



**THE LEGEND OF
THE FADING BLUE SUN
AND
WHITE AMBER
THE BLACK MAGICIAN**

**A NOVELLA BY
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PREFACE

The Legend of The Fading Blue Sun and White Amber The Black Magician has been my hardest write to date. The hardest write caused by the difficulty of integrating facts with fiction. Sometimes I didn't want the story to take directions conforming to common notions of reality. Instead I went for a surreal horror ride: Doing it for the suspense, doing it for the trials, doing it for the horror...

It is really two forces combating each other: The one force of "logic", "reality" and "structure" and the other force of "magic", "illusion" and "fluidity". I had a hard time in coming to grips with my inborn contradiction.

Really wanting to tell two tales.

But in time the contradiction was solved: Solved in the realization of the contradiction of the two main characters. As these characters really fight a war on each other and themselves. I have formatted different sections of the novella in *different ways* building on the contradictions and making them *more obvious* to the reader.

Because what we are describing here is humanity making war on itself. Including the struggle of the two main characters.

It is my most personal story to date and that is coming from an already passionate writer. Seeing the novella as a way to describe my deepest worries about the world. A dark suspicion that something is wrong with reality at some fundamental level. Not actually describing reality but building on inward illusions and extending them into a fictional context.

Describing a personal struggle to find final release.

I invite my readers to follow along.

The landscape was a hazy white glow of snowy hills. Mountains of ice and snow that leapt out of the image like wall decorations. A slippery trail curled along the snowy surface. A white blinding surface of pure but frozen water. It was a surface made from human imagination. A celestial ocean made by thought alone. Yellow clouds hung above it. A male form made his way on this world of snow and ice. An astral explorer projecting into the astral worlds from the comfort of his bed. It was a sunny day and the man was revealed as a backpacker wearing blue. His name was The Fading Blue Sun. He walked along the snowy trail and occasionally leapt on icy regions. Fighting against the odd deviances on the icy surface. Looking down on the ice occasionally to watch red fish accumulate under the surface. And he saw predatory sharks hunting in the shadows.

The man came to a pink outpost that had been built along the slippery trail. A pink house that almost looked like a mirage: Too colourful compared to surrounding areas. But empty, deserted. Containing walls written upon by other astral travellers. Some of them had seen huge whales that torn upon the celestial surface of the ocean. Wetting the travellers with the force of their expiration.

The Fading Blue Sun left the outpost and came to a meeting place with intersecting trails that connected to a hole in the ice. It was a peculiar spot surrounded by icy mountains that now had a shade of blue. Some old fishermen were fishing around the watery hole. They had formed a circle around the edges of the ice. But as The Fading Blue Sun came forward to look upon the circle none of the fishermen were looking happy.

“What have happened?” The Fading Blue Sun asked.

“No fish today.” A fisherman said.

“But it’s not a real ocean!” The Fading Blue Sun said, “Use your imagination!”

The fisherman stared empty into the young man’s eyes and the backpacker lost his concentration. Feeling like a mindless drone incapable of using his mental powers. The fishermen stared upon the young man as if they had seen a ghost. An alien in this blue lit land. The backpacker (also called Blue) summoned his powers to create an imaginary space. Talking about occult wonders and saying that as one thinks reality becomes. Trying to convince the fishermen they actually lived in a realm of thought!

The fishermen looked upon Blue as a madman. A creator of madness and illusions. Perhaps coming from the pink outpost. Summoning mental powers to attract actual fish! The fishermen laughed as Blue used visualization to break the spell. The red fish came but vision was distorted. Some of the fishermen saw a huge shape coming up from below the ice. A gigantic blue shark that made a sudden jump out of the water. Cracking the ice. The fishermen screamed and Blue was instantly pulled back into the mental space of his physical body.

And he felt as if he had lost an important battle.

Blue lived in a spacey apartment in central Chicago. It was an apartment decorated with lush posters. Posters with tropical islands, cityscapes and rare cave entrances. The floor was cluttered with philosophical books, clothes and sleeping carpets. He arose from bed to feel a sweaty film upon his forehead and also a certain vibration in his energy body. The astral projection had ended and Blue felt as if awoken from a long dream. He rubbed his eyes, moved his shoulders and gasped for evening air.

He went into the kitchen to collect some drinks from his fridge. Decorated with stamps from his countless journeys around the globe. He had lost an important battle. Thinking about his experience on the astral plane. The verdict: He had used his mental powers to attract the red fish but he had attracted the blue shark instead. This happened due to the limitations of his mental powers.

“Caused by my limited mental exercise.” He thought.

He sat down along the kitchen table, took up a newspaper and read the daily headlines. A car crash in central Chicago, some robberies and an article about a local sports game. Headlines that rarely struck Blue as especially important. All these things were going on but the average citizen already knew about it. Why not turn the news into something visionary and productive? Inspiring the average man to public service and things of the same kind? He thought that the news made the average man immoral and he/she stopped to believe in the evolutionary impulse of life. Having journeys out of the body, to other countries or just – to his/her friend’s apartment.

“Why make things so difficult?”

Blue went out of his apartment to walk upon the gray streets. Streets of gray concrete but also a green sensation. A green glowing light from neon lights along the windows of the central Chicago streets. He met some strangers. People that were passing by. Anonymous. Different. Individualistic. And alien to Blue and his new found occult interest. The astral plane felt warmer than the physical plane. Much more emotional as the astral plane was built from emotional energy. Existing on a higher vibration compared to the physical plane. It was a huge contrast. Coming from the astral plane to walk along the Chicago streets. To breathe the cold air was a lonely business. Blue wanted to tell stories. Stories of spiritual redemption but people didn’t seem to catch much interest in this lonely pursuit. Why was this happening? Blue knew that all people had occult powers. Some of them used them for a good purpose. Others used them for an evil purpose. And some people just ignored their powers. This energy was often expressed in music and the arts. Especially Blue thought about the paintings of Monet. This warm sensation of impressionism. Surely coming from the sphere of another dimension. Affecting consciousness with a warm feeling.

The Fading Blue Sun went around a bit. To find a playing machine in one corner of a bar. He put up coins and pulled on a lever to watch a screen. He played the game but found no fortune. A woman was passing by occupied with her sorrows. And the rest of the night went on in this way. No one to talk to. No one to share Blue’s destiny. And as he walked the Chicago streets he came to a park where a grey owl was watching. The owl gazed upon Blue’s physical body in a manner of wooden stillness. Blue reflected upon broken relationships. Upon a lonely endeavour of coming into grips with a multi-dimensional reality.

He had dedicated his life to the art of occult exploration. But not only to explore. But also to connect with other astral travellers and to offer services to the ones seeking escape.

“I have to do something different.” Blue thought for himself.

He felt a dark kind of distress. A loneliness. An empty mood of “doing this, doing that” but lacking the heartfelt connection to what he saw and experienced. And a cold penetrating feeling of having lost his connection to the other humans living on the physical plane. He felt he had to leave the physical world behind to become a conscious inhabitant of the astral worlds. Then leaving for other planes of existence later.

The essence: He couldn't make his voice heard among people that never wanted his personal perspective. They wanted to go on with their lives in a more downbeat way. Some of them being perfectly happy in this state, some feeling differently. So he had to leave the physical sphere behind. To join with other conscious explorers/creators that wanted to know the truth of existence. Including the astral planes and the physical. Connecting to different energy bodies inside human consciousness.

Days passed in a subliminal state. Blue drifted along the Chicago streets. Watching street performers in the day. Watching cold nights where mostly grey clouds were surrounding him as he exhaled city air. Something was going on in the depths of the subconscious. A dark suspicion. A suspicion that life couldn't be as simple as this. That some dark force was pulling him into a dark pit where he couldn't see with clarity upon his destiny. Meeting dull faces locked into the dull grid of work and play. Grown men and women spending time with their friends and children. But never noticing the disconnection between themselves and their higher selves. Having some form of warmth and friendly connection but enjoying a part of reality to the exclusion of everything else.

This was the reason to Blue's seclusion. That he had discovered a larger truth but that he couldn't communicate it. As words were words and a true connection needed a shared context. So the days passed and Blue found his way into shopping malls, cloth stores and other places. But he passed his surroundings as a darkly lit ghost. Disconnecting from the power of his true self. Dreaming about the astral worlds but being unable to connect to them. As the astral projections only could happen in rare moments. He was a black ghost feeding upon broken thoughts and the imagination.

In time he went slightly mad and had to enter a unit for the psychologically different.

It was a quite special form of psychological support group. A group where people could talk about odd experiences, telling stories of things most people never mentioned. Some of them were talking loudly, others were telling tales with a worried head. Most of them had never been understood by average people. And some of them were crazy too. Among this group of peculiar outsiders a young woman was telling tales of past times and the future. This was White Amber The Black Magician. At least this was the name she had given to herself. Blue reflected upon this name as it reminded him of how he had given a name to himself earlier. The Fading Blue Sun.

The meeting continued in an anxious manner. Most people weren't used to speak about themselves in this way. Their experiences ranged from meetings with bad Santa's, to fake Messiah's and howling blue wolves. To paranoid delusions of close-by murderers and rapists. Most of the stories lacked internal coherence and logic.

As the day turned to evening Blue and White Amber The Black Magician (Also called Amber) went about themselves in a corner to taste some orange juice and cookies.

"So who are you really?" Amber asked Blue in a relaxed tone.

"I'm just an astral traveller." Blue said, "An occultist, explorer."

"Just fine then." Amber said, "But do you know the essence about physical existence?"

"What essence?"

"Do you know the truth of the physical plane?"

"Not exactly."

The conversation ended abruptly. Blue had to return to the support group to exchange some lines with the crazy ones. The question was the question of sanity. How these people experienced reality: Of how belief gave birth to belief in a degenerating manner changing reality for those in question.

"The problem is not the experiences." Blue said to one of the crazy ones. "It's the way you chose to interpret your experiences."

"You mean this experience I have is real?" one of the crazy ones said.

"Yes." Blue said, "But you think reality is conspiring to your disadvantage. This is not the case at all. You are just interpreting your experience in the wrong way."

Blue was not given much notice. The meeting went on in a quite ordinary manner. Amber was gone and Blue was given the chance to express himself to other "misfits" in this uneven group. He talked about the astral plane, the isolation and dark emotions that torn upon his psyche. Even creating physical change in his body.

The meeting went on but Blue was not given much credit. As all “crazies” believed in their own realities. It was not about communication. It was not about “reality”, “logic” and “observation.” It was rather about emotional traumas. About being different. About being mistreated as a child and having nightmare experiences.

Blue had to conclude he was quite different from these people. He was not “sick” in the ordinary use of the term. He was rather quite calm and remote to the subject matters at hand. Even to his individual experiences.

He left on a journey with a bus to the surrounding areas of Chicago later. Evening had turned to night and Blue was sitting close to a window. Houses were passing by and fully grown trees were increasing as the bus went into a forest. The bus engine was growling along a predictable pattern. The bus driver adjusted gears according to road deviations. Blue disappeared into a fragmentary mode of consciousness. A thinking pattern of meeting an astral traveller quite the same as him. This was White Amber The Black Magician. Someone hardly forgettable and recognizable in a strange way. It felt as if the meeting had been preordained. That life had taken a new direction.

Mile upon mile passed upon a dark and silent road. Flashing lights were seen from passer-by cars. Emotional scars came to the surface and revealed themselves as internal blockages. He used energy-work to clean the energy bodies from these traumas.

Suddenly the bus stopped.

“This is the end station.” The male driver said in the driver’s seat.

Blue had to leave the bus to walk the forest region ahead. Dim reflections from the words of Amber were echoing in his empty mind. “Reality is a lie.” Amber said, “Something between being crazy and impossible to understand. This illusion of never to arrive at a final conclusion but to connect threads upon threads, layers of reality.”

Blue walked the deserted forest road to arrive at a final end: A turning-point. An empty spot where cars and busses could turn around to find their way back to the city. Blue decided to continue. Continue along a small trail along the road created by human footsteps and animals. Blue went along this trail for half an hour. The moon was coming up beyond the horizon. The moonlit ghostly shape of the night-time forest played tricks upon Blue’s psyche. He saw the hazy form of plants, boulders and ghostly shadows. Devilish shapes that turned and went as Blue adjusted to the dark terrain. Seeking shelter behind the trees. Aiming magical spells upon the forest walker from the perception of their minds.

Blue went deeper into the moistly forest. He had sudden shakes. He felt timid vibrations. He saw cold wonders: A red glow from some remote star-clusters made manifest upon the autumn skies.

Now the physical dimension had formed astral qualities: Fluid, receptive, easy to control.

Blue was stopped by an invisible wall of fluid energy: A membrane looking like a huge mirror in Blue’s eyes. A wall so compact and imposing that Blue lost his visual coordination. He looked up, to the right and to the left and touched the wall that sent ripples of energy along the structure. The journey had come to an end. An end to the illusion of physical reality. As

Blue existed in an energy-construct called “physical reality” but it was just a level of consciousness like the astral plane.

A dream within a dream but experienced awake.

Blue sat down on the ground to lean his back against the imposing mirror structure. He sensed how his entire map of physical reality restructured and took form in the perception of his mind. He never believed in “physical reality” but couldn’t have imagined the mirror.

He just sat still: Leaning magnetically on the surface of the mirror structure. Physical reality had to end suddenly. Increasing fear disorders. In order to feed on the emotions of the astral traveller. And this experience was not very much unlike the experience talked about by the crazy ones at the support group.

Enlightening Blue’s consciousness.

It had to become that way. That Blue, the astral traveller, would meet White Amber The Black Magician in her own apartment for a simple exploration of the subject at hand. They had exchanged mobile phone numbers earlier and met up at Amber's place. It was a place of many animals. Of mirrors. Of enclosed meditation areas and also a living room.

It became a talk about physical reality, "the construct", "the matrix" and other analogies of the same kind. Amber said that Blue's discovery was a rare truth. The truth that there existed no earth at all. That "the earth" was an interconnected matrix of perceptions existing within consciousness. And that "earth consciousness" was these perceptions.

"I knew about this a long time ago." Blue said, "But back then I believed that the perceptions were structured along the pattern known by modern science."

"I can understand that." Amber said, "But I have made some occult research and have discovered that 'earth consciousness' is a fragmentary pool of disconnected realities. Border transitions complete the illusion of coherence but the travellers crossing the borders just enter different zones completely different from each other."

"Just like the astral worlds then."

"Exactly." Amber said.

Amber opened a wooden box and took out a huge map describing earth consciousness in visual terms. She put down the map on the floor. Blue was pretty astounded at this rare display. He looked at the map and almost had a laughter! Because the map was two square meters and didn't resemble the known earth at all! It was twisted, painted in lush colours and disconnected too.

It was almost looking like a fantasy painting.

At one area you had African countries, India and Central Europe. At another area you had Australia and New Zealand. But the areas had been twisted around and the proportions were wrong. Some countries didn't exist at all.

"The countries missing on the map are just a part of the mind-control procedure." Amber said, "This is the true earth existing within earth consciousness."

"I can't believe it." Blue said.

"You can't." Amber said, "But I have given you something to think about."

The two occultists joined together for a smoke at Amber's balcony. Looking out at the neighbourhood as the blue hour was passing silently away. A red car was passing by below, lit from inside by flashing computer panels. A pair of kids were moving around a playground area. Screaming to each other. Calling for attention from the occultists at display. Amber waved to the kids. Hysterically. Calling aloud from the bottom of her lungs. Other doors opened and new voices joined with Amber in the screaming.

“I have given you something to think about haven’t I?” Amber said to Blue.

“You surely have.” Blue said.

“You think about it.” Amber said, “The map I showed you is just my raw data.”

Blue sat out on the open ocean. Putting up money to board an ocean-liner on a trajectory to a new continent. This was the key to Amber's understanding. The understanding that this ocean-liner was going to a continent not known by modern science.

* * *

Before the journey the occultists had discussed the topic several times. Blue needed confirmation that Amber wasn't crazy. He wanted to test her theories in the real world. And the talks with the other "crazies" didn't leave much room for anything of importance. It became a cumbersome and intellectual relation between the occultists. A relation between two maniacs covering the border terrain between fiction and reality.

If physical reality not was constructed along the map of modern science what would that reveal of the real world?

* * *

The ocean-liner left at a desolate east coast harbour. Making a run over the ocean leaving large wave patterns. Seabirds flew along the ship looking for food. The coastline went smaller in time. It was a silent night of evil and wonder. A gruelling trajectory along a darkly red sunset resembling the blood from a murder victim. Blue watched a pair of lovers standing on the deck as they gazed upon the red sky almost lost in the wind. It was something astonishing with this ghostly lit pair: A white dress, a stained face, a couple of drinks. A happiness that almost resembled a new kind of sorrow. A couple of kids came and went. Connecting to the woman's hand. Dragging her alongside the ocean-liner floor. Dragging her. Keeping her away from the blood-red skies to protect her from danger. From the howling wind.

* * *

"Am I dreaming?" Blue thought.

Dreaming was a hard matter of astral projection. As lucid dreaming was the easiest way to enter the astral planes. It was easiest because the body already was sleeping. And therefore consciousness was more fluid and easier to control. The evening was quite different from any astral dream though and Blue had to remind himself he was still awake. It was different in the sense that it had another emotion. Not the emotion coming from the heart but more psychosexual, almost erotic. The evening had a red hue in a different high-contrast spectrum. Of darkness and evil. Howling winds pushed along Blue's body and another group of passengers were coming out from a sliding door. They were drinking champagne, joking about furniture. Joking about expensive cars and other utilities of the modern world. Saying things with an ironic touch.

"Who are you?" one of the passengers asked Blue.

"I'm The Fading Blue Sun." Blue said. "Who are you?"

"Haven't seen you before." The passenger said.

“I’m just an explorer.” Blue said.

“Yes?”

The passenger left quite suspicious.

* * *

The ocean liner was moving along a current of water formations. A circle of different streams connecting to each other making an invisible wave pattern beneath the surface. And the night transformed into a holographic display of a meeting between two worlds: Another mirror. A high contrast mirror extending the ocean towards the horizon but leaving the ship space to move through it.

On the other side the red skies turned to astral blue and then to green.

Soon Blue would see the secret harbour.

The morning after Blue woke up in a hotel room bed. He was feeling dizzy, aroused. A bit shaky from the realization that physical reality was an interconnected reality built by fragmentary parts. It was not just about the fragmentary parts. It was the sense experience of entering different domains. As if something in earth consciousness had shifted around and turned into a greenish dream with depressing quality.

Blue left the hotel and walked into a restaurant.

The restaurant was furnished quite luxurious. The guests were drinking beer, having some dinner and chatting around casually: Making gestures. Talking softly, cracking jokes and laughing. Some of them were wearing suits, others more casual dressing. The whole restaurant was lit by a red light: A red light with a dim quality. Smoke was coming up from the restaurant guests. Something was a bit strange about the interior: Multi-coloured balloons glowing in the roof. A Christmas tree found in a corner decorated with glowing candles (Still it wasn't Christmas).

Blue sat down close to the bar, ordered a beer and started to think about the journey. He had a feeling of disillusionment: Still wondering if it was an astral trip or if he was on earth? It was the details of the glowing Christmas tree arrangement and the balloon decoration: Too colourful, too mysterious, too out of time and place.

After the beer Blue asked for a phone and was given one. He sat down in an abandoned corner. He called Amber but was rejected by the line: "This number is not valid. Try again." He called again, checked the number but was rejected with the same line. He went to a close-by computer to check international numbers but found that The United States wasn't listed. He went up to the bar to ask the bartender if he knew the country code to The United States but was met with suspicion.

"The United States?" The bartender asked with suspicion.

"Yes." Blue said, "My home country."

"You're joking right?" The bartender said.

"No, I'm serious."

Blue had to give it up.

He walked outside to watch the harbour area close to the hotel. A lot of sports cars were driving around in quite high speeds along the road. Blue was walking slowly. Avoiding the cars. Taking in the details of the new found world. He walked the walk to the ship area but found no ship. Not the ship he had arrived with earlier. Just an empty space where he stopped to look at the ocean. A peculiar moonlight was glimmering along the waving surface.

"Am I safe?" Blue thought to himself. "Where am I?"

Hours later Blue fell to sleep again only to wake up in the real-time zone close to the physical. The real-time zone was the plane between physical reality and the astral realms. It looked like

the physical but was really a copy. Some details had changed. Blue decided to use his mental powers to jump into the realm where Amber was living. It was like a fear decision. He thought he might be able to communicate with Amber's spirit. Just to find some clarity and recognition. It could be done in rare cases: Like a whispering in the dark. A meeting between energies vibrating on different frequencies.

He sat up in the energy copy of the hotel and walked out of the door. Moved along a staircase where reality transformed by clear intention. All went black and Blue materialized as an energy-form in Amber's apartment.

Amber was sitting in an armchair to look at television. With a dog in her lap. She was stroking the dog and softly crying. Looking like a hopeless victim to supernatural forces. Blue flew around the room. Trying to arouse Amber's interest. But Amber didn't notice him. Blue pushed furniture and even touched the body of the black magician. With no recognition. The spacey apartment was filled with newspapers, plastic bags and rotten food. It was full of garbage and smelled badly. Blue tried several times to divert Amber's attention. He watched with agony at the crying shape of the black magician. Looking all too recognizable, all too fragile. He wanted to console her and find personal release. But connection was impossible. He gave it up and flew like a black ghost through the wall of Amber's apartment. Out on the balcony to watch filthy dogs surrounding the playing ground below. Howling like wild wolves in a night of despair. Blue was getting scared. He woke up in the hotel room and came to his senses...

* * *

He was trapped in a parallel world: An alternate earth unknown to him and most others. He went out and into the restaurant. Out on the pavement and all along the road to new buildings. And the whole neighbourhood was feeding on his energy. The night-time sky was filled with a greenish light looking exotic. Like northern lights arriving at winter. He didn't know what to do. Sports cars were passing by along the road. Glowing balloons were searching for the skies. Collecting in large groups of thousands. Glowing like natural oddities.

Images were blurring by: A couple of police-men were running towards him. They came from a police car that had parked along the road. Blue started running. He felt their energy, their low vibration. Running. Taking shelter between buildings. Running up a stair-case. Jumping down from dangerous heights. Finally running into the police-men. Stealing their keys. Knocking them down by surprise movement. Taking their weapons. Running towards the car and starting the engine.

The police-car ran down the street like a flying arrow. Running with others in crazy speeds. Going along the dark and dusty road. Passing cars along the way. Crossing them. Going beside them. Blue noticed voices on the radio. Turned the volume down. Went like crazy along the dark and dusty road to arrive at a bridge. Crossing above water to an island.

Lights zoomed in from the sky above: Police helicopters. Aiming guns at him. Shooting but missing. Blue entered a tunnel and avoided cars that had stopped for casual resting. Telephone boots swished by in crazy speeds. A tunnel effect was increasing. Blue didn't see the surrounding areas beyond his vision tunnel. He suddenly came to a dark exit. A barricaded end of the road where Blue had to stop the car. Move out of it. Aiming his

weapons towards some police cars now gaining. And Blue ran. He ran for his life to seek shelter away from the road trap. Away from this new world of chaos and danger.

But he was shot down by a helicopter and woke up in a space-ship leaving earth. He looked upon a small glass window and saw earth descending as the space-ship entered through another giant mirror: A prism altering space-ship frequencies. He saw a horde of space-ships leaving earth. Leaving the hazy green northern lights and entering a huge space-station unknown to man. A police officer hit Blue with a pole and Blue lost consciousness.

He woke up in a huge hall with endless mirrors. Hearing complaining voices. Voices from the group of "crazies" at the support group earlier. He recognized their voices. Their fragile voices sounding like small lambs waiting for slaughter. But it was a huge hall of mirror illusions. Where memories from Blue's younger years were projecting along the mirror image. He saw himself and his pointless journey. His journey into physical life. Leaving his family. Gaining occult power. Losing his sanity in moments. But looking closer. And he saw his dark destiny as an astral explorer. Discovering the truth of the astral worlds and supporting realities. Leaving room for dark investigation.

* * *

And along these lines Blue lost his mind and shot himself with a pistol.

6000 B.C.

Two hunter-gatherers were walking along a naturally formed meadow. A meadow with sun-lit flowers that sent ripples of pure energy into the bodies of the two tribesmen. The first was White Amber The Black Magician in a prior incarnation. The second one was The Fading Blue Sun in a previous life. They were just walking there. Projecting their gaze upon the morning sun. And feeling free and without worries. Prior this walk they had entered a black lake formed naturally by streams of water coming down from the mountains. They had killed some animals and eaten their flesh heated by a golden fire.

They didn't know about it but the coming days would give rise to a continuous fall of rain. Wetting their bodies. Giving birth to a mist coming up in the morning sun. They slept in caves among the rest of the hunter-gathers. They were talking of remote enemies threatening the caves. Coming from the hinterland with the build of powerful weapons. Weapons made from stones and wood. Spears carved with precision. They didn't know about the coming rain. But they could smell a certain coldness in the air. Senses heightened by the needs of natural life. But this skill was not the only skill required. They would lose the battle. They would lose the caves. Some hunter-gatherers would be killed by rare swords and arches. Things these hunter-gatherers never could have guessed about.

The group was split in several small ones. Blue and Amber went by themselves to new lands. Torn down by the loss. Loss of mothers and fathers. Loss of brothers and sisters. Still they had each other. They walked naturally formed pathways into the depths of the unknown forest. They reached along the coastline and to remote lakes. Finally entered a valley below some high altitude mountains. Here Amber settled down to cry and later to plan the structure of another form of village. She had seen the ways and doings of the other clan. She had seen their new weapons. Another kind of culture built upon a rare agriculture. Increasing power. Increasing weight and strength of muscles. Amber saw no other way.

Amber planned the village. She saw into the future like a reckless warrior. Full of lust, greed and hate. Blue killed animals with stolen arches. And Amber figured out ways to treat the soil, to build better fires. To build houses from stones and wood. Conquering the land with her intellect and bare hands. Planning the future. Seeing the future.

Leaving the old limitations behind.

Beyond death.

The Fading Blue Sun and White Amber The Black Magician were sitting by themselves on a grassy slope. A grassy slope with a green leaning towards white. They were the meeting of opposing forces: One Masculine, one feminine and they shared the same destiny. They didn't die the same day. Amber would live a little bit longer in the physical dimension. But she would kill herself with a knife later when the psychological support group split in smaller units. It was a time beyond death where Blue would meet Amber in a time parallel to earth time. They had been together many physical incarnations. They were always opposing each other but also connected together by a common cause.

Amber would project her will into the future. Meeting up with Blue in the astral between incarnations. Sometimes she was something more than an ordinary human. She was animals, alien beings and huge warriors looking like huge spiders and dragons.

A mythical connection including all space and time.

They were sitting on the grassy slope, leaning to white, to talk about the failure of their last incarnation. How Amber had led Blue to a certain death caused by Amber's occult explorations. But she didn't know of the hostility of the other land. That the controllers of the physical matrix had decided to kill all the odd ones to secure power over their destiny.

Controlling the general population with lies.

"You know all about this." Amber said to Blue in a rigid tone.

"I knew it at first but later forgot it." Blue said, "Exploring the astral worlds but denying the reality of the physical. Just because it was too terrible. I wanted change, I wanted revolution. I wanted to tell stories to enlighten mankind."

"You were mistaken."

"Mistaken I was." Blue said, "But now with the facts at disposal it seems as if my wish has finally become true."

Amber stared at Blue like a black witch.

They arose to walk the grassy slope. Watching a huge valley below, clothed by fantasy castles and inverted rainbows. Green bubbles were coming up from the centre of a lake. Bubbles spreading along the watery surface. Hiding huge swans of blue that had hidden their wings along their slender bodies.

"You can't do it." Amber said to Blue to break the silence.

"Do what?" Blue said.

"You can't enlighten the people." Amber said, "Infact..."

Amber looked away.

“Can’t what?”

“You can’t enlighten yourself or the people!” Amber said. “You can’t do it because every try to know reality will turn it into the opposite!” Amber said, “It is something I have learnt from my past incarnations. We always were the ones. You and I. We had great plans. A will to life. A will to power. A will to truth and being warriors. But the times of the warriors have come and gone. They have simply disappeared.”

“You’re crazy.”

“I’m not.” Amber said.

Amber told Blue the history of their past incarnations. How they always met in rare moments. Moments were Amber lost her rings in dark wells. Were they were flying like night-time bats along a glowing horizon. But how this horizon showed signs of enemy forces. Blue consoling Amber. Amber turning on him.

And they were always left sitting in a progressively worse environment.

“This is just our history.” Blue said, “We can change it! Change it for the better. We just have to abandon our faith in our coming demise! Being something else than suicide maniacs. Thinking clearly. Using logic. Not drowning in dark wells and forbidden treasures.”

* * *

Amber tried to answer. To find an answer to Blue’s arguments. But it was a futile attempt. Amber lost her energy. She lost her will to continue. She was looking up to a house. A shared house on the top of a grassy hill.

The conversation slowly died out like a dying ember. They were talking less, guessing more. Guessing about the end of the conversation.

Conversations primarily arose due to the lack of connection. They had been together many lives: Exploring, creating, testing new possibilities and seeing new ends. Amber had been the one to lead progress from the start. She had envisioned probable futures, new emotions, feelings, thoughts and certain modes of conduct. Seeing ways to look beyond the obvious: Criticizing, analysing and investigating. Always arriving at new ends.

“The history of ours is like a model of the future.” Blue said, “Just a model. Something that could be true but also otherwise.”

Blue’s comments saw no clear answer. Amber was silent, sitting on the hill as yellow butterflies made round circles in the wind. A wind it was, pushing, lifting, enclosing. Giving space for positive thoughts and nightmares of decay. Uncompromising, giving way for freedom of thoughts and the end of bitter arguments. It was a discussion ending in a nihilistic observation of light. No logic could enter. No bullshit storytelling coming from their new born astral memory. The astral bodies of the afterlife glowed with a light pristine. A light coming

from the astral environment. It was these planes Blue so proudly visited earlier. But he was never fully connected to the environment.

Astral waves made sounds on the lake. The swans were flying, circulating, making gestures in the air. And the couple remembered earlier times between lives. How Blue caught Amber sitting close to dark wells. Looking into them as dark waves made the autumn leaves rattle in the wind. Just sitting there. Leaning heavily into the dark pits at display. Blue entered. As to comfort her. As she had lost her wedding rings. But it was not just about being an unhappy lover. It was a trajectory of past descent. A will to reverse time to end up in a paradise environment: Remote, distant and otherworldly. Envisioning a future contrary to the real future. Where dark emotions revealed another kind of trajectory. The story of past lovers, testing love but failing in the end.

What was the truth of their dark descent?

It was a story that saw no resolution. A couple searching for a destiny they couldn't control. Their journey. An endless journey of common descent. But it was also a journey that presented magical moments: Closure. Closure to the visions at display.

Ending in sorrow.

* * *

“We have to turn it around.” Amber said, “Never looking into the past or the future! Just looking at the fire!” She said, “Never seeing anything revelatory in the fire! Never conquering! Never trying to change our degenerating future!” She said, “We will always end up in hell!”

At the Akashic records.

Blue pulled Amber along a track that led to a larger road and finally to a well-lit area where one could see the structure of the Akashic records. Amber had followed along contrary to prior rejection. She was silent, unreachable and full of hidden thoughts. The Akashic records contained all possible information from the past and the future. It was an area surrounded by gray stone arches. Many roads led to this place.

A bright area lit by flashing suns.

Blue pulled Amber along the paved ground: Pushing her, dragging her. Amber was resisting it but quite easily following along. It was all a saddening display: A warrior, a loser, a warrior and someone that had given up victory for defeat.

Inside the Akashic records they were asked to remove their shoes to walk silently among the white stands where they could have a glimpse of their past and their future. All possible information existed in the spiritual database. But one had to be a good searcher. Searching the records with the right keys. Or information could easily get distorted.

Blue looked upon some guards protecting the Akashic records with glowing swords: Remnants from a time of warrior spirituality.

“Can we know the future?” Blue said to a guard that was guarding one of the stands.

“You can but you have to approach it from the right angle.” The guard said, “As information can be used for any purpose. Never using it to hurt others.”

“We know.”

The guard looked upon the uneven pair. Blue was dressed in blue clothing. A blue traveller from the remote corners of the earth. Amber was looking at the guard with sad eyes: Penetrating eyes in the manner of female cunning. Tearing up! Putting up a helpless look and suddenly starting to scream! She screamed from the bottom of her lungs! Thrusting her body on the floor! Making herself look like an abduction victim! Telling lies upon lies about Blue and his morbid consciousness! Saying that Blue would use the information to control her! In the past and in the future!

The guard took up a sword and made signs to the other guards close to the entrance. The guards came up to the pair. Separating them and protecting the stands from intrusion. Blue couldn't go further. He couldn't reach out for the future.

The guards were protecting the white stands with their imposing bodies. Looking on the uneven pair as a couple of criminals. They were laughing! Moving their swords in restrained movements! Blue was just found standing there like a foolish criminal. Trying to answer to Amber's claims but being rejected.

“You are deceiving yourself and your screaming partner!” The guard said, “You better look elsewhere for help!”

Hours later Blue and Amber were walking along the previous track to Amber's house.

"You did it to impose control over my destiny!" Blue said to Amber that didn't answer. "You did it so that I never could enter the Akashic records by myself!"

"I had to!" Amber shouted.

"Well fuck you and your miserable future!" Blue said, "I will leave to the underworld and find the knowledge from demonic forces!" Blue said, "I'm doing this by myself. I'm doing it to save my ass from your miserable future!"

* * *

Blue left Amber standing in the blowing wind. And Blue passed a threshold and moved beyond a hill to a snowy region. If he had looked back he would have seen tears coming out of Amber's eyes. He would have seen Amber hurting herself with a sharp stick. Blood would pour down her white powdered nose. Snow would fall, rain would come. And she would stand there bleeding like a black witch in wait for a terrible destiny.

Blue left on a journey to a frozen valley. Running from dangerous avalanches that almost crushed the astral explorer under their weight. Running out on a frozen lake. Creating skiing gear that he used to propel his astral body.

Away from paradise. Away from the known regions of the astral.

He came to a waterfall with pouring water. Where the astral temperature had made the water freeze. Hanging from the top of the icy lake and along the way down the fall. Forming reflective icicles coloured pink due to the astral sky. Blue found a rope along the shoreline that he used to climb the fall. Collecting icicles with his hands. Tasting the ice. Feeling the remote coldness.

Soon he was coming to different regions. Regions where huge mountains were pushing fire into an icy lake. Hell was not a heated region. It was a cold region. Much colder than Antarctica in the physical dimension.

Blue had to invent good clothing with spells of black magic.

When dusk arrived he entered a frozen harbour. Bodies of the dead were lying frozen on the lake. Decaying people. They were dead bodies decaying from similar missions. Blue had to pass beyond these bodies: Entering a burning harbour. Where fires from dancing people were reaching for the skies. Consumed by evil and hate.

“Where can I find the ruler of the underworld?” Blue asked one of the people.

“Ha!” The man laughed at the lone intruder, “If you make it beyond the top of the mountain you will know for sure! Have faith in your occult powers!” He said and laughed. “Make it there and I will relieve the others!”

Blue left the others with anger in his eyes. Listening as the burning people screamed in agony behind. Cooling their bodies with the coldness of the ice.

Beyond the mountain Blue found a golden palace that was lit by emerald fire. It had a red carpet rolled out in front of him surrounded by green trees. But the green trees were decorated with blue flags reminding Blue of his own name. They were blue but also yellow: A sense of inborn power that was mirrored in Blue’s consciousness. Reminding him of a time of future glory. Something to be seen and behold. Blue went up on the carpet and pushed himself further against an opening in front of him. When he came to the opening he was stopped by a golden guard. The guard just looked at him: Smiling. Searching for errors but at last recognizing the fire burning within.

Blue was escorted into the main area of the golden palace. An area where demons danced with angels. Protruding forms escaping the black void of the underworld.

“We know about your mission.” A demon said.

He had a face distorted by torture devices. Cutting his mouth into deviant forms. And a black tail was burning with blue flame. Dimming the surroundings. As the demon moved his tail the others were dissolving: Becoming translucent.

The dance was carried forth in the scent of the night. Huge cakes were delivered on blank plates. Containing delicious fruits and berries. Drinks were offered in good measure. Hell was not the place often heard and read about. It was a paradise environment of undivine pleasure. Of indulgence into the mortal cravings.

Even the burning people were getting great satisfaction. As these people were first range masochists.

“You have to walk the path to the older gods.” The demon said with the black tail. “The knowledge you seek can only be attained by those willing to put up the effort.” He said, “It is about a long, long journey into a forgotten land. I hope you will find success.”

“I will.” Blue said.

The journey had its beginning in an autumn environment. Strange winds were flying through the astral dimensions. Sucking people's emotions and thoughts away. Clarifying their consciousness. Making them ready for the new season to come.

Blue was travelling in a mountain region with an open view of a deep valley. The leaves of the trees were red, orange and yellow. Some of the leaves were falling. As Blue walked he often came in contact with the leaves. He found strange insights within the leaves: Insights of which way to turn as he walked the path to the gods.

Autumn soon turned to spring. It was a jump of abnormal proportions: As the actual seasons had been twisted around. The transition happened as by magic. The falling leaves of the trees turned into piles on the ground and flowers grew up within them. White flowers looking like wind-flowers. Days became shorter only to get longer in the end. Blue came upon pathways leading through several avenues. The soft green spots on the budding trees were filling Blue's heart with joy. But the sense of spring was overshadowed by an ascent into godly mountains.

Seasons within seasons: Combining elements of earthly seasons. It was a mesmerizing fountain of innocence combining heavenly winds with stillness of fury. So blinding was the light of the godly heavens that Blue had to peer carefully within closed eyelids.

Watching an ascent up the mountains along a deserted road. As Blue finally arrived at the gods he was asked to reveal the reason for his journey.

"I came to enlighten myself of the past, the present and the future." Blue said, "And how reality can be transformed."

"Victory can only be attained after great practise." One of the gods said, "You must abandon all comfort to find the answers within. Needing great concentration, effort and time." She said, "Using the intellect to discern reality beyond all mental fictions."

"But how can this be done?"

"You failed before because you didn't realize the end result of your struggle." The god said, "Victory after victory turning reality into new struggles." She said, "But these struggles will reward you in the end."

When Blue entered the house of Amber he found a new display of sorrow and agony. Amber sat in a rocking chair completely absorbed by bad television shows. So bad was the expression on Amber's face that Blue almost rolled backwards. She looked like a teenager that had lost her spark: Something evil, something nasty and all too used by bad lovers. Eating cookies from a holder in her lap.

"I'm not happy to see you." Amber started, "You know I live for my demise."

Blue didn't answer. He put up his jacket on a holder and walked into the living room of the house. The television displayed trailers from bad movies. Intercut within a framework of shallow soap operas.

"I will do my thing and not interrupt you." Blue said, "Where are your animals?"

"I ate them." Amber said, "Still they had no future."

The conversation didn't have any purpose. Blue left Amber to walk into a close by room. It was full of used bottles and papers. He moved away all the trash found on the floor. Blue suspected Amber had done this to all the other rooms too.

Still it was hard to judge Amber with all the facts at disposal. Were the gods right or would his quest truly lead to oblivion?

In one point of time Blue had been the suspicious one. In the old forest of 6000 B.C. He had seen upon Amber's visions with the eyes of a forest dweller. A pre-historic hunter-gatherer with no care for modern society. In later periods he had remained the same. Where he was doing roman service as a wild warrior. He had seen the clean earth giving room for alien invasion. Seeing the old cities destroyed by heavenly fire: Seeing the landscape change shape. A witnessing of the build of a space vehicle. But these times gave birth to new times where no one even knew aliens existed. It was the modern times: The sufferings of the modern era. Envisioned by humans like him.

A male drive to win and conquer.

Blue sat down in a couch to envision great concentration. Using his intellect and his occult powers to erase old thought patterns and emotional blockages. It was a process of death and renewal. Going more seriously in this mode of personal investigation. Erasing old concepts related to time. Looking to the future much more sober. Remembering the word of the gods.

Outside the room Amber was terrified as she saw a light growing stronger from within Blue's room. She used a personal tape recorder to record these events. To record a hero that couldn't stop his quest. A personal recorder. A video device. And White Amber The Black Magician settled down on the floor. Crying. Doing drugs. Feeling weak in her unused muscles. She recorded the entire enlightenment event. As a dark homicide victim. Tasting the forbidden fruit of godly enlightenment.

But never giving a solid applause.

Blue woke up with insomnia in the physical dimension. He was tired, reluctant, torn in the muscles of his male body. Somewhere, sometime he had lost his past life memory. Walking on earthly streets in a new lifetime. Time passing by with dull sensations. He torn upon the muscles of his left arm. Stretching his arm. Making pains come and cease. Like water drops from a roof terrace.

He moved about in his future apartment. He wondered how he had gotten there. How the pains in his arms had come and gone? How he had a faint memory of someone called Amber? Why Amber? Why all this mental noise?

He went out on the earthly streets to watch the gray compound of future Chicago. Still greenish neon lights but a scent of smoke in the air. Overrun car engines. A track of a hovering train: Neon signs, bluish, greenish.

Small children with empty stomachs.

It was a future world of rain and fire. Fire from burning cars, from used petroleum. It was a scent of madness of going into perpetual memory loss. Of longing for the astral but being unable to use occult powers. Blue had entered the gate to future earth. Incarnated in a physical body and being unable to escape.

He walked the gray streets of future Chicago. Remembering someone called Amber but losing his sight. A grim presence was tentatively hunting him behind his old apartment. A prison man, an escape artist. Now seeing the opportunity to rape Blue's young body.

"Where am I?" Blue thought.

And finally he entered a dark alley where this girl "Amber" was raped by several others. Blue thought he had to intrude but he was scared: Afraid to do it. Afraid to intervene.

"Don't intervene!" Amber screamed from the bottom of her lungs. "You will never conquer!"

Blue ran away. Away from the raping scene to collect dark poles found on the street. Leftovers from murdered police-men. He took the poles and ran to the raping scene where he hit upon the rapists with the power of his muscles.

"Don't do it!" Amber screamed. "Don't do it like I did in the conquest of the hunter-gatherers! We lost the battle! Lost it to enter hell!"

"What hell?"

"The hell of the spiritual ones forgetting the occult reality." Amber screamed. "Forgetting the occult powers to end up in a physical prison of the mind!"

Blue didn't listen. He hit upon the rapists with the thrust of a boxer maniac. Hitting them! Killing them. Pulling the black pole into the face of their sufferings bodies. It was a cold-blooded murder. A murder by someone that had forgotten the purpose of his journey.

Confronting Amber to help her up.

Blackness. Blackness and fading stars.

Blue woke up again. He woke up in a hovering helicopter. A helicopter of futuristic design. Being the leader of a force of soldiers. Infiltrating old Russia with a helicopter of modern design. Being the major. Being the one to design the infiltration process. Creating space for the advancement of World War 3.

“Do it!” one of the soldiers screamed to Blue! “Drop the soldiers to enter the burning castle!” The soldier screamed, “We will win World War 3!”

Blue confronted the soldiers carrying out orders but being quite lost and confused. Just using the energy of the moment. An energy that easily could die away. But using the adrenaline. The present moment. To find strength to combat the red and chosen enemy. Starting the descent procedures to kill the main opposition.

“We will land here just as we said!” The soldier screamed to Blue in wait of a command.

“To enter World War 3?”

“Just like planned major!”

Blue was looking at the distorted face of the young recruit: A soldier not much older than him. But lacking the depth of the scars, the sense experience of starting something terrible. A new war, a war much more devastating than all other wars combined.

“Shall we start the descent sequence?” The soldiers screamed to Blue. “Now is the time or never!”

“Don’t do it!” Blue screamed.

“But you already...”

Blue hit the young man in the face with his pistol! Hitting him with several strokes!

“I will never start World War 3 you dumb-ass!” Blue screamed, “Are you crazy?”

Blue stared upon the recruit and started to get new memories: Memories of past times on earth and among the gods in heaven. In hell, on alien planets and dark dungeons with trolls and elves. It was a time of reckoning.

“I won’t do it!” Blue screamed and suddenly faded away.

Blackness. Whiteness. Blue woke up again on a dissecting table. A ground procedure carried out by White Amber The Black Magician. A procedure to dissect the body of Blue with her own hands. To dissect him, control him and plant a torture device.

“Why is this happening?” Blue screamed.

He was listening to the voice of his own heart. As body parts were removed from his physical shell. Connecting him to the dark look of White Amber The Black Magician.

“Why are you doing it?” Blue screamed.

“To make you forget and never remember!” Amber said. “To forget the ways of the lone hero doing service to mankind!”

Black streets lit by neon green. Large masses of cars running along a multi-path roadway. Just moving along. Connected together with the speed demands of the shadow government. Just speeding along the multi-path roadway. A random car is passing by with some surprise movement.

Two bodies can be found in this random car. It is The Fading Blue Sun and White Amber The Black Magician. They are caught together again. After the torture scene. After the World War 3 of evil and madness.

Connected together in time like black vortexes of energy.

“You killed me!” Blue said to Amber.

“I did it.” Amber said, “To make you learn about yourself!”

“You killed me like you killed me in old Chicago many lifetimes ago!” Blue said, “Leading me into a new conception of the physical matrix.”

“Nothing happens!” Amber said. “Nothing happens if we never let it happen! We will enter the cabin on the astral plane. And I will teach you a lesson!”

The car went along the dark and dusty street. Coming close to other cars passing by. A switch was pulled on the radio. Picking up black noise. Picking up static. But beyond this static a song of sorrow played along a muted guitar. The song of two dead lovers. Finding each other again in the world beyond.

It was magic.

The car turned away from the main road to enter the shadow land of the old astral. The astral had transformed: The paradise environment of the previous time between lives had disappeared. Now gray areas could be seen. The green grass and the icy valley had transformed and looked like the remnants of dead Moscow.

Crushed to the ground by the forces of World War 3. The war actually happened. But without the help from The Fading Blue Sun.

“I still am I.” Blue said and almost lost consciousness.

“You take it easy now.” Amber said and put a pillow in Blue’s lap.

They ran across the countryside like lost warriors and finally entered the area of the old house. It was now a modern house. A sterile vision of new times coming later. A time coming to the ones not knowing about the past or the future.

Past lovers lost to time.

“But now...”

Amber stopped Blue in the middle of a sentence.

“We will walk inside to collect impressions.”

And Amber stopped the car, walked outside and started to walk to the door entrance.

“Why are you doing this?” Blue asked Amber in a dull tone.

“It has to be done.” Amber said, “To end the conquest of your journey.”

Blue entered the house and Amber walked away with him to the kitchen. Amber picked up a sterile tape recorder device. The device she had used in the previous time in the astral. Amber pushed Blue ahead of her.

Moving his dead body into the space of the room close to the living room. The room of the enlightenment procedure earlier. The couple sat down upon another couch. A couch moved slightly from the place of the old one.

“A new couch!” Blue said and was pushed quiet.

Amber went up to a television set and plugged in some cables from the tape recorder. And she switched on the TV and settled down in the couch where Blue was heavily breathing.

“Now you look!” Amber said to Blue in a rigid tone. “Watch the television set as I push play on the tape recorder!”

Blue looked. He saw static. He saw green images. Images from unknown lands. Lands of predators and warriors. Struggling against the heavy rain to absorb energy from remote islands. Black priests. Warriors. Female lovers and children occupied with spiritual science.

A chaotic imagery of revolutions and dismay.

“Look at the images!” Amber said.

And Blue looked again: Heavily. Staring even. Pulling his dull eyes onto the surface of the television set. As new images were coming up beyond static. Images from the previous recording session in Amber’s house. The same house. The recording of the enlightenment procedure done earlier on the astral plane.

“Now you look at the images as the story of your life is evolving.” Amber said.

And Blue saw the images captured by the tape recording device. He saw Amber’s shaky movements. The noise from her heavy breathing. Snorting coke on a heavy diet. Her crying. Shaking hands. The white light coming up from beyond the door to Blue’s room. The white light of enlightenment and suddenly a red dragon. A red dragon of pre-memorial design. A dragon so terrible Amber’s sobbing found a clear exit.

The dragon entered the White Light coming from Blue’s room and the room was reconfigured. Echoes of horrid voices were heard in the close off space. Visions from Blue’s

face were aligning on the entered door. Murderous thoughts taking shape in an original manner. And suddenly the screaming was fading out.

Amber dropped the recording device.

“Do you see?” Amber asked Blue sitting on the couch of their new astral house.

“See what?”

“Do you believe it?”

“Believe what?”

“That your mission to know reality, save our world and restore time was pointless!” Amber said, “That the red dragon came to kill you as you wrongly projected your consciousness.”

Amber said, “It is the gods!” She said, “The gods you so proudly connected! But their knowledge is false knowledge! It’s the knowledge of the ones controlling reality! See this or meet your cold end destiny!”

“I can’t believe it!” Blue said.

“You can’t believe it because you are arriving at reality at the wrong ends!” Amber said, “What you need is not truth but total illusion! Illusion to see beyond the controlling matrix of ‘truth’ in this alien land! The illusions of the unconscious. Connecting you to your past beyond all truth concepts.”

“You think you’re right.” Blue said.

“I do.” Amber said. “Progress is a deteriorating madhouse of new encounters.” Amber said, “Encounters with angels and demons, gods and heavenly creatures. But these encounters are clouding the sanity of your mind.” Amber said, “You have to go on your path differently. Not going into ‘truth’ to find your lack of sanity.” Amber said, “Ending up in a physical hell just because you search so heroically.”

The two lovers pushed around on the couch and Amber looked Blue deep in the eyes. It had been a strange encounter. Something so exotic and different that Blue had lost his mind. He couldn’t reject Amber’s teaching. Something so alien to him that he only could laugh in serious moments. But confirming a dark suspicion. A suspicion he had had in the forest of the earth time around 6000 B.C. Confronting the other clan evolving beyond normal hunter-gatherers. Collecting themselves secretly in dark openings of the night-time forests. Hunting for blood. For suffering and decay.

And it was these ones that won in the end.

Amber looked into Blue’s eyes. She was hitting him with the sense experience of her own eyes: Disconnected, disillusioned. On the path to torment and decay.

“Wake up!” Amber said to Blue. “Look into my eyes!”

And Blue looked into the dark eyes of the black magician. Torn eyes. Eyes that had seen with good clarity and great vision. He saw the times of the past life of dinosaurs. Of fish coming up from the black pit of ocean waves. Going up on the beaches in the amount of thousands. Rising up on the evolutionary ladder to taste the forbidden fruit on the dry land. Becoming reptiles, birds, strange creatures...

“That is the word of my final vision.” Amber said, “That it all happened in vain.”

Blue turned away. He looked into the black mirror of the television set. First clothed in static. Then going darker. Becoming black to enter a tunnel of yellow flame. Passing through that tunnel. A dark voyage resembling Blue’s escape journey along the streets of the disconnected earth matrix. Hunted by the police, hunted by helicopters. And shot down by the police to enter the strange spaceship. Leaving earth behind in the colours of the northern lights.

The yellow flames were coming closer. Warming the body of the lost schizophrenic. Looking into the black image of the dead television set to see the arrival of strange illusions. An illusion of going out of body. To watch Amber’s house from the outside. How it was burning. How it was consumed. How Blue suddenly sat in the room of Amber to watch her burning image. Laughing like a demon. A black magician. Taking control of Blue’s consciousness. To transform his life to another kind of magic.

The magic of the land beyond.

It was the same land as occupied by Amber's house on the astral plane. But the house had burned down. Burned down by Amber's projected illusions. She saw no future in "truth", "goodness", "beauty", "joy" and "evolution".

She had inverted these concepts. And not just the concepts. But the good behaviours. The balanced emotions. The feedback process of give and take. She had abandoned love. Abandoned the balanced act of living like a white magician.

She saw no future of the gods, demons and angels in heaven and hell. These hells had burned down. Burned down with the flame of inborn illusions.

Illusions fooling the victim into bad behaviour and finally enlightening her. It was a chaotic devolution into oblivion. A parallel journey of inverted time.

"The house has burned down." The Fading Blue Sun said to Amber. "But the green grass has grown up. The frozen valley is restored!"

They looked down upon the frozen valley: The valley leading to the previous land of the demonic forces and hell. Now that time had come and gone. They were walking like free wanderers. Looking at each other. Seeing the hint of an evil smile.

They pushed themselves over the slope. Going downwards, rolling like innocent children before their parent's gaze. Tumbling down like rabbits on the slope that gave birth to angelic singing and a hazy sound of the negative. Entering upon the surface of the frozen lake. And they saw snow bound houses. Houses made of snow and ice. Looking at them. Watching children playing inside of them.

Coming out in moments to watch the new travellers coming up to them.

They saw them but went silent.

Amber and Blue went up in an icy tree. A tree made from green water. Tasting the water. Drinking it. And the children picked up snow and threw the balls at the loving pair. The snow balls ejected from the children's hands and ended up melting away on an invisible surface.

This was the surface of the loving pair's secret shielding. Shielding each other from the children at display.

They went down from the tree to walk upon the surface of the frozen lake.

This lake showed characteristics of something supernatural. A restoration of the astral plane. The gods were gone, the demons had fallen and angels had turned away from the negative forces of the light.

What remained on this grassy surface? On a grass glowing with golden embrace the lovers found a red structure. A beating structure resembling the human heart. What heart? A huge red heart made from astral material. Beating loudly creating echoes along the frozen lake.

Blue and Amber went up on it. Jumping on it. Peeling slowly into the centre of its bold foundation. The black currents of illusions created from a green glow.

The glow of past incarnations in the physical and the land below. This was love. This was the “evil” undercurrents of the human heart. And the two reckless warriors jumped down from the beating heart to join with each other in the run towards the placid plains.

Joining with the cult of past heroes in the quest for deadly recurrence.

Recreating reality once again.

THE END