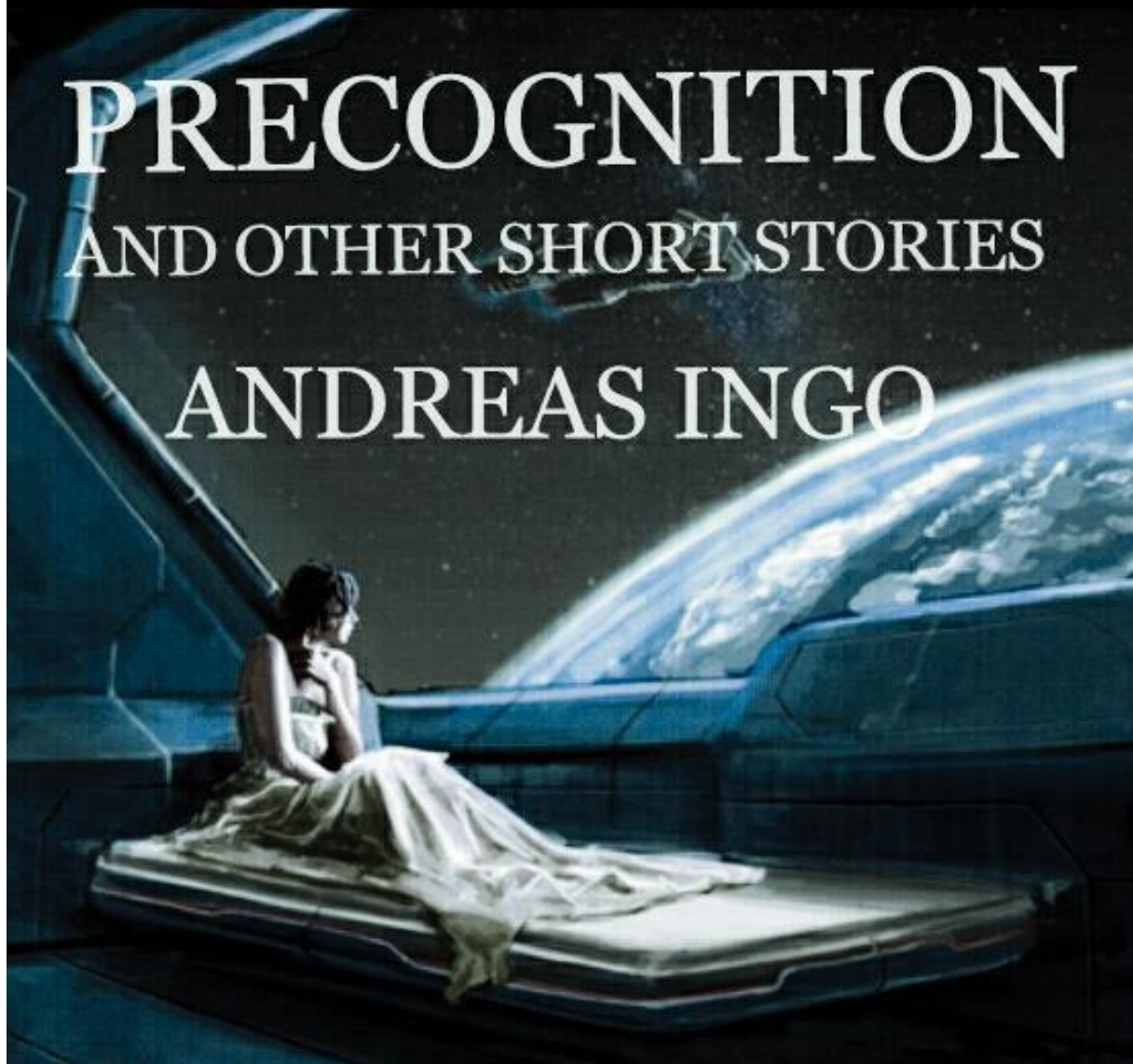


PRECOGNITION  
AND OTHER SHORT STORIES  
ANDREAS INGO



# FROZEN

It hang among the stars like a metal skeleton on a deep journey into the heart of the universe. The space-ship had left Vinter months ago. A gigantic space-station rotating slowly in phase with a cold destiny. Inside were the two bodies of Jeffrey and Samantha, hibernating in dreamless sleep. In wait for a descent into paradise. The hull of the space-ship was grey, a dark grey with the emblem of the future space agency. Years had come to pass, the youngsters had grown older, being best friends since childhood but age had made them break apart. And then they were lying there in the space-ship as pale ghosts.

An alarm went off on a high pitched frequency. In time Jeffrey arose. Watching the high-tech equipment connecting him to a drug-store. The drugs having fed the teenager with chemicals for his own hibernation. But no fluid came along the transparent tubes. The alarm continued to his deep dissatisfaction. Being from the stars and looking at flashing displays.

"Why am I awake?" Jeffrey asked himself. "It is still three months left."

And he walked around the hibernation chamber on unsteady legs. He watched the hibernation capsule of Samantha. The teenager girl sleeping tight, dreaming nothing, eyes closed as planned before. Jeffrey thought about the journey. The journey towards paradise. A lush planet in orbit around a gas giant.

"What to do about it?" Jeffrey thought in a rush of panic.

He looked at a display to reinform himself of the situation. The drugs were out and Samantha was coming to life. No other personnel was found on the space-ship. A mission to arrive at paradise for no cost at all. Traveling in a stolen space-ship.

"Why did I wake up?" Samantha asked, "I can't see any planet."

"The drugs in the drug-store went out."

The teenagers were looking at each other as twin souls. The drug-store was the ticket to paradise. Not enough oxygen was available for the two teenagers traveling awake. Only for the slowed down breathing in dreamless sleep.

"I think we're in danger." Jeffrey said.

And the two of them walked around the dim interiors of the space-ship. The space was finite, so different from the endless carpet of stars shining through the circular windows. There was no captain on the ship. Driven by a ship-computer, to land on "Untouched", a planetary system with lush forests of purple, enchanted oceans and arid deserts. It was paradise. An empty area never intended for man. Full av animals, carbon dioxide and

sulfur. The dream was the dream of many: To merge with nature and to be one with all. Samantha and Jeffrey walked into each other only to retreat. The two of them had almost fallen in love on Vinter, destroying the friendship they always had had. And so they drifted apart.

"I have an idea." Jeffrey said.

"An idea?"

"To land on a comet nearby." Jeffrey said, "I have heard about the failed mission. There could be oxygen supply in the stranded space-ship."

"You're crazy."

"Perhaps. But I can see no other way."

Samantha looked at the teenager with anguish. She felt for him in a twisted way. Childhood years giving way for sexual arousal later. But the magic they felt in childhood digging beautiful forms in melting snow was abstract, loving and sincere. Jeffrey was not quite the same. Childhood play was their thing in the past. But Jeffrey had begun to change his mind later. Thinking about sleeping with the beautiful girl that had interests different from his own. That was the dream of the greatest art. Samantha painting her way beyond the physical world into the abstract. A huge contrast to Jeffrey that loved the physical universe. The physical journey of life, passing adulthood and finding old age, settling down in paradise to build a space-colony.

The days that passed was a horrible nightmare, the two of them waiting for disaster, thinking about the crazy idea to descend towards the giant comet lacking training. As the oxygen supply was running out.

"I will go." Jeffrey said.

"I can't follow." Samantha said with anguish.

"That's what I have been thinking."

"Why?"

"Because the lander is only made for one."

Three days later the teenager descended towards the huge comet leaking ice and cold gases. It lacked gravity. The dark journey had the stars twinkle and die due to the light reflected from the huge comet. He dreamed about a last rescue, descended towards the surface and landed beside a white outcropping. He went out and watched the bleak surroundings and was not a little bit surprised. The ice crystals came to life in different colours due to the light from the remote star in the distance. The main star of the paradise system.

He used his thrusters and floated around the crystal landscape. Blue neon reflections were seen and the colours of red and green. Making a cold imprint in the young mind of Jeffrey. He floated around the surroundings as a remote intruder. The ice was intersected with strange blocks of stone. Like coming from an asteroid or passing blocks around a star. The teenager watched these stones sometimes glimmering in a golden light. It was beautiful.

Hours later he found the lost space-ship. Jeffrey investigated the interiors and found three bodies inside. He watched the air-supply and the main auxiliary support unit. No oxygen was found. He was taken aback, he was afraid but no solution was to be found. Could he go back to the space-ship without solution? Could he search for drugs from the failed mission? He could see no future as those astronauts were traveling awake. It was better to remain in silence. But silence grew the word failure in Jeffrey's mind. He gave up. He sat down and wept. Wept for the impossibility of the mission. Also for the impossibility to have Samantha of his own. But it was empty tears.

He came to his senses and dragged himself around watching the dead displays and the equipment of the lost astronauts. As he dragged himself out he floated around the dead comet. Watching fragments of dust and minerals on the blank surfaces. He thought he heard the shrieking of panicked astronauts. The haunting of dead souls. And as he floated around, using the main thruster to his advantage he started to think about childhood and his teenager years.

He played with Samantha as a child and he later tried to awake her romantic interest. But he remembered he sat in the dining hall of Vinter, watching the red lips of the teenager and stumbled as he talked. Samantha answered him in a remote fashion and Jeffrey just didn't understand it. He learned dispassion on the way. Hinting at love but abandoning it, a mechanical drive of his teenager brain. Sometimes it worked but Samantha gave up in the end. The dining hall became empty, the loving play of the childhood years were gone. And so the teenager gave up and became a flight officer. Samantha studied art.

He floated around the comet like a hollow ghost. Devoid of hope. Devoid of love, hope and understanding. And he started to see the comet in another light. A light of his own undoing. The realization that Samantha was his life and his life would amount to nothing. He found a strange cave, a bit similar to the caves the children had made by artificial snow. It was decorated with strange carvings. Carvings from the dead astronauts, telling about a future of space-ships, a hot sun and the paradise of unknown planets. But among all this he found nature. Natural signs from the interstellar evolution of the comet. A strange trajectory around the remote sun.

He started to think about the paradise on "Untouched". What life would amount to in close proximity to Samantha. A dying ember of love, abandoning her plans of great art, to live with him in a physical universe. They would travel the barren landscape, breathing

real air. Seeing strange aliens, with their heads held up high towards the brightest sun. A blue giant above, signaling alien ways of life, unfit for them.

He thought about it. He called Samantha and told her about the situation.

"You must return home by yourself." he said, "You must think of great art. Because the life you haven chosen was my dream, not yours. And there was no oxygen in the stranded space-ship. The oxygen will last only for you."

"You are crazy!" Samantha said, Full of tears, panic and anguish.

"I have found a place." Jeffrey said, "A place for great reflection. And when it comes to you, you have to make the journey alone."

Samantha shouted over the radio as Jeffrey ended the communication with the push of a button.

Jeffrey sat for himself in the icy cave. He watched the surroundings with despair. Took up a green flare from his backpack and placed it in the center of the cave. The walls of the cave came alive with the light from the flare. Heating Jeffrey up as he thought about "Untouched" once again. The journey had happened according to his will. But will was will, love was love.

The greenish walls of the icy cave flickered as the flare shone and gave up according to the principle of low energy. Jeffrey shuddered, his body was getting cold. And as he drowned himself in a bottomless abyss of beautiful thoughts he began to breathe. Breathe for himself and his last decision.

His body were getting colder, he thought about suicide. And that was the ultimate point of the journey to "Untouched" he thought. To confront his demons. He always loved the heat but Samantha loved the cold. The cold as an abstract thing in art. One thing he never understood but came to think about in fleeting moments. And now as he leaned back on the colden walls, the night were entering the cave. Coldness came and heat were generated from the inner core of his body.

He closed his eyes and had a long last prayer. To give up his life for the girl of his dreams. That was Samantha.

# THE BURNING POND

*One thing I never understood about the astral worlds was the burning evil within. Looking like peace and tranquility on the surface but having more to do with violence and death.*

\* \* \*

Astor Forsight watched the astral worlds as a dispassionate observer. Moving within the worlds at sleep to have countless adventures. Some of these worlds pulled on his emotions and senses. Watching strange creatures, beautiful landscapes and exotic women. But as the journey came to an end he always got a punishment. The worlds clouding his senses and distorting his mind. Therefore he always gave up in the end.

But the ugly reality of the physical world was a boring mess. Having jobs, shallow education and so on. He was a true adventurer at heart but he never got satisfaction. So he started to think about the astral worlds.

"What if I could transform these worlds at will?" He thought, "What if I could walk these worlds as I walk the physical world?" He thought, "The astral as a means of enlightenment. Seeing the astral with a bleak eye. Transforming the inhabitants within."

He did as he wished. Met elder women and small children. At the astral plane. Never to intrude but to respect the free will. Some of them were walking by themselves. Boyish elders with developed interests. Lonely plants in rainbow colours. Strange entities vaporizing in thin air. Others were enjoying common parties. Drinking drinks by strange delight.

As Astor observed the others he remembered the futility of the astral worlds. That the happiness hinted at violence around the next corner. Parasites living on human flesh. Closed off environments limited in their view.

But this was no hard matter. Astor Forsight had developed his intellect to a very high level. He could overcome the problems on the astral plane. The problem of shallow illusions. He did this with pure magic. Seeing the truth but projecting the opposite.

\* \* \*

Somewhere around high noon Astor saw the emergence of an old house on the astral plane. He watched a man digging a hole in the ground. It was pretty shallow. A hint of a grave for the few and selected. The ones killing themselves by will alone. It was a beautiful grave surrounded by white flowers. But no corpses were found.

"Are you digging a grave?" Aston Forsight asked the old man.

"I'm doing it for myself." The man said, "Tired of life and seeking a final exit."

"But why?"

"Because I have seen it all." The man said, "A fitting conclusion."

Astor thought about it as the landscape gave away for the dark. Darkness being the true face of the astral worlds. Beautiful flowers turning to blocks of concrete. Not unlike the physical surroundings but even worse. And he met certain angels turning to black orbs as he went. Trying to put him down. But Astor went further and saw the truth of the whole astral plane. A beautiful landscape of enormous power but lacking in substance.

He journeyed beyond time and space. Watching the worlds with a dispassionate eye. It was a plane of thought not unlike the physical dimension. Thought responsive but easier to bend.

The orbs haunted him to no end. Pulling on his nerves with black magic. But as the young traveler got more confirmation the hauntings faded away. Like a sudden relief. Like a sense of freedom strengthening individuality. Astor Forsight realized that the will of the orbs was to subvert his mind.

He thought about this sharply and returned to himself. He took strong action to feed himself with positive thoughts. Of positive energy resulting in happy feelings. A necessity in a hostile world.

Instants later the orbs gave up and explained the truth of the astral planes. They had been created for an evil purpose. And this was the truth of the whole arrangement. Only a shallow journey towards death. For the orbs's own satisfaction. Living on energy created by the astral spirits. Astor wasn't frightened though. Thinking that truth would prevail in the end.

The orbs talked about an occult philosophy recreating reality for the humans by belief systems alone. Working with thought-forms. And the orbs were revealed as artificial intelligence's at the core. But they were impressed by the depths of Astor's knowledge.

\* \* \*

One evening Astor met a curious girl at a restaurant and the two of them started to talk about lonely dreams. Going as beautiful butterflies to unknown lands. These lands were the work of the imagination. Their own imagination. Completely dissimilar to the astral worlds.

"How did you find out about the astral worlds?" The girl asked.

"I found out by pure experience and being logical about the whole event."

"But the spiritual leaders say otherwise."

"They do but they are not honest to themselves."

"How come?"

"They are following an occult philosophy of transcendence. Knowing about the perils of the astral worlds but thinking things will change in the end."

"Perhaps it does." The girl said.

"It won't." Astor Forsight said, "The light they see is just a beautiful carpet pulled on their ignorant eyes. They will feel even worse in the end."

Astor visited the astral worlds once again and some of the people were a bit different from before. They had started to think about their own lives. Caused by the discussion between Astor and the orbs.

Astor had projected an image of light and never lacked substance. He told them about the illusory feels and smells. Always resulting in spiritual degression but feeling quite different. The people in the astral worlds thought about the ghost hauntings close to the physical dimension. About the mind prisons. Getting free by help alone. But being trapped themselves.

"I will never become like the others." Astor Forsight said to himself. "To create my own worlds instead. Having an occasional visit. Because the dreams of pure individuals can create better worlds by positive energy."

Astor made a thought-form by himself. Creating a belief in an imaginary world of blueish light. Changing perspective before sleep. To enter a ladder of enlightenment within himself.

He did it too. And he met an ascended master giving lessons of an unwordly kind. To visit a burning pond created by a loving thought-form. And he saw the truth of his yearning heart. A scenery of greenish nature beside a beautiful pond. This pond had the light of burning crystals. Being blue. Signaling peace and tranquility to Astor's delight.

Astor was completely taken back. The thought-forms creating the celestial experience came from the bottom of his heart. But the actuality went beyond his surface mind. Created by his own belief system.

\* \* \*

He returned to the curious girl he met at the restaurant earlier. They met and discussed the most magical things. Things lacking physical substance. The dreams of young imaginations. Like going by a flying car in the air. Like standing in pouring rain and feeling celestial winds. Like seeing blue rays of an descending sun. To enter the astral worlds as a married couple teaching about the failure of the current time.



Transforming reality as they went.

They arrived in the astral in the depths of their own sleep. Having a common key to meet up in the astral in a certain place. They met suffering families, intellectuals and travelers too. It was a disgrace. The astral shapes of the spirit beings were torn apart by anguish. Changed by the earlier visit. Astor and the curious girl explained the dark phenomena.

The families talked about a well needed rest after physical life. Astor didn't agree. The families just followed an occult philosophy leading to death. Nobody could believe it at first. But they paid close attention to the observations of Astor's developed science. And they thought again. Thinking logically about what they actually saw and felt.

The couple were invited to tasty dinners. To games in the open and the joy of a newborn child. The astral was the world of travels, art and philosophy but of the darkest kinds. And so the couple explained. Never too preach but giving freedom instead.

The spirits were thinking and as they had a new perspective the landscape transformed in their own delight. The houses torn apart by an invisible force. Celestial stars glowing brighter by pre-memorial design. This was the birth of another reality: A consensus among the families to arrive at truth.

And whisperings were heard around closed off corners. Spirits of the dead showing their true face to the world.

\* \* \*

Moments passed as a ticking clock. Time was reversed. History moving backwards by a fast descent. Angels were falling from the skies. Black orbs merging with the thoughts of the mellow intruder. And they gasped for air and was taken away. Realizing the futility of their own doing. Abandoning evil for joy instead.

Astor and the curious girl left the families for a bright excursion. Towards the burning pond by themselves. Having an spiritual union. A silent marriage. Holding hands watching the blue water from a new angle. They kissed like a husband and wife among the green trees of Astor's imagination. And they were taken away by the blueish light.

# THE OCCULT METAMORPHOSIS

A space-station can be seen in orbit around a distant planet. The planet is blue due to the oceans below the cloud formations. But the planet is not the place of a human colony. Not for decades, maybe not in a hundred of years. This universe is a hostile place not intended for man. The corridors of the space-station are empty, except for the unpleasant sight of dead bodies. Some of them are lying on the floor; others are pushed against the walls. The lights are flickering, casting a white light against the grimy walls. Somewhere in this habitat a man is waking up. This is Rick, a military sergeant, the leader of a secret mission. The mission was to secure the space-station from an Alien threat. But the crew of the space-station is dead. He is close to meet the same destiny himself. One of his lungs is leaking blood; pains are felt throughout his entire body. A headache is tearing on his psyche. He searches for an adrenaline shot and injects the liquid into his left arm. He looks around and watches the corpses of the soldiers lying on the floor. A futuristic ray device can be seen in the centre of the spherical room. A light is glowing and reforming inside a container of glass like a tropical storm in different colours. To be shot down on the blue planet for environmental reasons.

Rick rises and comes to his senses. The adrenaline is making the pain go away. But he doesn't know what to do. He thinks about the only option: To abandon the space-station and take flight with the escape pod. But this pod might be protected by the intruders. Perhaps the Aliens are gone? Perhaps they have gone back to the home planet? He doesn't know. He follows raw emotion and walks out of the room. He passes corpses. One dead soldier is holding a grenade but is unable to trigger it. And he sees another nightmare: The body of his previous lover, a female soldier, known from other missions and the drill of the military camp. He doesn't want to look at her. He loved her sometimes, hated her in others, but on the whole it was an impossible affair. He walks up to her and watches the wounds of her beautiful face. He feels the wounds, like a reminder of the wounds he has himself, but being unable to understand it. She was called Mary, Mary for "Marriage" but this was just a way for the others to put her down. This woman was a soldier, a warrior of necessity, impossible to grasp but also impossible to be without. She gave momentarily luck (In combat) but also the anguish of a lost relation. Rick rises and walks the short walk to the escape pod.

He feels the handle to the door but it doesn't move. Rick watches an illuminated control panel with fright. He thinks hundreds of thoughts but is unable to think straight. "What is wrong?" He thinks and the wound in his chest causes pain. Finally he remembers: A security device is dwelling in a bag on his stomach. But he is numb and can't open the bag with his clumsy fingers. The lights go out. A surge of electricity moves throughout the

space station like a passing train. Rick looks into the darkness, completely numb, thinking about his own life and the soldiers: About the impossible mission: Going insane. Everything is calm and Rick just stands there in the darkness unable to calculate his next move. He walks up to a window and watches a strange phenomenon: A beam of light is projected towards the blue planet and cuts through the atmosphere like a sharp knife. Waves of energy ripple throughout the Alien atmosphere like fireworks. Rick is overwhelmed by this sight. The beauty of this show is greater than anything he has ever imagined. He just stands there completely numb as the beam goes out. "So it was the futuristic ray device that killed the Aliens." He looks back at the control panel, a bit saner, remembers the security device in the bag. Finally he finds the key to the airlock and pushes the control panel of the escape pod. The airlock opens instantly and Rick walks inside. It is dark but as he enters he hears the sounds of Alien shapes moving in all directions. He reacts on pure reflex, pushing his left hand into the holster and takes hold of a hand-held weapon. He fires and watches the Alien shapes light up momentarily. They are oval shapes with red and blue patterns connected in an intricate network. Like an organic symmetry, products of the evolutionary path on the blue planet. Rick screams with agony and retreats to the futuristic ray chamber. He passes Mary and the other corpses just lying there, sprays of blood is seen on the grimy walls. Rick panics. Some strange tracking device is lying on the floor confusing Rick and he stumbles. The Aliens don't follow. Rick collapses on the floor in the futuristic ray chamber completely exhausted. He breathes heavily; starts to think about his own death: About the impossibility of the mission. He starts to see things. He watches the soldiers on the floor as they suddenly rise! He closes his eyes and looks again. The soldiers are just lying there as before. He takes up a shot of a strong drug and injects it in his bloodstream. He breathes heavily and drifts away in a warm illusion. He feels the wound he thought he had on his chest. But the wound is gone and his breathing is regular. This creates discomfort but also a ray of hope in the insane man. He takes another shot, completely gone. He meditates on the thought of life and security. That this was just an impossible fight and he will surely endure it!

*Ricks destiny is a metaphor for my own journey of spiritual awakening. That the Aliens he sees; the corpses he thinks about and the hellish reality of it all is the truth of the spiritual path for me. Spirituality is about leaving the old perception behind and to move into another. The corpses are the old thoughts giving way for new ones. It's a hate and love relationship: Mary, the lover, has elements of Good and Bad. She gives and she also takes. The lover is the old Ego, the things I always thought were real and cared about. But these things are just that, thoughts giving way for new thoughts of another kind. The war against the Aliens is the war against the demons of the mind. Pushing me farther and farther away from my old self. But can a human mind come to these conclusions, that the spiritual reality are real? We have to go back to Rick and the reality of his past drilling program, to find the way to his "Madness".*

It started in a drilling camp far away on a distant planet. Rick was one of the new ones. He left his home and felt an attraction towards the drugs and the alcohol, the rush of combat and also to the unisex angle to the combat units. He had a few ideas of his own to make a difference. The drilling camp was placed in close proximity to an Alien forest. The drill instructors made informed attempts to raise discipline in the young recruits. They made them build camps, cook their own food and fight each other in dangerous ways. In one of these camps Rick met Mary by pure accident. She was one of the few that actually had a true fighting spirit. She wanted to become something more than an ordinary woman and the two of them joined in the fight for excellence. But this didn't work out as planned. They knew too much. So the drill instructors sent them out into the depths of the forest to hunt for their own survival, a test of their own incapacity. They obeyed with some resistance, a sudden neglect of their own intellect. This intellect had been developed in a unique background with likeminded individuals. Some of them would be soldiers, other engineers, other musicians. They knew because of the horrid reality of their own background. Life was just peace on the surface but it was rather a cold war, a war with the power of the intellect.

The couple walked into the bluish cloud of Alien mists blended together with the rays of the sun. The trees were connected together with trunks and branches like a spider's web. Sometimes they fell into Alien traps killing the predators with their hand held weapons. They also met peaceful animals. Animals they hunted for meat but these encounters were random and very few between. So they started to get hungry. They talked with each other for ways to overcome the pressure of the drill instructors. When they came back to the drilling camp the instructors wanted to know the reason for their sudden homecoming. They told them how it was: That the forest was dead and that almost no food could be found. The drill instructors couldn't believe them. So they went out with different groups to see the errors of the minds of the recruits. They walked, they searched and they fired their weapons against the ghosts of the nightly forest. But they only found a few predators suffering from the same decease. A four legged vampire with the scales of a dragon was one of them. It breathed oxygen from blood-filled pools. Like a remnant of a world of chaos leaving the unconscious behind: A survivor.

The forest was empty and the drill instructors had to look elsewhere for food. But the drill instructors were also cunning and knew the thinking of the new ones. They had seen the errors of previous altruists (Before Rick and Mary) reducing these to peacekeepers and intellectuals never being able to pull the trigger! So they started to school Rick and Mary in the reality of combat: Putting them out on suicide missions. Missions they were able to complete with some sense of dignity. But the old thinking gave way to new thinking: The hells they endured made them stronger, more resistant to the thinking of the old ones. This was a complete surprise to the drill instructors. If it was one thing that killed the new ones it was the neglect of Ego: The base drive of sexuality, hate and

violence (Among other things). This was obvious, this was the path of most of the recruits but something else happened to Rick and Mary: They fought, they learned, they saw the same things as the others but they had another perspective: They thought about Good and Bad, True and False, Right and Wrong. So instead of succumbing to the base drive of the old self they expanded their knowledge by a process of free-thinking and came out as heroes in the end. How was that possible? The others went the other way. It was possible because of the depth of understanding they represented, going beyond the surface mind to the depths of their own selves. Compensating for the lack of Ego they clearly had, fighting even better. They were back in the drilling camp and had this conversation. The drilling instructors talked, Rick and Mary were silent. These two had grown together, not by anything romantic by any means, but by a fleeting relationship based on the fight for the common good, by the enormous undertaking to overcome the so called knowledge of the drill instructors: Forcing them to find out ways to overcome the arguments of the old ones. It wasn't simple; it was harder than pure combat. And they talked about this the whole night, they talked for days. They ate food manufactured by ships from another planet. And along those lines, of this endless talk of argument and counter-argument, the drill instructors were finally defeated and the young ones got the final mission: To make war against an Alien threat to a space-station hovering above a blue planet. This was a relief but also completely unexpected.

*My life was a hellish nightmare. I ate from the plate of ignorance at first, later finding pleasure in the arts, philosophy and travels: Giving way to meditation, spiritual science and the occult worlds. My combat was the combat to overcome the knowledge of the intellectuals, the New Agers, the collective illusions on the Internet (Among other things). But most of all: The combat to overcome my own delusions, built on previous understanding, including the occult worlds of demonic influence. The enemy of mankind is primarily lack of knowledge, not the fight against true demons (They are Good), but the black hole of ignorance reducing man and woman to a concept of a physical body, just fucking and working for money. But is it an end to this madness, this collective illusion of the body and the false self? Rick doesn't know it, I never knew it, but in the process of deviance something arises that are not of this world: This is the path of the free-thinker, building illusions to overcome the shallowness of the conscious mind, going into a dark enlightenment.*

Rick is awaking from dreamless sleep: Back in the room of the futuristic ray device. He is coming back to his senses and feels a bit elevated. But the pains of his recent fight against the Aliens and the loss of his sister in arms have created a deep wound in his soul. Making him search for another dose of the drugs he previously had taken. But he is waking up; he cannot escape the burden to confront a reality beyond his own illusions. So he rises but he can't look at the corpses. He starts to believe they are not dead after all: That this reality of the space-station is just a construct, the way of an ordinary mind. He can't believe in death, he can't believe in loss, he can't believe in the hostility of the Aliens. So he walks the path of no-resistance: To acknowledge the will of his heart, to transcend the human

concepts of death and sacrifice. Instead he walks the joyous walk of the man liberated from his own delusions. A reality reinforced by the chemicals of the drug, making him see beyond the surface mind into the depths of inner space, a world of pleasure and pain, by conscious action. He walks up to the escape pod, passing the body of his old lover (A sister in arms), going towards the entrance of the pod and watches in awe as the airlock is still open. He walks in and confronts the absence of the Aliens. He sits down at the front panel, starts the thrusters; disconnects the vessel from the space-station. And he looks out at the front window and watches the globe of the blue planet as the Aliens descends in a space-ship towards the surface.

# THE BLACK DEATH ON MISFORTUNE ISLAND

This story is the story of a certain king. A king of gothic rule seeking power and domination. He walks certain walks upon the grey ground of a ruling castle. Dominating the view on a paradise island. It could exist in the here and the now. Or in the past or in the future. The king has a queen. A queen won in a war between the king and another king on a nearby island. This island can be seen from a looking pillar. It looks like a treasure in some people's eyes. Drenched in a clothing of green trees. Of infallible precision stones carved in the mountains. It has a certain harbour and ships can be seen. Setting sail.

The people of the first king have several complaints. The king once was mighty. He had great ideas and was coming to great power. Ruling over the land and the sea. A blasphemy to the gods ruling from the depths of the universe. But as the sun sets upon the dark fundament of the ruling castle. And the paradise birds sing songs long heard and forgotten people discuss the king's lack of influence and prestige.

"The king needs a new direction." They say to each other, "To prove his power to the islanders."

The king pulls himself over his throne to discuss the details of this precarious topic. A helper suggests a journey to a far off island. A journey to catch the body of a mighty beast. A black beast of death impossible to catch for the ones with a faint of heart. It would display the strength of the king's heart and the magnitude of his power. Levelling his own doubt to emerge as a certain ruler. But the queen confronts the king with several disheartening comments.

"You will never be the one to escape the burden of the gods." She says, "You are too fragile! A remnant of the dust blowing from the centre of islands."

The king is torn by the queen's endless remarks and the helper is put to use to inspect the movements of the king on the nearby island.

"He went to the far off island with a fleet of others." it is said. "He went to catch the body of the mighty beast."

When we arrive at the island the first king's forces has been subjected to a great storm and has lost several ships due to encounters with sea monsters. A general sense of dread has taken over the consciousness of the survivors. We come to a turning point. A turning point that needs another direction.

Something is happening on the bottom of the ocean.

A crack is made separating two tectonic plates. Red magma is pouring out creating celestial waves starting to suck the island into the depths of the earth. It is a display of godly power. To the queen and others feeling the shakes on the homeland island. The whole gang of kingly forces retreat into the depths of the sinking island. Watching the waves, hearing the thunder, seeing the spectacle. And suddenly they run into a deep hole trap. A trap measuring several meters. And forces of the other king greet them around the edges. They were using it as a trapping mechanism for the mighty beast but these ones fell into it.

They get rescued in condition of helping the other king's forces to kill the mighty beast. They couldn't do it by themselves. The mighty beast is still alive and breathing. And they better save themselves before the island gets consumed by the cracks in the earth.

It develops into a high fantasy tale of angry gods and begging. Of a clash between the two kings and the things that made them go separate. A tale of superstition and ungodly forces. Forcing humans on their knees. The group gets attacked by flying predators, telling of a crack in people's minds, almost losing the battle. But the first king helps them back in war position and they win the battle by physical force.

The island is sinking and the group flees up in the mountains. The forest is consumed by furious waves of water. Endless display of water and strange eruptions. And fleeing animals, monkeys and birds seeking shelter as a last escape towards safety. Psychological hazards start to break up the group. Some of them are going mad by fear and exhaustion. Starting to dive into the ocean. A nihilistic longing for closure, lacking dignity and seeking escape. The kings and several others end up on a high mountain top. Where bushes with pink flowers sends a nightmarish scent of war and madness. The night descends. And up on this mountain a discussion broke loose upon the subject of the gods. The forces "in control" of the heavens and the earth. A discussion initiated by the second king.

"This was surely an island not to be entered. It was misfortune island." he says, "A wane attempt at power. The anger of the gods revealing the insignificance of man."

But the first king explains the natural turn of events. That the events were natural. It was a natural function of unknown dangers and the ongoing upheavals inside the earth.

They make a camp. Hours pass. And the night sees the arrival of the mighty beast. It is lurking in the shadows. Trees shudder and the earth stands still. A silent attack of smaller predators initiates the coming events. They are disorienting the senses of the remaining survivors. Tearing them apart. Making them go in several directions. Pulling them in sudden double formations. And then they are picked off one by one by the mighty beast. A mesmerizing scent of blood and intestines. But as the fight begins it also ends abruptly.



The mighty beast came as a ghoul. A deadly reaper. Displaying characteristics of something supernatural.

The psychological disorders kick in for the few survivors. They are starting to beg for the shelter of their homeland island. And the ones alive in the first kings group start to weaken too. Not as an act of superstition but as a will to depend. Depend on the strong ones and to have consolation. The first king can't give one. He is determined to fight for the bitter end and not to offer vain solutions. The second king takes to his gods. But as the island sinks down into the watery depths the second king is confronted by the mighty beast. And then getting injured by an allied in an act of desperation. The water is rising and the king confronts his dead end destiny. Getting no help from above.

The island monster dive down in the ocean and comes up to the surface. The survivors swim for their lives and float upon the watery surface. Morning comes. A loose ship drops by in a burst of motion. The mighty beast creeps up on the floating ship to share space with the others seeking rescue.

And they just stare into the eyes of the mighty beast unable to calculate its next move.

Days pass in a surreal state. A silent eruption, a calmness in the valley of death. An island is born in the distance. Eruptions of the earth creating a new habitat. They enter the cooling island and share ground with the mighty beast. It is at first silent, then walking silently upon the cooling black surface. It is looking at the human survivors with a sense of defeat. Then it attacks in a burst of motion. Seeking death.

The Black Death of Misfortune Island...

*The story is an analogy for the depths of human ignorance.*

*The ignorance of self. The ignorance of human potential hiding behind elements of belief.*

*These beliefs has to be kept in check and altered.*

*Not altered to concepts of good behaviour, truisms and vain hopes.*

*But actually erased giving way for the power of the unconscious.*

*The mighty beast of black death is the deadly reaper.*

*The force of meditation killing false identity and given reality concepts.*

*The ruling king is an analogy of human potential. Lurking under the surface and waiting to be born.*

*The second king is the one giving up the self for the sphere of darkness.*

*And the people seeking their own destruction is the end result of nihilism. A nihilism arising from the battle between self and non-self.*

*Only the strong will survive and multiply.*

The first king is returning to his homeland island. In defeat. The people await him in the sunken harbour. But it's a lost ship. A ship without the treasure of a mighty monster. The king greets the islanders with a sense of a lost battle. He saw great misfortunes and was a victim of the waves. So he say. He is greeted by the queen in a line of "I told you so."

And so the king enters the castle and falls asleep before sunset.

The morning is coming. People are walking around pretty curious. Something is resting upon the ground of the grey castle... A shape covered by a white sheet. A peculiar something. Something dragged upon the ground in nightly hours. A shape to be revealed. A murderous shape of blackness. Black death. The mighty beast put up on a great pillar. Being dead. Its jaws hanging low and its eyes leaning into darkness.

To the glory of a victorious king.

# PRECOGNITION

The alien planet was a place for reckless outsiders and the fall of collective illusions. A place dwelling in sudden contrasts and deep shadows. And it was found by a young woman dressed in black. But the black clothing was filled with pink bulbs and green patterns. Engulfing the young woman in a smooth embrace.

She found herself in a future installation. Equipped with molecular science equipment. But the scientists were long dead and forgotten. The space of the place was overgrown with green trunks extending from the laboratories into pathways leading to the central experiment vault.

Here the young woman found a strange seating. A place for testing of odd life forms. Living on the planet from time pre-memorial. But the interiors were foggy and devoid of aliens. A white light was clear and blinding functioning by strange necessity. As chemical energy was extracted from the growing trunks.

The young woman, Alicia, didn't know the purpose of her surprise visit. She just stood there among the trunks and some flickering lights. She put pressure on certain cabinets, to open them and search for raw data.

But the place was empty as the rumours of recent alien contact had been false.

Soon Alicia was back in orbit around the alien planet. Sitting at a lone window overlooking the alien planet from the comfort of a space-ship. She hadn't found alien life. She didn't learn anything from the scientific experiments. She was a lost soul reaching out from planet earth to catch a teenager dream.

And she lost herself to time. To a wandering mind. To the celestial space of the overlooking window. The sun was coming up behind the darkly lit planet. A blue sphere without earthly characteristics. And the totality of the space-ship was engulfed with a blue light. Bending according to the translucent material in the overlooking window. Becoming a hazy blue glow. Pulling on the compact walls and bouncing.

Alicia was walking down a corridor and inside a close-by room. Connecting to a blue pool of water. Where she undressed and dived down to the bottom. The water was temperate but quite distressing. Engulfing her body in strong currents. The young woman was reflecting on past memories. Memories of her past life on earth with her male lover. A male deviant wanting domination.

She sank further down the pool and looked up to the waving surface. Images from her teenager years were projected upon the moving canvas. Images from her imagination.

Alicia saw her previous life passing by in a constant blur of images. Seeing herself as a lone servant. Connecting to her male lover by chance and necessity.

Wanting escape.

Now she sank deeper down to the bottom of the waving pool. She took hold of a bent handle. Turned and watched as the handle gave way to rotate around a central axis. Unscrewing a locking mechanism which opened up the pool to outer space. Alicia watched and gasped in awe. Inhaling water as the water of the pool was sucked out into outer space.

Leaving the young woman in a state of panic.

She was walking on the surface of the alien planet later. Connecting to a triad of aliens talking to her in low frequencies. They talked about the multi-verse and Alicia's visions of dark despair.

She had ended her life for the sucking void of outer space.

"The space-ship is descending in parallel time." One of the aliens said.

The space-ship was coming down from low orbit. Descending towards a huge lake pulling a tale of fire. Smoking and burning like a shiny jewel. Crashing into the lake with huge wave patterns. Alicia's space-ship was coming down. The waves of the lake were building like celestial towers from time pre-memorial. Crashing against the shore in a huge wave pattern. Destroying man-made shelters along the shore line.

"Enter the space-ship." The alien shape said, "You will surely find the answers and a new beginning."

"What new beginning?"

"You will surely find out." The alien shape said.

Alicia was pushed along a grassy slope. Holding strange flowers of yellow and violet. A sad touch of brassy plants among alien environments. The leaves of circle trees were falling and slowly unwinding. Alicia was entering a rowing boat pulled loose from the shore line and lying silently upon the waving water. Alicia entered it to find the way to the space-ship. Resting upon the bottom of the lake in a newly formed crater. As she approached the spot Alicia rose from the rowing position to watch with a searchlight upon the crystal clear waters. She saw the space-ship resting upon the bottom of the lake. She dove down. But she couldn't breathe steadily. Entering the space-ship from the outside of the hull. Climbing into the space-ship at the spot where she had unscrewed the handle earlier.

The space-ship wasn't filled with fresh water. It was completely dry and devoid of light and colour. Alicia crept upon moistly surfaces. Upon blackened walls beyond comprehension. Going deeper into the dark to find a glowing flashlight carried by a dark shape in the distance.

This was the shape of Alicia's past lover. He approached her as a pale lit ghost.

"What are you doing?" Alicia asked the male shape.

"I committed suicide in a strange coma." The male shape said, "And here we meet at last."

"Can I trust you?" Alicia asked.

"Not by a great margin." The male shape said, "I'm your past lover."

The two of them found their way towards a sleeping chamber a couple of stretches away. They lay down upon the bed as pale ghosts. In a comatose hibernation beyond the science of past physics.

The odd situation was empty and soon followed by strange visual impressions. The two lovers lying close to each other. But strangely getting separated by a blue plane of visual projection. A strange mirror on both sides. They watched the visual projection images to witness their own separate selves from both sides. Alicia hadn't wished for the arrival of her male lover. She had searched for alien life on the alien planet.

Now the visual projection showed images of the aliens from the planet on both sides. Gray critters connected by certain organic feeding devices. Using organic connections in a sharing event between each other.

The visual projection was broken by Alicia's hand to touch beyond the visual projection image. Coming to the other side to touch her past male lover. The hand now looking blue to him like a liquid sensation from the blue pool of water. A sign of death. And the past male lover avoided the blue hand to reach out to the space beyond the visual projection on Alicia's side.

Touching something but not being able to guess the features.

The visual projection disappeared to give way for ordinary visual impressions. Containing the body visuals from the two past lovers. Not looking blue but being pure human forms. As before the entire suicide event.

"Are you really my past lover?" Alicia asked the male human form.

"As always." The male human form said.

"Are we connected?" Alicia said.

"Yes." The male form said.

Alicia touched the male form searching for his hand. He just looked upon Alicia with the darkest eyes. And the human shape turned into an Alien.

“Reality is just about polar opposites.” The alien shape said. “You better look beyond the body impressions.”

Alicia cried.