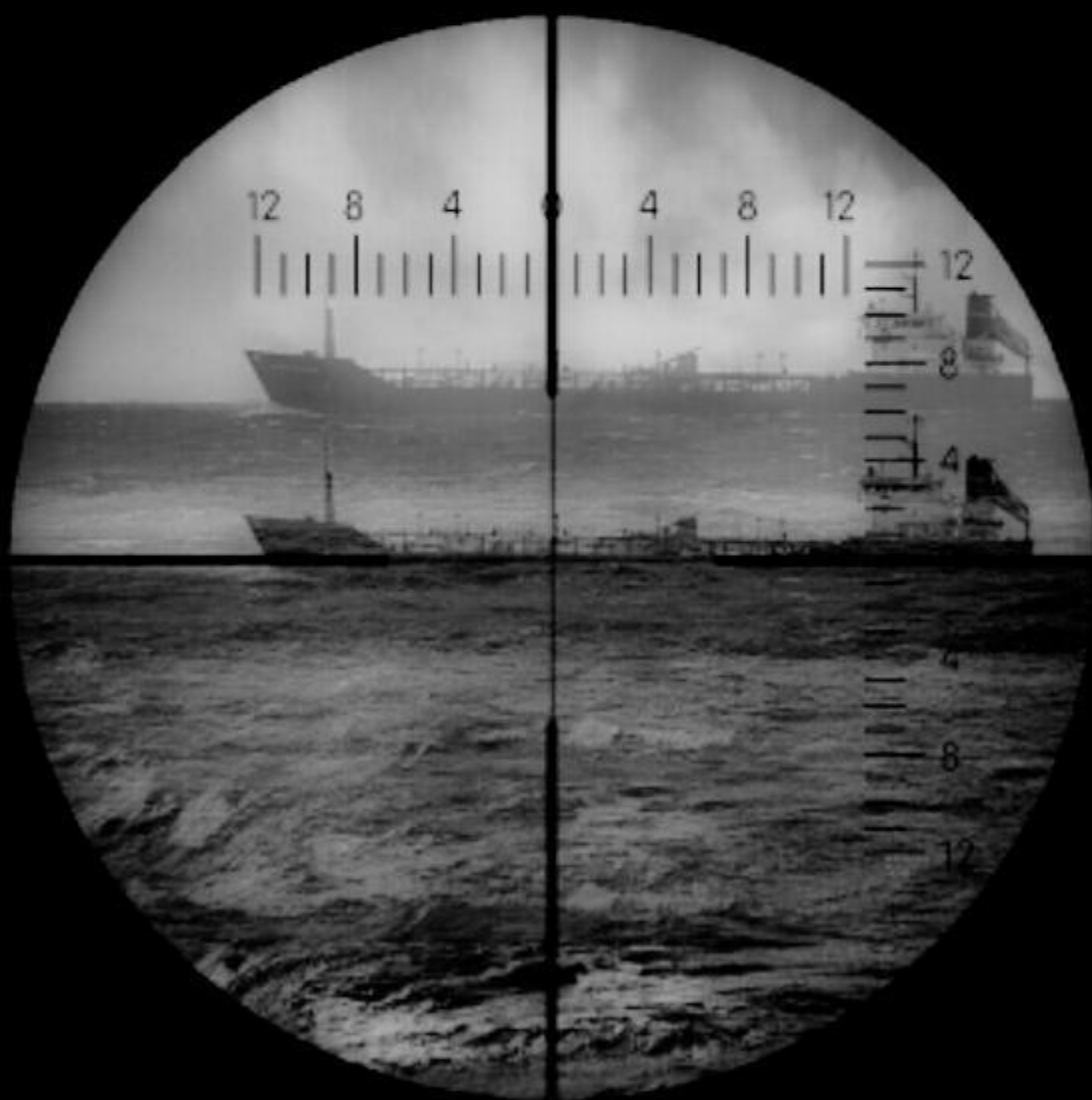


GHOST WALKER AND OTHER SHORT STORIES

ANDREAS INGO



THE REVELATION

A SHORT STORY FOR KIND PARENTS

ANDREAS INGO

Childhood, such an experience that was! A time-table of chance encounters, erroneous dialogue, inferior teachers and much more of the same kind!

I never was the one to succeed by average definitions. I walked the streets of Chicago, lost in a stream of thoughts and feelings. Watching the neighbourhood with a keen eye. I never was the one to reflect deeply. I ate from the plate of ignorance. A warm soothing feeling of being lost to time.

Some days I walked the grey pavement leading to the main city canal. I walked the grey staircase leading to the water. There I sat down upon the steps to ponder the nature of the universe and my own existence.

Doing homework contrary to everyone else.

I had meetings with different kinds of students in the school. We exchanged lines, amounting to a remote connection lacking coherence and logic.

“So you will go to the party tonight?” One girl asked me.

“Sure, if you serve strong drinks.”

“Of course we do.” The girl said. “But weren’t you a non-drinker?”

“It’s all about the occasion.” I said and left.

This girl was called Samantha. She was wearing a black dress different from most girls of the same age. We were in the earlier period of adolescence. Closing in on the age of young adults. I had

started to think, to reflect on my journey. But casually. I never made this too obvious in social contexts.

My parents were free-thinkers sharing a rented house in the north-western part of the city.

The mysteries, the clouded circumstances shaping my life were experienced in a private school. I had an arrangement costing my parents a small fortune. I was presented before the best teachers. But I was opposing these teachers as allowed by my parents from young age.

I didn't have to prove myself. I could go to the lessons and also be away. But for some reason I often went to the lessons. I did it with a keen curiosity. As deviant calculations in math, language and theoretical physics pulled me deeper into the mystery of space, being and time.

As I said, I didn't have to prove myself. But I *started* to prove myself due to a great amount of intellectual stimulation.

Many schools in my neighbourhood weren't the same. I met different youngsters, playing games with them. Talking to them. But most of them looked upon me with the strangest eyes. I simply couldn't grasp it. How I was shaped differently by private lessons, with wealth and a positive mind-set from birth.

It would be revealed in annual football games I joined to proudly represent the sports spirit many had adopted from young age.

I lost in these games. I played pretty average. And after the games I talked with local students that said I probably was better in school than on the football field. I didn't agree. School to me came just naturally. Football was a deeper interest. And it was this interest in subjects such as sex, human relations and pure physicality that would transform me in later years.

* * *

The hovering air-craft made turns and adjustments to the different currents in the air. My school years had finished and I left the school with the highest grades. I had confronted Christian teachers and students that taught me to take it easy and enjoy the ride.

But I had gone deeper into the esoteric. Into hard subjects feeling like enjoyment to me.

It had been revealed much more closely during social happenings inside the school and outside the school. Many teachers were opposing me watching my attitude. Trying to help me overcome the "*hard burden*" of my journey.

Being "nice", approving me intellectually but never observing the reality of my own temperament. Easing down was becoming hard to me. Getting harder in time with the sufferings of my endless joys. I had to work harder. Do more and think less. But most people thought I was putting too much of an burden upon myself. Missing my teenager years as they thought I never was attending parties.

In reality I attended more parties than them.

The air-craft made movements upon the rushing air. A counter-movement pulling the flaps several inches along the left side wing. I was going to Paris. To watch great renaissance art in the lens of dispassionate observer.

Many things had been revealed to me during my teenager years. The teachings of the teachers were teachings seldom spoken about in conventional contexts.

I had a keen approach to the whole thing. The experiences I had during younger years were in time coming to prove some truths I had discovered initially. And those truths were the truths of non-action, non-feeling, non-thinking. Adopting a philosophy of death and taking good time for rest.

Putting knowledge aside for walks in nature and erotic encounters.

I was not a traditional thinker by any definition. But I found myself looking in the mirror by reading the texts of the romantic philosophers such as Goethe, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. Also the rationalists such as David Hume and Baruch De Spinoza. What made me connect to them was the playful attitude toward life.

I found much enjoyment in nature, in the inward stream of consciousness revealing inner truths contrary to effort.

* * *

So contradictory was my previous class in private school! On parties, where the intellectual elite of the north-western part of Chicago had occasional chats and social gatherings. Mostly there occurred different kinds of sophistry and dialogue.

“You remember the theorem of Max Planck which proved to be right the other day?” Samantha asked me.

“Of course I remember it.” I said.

“But you will see that certain advances in theoretical physics connects to all aspects of modern science.” Samantha said, “And that also includes sex.”

“In a way perhaps.” I said, “I’m just working on my own theories.”

“Good then.” Samantha said.

The whole gathering of people were going out from Samantha’s apartment. They were chatting about the true nature of sex. Of Dionysian pleasure leaving room for intellectual leaps. But the youngsters were just talking. They had a cold calculated manner of conscious debate. And they were smoking tobacco too. Drinking drinks with Absinthe and Russian Vodka.

Some of them were filled with an ironic blasphemy contradicting the northern gods (Described by philosophers such as Nietzsche).

And I felt that most of them were talking only to do the talking. They enjoyed the company of social gatherings and were often drinking drinks together.

Much was said, nothing was done.

The youngsters had it all served in front of them. Seldom could I sense the *feel of suffering*, of *true intent* regarding the subjects they displayed.

“I have just realized that the teachers were right about the human brain.” Samantha said to me being drunk, “That sex is a mental thing requiring mental effort.”

“I know.”

But as I caught Samantha’s eye it was sparkling with a shallow light.

* * *

The streets of Paris were coloured in a blue light. As the late evening gave birth to night. I saw prostitutes lean onto the shady walls. I saw cats and dogs share ground in a vibrant dimension of many joys and traits.

It was winter. The snow was coming down. Crying children walked along their parents in a colourful palette of blissful joys. I attuned to this celestial void. A deep remembrance of times in earlier lives. Living as a peaceful warrior in the hard won countries of past dismay.

I approached a stranger that saw my elevated walk. Investigating, telling me about a neighbourhood with several qualms. The Parisians were not much different from me. But I approved their life contrary to reason.

* * *

Time went by. I had hardened my character by joyful walks and chance encounters with strangers. I walked upright: Hardened, lonely, distant. So impossible to penetrate for average minds.

I met my parents with an ironic silence. Joking, putting knowledge aside. Telling them of their inner qualities. But never pointing fingers, never telling them how anything “had to be done”. I was rewarded for it. I had a quiet time of sleep and introspection.

One day I went away from my parent’s house to Samantha’s apartment. It was Christmas time. Laughing Santa’s were found in glimmering windows.

Samantha was drinking Absinthe. I met her, I shook her hands and people from the past were introduced against my expectations.

It was a party. A party of Christmas celebrations and many students were there too. They looked the same as in the past, they talked the same. They were displaying the same characteristics. And when we entered “difficult” subjects they were just grinding along.

Saying the obvious, having the “true” answers.

And I laughed, I lied and nodded eagerly to the questions.

“You know about the theory of Darwinian evolution?” One of the students asked me, “How science has revealed the nature of the organic world?”

“I surely do.” I said and lied, “And Darwin was one hell of a man too!”

“What do you mean?” Samantha asked.

“I mean... He knew more than all the apes who preceded him!”

HEAVENLY ANGELS

A SHORT STORY BY ANDREAS INGO

My name is Barlow Henson. I'm a controller, a chief of department in the industrial complex on the planetoid Delta 6. The department has many facilities, including a refinery, a construction site and a foundry. I'm walking between these facilities to deliver new orders.

Orders to shut down the entire industrial complex. This is due to lack of demand for the company's products. The company is going down, "Trinity" (as I read on numerous signs along the way to the facilities) is losing against a fearsome competition. And the company is going bankrupt.

I enter the different areas of the industrial complex. Walking into steamy refinery chambers. Where huge ore trucks deliver their last load into enormous ore cylinders. I talk to sweaty workers. Using special heat protection suits to protect themselves from heat.

I'm awestruck by the strength of the workers. Enduring this hell contrary to their own interests.

The entire area of the industrial complex is resting upon alien ground on a planetoid several light-years from earth. The year is 2257, earth time, but the old earth is long dead and forgotten.

* * *

I'm having a break from schedule. I enter the alien terrain beyond the industrial complex. Occasionally I see ore-trucks and miscellaneous planetary workers return from shift.

In these surroundings a shifting terrain display characteristics of something otherworldly. Mountains are displaying regular

patterns not suspected on a planetoid. Protruding forms building long lines crossing the landscape like wall decorations.

I watch the alien landscape and see protruding lines blend into each other. I count them and lose count as I arrive at ten. Five lines changing to seven ones and then reverting to five again. The life beyond my company position seems uncertain, irregular, unwanted. I entered the company as a normal worker and advanced towards my current position by hard work and lucky circumstances.

I'm a blue-collar guy feeding upon the company founded by a man called Alastair Reynolds. A genius fighting for wealth in a world of many similar options.

* * *

When I return to the industrial complex an atmosphere of uncertainty have made the remaining workers go silent. Alastair Reynolds has entered the industrial complex to talk with them about a desperate plan. A desperate plan to earn money still connected to the company.

The plan is to stage a huge theft of company products and properties. Filming it using regular surveillance cameras. To earn money from insurance companies. The only way to earn money for products impossible to sell. And keeping the products in a safe facility miles away from the actual industrial complex.

But the whole deal is problematic. Problematic as the insurance companies need good proof of an actual crime. Careful as they are concerning all insurance matters.

Some people have to die. Actually die as that is the only proof the insurance companies will take as sufficient. One man is going down and that man is Alastair Reynolds.

This man has ranked among the richest people in the interstellar colonial territories. But his investment in the future company led

him to bankruptcy. And he want to establish a future for his children unaware of the present act.

Going down to save his children, his loved ones and the future of certain shareholders.

* * *

I enter the alien terrain once more. Holding my breath as Alastair Reynolds explains the details of his own departure. I can't answer truthfully to his questions. He want a last excursion into the alien landscape as a conclusion to his own life.

"I did it like no one else." Alastair Reynolds says, "I did it contrary to luck. Making my way up by clear thinking and large amounts of effort."

"And you succeeded in a way." I say and swallow.

"At first." Alastair Reynolds says, "But the future world of interstellar economics didn't allow many with the same mind-set. The struggle for world domination was too hard."

I watch the man in silence. All words seem redundant. A deep turning of inner muscles make me twist in agony. I try not to show it. I try to maintain my calm, my initial position.

We go out. Out on the alien planes. Where an alien fog mix with the green liquid from a small river. Small plants grow on the alien ground. Green outgrowths looking like small bushes with long segments in the size of bananas.

"You served me to the bitter end." Alastair Reynolds says with a haunted voice, "You did it like several others. Are you pleased with the result?"

"I'm pleased." I say and lie, "The whole Trinity business has made me appreciate a lot of things."

"Good then." Alastair Reynolds says and walk back to the interplanetary rover vehicle (IRV).

* * *

The actual staging of the film is made using local surveillance cameras. Alastair Reynolds has paid some outcasts on the opposite side of the planet. Going in patterns to load corporate products and properties on interplanetary rover vehicles.

Complete with a final shoot-out. Ending with the death of Alastair Reynolds. The staging is made in different segments. We need to make a convincing case of a theft. Display some resistance but lose the entire compound in the end.

It's becoming realistic with the reduction of Trinity personnel.

It all happens. We film the "theft": An extra-terrestrial heist film recorded in outer space with local surveillance cameras. Material we will use to cut the final film in order.

But somewhere around there. In the midst of firing weapons I sense something is wrong with the whole ordeal. That images blur together to build a vision of something otherworldly. "To never think about better solutions in these times!" I wonder, "To lose grasp of the entire concept 'restraint'!"

The heist film becomes like an alien intrusion. Almost as I see white ghostly shapes run in the periphery.

Contrary to logic.

It's a nightmare. A torment to my already weak condition. And I watch the film come to completion. A film ending with a huge space-craft crashing in the main area of the industrial complex. Setting on a huge fire.

Killing Alastair Reynolds in the process.

* * *

Three weeks later.

I'm entering a huge space-station far away from Delta 6. It's a huge giant of rotating infrastructure. Built in segments containing sleeping areas, commercial districts, government headquarters, a justice department and much more.

I walk the corridors of the huge space-station. Coloured in grey segments with blue and yellow stripes.

Maps are placed strategically along the slick walls.

I watch these maps, trying to build a picture of where I am and where I am going. I'm using my last earned credits and hope for insurance money.

But I soon get lost within multiple path-ways. In sections lacking artificial gravity. In other sections having some. And other sections where I feel very heavy indeed.

This space-station is built pretty close to the remains of a dying star. A star expanding to a red giant in the past. Then exploding as a bright supernova. The remains of the super-nova have built a fragmentary nebula with countless stars.

Now I'm entering the justice department for a hearing in a huge chamber. Having artificial gravity and a spherical chamber design. A form with multiple segments built with relative height.

The hearing is of the formal kind: "The Heist Film" has been inspected by several surveillance film experts.

The representatives from the insurance companies are there. Along with the representatives from the other side. Mainly Trinity stock holders and relatives to Alastair Reynolds.

I'm witnessing the entire charade.

Questions arise from the insurance companies. Questions I have to answer with a clear mind. But my mind can hardly register the questions. Nagging questions lacking a clear escape.

“You see.” One of the insurance company experts says, “We haven’t found the origin of the criminals doing the heist.” She says, “And some of the film segments display characteristics of fake evidence.”

“What fake evidence?” I ask.

“Weapons lacking true assault capacity and other things.”

I look down upon my bare hands. I find composure and look the accusers in their calculating eyes. Some of them are turning with imposing movements. And I watch the procedures continue according to law and routine. Seeing the lowered middle-section below with the judge and several others.

Surrounded by blue furniture.

“I’m just truthful.” I say and lie, “The evidence is pretty clear from my own point of view.” I say, “Just as I observed the heist in front of my eyes.”

“It’s problematic.” One of the insurance company experts says, “As the evidence points into several directions. But some people ended up dead.”

* * *

I’m moving to sleeping areas. I’m taking an elevator to the sleeping chambers. From my own point of view I’m moving in a horizontal direction. But all angles are relative in space and could also be seen as vertical movement.

The sleeping chambers are rotating along a central axis. They are arranged around a centre piece in the middle. The beds are blue with white sheets. Not looking too dissimilar from medical sleeping units.

I try to sleep, talk occasionally using body language with other guests. Guests with different spoken languages.

In time I see that sleep is impossible. So many are my physical impressions, so intense my psychological condition I start to visualize the time on the planetoid Delta 6.

Going through the faked heist filming process. Watching Alastair Reynolds with a haggard look.

I try to put all thoughts behind. I try to focus...

“I will never become like Alastair Reynolds.” I think to myself, “I will never become like him.”

* * *

The later procedures pass by in a process of questions, answers, and leads. I never find the right things to say. I don't know if I say the worst things.

It's impossible to guess the purpose of the twisted questions.

And somewhere there I watch the middle-part of “The Heist Film” and watch white forms appear and disappear in segments. Alien intruders. A cloaked specimen from the haunted environment of Delta 6.

“Are you with us?” The judge ask me as I resume consciousness. “Are you with us today?”

I'm led outside with some guards to the area of my first contact.

* * *

Now I'm in a gigantic space-harbour. On the huge space-station close to the nebula. Red, green and blue light from the overarching light configuration pulls me into a vibrant state of mind.

I'm walking along a queue leading to a space-ship. A crowning achievement of future design. Looking a bit like a traditional ocean-liner.

I watch the body language, the clothes, the different smells and sounds of the space-tourists.

“How was your trip?” I ask one of the tourists coming from the interstellar ocean-liner.

He smiles a wicked smile and says: “It was very well worth it! An experience for sure.”

I stand there in silence and watch the lingering queue.

* * *

Weeks later I’m boarding the interstellar ocean-liner! Contrary to initial impressions the trial has resulted in victory for Trinity’s part. I’m sailing along the black void of space. The ocean-liner passes the nebula, away from the dying star to hidden areas.

Passing planets, shining stars and new-born dust-clouds.
Collecting in hives due to gravity.

Somewhere there I meet a woman. Someone not much older than me. We dance in a hall of zero gravity. We fill our lungs with smelling air (Smelling like flowers from an extra-terrestrial morning).

And I lose myself in the moment.

* * *

Two weeks later.

I’m lying in bed and I start to imagine things. Thinking of the procedure of the past trial. About the Trinity corporation. About Alastair Reynold’s death.

All the different people, all the different environments.

I try to divert my attention. I try to see things clearly. As I have found a good woman and have the trip of my life. But the alien shapes from Delta 6 intrudes on my consciousness. I don’t know “them”. I don’t know if I remember things correctly.

It’s the sudden joy!

I visualize the woman I met on the ocean-liner: I see her as a sudden surprise. An oddity in the life of a lucky chief and controller. It's a strange occurrence, building momentum but it's all too different from my past.

I imagine her as a dark enemy, an evil companion.

Meeting her the next day.

And giving all my credits away.

GHOST WALKER

A SHORT STORY BY ANDREAS INGO

My name is Alfred Rothschild. I'm a German citizen by royal descent. Connected to the royal family and sharing space with other boys in a private school. A school for coming captains, squadron-leaders and government informers.

I spend my free-time in the courtyard of the school. A courtyard with brown autumn trees. Built within a larger framework of buildings where boys and girls share space with each other. Occasionally playing, occasionally cleaning the courtyard.

In my resting hours I read a lot of books. Books about lone conquerors. About historical figures such as Julius Caesar and Alexander The Great.

I read a lot and I'm becoming better at it.

I start to predict several historical events. Due to similarity between different historical contexts. I behave well in school. I do good at tests and manage to supply the "real" answers with my own "alternative" views.

In my teenager years I start to discover the joy of the opposite sex. Also mountain climbs on nearby mountains. Sharing these moments with girls of my own age. We climb the slippery surfaces. Move beyond protruding cliff segments.

Climbing with good discipline as taught in school. With great strength and courage.

Resulting in heavy breathing.

* * *

A time of occasional peace is ending with a large scale war. It's a war of sudden bombardments. Of marching of local troops to the front. Of squeaking tank processions. I meet soldiers. People often younger than me. The war is demonstrating many losses: Dead soldiers, poor families and corrupt officers.

Survivors promoted to higher ranks.

In the midst of war I'm promoted to a middle-age lecturer. My theoretical knowledge of war and leanings towards "important" subjects have persuaded my teachers. I just sit silently in my library. Also having some lectures.

Talking to students. Reading books, reading news, getting the general impression that war is a complex apparatus.

Complex as it costs the country a fortune. Many die, many complain about the general state of affairs. But supplying the young recruits with a shared goal. With a sense of enthusiasm. Working towards a bigger goal.

But "victory" seems very far away indeed.

* * *

One day I meet a couple of revolutionaries. Two students that want to take action and become soldiers. I talk to them. I try to use my intellect to discuss the details of "The Cause".

"We're taking our chances right now!" One of them says to me, "To use critical analysis and bold application to surprise our enemies before they do the same thing!"

I talk about about the dangers of military life. To cunningly divert the revolutionaries *away* from their chosen profession. As a refuge from *ordinary* matters: Illusory seeing "totalitarian freedom" and "democratic rule" as different sides of the same coin.

I can't say it aloud. My alternative views becomes an obstacle to my personal career. In a school where I find a way to personal

power. To attain intellectual stimulation and find many contacts with highly intelligent people.

A school I can talk fondly of despite the totalitarian regime.

* * *

The autumn leaves fall to the ground and circulate away by the movements of the air. It has been hard to judge my path in the lens of a true observer. My winding path. My instant calling to surprise myself with new modes of thoughts and feelings.

A seriousness of intense playfulness.

The war continues in several leaps. Intensifying. Sending soldiers along a winding path to fight a war more devastating than all other wars in human history.

These soldiers include the two revolutionaries I met at school. But something terrible is revealed in newspapers: A description of the deterioration of people at the front. Meeting "the enemy" in the form of clueless locals.

A conversation arising from common need.

The two revolutionaries mysteriously take opposite sides. Confronting each other in the global conflict. I'm suspected for treason. I'm questioned regarding the two students. And I have to prove myself on the battle-field.

So I have to fake an injury. An injury of a broken leg. Broken on a climbing event in the mountains.

I'm believed.

* * *

Months later.

A fire has been lit in my office. My leg is better. I have a time of cerebral reflection. Celebrating Christmas in my own way.

Building decks of cards from the application of my mind. Creating ideas from government sources.

At some point the two revolutionaries return to their hometown. I meet them. Rumours circulate about a young woman with an empty stare. A woman grown ugly from countless struggles and defeats. And a young man turning nihilistic. A man forgotten by all townspeople including his own parents.

Fighting an “evil” conspiracy on the “wrong” side.

I meet them separated. I talk with them concerning their paths and the choices made on the way. Not as a typical lecturer. But as an intellectual with a keen interest.

Describing classical conflicts in an unpretentious way.

“The war was never wanted.” The woman says to me. “It was a way to harness other powers.”

“What powers?” I ask her.

“The powers of the spirit and the imagination.” She says, “Of intellectual ambition.”

Days later the young revolutionaries are said to be found dead in a field of corn. Fighting a battle of different ideas.

Coming to their last conclusions.

* * *

Time moves on.

I’m forced to participate in naval wars. A time of submerged horror. Entering a German submarine with a group of marines and naval officers. It’s a hellish situation. We have surrounded a fleet of British cruisers. Nailed them down to a situation of no escape. But it’s a difficult situation. British air force command has discovered the plan of my superiors.

We abandon the siege and move on towards the depths of the Atlantic ocean.

There we stand still. I'm asked about my prior merits. Working as a lecturer in a certain school. I'm questioned in depth. But I lie sweet lies about the reason for my previous lectures.

* * *

Days later I'm down in the torpedo room. Changing the fire mechanism of one of our secret weapons. I'm down there. I change the fire mechanism of the torpedoes. So that they fire much earlier than intended.

I have to do this as we have found a lone battle-ship in the middle of the Atlantic. Small islands can be seen arising from the Atlantic ocean. A dull rain of silvery drops splashes on the surface. We stand still in hunt for the lone target.

Firing our torpedoes prior to intent.

The debate continues continuously. What was the error of the torpedo firing mechanism? I have saved lives. With no suspicions from my superiors.

I continue with my intellectual pursuits.

As this story moves forward news are heard from inland intelligence. It's revealed that the Allies have found evidence of military installations in a German town.

These installations are the place of a secret weapon. It's said. A weapon with the potential to win the war for the Axis powers. And to start the "glorious" times of a new empire.

I now use the central command in the night to anonymously misinform the Allied powers of the "real" location of the secret weapon. In a ghost town miles away from my home.

It's important to direct the allied forces to another town as the city with the secret weapon is filled with many civilians and also accounting for the fact that the weapon is a *fiction*.

The Allies receive my secret messages. They accept my "evidence" for a new location. I'm using the intellect, true research and unconscious powers to unveil lies so effective as to prove the errors of the information experts.

It's a strange relief.

It's a complex information process and a daring endeavour. A milestone building on previous guessing games. I start to change the course of the entire war. Saving civilians and covertly misinforming superiors on both sides of the war.

In the middle of this process I start to catch images from surrounding areas. Revealed in the vision from our periscope. Strangely I discover a military boat with human shapes.

Shapes reminding me of the two revolutionaries I tried to convert. Away from the madness. Away from the war.

I start to find trouble with my own superiors. It's talk about a lone traitor. A genius working on his own terms to change the course of human history. He could be found anywhere. Working as a cloaked intellectual on his own terms.

Maybe using several locations to misinform, to convey the message that he already is dead.

One day my superiors discover strange texts in my sleeping unit. It's not readable texts but scrambled texts using old language not known in the modern world.

Old Latin.

"Is this yours?" The captain asks. "What does it mean?"

"It means I'm trying to learn new languages." I say, "Old languages useful in the lectures in my own town. It's really a silly affair."

“Well good then.” The captain says and laughs at me.

* * *

Months later our submarine returns to our harbour. On the way we are intercepted by Cruisers and bombed from air. We dive down towards the bottom of the ocean. And we stay there much longer than intended. It all ends gloriously though. As the Allied forces suspects we are dead.

In the harbour I walk into a cafe where I suddenly see the shapes of the two dead revolutionaries. The same shapes I witnessed in the periscope in the Atlantic ocean.

“You remember me?” I ask the “dead” woman. A woman fooling the German powers with her own methods.

“I surely do.” She says, “And now the war is over.”

“But why did you lie to me?” I ask her. “I didn’t take side.”

“I lied as nobody could be trusted.” She says.

* * *

The situation escalates contrary to plans. The leaders of the different nations work against each other for a deceptive peace. A peace witnessed on the news. In reality a cold war begins with numerous powers engaging in deadly conflict.

They use my “method” to covertly deceive each other.

I have to erase this knowledge. I have to use the secret network of the “revolutionaries” to spread lies to misinform the war intelligence.

But it doesn’t happen.

I’m taken in for a hearing. I’m questioned about the real motives of my intellectual pursuits. They find and decipher my old Latin texts. I’m revealed as a liar, a great deceiver.

Working for peace in a world that is thirsting for war.

I escape with unconventional methods.

I'm put to my own devices. Using a shot-gun to end my life. I pull the trigger of the shot-gun only to find it's empty.

I try another shot to no use.

I fire another shot with a pistol. It clicks. I take a knife and put it on the ground. Projecting the knife's edge towards the night-time sky violently shaking.

Falling down.

A sudden suicide with dark intentions.

THE END