That's more like it."

"Anyhow Thomas, I'll have a rum and coke, and Lola will have a gin and tonic. You know your mother is all upset now because she is convinced you are going to hell.

"God I wish she would mind her own business!" grunted Thomas.

"Oh there is no pleasing her. When we first got married, I bought her a nice blue dodge four door to get around in. She said to me how wonderful it was, but wished it were black instead. Nothing was good enough for her, and I made the mistake of spoiling her."

Thomas quickly placed the dinks down with a bowl of peanuts. "Well dad, I can tell you this, she is really driving me nuts!"

"You know what she needs?" laughed Jack. "She needs to get laid!"

Thomas's face shrivelled up, "Yuck, thanks for the visuals dad! Like that will ever happen. She is far too cold and religious for that. Man, half way through sex she would be asking the guy if he knew Jesus."

"Hey Thomas, remember the time when you were twelve years old and that mentally challenged girl who lived across the road who liked you and wanted to visit you?"

"How could I ever forget that? You kept coaxing her to come over while mother put the run to her. She would yell, stay away from my son you wicked Jezebel! One thing I could not understand is why you would want her to see me."

"Thomas, are you loony? She was blonde and horny!"

"Oh lucky me!" snapped Thomas. "Good thing I wasn't so desperate at the time."

"Everyone needs a piece of tail!" declared Jack. "And that includes you too toots." Jack was now grabbing one of Lola's large breasts as she giggled and squirmed like a little school girl."

Thomas rolled his eyes and asked, "Oh please, are there no available rooms in the area?"

"Ah, I think you got that prudish attitude from your mother," said Jack.

"No. I am not as loose and driven as you are."

"See son, you need to get laid too!"

"Yep being raised by you and mother was like being caught between the horny devil and the Holy church of the simple minded. Maybe I should join a circus!"

"Well son, there is one thing that you must never forget."

Thomas sighed, "What's that?"

“Jesus loves you!” Instantly everyone exploded with laughter.

Back at home, Thomas switched on his computer to check his mail. One email was from his mother. Opening it up, Thomas at that moment slapped his forehead yelling out, “NO!” On the screen was a huge animated heart pounding like a drum attached to a wooden cross with massive sparkling letters saying, “Jesus Loves You!”

Thomas also got an email from Jenny asking him if he wanted to check out a hot-ribs eating contest at the Turtle Head bar and grill. Thomas replied back saying that would be great. He really enjoyed the idea of spending time with Jenny.

The next day, Thomas and Jenny strolled through the snow on their way to the bar and grill. “Man is it ever cold!” Thomas shuddered. “We really need a break in this weather.”

“Oh it is so wonderful!” declared Jenny throwing her hands into the air. “Look at that blue sky and white fluffy clouds! I so love the crunchy sound of walking through the snow. It makes me feel so alive!”

“The winter makes me feel so fresh and alive, but it is so damn cold!”

Again, Jenny lit up. “Hey, let’s make a snowman here at the edge of the sidewalk!”

“Sure we have time.”

The two of them now scooped up some snow to roll. Thomas scooped some in his hands and hurled it at Jenny. Her thick red hair sparkled in the sun as she almost fell to the ground laughing away. Coming up she threw a handful of loose snow that dissipated in the air. “Hey, no fair!” she cried.

“Come on, we have to conserve our energy for Mr. Snowman!”

Rolling the snowfall into a massive ball, Thomas created a body for the snowman while Jenny created the head. Jenny suddenly came up with the idea of making an arm with a hand so it would look like the snowman was hitching a ride. They had a bit of trouble making the thumb but did manage to keep it stuck on. Thomas stood back and smiled, “You know Jenny, Mr. Snowman looks pretty good!”

“I am wondering if we should have gone for a snowgirl instead.”

Thomas laughed, “Great idea!”

Suddenly, without warning, a small dog came out of nowhere while Thomas and Jenny were standing well back to view their creation. Instantly, the dog ran up to the snowman and started sniffing it. In a panic, Thomas and Jenny began waving their arms back and forth screaming “No, stop!” It was too late. The little dog’s leg instantly shot up, and the dog immediately relieved himself. Sadly, Mr. Snowman just stood there looking like he soiled his pants because the yellow snow really stood out.

# Hot as Hell

At the grill, there were a number of cars parked outside with many people inside. Entering the front door, Thomas and Jenny mingled with a crowd of people gathered around some sectioned off tables. It appeared that the main event was about to begin as the manager held up his arms. "Ladies and Gentlemen can I have your attention please! Tonight, we are having a spicy hot rib-eating contest. These ribs are the biggest money can buy, and are very filling as well as super spicy! The winner must be the first one eats all their portions or the only contestant standing. Only when the contest is over can the contestants can then have a free ice-cold beer to soothe the pain. The winner will be given a free Turtle Head tee shirt with the words, 'I am a Turtle Head winner of the hot rib contest, and I deserve respect!' Now are there any takers?"

At that moment, a robust sailor emerged from the crowd grunting, "Count me in!" This was followed by a petite young woman raising her hand in the air shouting "Me too!" The manager now looked around and asked if there were anymore hungry contestants.

Thomas immediately looked around trying to see if there were any more volunteers. At that instant, his eyes went back to Jenny, who was now grinning like a cat that ate a bird. "Wait a minute!" responded Thomas. "I am not that stupid!"

Jenny now jumped up and shouted, "We got one here!" while pointing at Thomas. Instantly, the crowd shouted and clapped with glee.

"Jenny you brat!" laughed Thomas, who was now feeding off the energy of the crowd and moving through the crowd with his arms in the air acting like a main contender. Sitting at the table with the other two contestants, Thomas was at this moment determined and ready.

Suddenly, the manager waved for the servers to bring the food to the table. In they came with massive plates of steaming ribs spreading it out on the table. The manager then raised his arms and shouted, "Let the games begin and let the best contestant burn like hell!" Right on cue the manager raised his hand with a timer, and shouted for the contest to begin.

The young girl immediately pounced on the ribs in feeding frenzy. She chomped down on one rib and had eaten it in no time at all. The heavy-set sailor was already getting tears in his eyes. The crowd cheered them on as Thomas shouted out, "These are not hot at all!" Now when he got to the second rib, his face turned beet red as he cried out, "Oh my god! I had no idea!" The crowd instantly roared with laughter. Red sauce started to smear all over Thomas's face while Jenny kept screaming, "Go Rocky go!"

As the minutes rolled on, Thomas's eyes turned into waterfalls along with the sailor. The young girl with grit determination kept devouring her ribs with no sign of tears or sniffles.

Halfway through the sailor's eyes started to roll up, and Thomas was getting so full, and yet the young girl kept eating like a bulldozer. She and Thomas were neck to neck but the heat was really getting to him. His throat, lips, and eyes were on fire. He began to cough so

bad that he was not sure if he could continue. He had five ribs to go. The sailor at this moment threw his hands in the air and quit, and Thomas had three ribs to go while the young girl had two.

The crowd was cheering frantically as it was now right down to the wire. Jenny was beside herself jumping up and down. The young girl now grabbed her last rib and was about to claim victory when she suddenly stopped. Without warning, her cheeks rapidly puffed out as she leaped from her chair running to the bathroom. At this point Thomas was now the clear winner. The manager swiftly raised Thomas's arm and asked if he had anything to say. Thomas threw his head back and yelled out, "Get me a beer before I die!" On the way out, he waved the Tee shirt at the crowd while giving them the V for victory sign. Outside of the grill, Thomas ran to the snow rubbing his face in it. "Whoa, what a relief!"

Jenny shouted with glee, "Well champ you did it! You have a free tee-shirt!"

Thomas held the shirt high in the air, and like a true champion shouted, "Who dah man! I dah man!"

Back at work the next day, Thomas began to yawn a lot as he swept the back room and made sure that everything was checked out. Sherry did not feel very well, so he let her leave early. No one was in the bar except some elderly man slumped in his chair and asleep on the table. It was old man Hank spending his pension check for a night of forgetfulness. He was an old war vet that minded his own business and never wanted to talk about the war. He would always tell Thomas it was the cowards that would often brag the loudest. Hank's marriage was rife with problems and his children never would have anything do with him. Standing with his broom in hand, Thomas gazed at him thinking, "You poor bastard. You fought for freedom, now you are here broken down with a beer in your hand asleep on a table stinking of booze and stale cigarettes. It doesn't sound like freedom to me."

At that moment, Ziggy walked in grinning away and looking like a rock idol from the eighties. "Hey Thomas!" he shouted.

"What's up?" asked Thomas.

"My cousin is having a big party near here, and I was wondering if you would like to check it out since you are almost finished for the night."

"Man, I am so finished! This has been the longest most boring night of my life. A party seems like a great idea!"

Soon Thomas cashed out the register and phoned a cab for Hank as he always did. Outside the cab honked the horn. Thomas then shook Hank to wake up. "Come on Hank you can do it."

Hank slowly woke up but was still out of it as Thomas and Ziggy lifted him up from his chair. Hank now slurred, "Why thank you kind gentleman! Hey Ziggy, long time no see! Will you allow me to buy you a drink?"

"No way man," replied Ziggy. "We need to get you to the cab outside."

Hank just smiled and gurgled, "I gotcha."

Outside with Thomas and Ziggy on each side of Hank arms, Ziggy suddenly yelled out, "My god! Hank is snoring!"

The Cab driver carefully navigated on the slippery ice to open the back door. "Hey Thomas, is this another pay check night for Hank?"

"Sure is Al. God this snow is so slippery!"

All three men were now sliding on the ice trying to get Hank in to the small cab. Thomas raised his voice, "Okay guys, on the count of three, we push Hank into the car. Okay boys, one...two...three!" With one big heave, Hank was now in the cab face down on the seat sound asleep."

Hank would not remember how he got home unless his wife told him. Thomas had an arrangement where he would give Al free drinks in exchange for Hank's cab rides.

As the cab pulled away, Thomas realized how cold the night air was. "Hey Ziggy, how far is the party from here?" he asked.

"It's not far from my place. It is up on fifth and main, about nine blocks from here. We can walk there in no time."

"Great, let's get going."

## Party Time

Arriving at the party house, inside the music was loud and the booze flowed like a river. "Not a bad party." Ziggy yelled. "Pretty cool crowd!"

Right away, a pleasant looking blonde girl ran up to Thomas asking if he would like a puff on some green grass of home. Thomas shouted, "Sounds good!"

Ziggy leaned over and yelled in Thomas's ear, "I see a beer barrel in the kitchen! I'll be back!"

Abruptly the blonde girl leaned into Thomas' ear and shouted, "My name is Betty."

Thomas smiled and said, "I am Thomas."

"So do you want to go outside and smoke? It is too loud and crowded in here!"

"It sounds good to me!"

Outside on the porch Betty popped a joint in her mouth and lit it. "Man this shit is strong!" she said coughing hard.

Thomas took the joint and inhaled deeply. He now started to cough hard. Oh man this stuff is green moonshine!"

Betty laughed half falling over from the drinks she had earlier. "Man I like to party!"

After several minutes, both Thomas and Betty were laughing like school kids. "You know Thomas, you look hot!"

"Thanks," said Thomas not really knowing what to say.

Betty stood there swaying to the music much like a tree caught in a warm summer wind. Listening to the music, Betty blurted out, "God, I love Zeppelin. They can rock my world anytime they want! Hey, come closer. I don't bite" she smiled ever so smoothly.

"Where is your boyfriend?" Thomas instinctively replied.

Betty now crinkled her pretty nose, "Oh, he is in the house chasing an old flame of his. He is such a bastard! Oh, you are so much better looking!" Betty said with half-closed eyes. Do you have a girlfriend Thomas?"

"No I don't."

"Oh man, you are not a diehard virgin are you?"

Thomas laughed, "No, I am just fussy." Thomas felt relieved that she did not ask if he was Gay.

Betty now drew closer. "Say Thomas, you think I am hot looking?"

"No, you're pretty."

Betty crinkled her nose again, "What does that mean?"

Thomas smiled back and said, "Hot means you're cheap looking. Being pretty is far better."

"Right on!" giggled Betty. "Do you want to make out with me?"

"Well yah I do, but that's not the point. I would rather just talk."

"Betty now pointed her unsteady finger at Thomas and muttered, "I knew it! You're a gay boy!"

"*Why me? It must be in the water!*" Thomas thought. He now looked into Betty's eyes and asked, "Jeeze am I Gay because I won't sleep with you?"

Betty swayed back and forth on her feet declaring, "Well hell yah, what guy ever says no to a woman no matter how ugly she is?"

Thomas now slipped into a lecture mode. "In the so-called old days, women relied on their soft femininity in order to be attractive to guys. Sadly, they are now hot sexy wannabes fulfilling men's porno fantasies. Most women feel that it is better to be hot, rather than having their soft femininity define them."

Standing there with her mouth open, Betty looked like a deer caught in the headlights of an oncoming truck. "Bloody hell, that is so right on! I am always defining whom I am through idiots like my boyfriend! Last week he wanted me to wear a dog collar during sex. I said no, and he went out and found some beer bimbo at the bar. After that, we had a huge fight. He always says he wants to fuck me, but I would just once like him to say, I want to make slow passionate love to you. It seems my personal feelings are certainly not considered. From listening to you, I get the idea that I should never submit myself to his porno fantasies in order to feel 'hot' and wanted. Gee you're better than Dr. Drew!"

Thomas laughed, "Well, I work at a bar, and I have seen and heard it all. I am just a cheap stand-up philosopher. I think women sell themselves short when they have forgotten how to be pretty, and how not to define themselves by men's fantasies."

"Man I should tell my boyfriend Mongo from the Congo to take a flying hike!" snarled Betty."

"Hey, I am not out to break relations up you know."

Betty now leaned up against the porch rail. "Thomas, I think you shouldn't go inside."

"Why is that?" asked Thomas.

Betty sighed, "Because you are so unlike them."

Thomas smiled and replied, "Hey, thanks!"

Instantly, Betty went on full alert. "Shit! Here comes my boyfriend. Guess I will have to go."

Within seconds, Betty's boyfriend came out the door. He looked at Thomas, then Betty. He was a huge well-built man with a black leather jacket on. "Okay bitch, party is over, let's roll," the boyfriend demanded while yanking her arm.

Immediately, Betty broke away and hugged Thomas goodbye. She then whispered in ear, "Thank you so much! It is time for me, to be me again."

Thomas stayed on the cold porch watching the two walk to their car. He felt so warmed by the conversation he had with Betty.

Back in the house, the party was raging on. Pushing through the crowd, Thomas now spotted Ziggy. "Ziggy!" he screamed with his hand spinning in the air.

Ziggy spotted Thomas and waved for him to come over. "Hey Thomas, I want you to meet a new friend of mine Steve!"

As Thomas shook hands with Steve, he could not help but notice how handsome he was and how smitten Ziggy looked. It was now time to give them some breathing room. Thomas smiled, "Hey Ziggy, I am going to head off home, so drop by the bar tomorrow."

As Thomas walked through the cold crunchy snow, he fumbled around in his thick winter coat pockets for a smoke. To his dismay, he had only one cigarette left, but it was not a problem since he was trying to quit smoking. It was nothing more than an outdated habit he picked up at the bar.

## Ziggy is on Fire

The next night Ziggy came in the bar for smiling as if he won the lottery. Sitting at the table, he began to ramble on. "Hey Thomas, you will never guess what happened!"

"Hey, fill me in," exclaimed Thomas placing a bowl of peanuts on the table.

"Well that guy at the party turned out to be real nice. I told him I was Gay hoping he would not punch me out, and then he told me he was Gay too! I invited him to my place and we talked for hours. In the morning we made love, and now we are now in a full-blown relationship!"

Thomas took a deep breath, "Great news Ziggy! However, that part on lovemaking is far too much information! Ewww!" Thomas turned around and shouted to Sherry to come to the table.

Sherry came to the table putting her apron on for cleaning. "What's happening?" she asked.

"Well Ziggy here got himself a boyfriend!"

Sherry's mouth immediately fell open. "Way cool there Ziggy! What is his name?"

"It's Steve," Ziggy replied glowing away.

Sherry laughed, "Well it is about time you found someone to love! You're a good kid and you deserve to be happy! When did you meet him?"

Ziggy coughed, "Um...Yesterday."

Sherry now grinned, "Well you know what they call that?"

"What?"

"Love at first sight."

"Right!" blurted out Thomas. "Your thunder struck bro! I have to text Jenny and tell her!"

Sherry now came around the table and gave Ziggy a big hug and kiss. "I am so happy for you Ziggy!"

"Thanks Sherry! I don't have lipstick on my cheek do I?"

Sherry laughed, "Oh you silly man!"

"So Ziggy, you are moving too fast but why not. I have known people that fell in love and instantly became soul mates."

Ziggy laughed, "Yah it is fast, and my head is still spinning!"

Thomas sighed, "Man I am still waiting for my soul mate to show!"

Sherry now came back with a bottle of champagne with glasses. "Okay this has to be done right. Here Thomas, you do the honours."

Thomas squeezed his eyes shut while twisting out the cork. Instantly the cork shot up hitting the ceiling and then came down fast striking a table with a man and his wife leaping out of their seats.

Instantly, Thomas waved and shouted, "Sorry about that folks! No charge for your next round." The man at the table just waved and smiled but still looked rather confused.

With his, glass in hand Ziggy laughed, "Oh man what are the odds eh!"

"Here, let me fill your glass," said Thomas. The glass abruptly filled up fast with bubbles and overflowed onto the brown wooden and creviced table.

With glasses filled, all three friends held them high as Thomas shouted, "Hooray for Ziggy and his new love!"

Ziggy who was now grinning away, took his drink and slugged it right back. "Thanks guys!"

Sherry then exclaimed with glee, "Well Ziggy, I would love to pick you up and carry you on my shoulders, but like that is ever going to happen!" she laughed.

As Sherry left to serve the couple in the corner of the bar, Thomas leaned over to Ziggy and said, "You know Ziggy, you really need this. You have taken far too much abuse from judgemental people always demanding that you live by their standards. Now you appear to have someone that accepts you for yourself!"

Shaking his head, Ziggy exclaimed, "I know! I imagine it will take some time to get used to."

"You're a good guy Ziggy and you deserve it. Hey man, are you blushing?"

Just then, Thomas's cell phone beeped. Opening it up, he scanned his text. "Oh my god, it's Kip saying how he is the prisoner of Zelda Queen of the planet."

"Why is that," asked Ziggy.

"Because Alice is making sure he stays with her. I have never seen Alice get so clingy. Maybe she has a thing for him."

Ziggy laughed, "Knowing Kip, he is probably worried about dirty laundry and not having a tooth brush." Thomas looked at Ziggy and the both of them instantly started to laugh their heads off.

Ziggy then raised his drink. "Let us toast to Kip! Let's drink to a boy now becoming a man!"

Thomas got out his cell phone and shouted, "Yoe Ziggy, let me get a picture of you holding your glass up! I will send it with a text telling Jenny the good news. Holding his cell phone up, Thomas still could not grasp how happy Ziggy really was. For the first time, Ziggy seemed to have a real spark in his eyes.

## Through the Looking Glass

That night Thomas had a strange dream where he was in some kind of foggy room. A mirror abruptly appeared before him showing his reflection. Then suddenly Thomas' reflection jumped out of the mirror and took its own form. Thomas was amazed but never the less frightened at the sight of his double. He put forth his hand to touch it, and then he was suddenly aware of how solid his double was. Thomas asked, "Who are you?"

"I am Twin. I control you."

"I control myself!" Thomas replied sharply.

"Look in the mirror. Is that you, or is that me," laughed Twin. "Who do you think wakes you up in the morning? Who is the one that puts notions in your head?"

Is it not I who birthed you? I am the eternal river and you are the red salmon that struggles within. You are my reflection."

At that moment, Thomas woke up with a start. As with all dreams, the morning gave birth to a standard reality. Thomas grabbed his coffee and cuddled up into the tattered but comfortable stuffed chair still shaken. He thought about the dream and could make no sense of it all. What did it mean that Twin was in charge of his life? How could something like this be possible? Furthermore, if some entity was controlling his life, why then was it hidden? Thomas could have passed it off as just a mere dream, but it really stuck in his head.

After taking a sip of his hot coffee, Thomas decided to watch the news. As the television came on it appeared to be a documentary. As he began to raise his cup he heard "On today's' show we are going to look at how twins are formed in the womb." Thomas now froze with coffee in hand. "Wow, that is some coincidence!" he thought. "This is kind of creepy."

During breakfast, Bacon Boy kept head butting until given a cat treat and sent on his way. After breakfast, Thomas headed out for work. He had a car but never seemed to use it much since he always loved being outside, also it had its fair share of mechanical major problems. He often wondered why he never became a mail carrier. He loved living life in a

small town where people knew one another. The pace was much slower than the main city, and it was nice to walk to work instead of sitting in endless traffic for hours just trying to get back and forth from work. It was like a never-ending line of lemmings heading to a cliff of everlasting stress and bad health.

Thomas was always calm and reasonable considering his upbringing with his holy mother and gigolo father often drove him insane. He loved life, but he somehow became troubled by something that he could never get out of his mind even though he by no means knew what it was. It was like a worm in an apple trying to squirm out. Maybe it was Twin.

Thomas was changing in subtle ways, and this is probably why he was seeing Gloria. Gloria was a good shrink, but he still was waiting for his big light bulb moment to hit.

Thomas was thankful for his friends. Jenny was a bright light in a world of bar drinks, refills, and self-serving depressive conversations padded with empty bottles. Ziggy was always so supportive and altruistic by nature. Kip was a complete neurotic but had a big heart. Now even with a good friends and calm life, there was still something his head trying to get out.

Just as Thomas got to work, his cell phone rang. It was Kip again. It seems Kip was now in love but was upset he was missing his work. With all that was happening Kip still wanted his toothbrush since no other toothbrush would do.

"So things are working out for you?" Thomas asked.

"Are you kidding? Alice is taking me down the rabbit hole. I am in wonderland man!"

"So Mr. Kidnapped, when yah coming back home," laughed Thomas.

"Jeeze I have no idea? She has been hinting that I live with her."

Thomas now confused by hearing this replied, "Wow that is so unlike Alice! She has always been a love them and leave them type after she gets what she wants."

"Thomas! I am so exhausted I don't know what to do. That girl has unlimited energy! She is a super nova!"

"Believe me Kip, you will survive. What doesn't kill you will make you stronger."

"Oh gee, that helps eh!"

"Just relax and have fun. I have to go. Catch you later." With that, Thomas snapped his cell phone shut and saddled it back into its case.

Business was slow, so Thomas got a hot chocolate and grabbed yesterday's newspaper to read while Sherry bleached down the tables. As usual, the paper was full of negative stories about auto accidents, politics, war, and the bad economy. There were also endless stories about movie stars and their endless scandals and problems. Somehow, society viewed it as important information to know. Thomas felt that people were the walking dead that needed to wake-up. "*I swear I am going to stop reading the newspaper one of these days,*" he

thought. There was a story about asteroids coming too near the earth, and some experts stated they might hit the planet. *"Oh yes, good old experts that love to spread fear like y2k."* Just then, in through the door came Bill the paper man.

Thomas waved, "Hey Bill!"

Bill now came to sit on a bar stool slapping the latest paper down. "Man is it cold out there!" he shivered.

"Sure is!" Thomas replied. "Do you want your usual coffee?"

"You bet! Scoop me with some of those pretzels too will yah."

Within a minute, Thomas was back with a cup of hot black coffee. "So what's new Bill?"

Bill leaned forward for the pretzels. "Well not much; it sure is quiet in here."

"It sure is, I guess people are too busy shopping for Christmas presents. The boss wants to turn this place into a strip bar sometime in the New Year."

Bill laughed, "Crap, my wife will kill me if I continue to come here."

"Yah, big changes for the Saturn prison coming soon," Thomas, sighed slowly flipping the page of the paper. "I would love to not work, period."

Bill rubbed his eyes, "Listen son; I am retired, and I hate it. I hate selling papers and rummaging for bottles in the recycling bins."

"Hey, maybe we will win the lottery one day," said Thomas rubbing his chin.

"I hate being old and poor." Bill sighed.

Thomas chuckled, "Yep; reality is not what it is cracked up to be."

Bill laughed, "Well it is what keeps people coming here!"

Thomas smiled, "Hey, I will drink to that."

Later Thomas thought it was now time to move out into the world to do some Christmas shopping. This was his first time he would go shopping because, every year he would just send cards to friends and loyal customers.

## Christmas Stampede

Thicker snow fell as busy shoppers scurried about in the cold hunting down bargains. As far as the eye could see, there were shoppers shopping and red-suited Santas hoping to get more donations. The sound of Christmas music filled the air with joyful sound, but the people seemed so unhappy and miserable. Thomas thought that all the people looked like they were from the movie Blade Runner.

One woman stood in front of one of the street vendors with a cup of McDonald's coffee steaming in her hand, arguing over the price of some homemade jewellery from a street vendor. Further, down the street some Santa was chasing after two young boys who were running away with his money kettle.

As Thomas neared the entrance to a store, he heard a loud slap coming from a man and a woman arguing by the door. The woman screamed, "You bloody liar! You didn't buy these as a Christmas present for me; you got them for some other woman!"

The man panicked while trying to reason with his girlfriend. "I got them for you honey!"

"Like hell you did!" retorted the woman. "Remember... I don't wear thongs!" Even though there were a lot of people rushing around, at that particular moment one could hear a pin drop. It was a very awkward silence indeed.

The store inside was crowded and the air was stale as crowds of shoppers lined up at the different counters. The people so packed up carrying so many bags that they resembled fully loaded mules.

The spirit of Christmas seemed to be more about maxing out credit cards than actually helping people in need. Christmas seemed to have nothing to do with love and peace. It was more about the banks and the merchants making a big financial homerun. Maybe Santa was a closet CEO of a major bank.

In the crowd, Thomas noticed a big mop of red hair moving along in the human river. Suddenly, Thomas started to shout and wave, "Hey Jenny! Over here," Immediately her face lit up as she started towards Thomas. "Hey Jenny, are you Christmas shopping?"

"Yep, it is for my parents." she replied. "God I hate this."

"Are you hungry?"

"I am starved!"

"Do you want to go to Wang's for some Chinese food?"

Jenny glowed, "For sure! Let's go!"

## Only Tastes like Chicken

In the restaurant, there were a few people having dinner with one voice heard saying, it only tastes like chicken. Instantly, there was a roar of laughter from the crowded table in the corner, which thankfully was out of hearing range of the cook.

The air was stale and oily with the table utensils looking slightly greasy, and the drinking glasses were made of plastic and were a bit smudgy. Underneath the table on Thomas's side were remnants of food that had escaped earlier from someone's plate.

"Man I could eat everything here I am that hungry!" declared Jenny who was now frantically browsing through the menu.

"I think I will have the number three. What about you, Jenny?" Thomas asked.

"Well number one looks good! So does two, three, four, five, six, and so on!"

Thomas laughed as he motioned to the server. The skinny young Chinese girl came to the table and said, "Yes are you ready to order?"

Jenny was the first one out of the gate ordering her meal. "I will have the number one."

"And you Sir," asked the server.

Thomas leaned forward in his wobbly chair. "I will have number three with extra chicken balls."

"Do you want anything to drink," asked the server.

"Ice water would be great. What about you Jenny?"

"Yes, water is fine."

Thomas now started to giggle, "Hey Jenny, isn't it cool about Ziggy!"

"Oh it sure is I can't wait to meet the new guy."

"Maybe we can all get together for a Christmas bash sometime."

Jenny lit up, "Yah for sure!"

"So Jenny, What are you doing at Christmas?"

"Not much. I will be having dinner with my parents. What will you do?"

Thomas let out a sigh, "I am going to sleep and sleep. Then give Bacon Boy a Christmas breakfast of raw salmon. I am not interested in running a lonely-hearts club bar band near Christmas. Everyone will get tanked and start self-absorbing in endless talking, so it will be just me and Bacon Boy sitting at home."

"I intend to have a quiet Christmas too," sighed Jenny. "All the hype really gets to me the older I get. I don't think Jesus commanded us to give presents to everyone on his birthday."

Thomas chuckled while taking a sip of his ice water. "Yah when Jesus returns he will bring presents for everyone because there is no limit to his credit card." Thomas laughed saying, "In the name of Jesus, here is a present."

At that moment, the waitress came with the food, then setting the plates down on the table she said, "There you go and enjoy your meal."

As Jenny swirled some noodles on her fork, she randomly commented, "You know, the older I get the less interested I become in things."

Thomas then narrowed his eyes and asked, "What do you mean?"

After taking a sip of water Jenny then replied, "I don't really know. It is as if the world is losing its color. Take food, for instance. It does not taste anything like it used to. It is all so bland now. I am becoming less interested in watching world news and my attitude now is, let the world go to hell in a hand basket, because right here and now is my world. Why do I have to get up on a cross and cry for the world? Am I am making any sense?"

Thomas beamed, "You sure are! I know exactly what you mean. I have been going through the same thing! It is like a spark within has faded. The Saturn bar is getting to me more and more.

You know, I used to care for people and their problems, but now realize they are very selfish as they pull me into their quicksand. It is not that I am depressed. Like you say, the color of life seems to be fading."

Jenny smiled, "Man, I thought I was the only going through this!"

"You know we need some kind of change." Thomas sighed.

Jenny rolled her eyes slightly, "I for one am tired of all the post education that I am told I need to have. You know, by the time the loans are finally paid for, I will be a bearded toothless hag in an alleyway ranting how unfair life is. The cost of education is huge and very burdensome. When all the education needed is complete, the rest of this life will consist of paying the loans off. Is the secret of life to live in debt?"

"Hey, the paper guy was quoting from a movie saying, 'We keep you alive to serve this ship.'"

"No kidding!" exclaimed Jenny. "It's like we are cattle that are never allowed to leave the pen and are kept as a money source by our owners. We are milked for every dollar we have until we die."

Thomas scratched his cheek replying, "Yah the damn status- quo! Most teens grow challenging the systems of control, and when they get older, then they become part of the system that enforces conformity on everyone else. In other words we become that which we are born to fight against."

"I was lucky," said Jenny digging into her food. "My parents taught me to be whatever I was meant to be. Like I knew what that meant as a kid."

Thomas smiled, "My mother constantly was controlled by religion, and my father was controlled by women. Talk about complete opposites. To dad, everyone was a loser and to mother everyone was a sinner. It is the same drama but with different scripts."

"My parents are very laid back, maybe too laid back."

"I don't know what it is, but lately I have been so introspective about my life, and I have no idea as to why!"

Jenny smiled, "You know what Ziggy would say, all this reflective thinking means we are having a new reality starting to bubble up."

"Man Ziggy is so smart. I wished I had his brains! When at the Saturn, I feel so trapped in some kind of prison surrounded by people that are there, but at the same time, they are not. There is a major lack of passion and imagination with people.

They all are like the citizens in the movie Blade Runner. We are all like blank cardboard images of ourselves walking in the cold rain."

"Yep, sure sounds familiar?" said Jenny now struggling with her chopsticks attempting to master them.

Thomas pressed his lips together while shaking his head. "I am not sure how to explain it, but most people at the bar never think past their noses. If I talk to someone and say something like, did you see the flying saucer land last night in the football field, they would probably just shrug and say cool. Then they would just order another drink and never think twice about what I said."

Jenny sighed, "Oh I know lots of people like that! They seem to have no interest in anything. Their existence revolves around eating, working, and sleeping. If you talk about deeper things, they just freeze and go blank. It is almost like they are too scared to think about anything that is of value or deep."

Thomas instantly straightened up in his chair. "No kidding! The art of thinking outside the box is no longer aspired to as critical thinking, but rather reduced to a troublesome 'conspiracy theory'. People at the Saturn never like to think about their destiny, they just want to drink and complain. Oh god, the Saturn bar is quicksand! Maybe there is a change coming soon. I just hope it is a good one."

Jenny who was now more in control of her chopsticks interjected, "Like I say, I am getting all this post secondary education for what, to have a job making lots of money for the tax collectors to plunder. Then the left over money is set aside for school loans? Is that the reason why we exist? I rather doubt it. They say work hard and then you can retire and travel across the world. Many retired people are in hospitals spending their savings on medical treatments. Maybe the hippies of the past had the correct idea. Should one just buy an old bus and live on the beach for the life? Our whole reality focuses only on money. Everything in society only exists for generating money. Everything we think do or say relates to money. It is amazing how every natural thing in life that we enjoy is exploited for money. Isn't it remarkable how nature exists without it?" At that moment, Jenny put down her chopsticks down and let out a big sigh. "You know Thomas, reality sucks."

Thomas was now ready to lighten up the moment with one of his weird tricks. "Hey Jenny, did you know I can pick up four chicken balls at a time using chopsticks?"

"No way," Jenny exclaimed. "I can see two, but certainly not four."

“Okay, just sit back and watch this!” With the determination of a surgeon, Thomas immediately placed four chicken balls side by side and started to squeeze them together with the chopsticks.

Slowly, he raised them upwards grinning like the cat who ate the canary. Suddenly, his chopsticks started wobble and shake. Instantly, the chicken balls shot up into the air like cannonballs and came crashing down rolling under the table to join the other bits of rejected food nestled in the rug.

Straight away Thomas shot up from his chair shouting, “My balls! Oh my god I lost my balls!” He subsequently looked at Jenny, who was now cowering behind her hand laughing away. At this point, Thomas looked around the room only to see blank stares looking back at him. “Oops,” he sighed as he slunk back down into his chair. “Hey Jenny,” he whispered from behind his hand. “Is everyone still looking?”

Jenny giggled back, “No, but the waitress is now talking to the cook.”

Thomas grunted, “Great, now he is going to come out swinging a meat cleaver!”

Soon after Thomas and Jenny left the restaurant and entered the cold air once again. “God is this chilly weather ever going to clear up? It is supposed to rain tomorrow, but the weather men are not batting a hundred lately.”

Jenny shook her red curly hair in the chilly night air, “I tell you what. Let’s crack open our fortune cookies and see what our future is.”

Thomas fumbled around with his cookie trying to get the thick plastic covering off. “Man you need a jackhammer to open these! They should store all nuclear secrets in them to keep them safe.”

Jenny giggled as she popped her packet open with ease. Unravelling the paper she blurted out, “Cool!”

“What does it say?” Thomas asked.

“It says I am going to meet a dark handsome man and live happily ever after!”

“No way!” exclaimed Thomas. “That is so corny.”

Jenny laughed, “Nah, I was just kidding. It says I am going to have nice vacation soon.”

Thomas opened his and mused, “Well mine says some bad news is coming soon, but good change is coming with it. It also says that I should be ready for it. This is such a weird message for a fortune cookie.”

“Well,” said Jenny. “Better buy a lotto ticket just to be sure.”

That night, Thomas dreamed that he and Jenny were looking in a store window that had a huge mirror on display. Looking at their reflection, Thomas gasped and jumped back. Jenny blurted out “What is it?”

Thomas swung his arm and pointed at the mirror screaming, Twin is in the reflection. Instantly, he swung around to see who was behind him, but no one was there. Jenny turned into a mist as colors danced about. "Who are you, and what do you want from me!" Thomas screamed as he spun around thrashing the air. Unexpectedly, a form appeared directly in front of his face. It was himself saying, "It's me, Twin!"

Immediately, Thomas bolted up awake and fell off the bed with the blankets. Fighting with his blankets, Thomas leaped to his feet. With his lungs starved for air, he groped around in the dark attempting to turn on a light. By accident, he ran into the bedroom mirror and let out a shriek as he saw his reflection. After forcing himself to calm down, he went to the kitchen for a shot of Jack Daniels whisky. The sweat rolled down his face as he soothed it with a cold ice cube. "Shit!" he yelled. "What the hell was that about?"

The next morning Thomas fed Bacon Boy after making sure he covered his bedroom mirror with a thick blanket. He wanted to talk to somebody about the nightmare, nevertheless who would understand. He could make another appointment with Gloria, but she was too status quo in her thinking. Thomas grabbed his cell phone and text Ziggy to meet him at work during his break.

## Ziggy Muses

Once more, the Saturn was slow and empty for most of the time. As Thomas filled up the peanut dishes, Ziggy bounced in through the front door waiving away. Thomas was amazed at how much better he was looking. Ziggy appeared to be so happy and more alive. "How is it going bro?" Thomas asked as he settled into his chair.

Ziggy beamed, "Fantastic, Steve and I are the real deal. He is so kind, and he is really cares. For the first time, I am starting feel like I have a real life ahead of me!"

Thomas smiled, "Sure sounds like love."

Ziggy again lit up. "Wow, I think you're right! There is a real connection between us."

"Are you going to tell your family?"

"Not a chance," Ziggy sighed. "My dad would really flip out. He has called me every filthy name in the book. My dad is so obsessed on calling me a fag that he never accepts the fact that I am a human being. He feels that because he is a firefighter that he is a so-called real man. I mean how shallow. He says he saves lives while I just kill people with AIDS."

"God Ziggy, how do you take that?"

"What can I do? I cannot change him or make him understand. So what is the point of fighting and arguing?"

"I know what you mean. My mother is the same way. She is a junk yard dog barking at everyone."

"See Thomas, they are who they are and they are not going to change because they do not want to change. Mark Twain said it best in the book *Mysterious Stranger* and I quote, 'I can do no wrong for I do not know what it is.' Sure sounds like dad!"

"Yes that is what it is. It is ignorance. You are one smart dude Ziggy!"

Ziggy laughed swaying back in his chair, "Not really. I just think too much. I am not sure if it is a blessing or curse."

Thomas rubbed his face, "I find most people hate to think because thinking demands responsibility. Nevertheless, people never focus on the bars of the prison because they are too preoccupied with convincing themselves that nothing is wrong with the world. It is as if they are walking with their eyes closed blabbering, out of sight out of mind. One day I will win the lottery and live alone on some remote island."

Ziggy danced his finger in the air replying, "Then you would never be challenged or learn the lessons of life. One example of something I learned is when I was very young is this. I got out of school early so my mother cancelled her weekly tea with friends in order to pick me up and to take me home. When we got home, she caught my dad in bed with some woman that lived a few doors down the street. My mother said nothing as she closed the door. Minutes after the woman left, mother ripped the sheets from the bed and went to the basement to wash them. I then decided to go after her in the basement not understanding what was going on. When I got down the stairs, there was my mother on the floor in a pile of sheets weeping uncontrollably. Even though it was very tragic, I learned lessons from it."

Thomas was confused and asked, "Oh my god! What could you possibly learn from that?"

Ziggy continued, "It was later in life; I realized that for good or bad, my dad was never going to change. He was who he was, but I swore I would never become like him. Who knows the cruel damage that may have inflicted others if I followed in his path, so I then decided that I was going to be a good man. I was not going to grow bitter from the experience, but rather learn from it."

Thomas sighed, "My god the Saturn is full of bitter people that never learn or grow, they just sit at a table drinking themselves into a drunken stupor."

"Well some learn, and some refuse to learn. There are no mistakes in life for those who are learning. For the ones that are awake, there are no mistakes in life, only lessons. People that refuse to learn are up caught in a life of sinking sand and they just want to be left alone with their bitterness. For those that are awake and learning, they are the ones that forgive and move on. All of us have many lessons to learn in this life. We all make mistakes, and many of these mistakes have hurt many people in our lives because we are learning. Now here is the clincher, if we desire people to forgive us for our mistakes and the hurt we put on them, then we must forgive those who hurt us because they are still learning too."

Thomas smiled, "Sounds like what Jesus says in the Bible about forgive those who trespass against us."

"Exactly!" exclaimed Ziggy pointing at Thomas. "It is the law of Karma. In other words, we reap what we sow. Problem is that there are bitter people that have no desire to grow or learn from the mistakes they make. They just remain bitter while blaming everyone else. It is safer for them, because being bitter means one does not have to take the responsibility to forgive and grow. The problem with the churches is that they tend to focus more on sin and Satan rather than forgiveness and love."

Thomas now poured himself some ice water. "One thing that amazes me is how much judging the churches do."

"Well yah, they judge you right off the bat by saying you need Jesus because you are a sinner. You cannot start with a negative and expect it to be positive. If you do not accept Jesus you will burn forever in a lake of fire."

Thomas now leaned in his chair, "This never made any sense to me. Why would a god of pure love create a torture chamber for those that refuse to believe in him? Sounds like a real ego problem. In other words, it's my way or the highway."

"Most churches will say that God created the lake of fire for the fallen angels and not mankind. So why are humans hurled into the lake of fire if it was not created for humans? The church will say it is because they follow Satan thus they will be with Satan for all of eternity. This is such slippery logic at best. It all becomes an escape clause for God who then takes no responsibility. How can all this eternal damnation and suffering to be okay with a true God of love? The obvious answer is that the God of the Old Testament is not the true God of love."

Thomas at that moment rubbed his eyes, "Ziggy you are a brainiac! So who is the real God?"

"I am not sure yet because I am still on a learning curve, but it seems this true God of love obviously has to be far bigger than anything we can conceive, and I believe that what the Father Jesus taught was not the god of the Old Testament named Jehovah.

Jesus stood against the Law of Jehovah and even broke Sabbath on a number of occasions. It was against the law to greet or talk with lepers, yet Jesus went out and healed them. So how can Jesus be the incarnate of Jehovah when Jesus totally disregards the law and even preaches against it? Jesus preached love in the name of the Father who is the true God of unlimited love. The difficulty here is that Jehovah is a god of war in the Old Testament, and love and war are not compatible! In other words, if Jesus was alive today, would he join the Israeli army to defend Israel's right to exist? Imagine Jesus with an M-16 rifle killing in the name of love."

"Yah that's right, it was Jesus that said live by the sword, die by the sword. What about where it says we are to turn the other cheek? Jehovah never does this. He is too focused on exterminating humanity. Ziggy, I really think you are onto something here!"

"Well they are just questions, but today we seem to have no right to question. We are troublemakers if we ask too many questions. Here, we have a god of the Old Testament who demands that we worship him as the only true god. Even his chosen people slaughter

all nations that do not worship Jehovah. The people that do not worship Jehovah may just be ignorant, or simply have many unanswered questions. On the other hand, it may be that most of the ancients never even heard of the Jewish God. It seems that the only way Jehovah introduces himself to humanity is through extermination and genocide. This is not how a God of love operates. This is how a iron fisted dictator rules.

Sorry to go on and on like this, but I need to make a point here. When I begin to talk like this with other people, they just get really pissed off or just simply shut down, and his is why I mostly keep to myself. If one has an opinion, there is always someone that wants to get up and fight you."

"I tend to allow people to believe in whatever they like." said Thomas. "It sounds cold, but I do not care enough about people to really care what they believe.

Even though I love people, I just cannot be around them, and I desire my own company instead. This is what I always liked about the Jesus character; he was constantly trying to get away from the crowds. I have an old hotel bible that I occasionally read."

Ziggy laughed as he pulled on a strand of his hair, "Yep, you got it!

Later, and back at home, Thomas suddenly realized that he had forgotten to ask Ziggy about Twin. He figured that he would leave it for another day. While sitting in his chair having breakfast, Thomas bit into his latest food creation with Bacon Boy swatting trying to get a bite. "Yah yah, here have a piece," said Thomas throwing a piece of food to the floor. Right away, the cat hissed at it and started swatting it on the floor. Immediately Thomas laughed because he had forgotten that he dabbed a liberal amount of hot pepper sauce on his breakfast.

On the news, there were more reports of local crime and more war coverage. The good news was that there was a warm front moving into the area. The icicles on the gutters were at present were slowly dripping away, and the evergreen trees were looking greener from the melting snow. Thomas wondered if there was still going to be a white Christmas.

At the Saturn, Jenny popped in to see Thomas during his break. She was wearing a pretty dress with lacy trim, and her hair was done up with small cute ribbons. Thomas now came to the table smiling away.

"What are you smiling about?" she asked.

"Well with you looking so cute, I am wondering if I should be asking you for identification."

"Yah right," laughed Jenny with that quirky laugh of hers.

"No honestly Jenny, you look great."

"Thanks! I just felt like getting out of the old jeans and become a lady for the day."

Thomas asked, "Have you heard from Kip at all? I tried texting a few times but had no reply. I have been meaning to phone him though."

"Have you heard the latest?"

"Heard what?" Thomas asked.

"He and Alice are talking about living together."

"How did this come about?"

Jenny giggled, "I don't know. It appears that Alice is the one calling the shots."

"Man that is so unreal because Kip is so neurotic."

"Well Alice sure put a spell on him!" exclaimed Jenny scratching her head.

"Yah, now that virgin boy is a man, he probably feels like he is in an adult version of Disneyland."

Jenny laughed, "For sure! Have you seen Ziggy?"

"I was just talking to him. He seems to be very happy! I hope his relationship goes well with his family. You know the old man, he may really flip out."

Jenny rolled her eyes, "My god; I feel so bad for him. He is such a nice guy, and he is always there for people placing their needs before his own. He really is a special guy, but his dad is too ignorant to see that!"

"Well since he got a boyfriend he seems so different now. He appears to be happier and more comfortable with himself. "

At that moment, a strange-looking man suddenly entered the bar and ordered a gin and tonic from Sherry. His coat was old and worn, and with his beard, he looked rather homeless. Thomas had never seen him before.

"Say Jenny. Do you know that guy?"

"Yes, he is Anton Kessler. My father would sometimes share a drink with him. He hangs out at the Watering Hole bar. It is odd that he would be here."

"Is he homeless," asked Thomas wrinkling his nose.

"No, he is a retired Gnostic priest."

"What the heck is that?"

"Well I am not sure. It is kind of like Christianity. They follow Jesus but shun the God of the Old Testament."

In an instant Thomas lit up, "Why is that?"

"I think it is because they see the God of the Old Testament as a false god, I have no idea why."

Thomas's ears perked up as he was remembered what Ziggy talked about with him. He was now definitely curious about the man.

"He looks like a sad man."

"My father told me he was a soldier in Vietnam. He also lost his only son in a drive-by-shooting. Soon after that, his wife died from some rare disease. It really did a number on him."

"Wow, I know what you mean."

Thomas wanted to go over and talk to the Priest but the man only had one quick drink and left. Thomas was very intrigued by what Jenny said about him. He somehow knew they would meet in the future if meant to be.

That night Thomas struggled in his sleep tossing and turning all night long.

## Lightning Strikes

In the morning at work, he was so tired and at work, and people seemed to be more aggressive than usual. Then it happened. Instantly, everyone in the bar heard someone outside scream, "You fucking faggot!" As everyone gawked at each other, Thomas stood frozen in time wondering if Ziggy was out front. Before he could think his next thought, there came a loud crack of a gunshot from outside. Instantly, without thinking, Thomas leaped forward and charged out the door.

Busting out through the door, Thomas' entire world crashed in. Sheer horror now gripped his heart at what he was seeing. There sitting on the ground slumped against a wall was Ziggy with blood running down from his head. Ziggy was propped up against a wall staring back at Thomas with an empty blank stare of a dead man. The cold frigid rain fell hard, as steam quickly rose from the blood flowing down around Ziggy's frozen distant eyes.

With great strength, a man instantly grabbed Thomas from behind placing his thick arm around Thomas's neck. "So you're the fag's friend," growled the voice from behind like an animal crunching on bones. It was dark, but Thomas could see the shimmer of the full moon on a knife blade coming up to his throat. Thomas' head began to swirl and spin like a top, and within seconds, his mind faded to black.

When Thomas came to, he felt the cold rain pelting him as he lost consciousness again. Next, he felt himself once more coming to his senses. At this moment, Thomas could see the coloured lights of an ambulance cutting through the darkness with a paramedic kneeling at his side. The ambulance attendant at this instant yelled out "He is coming to! Get a blanket here!" As a warm pre-heated blanket wrapped around him, Thomas turned his head to see another ambulance in the rain loading Ziggy's body into a black body bag. Thomas instantly began to shake and scream, "My god, Ziggy! What have they done? Where are you taking him?"

A young paramedic swiftly grabbed Thomas, and with the help of another paramedic lifted him up onto a Gurney. Again, Thomas cried as the paramedics got him in the back of the ambulance. Within minutes, they arrived at the hospital.

With a barrage of people yelling and running, Thomas made it to the emergency room. He was now beside himself sobbing uncontrollably. The next thing he knew was that he was in a hospital room recovering with his neck wrapped in gauze.

Before Thomas could enquire why he was in the hospital, Jenny came into the room. Her lips quivered as she suddenly ran to Thomas' side hugging him ever so tight. She began to sob into his ear, "Oh god Thomas, you are very fortunate to be alive!" Jenny then lifted herself up and looked Thomas directly into his eyes crying, "God it is a miracle that you are still here!"

Thomas was confused at what he saw back at the bar and instantly started to shake and cry, "Oh my god! What happened to me and where is Ziggy?"

Jenny put her hand to her mouth and sobbed, "Ziggy was murdered!"

Thomas's eyes opened up wide in shock as he let out a scream. "No!" he cried. "It can't be! I saw him, his eyes were still open!"

"It's not what you think Thomas. Ziggy has left us." Jenny immediately grabbed Thomas tight as they both began to cry uncontrollably. After some time, they began to gain their composure as they shared a tissue box.

Thomas now asked, "Jenny, why am I here, and what happened?"

Jenny took a slow deep breath while holding Thomas' hand ever so softly. The police talked with a witness who said that after assaulting Ziggy, the killer jumped you from behind with a knife. At that point, you fainted straight out. You then slid down, and the knife only partially cut your throat bringing on a slow bleed giving the ambulance time to arrive. If it was a full cut, you would be long gone." Jenny said nothing more as she got up beside Thomas in bed holding him tight.

That night Thomas slept deeply, woke up late morning feeling drained and emotionally numb. With a very sore neck and fuzzy eyes, Thomas looked around the hospital room. Beside the hospital bed fast asleep on a chair, was Jenny. Thomas called her name and she now started to wake from her slumber. She told him that the doctor came in earlier saying Thomas could leave whenever he wanted, but would have to wait for the stitches in his neck to dissolve at home. Other than that, he would be fine. Jenny also said she could drive Thomas home. Thomas felt it would be better for him not to tell his parents about the tragedy. It was not as they were very close.

After Jenny drove Thomas home, he took some sedatives and spent most of the day sleeping, crying, and wondering how this tragedy could have taken place. After all he considered himself a nice person, so why did it all happen to him, and more importantly why Ziggy? Ziggy was a very kind, so why did he have to die? At this point, Thomas did not know if there was God. If God is real, where was he in the time of Ziggy's need? Certainly,

God would protect the good people and rescue them from harm. Thomas now started to wonder if God just hated everyone in general.

Like a wounded animal, Thomas staggered around the house with a bottle of rye whisky in hand. Striking the wall with his fist, Thomas lost his balance, swung around, and fell against the wall. Tears of sorrow and raw pain now started to flow like rain as he slid down the wall with his face grimacing with anguish. Abruptly he grabbed his cell phone and opened up the picture he took of Ziggy. There was Ziggy in the bar so happy and rejoicing with a glass of Champaign.

Thomas cried wildly and within minutes, his head slumped as he passed out from the combination of sedatives and whisky. Bacon Boy not sensing anything wrong simply curled up in his lap and started to purr.

The following day Jenny came by the house. Thomas sat himself down in his desired chair as Jenny sat on the couch with Bacon Boy who was looking for attention. Jenny tried to ignore him, but the cat was frantically head butting. Finally, Jenny caved in and gave the cat a pat and a hug. Next she slowly turned to Thomas and asked, "So Thomas, how are we going deal with this?"

Thomas stared at the floor sighing deeply. "Oh my god, we just have to grieve and move on to let time heal."

With a quivering lip Jenny spoke, "I guess we need to find out when the funeral is."

"God I wish I knew the meaning of all this!"

Jenny rubbed one of her red eyes with a tissue. "I am going to miss him so much!"

Thomas' voice cracked and shook, "Me too! We need to make some sort of sense of this. I am so lost with this tragedy. I mean I have never lost anyone close to me before. Man I need to take time off from work and search my soul."

"Yes I will be taking time off from work and school too. This is all too devastating!"

## Dark Day

Ziggy's funeral came at the crest of some intense nasty weather. When the rain came, it turned all the snow into dirty black slush, and on the day of Ziggy's funeral, the sky was dark and the wind was rising. At the gravesite, the rain started to fall hard upon the people gathered under their umbrellas in a cold mist. Sadly, the funeral only consisted of a small group that came to the gravesite to weep with the sky.

Ziggy's mother sobbed warm tears of emotion that fell striking the cold earth at her feet with Ziggy's sister holding her ever so tight. Ziggy's Brother Karl stood close looking dazed and shaken.

It was very self-evident that Ziggy's father Frank did not want to be there. He was restless and edgy because he believed that his son died a very long time ago. Even with the

murder of his own son, he still had no desire in his heart to turn back the clock, and he had no regrets for the way he treated his son in the past. His heart was cold, hard, and judgemental.

Thomas stood with Jenny by his side just staring into empty space. As the minister spoke, Thomas heard nothing as he screamed a deep silent scream from the bottomless within his soul. Jenny had her head pinned against his chest shivering as she wept in the rain.

Kip and Alice were on the opposite side of Thomas. With tears in his eyes, Kip nodded his head at Thomas, who felt sorry for him because Kip never could deal with pressure.

Standing close to the coffin all alone was Ziggy's mate Steve. Steve just stood there in the pouring rain without an umbrella sobbing and trembling in the cold with no one to comfort him. Suddenly, without warning, Steve swiftly fell to his knees upon the soggy wet ground while being pelted by the rain. Straight away, two attendants lifted him up by his arms and helped lead him to his car. Steve was now a broken man with his head slumped down howling out, "Why!"

As the casket entered into the in to the freezing grave, the sky crashed with thunder, and the wind was now becoming much stronger. It was at that point when everyone decided to find shelter in their warm cars. Thomas told Kip that he would be in touch with him soon as he gave Kip a big parting hug.

Getting a ride with Ziggy's family, his mother asked Thomas in the car if he would like to attend the family gathering at their home. Thomas politely declined while trying to maintain his composure. His hands quivered as Jenny entangled her arm into his.

On the way home, the wipers of the car were on full with a wild wind blowing the thick rain across the glass. It was later in the day and was very dark and gloomy outside. The oncoming vehicles light up the inside of the car as they passed by. What chilled Thomas to the bone was that every time the lights from the approaching vehicles would light up the car, he could clearly see Ziggy's father in the rear-view mirror staring back having no emotion on his face. Even though sobbing people filled the car, Frank's face remained ridged, cold, and unaffected.

Many times in the mirror, Thomas could see Frank's cold empty eyes staring hypnotically back at Thomas. The Frank's eyes were as black like the eyes of a shark and seemed to look right through Thomas, who was scared and breathless feeling a sense of evil hanging in the air. He wondered if Frank was seeing him as a homosexual because of his friendship with Ziggy. The ride home was fast becoming the longest ride of Thomas' life.

When Thomas arrived home, he told Jenny that he needed to be alone. Unlocking the front door, he took off his wet and muddied dress shoes with Bacon Boy continuing his ongoing agenda of attention seeking. Thomas shuffled right past Bacon Boy and threw himself onto his bed screaming, "Why Ziggy! What did he do to anyone?"

Staring at the ceiling Thomas's head swirled with mixed emotions and confusion. The world crashed upon him like Thor's mighty hammer of thunder. There was something horribly wrong with the world, and he was at a loss to explain.

It seemed that the god of the world was death, and that all new life came forth only to have the reaper take them by the hand. Time seemed to be the willing servant who delivered all of creation to the feet of death. Death's Kingdom always remains unchallenged like a flip of a trick coin.

One time Thomas heard someone say death is what gives life its flavour. Why do we have life at all only to spend life's precious time resisting death? Thomas thought how strange it was that when we are born, we spend our lives trying to ignore the elephant of death in the room.

Much like prisoners on death row, no one gets out without dying, which often comes without warning. Life is breathing in waiting for the day when one breathes out during the process of dying.

Thomas thought of his dad and his endless womanising and drinking. Was it all a stage show? Could it be that the pleasures of the world are to ignore and deny the elephant of death in the room? It was like a black hole in space and time lusting to pull us into the void. Thomas wondered who the real God of the world was. He then concluded it must Hades.

The coming days were hard and cruel on Thomas, and his life seemed to be in a holding pattern. He had so many mixed emotions and endless questions as he envied Bacon Boy so much. Bacon Boy was just a dumb cat with no problems in the world. All the cat had to do was to eat, sleep, cuddle, then one day-die.

After the funeral, the horrible storm lasted for days before it started to break up, and blue skies started to return. The air was fresh, and the sun was bright so Thomas decided to take a stroll with Jenny. "This is great, it is not so freezing!" she said.

"Yes it is indeed! So, how are you keeping Jenny?" Thomas asked squinting up into the bright sun.

"Oh my god it's so hard. I have been doing a lot soul searching trying to put it all in to perspective. My family has been so supportive but I still keep them at bay."

"Did you see Ziggy's father at the funeral?" asked Thomas.

Jenny abruptly reacted, "I sure did! He was so creepy! He is a cruel and ignorant man."

Thomas grunted, "What the hell is wrong with people? Why is it that everyone has an attitude of, my way or the highway? Why cannot people let other people just be themselves? Everyone seems to be control freaks."

As the days moved forward, Thomas was on an emotional roller coaster. Kip and Alice came by. Kip held his head low explaining how he just could not get a handle on his sorrow. Thomas told him that he understood, but found it strange that the funeral was such a small service.

Kip said he got a call from some nut telling him that all fags should die. Thomas still held back from telling Kip about how the murderer almost killed him because, Kip probably had

enough neurotic issues on his plate dealing with Alice. As Kip and Alice walked to the front door to leave, Thomas chuckled at the fact that Alice was much taller than Kip and a good deal larger in stature. It was like seeing another version of Laurel and Hardy. This was the first time since the murder that a ray of levity broke through the wall of Thomas's deep mourning.

Thomas had no idea, how long he was going to be off from work. He realized that this was much bigger than just the death of a friend. It was a wake-up call to something unknown that was leading him somewhere. It appeared that Thomas was really starting to struggle inside. Maybe it had to do with his dream of Twin. At this moment, he could not help but see Bacon Boy staring at his empty food bowl. What a life the cat had, the only worry in its life was whether more food was coming.

Thomas did not care that Christmas was fast approaching because he suffered from a constant tug of grief at his side. He felt that after a while, he should go and talk to Ziggy's dad, but Thomas remembered what Ziggy had said about how most people never change. Thomas felt a need to do something, but had no idea of what?

Sitting in his chair, he clicked the television on in order to drain his head. Hitting the news channel, Thomas became aware of the fact that two people died on the highway. *"Like how does this help me?"* he thought. *"Why do I need to know this?"*

Shutting the television off Thomas then phoned Jenny to have her meet him at the local Zoo in an hour so they could talk. At the Zoo, Jenny pulled up in her car, got out, and greeted Thomas.

"Hey, how are you holding out," she asked.

Thomas sighed, "Better, but it is still a rough road."

"That's for sure," replied Jenny.

Strolling along the wet glistening pavement, Thomas and Jenny walked to the bear pit where the Polar bears were pacing back and forth. It must have been their favourite time of year because it was colder and there were fewer people around.

"Man look at these sorry dudes," said Thomas. "They look as depressed as us!"

"They sure do," said Jenny with a soft but sad half smile.

"Do you realize that because these bears were born in captivity, they think this pit is reality. However beyond their walls is a whole forest that they will never see or understand. These bears are in a prison, and I really feel that the Saturn is my prison.

The Saturn illusion of realty never allows me to see beyond the walls that I have created for myself. I just hate working at the bar now, but I have to in order to pay endless bills. It is sick how we are born to this earth, and have to pay as if we are all living on some kind of paid parking planet. Soon after we come into this world, we then have to come up with new

ways of removing money from other people's pockets and stuffing it into ours. We end up with jobs that we hate so that we can still keep dancing to the tune."

Jenny smiled, "Jeeze Thomas, you have become so deep in your thinking."

"Yah I guess this is the way I deal with grief," chuckled Thomas. "I used to be so shallow at one time."

"Well we all have a brain that we need to exercise from time to time."

Thomas laughed, "And if you don't, you end up drinking at the Saturn!"

"Is there really an answer to life's mysteries?" asked Jenny.

"I have no idea," said Thomas lighting up a cigarette. Taking in a slow deep puff, Thomas's face saddened, "Oh god how I miss Ziggy!"

Jenny's lip began to quiver and tears began to flow as she hugged Thomas ever so tight. "I know. It is such a mindless tragedy."

## I am You

That night in bed, Thomas dreamed of Twin again. Twin came closer walking through a light swirly mass of mist. Thomas shouted, "Who are you?"

Twin walked right up to Thomas's face and looked deep into his eyes. "Do you not see yourself?"

"What do want?"

"I want nothing because I only give. I am he as you are me, and I am your mirror. I am your shadow."

Thomas shook his head, "Am I dreaming?"

"Yes you are, but your reality is just another dream."

"What are you?"

"Like you, I am a dream within a dream." Twin replied with no hint of expression in his face. "Notice how I am not scarring you this time. Why is because you are starting to see through the illusion of fear?"

Unexpectedly Thomas began to suffer from sea of emotions. His mind raced like a whirlwind. Straight away, he turned into a baby being born.

Then suddenly in an instant of time, he violently woke up in his old familiar bed shaking and sweating like a cornered animal. "Shit!" screamed Thomas. "What the hell is this all about?" Pulling his long hair back, he ground his teeth. "Damn!" Thomas now flung himself out of bed to take in a swig of whiskey. Bacon Boy was currently awake and head butting

his legs. "Geeze boy, you can't be hungry so soon, and do you ever stop head butting?" Thomas filled the cat bowl and swung open a window to cool down and breathe in refreshing cool air. Taking in deep breaths, he cleared his head.

Thomas looked at the distant clouds and tried to understand the intensity of the dream. He thought it could be from all the stress from the death of Ziggy. Rubbing his face, he could not understand who Twin was or what he wanted. Yes, Twin was a dream in Thomas' head, but he was so very real in many ways and certainly felt genuine.

Thomas felt an invasion had started from within, and he did not even know if Twin was good or bad. He felt he blew it by not asking Ziggy about Twin, after all Ziggy, would know. Thomas pulled his hair again, "Oh god Ziggy, why you!" he sighed very deeply. Thomas then uncovered the bedroom mirror and stared deeply into his reflection. "Who are you?" he whispered. No answer came.

Back in bed, Thomas slipped into the sheets and stared at the ceiling. He was pondering what he should do with his life. Something was coming down the tunnel, but he did not know what it was. Speaking with Twin was very stressful and incredibly perplexing. Thomas's life was all shook up and fragmented in air. He wondered if there was a God in command, and if there was, then why was the world on fire. Why would any God allow it to continue? Thomas needed answers, but where could he find them?

## Anton

The next morning the air was crisp, and the rain relented to give way to some sunshine. Bacon Boy was now happy and fed, and Thomas was once again in his favourite easy chair looking for the channel switcher for the TV. In a second, the set was on with a news story. "Yes that is right Jenny. Robert Anton will be at the Brentwood mall signing his new book."

All of a sudden, Thomas thought how familiar the name Aton was then he suddenly thought, "Yes of course; the Priest named Anton that Jenny pointed out! What amazing synchronicity!" He started to think if this was some kind of sign that he should somehow contact the Priest because of his search for answers. Getting up Thomas went to his computer to look up Anton. Within minutes, he had his address, phone number, and even email. It would certainly be worth it to give the man a call, but what would Thomas have to say. In a moment of time, Thomas grabbed his cell phone and dialled the priest's number.

"Hello," a man's voice whispered.

"Hi, is this Anton Kessler?" asked Thomas who was now attempting to keep his voice calm.

"Yes I am Anton Kessler, how may I help you?"

Thomas was now very nervous. "You do not know me, but I understand you are a priest."

"Well I am an ex-priest," the man said with a measured tone in his voice.

"My name is Thomas Holden. You do not know me, but I was wondering that since you are a priest if you can help me. You see I am not a Catholic, nor am I member of any church, so I am wondering you could help me."

"Depends what you are asking."

Thomas boldly mustered up some courage, "I will just come out and say it. I need some spiritual advice. I have nowhere else to go."

There was a long pause on the phone. It felt like an eternity until the man finally spoke, "Well I am retired, and I really don't council people anymore."

Instantly, Thomas blurted out, "I can pay you!"

Again, there was a pause then the voice, then the voice said, "Well that would not be very spiritual of me to demand payment from people in need. Do you work?"

"I am the manager at the Saturn bar, but due to a personal tragedy, I have been using up my vacation time."

"Yes, that is where the young boy was murdered." The Priest's voice now sounded softer, and more concerned.

Thomas's voice started to crack, "Uh... yah, the guy was a close friend of mine."

"Okay I understand now. Well, if you are not busy, could you come over at ten in the morning tomorrow so we can talk?"

Thomas instantly lit right up, "Sure that would be great!"

"Have you got my address?"

"Yes I do," said Thomas with a glee.

"Okay, that would be great. I will see you tomorrow. Oh, and I need a favour."

"What is that?"

"If you can, bring some doughnuts with you."

Thomas thought this was such an odd thing of him to ask, but it was worth it. "Will do and thank you so much, you have no idea what this means to me."

"The Priest now laughed. "That's what they all say. See you tomorrow Thomas."

After getting ready, Thomas gave Jenny a call and asked her if she would like to come with him to see Anton. She thought it would be a great idea and was very excited to go.

That night Thomas was nervous about having more dreams of Twin. He did manage to sleep well and in the morning, Jenny with her old beat up yellow beetle picked him up.

Getting in the car, Thomas bid Jenny a good morning and then said, "You know Jenny, that muffler of yours really needs to be fixed one of these days."

Jenny laughed, "One of these days when I win the lottery. Besides, I like to sound similar to a biker roaring down the road."

Thomas at this moment asked, "Are you nervous about seeing the Priest?"

"No, not really. By the way, I took the liberty of picking up doughnuts. They are in the trunk."

"Way cool!" exclaimed Thomas. "I totally forgot!"

"I am sure that Anton has a great deal of wisdom to share. I hope he doesn't freak out with me being there."

"No, why would he?"

Jenny while looking in the rear-view mirror replied, "You know, me being a girl and all."

"No he does not sound like that judging from his voice. But if he is uncomfortable with you being there, we will just leave."

"Oh man!" yelled Jenny. "This guy in front of me is one of those elderly gents high on medication. I swear he is only going twenty miles an hour! Why do I attract them?"

"Just turn on Elm and you can outrun run him," said Thomas.

Jenny instantly slammed her foot down on the gas pedal. "Hey this is fun! Oh great, a red light up ahead!" While at the red light Jenny revved her engine high, then unexpectedly a young guy pulled up beside her in a brand-new muscle car. He looked at her and smiled as he revved up his car.

"Oh crap!" Jenny growled. "I bet you he wants to drag race with me to show what a hot shot he is."

"You got it!" laughed Thomas.

"Yah, well just watch this!" Jenny then looked at the boy giving him a big smile while pushing up her curly red hair. Within seconds, the light turned green and the boy's muscle car shot forward like a bat out of hell. Seconds later, there was a loud sound of a police siren filling the air. With flashing lights behind the boy's parked car, Jenny drove by waving her hand in the air. She now laughed, "Okay Thomas, see how I got rid of him! Damn I'm good!"

"Jenny, you are the Queen of the road!"

"Men are so predictable. And now for my theme song!" aspired Jenny placing a CD in the player. It was "Born to be Wild" by Steppenwolf. The two of them now started singing the song, "Born to be Wild" with the windows open, which got many strange looks from people.

# Down the Rabbit Hole

Pulling up to Anton's house, Thomas and Jenny got out and rang the doorbell. The door opened to reveal a scruffy old man who had not shaved in days. His hair was long and his blue ill-fitting jeans stained and torn. "Hello Thomas," he said.

Thomas smiled and replied, "Hello Mr. Kessler. I hope you don't mind that I brought a friend with me?"

"No not at all," he said. "Come on in."

As they walked in the door, Jenny held up the box of doughnuts and said, "These are for you! It's a variety pack, and by the way I am Jenny Johnston."

"Oh this is fantastic! Thank you Jenny, my name is Anton, as you probably know. I never get out much so these will be a great treat for me. Sorry about the mess, but I live alone here since my wife passed on years ago. Please, both of you have a seat on the couch."

Thomas looked around the room and noticed a desk with a computer on it with papers all around. There was also a huge poster above it showing a bearded man. "If you do not mind me asking, who is that man on your wall?"

"Oh that is the writer Philip K. Dick. He is a big hero of mine. Since I retired, I have started to write a book. I am now a bit of a shut-in. Say would you and Jenny like some coffee?"

Thomas looked at Jenny and then replied, "Sure, both of us would love some."

While Anton was in the kitchen, Jenny giggled, "He seems very nice, even though it is weird that we just drop in like this."

"Yah, and he sure isn't very shy, which makes it much easier."

Within minutes, Anton returned with a coffee tray filled with cups, spoons, sugar, and cream. "My wife taught me how to serve coffee well. Would you guys care for doughnuts?"

"No we are we are fine, thanks," replied Thomas.

The priest now sat back in his chair with his hot black coffee. "So how can I help you?" he smiled sincerely.

Thomas took a deep breath and began to speak, "Well as you know, my friend was killed right outside the bar I manage. I have been going through so many changes all at once. It is not solely, because my friend is sadly gone, it is more than that. There is something so wrong with the world. I mean I am not even sure if there really is a God that cares. I mean it is all madness. Am I going crazy?"

Anton took a sip of coffee and then spoke up, "Far from it! Sounds like you are starting to wake-up from this dream of life. The process always begins with questioning things. You are

on the edge of starting a journey of self, for the first time in your life you are coming up for air if you will.”

Thomas shook his head and asked, “How could you know what I am going through because this is the first time we have met?”

Anton laughed, “It is because I have initiated so many people into the mysteries of truth that I can see people coming a mile away.”

“What are the mysteries of truth,” asked Jenny, who was now sitting up very straight.

“Well it is a secret that is hidden from the public. There is an old saying that goes like this, ‘Those who know do not speak. Those who speak do not know.’ If someone knows and stands up to the truth, there is always some person taking offense and ready to fight. This is why there are so many secret societies in the world today. During the dark ages, you could be tortured and burned alive for having a non-authorized opinion. Millions of innocent people died from the sword in the name of Jesus. Today murder is illegal, so they now threaten you with hell and purgatory instead.”

Thomas at this instant beamed, “Yes Ziggy my friend talked to me a little about this just before he was killed!”

“It is a very deep subject,” declared Anton.

Jenny instantly blurted out, “Please fill us in. It sounds very fascinating!”

“Well yes, all truth is interesting, but not all people desire it or even want it.”

“Man I so want to know. I really want it!” exclaimed Thomas.

“Well did you know that truth hurts? Jesus says in the Nag Hammadi scriptures, ‘Those who seek should not stop seeking until they find. When they find, they will be disturbed. When they are disturbed, they will marvel, and will reign over all.’ This is from the Gospel of Thomas.”

“We won’t become disturbed!” Jenny declared.

Anton smiled, “Yes, it is always the women who seem to catch on first.”

“Hey, I am all ears!” exclaimed Thomas.

Anton took a sip of coffee and responded, “It takes years for people to understand truth and to be given knowledge. This is why people have to be initiated so that they can show they are truly interested and committed.”

“We’re committed!” declared Jenny.

“Oh my dear you are such a treasure,” laughed Anton. “Do both of you really want me to share what I believe?”

Thomas and Jenny looked at each other and said yes at the same time. Thomas now spoke up. "I am more than ready!"

"Well it would be very un-conventional and against my spiritual protocol, because initiation takes time as most people need to be fed knowledge one spoonful at a time."

Jenny instantly bolted up, "But you got a captive audience!"

"Okay I believe your intentions and your heart space is pure, but knows this, you may be here all day."

Thomas smiled, "Fire away!"

"Okay, first you must choose the blue pill or red pill," said Anton laughing. "Just kidding, you know the Matrix movie has a lot of truth in it just as many other movies do. There are many white hats out there trying to wake people up through the media. However, most people simply laugh it off saying, oh, you cannot be serious, and it's only a movie! You know, I can lead you to the door, but it is up to you people to walk through. In other words, what I offer to you is a basic introduction the rest of your journey is up to you. I can only present my truth, as I know it.

Please note that the two of you are not here by some random chance. I do believe higher forces led both of you here, I have seen signs that you were coming. If you are looking for truth, then we need to ask, what is truth? Truth is very subjective, and belief is incredibly personal.

Look at Hitler, during the war some people believed he was evil while others believed he was the saviour of Germany. Both sets of truth were correct because he did much good for Germany, but at the same time did much evil. The trouble here is that people tend to protect their truth while attacking other people's truth calling it deception or lies. One can say that Hitler was a saviour as well as evil, but many people will just say he was very malevolent and interpret everything he did as pure evil. People always play this either or game forever. People think Hitler had to be good or evil and everything is black and white. Yes, Hitler exterminated many people, but at the same time, he adored children and dogs.

There are no absolutes in the world, only perceptions. Every one of us is good, and all of us at the same time, have a dark shadow self. So if you ask was Hitler evil, your answer will depend on your personal perception of evil. If a man has a wife that lives with excruciating pain every day of her life and asks her husband to give her poison, some may say he loved her while others would only see him as a heartless murderer. Look at terrorism. One person's terrorist is another person's freedom fighter.

Evil is in the eye of the observer. Look at music and art. Many people like Beatles music, where others may hate it. Some love the paintings of Van Gough, while others find it childish and primitive. The act of evil only exists in the mind and nowhere else. Evil in its purist form is a low frequency that we produce and observe. Evil is hard to judge because there are so many conflicting views and opinions in the world. So was Hitler evil? It depends on the observer. The fact is, he did produce low energies that fed into a system of Karma because, we shall reap what we sow. If we sow low energy in our lives, then it will all come

back to us in the form of reincarnation. We only escape reincarnation if we produce good energy in the form of service to others. People want to know how to graduate from this corrupted world and I then ask, does your heart beat to the rhythm of the earth, or does it beat to the rhythm of the world. If one chooses the latter, then they will remain in the world time after time through reincarnation. If I ask you what an apple is, what would your answer be?"

Thomas shook his head and replied, "An apple is a fruit."

Anton smiled, "Well I say an apple is red. See we are both right, but most people will argue and debate the apple concept to death. Religion is like this too. Western religion has different views from Eastern traditions, but instead of the modern churches learning from the eastern cultures, they instead condemn them to hell.

Everyone is fighting for his or her truth instead of learning it. Everyone has his or her own personal truth based on personal experience. Most people do a lot of generalising. It is a symptom of ignorance. Truth is never absolute, because truth comes from personal experience and everyone has different life experiences. Take swimming. Many love to swim, but what if when you were young, you experienced almost drowning. You then might hate swimming after that and see it as fearful.

Therefore, the bottom line is that one can only share their truth, and the two of you have to form and sculpture your own truth based on your personal perceptions and experiences. I am not here to prove anything to you at all, but you are here to see if it resonates with your heart.

Do not learn the truth, feel the truth, and most importantly allow others to believe whatever they want. People today always demand to see your research, documentation, and facts before they believe anything. You can lead a person to facts, but you can by no means force them to accept. I certainly do not try to prove anything to anyone. If they demand proof, I just tell them to believe whatever they like. People are so aggressive when they think that they have the truth, this why people that have secret knowledge keep silent. My mission in life is not to judge other people's truth. I am here from my own personal journey and to find my own truth. We do not need to condemn others or demonise them if they have a different truth."

Thomas now asked, "Is the Bible a source of truth?"

Jenny also spoke up and asked, "Did Jesus have truth."

"Whoa," laughed Anton. "You people are good! As a Gnostic priest, I have a different perspective of truth than modern Christianity. Some say Jesus existed historically, and some say he did not. I do believe that Jesus never existed, and I tend to view Jesus as a myth. Mythology is fascinating and very misunderstood. Mythology is a way of telling universal truths of psychology and existence through parables. It is a true story that never happened and becomes all the truer for that reason.

In the age of mythology, no one took myths literally. Look at the story of Humpty Dumpty. Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall; Humpty Dumpty had a great fall. All the King's

horses, and all the King's men couldn't put Humpty together again. They could not put him back together because Humpty was an egg man that fell and broke.

Some have seen this story as a myth about the rise and fall of the Holy Roman Empire. As you know, from school, the empire fell and no one could put it back together again. Throughout the centuries, many Kings failed to put the Empire back together. See how a simple story like Humpty Dumpty can have a higher meaning, but if you take it literally, then you miss the entire significance of the message missing the deeper hidden knowledge. This also applies to the Jesus story as well. Mythological tales are simply the telling of stories that have hidden meanings.

Now how ridiculous would it be for me to take the story of Humpty Dumpty literally. How silly it would be to go around saying there was a literal and historical egg man named Humpty Dumpty and even form a religion around it. Well, this same concept applies to the Jesus story.

The Church of Rome enforced the belief that Jesus was a literal and historical man. Others say he never existed, and was just part of a mythological story containing hidden higher knowledge hidden from the public. Just because a story has a historical setting, it does not prove that it is a literal true story.

Many movies have themes centered in the past, but that does not prove they are true historical events, but the concepts are very genuine.

## Gnosis

You see, Gnostic Christianity believed in a mythological Jesus and not a literal historical man as the Catholics promoted. After the Holy Roman church rose to power, they demand all people take the gospel story of Jesus literally or be put to death. Rome hijacked the teachings of original Christianity known as Gnosticism, blended it with Judaism, and then a new official religion of Rome was born. It soon became Judeo Christianity known as Roman Catholicism. The original Christian Gnostic faith of the people now became Jewish. If you had a problem with that, you were, and then put on trial in a kangaroo court. At this point, one was often tortured and or burned alive on a stake. This was the birth of literalism and the end of universal mythology.

Our salvation does not depend on the literal death of Jesus and his ever-flowing blood. The modern church has to cling to literalism because they need a historical Jesus to die for their sins creating a literal kingdom on earth and not a Kingdom within. I do not need any man to die for my sins. I do not believe Jesus died for our sins, but rather died because of them. Jesus does not save us from sin; he saves us from ignorance of the true God, who Jesus referred to as the Father. In other words, he saves us from ourselves.

Our salvation does not depend on the literal death of Jesus and his ever-flowing blood. The modern church has to cling to literalism because they need a historical Jesus to die for their sins creating a literal kingdom on earth and not a Kingdom within. We do not need any man to die for our sins. We should not believe Jesus for our sins but rather died because of

them. Jesus does not save us from sin; he saves us from ignorance of the true God, who Jesus referred to as the Father. In other words, he saves us from ourselves.

Look at the story of the Prodigal son. The Prodigal son is the son of a king who demanded his inheritance so he could go out into the world to indulge in wine, women, and song. After spending all his money, the son came crawling back to the father for forgiveness. Did the father king punish his son with his wrath and vengeance? Did the father say I told you so? Not at all, the father celebrates and rejoices that his son learned his own lessons from his personal journey without any condemnation or judgement.

If a child learns to walk, it is from trial and error. If after a few steps, the baby falls, the father will immediately come to pick the child up and provide comfort, and encouragement. It would be madness for the father to think the child has personally sinned against him, and then releases his wrath upon the child. We are all learning to walk along our spiritual paths and, all of us fall down from time to time by missing the mark.

The mark is our own personal goal that we set for our journey, and we need to walk this journey in love and not fear. The farther we walk down our path, the closer to God, we get. God is not standing in heaven with a bat to rebuke and chastise us when we fail. God only stands ahead of us with open arms. It is error on our part to think that all we have to do in order to be with God is to say a magic prayer of forgiveness, and then everything is fine. While on our journey, we grow towards God through with great effort because there is no quick fix available. There are no mistakes in life, only lessons. There is also no one-size-fits-all faith or truth.

The churches of today do not teach the real Jesus. They have this image of Jesus holding a lamb in his arms surrounded with little children. This is sweet, but not the Jesus I know. The Jesus I know was a rebel who stood against Jehovah god. Jehovah of the Old Testament is the Jewish tribal God of war is not the father of Jesus. Jesus was also not the incarnation of Jehovah. Gnostic Christians believe that Jehovah, also known as Yahweh, is a false god, who imposes his will on all of us through the rule of law. Get out of line and zap!

I have to laugh when they say Jesus is the incarnation of Jehovah. After all, Jesus stood head to head against everything Jehovah stood for, taught, and even demanded. A major contention is the Law of Jehovah. Jehovah's law was to be one hundred percent obeyed by the followers, or suffer extermination. Can't yah just feel the love?

The churches preach that sin means breaking the Law of God, therefore, the wages of sin is death. Jesus, on the other hand, often broke the Law. In fact, he broke Sabbath several times and even did the unthinkable by healing lepers. It was against the Law for any Jew to walk near lepers or even greet them, yet Jesus healed and embraced them, even though the Law viewed lepers as unclean and subhuman. Jesus broke corn to feed to his disciples and thus was seen working on Sabbath which the Law condemned. This is why we see Jesus put to death in the story. It is Jehovah having Jesus put to death under the Letter of the Law. The logical interpretation here is that Jesus did not die for our sins because it was Jehovah put him to death for breaking his law. After Jesus was nailed to the Cross, Jehovah poured out his wrath upon him for breaking and preaching against the Law. Before Jesus died, he prayed to the real God the Father committing his spirit to the true God.

Jesus came to abolish and put an end to the Law. The Law of Jehovah brought judgement and death. Jesus brought love and forgiveness. He came teaching us not to condemn and judge others. Remember the woman that was about to be stoned to death under the Law? What did Jesus say? He said that he who is without sin, let him cast the first stone. Then he told the woman clearly that he did not stand in judgement of her because love picks us up when we fall or when we miss our mark.

The true God is a God that only functions in love. A loving God allows us to make mistakes and does not condemn us to wrath. Jesus said; do not think that I have come to destroy the Law or the Prophets. I have not come to destroy but to fulfill. This appears to be an odd statement for Jesus to make since he stood in opposition of Jehovah's laws of control." Anton leaned over and grabbed his old and well-used Bible. "Okay, I will read a passage here. After flipping pages, Anton now read, 'Master, which is the great commandment in the Law?

Jesus said to him, you shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with your entire mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like it, you shall love your neighbour as yourself. On these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets.' This is where it gets amazing. Keeping just two laws fulfill the entire law, and that is to love your God and love your neighbour the same.

They say Jesus is the perfect example for us in how to live. He came to fulfill the Law, so if we follow his example, then we should also fulfill the Law. Here is telling us how we can fulfill the law ourselves. We love our God and brothers, and then we fulfill the law completely. In other words, the other laws are meaningless in light of two laws of love. One of the other laws is that we should not steal, so if we do steal to feed our family, are we then to suffer chastisement from a condemning God in a burning lake of fire? No, God is love. If we love our brother and sisters, then we will not steal from him. We keep the laws out of love and not from fear of a vengeful god who stores up his earth against us all. If we do steal, we, then sin, which means to miss the mark. We subsequently miss our personal goal, but then pick ourselves up and continue along our path. It is through our mistakes that we learn and grow closer to God.

Thomas now spoke up, "I have a question that is a little off topic. I have been having dreams that I meet myself. These dreams are intense and I have no idea as to what they mean."

Taking a mouthful of coffee, Anton replied, "The dreams are intense so you remember them. Our other self is known as our twin." At this point Thomas was amazed. "Yes, that is what he calls himself!"

Our twin is our higher self, in other words, our spirit within. We come in three parts, the flesh, soul, and spirit. The soul is the thinking part of us, which is much like a computer hard drive where all information is processed. The spirit consciousness of the body is like the electricity of a computer. The body consciousness has certain traits handed down to other generations through genetics. The spirit is the real us known as the higher self whom is seen as our twin, and is made up of electrical energy of pure light. If you have seen pictures of people's auras, one can see ourselves surrounded by an egg shaped field of

energy. This energy is the real us in an unseen spiritual form that contains the image of our flesh in the middle. The flesh is the only visible part of us in this reality. It would be like us seeing the yolk of an egg, which is the flesh, while the white of the egg is invisible to us. Our bodies are the yolk while the white is our higher self in spirit form. We are conscious electrical energy tied to the flesh. Am I getting too deep or heavy here?"

"Not at all!" exclaimed Jenny. "Keep going!"

"There are many dimensions in this physical life that cannot be seen. The three-dimensional world that we live in is like a puppet show. The puppets represent our bodies that can be seen, but the real us is hidden behind the curtain pulling the strings. Unlike the puppets, we can think and can exert our own will, which is our ego. Our spirit consciousness is pure and not defiled by DNA as the flesh is. This is why it is so hard for our higher-selves to have full control over the body. It is like a pure TV signal that comes through a broken-down television set. The set does not fully reflect the purity of the signal. This is why we should not judge others, because when we look at the flesh, we are not seeing the true spirit of the person. We are only seeing the ego body consciousness known as the soul."

Thomas now asked, "So what you are saying here is that the spirit exists at a higher frequency and can only be seen in this dimension if it wears a flesh suit kind of like when astronauts enter the moon's atmosphere they must have a space suit on."

Anton lit up, "Yes great analogy! You are going to do well with mythology. According to the Gnostic myth of Sophia, our spirits which are our higher-selves known as divine sparks of God trapped within flesh. The body is a prison for this spark. As long as we are in the flesh, we are prisoners of Jehovah and other entities. You see the real hell is this prison dimension we call reality.

When I was a kid, I read Superman comics. The criminals found guilty of crimes were sent to another invisible dimension as punishment.

For us, we have committed no crimes, and we hunger for freedom in the spirit. As we grow spiritually here in the flesh, we are learning lessons that we will take with us for eternity. When we die, we are then set free, but those that live for the flesh have their memories erased by Jehovah, then after death sent back to this prison in the form of reincarnation. Like mindless cattle, we continue on to live in this prison believing it to be the only reality.

The word myth means something is a story. The Bible contains allegories and mythologies of higher knowledge and learning." Anton again picked up his bible from the coffee table. "Okay here is an example of what I am saying. 'In addition, the disciples said to Jesus, why do you speak to them in parables? He answered and said to them, because it is given to you to know the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven, but it is not given to them.' Notice how higher knowledge remains hidden and comes alive in these mythological stories for those who can see. The New Testament stories were not for the ignorant masses that are always ready to attack. So now, let me tell you a little story.

## A King of False Reality

One day a king went out hunting with his servants, and along a path, his horse spotted a snake and reared up. The great King's horse abruptly threw him off and he hit his head on a rock. Back at the castle, the King lay unconscious. Sometime later, the great King came to his senses, and the wicked brother soon became aware of this, and it was not long before the brother realized that his brother lost his memory and did not know who he was anymore.

At this point, the brother hatched a wicked scheme. He began to tell the King that he was currently a prisoner of an evil empire wounded while trying to escape. The great King asked who the brother was. With a big smile, the brother then said he was the King of the land imprisoning him. The brother, continued by saying that he was not able to free the King because the King was an enemy of the state and his hands were tied, but the empire allowed the brother to visit. After leaving the King, the brother gave orders that when the King was back to full health, his hospital clothes be removed, and the great King was to be given prison rags and thrown into a prison cell. The brother lied to the King and planned to seize power in order to become the new King by proxy. The brother warned the prison guards never to tell great King who he really was, if so, they would be put to death. The citizens of the Kingdom believed the great King died from his injuries, and now the brother would act as the new King.

Many years passed by and the brother feared that one day the great King would wake up and remember who he really was. Now if the King would ever remember who he truly was, then he would take back the throne and have the brother executed.

Every day the brother had his prison guards remind the King that he was powerless and needed the support of his brother to keep the King alive with food, clothing, while continually negotiating for his release. The brother convinced the King not to try to escape because any day the brother would suddenly return to free him. The brother instructed the King to remain compliant until the time of his release. The brother made sure that the King took so-called medicine that contained poison to keep the King weak and in poor health so he would never escape or fight back. To the King, his brother was like a god of love supplying all his needs and did nothing, except continue to wait for his brother to return one day and set him free. The King believed that his prison was the only reality. Every day the prison guards worked on the great King by filling him with guilt, and telling him he was only alive because his brother King with all his love had convinced his people to spare his life.

The manipulated King often thanked his brother for the few crusts of bread he received and the sicknesses he endured through faith. So deceived was the King, that he felt he was far too unworthy to create a plan of escape and happily remained in his prison never desiring to be free. Somehow he felt, he deserved his punishment and was blessed to have an all-powerful King look out for him. Every day in prison, the King would sing songs of praise for the false King for his love, mercy, and undeserved kindness. So what is the meaning of this story?

We are spirits thrown into prisons of flesh. We are sons of God in flesh fooled into believing that we are powerless before the false Jehovah God who created this prison world of flesh. The master Archon Jehovah who represents materialism created this world. He took

us as spirits and trapped us into to his creation of flesh known as the three-dimensional universe. All our food, water, and air are poisoned in order to keep us docile.

The prison guards are the Archons and their hybrids that serve the false god Jehovah who claims to be the only true God. The fact is we are all-powerful spirits suffering from amnesia trapped in a false reality. As powerful eagles, we are taught to believe that we cannot fly, and that we are pathetic sinners in the eyes of Jehovah. One day all human kind will remember who they are, and rise to their rightful place of honour and kingship. This is foretold in the Nag Hammadi.

In Gnostic Christianity, Jehovah of the Old Testament is not the true God of love, but a god of war, wrath, and the law. Jesus came to liberate us from the laws of an angry and vengeful god. Jesus came to free our minds. He is Neo that releases the power within through the power of knowledge of the power of Christ within.

The word Christ is not the last name of Jesus. The word Christ means anointed. Jesus is a man anointed of God, meaning he had the power of God within which is the divine spark. All of us that carry the spark of the divine within are like the King in the story who forgot who he really was and that was the authority and power of a king.

Our divine spark within is our higher self and known as the Christ within. The true God is fractal expressing and existing in all of us. All that we have learned and experienced in life transfers to our higher consciousness when we die. In time, all of us become one with God. Jesus prayed that we all be one in unity becoming part of the true God. So are you two confused?"

"I think I got it," said Thomas. "My higher-self is God within known as Christ within."

Jenny now added, "I gather Jesus remembered who he really was, and that was the Son of God."

Anton smiled, "Yes, and the mainstream scriptures say we are all sons of God. The spark within is our higher-selves leading us to the true God and not religion. Accepting and releasing that which is within causes us to live in the spirit and no longer the flesh. Then we pass from death to life, which means we will no longer suffer from the chains of reincarnation.

Our higher self, which is Christ the divine spark within, has many other names depending on the culture you are you are from. Jesus was a Jewish version while Mithras was the Roman version of Christ, as well as Krishna of the East. The list of gods that had Christ within is very long, and these gods all shared common stories of being born of virgin, performing miracles, having twelve disciples, and so on.

It is the same mythical story with different cultural names and locations. As I say, the higher self has many names and is God in you, and you in God. Jesus said 'I am in my father and you in me, and I in you.' We are spirits in flesh living as spirits."

Our bodies are like soil that contains a seed. This seed is the seed of God within that needs to grow. If our body consciousness, the soil, is living for the spirit, then it produces a

good crop for God. If the body consciousness is focused too much on the material world, the seed will not grow and will produce nothing of true eternal value. Those of us locked into materialism through greed, ego, and lust become prisoners of reincarnation until they wake-up and then decide to live in and for the spirit. If the desires of the flesh be crucified, and then we can live in the Spirit. This is the real resurrection. It is a spiritual awakening and not a physical resurrection.

Prisoners in this material world produce no fruit because our lives become pointless, mundane, and meaningless. Our faith is never in ourselves, and many tend to cling to money, religion, and politics. In time, the cares of this world overwhelm us and then chokes out all spiritual growth. Prisoners of this earth believe their true purpose in life is to work hard and go to church every Sunday. Never do they define who they are by saying they are born of God. They define who they are by their work.

Ants work hard too, and like machines, they function well, but as human beings, they are lacking. We all live in an ant farm and our so absorbed with our work and entertainment, we never look beyond the glass to the real world.

The scriptures of the Bible are well and fine, but suffer from editing so many times from the church. Out of dozens of scripture gospels, Rome designated only four to be the Holy Gospels of God while the rest suffered the flame of censorship. The four Gospels were to become the foundational pillars of the Bible representing the four winds of the earth. Tampered scriptures are the norm and there is no honest baseline. In fact, the book of Mark had an entire ending added on to it. One should also note that it was unknown men wrote the four gospels. The Church of Rome named the anonyms gospels, Mathew, Mark, Luke, and John. During the rise of Catholicism, many scriptures that did not express the new doctrines of the Church of Rome and were seen as heretical and were done away with. The clergy despised the book of Enoch and almost every known copy in the world became eradicated.

## Alternative Writings

Nag Hammadi writings discovered in 1945 served as the foundation of the early Christian Gnostic faith long before Rome exterminated most of them, and subsequently manipulated the Gnostic faith into a form of Jewish Christianity. This new Christianity soon centered on race and worshiped the Jewish god Jehovah of armies, instead of the true God of love that Jesus served and declared.

The early Gnostics Christians followed the teachings of Jesus but suffered extermination as heretics, and their faith soon gave way for the new Jewish Christian faith of Rome. Rome then started torching all the sacred Gnostic writings. This is why the Nag Hammadi writings of the Gnostic Christians remained buried and hidden from the Church for centuries.

As the Church of Rome expanded in power, they continued to create a complete knowledge lockdown. Science, medicine, philosophy, and alternate religion came under the bloody axe of Rome with the birth of inquisitions and tribunals. This was a time when sacred

knowledge went underground and the Nag Hammadi buried and hidden. Many cultures suffered from extermination.

For just one example, take the Mayans. The Catholic Church ruled the New World by removing the old indigenous ruling-priest class and installing themselves in their place. Sacred knowledge of the Mayans soon burned, while gold was looted thus ending an ancient culture. There are so many other examples, but I just want you to understand that the Holy Church of Rome forced us into the dark ages, where books and art were burned and multitudes arrested, tortured, and burned alive. It was one of the largest and longest holocausts of humanity ever seen. Thousands of innocent women were accused and arrested for practising witchcraft and the penalty was death. The Holy Roman Empire ruled with an iron fist that made Hitler look tame by comparison.

This lockdown of information continued for centuries. Today there are laws against such brutality and horror, and information still hidden from us. What they do now is to dummy down all information. After we are born, we go to school that regurgitates old outdated knowledge in science, medicine, and technology.

Nowadays we ride around in vehicles that still run on combustion engines that are technically over a century old. Health care is no longer about healing herbs. It is now all about pharmaceutical drugs that kill us off slowly. Just look at the thousands of lawsuits out there! In school, we learn how oil is the only true form of energy so we fight wars over it. The physics taught in school is so outdated it is a joke. Interesting how we have massive leaps in technology in the field of entertainment and war, but when it comes to health care, we are still in the dark ages. Billions of dollars go to cancer research, yet more people die from cancer every year. If one does find a cure for cancer, instantly the grants dry up while medical establishment screams heresy and begins a campaign of character assassination.

In school we learn how to obey and comply with authority, if not, it is recommended the children take mind control drugs such as Prozac and Ritalin. If a student thinks outside the box, they soon suffer from failing grades and peer group pressure, and brilliant thinkers shunned as nuts and soon vilified by the establishment. The name of the game is still power and control.

The good news is that it is all changing for the better now with the advent of the internet. Years ago, if I wanted to research, I then would have to order some obscure book from a local bookstore and hope it was still in print. Now, all I have to do is make a few clicks with the mouse and boom, all the books and information I can ever imagine.

You must understand that the dark forces of this world can only operate and establish power in secret, now everything they do in secret instantly becomes exposed by the public on the internet. Many decades ago, the majority of people rallied behind their government, now everyone is protesting and fighting them. It all started in 1963 with the assassination of John Kennedy and the increase involvement of American troops in Viet Nam. This was when our blinders fell off, and people have been waking up more and more ever since.

Another major leap in knowledge came with the new theories of quantum physics. Quantum physics has literally blown the doors off our established reality. We no longer think

in dummed down terms. The new physics now allows us to think outside the box and to place more power in the hands of all of us as never before in recent history. It has totally revolutionised the way we think about medicine, religion, philosophy, science, psychiatry, and everything else one can think of. Most importantly, it shows us that all of us can control our own reality. In other words, power is now back into our hands!

Quantum physics is literally a completely new reality that focuses on the power we have as observers. This means that instead of believing ourselves to be victims of reality and random chance, we are now the controllers of our own reality.

For thousands of years, quantum physics expressed itself through the ancient wisdom schools until the iron fist of Rome came down hard. Now it is seeing a brand new re-emergence among the public. Many people currently realize through quantum physics that we are immense unlimited power within that we can be released by just believing. This sounds very much like the doctrine of Christ within. Jesus, who was a Christ, said that even if we have faith the size of a small mustard seed, we could remove mountains and cast them into the sea. All that was required was belief, and all we have to do is believe in ourselves, and the power within. Quantum physics is now proving that what the ancient mystics taught was not heresy, but instead it reflects natural laws of nature and the universe. Quantum physics can no longer be labelled witchcraft, superstition, demonism, or heresy, because it is the natural power of humanity and the universe. All hidden knowledge of the world is now coming forth into the light.

Another revolutionary wave of consciousness was the Nag Hammadi scriptures in 1945. When discovered, the writings showed a different Jesus, who was unlike the Jesus of the Catholic approved and edited scriptures of Rome. These Gnostic texts illustrate the teachings of the early Christians of the true faith forgotten for centuries because of persecution and censorship. The writings revealed pretty much of what I am teaching to you now and provide a completely new interpretation of today's modern Bible. Of course, just do not take my word for it, do your own research. Now do the two of you fancy science fiction? I mean I just assume that you do."

"Hell yah," declared Thomas.

Jenny grinned and said, "Well most girls I know hate it, but I love it!"

There is a lot of esoteric knowledge in science fiction. It is today's mythology. Like the Bible, we have a simple story filled with deeper acronyms, metaphors, and symbology all expressing and teaching more exoteric knowledge. However, we need to talk about the subject of the Archons.

## The Archons

The Archons are an opposing force that works against humankind. They suddenly came into existence with the fall of Sophia. The topic of Sophia is long and intensive so you need to add her to your research list. It is very deep and important to know.

The Archons are very malevolent and aware of earth long before the earth formed and humans created. In the Nag Hammadi, it states that the head of the Archons is Jehovah, who claims superiority and known as the Demiurge. The Archons are, for a lack of a better term, are fallen angels. However, they are machines.

They are inorganic life forms that have soul, but no spirit of the divine spark within. They have no Christ within and are empty and void. Archons are extraterrestrial drones in command of the celestial mechanics of the solar system. They have no form because they are energy, but according to the Nag Hammadi, they do take a form from time to time.

In the texts, the Archons are reptilian looking and can appear to look like an aborted foetus. A foetus is a very good description of the Gray aliens of today functioning as machines having no empathy or mercy. Now that you know about the Archon machines, I am sure that this theme will ring a lot of bells when you remember all the science fiction movies centered on the theme of mankind versus machines."

Thomas spoke up, "For sure! The Terminator movie is first in my mind along with many others."

Jenny smiled, "I think the classic of all is the Matrix!"

"Yes," said Anton. "You will see this theme of man versus machine over and over again. We also have movies depicting man and machine becoming one like the character seen in the movie Robo Cop. The Archons are energy that appeared in this universe long before humans showed up, and consider us as their slaves and the earth their own. Like the Borg of the TV series Star Trek, they assimilate humans into their organism of want and control.

You see there are two forms of life that are not compatible to each other. The Archons are the first form and are inorganic artificial intelligence that has no spirit. All they have is a soul, which is the body consciousness. They are silica based energy forms, and we are carbon based. Their attitudes are very logical and computer like. They have no compassion as they abide in the unity of their colony. Much like ants and bees, there is no individualism. The Archons are machines programmed to conquer and control humankind.

In the forties, Grey Walter of the Burden Neurological Institute built two simple robots he called tortoises. They both contained wheels that could be steered by each unit, and each had two senses built in. A revolving photoelectric cell served to mimic sight, and an electric contact on the front served as a rudimentary sense of touch.

The tortoises were free to roam their environment avoiding objects with their sense of touch and could run on batteries. What was very interesting is that these simple machines had different personality traits. The one known as Elmer was often moody and hid under furniture. The other device known as Elsie was far more adventurous traveling around the room exploring. So this seems to indicate that consciousness is not just limited to flesh, but in fact, can include machines.

I have heard people with memory of their birth describe how as spirits, it was difficult for them to enter into the body. Often this process is like trying to squeeze into a mechanical machine. Our flesh is nothing more than a biological machine, so we can imagine that spirits

are capable of entering mechanical devices like the tortoises. Think about it, even our computers may have a low form consciousness.

Some researchers have felt that the internet itself may reach a saturation point where it will evolve consciousness, if not already. However, the point is that the machines known as the Archons can and do operate from conscious energy.

Humans are entities that have both a soul and spirit. The spirit in us is the spirit of Christ known as Christ consciousness. We have the divine spark of the true God, and the Archons burn with jealousy over that fact. We also have the power to create through our power of intention, whereas the Archons only have the power of illusion, simulation, and simulation. The Nag Hammadi codices are in the Coptic language, and the Coptic word for simulation is HAL. Does this ring a bell?"

"Yes," shouted Jenny. "HAL is an artificial intelligent computer in the movie 2001 a Space Odyssey."

At this moment, Anton laughed, "You got it girl. If you take the next letter after the three letters of HAL, you get IBM. The word for simulation in the Nag Hammadi is HAL, which hints that our entire reality is a system of artificial intelligence run by the Archons. Now, before I can go on about the control of our reality by the Archons, I need to explain reality as we understand it.

Schools taught us that the atoms make up all matter in the universe and are solid. Then we discovered that atoms were not solid. They were clusters of protons and neutrons surrounded by and circled by electrons and that all these particles were solid like little marbles.

Later, we discovered that protons and electrons are in fact not solid as originally thought. Experiments have shown that atoms exist in two ways. Atoms can exist as a particle or a wave. A particle appears solid, and a waveform is a wave of energy like sound waves and such. Science shows us that an atom can switch back and forth between a particle and a wave. Multiple audio waves from radio and television surrounded us that we cannot detect with our five senses.

We are in a sea of waveform energy. All hard objects in this room are made of atoms that function as particles of matter much act like solid marbles. Research now seems to indicate that the atoms only become particles when there is an observer present; otherwise, they may just go back to waveform. Waveform has no fixed location and is invisible to us.

Particles, on the other hand, come together to form solid objects and have location and density. The reason atoms change from waveform to particle form is that we are observing them. Some have suggested that if we go into another room so that we no longer see kitchen table, it then will subsequently vanish because there is no observer to create it moment by moment. If we enter a room knowing that there was a table present, that table then needs to be re-created because our minds expect to be there, otherwise it will just remain invisible as a waveform.

In the early years of research, many learned in school that matter creates consciousness. In other words, the physical brain creates consciousness. We now know that it is consciousness that creates matter, including the brain. In others words, we create our own reality with the atoms acting like bricks of our so-called solid reality. Our imagination is what gives the atomic brick their structure. You see there is now a strong feeling among quantum physicists that the atom, even in particle form, is, not solid, but rather just a frequency of shielded energy.

Because of electromagnetism, one cannot put their hand through a wall. You know how the positive and negative ends of a magnet can pull the magnets together or push them apart. Well, these frequencies of energy we call atoms, form electromagnetic shields that repel other atoms. Therefore, the atoms in a hand repel other atoms in the wall. The body shield functions much like a force field. Now if the body's electrometric frequency were the same as the wall, then one would be able to walk through it.

If you project a holographic image of a person in this room, the holographic image will appear so real looking. Nevertheless, the image is still a projected image that has no physical substance because it is only light energy. A projection of a person is not real, but what if we create a force field around the projected image? You would then not be able to put a hand through it because it would appear to be physically solid. If a hologram image could walk down the street, we would think it was a real person, even though the projected human image would still be an illusion. Atoms are not solid, but when they group together, they can form a force field type shield. The atoms in our bodies are charged and act the same way a force field does."

Thomas bolted up and asked, "My god, are you saying we are all projected holographic images?"

"You got it! We are projections that our higher spiritual self uses like a training program. The problem is that once in the flesh, we become prisoners of the flesh. Death then becomes the only way out."

"Sounds like the halo-deck in Star Trek the Next Generation?" said Jenny.

"Right!" exclaimed Anton, "We are projections of the imagination of our higher-self. This is the Matrix.

Our body has its own consciousness powered by the ego. Let us say that you are playing a video war game, and now imagine that as you play the video game, the main character that you control begins to think for itself. The human image in the game begins to sense that there is something wrong with his illusionary reality and begins to question everything.

## Who is in Control

Now let us say that you, as the controller or higher self if you will, decides to walk the character away from a land mine, but now the character exerts its own will and continues to move forward. The outcome would be that the character would blow up and die because of his personal choice and free will. This is why we all need to tune into our intuition and not

the will of the body ego. Intuition is communication with your higher self. The character in the game may be dead, but you as the controller remain alive, because you as the higher self never cease to exist. In addition, you have taken in all the experience from the game in the form of memory. As we reincarnate into a new body, we continue to learn more lessons just like playing a new game with a new game character. This world is a game that can be very stressful and ugly at times. Nevertheless, if we cling to this earth, then we reincarnate back into it against our will. However, if we live for the spirit, then we will change to a higher frequency and be free of the game.

Let us say that a TV studio broadcasting is broadcasting a re-run of I Love Lucy. You are then able to watch the show at home with your television set. Now if your TV suddenly goes dead, does that mean that Lucy is dead? Fact is that Lucy never existed in your reality beyond the TV screen and was nothing more than an image, in other words, an illusion. In this analogy, the human image on the screen represents the body consciousness or lower self much like the avatar in a video game. When the body dies the physical three-dimensional image decays, but the real you lives on.

The TV is just a stage made up from light, and our reality is simply a holographic image with the earth as the stage. We are beings of light trapped in the dense matter of a material world.

All of us are images of light functioning in this dimension of time and space, but this is certainly not the only dimension. Like the TV, the realities and dimensions of this earth change to different frequencies as the channel is changed. Our reality is only once frequency out of an infinite number, which means there are an infinite number of realities. In one reality, one may be a king, while in another, a pauper. It depends what I as the observer focus on, or have been manipulated by the Archons to focus on.

As we act as our higher selves, we have an unlimited amount of characters we can play and infinite possibilities before us. As higher beings of light we are eternal having unlimited scripts we can play if we choose to reincarnate. In this script, we are all victims of an evil Matrix controlled by the Archons.

When we die, we all go back to waveform and then become connected to the entire universe. Like a drop of water falling back into an ocean, we instantly become the universe. This happens because all of us are multidimensional beings forced to live in a limited three-dimensional world.

If we live our lives in a non-spiritual material world, we are then living our lives in a lower frequency. Afterwards when we die, we reincarnate back into this reality to start all over again by default. This is what Karma does. When we finally have a life where we live in the spirit and in service to others, we then raise our frequency and are no longer bound to this prison frequency. Lower frequency realities can act as boot camps for graduated spirits who may choose to return for a spiritual tune-up.

The lower frequencies such as our reality act like quick sand, because once in the game, you then have to stay with it until the end of your holographic life, after that you are free once again. If you live for the spirit, you need not worry about forced reincarnation. Live for

the flesh and you will keep coming back time after time, until you realize that only living for the spirit sets you free. Never forget that when the body dies, the body consciousness merges with you as the higher self and adds to the collective of experience. This is how we learn lessons with each life we live.

Remember physical matter is made of atoms, which have no physical mass. Atoms are pure energy vibrating at a specific rate of vibration according to string theory. Water, ice, steam, and humidity are all the same matter just vibrating at different frequencies. The slower the vibrations, the more solid an object becomes. The higher the vibration is, the less firm. Steam is water, but it vibrates at a faster rate and becomes invisible to your eyes. The water is still there right in front of you even though you cannot see it. The Matrix is a universal field of electromagnetic frequencies controlled by the Archons who trick us into being their co-creators. They do this by manipulating us into junkies for materialism. At this point, we create a materialistic reality devoid of spirit.

Here is where it gets interesting. Since we are spirits, we have the power to create our own reality and to change our frequencies. The Archons have a machine known as the Cube that creates and manipulates the Matrix energy field. We do not need machines to help us create our reality because we have the power of God within, in other words, we have Christ in us. The Archons only have machine hearts with machine minds, and lack the spirit we have within us. They are machines creating the Matrix from a machine, so it is true that we live in a computer-generated dream world. What they are doing to us is to turn us into machines of mindless and obedient slaves, where humans are mere gears in a cold lifeless society fuelled and run by fear. Everyday people get in their machines and drive to work to in order to keep the corporate machine running. Like drones we do not think, dream, or explore our minds; we just work as machines.

We are becoming so much like machines that we have lost our natural abilities, and replaced them with machines. One example is that we all used to communicate with our minds, but now we need telephones. At one time, we could all fly at will, but now we need airplane machines. We no longer depend on ourselves, and have become like the Archons who are drones driven by technology. They lack passion, empathy, intuitiveness, and love. The Archons exist in lower frequencies, and like the Borg of Star Trek, focus on assimilating us all into their sphere of power and control.

Archons cannot create; they can only copy and simulate. Humans, on the other hand, have the ability to create original and novel creations. We do this with the power of thought and imagination known as intention. Whatever we imagine and focus on; we can create from the power within. If we focus on getting a new car, sooner, or later we will have a new car. The more we focus; the faster creations come. It is like a dream factory that produces what we focus on and then brings it into our reality effortlessly.

Archons can only survive in our atmosphere for very short periods but can are able work through human hybrids and simulacra. Apparently, the simulacra are cyborgs that have human cloned skin as a covering according to many serious researchers. However, we need not focus on these beings, but rather focus on who we really are and ourselves.

We see information on the internet about how the dark reptilian forces of the Archons have taken over the governments of the world and have become our slave masters. Remember the Archons could not stay in our biosphere very long so how can they stay here in our reality. Well, this is where the hybrids come in and take over the sand box. They created a reality through us that is beneficial only to them.

The Archons are not all-powerful and are afraid of us because we have the divine within. As creative reality artists, we have been convinced that our reality needs to be painted black and there are no other colors, thus we go on creating our own prison reality of darkness. Remember the Archons do not have the power to create, so they have to manipulate us in order to create a reality that sets them up as our all powerful rulers and gods.

Let us say a pedophile needs to seek out a child. He is in his car and spots a young girl on a bike. He has no real power over her, so he slows his car down and promises the girl candy if she gets in the car with him. The little girl is a bit apprehensive, but finds the candy very appealing. She then gives up her power of freedom by entering the vehicle. Once inside the doors automatically lock and the horror begins.

This is what the Archons do. They offer us the candy of material gain if we submit to their control. They are sales representatives selling us material desires that in the end will destroy us. The Archons also lord over us through institutions of power and control.

The Archons and their Grey droids along with the hybrids have altered our food genetically and have added many chemical additives to dampen and lower our individual frequencies. They have also added a chemical shield in the atmosphere known as chemtrails in order to block out all alien telepathic communication from those that wish to help us. Now add to this an entire Starwars defence grid to protect us, their cattle, from being rescued by benevolent aliens from space. The movie industry has gone to great lengths to mind control us with hundreds of movies painting all alien outside forces as evil and never to be trusted. Nevertheless, this power grid will not last much longer.

Created institutions of power are controlled by the human hybrids known as the simulacra and human robotoids. Human synthetics are artificial humans that referred to as replicants by the mystic science fiction writer Philip K. Dick. The non-humans of this world are our masters who lord over through our own ignorance. At present, they lord over us through Wall Street, corporate governments, religion, and institutions.

The candy they offer is money and many of us will do anything for wealth because materialism is the god of this world. Money is nothing more than a confidence fraud. What banks do is to create loans in a computer that are nothing more than electrical digits, but we are the ones that pay the interest with real money, wealth, and valuable assets.

# Monopoly Money

If you take out a loan for a hundred thousand dollars, you have to pay interest on it because; the banks think they somehow have earned it. After all, it takes a lot of effort on their part to type numbers into a computer and prints it out. If you fail to pay the loan, they will then come for your house, car, property, or whatever else they can loot in exchange for electrical digits in a computer that have no value of any kind. All the value they have is an illusion given to us by financial magicians. With a little hocus-pocus, they can create hard cash and revenue from electrical digits in a bank computer through looting. If they need a hundred thousand dollars, they simply type it into a computer and print it up on their private printing press. Of course, you all know how long and hard we would have to work in order to save up a large amount of cash! These parasite bankers just need to punch in numbers in a computer that they lend to us in exchange for our money gained through hard work and sweat. Then if we run into trouble, they steal everything we worked so hard for, then they label as a risk factor for any future loans. When the banks get in trouble for robbing the people, they receive financial bailouts paid for by us the taxpayers. We are all debt slaves to the Archons and their prison banks.

Look at the drones in a beehive. Hives breed the drones to serve the hive, and are never to think for themselves. Drones work until they can work no more, then removed from the hive and left to die.

We are born to work hard and give half our income to the government for bigger unneeded federal hives. Afterwards, we end up in a hospital and left to die of old age.

The Archons function as machines that give us order and structure but greatly lacking in service to others. Because they see themselves as a structured and orderly society, they view us as reckless, impulsive, and lacking true logical order. They have no compassion, love, or empathy; they only act for achievement and accomplishment through drone like unity. Like bees, their society and function becomes their only God. Individualism is threat to the mechanical mind, which is cruel, heartless, and driven.

We have never had our own human culture, or our own mind. The Archons gave us their culture and their mind. Free people of the past were in tune with nature and spirit. Then over time, we were colonised and placed in cities to work like mindless drones for corporations. These corporations rape the land, cultures, and human life for profit and promotion. We are the slaves and they are the self-acclaimed plantation owners.

The Archons are the ones that have created this slave planet by ruling over us since we lusted for their candy. Now to quote the Apostle Paul when he says, 'For we do not wrestle against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the world's rulers, of the darkness of this age, against spiritual wickedness in high places.' The word for rulers means Archons. This verse of scripture totally outlines the foundation of the Archonic power on earth.

The parasitic Archons are masters of subliminal control, manipulation, as well as deception. Since they are psychic spin-doctors of our constructed reality, they are parasites

of the human mind. They know the power that we have to create, so they manipulate us to create a false reality that keeps them in lordship over us. They create false gods that construct false realities. Constructed societies worship greed and the pleasures of materialism. They do not want us to desire and create peace, happiness, and health for ourselves. This is why they separate and divide us through war and hatred. They know that if we ever unite and become one, their power and lordship over us would come to a crashing end. Race and religion serve them well as tools of division.

Our relationship with the Archons is much like an abusive wife beaten so many times that she actually thinks she deserves it. When beaten, she feels it is her fault for not abiding by her husband's demands. Her husband makes sure that he strips her of all self-worth so that he is more able to control her, and have her never think for herself. Because of the manipulation, the wife believes that her husband is a good man for keeping her in line.

This sick kind of relationship is what many religious people have with Jehovah the head Archon. They feel they are not worthy and deserve their punishment from a wrathful and angry god who keeps them in line. An abusive husband also isolates the wife from all her friends and family, as well as setting himself up as a superior being. Many churches emulate this by casting out members that question their doctrine.

The Jews were never to merge with the other nations in any way including marriage, or they would suffer from Jehovah's burning wrath, anger, and extermination. A wife that decides to leave her husband may very well suffer from his jealous outburst of anger.

Often these women are beaten and murdered. Many times in the Old Testament, we read that Jehovah is a jealous god who serves wrath to those who do not exclusively worship him. Many people get angry when mentioned, but it is in the Bible. In addition, Jesus never taught any of this and never served wrath on anyone! In addition, he never demanded that people worship him or the Father. The only time when he lost his temper, was with the moneylenders and the Pharisees who were not human, they were Archons of Jehovah, and in other words, they were the Children of Saturn.

What the Archons do is to alter our desires. We at present have become addicts for drugs, sex, entertainment, money, power, religion, and so on. We no longer cherish and merge with nature and the natural forces of God. Sadly, we have turned the true God into a one-dimensional holy paper construct. Slowly but surely, the Archons have convinced us that low vibration poison is what we need and crave the most. Instead of using our power for what is good and right, we use our power to create and manifest materialistic desires with our power of intention. It is now all about self and not about helping others. Our desire is service to self and not our brothers and sisters. We have become what our masters are, and that is self-serving Borg.

We no longer stand for what are right or desire spiritual things. We now connect to greed and materialism and not to God and earth. At one time, we were gods, now we are but fearful slaves worshipping the Lizard of OZ. Jehovah uses his machine to convince us slaves that he is all-powerful, and as faithful slaves, we are never to question or look behind the curtain. We are slaves wearing chains forged from our own greed, want, and empty desire. The Archons have used our power against us to create our own prison made from bricks

formed from our lust of materialism. The foundation of our material slavery started with the invention of banking. Today we are all debt slaves working and producing for the corporations of death.

The Archons and their minions are like sales men convincing us to buy what they have, and very are very deceptive and crafty in what they do. No wonder Jesus drove them out of the Synagogue with a whip. There was no way that he was going to play their reptilian game of control. Like the Borg, Archons cannot create and can only copy, corrupt, and assimilate.

They take what we create and use it against us. Take rock music for an example. Rock and Roll was a music that teens could really get excited about and call their own. Soon it the churches demonised it and made the teens feel guilty and ashamed for their new music through the influences of the churches.

Today's manipulated music has little to do with musical expression and more to do with the promotion of unbridled sex, fashion, drugs, and fads. It teaches teens to focus on empty fashion and service to self rather than service to others. Teen music has become candy-coated manipulation of mind control. Also, note that religion is not about living spiritual lives, it is about mind control and entertainment in the name of Jesus.

Almost as soon as we are born, we enrol in schools that teach us how to conform and obey authority without question. They teach us to never question or critically think for ourselves. We are not even to question the outdated information that is taught. After we move on from school, we have to have a job in order to stay alive.

Today, we have become consumers for the corporations and tax slaves for the government. We are victims of mass materialism on a scale never seen before in history. We receive salaries in order to create an illusion of freedom and wealth. When people have fancy cars and big houses, it makes them feel free and apart of the American dream providing they have made the banks rich first.

The Archons are insanely aware of that at some point we shall surpass and overcome them. This is the reason they keep us ignorant of who we really are. They have to convince us that they are all powerful, when in fact; they have no power over us at all. The only power they have is what we ignorantly give them. Their human hybrids on earth kill and destroy in the name of profit and direct cash flow. The Archons have a total distain for humans, and this is why the human hybrids on earth are disposable pawns. In their mind, the hybrids are still part human deserving death. The hybrid's mind set is on world domination, so the hybrids serve as useful idiots for the Archon elite. The controlling hybrids tend to see themselves as gods among us insects. When their usefulness is no longer required, then the Archon leadership will terminate them.

The main problem with the hybrid rulers is that they are psychopathic by nature and they tend to do very well as leaders of corporations and government. They are predators among us and have no regard for human life. Most people find this fact impossible to believe, which then allows the dark ones to expand and grow in power to greater and greater degrees.

Often psychopaths experience a deep compulsive desire to control us. They are safe if they can keep us ignorant, and in a cage of false reality. If we start to become more spiritual and more aware of whom we really are, they panic and act irrationally. At some point, they make mistakes and the mask of stability falls off. Society then begins to see them for who they really are and begins to fight back.

This is the last thing they need because they can only flourish in secrecy. The difficulty here is that there is no longer any secrecy because of the growth of the internet. The dark forces are very clever, but often lack the insight and intuitiveness that us humans have.

Everything in the world is set up to separate us from the natural multidimensional universe to a flat one-dimensional illusion. We can perceive the earth as our mother and take care of her, or we can see the earth as something to rape and plunder for profit, while destroying the cultures and peoples of the world that get in the way. Here is something you can do. Just ask people when was the last time they shut the television off to sit outside and watch a sunset. Numerous people will look at you as if you are some kind of a nut. People are too busy watching television as well as texting, shopping, working, and so on. People are living on a treadmill that appears to be getting faster and faster. As a result, people then become confused and perplexed as to what their future has in store for them. This is why more and more people are starting to wake-up. To wake-up does not have anything to do with a new political awareness or movement. It is about a spiritual awakening. This awakening comes, when our higher self begins to pound on our heart from within.

It is at this time, when we begin to feel uncomfortable with the world and start to have many questions about life. The awakening can come in a form of a nagging feeling that there is something wrong with the world, or the awakening can emerge from a personal crisis in your life that forces you to question life. This is when our inner voice emerges for the first time. Dreams can often change to a point where your higher self begins to communicate through them. In your case Thomas, your higher self is Twin who is communicating with you because, it is yourself at a higher frequency trying to steer the holographic you in the right direction. Your higher self is the still small voice within that is your mediator between you, and the true God sometimes referred to as Prime Creator. The Apostle Paul refers to this mediator as Christ within.

## Awaken

Once you awaken and un-plug from this worldly system of control, your goal then focuses on being one with your higher self. There is nothing more important in life. You will begin questioning many things in your life and at times, it will not be easy because truth can hurt. Many people that awaken often say that they are no longer interested in the things they were in the past and feel less connected to the world. They may begin to shut people off and withdraw as they begin their metamorphosis. They may begin to have less patience with the world and slowly become more interested in nature. At this time, all the things that were so important in the past may just fall away. Following this, one may develop feelings of disconnection with the world as one begins to feel an inner peace of knowing that somehow, it is all going to work out for the best. Sure, you may still have stress and problems, but you will feel changed.

Many say we need to meditate by emptying our mind, which can be beneficial, but here is what works for many people. Sit in a still quiet room with no phones, TV, and such. Then sitting comfortably in a chair and simply ponder and review all your questions. If you do this, it will not be long before answers will begin to flow in your mind. Answers will come

Many people often follow spiritual leaders that are teaching with the aid of books, DVDs, and seminars. Even though these leaders may be kind and sincere, they are in fact talking down to people. Each has their own slant on truth, and each has their own followers. Some leaders teach their end time believers things that will take place in the near future. Fact is that none of us really knows what is coming. We may have some general ideas, but the details are very subjective at best. The future is not set in stone, and changes second by second depending on our ever-changing consciousness.

Some spiritual leaders instruct people how to live with fast-talking and amusing pep talks promoting books, DVDs, and such. There are also leaders out there that teach the power of intention, which has become a material deception. It teaches how people can gain wealth through the power of intention that is materialism.

The point is that there are so many people making money from people that refuse to be their own leaders and their own heroes. All the answers are within and we need not follow others or purchase their expensive merchandise. When people begin to wake up, they begin to draw knowledge from within. All knowledge is in our body.

Now they have discovered that water acts like hard drive in the way it records memory, and water is able to record unlimited amounts of information. Our bodies are made-up of over eighty-six percent water so we have unlimited amounts of knowledge in us. In the past, we had access to information now long forgotten. Instead of strangers teaching us their brand of truth, all we need to do is look within and remember our own truth.

We are here to learn for ourselves and not to blindly follow others. All truth is within us, and all information that is outside of us becomes manipulated. Remember, anyone can just sit back and bring the information forward. We do not need anyone to lead us. The churches do not teach us think for ourselves nor do they encourage their followers to explore possibilities or interpret scriptures on their own. They just desire that we sit in church singing happy songs to Jesus while donating and offering tithes. Churches are not here to teach and lead people in spiritual awareness of self, they are only here to entertain through mind control.

Since we are dealing Archonic parasites of the mind, we need to beware the power of control they enforce on us through religion. The Nag Hammadi codices are far older than the New Testament scriptures and played a major part in early Christianity. Nevertheless, for centuries the Nag Hammadi writings were hidden away from the manipulating hand of the church however, our modern day Gospels has been edited numerous times. Now here is where the rubber meets the road.

The Jesus of the Nag Hammadi and the Jesus of the Gospels are different, and though the centuries the early image of Jesus changed, and became watered down. The writings of the early Gnostic Christians offer us a more radical and liberating Jesus compared to the image

of a Jesus who carries a lamb on his shoulders surrounded by dancing children. The Gnostic Christian Jesus liberates us by setting us free with knowledge of the true God. A God of love that places no demands on us and allows us to grow and evolve on our own personal journey through life. Modern Christianity promotes the idea of an angry and wrathful god who seeks to punish us every time we make a mistake.

The Jesus of the churches comes to save humanity from evil sin and at the Second Coming. He comes to serve wrath and vengeance from Jehovah on all who dare to question Jehovah. Jehovah is the one that promotes war, ethnic cleansing, and vengeance upon all humanity. Jesus is supposed to be an incarnation of Jehovah, yet he stands firmly against all that Jehovah stands for. To say Jesus the Prince of Peace and is the son of Jehovah of armies is a major stretch to say the least, never mind saying he is Jehovah incarnate! I must stress again that Jehovah is the Jewish tribal god of war and not the true God of love known as the Father.

According to the Old Testament, Jesus as a Jewish Messiah would come to overthrow Archonic Rome and establish a physical Jewish kingdom on earth for eternity. The difficulty here is that Jesus died on cross and after that, Rome then slaughtered a major portion of the Jewish population and even destroyed the holy Temple! This became a problem for the believers of a vengeful Jesus Messiah foretold to punish and destroy Rome. The theological spin-doctors now entered in with their damage control agenda. Some now accepted Jesus as the Messiah that would come again in the future for a second coming to destroy all the non-Jewish nations for the glory of Jehovah and the establishment of a new Jewish world order.

With Jesus now seen as the Jewish Messiah, there remained a serious error. When Jesus died on a cross, he disqualified himself as the Messiah. Because Jesus died, he could no longer destroy all Gentile nations of the world, and the Jews were looking for a physical Messiah, not a spiritual one. All of a sudden, a new religious concept of the Messiah emerged. Jesus the Jewish Messiah supposedly did not fail in his mission to free humankind from Rome.

There was now a Jesus sequel known as the second Coming. Jesus came the first time to save the Jehovah's Jews from Rome before destroying all the rest of the non-Jewish people of the world. So now, instead of bringing judgement to the world and establishing a Jewish new world order, the new interpretation now emerged.

The new interpretation believed that Jesus did not fail in his mission because he first had to die all humanity's sin. This came about because all the so-called Old Testament prophecy of the coming Messiah was at an end and now needed reinterpreted because a dead Messiah would not be able to rid his people of the tyranny of Rome. One of the reasons that the Old Testament prophecies failed was because of the literal and not metaphorical interpretation. Apparently, we did not realize at first that Jesus needed to die for sins; oops!

The metaphorical interpretation of cross is somewhat different, because it has Jesus crucified in order to be set free in the spirit and released from this material prison of Jehovah. In the Gospel of Judas, Jesus works with Judas to plan and bring about his own crucifixion. Out of love, Judas agrees to help Jesus by having him arrested. When Jesus dies

on the cross, there is no mention of this act used to forgive sin through his death. Even though he does ask forgiveness to those that crucified him, there is no mention that his death took away the sins of the world. Instead, we read where Jesus commits his spirit to the true God thus completing his journey and plan. The Church teaches that just before Jesus died, Jehovah pours out his wrath upon him. This wrath contained all Jehovah's anger against us for all of our sins. All humanity's sin poured out on Jesus because we are to blame for his death and not Jehovah. Apparently, this hostile and barbaric act is as a work of Jehovah's mercy and love for all humanity.

Nowadays, salvation comes only through the death of Jesus on a cross and subsequent literal resurrection. So what about the Roman Gentiles assigned to death in the name of Jehovah's Jewish kingdom on earth? Well, they are now all forgiven if they believe in Jesus. So at first Rome was to be exterminated by Jehovah, but now they are all forgiven. This sure is a flip-flop.

The Gnostics always viewed resurrection as a spiritual awakening, but the Church of Rome changed it to a physical resurrection of material flesh. Now the resurrection became a reward for those who believe in the physical resurrection of Jesus. With his resurrection behind him, Jesus was now primed and ready to make one more attempt to kill humankind off through genocide at the Second Coming and Armageddon. It makes little sense as to why Jesus would preach love and forgiveness only to return and serve mass judgement and vengeance on all humanity.

The Messiah would no longer return to exterminate all non-Jews from the earth in order to set up a Jewish kingdom; he now came to destroy all people refusing to believe in his physical resurrection. As for the Jews, they will rule over the Gentiles of the world from the New Jerusalem. This is because the Jews are Jehovah's elite. Again we see another form of racism. This is not the Jesus of early Gnostic Christians and certainly not the actions of one called the Prince of Peace!

Because the doctrine of a Jewish genocide of the Gentile nations focuses on literal interpretations of prophecy, it falls apart and becomes error. This man-made doctrine of Jesus is a clever deception of the Archons. It prevents us from releasing the power of the Kingdom from within by convincing us to sit on our hands and wait for a second coming that keeps us in a spiritual darkness.

## The Archon Virus

The true message of Jesus was that the Kingdom of God was at hand, and all we had to do was to release it from within ourselves in order to enter it. At this point we would become spiritually resurrected and on the journey back home. At this moment in time when we enter the Kingdom, we rise from spiritual death into the fullness of Christ. The message of Jesus had nothing to do with a second coming of vengeance against Rome and the release of the Jews from tyranny. To say that the Kingdom of God is not here yet and that we must wait for a second coming becomes doctrines of control.

The Jesus of the edited Gospels is a self-spun virus infecting all humankind. The virus is for the psychic and subliminal mind control of the masses by the Archons. The Jesus virus seeks to take our power from us and to make us servants of the Archonic Church. It seeks to block our spiritual growth and to prevent us from empowering ourselves through knowledge of the true God. The Gnostics taught that we are all responsible for our own reality, and that we need to refuse the false doctrines of the Archons who preach a simulated copy of Jesus. The Church of Rome exterminated the early Christians so the Jesus virus could spread quickly with little or no opposition.

The Jesus virus teaches that we are all pathetic sinners responsible for the death of Jesus. This virus teaches that we have no power within ourselves and Jesus will soon return at any minute seeking vengeance on all non-believers. However, we can accept Jesus the Jewish Messiah into our heart and become spiritual Jews through a magic prayer of faith. This is clearly racism. Imagine in the South during the time of slavery, a plantation owner tells his slaves that he will set them free if they pray to become spiritual white men and women. Why should anyone give up his or her racial identity for any god?

A racist doctrine that states that we need to become a Jew in order to enter the kingdom is sheer racism. We do not need to become spiritual Jews to enter the Kingdom. The Kingdom of God is in us as a divine spark that we need to transform into a flame. To be one in Christ has nothing to do with becoming a spiritual Jew. The Apostle Paul stated that 'there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision and un-circumcision, foreigner, Scythian, slave or freeman, but Christ is all things in all.'

I have a feeling that because Paul was creating and giving guidance to Gnostic churches through his letters, Rome made it look like Paul was the first great leader building churches for Roman Catholicism. Spin-doctors made it appear that Paul was building a new world religion under Rome only to become the Holy Roman Empire.

This is why Rome needed to preserve Paul's writings. However, some have pointed out that some of Paul's writings are forgeries. These alleged forgeries are the ones that promote the new Catholic doctrines of Rome. This is why some of the writings of Paul contradict the teachings of Jesus and other writings of his. Even Jehovah warns the Jews in the book of Jeremiah to be aware of the lying pen of the scribes.

The Jesus virus enables us to take no action or responsibility for change and spiritual growth. One example is that church people can refuse to take care of the earth, because Jesus is coming to destroy it with the great war of Armageddon. Because of this error, so-called Christian companies, continue to rape and exploit the earth for reckless gain and profit. Why bother helping humanity because they are only going to burn in hell anyhow. The Jesus virus teaches, that all we have to do is sit in church and praise God until the angry Jesus shuts his love off, and returns to serve wrath upon the earth and to rule with a rod of iron. The idea that Jesus would rule the world with an iron rod is foreign to the gospels of love. The end of this age will come with the release of Christ within, and not the return of the man Jesus. The coming of Christ is about the end of the age and the releasing of Christ within on a massive scale! The Jesus virus is spiritual quicksand created to keep

people frozen in ignorance and unaware of whom they really are. We are all free in Christ and not slaves to the Church and state.

The Archons are angry and jealous of us because we have the creative intelligence to solve almost any problem. We also have the power to create a new reality that excludes them. The Archons make every effort to keep us dummed down and submissive to their institutional powers. Danger for them comes when people begin to think for themselves and begin to express their courage. The great Archon of OZ known as Jehovah desires us to tremble before him like cowardly lions. The Archons go to great lengths to convince us that they are all powerful, yet at the same time, they live in fear that we will pull back the curtain at to see how weak and pathetic they really are. This day is coming soon.

When we live in love and courage, the Archonic power begins to crumble. When we begin to release the Christ within, they become very fearful. The time is coming when we are going to pull back the curtain and cast them out. Because of this, they are now attempting to create a fascist world government as fast as possible, but it will not succeed and it is far too late for them now.

Think of a teeter-totter. We are on the ground holding the Archons of control high in the air. Their power is not their own. It comes from all of us that continue to give our power away to the great false god of OZ. The day is fast approaching when we, awakened slaves will unite and rise up as we jump off the teeter-totter. At that point, the Archons of control will come crashing down so hard and so fast, that the sound will thunder throughout the earth.

True religion is about empowering people and not leading or controlling them. Churches say, follow us and we will lead you to Jesus and heaven. However, the kingdom of heaven is within and needs only to be released from within. The Gnostic Gospel of Thomas states, 'If you bring forth what is within you, what you have will save you. If you do not have that within you, what you do not have within you will kill you.'

Why is it that all these churches lead people to baby Jesus, or the dying Jesus, instead of the Christ within? Most people have a herd mentality and need to have others to dictate what to do, and what to think. It is people's vulnerabilities of guilt of sin that causes church members to live in fear, and to firmly adhere themselves to the institution of church. The boogieman Satan waits for all that do not attend church. The error here is that people who are insecure, live with a sense of self-loathing are open targets for control and fear.

The churches of today believe that they are the only moral voice in the world and without the churches; there would be no morality left. This is simply not true. People are for the most part born to be good until this system of error turns them hard and bitter. Many children must grow in a world that is broken down and defiled by the dark forces. Children often have ignorant and abusive parents that are bitter taking it out on the kids. At a very early age, imperfect parents emotionally gut their children who then start becoming bitter and hateful. From the moment we are born, the dark side makes every effort to put us into a cage of manipulation, abusive, and control. Humanity is never able to grow free in an open, safe, and secure environment, thus we are not able to grow and properly mature into wonderful beings of peace and love. On this slave planet we are often kicked down,

repressed, and manipulated by our fellow prisoners. Almost everyone in the world is good, but often life turns him or her into bitter beasts.

Guilt and shame keeps us cowering in a box begging for forgiveness. If we have Christ in us, then we need not live with guilt and shame because we are here to grow and learn from our failings, while at the same time, becoming free from the fear of Jehovah's hot and fiery wrath. We do not need to beat ourselves up until we are forced to find solace in institutions of control be it government or church. We are born with the divine spark of God in us because we are all children of God. The Kingdom is in us, and only needs releasing with all its power and glory from within. All we have to do is to decide to live in the spirit, and not to follow the ways of the flesh and materialism.

We need to pay close attention to those leaders that empower us, rather than following ego driven personalities. In the world of politics and religion, leaders can often become corrupt leading a country and its people to ruin. People do not need to leadership from self-proclaimed leaders, we need to be empowered, and this is something that the Archonic powers strongly repress.

We need to follow leaders that empower rather than lead. Both political and religious groups live with the fear that we will wake-up and stop believing in them and start to believe in ourselves. Another word for spirit is conscious energy, and we are conscious energy that can make incredible changes.

Everything society is created to destroy and sicken our bodies with disease in order to dampen the expression of our true powers that is within us all. Soon we are going to evolve into bodies of light releasing all the power within. The reptilian Archons know this and are doing everything they can to cage our bodies in an electromagnetic false reality. Our time of glory is coming fast so we need to be ready by living in the spirit now. No longer will our bodies be carbon based but rather light based.

The institutions of sacred cows consisting of government, religion, and finance are all starting to crumble fast as our consciousness continues to evolve and expand as never before. Many people now are suddenly realizing that we are all human beings manipulated and controlled by puppet masters. People are at a point where they are saying, enough is enough. It is like a slave master who whips the slaves until they all suddenly stand together and cry out, 'We are human beings and not animals! We do not deserve to be treated this way!' Well what is a slave owner going to do when he realizes that he is vastly outnumbered? The only option he will have will be to run for his life!

The Reptilian mind is synonymous with the psychopathic mind. Since psychopaths are pathological liars, they as politicians, can promise everything to everyone, and then when in office, they take it all back in the name of cutbacks and a failing economy. Nevertheless, as far funding the war machine goes, the sky is the limit! These beings are relentless and driven, and do not identify with humans since they are machines with no compassion. The malevolent The Archons have bled us drop by drop for thousands of years.

Reptilians are psychopathic by nature and one of the same. They run the government, churches, and institutions for power and control over us. People may not believe in such

things as reptilians, but psychopaths are an unpleasant fact of life. Reptilians, as well as psychopaths, fear exposure. Now with the internet, many of them in positions of power are suffering from exposure and are rapidly losing control. The reptilian psychopathic mind is deeply programmed to absorb and control all others through laws and institutions of power, but this Archonic power structure has begun to collapse on itself as more people begin to believe in themselves.

We need not be overly concerned with the Archons, or the political and conspiracy news that the dark forces use to manipulate. We just need to know who we are and be ready for the change when it comes. We need to focus on our personal journey and our strengths. Above all we need to live in the now, and continue learning our lessons by releasing that which is within.

The real Jesus says, 'You are of God, little children, and you have overcome them, because He who is in you is greater than he who is in the world.' We have the divine in us where as the Archonic forces that stand against us do not. We are the co-creators in God, so in the end there is no contest at all! Remember, the Archons have no power to create; they can only simulate and copy.

For example, if you view two roses, one real and one plastic, from a distance there is no difference between them. However, when one gets close, one can see major differences. The real rose is multi-dimensional with a fragrance, soft texture, and deep color. Most importantly, it is organic, living, and part of the universal energy field. A plastic rose is inorganic and dead. This is what it is like with the Archons. They appear to be alive, but they are empty and void. They create inorganic holographic illusions and form holographic human looking containers having no life spirit within. Like the plastic rose, they are dead as well as their other children who are referred to as the Nephilim in the Old Testament. The Nephilim giants were the walking dead among us. Today they are shorter, wear suits, and infiltrate governments and other seats of power.

Jehovah the chief Archon, simulated our solar system creating a computer-generated dream world where everything is an illusion. Our reality is nothing more than a holographic stage that the Archons effectively use to deceive us. If we live in the Spirit, we then have the power from within to hack the system and change the programming, thus changing our personal reality. Never let anyone, or any institution, define who you are. You are the one to define who you are, and you create your own reality. We are the sleeping giant that is about to wake-up and rise above the Archons as foretold in the Gnostic gospels.

At this point, it needs mentioning that not all Reptilians are malevolent. The Reptilians with the white hats have helped humanity in the past with knowledge and healing. The ancients at one time worshiped the serpents until the dark ones took over and demanded blood sacrifices. As time passed, the malevolent reptilian Archons drove righteous serpents from all positions of influence.

# The Garden

One Christ like serpent found in the book of Genesis attempted to help humans. This serpent was in the Garden Eden where Jehovah kept Adam and Eve sheltered and controlled like pets. Both the man and woman were instructed to never to partake of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, but as newly created beings, they had no knowledge of evil and were incapable of recognising evil. So at this point, they would not be capable of recognising or detecting the darkness of Jehovah. The Serpent asks Eve what Jehovah said to her and she then tells the Serpent, that if she partakes of the fruit of knowledge, she would die.

The Serpent then corrects her by saying she would not die, in fact she would have her eyes opened for the first time and she and Adam would become as Gods knowing good and evil. Did you catch the word as? The King James says as Gods, and not like Gods.

Eve appears to take the advice of the Serpent by partaking in the fruit of knowledge. She then shared the fruit of knowledge with Adam. Suddenly both of them transformed and became fully awake in their understanding of evil. Adam and Eve did not fall from grace; they grew in knowledge and spiritual evolution. Note too that they did not die in that very day from consuming the fruit of knowledge.

Next Jehovah cries out to Adam asking where he is because Adam and Eve were now hiding among the trees. They at this time had the power to discern evil and they were now afraid of Jehovah. They soon realized that he was the great Archon leader of evil. Adam tells Jehovah that they were afraid because they were naked. So what does this mean? Jehovah created them naked, yet Adam and Eve were now fearful of being naked to the point of wearing coverings. It could be because they were naked; they may have felt that their nakedness could become a sexual temptation. After all, their eyes were now open. Some may become disgusted with the idea of Jehovah interbreeding with humans and that is it just not possible. Nevertheless, churches teach that the Holy Spirit impregnated Mary the mother of Jesus. If at the same time they believe in the Trinity, then some hard questions need clarification. You see, churches need to stop surface reading and shallow interpretations of the Bible if they seek truth. The problem though is that they believe they have the truth and are in fact not searching.

Jehovah now realizes that Adam and Eve have an awareness of evil. He declares that, 'the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil: and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live forever.' Note how Jehovah is only speaks about Adam becoming a god while ignoring Eve. Here we see a clear case of damage control by Jehovah who now wants to cut Adam off from the tree of life. This then brings up a question. If Adam had to be cut off from the tree of life, then this indicates Adam had eternal life. In other words, the so-called fall of humanity was not a result of disobedience; it came from Jehovah's agenda of damage control. This is interesting because Jehovah knows all, and sees the future, but the actions of Adam and Eve appear to take him off guard.

The punishment of Adam and Eve was death for partaking of the fruit of knowledge. It is clear to see that Jehovah, and not the Serpent, was telling a lie. Everything the Serpent told

them turned out to be true. Adam and Eve did not die that very day, and they did in fact gain knowledge of good and evil just as the serpent foretold.

Adam became a threat to Jehovah because, Adam was now one of Gods referred to as us in scripture when it says, 'the man is become as one of us.' Because Adam and Eve were not just beings of flesh but actually spirits, they could now evolve to surpass Jehovah through spiritual evolution.

Jehovah became outraged feeling he has lost control over Adam and Eve and pronounces a series of cruel curses. Jehovah informs Adam that he will no longer take care of him and proceeds to cast him and the woman out from the Garden. At this point, Adam would have to work hard for his food since the ground was now cursed forever. Eve became aware that she would suffer pain from bearing children and that her husband would dominate her. The Serpent is judged and condemned to crawl on the ground giving us a hint that it stood upright. Now to top it all, all future generations of humans would be born under a curse. To say the least, all of this punishment is malicious overkill. There is no love and mercy seen here at all. It is unbelievable that humanity suffers chastisement for simply being curious and wanting to know more. After all, Jehovah created them that way. One thing we see today is both a spiritual and political awakening of the masses. People now want to wake others and to question everything.

You know all of us have a certain amount of energy that we spend during the day, and then at night like a battery, we have to recharge. This indicates that we are limited in energy and need to use it wisely. People today are very adept at wasting this energy by attempting to lead others to their own truth. Many people have a boxed in belief system that they never seem to escape from or climb out of. The internet is full of these conspiracy town criers each working hard to alert others to wake-up. There is a concern that people wake-up only to tune into things that are outside of themselves, and are still not looking inward for truth.

People then become over driven and over saturated with knowledge that they become completely overwhelmed becoming more confused than ever. Many waste their energy by investigating, researching, and second-guessing every prophecy or conspiracy that comes along. They debate facts online for their righteous cause, but never seem to get off the internet until it is time to go to bed. The energy of these people is becomes totally wasted and misused.

If we are spiritual, then all we need to know is that the world is an illusion keeping us so preoccupied with false realities, that we have no time to just sit back and know who we really are. We are not here to warn people about the New World Order or attempt to force them to wake up. We have all come here for our own journey. Some new age groups are saying that when enough people wake up, then there will be a paradigm shift and the world will transform into something wonderful. This now leads us to a false assumption that in order to change the world for the better, we need to wake-up as many people as we can or the shift will not occur. This is similar to what the churches do when they tell us to preach Jesus to everyone, or you will have their blood on your hands when Jehovah holds us accountable on judgement day.

The bottom line is that we do not need to wake anyone up. All of God's children have the divine spark in them. Our higher self mapped out our entire life before we were even born. This is why there are no coincidences and nothing ever happens just by chance. Where we are in life, is where we are meant to be even though it may be very hard to endure and deeply painful.

So who is it that wakes us up? The Christ in us wakes us up at the exact moment we need to awaken. Christ, who is the anointing in us, is the alarm clock set to sound off when the set time arrives. If I may, we have a Christ clock in us set to wake us up at the exact moment when we are ready. No person on earth can wake us up if the time is not right. We can only wake-up when the alarm in us sounds off. People may become worried that their loved ones may not wake-up from this prison illusion before they die or the end of the age comes. Well, all I can say to them is that their loved ones may need to reincarnate until they can understand who they really are and to reduce the bad karma."

Thomas at this instant, shot forth another question asking, "So why are we here? What is the answer in a nutshell?"

Anton took a sip of his now cold coffee, winched, and then replied, "Well let us say a mother has two sons that are fighting like crazy. They are punching each other while screaming how they hate each other. The mother tries to split them apart and the two boys yell at her to a point where the mother has had enough, and then sends them to the basement. She then closes and locks the door, saying that they are not coming upstairs until they work their problems out and start getting along. After sometime in the basement, the two brothers soon learn to get along together and remember the love that they have between them. At this point, they come upstairs feeling so much better and more untied in love. We are here to learn who we are, and to develop our true love for each other thus increasing our frequency to higher levels. Graduating to a higher frequency frees us from reincarnation forced upon us by the Archons.

Love also brings us closer into unity with the true God of love. We are not here to argue our beliefs; we are here to grow into them. We are here to grow in love and spirit.

Always remember, the secret of life is to keep it simple. Never overcomplicate things by falling for all the manufactured stage props of fear. We should not wake up in the morning worrying about the latest political news. Hell I am more concerned about whether or not it is going to rain. So many people get their heads overloaded with too much information and endless conspiracy research, which prevents people from asking the real question of who am I, and why am I here? People that tend to live in a world of box thinking will fight to the death to defend it.

Religion is a great example of a holy box! They promote the Jesus virus that conditions people to wait for the return of Jesus instead of releasing the Christ within. Why are we waiting for Jesus to come, when in fact we are the ones we are waiting for?

People tend to look to space aliens, churches, governments, and leaders for guidance instead of looking within. We all need to rid ourselves of a victim mentality we have that keeps us bound as slaves, and open to endless abuse and manipulation. As victims, we

have no sense of hope as we drown in guilt and apathy. We need to believe in ourselves, and not in those who control this false reality. We are like the proverbial thousand pound gorilla told by a mouse that we are pathetic, weak, and it is the mouse that is all-powerful. This happens because we no longer believe in ourselves, and have been conditioned into a mentality of I am not worthy and I deserve to be a slave. Many religious people believe that they are evil sinners before the Lord and deserve punishment from their wrathful god.

## I did not Learn that in Church

The Gnostic Jesus did not come to save us from sin, he came to save us from ourselves and to awaken from this illusion we call reality. He did not come to start a religion; he came to set us free. Jesus taught us to walk proudly as sons of God and not to cower as slaves. In the orthodox teaching of the churches, Jesus fails to bring about the kingdom of God on earth and dies forsaken on a cross. The truth is he succeeds in his mission to bring us closer to the real God by teaching us how to release the Kingdom of God within. Jesus teaches us how to be free and how to enter the light. He does not teach us that we must go to church and sit on our hands waiting for his return. Our body is the Temple of God and not made by the hands of men.

In the Gnostic gospels of the Nag Hammadi, Jesus' spirit laughs as he stands next to his body. He laughs at the ignorance of the Archons thinking they won by punishing him with death. All of us need to learn to laugh at death because we are eternal beings that live forever. Only the image Jesus was crucified, not divine higher self within. His death on the cross was not sad or shameful; it was victorious as he passed from death to life! His death had meaning and honour. He chose the time of his death and the time of his release from this hell. Jesus was a radical that believed in the potential of humanity and not religion of control. He rose above the controlling laws of the Priesthood to show us the power we have within us. He taught us not to hold our humanity in shame, but rather celebrate it. We are eternal beings that are invincible.

What I give to you is a sacred interpretation of scripture that has become a forbidden faith and a repressed secret of the ages. Even so, you must look deep within yourselves to see that it is true. Follow your heart for what is true and based on love. We must never hate the Archons nor fear them. This is because the Archons literally feed off these lower emotional vibrations like Vampires. What they cannot ingest is love. Love breaks the yolk of their control over us. If we hate them and fight their governing bodies with violence, then the Archons will feed as never before making them even more powerful.

The act of non-violence and non-compliance is the only option that will work effectively in bringing down their house of cards. Do we hate our pet cat if it runs after a bird and kills it, of course not? We just wish the cat would never chase birds again, but that is what cats are programmed to do. The cat does not think but merely reacts to outside stimuli. The same thing applies to the Archons. Archons only do what their programming allows them to do. What they are is cold machines that have no love or empathy. The Archons are only programmed conquer and rule over all species.

One thing that needs clarifying is that we are all free in Christ. In fact, we are free not to even believe in Christ if we choose. Christ brings freedom while religion brings submission and bondage. Many people serving Jesus have no real knowledge of the Jesus virus of Rome, and always playing the role of a good Christian and never are just themselves. They always play the What Would Jesus Do game instead of asking their inner self for guidance.

So many church people are addicted to playing a role and living up to a label as one who loves Jesus. Commitment to God is not acting out the role as representative of Jesus. People should never be concerned about what other people may think. One church fellow would never buy wine because it would make Jesus look bad if any other church member should happen to spot him. That is not freedom in Christ! If one feels depressed and lonely, it means they lack faith. One always has to be happy in Jesus and be a phony actor for Jesus. At that point, I was forced to lose my identity since it would affect my reputation as a true follower of Jesus. I certainly would not desire to bring shame upon my saviour.

Many victims of the Jesus virus hurt inside having numerous questions, but the more they ask, the more church and family shuns them. Many Christians play the happy believers in Jesus game even when they are were depressed. Why is because they do not wish to be seen as lacking true faith. The cure needed is to attend church more often as well as reading the Bible. If one believes Jesus, loves them, then how do they deal with the doctrine that he is going to return bringing Jehovah's wrath upon the earth. There is something very wrong with the idea of the Prince of peace coming back to rule with an iron rod. It just did not make any sense at all, but many Christians have to keep these questions hidden or be judged as a backslider losing his faith. Note that losing religion is not the same as losing faith. Faith is a personal journey, while religion is more about submitting to and fighting over doctrines. Faith is about releasing Christ from within. So many people have so many questions with no one to turn to, so they need to turn to themselves and the higher self within. We all need to stop denying our humanity. It is rather exciting to be a heretic free in Christ. All we need to do is to live in spirit-love and appreciate the man in the mirror.

We should never pretend to be what we are not, and we must never care about other people's judgements. So many people demand to see your research, documents, and other evidence if you have an opinion. Try telling people that you are just a fool. If you are a fool, then you do not have to prove anything to anyone.

Many years ago, an old Buddhist friend showed me how to be free of religion and its control. He told me how powerful I was, as well as free, responsible, and answerable only to God. I was free to learn my way to God through trial and error, not through church and its man-mad doctrines. I also no longer had to win people over for Jesus by constantly selling him like soap. Yes, I was set free to choose my own path and to walk whatever road I wanted as long as it was built on love, and forgiveness of self and others. No longer, did I need religion since Christ and his kingdom was within me. All I needed to do was to release this power of Christ within by living in the Spirit of God.

My friend also taught me to never to entangle myself with the world and just focus on God within, and not the world. All of us must entangle ourselves with God and the earth. It is about helping the earth and humankind, and not wasting energy on the problems of life.

Many people cannot live without their drama scripts that constantly drain energy. They focus on politics, end of the world, Wall Street, prophecies, and so on. I have learned to keep my life simple and not to over complicate everything.

What I learned greatly comforted me through the death of my wife and son. They were not gone; it was their shell was no longer with me. Sure, I was very broken and sad, but I knew it would not be long before we would all be together again. I just had to continue to serve my time in this prison the best I could. A few years back the Buddhist priest died and my first thought was, brother, you are now free beyond all that there is. This reality is false and is the true hell. One time I saw a poster that said; when I die, I will go to heaven because I have spent my time in hell. That statement really made me think!

Prior to the rise of literalism and the invention of the Judeo-Christianity, humanity had a simpler faith expressed in all branches of religion. It was the idea that humankind could spiritually evolve into oneness with God. This philosophy was very dangerous to Roman Judeo-Christianity since they proposed Jesus was God, and only through his sacrifice resurrection could we achieve oneness with God. However, Gnostics viewed Jesus as a man evolving into God and releasing the kingdom within, which meant people were free individuals to believe and do as they like. Sadly, Rome insisted they were the only ones with the keys of life and death. If one did not adhere to the doctrines of the church, one then would suffer spiritual death and be cut off from the gates of heaven. Rome needed a literal Jesus so that could establish a literal kingdom on earth only to hand it over to Rome. It quickly became a dictatorship and brought death and ignorance to the masses. It was then the Gnostics and many other mystery schools became target number one for extermination.

Roman Judeo-Christianity viewed the faith of Christ within as individualistic and dangerous to the establishment of a new controlling religion that sought power and control over the masses. For one to be free in Christ, they were heretics deserving death. Individual freethinking had to be controlled at all cost and replaced with the Jesus virus.

The Jesus virus states that no person can enter the heavenly kingdom in the sky unless it is through Jesus and church first. Today there is a massive franchise of churches all fighting each other for a piece of the pie. Most have different beliefs and doctrines while others claim to be the only true faith.

Churches teach that God became man and all we can do is worship Jesus and have faith in God through him. Now if Jesus was a man who became God, then we can all get out of the churches and follow his example. If we believe that Jesus leads us to God, then we no longer need to sit on our hands and worship, because we are able to get out there in the real world and get our hands busy producing works such as helping people in need. Through works, we can spiritually evolve. Even just helping a person cross the street builds and adds to the Kingdom within.

The true God of love is far above all that can ever be or imagined. The true God is not in the Bible or the churches. The true God is within us as the divine spark of Christ leading all humanity from within. We are to show love for all humanity because Jesus never said only love those that follow me. Always remember that love is not a feeling. It is an act of our will. We may all not get along with each other, but this does not mean we do not love each other. Brothers and sisters always fight and call each other names, but this does not mean they do not love each other. Even when they cannot feel the love, it is always their regardless.

Faith is simple and should never be over complicated with doctrines of law and church policies. All we need to do is to live in the spirit, express love to one another, and release the Christ power within. With this, we also need to love and accept ourselves, and if we do not care what people think of us, then we will become true to ourselves. There is nothing complicated about this. We do not have to live by church standards and judgements, we just need to be true to ourselves and continue to learn and grow on our journey to God. We also do not need a lesser god in heaven glaring down at us while holding a big stick ever so ready to punish us with wrath. Everyday this god stores up his anger against the world and is storing it for the great day of his wrath. This god does not know what love is because he has never demonstrated it. What he does demonstrate is conditional love as seen throughout the Old Testament. This god demands blind obedience from his followers, or they shall suffer damnation in hell for eternity. Never is freethinking tolerated, and is seen as a lack of faith bordering on judgement of hell fire and eternal damnation from a supposedly loving God. Most Christianity has a foundation of fear and ultimately controlled by the Archons.

When talking to people, I ask them to point to heaven. At that moment, they point to the sky. I then gently correct them by pointing to their heart. True faith is in the heart and not the Bible or religion. As their own teacher, led of spirit, people have the right to interpret the Bible any way as they see fit. All that I am telling you today is simply opinions, and I cannot prove any of it to you. You can only experience it for yourselves.

Rome became a central power block of the Archons and its military needed a religion to bind the masses under one roof. The Gnostic Christians and other mystery schools stood in opposition to this control system.

As the Church of Rome grew in power and lordship, many mystery schools were forced underground forming secret societies in order to survive and preserve ancient knowledge. Soon the dark forces of the Archons infiltrated and corrupted within like a worm eating its way out of an apple. Nowadays people condemn all secret societies as evil minions of Satan when it is simply not true. There are white hats and black hats in all societies and organizations; unfortunately, the black hats have infiltrated the positions of leadership.

My advice to you all is to keep life simple in God and do what you feel is right. Live free, be free, and ignore the judgements thrown at you. You are not here to conform, but rather reform and be yourself. Now if I may, I would like to just do a short summery."

Jenny now leaned forward and Thomas responded, "Please fire away!"

"The Christianity of today is not the original Christianity of the original Christians. Rome exterminated the original Gnostic Christians who hijacked the faith and turned it into a new Jewish based Christianity. This new Judeo-Christianity upholds the Jews and Israel to an almost godlike status. The Jews are the chosen people of God according to most churches. Now if we desire to be part of the chosen Jewish class, we must convert in Christ to become spiritual Jews. It then becomes part of the faith to defend Israel even at the risk of all out war. The message of early Christianity was for all humanity as well as the message of Jesus. Rome also effectively erased the true God of love and installed Jehovah the Jewish tribal god of war Jehovah also known as Saturn and Saturn. This is something you can research on the internet.

For just one example, the book of Peter tells us that Satan goes about like a roaring lion seeking to devour whomever he can. According to the Gnostic Christians, Jehovah is a lion headed serpent. Corinthians talks about the god of this world blinding people from the glorious truth of Christ who is in the image of the true God. For the Gnostic Christians, the god of this world is Jehovah.

Now if Jehovah is actually Satan, then all the pieces fall in place! Roman Christianity actually worships Satan. The God of the churches is not the true God that is above all that there and referred to by Jesus as the Father. I have to admit that it is a brilliant deception.

Now that you can understand who Satan really is, we can fully understand the scriptures and see them in a completely new light. You see Jesus had no problem with the common Jews; in fact, he often preached to them and healed them. However, when it came to the religious elite known as the Sanhedrin, Jesus called them every name in the book. Not only that, the name-calling goes on for a half a chapter! He calls them a den of vipers, hypocrites, unclean, and so on. He also refers to them as dammed blind guides of hell hiding the Kingdom of God from the people. In the book of John, Jesus speaks to the Pharisees as having the devil as their father. In other words, they were the children of Satan. In the book of Revelation it says, I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan. Jesus is not in any way referring to all Jews, he is condemning the ruling elite that say they are Jews but are not, and in fact, they were the children of the devil known as Saturn.

The agenda of the Reptilian Pharisees was to enforce an information lockdown on the masses by having them cling to the scriptures and not developing the power of Christ within. Jesus speaking as a Christ says to them, you search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they, which testify of me. After some time, this system of knowledge control became the foundation of the Holy Roman Empire. Every person, group, or writings that challenged Holy Rome suffered extermination from the iron fist of the Church.

The true followers of the light are Sun/Son worshipers known as the Roosters. When the sun rises in the morning, the Roosters declare the Son/Sun of God. Light worshippers worship the sun within commonly known as Christ along with many other titles. The Reptilian Archons, the sons of Saturn, are moon worshipers known as the Owls. They are the ones that operate in the dark. They attempt to hide all knowledge and to keep people in

the dark because only they can see in darkness. The Owls infiltrate many secret societies, Illuminati, and Masonic groups. The Gnostic Christians were Roosters until Rome hijacked their Sun worship and traditions and became a false religion hiding its Owl agenda for world control in Saturn.

In time, Hitler emerged as a Catholic setting out to crush the Jewish elite who were the moneylenders of our modern. It was not long before we began seeing a new information and knowledge lockdown, and was very clear that Hitler acted on behalf of the Roman Catholic Church of Rome endeavouring to resurrect the Holy Roman Empire that believed in might is right. Hitler was a diluted man that failed to realize that the Masonic Owls had long infiltrated his Catholic faith.

Rome altered the Gnostic faith after hijacking it. No longer centered on the power of Christ within, but instead now focuses on the Jews and Jesus. It is no longer about Jesus whipping the moneylenders and denouncing the Pharisees, it is about baby Jesus in a crib and a grown Jesus surrounded by happy children throwing flowers and laughing. In addition, it is now about Jesus hanging on a cross failing in his mission as Messiah to overthrow and destroy the Gentile nations starting with Rome. The false doctrine that Jesus was the Terminator Messiah had to be changed. Now instead of failing his mission on earth to terminate all Jews and to establish a Jewish kingdom, they invented a part two known as the Second Coming. Now Rome could find salvation from the wrath of God by believing in the Jewish God of war Jehovah and his beaten and tortured son. This has nothing to do with Jesus the Christ and Jesus the Prince of Peace. A Prince of Peace does not return to serve vengeance and wrath.

Well, that is about all there is," declared Anton. "If you are confused, that is perfectly normal since I threw everything at you guys all at once. I have repeated and re-emphasised key topics in order that you remember them more fully. Just consider all that I explained to you and consider it an introduction to your journey ahead. I have opened the door for you, now it is time to find your own true path."

Thomas shook his head and straightened up in the chair, "Whew! That was amazing!"

"I am sure you two have a ton of questions but you need to digest all the information first so that you can search out your own reality. I have just given you the basics along with a short history lesson; the rest is up to you two. Follow no one, just follow yourselves."

Jenny instantly bubbled with excitement, "Well I do not ever think I will ever be the same again!"

"That's for sure," agreed Thomas. "I must ask though, what is the name of the true God?"

Anton smiled, "There is no official name given, Paul refers to God as the unknown God because the true God is consciousness that is above all that is, and the entire universe is part of the mind of God. Other names include, the All, Oneness, Father, Mother, Great Spirit, and so on. Because God is above all, God is also referred to as He, She, and it."

"Man I had no idea that I was so asleep," stated Thomas getting up from the living room chair. "I have spent my whole life in a holding pattern of ignorance and routine. I realize

now that Ziggy did not die from some random act of violence. He died because it was his time and he was ready to go. He left his cocoon to live free as a butterfly! I also understand that no person can be woken up from their slumber until the designated moment arrives, and if they do not wake-up in this life, well there is always the next."

As Aton got up, he smiled and said, "Yes this is so true, because everyone is where they should be on their path. Some will stop walking and refuse to go further, but like you say, there is always the next life."

"You know, I can see how everything in life happens for a reason," said Jenny. "It has been so hard for me to accept the death of my friend, but it was what got us here. Ziggy must have decided that it was the right time to move on."

Thomas slowly rubbed his eyes, "I am also realising that because we live in a dream, everything in this life may have symbolic meaning. Everything has a meaning and nothing is random. I am not sure if I can explain it."

Anton now spoke, "Thomas you are so right on! In a dream, everything is deeply symbolic and has a different set of logic. In dreams, we fly like birds, characters morph, and everything is a little unconventional to say the least, yet we do not find any of this strange when we are in the dream reality. Nevertheless, when we wake-up, we realize what a crazy dream it was and how it was almost insane! When we die and awaken, this reality will appear to be pure madness. What happens when we die in a dream? We wake-up. So what happens when we die? Well we wake-up. There is no end."

Up on his feet, Thomas gave a big sigh and said, "You know I do feel that everything is in fact symbolic. Before coming here, Ziggy gave me a lot of information about Jehovah. It was like he was a kind of John the Baptist preparing the way for me by baptising me into the water of awareness."

With a gentle smile Anton affirmed what Thomas was saying by adding, "With symbolism there is a great wealth of hidden knowledge that can be extracted. You have heard that a picture is worth a thousand words. Well, a symbol is worth a thousand pictures.

Today, we use computers to encrypt information, and only those that know the code are able to read the knowledge. In ancient times, the mystics would encrypt what they knew in rock structures, paintings, stories, and sculptures. Our life reality is a dream, and therefore metaphorical rich in symbolism, therefore, life has to be interpreted as a dream full of symbols and meaning. Take an everyday walnut; it looks like a human brain. It has two separate halves just like the human brain. Now is it just by chance that walnuts are good to eat because they help with brain function, I do not think so. The very shape of the walnut teaches what it is good for the brain. Constantly we are taught lessons by our reality, and yet we never seem to notice.

I had a friend that was going through a very painful divorce and he was continually angry over it. Then one day the pipes in the basement exploded for some unknown reason. Three days later a vein in his heart exploded. There is no coincidence in that at all. Now if you talk

like this to your doctor, he will have you on Prozac in no time at all. Take a pill and get back in line cow! Keep moving forward with eyes straight ahead.

As everyone headed towards the door, Jenny noticed a portrait hanging on the far wall. Jenny now asked, "Not to be nosey, but who is that?" Anton began to glow. "That is my son that passed away."

"My god Thomas, you sure look like him a lot!" exclaimed Jenny.

"Jeeze yah," declared Thomas.

Anton smiled, "Well that was a long time ago. I too had to learn that things happen for a reason." As he opened the front door, Anton gave a warm grin and said, "So what I need to do now, is to send you two forth to seek your own truth. If you still have questions after a few days then please let me know. My door is always open Well you two take care and may the force be with you!"

"Thank you so much," Jenny said as she gave Anton a big hug causing him to blush.

"Same goes for me too," said Thomas extending his hand.

Back at home, Thomas now sat in his TV chair pondering everything said, and the thing he realized the most was that he needed to grow. He now needed to focus on what was real for him, and ignore the rest of the chaff in his life. He was the only that would be capable of changing his life for the better, and he had to now focus on what was real.

The following day Thomas went out to shop for something special. He disliked the crowds, but had to buy something special for Jenny since it was going to soon be Christmas. After purchasing what he was after, he got away from the crowd. Thomas, phoned Jenny to ask her if she could meet him on Christmas day after the morning presents with her family. He asked Jenny to meet him in front of City Hall in front of the giant Christmas tree. Jenny happily agreed but was still curious as to why the meeting. She thought it may be about a gift, but Thomas and her always-exchanged cards and not presents. She then thought he needed to talk about what Anton had to say.

All that night Thomas did not sleep in anticipation of the coming morning. Just as Thomas fell asleep, the alarm went off. Throwing off the covers, he flew out of bed and refilled the cat bowl for Bacon Boy who was purring like crazy.

"*God I need to eat too!*" Thomas thought. "*If I don't eat, I will have bad breath all day. Ah man, I am acting like Kip now!*" At this point, he had the TV on with a cook show about cooking pancakes. The host took the pan, and when he flipped the pancake, it launched in the air flipping over back into the pan. Thomas was now smitten with the idea of making pancakes.

He took out a pan, grabbed some pancake mix, and then whipped up one giant pancake. Everything was perfect. The pancake was smooth in the pan and ready to flip. Thomas never flipped a pancake before, but he was determined to do so. With one flip of the pan,

the huge pancake went flying into the air like a rocket. Unfortunately, it came down like a bolder just missing the pan and goo-smacked Bacon Boy.

Instantly the cat yelped and ran off in terror. Laughing his head off Thomas called Bacon Boy back. In seconds, the cat was back head butting Thomas' leg signalling all was forgiven but never the less, still somewhat messy.

As Thomas switched channels on the on the TV he came across the early morning news. It was a story about a woman who died in a car crash with her two children and baby. "*Not today pal,*" he thought grabbing the remote shutting the TV off. Thomas then laughed when he spotted Bacon Boy licking off the goo from his back,

As Thomas waited out his time, he paced through the rooms briefly stopping by a window to take in the view. It looked like it was going to be a bright sunny day. Thomas now felt for the first time, that this Christmas had a real possibility of being the best Christmas ever. Anton had opened up his mind forever, and for the first time he felt free and ever so happy to be just who he was. He no longer felt a need for acceptance in the world. He was now going to be whom he was with no apologies given. Life no longer had to feel like an empty mechanical routine. He felt like he was jumping out of an aeroplane ready for the winds of change and mystery to blow all around and though him.

## Yes of Course

Life from now on was to be an adventure and not just simple existence. Spirit was about living life in abundance and being free of unwarranted control. Spirit life was also about thinking and believing in self and being self in God without fear. In the spirit meant there was no room for slavery in one's life and from now on, his life was going to be focused on love and gratitude.

Today, Thomas felt the shackles break, and for the first time he was capable of flying. Life would never be a basket of roses, but he could now live with emotional freedom and a sense of mystery. Thomas realized that society manipulated him to accept the lie that there are no mysteries left in the world. The spin-doctors in the world deluded people into a false reality of a static machine-like existence.

Thomas was never again to be a mindless cog in a machine of control. He was now free to think for himself and free of all thought control. Big Brother could have his body but never his mind or spirit.

While heading to City Hall, Thomas was becoming nervous and excited about seeing Jenny. Walking along the sidewalk, the streets were devoid of vehicles as most people were celebrating Christmas. Coming around the corner, Thomas could now see the giant green Christmas tree adorned with lights and ornaments that the local schools had hung. In the front was Jenny who was trying to keep the pigeons away from her popcorn. They showed no fear of her as they tried to land on her arms for more. Jenny wore such a pretty dress and looked as beautiful to Thomas as the sun glowed so warmly.

"Hey Jenny!" yelled Thomas waving his arms in the air. Jenny now lit right up so happy to see him. Thomas ran to her and both embraced. "I am so glad you came," Thomas exclaimed.

"Yah, so are the pigeons!" laughed Jenny. "So what is this clandestine meeting about?"

"Well you know we have been friends for awhile now right?"

"Yes." replied Jenny slowly.

"Well I have learned so much from our conversation with Anton, and I have learned that we create our own reality and that we need to follow our dreams. We have been good friends for awhile now, and I am going to make a huge assumption here." Thomas now fumbled in his coat pocket for a small container. Instantly, Thomas got down on one knee, opened a small velvet box, and began to ask, "Jenny Johnston. Will you marry me?"

Instantly Jenny's hand shot up to cover her mouth as tears of joy flowed from her eyes. "Oh my god!" she sobbed. "You captured my heart from the first time I met you, but I had no idea that you had feelings for me! Oh my goodness, of course I will marry you!" Immediately Jenny leaped at Thomas spilling popcorn everywhere creating a food feast for the hungry pigeons.

Thomas gently took Jenny's slim hand and softly placed the sparkling ring on her finger. Softly rubbed the tears of joy from her eyes and kissed her ever so gently. He now sighed deeply shaking his head, "Man I took a big chance here, and I am so glad you said yes! I had feelings for you, but I was too blind to see. Now that I have woken up, I cannot believe what I have truly found!"

Jenny sniffled, "All this time I had no idea!"

"I too had no idea and could not see what was right in front of my nose! It was Anton that got me thinking about a lot of things in my life."

"Me too!" exclaimed Jenny.

"I realize now that Ziggy's life was not in vain and his death was just the end of a journey, and now he has graduated from this life."

Jenny held Thomas' hand while they both began to stroll along around the Christmas tree. "I feel sorry for Ziggy's dad because he is so hard and unyielding with his views and attitude. I cannot imagine how Ziggy's dad was raised, and the sick attitudes handed down to him. Guess he will be reincarnated back into the game in order to learn more lessons the hard way."

Thomas abruptly stopped walking and looked deep into Jenny's eyes. "In this reality there is so much confusion and stress as we often overcomplicate our reality needlessly. I sincerely want to keep it simple with you in my life."

Jenny's eyes quickly watered up again as she hugged Thomas ever so tight. "Yes, I must be living in a dream!" she sobbed.

Thomas chuckled, "No, I think we both woke up in a new reality. I have decided to quit the Saturn when I find a better job, and by the way, I can't even remember when I last had a smoke."

Jenny gently buried her red curly hair in the nook of Thomas' neck, "Man my parents are in for a surprise! Not to panic though, they have heard all about you."

"Good things I hope!"

"Don't be silly," chuckled Jenny while gently tugging on Thomas' arm.

Thomas grinned and said, "By the way, I took the liberty of finding a minister for the wedding."

"Really, who's that?" queried Jenny.

Thomas started to laugh, "Anton of course!"

"Fantastic!" exclaimed Jenny with glee.

"Yah, I phoned him. He was so happy about the idea. He said he could see it coming when he talked to us. There is one thing I insist on though. At the wedding, no one is to throw rice. They have to throw..."

In a flash, Thomas cut her off and laughed, "Let me guess, popcorn?"

Jenny sparked up and shouted, "Well yah!" Then she declared, "I have another great idea!"

"What's that?" asked Thomas.

"We can have our honeymoon in Egypt."

Thomas abruptly stopped dead in his tracks, scratched his head, and then shouted, "Awesome!"

-The End-