

**SANITY ASYLUM
AND OTHER SHORT STORIES
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GIBRALTAR

It was in an alternate past. A past where wild beasts walked upon rocky terrain. Huge vistas of unpolluted deserts, rocky mountains and clean oases. It was a terrain formed by constant lava flow, melting ice and howling winds. Somewhere in this landscape of pre-memorial descent a mountain walker, a male warrior, walked upon the golden land. He was inspecting a spiritual man climbing a close-by mountain. A man with a philosophy of self-torture. Climbing the mountain to starve for thirty days. But the mountain walker didn't catch much interest in this spiritual pursuit. He saw an old man with tattooed skin but not with much strength in his tortured body.

The days up on high mountains, overlooking the desert area below, was an event of silent observation. The mountain walker saw the clash between different tribes. Organized war attempts, using spears, arches and other weapons of a similar kind. The mountain walker didn't find much wisdom in these battles. Both sides of the war had great losses. Loss of men, loss of women, loss of strength and power.

So the mountain walker was dreaming. Dreaming of other times. Dreaming of great conquests leading to glory.

He was summoning inner power to walk the rocky mountains by himself. Born in a small village of outsiders. He escaped an attack on this village before his adult years. His brothers and sisters were killed and he had to make it out by himself.

In a small cave the man sat down and rested for the night. He heard the constant howling of the ancestors to modern wolves. High shrieks, yelling, a constant wailing from the deep space of the wailing throats.

He had great plans for the future. A plan to solve the conflicts on display, to unite the warring tribes in a common peace treaty. He would do this as a common messenger. To inform both sides about the meaningless conflict and establish new rules. But these plans were interrupted later when the mountain walker came upon a pair of

mountain lions. These lions seemed peaceful at first but he couldn't have guessed he was coming between the lions and their offspring. So the man was attacked by the mountain lions. Beige beasts with huge claws and massive jaws pulling the man down a slope where he was injured by the beasts and had a fall.

Days passed in a tormented state. The mountain walker watched the spiritual man coming back from his self-torture mission. The spiritual man could hardly walk any longer but as he saw the mountain walker's bad condition he gave him some food. He also made some arrangements to clean his wounds and dragged his body to a nearby cave.

As the days passed the dry weather gave room for sudden rains. The mountain walker drank water from newly formed pools. He made himself overcome his wounded condition and to walk again to dryer lands. He came to a rocky coastline where he watched huge waves coming in from the ocean. And away in the distance he saw the rock of Gibraltar, standing like a black ghost in a fetal position.

What could a man do to change his destiny? What could be found in an empty desert with warring tribes?

He found out about the coming apocalypse days later. Where huge earthquakes torn upon the ground to split it in two large sections. Erupting volcanoes and horrid rain made the mountain man seek shelter in a couple of caves but silently starved away.

This was the birth of another age.

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And so in an alternate future a great happening is taking place within the centre of a future city. Beams of light intersect to highlight a monter with the remnants of a pre-historical man. A man with a skeleton injured in different places. Some teenage girl watches this pre-historical man with a heightened sense of wonder.

The monter is standing between a cluster of many exotic areas. It is a future museum showing the result from new excavations.

The girl is watching the pre-historical man and video displays show the result of some archaeologist's alternate history simulations. Who was the man and why did he end up dying in a relatively young age?

The girl is wearing future clothing reminding of stylish fashion posters. She takes the hovering train to the safety of her own apartment. A roof-top terrarium with a wardrobe bedroom. With short distance to the roof and the smell of future forests. She shares room with a young boy working in a future airport.

Connecting to different countries, primarily future Cambodia.

These two reckless outsiders work together to solve common problems. They are using the wardrobe bedroom to cut down the costs. Sharing it between each other. And some days they cook food using real meat and even vegetables. Ingredients coming from the future terrarium.

But as the days pass the girl is continuously visiting the future museum. It is the central museum of natural history in future Berlin. The year is 2205. People are making many theories about the cold heritage of the dead cave man. Some scientist's say he was the leader of newly found warring tribes. Other say the evidence points in another direction.

He is very interesting from a scientific point of view. Interesting because he shares space with old skeletons of dead animals. Mammals that previously were said to predate the birth of man. It is an alternate past in an alternate future. A possibility made quite probable according to future science.

The teenage girl shares space with many outcasts in a future restaurant close to the museum of natural history. Some of these outcasts are young as her. They are ordering food from the low spectrum of dishes. They are chatting aloud. Proud of their deviant ways. Eager to tell jokes, laugh aloud but some of them are also crying.

A new phenomenon has spread around the globe in this point of time. It is the discovery of an alternate view of human nature. A nature not

bound by previous theories. It is a past with a warrior mentality. But a mentality transcending the rules of the noble warrior. It is much more like a past of high fantasy. A doomed and prehistorical world of brutal wars and the spread of a huge population.

The question is where the dead cave man play in this alternate past. Separated from the others by a lonesome death in a remote cave. Occupying the same place as taken by a group of prehistoric mountain lions.

The girl continues to watch the strange display of the dead cave man. She is standing close to the monter for weeks and months. Coming back many times to stare at this prehistoric display.

A strange occurrence shared by many others like her.

One day headlines on local computer networks show signs of a new kind of mental disorder spreading in circles of young Berliners. These young adults share a similar destiny. Watching the rows of monters in the new display of natural history. One of these mental cases is the teenage girl described earlier. She is one of quite many youngsters suffering from the same disease. Nobody knows the nature of this mental disorder. It is at times hysterical, at times somber and other times something in between.

These youngsters believe they have been in living contact with the dead cave man. They tell stories of a glorious past. An eventful ending to prehistorical times. With great earthquakes, heavy rains and furious lightning. But as the psychologists try to reach the mad youngsters they never get solid confirmation. They tell tales of future annihilation. Where the past will blossom once again. Where new peace treaties will be signed between nations. Contrary to the warring world at display.

But at the same time these youngsters show signs of great madness they also become quite communicative. They describe their current lives in great detail. Occasionally haunted by the shape of the dead cave man.

The following part describes the illusion of the teenage girl living in the future terrarium.

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It is the future. The dead cave man walks the mountain range in a solid pose. He has faint memories of his past life ending with his death in the cave. It was a time of sudden changes. Eruptions from dying mountains. Later consumed by a solid crack in the earth.

Now he sees his life quite differently. He is much more careful. Never intruding in public affairs. He is rather enjoying life more calmly. And he watches the emergence of a coming rain.

Where the dusty desert will see the arrival of a new riverbed.

He walks around the Gibraltar area with a sense of great importance. The warring tribes have given up their struggle for common resources. As the new riverbed formed by the heavy rain has given birth to new meadows. Containing resources with the necessities of human life.

But what is the nature of this man? What was the purpose of his last incarnation?

It is revealed in his coming communication between the different tribes. The rain has given rise to a temporal peace treaty. But as the rain ends the plants will die and the war will arise once again.

The mountain man is talking about another way. About the necessity for a new mission. A necessary interdependence between the different parties. Building an ocean vessel to spread their common genes along the coast of North Africa.

Where there is great space for future colonization.

As the lonely teenager girl tells her story the psychologist watches tears rolling down the young girl's cheeks. A future prophesy, an important moment for a teenager not looking at the future with conventional eyes.

Her story continues with the eventful day when the warring tribes join together for the colonization mission of North Africa. They have taken animals from the blossoming plains. They have abandoned their ideas from their violent past. Living on crops, living on strange lizards and combining the different food sources in multiple ways.

Now they enter the huge boats and they settle down in the space of the ocean liners. Most of the people assume a rowing position. They settle down, they take up the oars and lift the anchor.

In the middle of this buzzing crowd the mountain walker assumes a leading position. He directs the men and women from a central position. High up on the upper deck of the ocean liner. And he describes a path across the ocean. Passing Gibraltar to enter the north coast of Africa.

Along the central passage of The Mediterranean Sea the sun is coming down. The whole armada of ships quiet down to leave room for some celebration and occasional rest.

As the winds have come low and the sun is leaving room for a beautiful sunset.

The mountain climber abandons his post and descends a staircase to a line of rooms along a middle-section hall. He walks past the closed doors. Walking straight up to a final door. He enters the room as voices from future celebrations can be heard from below. A crowd of previous warriors. Entering a peace treaty and watching dolphins join with them along the silent ocean waves. The future mountain climber enters the room and walks right up to a bed. There along the rectangular shape a female form is lying still and breathing. It is the sleeping body of the teenager girl from future Berlin.

Describing the path of the future to her male psychologist. Quite delusional. And the mountain climber descends toward the teenage girl who opens her eyes.

“Congratulations!” The mountain walker says, “Join the others outside for some celebrations!” He says, “It is your birthday after all!”

DESTINATION UNKNOWN

It was the inversion of time.

Two kindred spirits existed in a parallel dimension of odd philosophy, surrealist art and spiritual science of life and survival. Odd philosophy speaking about the meaning of life in an original sense. It took place in a secluded neighbourhood beyond conventional terms. One of these kindred spirits was a young woman called Beatrice Beatle. She was brought up by a small man, Eric Beatle, rigid in his posture and walk. He was wearing a working man's suit.

Beatrice's upbringing was an easy life devoid of pain and emptiness. She was often taking middle-range walks in the shadowy areas of the neighbourhood. It was a black maze of gothic architecture mimicking older times. Eric Beatle was a secretive man of many joys and traits. Working late with art projects.

Somewhere in this gothic backdrop of inverted time Beatrice Beatle shared space with other humans. They came into her world from surrounding areas. Dressed in peculiar styles, wearing wigs and sometimes also canes. Looking like dark intruders from black and white horror films.

"Who is this man Eric Beatle?" One man asked Beatrice Beatle.

"He is my teacher." Beatrice said, "My godfather."

"Can you describe him?"

"Well. He is very kind..." Beatrice said, "Very gentle. But there is a strangeness about him. I can't answer to your question by myself."

Beatrice sometimes wondered about Eric's behaviour. How he sat at the dining table with a secret look. How he smiled and sometimes offered Beatrice small presents. The young woman was happy and she often looked upon her destiny dreamily. These things were almost taken for granted. Beatrice was often collecting dresses which she hung upon hangers. These were found in odd clothing stores, in some

people's private homes and on markets close by. Some people had the honour of watching her large collection. They said she was quite spoiled and abnormally happy.

Beatrice rarely reflected upon her situation and reacted strongly upon tragic stories told by other people. She was walking around, playing mind games with keen observation. She was a dreamer. But one day Eric Beatle approached Beatrice with a serious look.

"Please listen." Eric said, "I have to tell you something. The place we live in exists in a parallel dimension. You have had a life of easiness. You have found great value from the lessons I have taught. But the time is running out for the both of us. The world as we know it is coming to an end."

Beatrice Beatle stared at the man. As if this was a kind of joke. But she also sensed the seriousness in Eric's expression.

"You have lived a life in a hollow paradise." Eric Beatle said, "The world outside our world is not pleasant. It is torn by wars, by boredom and routine. By countless horrors. But it is a destiny you can choose to explore by yourself. As a dark mission. To use the pain as a catalyst to strengthen your initial values. The lessons I have taught you from an early age."

"Why would I ever want this?" Beatrice said quite horrified.

"You can do it to strengthen your soul." Eric Beatle said. "To use your bright childhood as a strength to face the world's true destiny."

Beatrice was taken from this explanation. She reflected upon how she always had been different from other people. How she was said to be rarely spoiled. How she never had understood Eric's silence.

And it was as if the broken suspicions finally were coming to the surface.

"I didn't want this." Eric said, "But I took your life upon my shoulders. From the beginning. To teach you about another time and place."

“Why would I ever want this?”

“To find the strength to endure the coming crisis.” Eric said. He looked down upon the floor in a friendly gesture. “It’s all about a personal choice. To find meaning in a hollow void.” He said, “And to endure the coming crisis.”

Beatrice left Eric with a horrified expression. She went up to her private room. Walked up to a window. Stared blankly into the gothic maze.

“Why would I ever want this?” Beatrice asked herself. “Why would I ever escape the horrors of the real world?”

* * *

The journey to the end of inverted time was a heavy burden of uneasiness and fast goodbyes. The young woman was facing the threat of a horrifying future. She thought she never was the one to escape the horrors of the real world. She was a fast walker and quite determined. To find out if the surrounding areas were empty and devoid of life.

In a nearby region there was a huge gathering of people protesting. They had seen the horrors of war, lack of education and constantly increasing prices. Some of them were pushed back by military officers. Bombs with disorienting gas were thrown upon the protesters. Exploding with different shades of grey in the air: Powerful, horrific and beautiful.

“Why are you doing this?” Beatrice asked one of the protesters.

“We can’t win by any means.” The man said, “And a fight without government cooperation is impossible.” He said, “This is a chance to leave this world without government intrusion.”

Beatrice saw that several military officers were shooting bullets on the demonstrators. A strong display of power. The people were screaming. Some of them were falling to the ground with shuddering movements. Beatrice left this group of protesters with great disillusionment. And

she found dull factories. Grey areas of concrete and painted walls with graffiti.

Here she joined some youngsters in the art of creation. Painting war heroes that were highly spoken of. Future men of power and courage. To lead the fight for themselves.

“But you are not only painting war heroes but also government officers?” Beatrice said to the boys.

“We are surely painting them as the enemy must be understood in time.” One of the boys said, “He is not the enemy to regular survivors. He is the enemy to creative work which he thinks enslaves the population.”

Beatrice continued to a high area of the global city. The whole area of the earth had become an interconnected city. From this viewpoint, many levels above the ground, Beatrice could watch parts of the city from a higher perspective. It was like a black and white painting. A stained landscape cut in charcoal. In certain places the black had given room for the white. Leftover places not touched by the charcoal, not touched by human invention.

Beatrice decided that the right path was to seek a job fitting her own interest. That meant clothing work. Working as a clothing store assistant or even designer. She read newspapers with job offers. She walked pathways hovering in the air to different regions of the city.

Thousands of glowing lights were seen close to the horizon. Endless city oscillations. Light glimmering as on a starry sky.

When Beatrice found her first job she was instantly put in the background as an anonymous helper. She was getting her work quite arranged but the details were cumbersome. Cutting clothes out from their delivered packages. And quite boring clothes too. Some of them were cheap, others more expensive.

Her deep understanding of clothing made it easy for her to keep her job. But her knowledge was also quite intrusive.

“You talk too much.” Beatrice employer said to the young woman, “Work easy and with silence. You see, we don’t have many customers in this business anyway. You work too fast, you put too much pressure on yourself.”

“But I already take it easy.” Beatrice said.

“Relax more.” The manager said.

Beatrice first job was just one job among others. She worked as a clothing designer, seamstress and package deliverer. She was around the adjacent part of the city. But the lack of smiles and the negative thinking patterns of the store owners made the quest quite depressing. Beatrice came to see the wisdom of Eric Beale. How the world truly looked to come to an end.

She later decided to take Eric’s words more seriously. She had been given a positive mind set from birth. Eric could attest it. She was initially found lying in a random hospital close to the gothic district. But she had had a radiating energy, a mental predestination of someone growing beyond that happiness.

And the faculties necessary to use this energy for transformation.

What was needed was hard struggle. To confront the hard path of the mind voyager. Confronting his/her largest fears and limitations. To use that resistance as a force to overcome the relative weakness of the untrained mind.

Creating meaning in an intellectual void.

Beatrice sought a job contrary to her interests. This was like a car mechanic. Later a builder of many mechanical parts. She worked in heavy industry, in the car paint business. And even working along the railway. This ongoing process of negating her inner power became something fleeting. Something that on the one hand made her stronger (Pulling herself over the taste of boredom) and also something destructive.

It was the people. The nihilistic citizens and leaders. They were thinking in terms of peace but they created nightmare scenarios in a quest of a well needed rest. To stop the ticking clock of the nuclear bomb.

Beatrice stopped to ponder in a beautiful park surrounding a centre of high-rises. It was a surreal park with a bright touch of despair. An oscillating pond cut against a greyish background of separate reflections and images. A group of middle-age citizens were walking this park. But their face expressions were cut like a random screen of static. Static face expressions enlarged by the environment at display. Beatrice's heart cried out in a desperate gesture. To warn these souls of the coming annihilation.

But there was no way to reach them. The citizens knew about the war, they knew about the end time scenario. To warn them would be to amplify their own convictions. To erase what hope still was breathing inside.

So Beatrice had to give it a rest. She was a strange warrior of beauty and power. But human society had put a hold on this power. A power to disrupt the harmony of the caring soul.

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Beatrice found her way back to the gothic district. She watched the surroundings, the silent horrors of the dark intruders. The black maze of strange horrors. The clothing stores. The strange sense of old times in the air. But something had changed in this familiar surrounding. Big excavators had turned the neighbourhood into a construction zone. The black maze had been cleared up for easy navigation. And Eric Beatle was not found at home.

Beatrice asked the locals what had happened. She had been away for a long time and nothing certain could be spoken about the man. Nobody understood the mystery of Mr. Beatle. He was found walking one day, the next day he was gone. Some people said he had been killed by the workers. Or by secret police realizing the danger of the quarter.

Beatrice was terrified. Shocked from the eventful realization. That she might have to walk her walk alone.

The apartment was still in shape. But dusty. Beatrice took up an old newspaper to date the departure of her lost companion. According to the date his departure must have happened some time ago. It was a matter of easy calculations. But concerning Eric Beatle also quite suspicious.

She looked at the other newspapers along the table. No paper was found with a later date. Not on the table. Not in the rooms.

Not in Eric's drawers.

Beatrice was taken by anger. She had always kept Eric in the distance. To find inner strength to evolve by her own means. As decided. But now her only support channel had disappeared without a trace.

Beatrice was angry. She still couldn't know if the man was alive. If he still was friendly and possibly doing well.

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Beatrice decided to enlist in the war of the protestants. These people were people of many ages and types. Some of them were really old. Some of them were civil servants. Most of the young ones were escape artists.

They were using game tactics to oppose the superior enemy.

Beatrice was horrified. She couldn't think of meaning and purpose. She was taken by suspicion and surprise. She began to doubt the value of her own mission. To forget herself and to adjust to the teaching given by Eric Beatle: To forget victory and concentrate on the journey instead.

This was a teaching that was taught in the parallel dimension. Silently preparing Beatrice for the coming end: Odd philosophy, art and science of life and survival. It was not taught as a way to disorient the mind of the happy ones. It was a necessity. A path walked by countless others.

Leaving the young ones with the strength of a deep impression.

In a dirty trench protesters crawled to bypass a tank procession. To bypass the tanks with an attack from the other side. They were silently crawling, rearranging behind walls after the sneak movement. They were looking for easy targets. Suddenly hitting fire from all accounts. The soldiers were caught by surprise and many were killed by the machine guns.

Some of the turrets turned around to face the enemy. But most of the government forces were defeated in a temporal victory.

After the battle there were talk about the possibility of victory. Most of the protestants were negative. They didn't look at the battle as a means to secure their own survival. They looked upon it as a simple distraction: A distraction to escape the futility of their own lives.

Beatrice come to think about the teachings she heard from young age. About the playfulness of Eric Beatle's calm voice. She didn't consider the exact words to great extent. But small hints were connected to a larger picture of destiny.

Things lacking in average people's lives.

It was not a matter of being religious in any conventional sense. It was rather about a life *without* religion, *without* happiness and true meaning. To create ones own values transcending the world. Transcending the moment to consider the illusions of past times.

Fuelling a vision of future decay.

Beatrice joined the protesters in an attack on the government headquarters months later. A build-up of remaining forces. A suicide mission. Greyish fire entering a wardrobe of black and white cloths. People were turning upon each other. A surrealistic nightmare. As the protestants were finding ways to end their lives the government troops defeated the enemy.

Beatrice Beatle escaped contrary to chance.

* * *

Beatrice found herself lying in an abandoned apartment later. The war drums had come and gone. She was a deserter. An outlaw existing in the space between the nihilists and the government forces. She used left over food to raise energy in her tormented body.

The fight for closure had taken to her mind.

She ate food from unwashed plates. She slept for days in a state of paralysis. She couldn't think. She could feel anything but numbness. Energy was coming low and she wept for the world's final end.

It was absurd: To think of opportunities. To create meaning in a world of total emptiness. Beatrice was almost dying as a man approached Beatrice with a black cloak.

“So you seek shelter in an abandoned apartment?” The man asked.

“I'm not seeking shelter.” Beatrice said, “I have abandoned my mission.”

“You're brave.” The man said.

The man stood in silence to inspect the thin shape of Beatrice Beatle. A young woman now in a state of decay. He silently watched Beatrice's shape and removed his black cloak to reveal his face.

The man was looking like Eric Beatle.

STRANDED

I took to the stars after a period of unemployment. It was on a huge space-ship, a space-bus, going a relative short distance between two destinations. I was a lone worker, a cleaner, a cook and a game machine player. It was long days of casual rest and many occupations. Sometimes I saw tired travellers. Bent on low income. Traveling the empty space on short vacations.

Not much was said during these days. I calmed down in my lonely room. I ate left over food from kitchen areas. I summoned thought about the real reason for my change of lifestyle.

It had to do with my existential choice of choosing random work for the chance of new experiences. But not much new were revealed on my journey. Just angered workers, silent travellers lost to tedious silences. And occasional victories from people using the game machines.

The space-bus ended up in a paradise environment. It was a cleaned region. A region of blue beaches, of green neon lights projecting their energy beams upon the travellers from random destinations. At some point I stopped some travellers to ask them for the reason for their vacation. They said they wanted to take it easy: Calm down, lose routine and schedule.

“But easiness has its price.” I said to one of the travellers.

“Compared to what?” One of them said.

And I mentioned that vacation also had its bad points.

But as I went back to the space-bus and the journey went along to the starting point I started to see that much of my life amounted to the same thing: Taking casual work, taking it easy between jobs and doing it again in constant repeat.

It was a horrid life cycle, not a spiralling movement, just a circular arrangement of events. I had met the final destination for a conscious explorer. For an experienced worker and game machine player. Not much more could be said or done. I had already taken my life to the limit. Instead I had to calm down much more. Realize that “knowledge” only could take me that far. And that my new life was a life of pure Dionysian pleasure.

It was boring. But “boring” was a true state of affairs. I started to accept my boredom. My previous will of transcendence was replaced with a will of acceptance. The acceptance that life didn’t amount to more than this. To work, to have some casual pleasures. To think less and enjoy life in all its simplicity.

I had a sex partner, I had a couple of grown kids. But still my life had eased down. It became so silent as to scream aloud in its silence.

It screamed for a change of plans. Or for a higher form of acceptance. That I just had my bodily pleasures. That I already knew enough. And that even a hard working day was seen as a way to stretch my bodily muscles. It was like walking exercises.

The unbearable truth was the truth that life didn’t amount to more than this. I saw it clearer for every day. For every ride with the space-bus. For every chance encounter with travellers. For group meetings with the space-bus staff.

All I knew could be summed up in simple sentences: “Take care of yourself.”, “Be truthful.”, “Arrange your life around your primary passions.” The problem was that I had no more passions. Not a fixed goal. Not something to build against as I already knew my victories and defeats.

I gave up learning for the simple recognition of my true nature.

And as passions ended I found a richer life. A life without the burden of intellectual progress. It was a silent life. A life devoid of any purpose except the purpose to go on in the same way. It was no real

problem. But it felt peculiar. A bold transition from my earlier life as a reckless explorer.

I used my spare time as an exercise in futility: The consideration of myself as moon dust. As a small crack in a planetary surface. Or a small wave particle in the ocean.

I found greater pleasure in the silent observations of nothingness. I attuned to this black void. And I realized that it was nothing unnatural with this state of mind. Just a silent observation of perfection.

I saw the world as a silent oscillation within a world of vibrating strings. A universe of stillness and wonder.

I accepted my condition and was content.

SANITY ASYLUM

Entering the small lake with bare feet was a tangible sensation of drowning in pre-historical experience. Feeling the water upon the bare feet. The coldness, the eerie vision of fog moving upon the water.

I saw hints of islands beyond the fog. With grey stumps of dead trees. Apparently the dead trees had no leaves. Just bare branches threatening me with their imposing structures.

I laid out onto the water with a roving boat I found along the shore. I used the oars to put some distance between myself and the shore. The fog was blending with the grey shapes of the trees ashore.

Moments later I was visiting a dead village close to the lake. Grey houses standing like static ghosts with torn painting. I walked up to the houses. Watching overgrown bushes that stretched along the walls of the houses. No people were found inside. No hint of earlier life except unfinished fires and some old newspapers.

It was a sad afternoon. I ran upon the eerie garden with heavy breathing. Stumbling as I ran to the forest for more wood. I found some too. And used it to lit a fire in the fireplace of one of the houses.

I boiled old tea, drank it and felt sad due to the emptiness of the moment. The lake, the abandoned houses, the eerie feeling of being lost to a ghost haunting.

I reconsidered the value of the neighbourhood. The simple ways of fishing, gardening and growing weeds in different colours and sizes.

I returned to the time-travel sphere hours later.

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The interior of the time-travel sphere was decorated with skeletal arcs connecting together to build a dark symmetry. A dark spherical shape lit by different flashing panels. I entered the time-travel platform, connected myself to the gloomy shape of future technology.

A moving vortex of light flashed about and sucked me into a black hole of future energy. Sucking me into a worm-hole capable of moving the entire time-travel sphere to a future area beyond the earth.

I arrived at a future space-port, stepping down from the platform and entered a huge black area crowded with different time-travels.

Some of them were taller than me. Around two and a half meters. They had human forms and wore black clothing. Shaved with spiky beard styles.

I entered a traveller, measuring a couple of kilometres. Passing the long corridor decorated with future art. Expressive, gothic. Some of the symbols had yellow and red colour. With a deep red resembling the colour of murder victims.

A kilometre later I went away from the traveller, into a translucent walking shaft, went down a staircase and continued onwards. I entered a translucent walking shaft. And the space beyond the translucent walls revealed a futuristic city with black buildings. Stretching towards the horizon with buildings built in sections beside each other. Also with different heights. Leading to an artificial sunset along the horizon.

Finally I entered my own apartment. The room was just one room among others on a cylindrical torus. Entered with moving doors. Having translucent walls overlooking a commercial district below.

I sat down on an armchair that adjusted to my small movements. And I pushed a button and dimmed the translucent walls.

I was left alone. Alone in a room with sound-proof walls. I pushed another button and played some music from current times. A beating drum coupled with electronic synthesizer vocals.

I just knew it. I felt better than most.

But as I sat there and calmed down. Listening to the music I sensed that something was missing. Not something tangible, rather something coming from the depths of my heart.

I just knew I had to enter the time-travel sphere once again. To test my suspicions in real life.

* * *

I was running in a pre-historical forest. A dark nightmare of grey tree shapes. Taking form and connecting their dark branches together above the ground.

Some of them had holes inside of them. Holes used by pre-historical birds but these birds were long since away and forgotten.

I ran along a slippery surface. Stumbled on old roots. Hidden in the darkness.

At some point I felt a huge hunger. Hunger for fresh food, for fine tuned air temperature and pressure. So I sat down upon the moistly ground. I collected herbs and plants and ate them contrary to futuristic tastes.

I felt unhappy. I felt my stomach turn and ache due to my small herb/plant collection.

But it also felt different. Was the future world of comfort and pleasure contrary to my inward condition? Was the actual future time conditions the very conditions that made my heart complain?

I sat on the moistly ground and felt indignant by the contradiction.

* * *

Days later (These days being nineteen hours) I sat in a cubic waiting room connecting to a future asylum. I just sat there. I watched the smiling faces of a couple of girls moving along the white walls. They were smiling. But they were also making odd movements.

Half an hour later I was led away by a psychologist into another room. This room had serene colours. A colour palette resembling a fine autumn day.

“Do you know about the reason why you are here?” The female psychologist started, “As you know our future city connects to all

times and places in the multi-verse. All these worlds, except this one, is all dead by now. I know you have visited some of these places. I know about it. Do you bother?"

"I know about these worlds." I said calmly, "I'm not insane. I just need something for my bad moods."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes." I said, "Feeling fine is a delicate matter. As feeling fine can have bad side effects. I think this is the main reason why I visited the pre-historical worlds."

"To feel less than good?" The female psychologist asked, "Are you sure you haven't gone mad by your strange investigations?"

"I'm sure." I said, "I just need something for my bad moods."

The female psychologist went on in a formal manner. Made physical tests. Watched the alien form of myself in the mirror. I had a huge head, a V-Shaped skull that connected to a humanoid skeletal organism. The female psychologist couldn't detect anything unusual. I was fine by all common notions of the word.

"Ok. Let's be straight." The psychologist said to me, "What you need is acceptance. Acceptance that the world is fine and need no change. What you experience is pretty common. A split between 'what is' and what 'should be'. You simply have to end your analysis."

"Sometimes I try to." I said.

"Talk with the people that came from the other worlds to enter ours then." The female psychologist said, "As you know all these worlds are dead and abandoned. Talk with them and you will see that you will change perspective."

* * *

I sat in my translucent apartment. Taking red energy drinks to calm my senses. By I was lost, otherworldly. Not content with the sudden realization that I had everything I ever could ask for.

I knew the common truth of the multi-verse. Of occult evolution on an epic scale.

The civilization of the city beyond the stars was a fine-tuned civilization. Ordinary people and occasional aliens shared space on common ground. We knew how to satisfy ourselves. The old times had passed and gone away.

But I sensed I knew too much to feel anything.

* * *

The elevator ride to the areas of the new ones was a silent and squeaking torment of flashing panels. I shared a black elevator shaft with a dozen of others. Some fully grown men, a couple of small hybrids. And a female alien form looking like an organic sphere with orange deviations.

I entered a new traveller. A slick surface with black moving rubber.

When I entered the huge hall I started to see that the current state of affairs was well taken care of. The occasional humans, the animals and the android/human hybrids shared space in an airy environment.

Gone were the gothic interiors. The newcomers used customized rooms to adjust to the new surroundings. They were having a good time.

Learning new languages, new habits. And optimistically trying the futuristic pleasure devices.

“Are you feeling good?” I asked one old human in his own language.

“I surely do.” The old man said, “I didn’t feel well on earth. The economy was not taken well care of. I struggled with the loss of my former wife. I drank a lot of alcohol. Leading to alcohol abuse.”

“But the old times also had their good ways had they not?” I asked the old man.

“Not many.” The old man said, “Most of the time I wanted to take my life.”

Not much more could be said or done.

* * *

I went back to my apartment to nail my problem down.

I had to confront the error. The superficial moments of my coming and going moods. The truth was that I was feeling fine.

I thought so. I said so. I felt so.

I investigated the depths of my sunken soul.

And as I did I came to realize that my condition was a condition of inverted words. I fed upon these words. Occult creations from a morbid mind.

Saying “No” but meaning “Yes.” Feeling easy but being torment. A nihilistic journey of personal indulgence.

I had it all and I had it in great measures. But “feeling fine” was just a concept. A good theory and a good practise.

And as I changed my words I saw my condition worsen and dissipate. Left was a feeling of loneliness. Of starvation. Starvation of occult influences above myself.

I was standing alone and I was feeling like a giant. Lost in a game of superiority and seeing no return.

* * *

It was time for the final test. To enter the time-travel sphere for a journey to a possible future. A future where angelic music poured down from invisible speakers.

Arising in an environment of pure blinding white.

A time of rebirth and surrender.

I listened to these tunes. I felt attracted to the very foundation of the occult universe. Of a godless machine invented by artificial intelligence.

I was one of them. I was the intelligence.

And the tunes arose due to the fact of my own presence.

Speaking of solace: Affirming suffering to transform my suffering to a higher form of pleasure.

A godly power of dark recognition.

THE END