

*The biggest monster
with
the littlest heart*



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In the beginning

Once upon a time, there was time...

and for the first time in time, energy and matter existed, leaving invisible trails of dark matter in their wake of existence. Where did the time go? It went into the past.

The past was written into the dark matter.

Living Space was running out of itself as the *dark matter* grew and grew. Without 'the time' nothing could exist, and all physical *experience* in the early universe would end.

...

Baby black holes would devour countless stars. The energy they ate was sometimes greater than their little *cosmic* bellies could embrace. From the north and south poles of these black holes, were *blazing* currents of light that would shine brighter than anything else in the early universe. *Dark energy* gushed out of these *powerful bright jet streams*.

It was this *dark energy*, created from these *black holes*, that helped the early universe to *expand*, pushing newborn swirling galaxy's away from one another, as their titanic *time* flooded the early universe and created, *experience...*

...but there was no living awareness to experience these experience's.

The Great Spirit began to possess matter 'as life', on the baby planets, in the budding puddles and oceans, as single celled plants and bacteria.

This simple form of life experienced *only the 'Now'*. *There was no past, no future, only the now existed in the experience.* The Great Spirit was only...*Aware.*

“Experience of Experience is Awareness”

...

Out of this *microscopic food chain* of simple *Awareness*, developed a new form of *life* called *animal*.

Living inside of the animal existed the same ecosystem of awareness's as bacteria and antibodies, but in the animal existed a higher sense of Awareness.

“Experience of Awareness's is Consciousness”

...

In some animals evolved a *higher level of Consciousness*. In these animals it was believed felt happiness and love towards each other and collectively *felt themselves as one*. Perhaps it was bees who first felt this *Ultimate Love* of one another. *It was these animals who experienced Oneness.*

“Experience of Consciousness's is Oneness”

...

As animals had living experiences exist inside of themselves, planets would have living experiences exist inside of themselves.

“Experience of Oneness's is Ferulic”

Planetary Experience

...

Planets would develop symptoms of disease when things were out of balance. Animals that had conquered nature and developed great knowledge, began to feed off of their host planet, and instead of behaving like a good antibody inside of a living animal, they behaved like virus and would feed off of the planet until there was nothing left. Planets would try to stop these infections from spreading inside of themselves by using *disease, fires, famines or floods*.

Sadly some of the animals who only developed *Consciousness*, were able to break free of their host planet. It was these *Self* driven animals that from the bigger picture, acted like a virus in the universe. They would infected and enslaved all of the worlds they discovered. It was these creatures who always brought *hell fire, furry, grief and suffering*. These were the destroyer's of worlds, and therefor, *the destroyers of the Great Spirit's Experience's*.

The infection of the “Self” had to be contained in the universe.

Happily there were other animals who had developed *Oneness* with Love. These creatures *spread* life in the universe, and like a healthy antibody, removed or healed the infection of *Self's* disastrous rule on their host planet, or in the cosmos.

Over time more *planets* developed and orbited suns, while *galaxies* formed and orbited black holes. Universe beyond universe, beyond space, beyond time, beyond all that could ever have been imagined, was the Greatest Experience of all...*The Experience of all Experience's, The Great Spirit.*

The Great Spirit experienced Love and Fear, Pain and Pleasure, and experienced our universe through our eyes, ears and other senses.

Experience of all Experience is God Consciousness

...

King Brudas

Above the clouds in the mountains lived the monsters in the castle.

They had scales like lizards, snake eyes and forked tongues. They had tails with spikes and bumps on top of bumps. *Outside of being ignored, each other and the bottomless pit of nothingness,* the monsters feared nothing.

Their Kings name was Brudas, he was a *thousand* years old and he could easily fight off any monster by throwing the him into the pit of nothingness that lay in front of his thrown. The pit was a mirror 10 feet across and anything or anyone the King threw in to it, would fall alone into the nothingness forever.

Freckles Row had scars on him from head to toe. Freckles was the Kings Highest General and the oldest monster alive. Long ago when Freckles was fighting *Witch Beasts*, a couple of their arrows went through his eye and throat. Because the *Witch Beast* arrows were made from the same bottomless nothingness that lay in front of the thrown, the wounds never healed, so he wore a patch over his right eye and a thick leather neck strap. He had a deep garbled voice that sounded like he was talking from under water, and oily black long hair.

...

***The Monsters called the People the Hairless Beasts,
and the People called the Monsters the Monsters.***

...

In the old days the Monsters used to battle the Beasts over the land, water, even the air they all breathed. *Brudas finally* discovered that he couldn't defeat the beasts in battle, there were far too many of them, and even though he couldn't die, he and his monsters *could still feel pain*. Because he had to lead in battle, and because he could feel pain and because he couldn't win, he invented a new type of warfare, *he called it sports*.

The first sport was Cricket. Monsters and Beasts would battle over a game of Cricket. The winner was allowed to decide the outcome. The Monsters greatest player's were Brudas and Freckles, and The Beasts best player's were Icke, Chomsky and Jones.

Monster's and Beast's Lived in Peace.

...

:::Lord Hitches

Revelations 13:18

*“Woe to you, of Earth and Sea,
for the Devil sends the Beast with wrath,
because he knows his time is short.*

*Let he who have understanding,
reckon the number of the Beast,
for it is the number of a man,
its number is six hundred and sixty six.”*

Lord Hitches like all monsters hatched from an egg, only he was *greener and slimier* than the others and when the Doctor *scratch* his forehead to make him cry, he didn't, instead he sunk his teeth into the Doctors throat.

Screaming like a little girl and hitting the hatchling with both of his claws the terrified doctor *began skipping around the room*. The hatchling fell off onto the floor then scrambled under a table.

“This one is Special” said a Doctor with a clipboard, *“this one is Royalty, the King will find him very helpful. What should we call him?”*

“A Royal name perhaps'sssss?”, said a grinning Doctor, *“How about Lord Hitch'sssss?”*.

“Why Lord Hitches?”, said the bitten Doctor, putting a white cloth around his neck.

“Cause he was hitching a ride off your throat'sssss!”, said the *smiling* Doctor.

A couple of the Doctors in the room laughed.

“*That's not funny!*”, said the *embarrassed Doctor*, the white cloth around his neck turning blue, “*Have you ever see a hatchling do that?*”

The *smiling Doctor* said, “*No, never...they always cry'ssssssss...*”

The Doctor holding a clipboard said, “*Lord Hitches it is.*” He wrote *Lord Hitches* on a little index card, then put the card into a slot on the side of a cage.

It took all the doctors in the room to corner *Lord Hitches*. They wrestled him to the ground and threw the enraged, *snapping and hissing hatching* into a separate cage *away* from the other hatching's, that were still crying.

***Lord Hitches hissed, his tongue and tail flicked,
his pointy sharp teeth snapped through the bars.***

Even though they laughed, secretly they were afraid of *Lord Hitches*, he was not like anything they had ever seen.

They opened a slot on the side of the cage and put in a bowl of live bugs. *Lord Hitches* tongue flicked as he forgot about the Doctors and attacked the bowl. Once his little belly was full, *Lord Hitches* fell asleep, in his solitary cage labelled

***“CAUTION - ABNORMALLY AGGRESSIVE
HATCHLING - 666 - LORD HITCHES”***

They wheeled his cage out of the hatchery down a main hallway into a nursery. *Lord Hitches* would *never forgive* the Doctors for his *experience*, or the *scar* that he would *carry forever* on his *forehead*.

...

The bright light blinded his eyes as the top was removed. A pole with a rope lassoed Hitches neck and lifted him up. Like an angry little snake his slimy green little body rolled and whipped. They dropped him into an arena the size of a large foot ball field filled with fighting screaming monsters.

***For the first time he smiled,
it was a pretty psychotic smile.***

His eyes focused on a group of 3 monsters that were beating up a weaker One. Two of the three *gulped* as Hitches lunged at them. The 3 rolled in the dust together. Hitches Savagely bit into them until they vanished. Then Hitches attacked the third monster, biting and clawing it till it went into a death roll and disappeared.

Some monsters in the arena began to back away from the excitement, others began looking for a way out as Hitches attacked monster after monster.

It only took a few beatings from monsters 10 times his size to finally teach him his limits. He discovered that if he couldn't control the body to control the mind, *he could control the mind to control the body*. It wasn't the size of the enemy, it was the enemy's mind.

Control of the mind meant control of the monster.

The mind was the greatest battlefield.

He learned to use flattery at an early age, as he became older, he became better at it. He could stroke monsters egos and tell them what they wanted to hear. Monsters that trusted him and opened up, he would later control through their secrets. He would stair deep into their eyes and with a cold smile, show them who was boss. Their secret's he could use against them, should they ever betray him, he would expose them, the *Game* began with *Secrets*.

...

The King would test Hitches Loyalty, *he knew* the day would come that Hitches would try and steal his thrown. Hitch never failed a test. Brudas was right, Hitches *needed* the *power* that came with the thrown. He felt that the Kings *Honour* was the *weakness* that was keeping the monsters stuck up on the mountain. Hitches knew he need to be patient, patience was one of Hitches Greatest Strengths. He knew a day would come when he would sit on his thrown and rule not only his monsters above, but his hairless beasts below.

One day he was given his own room away from the Dorms filled with other monsters. In his room he had a closet and in it he put a mirror. He would stair at himself for hours in the evening. One night he felt something inside of him was missing, a void he couldn't fill. *Hitches didn't know it but he was lonely*. He took an old school uniform and filled it with sand, then stuck a bear cub scull in it.

He called his little friend Jeebs. Jeebs seemed to fill the void inside of Hitches. Late at night when the other monsters slept, Hitches would have long talks in his closet with Jeebs. Jeebs was the only friend other than himself that Hitches had ever known.

As the years passed Jeebs and Hitches grew closer and closer. One day Jeebs started walking on his own. He would find Jeebs outside of the closet, so he began locking his closet door. Jeebs got bored of the closet, so to keep Jeebs happy Hitches would have secret picnic's with him in the bright sunshine.

***For 100 years the 2 remained a secret,
and like all of his secrets,
no one ever found out.***

...

One night while looking into his mirror and thinking about the kings thrown, he thought he saw the reflection of the king staring back at himself. It lasted for only a brief moment, then he saw himself in the mirror again. He rubbed his eyes and thought hard of the King and sure enough his reflection in the mirror changed to Brudas. He thought of himself and his reflection came back. He rubbed his eyes again.

It seemed whoever he was thinking about he could change into. He thought hard of the King again and shape shifted into Brudas. He left his room and walked down the castles hallway. Monsters would stop to salute him as he walked by. This can't be happening, he thought, *this is way to easy.*

He quickly returned to his room woke up Jeebs and told him. Jeebs couldn't believe it, he thought Hitches was losing it. Then Jeebs saw Hitches shape shift into the King with his own eyes. *Jeebs was Amazed!*

Hitches didn't waste a moment, he shape shifted into Freckles Row, the Kings Top General. Freckles was the only monster the king trusted. Looking like Freckles he walked down the hallway towards the Kings thrown room. 2 guards standing at attention saluted Hitches as he walked past.

Inside the thrown room the King was working on some papers.

"Freckles what are you doing here?", Brudas asked him.

"I am here to show you something ", said Hitches looking like Freckles, *"come over to the Pit, there is something you must see."*

Brudas walked over to the bottomless pit of nothingness and stood in front of Hitches. As as he looked down into the pit, Hitches pushed him in.

...

...

The Cremation of Care

The Cremation of Care was a Ceremony that the monsters would have when a new king was to take command of the monster army. To become a monster King 2 things were needed. One was to get rid of the old monster king, and two was to prove your strength with a Sacrifice so great the Army would *respect* their new King.

If the Sacrifice was weak, the army would not be Loyal, and War would break out from the ranks, till a new King emerged and finished the Ceremony with their Sacrifice. The *Cremation Of Care* had not happened since Brudas had taken over a *thousand* years before.

Word was out that Hitchs had defeated Brudas. In no time the entire Army stood in front of the kings thrown. 12 of the Kings Highest Generals walked in and sat down along a long wooden table.

Hitchs entered the large room through the Stoney achy doorway, he carried a brown burlap sack. The Generals Stood at attention as Hitchs walked over to the Bottom Less Pit of Nothingness and took Jeebs out of the sack. He was going to quickly throw him in, but Jeebs had other plans, he wasn't going to go without a fight.

From Hitchs perspective, Jeebs ran over to the wall, jumped up, grabbed a sword and in a flying summer salt attacked him. Their swords Sparked loudly and the 2 fought fiercely.

From the Monster Army Perspective however, Hitchs was hitting a sword sitting on the ground, in front of a lifeless worn school uniform. Hitchs however saw something they didn't.

The army became uncomfortable. Their eyes began to focus onto the ceiling or the floor. Most of the Generals standing at attention also began to shift their glare away from the battle, all except for one, *Freckles Row*.

A general quietly leaned over to another and asked, “*Is, is he OK?*” Freckles at the front of the table turned around and went, “*Shhhhhhh!*”, then turned to watch the battle.

Again the General asked another General, “*No....seriously, is, is he OK?*”

Again Freckles turned and angrily went “*Shhhhhhh!*” Underneath the table beside Freckles was a little sack, and hidden in it was a teddy bear.

The battle raged for a few more very uncomfortable minuets, *finally* Hitchs jumped up in the air while Jeebs Jumped towards him. Both swords clanged loudly as Hitchs Kicked Jeebs into the bottomless pit on nothingness.

Just then something happened, Hitchs could feel something in side of himself die. His heart began to shrink in size. He didn't know what it was, but it hurt him more than anything had ever hurt him before.

He fell to his knees and Cried out Loudly, “***N000000000000000!***
JEEB'SSSSSSSSS!”

The army began to laugh, was this a joke they thought?

11 of the Generals had had enough of this performance and decided it was time for a new King. They all charged Hitchs, but as Hitches heart became smaller, his size he became bigger and a Rage like Hitchs had never felt before him overpowered him. One by one, sometimes two by two, he threw the attacking Generals into the Bottom less Pit of nothingness.

Seeing this unbelievable battle the Army snapped at attention. In under a minuet he had thrown *11* of the monster army's Strongest, Smartest and most Skilled Warriors into the Pit.

This time When their New King fell to his knees and cried, the army did not Laugh. Instead they quietly stared in front of themselves. Freckles helped the grieving king up and into his new Chambers.

There the King Cried and Cried. He cried for a day, then another day...The General Brought food and left it at the door, the King did not Eat.

He cried for a week, then another week...the General brought food everyday, sometimes only a little was eaten.

He cried again for a month, then another month. Then exactly one year to the day of Jeebs end, something inside of he king died, it was apart of his spirit.

As his spirit died, it began to *rot* and a sweet smell of sickness filled the Kings Chambers. At last the king stopped crying, his pain was dead, his emptiness replaced with the same cold nothingness he threw Jeebs into.

The king created a new Monster Credo. “*Whatever does not kill, me only makes me stronger...*” this credo as well as other *half finished credo's* he would teach the Hairless Beasts, *in training them*, so that he could rule them and the Earth Below.

Hitches needed a new strategy against the Beasts.

A new Game needed to be developed. So he invented another Game, the game of all Games, he called it the Game, *but it wasn't a Game.*

He and the monsters moved from the castle in the mountains, to a dark underground cave filled with large, yellow dongle nuggets. The monsters began mining the rare dongle nuggets. There they would hide for a hundred years. The memory of the Beast was short, and a hundred years was nothing to Hitches and his monsters.

*Hitches would use the rare dongle in his
new game against the Beasts.*

...

Money

Getting the people “*not to believe*” that the Monsters were real was Lord Hitches greatest trick. He knew that deception and infiltration of the beasts was the key to controlling them. Hitches also knew that the best way to defeat your enemy was to make him your friend and attack later.

It took only 3 generation's for the monsters to become mere myths and legends of the people. During that time the King had taught his monsters how to shape shift into Hairless Beasts. One sunny day the King and a few of his Monsters *shape shifted* and climbed out of their hidden cavern. For the first time in a *100* years they faced the bright sunshine and breathed in the fresh air.

Making it easy enough for anyone to find, they places small dongle nuggets along a path in the Forest. Pretending to be looking for something, the monsters got on their hands and knees. It wasn't long till a group of people in the forest met up with the Monsters. The Monsters *appeared* not to notice the people.

“*Did you loose something?*”, asked one of the Beasts.

Looking busy, the Monster King said, “*we're looking for dongle.*”

“*What's dongle?*”, asked another Beast.

The King looked surprised, “*You don't know what dongle is?*”

“*Let us know what it is you are looking for and we will help you find it*”, said another of the Beasts.

The King reached into a little bag and pulled out a large dongle nugget, he then gave it to the Beasts. The Beasts all looked at it. One said, “*What do you need this for, can it make medicine, can you eat it?*”

“*It is not what it can do*”, said the King, “*it is how much of it there is. This is a rare rock and is valuable only because it is so rare*”.

The Beasts all got on their hands and knees and together with the Monsters began looking under rocks and Leaves. It wasn't long until a Hairless Beast found a *nugget*, then a few seconds later another Beast found another *nugget*. In a short time the Beasts had found all of the *nuggets* there were. They gave the Monsters the dongle nuggets, then smiled, said good bye and began to walk away.

The King jumped in front of the Beasts and *hissed*, “**Where do you think you're going'ssssss!?**”

The King caught himself frightening the beasts. He smiled and gratefully said, “ I mean please don't go so fast. We couldn't have done it without you. Please let me give you something for all your effort.”

He walked over to a waggon filled with food, medicine and supplies. He then began to stuff a large sack with small tools, medicines and fruits.

“*Please take this.*” He gave the sack to the surprised Beasts.

“*Are you sure?*”, asked one of the Beasts.

“*Of course I'm sure*”, said the Monster King smiling, “*we can always 'buy' more food and stuff when we get back.*”

“*Buy?*” asked a puzzled Beast.

“*Yes 'Buy'*”, said the King, “*I trade people this dongle and they give me things I need. Things like food, medicine and so on.*”

“*People trade for this Rock, but you can't eat it?*”, said another Beast.

“*Ahhhhh but you forget, it is so rare, it has value.*”, said the King, “*Where I come from I can trade a little of this dongle for a lot of tools or food or whatever I need.*”

The Beasts smiled, took the sack, then the King said, “*We will be back here tomorrow, perhaps you can help us find more dongle and we can work together.*”

“*Yes, most definitely*”, said one of the Beasts.

“*When I get back I'm going to tell everyone in the village.*” Said another of the Beasts.

The monsters smiled and waved good bye to the Hairless Beasts. Later that night the Monsters planted dongle everywhere along the path they were on. The next day the entire village showed up.

The Kings “Game” had begun.

Everyone was looking for their dongle.

The people were told that the harder a person dug or the luckier they were, the more *dongle they would find*. It was to good to be true, no one ever questioned it, it seemed to make sense and work.

Everyday the people would find the dongle nuggets that the monsters planted, then go to the *Monster Market* to buy medicine and other supply's. Life was becoming *easier* for the people, they didn't have to get up in the morning as early to look after their garden's, and the monsters had better sharper tools. All they had to do was *find their dongle* and they could *buy* anything they needed at the *Market*.

After 3 generations, the art of parents teaching their kids the old ways of gardening and hunting was lost and replaced with the new way, *dongle digging*. The monsters preached *Independence* to the people by making them *dependant* on the *Monster Market*, for food and medicine. Most of the people forgot how to grow their own food or hunt. It didn't matter, *all you needed was a little dongle to get by in life*. The people didn't know it, but a price had to be paid *for this new way*.

To satisfy their needs, they gave their True Independence to the Monsters.

Some people would find more dongle than others, the ones that found more dongle could buy more stuff. The ones that found the most dongle *could buy the most stuff.*

Tools, fruits, fish, everything that 'they' bought was newer, younger and fresher.

A class system developed.

The people who found the *most dongle* lived in the *nicest areas*, the people who found the *littlest dongle* lived in the *scariest*. Over generations the people that had the most dongle began to *feel themselves as Superior over those that had littler dongle*. They saw the little donglers as stupid or lazy, if they were smart like them, then they would have as much dongle as they did.

There developed 2 classes, little dongles and big dongles.

It became harder and harder for the people to find the dongle they needed.

People would sometimes have to travel for weeks to go dongle digging, find dongle mines or rivers with dongle in them. It seemed the earths dongle supply was becoming less and less. The day finally came that the little donglers couldn't afford to buy food for their children because they couldn't find enough dongle. The bigger *dongles* gave strong *dongles, dongle*, to protect themselves from other *dongles* who *needed their dongle*. The bigger dongles eventually ruled the littler dongles,

Authority was Created, then a separate class between them developed.

The dongle middle class evolved, and in it were doctors, professors, scientists and police.

The name of the game was to get as many dongles as you could, *then buy the stuff you wanted with your dongle in the Market. Over time the biggest dongles became Kings. The Dongle Kings needed a place to keep their dongles safe. Lord Hitches had just the place, a giant vault underground.*

Lord Hitches told the Dongle Kings he would guard all of their dongles, by making a dongle out of paper. Hitches printed off paper “*I.O.U's*” and called them “*Money*”.

One Bill would be worth One Dongle, another bill would be worth 2 Dongles and so on and so on. At anytime the people could trade their I.O.U's to Hitches for Real Dongle.

The people liked the paper bills, they were easier to carry and you didn't have to weigh them. Hitches kept the *peoples dongles* in his vault, then he gave the beasts the paper *I.O.U's*. Over time the people became so used to the paper notes, *that they saw the paper as having real value.*

Hitches tricked the Kings into spending the peoples tax money foolishly till they ran out of the people's dongle. These Kings panicked and without telling the people, ran to Lord Hitches telling them of their problem. Lord Hitches told them to relax, he could *Loan* them the dongle they needed, but they needed to give him something in return.

Their Kingdom and the people in it were given to Lord Hitches!

LORD HITCHES OWNED THE PEOPLE!!!

Over time most people had forgotten what a real dongle even looked like, and most didn't even know they couldn't trade *Lord Hitches paper money* for his dongle anymore.

The paper was worthless.

Kings wanting to keep their thrown did whatever Hitches told them to do. The people didn't know it yet, but they had 2 kings, a fake one, the one that they saw...and a real one, *Lord Hitches* who lurked in the shadows, the monster behind the curtain.

Lord Hitches controlled the police and the military *as well as all the major newspapers*. Because he controlled the dongle, he controlled everything!

Their *secret* master ruled from behind the thrown. *Hitches* told the police and newspaper's *Bosses, Bosses, Bosses what to do*. Orders were passed down. Many people in the police and military honestly “*believed*” that they were working for the people, and like most of the people, *they believed in newspapers*.

His newspapers controlled the Beasts minds.

There were some people in the Police and Military who used their Intelligence and their Feelings with Honour. They questioned Laws or Orders telling them to arrest or attack the people. Honest beasts *were demoted, fired or discredited, and the ones that didn't question orders were promoted to the top*.

Over time the police and the military called the peaceful civilians, *Enemy Combatants*, the monsters called this, “*The Nobel Lie.*”

The people were slaves to the quietest slave master of all time, a master who voice only became louder through generations.

***As the People became Slaves to Lord Hitches,
Public Enemy Number One became, “The Police”***

Lord Hitches would begin wars with other kingdoms that he didn't yet rule. He would promise both sides money to fight each other. It didn't matter who won, because at the end of the day Hitches would secretly rule the ruler.

His New World Disorder was beginning!

Sometimes he would attack his own people *with with his own secret military, the Snit-Sadism-Zoo, S.S.Z. or Snit's for short. The Snit's* would disguise themselves as enemy's from other kingdoms he wanted to Fight and Rule. He would have them attack his own people to frighten them into going to war with peaceful nations. He would use his own secret police, *the Truly-Stupid-Animals or T.S.A. for short, these stupid beasts would imprison and strip search their fellow beasts.*

War was *perfect* for Lord Hitches, it would reduce the numbers of Beasts, and he could control the few that were left easier. It gave him cover as well, *his newspapers would only talk about the “Other Bad Guys”* in the other kingdom the people were fighting ... *he was rarely ever mentioned, if ever. His newspapers were not lying, they just weren't telling the people the truth they needed to hear.*

If it was a lie that the news papers spread, they would keep telling it to the Beasts over and over again, till they finally *believe as truth.* Individually the beasts were smart, but as a group The Beasts were Dumb. “*Dumb as a Beast*” was name the Monsters would call one another. Hitches would keep his *Dumb Beasts* distracted by using Sports, Talent Shows or Scandals in the newspapers.

If the people didn't want to fight in his wars, Hitches *forced* them to. If the people wanted to leave and start living in nature again, Hitches called them rebellious and had them imprisoned.

Since the police in the military *had now been trained to see the people as Enemy Combatants*, their new slogan became...

“To Serve and protect...EACH OTHER!”

People who weren't police were later rounded up, imprisoned and in just over a generation, the people to stand up against Lord Hitches would be 'hanged'!

So long as the Kings controlling *his* police, *his* military and *his* newspapers continued to follow *his* orders, *he was unstoppable*. All seemed lost for the Beasts and most didn't even know it...yet.

...

One day a monster seer said it was urgent he see the King. He wore a black robe that covered most of his face.

He walked up to the King and told him that a Beast'ssss, *who's letters in his name added to 666*, was the biggest threat for Hitches master plan. Try as he might the seer couldn't find the mans real name, *but he knew where he was*, it was in a small kingdom not far away. He told Lord Hitches that he *must* get rid of the man, or the monsters would be defeated by the Beasts.

Hitches called for his High General, *Freckles Row*. Freckles told Hitches that he would gather a team of *Crusaders* to destroy the city *with everyone in it*. The General wasn't taking any chances. Hitches calmly agreed.

...

:::Ashes Mi

In the early evening Ashes Mi was sitting at home with his wife Clare and their baby daughter Angle. Outside their house, *Abacus a White Horse* was feeding on some hay. Clare was playing with the baby while Ashes relaxed at the kitchen table.

The two had grown up together and developed a bond at an early age, as they grew older their bond grew stronger. They would finish each others sentence's, share the same dreams, see the same thoughts or feel the same feelings. It was as though they were minds were one. When they reached the age of 16 and decided to marry, *it was no surprise to anyone.*

Abacus was a horse they had saved. The colt was born unable to walk and his mother had died giving birth to him. Ashes offered to look after the baby colt, the owner agreed, he didn't want to put the colt down. Ashes put the colt in a wheel barrow and wheeled him back home. After 3 days of Ashes and Clair's care, *the tinny little horse stood up.*

In the house, while Clare was playing with the baby, Ashes thought could hear a faint screaming in the distance.

“Do you hear that Clare?”, Ashes asked her. Clare began listening.

A tiny little voice in the distance screamed, “*Monsters are coming, Monsters are coming!*”

Through the kitchen window, a bright yellow glow like the sun shone above the houses, then a loud explosion down the street made their windows rattle and shake.

Ashes ran out into the street where people he knew ran by him. A terrified woman ran up to Ashes, “***Run Ashes take Clare Angel Run! Monsters are coming! Get out of here!***”

Ashes looked up into the sky. He saw what looked like a flaming fire ball the size of a house begin it's decent towards him. *Without thinking* he ran back to his home. He saw his wife through their kitchen window, he yelled, “**GET OUT OF THE HOUES!!**”, she ran to get the baby.

Ashes turned to look for the *Boulder*, there were now 10 other *Boulder's*, and all coming his direction. The sky behind him began to lite up as houses and buildings burned and exploded.

He finally reached the house and stuck his hand out for the door knob, but just as he got to the door, the house was no longer there.

All was silent, the screaming and explosions all stopped. It seemed time itself stopped. Then the time returned, with it the screaming. He stood frozen as splinters of wood chips and glass exploded all around him. Then a fiery rain of cinders and dust fell on him, making him as white as a ghost.

Oblivious to all the chaos, he searched through the rubble. Ashes was confused, the reality hadn't hit him yet. “*His wife and daughter were killed?*”

The monsters had surrounded the city and were forcing the people into it's core. They were coming from all directions, *nothing was stopping them*. Brave men fought the monsters, but were quickly mowed down with flaming arrows or cut to ribbons with swords. Ashes still couldn't believe what was happening, it was all happening so fast.

In shock he fell to his knees, then on to his side. Several seconds later, a monster thinking Ashes was dead, stepped on his chest as he ran to attack 2 men only a few feet away from him. In no time the monster defeated the 2 men. Then the hissing and screaming monster ran towards a group of confused people.

Ashes saw the 2 men's swords lying on the ground in front of him. *Without thinking* he picked up the 2 swords, then turned around in a circle. Seeing the chaos all around him, he couldn't believe his eyes. Large lizards swinging balls with spikes on chains their swords in their other hands. Screaming with high pitched scream's, *they laughed, their eyes like snakes, their tails twitching like whips.*

Ashes ran towards 3 monsters attacking a man. From behind one of them he cut the monster in half. As he spun around again, he saw the once cut in-half monster fully healed. The monster charged at him, he stuck his sword through the monsters chest. The monster smiled at Ashes, it's snaky pupils looked into his. Ashes pulled his Sword out of the monster's chest. When the Monster Attacked him again, Ashes cut him in half.

Every mortally wounded monster would heal itself quickly. If he cut off a limb it would grow back almost instantly. *“This can't be happening”* he thought to himself, *“I must be dreaming. When will I wake up?”* The man that he tried to help laid on the ground lifeless. A burning arrow went into Ashes shoulder.

Wounded and confused and exhausted, realizing he had to get out of the city, he whistled for his horse. Abacus ran towards him and slowed down just enough for Ashes to jump on it's back. For the first time he raised his voice towards the horse, ***“RUN!”***

***The monsters behind them became smaller
and smaller and smaller as the two speed away.***

In the distance a portion of the city wall was missing, burning molten rock fragments where everywhere. The horse jumped the fragments of the broken city wall, then ran up the hill into the forest around the city. After only a few minutes the two overlooked the burning city below from the tree line above as the screams of men, woman and children became replaced with monster laughter.

Ashes became dizzy, exhausted and confused. With one hand he patted the horse on the rear. The horse walked into the forest. The horse navigated the narrow trails for most of the night alone, while Ashes slept on its mane.

The 2 stopped in the daylight by a river. Ashes slowly fell off of the horse. An arrow stuck through his left shoulder. He painfully pulled out the arrow, then passed out again.

...

:::Hath Remoter

Ashes could feel something licking his face. He opened his eyes and saw Abacus above him.

“Are you OK?” said Abacus in a woman's voice. Abacus moved away and from behind him stood a grey haired woman. Thoughts and images rushed to his mind. *Were his wife and Daughter really dead? How long was he sleeping for? Where was he?*

She asked him again, *“Are you OK Ashes!?”*

“Monsters... everywhere”, his shoulder had stopped bleeding but was burning.

“I know” said the woman, *“I saw the attack last night.”*

With his better arm she helped pull him up and onto the horse. She looked into the horses eyes and stroked his noes. *“Please follow me Abacus.”* As she walked ahead of the two Abacus followed.

“What is your name?” Ashes asked her.

“Hath Remoter” she said, *“Your head is humming and it won't go in case you don't know, the pipers calling you to join him.”*

She then said, *“Relax till we get back to the hut and I will explain there.”*

...

Inside of the hut Ashes sat in a chair, then he asked her, “*How did you know my name?*”

Wearing a monocle she said, “*I'm a Witch, which means I live in Harmony with Nature.*”

She began to dress his wound with a pair of tweezers that held a sticky damp moss.

Ashes felt uneasy, “*Aren't witches Evil?*” he asked her.

“*No!*” she exclaimed, “*but the monsters have made us out to be!*”

Taking her monocle away from her eye she said, “*Some witches use their potions for the dark-side. I only practice the bright-side, but you must understand Ashes, there is a dark-side and a bright side to everything, even the moon has a dark-side.*”

She winked at him, then put her monocle back over her eye and said, “*This will help rid the infection, it's a swamp moss mixed with, If Cruel, Rice Flu, Ferulic, Furl Ice, Clue Fir, and the hardest of all to find, Lice Fur.*” On a wall rack behind her were countless labelled glass jars for potions and stuff.

“*Lice Fur?*”, asked Ashes with a disgusted look.

“*Yes, I use my magnifiers and tweezers on them, seems the little fellows don't want to part with it.*” Her eyes got all crooked and crossed as she pointed to a glass Jar labelled ‘*Lice Fur*’ on the wall rack behind her. *In it were a few chilly Lice.*

She then said, “*If you look after Lice Fur Ashes, Lice Fur will look after you*” she winked at him again.

Behind her was a picture of a 2 legged half goat, half man playing a pipe made out of reeds.

“*What is that?*” Ashes asked.

“*That is Pan, he was one of my husband's. Oh I miss Pan, mmmmmm*”, she said *purring* to herself *smiling* as she stared at the ceiling.

“*What happened to him?*”, Ashes asked her.

“*The Evil Monsters Crusaders killed him! All he ever wanted to do was Love, be free, happy and good towards all life. He taught the forest people how to live in harmony with nature again.*”, she began to relax a bit.

“*So what happened to the Forest People?*”, Ashes asked her.

“*The Crusaders rounded up all Witches or anyone they suspected as being a witch. They tortured and murdered us in the hundreds of thousands. They said the devil had clove hoof's, horns and played the flute.*” She put her head between her hands and angrily exclaimed “*There is your Clove Hoofed Devil!...PAN! Your so naughty!..mmmmm*”, she said *smiling* to herself again, forgetting Ashes was in the room with her.

“*Are their any forest people left?*”, Ashes asked her.

“*No, I am the last. The Monster Monks Forced the people into worshipping their way, Away From Nature, to control and dominate it. To torture nature, to treat other animals as Subspecies, when they are are Our Brothers and Sisters. The monster Monks took all the land and dongle from the people as well, just by calling them a witch. The monster vault is full of bloody dongle!*”

“*I'm feeling sick*”, said Ashes, “*I'm going to faint.*”

“*Your Awakening from your Denial of the Monsters*”, she said, “*It is*

OK, you have found the right person to help you.”

The area around his shoulder was red and swollen, the monster arrows were toxic. After a week of hellish nightmares, his sweaty fever finally broke and the infection in his shoulder began to heal. *He Awakened Screaming!*

Hath rushed over to him, *“Ashes I know what you are thinking, you want to kill the monsters. I have a way you can defeat the monsters, but it is not what you may think.”*

She handed him a map and said, *“You can go to the City of 'Earth Minorca' and meet the Raged Nomad, and fight the monsters. The 'Earth Minorca' people believe in the monsters, and like you they are filled with a Rage from Grief.”*

She began rummaging through drawers in a dresser. *“There are two paths you can go by...There is another Kingdom, 'Alia Sutra'. There is a man called the Interpreter, he will take you to the Great Dow.”*

Handing him the second map she said, *“There's still time to change the road you're on.”*

Then smiling she said, *“The Forests will echo with laughter, you'll see.”*

...

YOU DECIDE!

...

Always Choose Love - Ashes Visits the Great Down - Go to Page 42

Never Choose Fear - Ashes Visits the Rage Nomad - Go to Page 51

The Great Down

Ashes took the map and headed for *Alia Sutra*. After only 2 days he arrived and headed to *Ivies Runty University* on the map.

Inside he asked a woman at the front desk if she knew where the Interpreter was. “*Hurry up, you can still catch him, he is leaving out back.*”

Ashes ran to the back doors, and saw a skinny little man wearing glasses, carrying Books and Papers, standing beside a Huge Work Horse.

“*Are you the Interpreter?*”, Ashes asked him.

“*Yes, how can I help you?*”, said the little man.

“*Hath Remoter sent me to you, she said you could take me to the Great Down?*”, he showed the little man the map.

“*Hath sent you to me, very Impressive, how do you know Hath?*”, asked the little man.

“*She saved my life*”, said Ashes, “*The monsters attacked my city 'Angina Hafis' and killed everyone in it!*”

“*Yes, it made the news*”, said the little man sadly, as he was busy placing papers and books into a saddle bag on the side of the big huge horse, “*I am so very sorry to hear about that.*”

“*Hath said if I meet with the Great Down he could help me defeat the Evil Monsters.*”, Ashes forgot about his city for a moment as he watched the tinny little man struggle to get up on his Horse.

“*That's such a big horse for such a little man*”, said Ashes.

“*It not the size of the horse*”, said the Interpreter, “*its the rider who rides it!*”

“Why do they call you the Interpreter?”, Ashes asked him.

“I take problems from University Professors and Interpreter it so the Great Down can understand, then I take the Great Downs understanding and Interpreter it back for the Professors to understand.”

“Why do you do that?”, Ashes asked him.

“Wisdom greater than knowledge leads to greater knowledge”, said the little man.

The two travelled together for a week. The full moon lit up the sky in the early dark morning. The forest they were in suddenly stopped as they reached what looked like a desert. Dead trees and thick black rivers of oil flowed everywhere. In the distance Ashes could see a cemetery the size of a city, with countless tomb stones. *“Where are we?”*, Ashes asked him.

“The once city of Rewonky”, said the Interpreter, *“The monsters contaminated all of the water in all the area with their dongle smelting plant. The people drank the water, many died and many were born sick.”*

In the distance, in the centre of the cemetery was a massive castle surrounded by 5 huge walls giving it a *pentagon shape*. Stretching out from the centre of the castle were 2 Massive Twin Towers.

The full moon lite up the starry night sky giving the land an eerie blue glow. Shadows from the tombstones seemed to dance around them. In the distance between the Enormous Twin Towers was the full moon, it's size dwarfing the towers.

“The Rewonky Twin Towers”, said the Interpreter pointing into the distance. Continuing he said, *“the Down now live here.”*

“Why are they called the Down?”, Ashes asked him.

“Because they were born with Down Syndrome.”, said the Interpreter.

“Their mentally retarded?”, asked Ashes sadly.

“No, they are not retarded”, said the Interpreter softly towards Ashes, *“but you my friend are.”* He continued, *“It's the Stupid Beast who work for the monsters and follow order's that go against their lands Constitutions or any common sense. They attack their own people, These are the very definition of the word Retarded, because they refuse to think and have no Common Sense or Compassion. Almost all of the Downs are enlightened Ashes, they think and feel. They have what cannot yet be proven yet in any book, 'Common Sense'. The Monsters hate the Downs because they cannot control them as easily as the Stupid Beasts.”*

He stopped looked at Ashes and said, *“The Downs are people just like you and me... ahhhh well, You...I keep forgetting I am a Monster.”*

“You're the furthest thing from a Monster I have seen in my life.”, Ashes said smiling to him, *“Monsters are evil!”*

In a calm tone the Interpreter said, *“You just woke up to the monsters a few weeks ago, I have been awakened to them now for many years, I understand how they think, how they pretend to feel.”*

“What makes you such an expert on monsters”, Ashes asked him.

“I am a Monster!”, said the Interpreter. Just then the little man shape shifted into an 8 foot tall 5 hundred pound monster.

His snaky eyes looked into his Ashes, his spiky tail rattled as it whipped.

“Now You'ssssss see'ssssss?”, said the huge reptilian on what now seemed to be a much smaller horse.

“It's not the size of the horse'ssss”, said the Reptilian, “it's the rider who rides'ssss it'sssss”

Ashes fell off his horse backwards and hit the ground with his head. When he came to again, Abacus was licking his face.

“Are you OK”, said Abacus in a mans voice this time. Abacus moved away and from behind him sitting on his large horse was the Interpreter looking like a little man again. “Sorry about that”, said the Interpreter.

*“**YOUR A MONSTER!!!**”, screamed Ashes.*

“I should have waited till we got inside of the castle, not in the middle of a creepy cemetery”, said the Interpreter under his breath, “Yes I am a Monster, I normal warm up to people before I show them who I am. Pleased to meet you.”

*“**But your suppose to be evil!**”, Ashes exclaimed.*

“Not all monsters are Dark, just like not all Beasts are Light.”, said the little man, “I Watched with sadness while Your Kings and Queens fought for a thousand years for the Gods they made.”

There was very short quiet, then he added, “There was a bright side as well you know. I was around back in the days you were hairless beasts living in nature, naked with no shame, in harmony and in Love with one another and with Pan. I knew your ancestors back when you were all still innocent as children.”

“Children have to grow up.”, said Ashes sadly thinking of his lost daughter, “Youth is wasted on the young.”

“Youth isn't wasted on the young, it is innocence is wasted from competition.”, said the little man, “I know the old ways and I can help you to find your way back again, it is your and the planets only way out.”

“It's a nice dream”, said Ashes, “but it'll never happen.”

The Interpreter softly said, “If we can train a soldier to survive in the harshest of conditions, to fight, kill and struggle against their fellow Beast's, against all odds, then we can teach that same Beast to grow their own food on their own land, have their own home and live in peace with all other Beasts! It happened before Ashes, over a thousand years ago, in the forest. I have seen it with my own eyes.”

“So how do we get there, ever if we all agree on where there is?”, Ashes asked.

“Very good question, I see you are not all that retarded after all. There is here Ashes. When we are together is when we are there, the there your talking about isn't a place we go to alone, it is anyplace where we come to together. The monsters have separated you beasts, you were in paradise when you were together, now your all alone and separated defending your little ground of scraps from other Beasts. There isn't a place, there is people. The Great Spirit is Love Ashes, and it is Love that brings us together.”

“There is no great Spirit, how can there be!” said Ashes looking at him angrily, “If there were a Great Spirit, would it allow suffering, injustice, pain, if it had any intelligence, there would be no pain, no suffering, no injustice or poverty. If there is a Great Spirit then it can't be that smart! There is no great spirit, and if your right and there is, then it is the dumbest thing there is.”

“I don't have a real answer for you Ashes, this is why I think Hath sent you to the Great Down, to help you experience the Great Spirit again. I do not know, but I am allowed to guess, I bet you the Nothingness is the Great Spirits waist. Perhaps hell is spiritual deification, the Dark Side, the Nothingness. Heaven is the Bright-side, it is Love, all that is positive, good and is all there is to the Living Loving God, everything else is God Waist. Nothing smells worse than God Waist Ashes.

Lord Hitches has that smell, his soul is rancid, 99% of the monsters enjoy that God Awful smell, pardon the pun.” said the little man smiling, *“I’m the 1% of the monsters that can’t take it, which is one of the reasons I left them. I can smell souls, many of the beasts souls smell fresh, new and pleasant. Monster souls smell like a dirty locker room, except lord Hitches which smells like a morgue. I don’t wish to be rude Ashes but your soul smells like a locker room as well.”*

“Thanks a lot”, said Ashes, *“you sure do talk a lot.”*

As they approached the castle, 2 lookouts saw them in the distance and opened the castle's tall metal gates. As the Interpreter and Ashes entered the kingdom they were greeted by the Down Mother. *Ashes could feel right away she was a warm giving person.* All around them were people with Down Syndrome and everyone wore white robes with hoods. It was early morning, most were still waking up as the Down Mother walked over to the 2 men.

“Good morning gentlemen”, she said looking at Ashes, then turning to the little man she said, *“who is your friend Interpreter?”*

“His name is Ashes Mi and he is here to see the Great Down. Hath Remoter sent him.”

“Hath eh? Impressive”, said the Down Mother looking impressed.

“Eminent”, she said calling to one of the half awakened Downs, he ignored her. She called out again louder this time, *“Eminent Length! Can you please take these men's horses?”*

They got Down from their horse's and gave their horse's to the Down named *Eminent Length.* Then the 3 began a journey into the centre court yard. It was massive, not like anything Ashes had ever seen. In the centre of a huge court yard were 2 enormous Twin Towers that stretched up high into the sky.

As they walked towards one of the Towers, standing in front of its massive doors stood a long white haired albino Down. The Great Down was a man in his late 40's with skin as white as snow. Because the sun burned his skin, he would stay in doors during the day, then feel the fresh air by his open window at night. His eyes were milky white, he was blind.

“Good to not see you!”, exclaimed the Great *Grinning* Down smiling at them in the distance, *“Ashes Mi?”*

“How did you know my name?”, Ashes asked him in surprise.

“He's goooooood isn't he”, said the Interpreter quietly to Ashes.

“Hath told me last night in a dream.” said the Great Down, *“I've been expecting you. Please come inside everyone, the sun is burning my skin like angry little bees.”*

Inside of the Tall Tower were the Downs getting ready to eat breakfast. In a short time the most amazing food was being served to a very hungry Ashes. As they ate breakfast they talked about monsters. After they had finished eating on their way out of the dining hall, the great down touched the doorway with his hand, he had an amazing vision, *“he saw huge balls of fire hitting the tower he was in.”*

“Wait”, he said to the 3 of them as they stopped. Out of his body the Great Down was now flying high over the tomb stones, then through a thick forest, then over a lake and into another forest, there he stopped. In front of him were a team of a thousand Monsters and Retarded Beasts fast approaching the City of Rewonky on horse back. *“Monsters are coming for you Ashes, I see them, their not far off! We must get ready, not much time left here I'm afraid. Eminent will help show you to your room Ashes, tonight we will begin your training against the monsters.”*

...

*To continue the wise path you choose
read 'Great Gig in the Sky' Page 57*

...

:::The Raged Nomad of Earth Minorca

The people in *Earth Minorca* were one of the few cities on earth to know about the monsters as they were being killed and enslaved by them. To the monsters however, it wasn't attack, the people were being Liberated, Freed or Rescued.

It took Ashes and Abacus a month to reach *Earth Minorca*. On the back of the map that Hath had given him was a name, *the Raged Nomad*. He entered the city, it was like a war zone.

Ashes approached a man on the street searching through rubble,

“Excuse me, I'm looking for the Raged Nomad, do you know where he is.”, Ashes asked him.

“It'll cost you 20 dongle's”, said the dirty man.

Ashes reached in his dongle sack, “here”, he said.

“Follow me.”, said the man.

They walked through the destroyed city for short while. Death rotted in the streets and in buildings under rubble. The thick sweet smell made Ashes want to throw up. Most buildings were burnt down, the ones that weren't had all of their windows smashed out or doors broken in. There were people with arms, legs or eyes missing. Hungry wounded or lost children were scavenging anything they could from the aftermath of the looting, riots and fires.

Ashes tried making small talk with the man, but the man never once spoke. Finally when they reached a burned out warehouse, the man spoke, “There”, said the man as he pointed at the building and left.

At the door Ashes was met by 2 Guards who searched and questioned him, again and again. Finally after a long gruelling interrogation he was lead to the *Raged Nomad*.

The Raged Nomad wore a long black leather coat, swords and other weapons were scattered through out the room. Ashes told him of his wife and daughter, how they and everyone in his city were killed by the monsters. The Nomad liked Ashes and after Ashes proved his skills with a sword, the Nomad invited him to join the resistance.

“Most people were rounded up and put into the G.F.N.B. Camps.”, said Nomad to Ashes.

“What are G.F.N.B. Camps?”, Ashes asked him.

“Good For Nothing Beasts Camps, G.F.N.B. For short.”, said the Nomad. *“Most people are so frightened and hungry some are even banging on the doors to get into the Camps, thing is, once your in the camp, your never coming out again, unless your wearing the Monsters uniform and killing their enemies in some other nation. These are not camps to be safe, these are concentration camps for training the military, or slave labour camps for those not willing to murder for the monsters.”*

The two were interrupted as a group of militia who had just captured a monster approached the Nomad. The monster was in chains.

“I will not tell you anything!”, hollered the angry monster.

“Oh we have ways of making him talk”, said the *Nomad* smiling at Ashes. The chained up monster hissed and snapped at the 2 of them as the Nomad took out a large turkey feather and walked over to the chained up monster. *“Oh you'll talk”*, said the *Nomad* to the monster.

After only 5 minuets of tickle torture the monster told him everything. He told them about Lord Hitches and the monster city. He also told them about the bottomless pit of nothingness. *Everything.*

...

In the night as the monsters slept, Ashes and a small group of insurgents snuck into the underground caverns. They quickly found their way to the Monster Castle and quietly climbed up its wall's into the Kings Chambers, while the King slept, or so they thought. Hitches always slept with one eye open and was well aware they were in the room with him, he remained quiet as he grabbed for his sword under his sheets.

Screaming, Hitches jumped out of his bed and attacked the group of men. Hearing the noise a group of Guards at the doorway quickly ran in, and seeing the battle attacked the Beasts.

Ashes and Hitches fought fiercely together into the thrown room while the other Beasts and Monsters fought out into the hallway. With every swing of his sword Ashes feeling of powerlessness would seem to lessen, as it became replaced with a feeling of high power and control once again. His rage now focused into the attack he began pushing Hitches back further and further towards the pit of nothingness which lay in front of the thrown. Hitches had never fought a Beast like Ashes, this Beast was different, this Beasts fear was like the Rage Hitches had felt after he kicked Jeebs into the pit.

The Pit was coming closer to Hitches, he used ever sword fighting tactic he could, but it was of no use, Ashes was unstoppable. Finally Ashes got Hitches right where he wanted, and as Ashes jumped up into the Air to Kick Hitches into the pit, Hitches Shape shifted into Ashes wife and Baby. In the middle of the air Ashes couldn't stop as he kicked he frightened Clair and Angel into the Pit. Just as they fell into the pit Freckles Row came running into the room.

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!” Screamed out Ashes as his wife and little baby girl fell into the Pit of Nothingness.

Then something happened, he did something he could never do before, he shape shifted. Ashes skin began to turn all slimy and green, his eyes became like a snake. Right then and there a part inside of Ashes *Died* it was his spirit. As his spirit died it began to rot and stink a sweet

smelling soul death. Seeing this performance and smelling the rotted stinking soul, Freckles Row got down on his right knee in front of Ashes, the rest of the Monsters that had run in, got on their knees as well.

Ashes had defeated the King. The monsters stood up and put their right arm into the air towards Ashes, then the Monsters all knelt before him again.

Whatever dies not kill me only makes me stronger, thought Ashes to himself. Ashes had defeated the Monster King, *he had saved the Beasts.* Now that he was ruler he would make things different. But he realized that the Beasts were still dumb and knew they needed a Loving Leader like him to govern and help guide them.

***Over time they would forgive Ashes for his
New World Order he was going to create for them.***

One day a monster called the *Interpreter* was brought before Ashes.

“Sir we found this monster amongst the Beasts. He was trying to help the Beast's in overthrowing us. What Shat shall we do to him.”

Without thinking Ashes said, *“Throw him into the Pit!”*

They dragged the kicking ,crying and screaming monster to the Pit of Nothingness and threw him in, his screams and sobs became quieter and quieter as he sank into the pit..*forever* Then the guards patted each other on the back laughing as they walked out. Many like the interpreter would be brought before Ashes, and if there were any shred of doubt, to the pit it was. The ends Justified the Means as the Bottomless Pit of nothingness began to full up with victims.

Ashes defeated the Dumb Beasts and took away their free will and replaced it with his all seeing all enlightened benevolent Order.

The monsters and Slave Beasts ruled the planet, exploiting it, till at last it was genetically miss-modified and in waste, but this was just a training ground, they knew that they would learn how to create the perfect world.

Many many years later Ashes, his monsters and his *slave Beasts* left the planet to infect and destroy other worlds.

Like a cancer in the universe the Monsters and *slave Beasts* spread, killing and enslaving all worlds they encountered. They tortured, destroyed and enslaved as many of the Great Spirits Experience's they could to satisfy their own lust for power, domination and control, by using Fear and in the name of *Safety, Freedom, Liberty they Tortured, Enslaved and Destroyed...*

The End...to all of the Great Spirits experience's they encounter...

...

Great Gig in the Sky

The Interpreter knocked on Ashes door and told him that the Great Down wanted to see him. They walked together towards the far end of the castle and began their ascent up a cold, stoney, spiral staircase.

“Have you ever died before?”, asked the Interpreter to Ashes.

“No...why?”, a strange look over came Ashes.

Huffing without breath the Interpreter *ignored* Ashes, *he finally said*, “Someone should invent a way of climbing stairs so it is easier, don't you agree?” Ashes only nodded.

The two men walked up the dimly lit narrow stair case which seemed to go on forever. Ashes was impressed the Great Down did this everyday and in complete darkness.

Finally at the top, a large wooden doorway greeted them.

Once inside the Great Down's Chambers, Ashes could see a large fire place and just above its red hot shining coals, hung a small black caldron and everywhere were soft lit candles, giving the room a comfortable relaxing glow. Several narrow window's like narrow slits were carved into the stoney wall, and oblivious to Ashes, facing the full moon, the Great Down stood at one of them.

With a warm smile, the Down Mother met Ashes and pointed him towards a soft, comfortable old chair, that faced an old piano. Ashes sat down in the old chair, which was as soft as a pillow. He could feel himself begin to sink into it. The Down mother then took off Ashes boots, lifted his heels, then placed his feet on a little foot stool in front of him. She stretched out his legs and he began to relax.

The Interpreter sat down at the old piano in front of Ashes. He began to play a soft gentle melody that Ashes had never heard before.

It was so relaxing that Ashes began to feel sleepy.

“You die every night when you dream.” Said the Great Dow, walking over from the window, kneeling down beside Ashes and holding his hand.

Across the room and at the fire place, the Down Mother was stirring up *some of the soup*, in the small black caldron. *Then with a metal ladle, she filled a small wooden cup and walked towards Ashes.* She placed the cup into Ashes, *other hand.*

Looking straight ahead and through Ashes, the Great Down said, *“This is a highly poisonous Mushroom, it's name is, ahhhhhh?”* He reached for the right word's but quickly gave up, *“Interpreter?”*

***“Vitam mors Fungorum”, said the Interpreter still playing the piano,
“Life after Death Mushroom.”***

With an *calm eerie* tone, The Great Down said, *“This mushroom will kill you Ashes. You... Will... Die, but you will come back to life again!”*

For the first time since he knew the great Down, he noticed the Great Down wasn't *Grinning*. The Great Down tightened his grip around Ashes wrist, *“This is the last resort to enlightenment, we take this very, very, seriously. Do you want to go further?”*

Trying to hide his fear, Ashes only nodded.

“It is OK to be frightened of dieing Ashes, are You frightened of dieing?”

As usual and without thinking Ashes said, *“I'm not frightened of dieing, anytime will do I don't mind!”*

The Now Grinning Great Down exclaimed, *“But shouldn't you be frightened of dieing!?”*

Without thinking again, Ashes swallowed the mushroom soup in one gulp and said, *“Why should I be frightened of dieing, there's no reason for it, you've got to go sometime.”*

The Translator in the Background continued to play the piano as Ashes closed his eyelids. He was beginning to feel woozy and nauseous. Thinking something may have gone terribly wrong, he tightened his grip around the Great Downs hand. His body began to feel lighter. Ashes began to feel more and more afraid. He thought he was seeing through his eye lids. He was sure he had his eyes shut. Again he squeezed his eyelids as tight as he could, but he was still seeing through them.

***Like a weightless balloon and from the top of his head,
Ashes floated high above his body.***

He saw himself sitting below. He saw the Great Down Kneeling beside him. He saw the Down Mother calmly returning to the Caldron and the Interpreter quietly playing the piano. Ashes floated higher and higher, finally through the ceiling, then high above the castle itself. He floated higher and higher into the night sky. In a flash he was over the earth. Then the little blue ball turned into a star amongst other stars and vanished into a background of countless stars. He heard a tight wire snapping, making a loud twanging sound.

***Then the piano suddenly roared louder
than any thunder he had ever heard.***

What seemed like an orchestra that he couldn't describe joined in with the piano and a woman's voice, without words, began screaming into the chaotic harmony. Ashes realized it was his *wife's* wailing screams, but she wasn't screaming in pain or in fear, she was excited and happy, *she knew Ashes was coming to see her.*

Asteroids were scattered everywhere, all floating in their decent towards a Giant Black Hole that lay directly in front of them. Also orbiting the black hole were 2 giant suns, 100's of times larger than the earths sun. The giant bright shining stars were being stretched apart, further and further, towards a huge white disk that orbited the black hole.

Asteroids collided in front of him, exploding into tiny chunks of disappearing shattered dusts, that vaporized in the fiery furnace's of the approaching heat storms.

He looked up and saw huge, fiery bright jets of white light exploding out of the black holes north and south streams. Like powerful jets of water, the streams pulsated to *Clair's cries*. The sound of the explosive light resonated like a tuning fork the size of a planet. Rivers of bright white light circling the black hole, all vibrated as well.

For the first time he saw his spirit body, it was mangled beyond belief, and as skinny as a stick. Broken spirit bones were sticking through his spirit flesh. He saw himself the way the Great Down saw him, wounded and dieing.

Roaring, his wife's screaming intensified.

The singing appeared to be coming from inside of the black hole. Instantly Ashes found himself in the energy disk circling the black hole. Bright white crackling energy swallowed him up.

As he got closer to the black hole, he looked down at his feet. His spirit body began to stretch further and further apart. He could feel and sense everything, but not pain. The sounds of super hot energies crackled and sizzled all around and inside of him, as his body stretched and quivered in the river of light's strong currents.

***As he came closer to the black holes shadow of darkness,
all became quiet.***

With his arms and legs folded together like a closed pair of scissors, he fell backwards into the Black Hole. He felt as though he was falling down a frozen black water fall. All of a sudden there was an even *greater silence as he 'splashed' into the liquid abyss of empty black time below.*

In the cold blackness above him from once where he came, he saw tiny energy packets rapidly exploding into large black round spheres. Like shiny air bubbles in a waterfall they burst and popped, above, below and behind him, only these air bubbles were energy popping into what seemed like 'time'.

***He felt like he was swimming in a thick water,
that was so cold and so black,
it seemed nothing could penetrate it's eternal darkness.***

He *slowly* turned and in the centre of the eternal darkness, was a nucleus, a bright white shining light, *radiating not heat, but Infinite Love that pulsed to the sounds of Clair's cries.*

Floating towards the bright white light and all around him were old people, young people and baby's. One by one they drifted passed Ashes *towards the light of love itself.* He could see tears of unbearable joy streaking down their faces. Their lives flashing before their eyes as they became younger and younger, disappearing into the brightness as infants. It was as though the light was absorbing all of their experiences.

Nothing this beautiful was possible.

At last he came to a wall of vertical clear energy. Clare stood on one side, while Ashes floated on the other. She was wearing a bright white shining gown and held their sleeping baby close to her chest. She turned from the baby, while another part of her kept singing, she looked into his eyes. There was a peace in side of her that he had never seen before.

She reached out her finger towards Ashes. The barrier stretched around her fingertip like a rubber membrane. He reached out and touched the warm barrier of light. The 2 finger tips connected and an electricity surged through out Ashes spirit.

Then finally, she spoke, "I never said I was frightened of dieing."

He looked at his wife and baby, for the last time...*till the next*. Then as fast as light, the light in front of him zoomed away as he was being forced out of the black hole. He was travelling so fast that he couldn't control the flight as burst after burst of bright white energy passed by him. Finally his flight stabilized, the piano became quieter and Clair's soft soothing voice began to fade away in the distance.

As he drifted alone in the currents of the jet streams newly created *time*, he looked down at his spirit body, it wasn't skinny anymore with broken bones sticking through it, it was *strong, big, healthy and healed*.

Then he heard the Voice of All Voices, in All Voices Say,

“WE - ARE - ALL - ONE!”

Back in the Room, Ashes slowly opened his eyes, and for the first time since he had lost his wife and daughter, his grief was replaced with peace.

The Great *Grinning* Down was still holding Ashes hand. “*Do you know what forgiveness is?*”, he asked Ashes.

Letting go of the Great Downs hand, Ashes said, “*Love?*”

What you had was a soul sickness that can only be healed with Love. Do you know what Love is Ashes?”

“*No*”, said Ashes.

The Great Down said, “*Love is Forgiveness, Forgiveness is 'For Giving', You have Forgiven, Your Healed.*”

...

The Great Dragon

The monsters are coming to the castle, said an out of breath look out to The Great Down. The Great Down looked in the direction of the Down Mother and said, *“It is time we must get ready, Ashes you must leave before us, we have a way out for you to escape.”*

...

“PLEASE BRING OUT THE DRAGON!”, hollered the Down Mother politely to the Downs in the court yard.

In no time a large rickety covered waggon was brought out from the stables. When they pulled the cover off the high waggon, behind it was....*Nothing*.

“The Dragon! the dragon!”, chanted the Downs.

“What Dragon, where is the Dragon?”, asked Ashes as he walked over to the cart, looking inside of it there was nothing.

“Because they believe the dragon is real, the dragon is real.”, said the Great Down.

“What?”, said Ashes more confused than ever.

The Monsters had arrived at the Gate and a Loud **BANG BANG BANG!**

“When we experience something we believe in it, Experience is Belief, but the opposite is also true, if we Believe hard enough in something we can Experience it as well. It is the Willingness to Believe in it that makes it become real. All that we touch and all that we see is all that we'll ever be”, said the Great Down, *“Believe in the dragon and you will experience the Dragon”*, he waited a moment, *“are you experiencing the dragon yet Ashes?”*

“**No!**”, said a very panicky Ashes.

“*Do You Believe In The Downs Ashes!*”

“**Yes!**”, exclaimed a very panicky Ashes.

“*Then believe in a Group of Downs, G.O.D. and you will experience what they are experiencing together with them. You already have faith, all you have to do now is just experience it again, to experience what it is that they experience, it is they around us that sometimes let's us see. **Believe in the Downs.** Shut your eyes, meditate, relax, create your own DM Tea from between your eyes and forehead, **believe in the dragon.***”

Ashes shut his eyes, breathed deeply, relaxed and meditated.

Taking Ashes hand and moving it in the open air in front of him, the Great Down said, “*Feel the dragon's scales?*”, scales slowly began to emerge.

“*Feel the dragons hot breath.*”, a dragon noes began to develop.

Moving his hand again, “*Feel the dragon's spiky tail Ashes!*”, a spiky tail formed.

“*Open your eyes*” said the Great Down.

Ashes opened his eyes and said quietly amazed, “*There is a dragon snorting fire.*”

“*Now your beginning to see things the way I see things*”, said the Great Down, “*Now get on your dragon and ride!*”

Ashes and the Dragon flew away.

...

:::The Rewonky Twin Towers

At the City of *Rewonky's* Gates stood Freckles arguing with a Down on the other side, just then a High Commander approached Freckles, beside him was a small, slimy little monster at his side. *“Sir, Lord Hitches Requested that the Snit-Sadism-Zoo accompany us in the Crusade for the man.”*

Freckles looked down at the little Snit and said, *“You Snits have no Honour! You fight in secret like **COWARDS!**, Be careful around me and stay out of my way!”*

The Snit replied, *“You've got us all wrong'ssss High General, we are the good guys just like you. We kill secretly now so there is peace'ssss later, don't you get it, what part don't you understand?”*

Freckles could see the Snit was not to be trusted.

“Go to the Armoury and bring back all of the Catapults you can”, said Freckles to his High Commander.

The High Commander smiled up at him, then slowly walked towards his horse.

Freckles walked over to the door and pushed the little Snit out of his way. He yelled at the door, *“I will count to the number 3 and if you do not open the door, we will be forced to SAVE You, do you understand?”*

“No”, said a tiny little voice from inside of the castle.

“What part do you not understand?”, asked Freckles.

“The saving us by killing us part?”, said the confused voice.

A loud *“Bang Bang Bang!!!”*, echoed through out the land as the Snit began banging on the massive metal doorway with a hammer.

“What are you doing?”, Freckles asked him.

“I’m trying to get us in to the castle.”, said the Snit.

“Are you insane?”, Freckles asked him, again focusing his attention towards the door he said, *“Look it is quite simple, I am going to count to 3, 1 2 3, and if you do not open the door we will be forced to **Save You!**”*

From behind the castle walls the Downs were quietly busy, placing huge potato sacks all over court yard.

Freckles shouted *“1!...”*, then waited and looked at door.

“...2!”, he put his ear up closer to the door, he could hear a faint soft breathing coming from inside.

“2, 1/10,000th!”

“What???”, said a tiny little voice from behind the door.

“It is a fraction!”, said Freckles...

After about an hour Freckles was still counting, *“2 and 1/911, 2 and ”*, he was interrupted by an out of breath Captain, *“3 Catapults and one battering ram Sir!”*

“Only 3 catapults and a battering ram?”, said Freckles sadly.

Standing at attention the Captain said, *“Sorry sir, that’s all there were.”*

“Awww”, said Freckles sadly again, kicking at the ground, *“but it’s going to take us all night to knock down these walls and ram in these doors.”*

“Looks like it’s more overtime tonight sir”, said the Captain winking at Freckles.

Freckles smiled down and winked back.

Just then a Crusader brought a Beast towards Freckles that had Awakened. “*Your not Saving them, your Killing them, Your Monsters!*”, screamed the Awakened Beast.

“*This Beast'ssss can see us and will not fight*”, said the Crusader to Freckles, “*what shall I do with him*”.

In a garbled voice Freckles said, “*Let him live, he has honour, no one will believe him anyway.*”

“*How can Beasts'sssss have honour, their animals'sssss!*”, said the Snit still pounding on the metal doorway with a hammer.

Freckles looked down at him and said, “*One of these days I'm going to cut you into little pieces.*”

Turning his head towards the wall and raising his arm, in a deep and garbled voice Freckles hollered, “***SAAAAAAAAAAVE THE DOWNS!***”

He dropped his arm smiling, exposing his black and yellow teeth.

The 3 Catapults hurled flaming white boulder's towards the castle while an Iron Battering ram smashed into it's thick metal gate.

Freckles began to dance, kicking and punching into the air, with his snaky tongue he could *just* smell the Dow's on the other side.

He walked over to a waggon that had drinks on it. A monster on the waggon gave Freckles a Large Metal Cup of Black Death Ale. *Death Ail* was a drink the Monsters loved, it made them more violent, it also made the Beasts working for them stupider and easier to control.

He walked into a tent where 2 Commanders sat at a table playing domonios. On the table were 2 thick lines of Powered White Death. He snorted the lines of White Death, the veins in his eye became larger and more neon blue. White Death was the most extreme monster medicine there was, it turned pain into pleasure, hell into heaven, disparity into hope, fear into love, and peace into war. Thing was if you ever stopped taking White Death, without it, *all was hell*.

He Loudly Slapped one of the Commanders domonios down on the table. The High Commander smiled up at him. Freckles sat down and lit up a green Leaf of Peace, this helped calm him down so he would think deeper about strategy and such, without the Leaf of Peace he couldn't win at war.

With only 3 catapults it was going to take all night to storm the castle. The *Snit-Sadism-Zoo* sat alone facing the corner wearing a blue dunce cap, while the High General and his 2 High Commanders slammed on the table, yelling hollering and laughing, all night long, as they drank, snorted and smoked, Black Death, White Death and Leafy Green Peace.

...

The *overtime* continued until the early morning, the tent was packed with solderers.

The Snit finally said, “*Can I please come down now my butt is sore.*” Everyone just ignored him. Finally he yelled out loud, “*CAN I PLEASE COME DOWN NOW!*”

The tent became silent. Freckles was asleep at the High Generals table, his face burred in a pile of white powder.

“*Tell ya what*”, said a High Commander, “*You wake him up and you can come down.*” He pointed at the sleeping Freckles.

The tent became even quieter as men began to quickly leave.

“*Sure*”, smiled the Snit. “**WAKE UP!**”, yelled the little Snit from the chair.

“*No.*” Said the High Commander, “*The only way you can wake him up, is to like hit him really hard.*” Men laughed.

Straight faced the commander said, “*We're going to leave you 2 alone now, good luck in waking him up*”, he smiled and walked out of the tent.

The Snit found himself alone in the tent with Freckles. The Snit got down off of the chair, rubbed his little butt and stretched out his tail and back. He walked over to Freckles.

“**Wake up High General!**”, said the Snit poking at Freckles.

Freckles face rolled in the white powder, his fully white eye flickering. “**ARUGHHH!**”, said Freckles grabbing the Little Snit and cutting him in half.

The Snit materialized outside of the Tent beside the 2 High Commanders, a life time scar around his waist from the Freckles attack.

“*This Snit's is going to come in Useful to us after all*”, said the High Commander.

...

In the early daybreak the 2 High Commanders climbed through the shattered hole in the castle's gate. Burned Down bodies lay everywhere, it was a massacre like they had never seen. For most of the day they searched the chard remains for the mans body.

Later in the evening the 2 High Commanders came to Freckles. *“Sir it was a distraction, many of the coffins in the cemetery are empty, the bodies we burned were 'from' the cemetery, they fooled us, they escaped!”*

The other Commander continued, *“but we found their escape tunnel under the castle Sir. It leads to the mountain, we can get to them by day break.”*

Freckles stood up, smiled and hollered, *“Let's go get us some Bad Guys!”*

...

To hide their tracks the Snit-Sadism-Zoo destroyed the Twin Towers in the city of Rewonky with a fire so hot it would melt metal.

After the city had melted to the ground, Freckles ordered his *Dumb Beasts* back to the monster city, while He, the Snit and his *Monster Crusaders* began horse back galloping towards the Downs, in the Large secret underground tunnel.

Even though the Downs had a huge head start, there was no way they could ever out run Freckles.

...

The Curse of the Great Down

Flying high on the Dragon Ashes could see the mountain in the distance.

This can't be happening, Ashes thought to himself, this can't be real.

Then suddenly the dragon underneath him disappeared and Ashes fell like a stone. ***Nooooooooooooo!***”, screamed Ashes.

Falling in desperation, he screamed out, ***“I Believe in the Dragon!”***

Just then, the Dragon was underneath him again. ***“I Believe in the Dragon! I Believe in the Down! I Believe in the Dragon! I Believe in the Down!”***, said Ashes over and over again.

Under the Full Moon the Dragon landed on the mountain, then disappeared into a puff a white smoke, Ashes fell.

He took out his telescope and Looking down below, he could see the convoy of Downs climbing a path up the snowy mountain towards him. Further away in the distance he could see the Monsters giving chase. Day break was coming and there would be no place for the Down to hide, he had to reach the Down before the Monsters did.

Slipping and sliding as he went, he slid down the narrow slippery pathway towards them. In only a short time they reached up to each other. The Great Down was sitting on Abacus's back with the Interpreter leading the way.

“Move faster!” screamed Ashes to the Interpreter, ***“the Monsters are right behind you!”***

“We're too exhausted to go any further, we have to stop and rest.””, said the interpreter.

“Look!” said the Great Dow, pointing at the ice wall behind Ashes.

“It appears to be a frozen waterfall””, said the interpreter to Ashes.

Ashes turned his head around and began hitting the ice behind him, “*Here?*”, he asked.

“*Yes*”, said the Great Down, “***Break it!***”

Ashes took out a small Axe and hit the ice as hard as he could, his axe went right through the ice. Before long Ashes had chiseled out a small hole in the ice, there was a cavern behind it.

Ashes crawled into the small hole with a flaming torch and looked around. “*Massive cavern walls and a dark tunnel, it's huge. Want to take our chances here?*”, Ashes asked the group.

Ashes stroked Abacus on the noes and told him to run to the top of the mountain that he would meet up with him later. Abacus made a weird horse sound and walked away. The Downs and Ashes all crawled into the hole. They weren't in the tunnel for very long when they came to a dead end.

“***Bring out the man or we will come in and Save all of you!***” echoed a deep garbling voice from the hole above them, it was Freckles.

“*There is no where for us to go, they got me*”, said Ashes, “*it's me they want...I'll go.*”

“*No, you cannot be given over to them.*”, said the Down Mother sternly talking to Ashes like a child.

“***NO! I won't let you go, I'll go***”, said the Interpreter shape shifting into an 8 foot tall monster. “*I can fight them, slow them down till you figure something out, and I can't die remember?*”

“*I have to go, this is suppose to be happening*”, said the Great Down “*Help me out to the entrance, and all of you please stay behind. Have faith in me.*”, were his last words to them, as Ashes, the Interpreter and the Down Mother all said a warm good bye to the Great Down.

The little Snit tugged at his white Robe as he crawled out of the small hole.

“I got him! I got him! I got him!”, *squealed* the smiling Snit.

Looking down at the Snit in total amazement Freckles said, ***“He's a Down you Retard!”***

Spitting as he hollered only inches away from the Great Downs Face Freckles yelled, ***“Where is the man?! What is his NAME!!!”***

“I don't know”, said the very frightened Great Down.

Freckles had had enough, his noes was bleeding from the White Death, his head pounded from the Black Death, he was tired. He wiped his noes with his sleeve, pulled out his sward, and just as the sun was coming up over the horizon, he raised it, and cut the Great Down in half.

The Great Down's Empty Robe fell to the ground, the Great Down had Vanished. ***“Where did he go?!?!”*** screamed Freckles running to the hole and yelling inside of it, ***“where is the man, we're coming in to SAVE each and every one of you until we find him and SAVE HIM!”***

As the sun began to rise a loud humming noise filled the twilight sky as a black swarm of bees blanked the horizon. The dark massive swarm began to get larger and larger as it approached the monsters.

Exposed in the light of day at long last, ***The Curse of the Great Down*** had been placed upon the monsters as in no time Freckles was being stung from head to toe by angry bees. Most of his men were being attacked as well. Ones that weren't being attacked by bees were being attacked by their own shadows. Inside the Cave, a sunbeam penetrated and shone on the Interpreter. He quickly jumped back into the darkness as his own shadow began to attack him as well. One by one Freckles and his men fell off of the ledge to the rocks far below.

All over the earth in the daylight Monsters were being exposed!

In a panic from the sun, they would shape shift back into monsters to escape the bees or hide from their own shadows. People chased the monsters out into the streets throwing rocks and sticks at them. Monster began hitting themselves on the head to fight off the bees and threw their dongle out into the streets to try and slow down the angry beasts. Finally they crawled under rocks to escape the burning sunshine, angry bees, angry beasts and their own shadows in the daylight.

***Most people now were fully aware of the monsters,
and the news of the attack on the 'Twin Towers'
in the City of 'Rewonky' was done by the
'Snit-Sadism-Zoo' was not far away!***

The monsters went into hiding as Ashes, the Interpreter and others began devising a new way of life for the People to live once again. Like always, the monsters spy's always found out the peoples plan. Some of the Beasts were going to live in food forests again, like they did in the past, only this time they would take the Knowledge they had gathered over the 1000 years and live in comfort, *paradise awaited them*. Not all Beasts liked the idea, some saw it as a joke or a cult or a dream and others, like many in the higher classes of Beasts thought it might jeopardize their status, and so were against the idea.

It didn't matter the Monsters were now Exposed, the trust was lost.

***Some of the people were going their own way, away from the
monsters and away from the Game that wasn't a Game.***

The Game that the people had been taught to play since they were baby's was a hard game to break away from, their whole thinking centred around the '*Game of Self*'. A treatment centre idea was talked about and after a few weeks of sharing ideas, the first methods of treating the Sick Beasts was being developed.

The new slogan on the Treatment door before entering the Forest City was, "*The thinking out here stays out here.*"

In this Brave New World of *Oeness* all were *Forgiven*, all were allowed into the new Kingdom regardless of what went on in their past.

Those who were very sick were treated before being allowed to join the peaceful community of Beasts, and *yes* even Monsters were invited to join, but they could no longer rule *these* Beasts.

...

The Monsters are Exposed Now!

You Decide!

...

Always Choose Love! - Freckles Joins Beasts page 80

Never Choose Fear! - Monsters Release Beast Plague page 85

:::Freckles Row Joins Beasts

A seer almost as old as Freckles approached him and told him in confidence that Hitches wanted his own personal Snit to take over the monster Army. He told him that Hitches was going to trick him into the pit like he did to Brudas, *without Honour!* Freckles was shocked, he thought Hitches had fought Brudas with Honour.

The seer told Freckles that in his vision from the night before he saw Hitches Shape shifted into Freckles then Hitches tricked Brudas into the pit, **Hitches had no honour therefore could not be trusted or negotiated with**, Freckles had to hide and hide fast.

Just then there was a very loud BANG, BANG, BANG on the door.
“*What do you want*” Freckles hollered.

“*Lord Hitches'ssss wishes to speak with you tomorrow afternoon*”, said the voice from behind the door.

“*OK!*”, Freckles said loudly.

Freckles called for 12 of his most loyal crusaders to join him in taking their share of dongle from the vault and using it to help the Beasts in the construction of their Forest City. It was either the The Forest City, the angry Beasts or the Bottomless pit of Nothingness.

He decided to take the offer up from the beasts. It took only a few hours for Freckles and his Loyal Crusaders to get their dongle from the vault. In a line of horse drawn waggons, Freckles and his men quietly slipped out of the city to defect.

...

Ashes Hugged Freckles and welcomed him to the treatment facility of the Forest City. After 90 days of detoxification, decompression, relaxation and rest. Freckles would be welcome into the community.

There was no Black Death or White Death in the Forest City unless used in medicine, but there was plenty of green peace to go around, green peace was growing everywhere! The weed spread itself wild through out the Forest City.

Freckles meet the Down Mother and was given treatment to help with his Nightmares, needles as thin as a hair were poked into his thick monster ear to help him to dream sweet monster dreams. The Down mother also helped Freckles with a New Discovery she developed, *Dark Matter Tea!* With a magic net she would capture the Dark matter in the air, then she brewed it into a Tea for Freckles to Drink. She called the Potion Dark Matter Tea, but called it DM Tea for Short. Freckles drank the DM Tea. It took away all of the Hell of not having the White or Black Death in his body anymore, the DM Tea Replace the Empty void of Nothingness that the Black and White Death had eaten out of his Spirit. His Spirit was Healed!

Thomas, was Freckles Teddy bears name. He would hug and squeeze Thomas at night as he cried alone in his bed. Then a day finally came that Freckles felt safe enough to show everybody Thomas. For the first time Thomas met others, he felt exposed and was shy. Thomas finally opened up and began speaking with the others and in a few short weeks Thomas and Freckles were together in public, *after that they were always together.* At long last Thomas was finally free and since Thomas was free, so was Freckles.

...

Hitches left the Beasts above alone, he knew that the Beasts memories were short. Many different Beasts began developing many different ways of life, some still played the monster game with the dongle, others completely gave up on the Dongle. Some became peaceful others still behaved like monsters. The Forest City was Impenetrable, its 6 high walls were massive. Lord Hitches would play his Game with the Beasts again after 100 Years, he would leave the Forest City for Last though.

Hitches never found the *mans* name and the people in the forest city no longer had name's, they used their location honeycomb numbers. The name was lost forever to Hitches.

...

In the Hatchery the doctors were throwing bad eggs out that hadn't hatch into a fiery furnace. Suddenly one of the eggs in the fire began to jump around, then fell out of the fire. As it hit the ground in front of the Doctors it cracked open. A little head popped out, covered in Ashes. The smiling little monster squeaked “Mi Mi Mi!”

A doctor reached down and picked up the tinniest hatching he had ever seen and scratched the happy little monsters forehead. The little monster cried and cried.

“*What should we call him?*”, said the doctor with a clip board.

Seeing the Ashe covered little monster he said “*Ashes....Ashes Mi?*”

“*Good call*”, said the Doctor with the Clip Board. He wrote Ashes Mi on a Little index card and put him in a cage filled with crying hatching's. The frightened little Ashes kept crying long after the others had stopped.

...

In the Kings Chambers a Seer came to Hitches, he told him of a Beast who's letters in his name added to 666 would defeat the monsters again. Try as he might he couldn't find the mans name, but in a thousand years the man would be the biggest threat there was.

“Not again”, Said Hitches covering his eyes and shaking his head.

You the Reader have chosen a very wise path...

Go to The Vision Maker – page 90

...

:::Raged Nomad Monsters Plague

The Game was up, the Beasts now knew that they had been fooled and lied to. Lord Hitches was afraid of the Beasts now so he told his Monster Scientists to release the Beast Plague. The Beast Plague was a Flu so powerful it would kill Beasts left right and centre. It didn't matter to the The Monsters they were immune to the Plague.

They pulled away a huge massive flat rock that covered the monster hole underground and the Plague slowly raised and drifted out then the wind began to carry it through out the earth.

In only a few days Beasts everywhere were falling ill. The flu was the most painful and most deadliest they had seen. The beasts would cry Blood and cough up blood. Blood would drip out of their ears as well.

Ashes picked up the Map that Hath had given him with the Raged Nomads location, it was time to pay the Raged Nomad a visit. In a week Ashes and Abacus arrived in the Land of Earth Minorca. The City was a ghost town, the streets were empty as tumble weeds blew by him.

Ashes approached a man on the street searching through rubble,

“Excuse me, I'm looking for the Raged Nomad, do you know where he is.”, Ashes asked him.

“It'll cost you 20 dongle's”, said the dirty man.

Ashes reached in his dongle sack, *“here”*, he said.

“Follow me.”, said the man.

They walked through the destroyed city for short while. Death rotted in the streets and in buildings under rubble. The thick sweet smell made Ashes want to throw up. Most buildings were burnt down, the ones that weren't had all of their windows smashed out or doors broken in. There were people with arms, legs or eyes missing. Hungry wounded

or lost children were scavenging anything they could from the aftermath of the looting, riots and fires.

Ashes tried making small talk with the man, but the man never once spoke. Finally when they reached a burned out warehouse, the man spoke, "*There*", said the man as he pointed at the building and left.

At the door Ashes was met by 2 Guards who searched and questioned him, again and again. Finally after a long gruelling interrogation he was lead to the *Raged Nomad*.

The Raged Nomad wore a long black leather coat, swords and other weapons were scattered through out the room. Ashes told him of his wife and daughter, how they and everyone in his city were killed by the monsters. The Nomad liked Ashes and after Ashes proved his skills with a sword, the Nomad invited him to join the resistance.

"Most people were rounded up and put into the G.F.N.B. Camps.", said Nomad to Ashes.

"What are G.F.N.B. Camps?", Ashes asked him.

"Good For Nothing Beasts Camps, G.F.N.B. For short.", said the Nomad. *"Most people are so sick, frightened and hungry some are even banging on the doors to get into the Camps, thing is, once your in the camp, your never coming out again, unless your wearing the Monsters uniform and killing their enemies in some other nation. These are not camps to be safe, these are concentration camps for training the military, or slave labour camps for those not willing to murder for the monsters."*

The two were interrupted as a group of militia who had just captured a monster approached the Nomad. The monster was in chains.

"I will not tell you anything!", hollered the angry monster.

“*Oh we have ways of making him talk*”, said the *Nomad* smiling at Ashes. The chained up monster hissed and snapped at the 2 of them as the *Nomad* took out a large turkey feather and walked over to the chained up monster. “*Oh you'll talk*”, said the *Nomad* to the monster.

After only 5 minuets of tickle torture the monster told him everything. He told them about Lord Hitches Secret weapon *The Beast Plague* the location of the monster city underground and the large rock covering the top of the city. He told them about the bottomless pit of nothingness. He told them *Everything*.

Ashes and the *Nomads Militia* began their journey to the monster city. In the Light of day while the monsters slept underground the *Nomad Militia* tied chains and ropes to the huge rock covering the monsters bunker. The *Nomads* horses slowly pulled the rock away from the top and the sunshine pored into the kingdom beneath them. As the rock was moved away the *Monster Plague* drifted out of the hole. All of the *Beasts* breathed in the plague, while the *Bright Sunshine* lit up the *Monster city* below.

Monsters everywhere woke up as *Angry Bees* began stinging them from head to foot, the monsters not being attacked by bees were being attacked by their own shadows in their beds. The monsters kept looking for places to hide from the bright light, but there was no way out. They would hide in closets, under tables, under sheets, but the light was too bright for them to handle. *Hitches* ran as well as bees stung him and his shadow kept attacking him.

There was no escape, no way out, except for one place where there would be no sunshine...the pit of nothingness. All of the monsters everywhere ran to the pit and jumped into it, while the *Beasts* above kept breathing in the *monster Plague*.

In a month the Monsters and Beasts were gone from the planet.

Over time the Living Forest spread throughout the planet. Like a raging fire of life, the forest replaced the death all around it, and the *Earth healed itself from the Monsters and Beasts wisdomless knowledge and evil rule...*

After a few million years a new Beast evolved from the mistakes learned from the past. Half Old Beast, Half Down Syndrome, they lived in perfect balance with the planet, the ultimate of loving peaceful caretakers. This *perfect race spread like fire and travelled through out the planet. After many years a day finally came when they left the planet using a formula so simple a child could understand it, $V = mc^3$.*

They spread life, joy, happiness, hope, freedom and wisdom through out the heavens. Planetary natural selection finally won out and the meek inherited not only the earth, but the much of the Heavens around it.

The End...to a Beginning of Everlasting Happiness, Joy, Hope, Freedom, Transparency and Love for all Life they encountered.

...

:::Vision Maker

The Down mother and Hath Remoter approached Ashes together telling him he should see the Vision Maker to see what the future held for the people in the new forest city.

The Vision maker as well as other men and woman were Spirit Guide's for the people in the forest city that was being built.

Ashes walked into a dark thick smokey room and in it on a soft chair sat the *Vision Maker*. He was wearing a White Witch Robe that covered the top part of his face, only his lower Beast fangs and his long salt and peppered beard were able to be seen. There was an old cat on his lap that he was stroking. Even though he was a nice man, *he was kind of creepy.*

“*Coo roo coo coo coo roo coo coo!*”, said the Vision Maker, “*So you want to see the Future ehhhhh?*”

He suddenly stopped, “*First I shall read you something very important from the Rarest of Book's. The Book of Alison's Wonderland. These are rare channelled words from a Great Wicca called Alison, she was Friends with Hath back in the Day. These words must enter the city.*”

Being careful not to disturb the sleeping cat on his lap, he picked up an old book on a little table beside him. It seemed to open itself to a page that he must have read a thousand times before, he cleared his throat and began, “*In the beginning there was the Word, the Word is sound. Sound is vibration. Vibration is energy. The Word is a thought. Thought is vibration. Thought is energy. Love is the vibration of all that is God is love, God is Energy. God, The word, Love, Thought, Energy, Vibration, Is all not one? Creation is turning thought into matter. Through creation that energy is able to experience that which otherwise is just a thought. Through matter God can experience what in thought is only a concept. Meditate on these words deeply, understand their meaning's!*”

The Vision Maker then took a deep breath and began to look into the future. “*In a thousand years*”, said the Vision Maker, “*The Forest City*

will have another last battle with the monsters. A new Ashes will help the people defeat Lord Hitches. I see in the walls of the forest city are carve a bright shining sun to frighten the Monsters away. The walls are large and thick enough to survive an attack for 5-10 years. There are 6 walls, the walls are in the shape of a honeycomb.

Each person has their Own home, no one is dependant on others for their basic needs of food and shelter. The People are Responsible for themselves, therefore they are Free. I feel they are minimalistic. Community's in cells of 6, a honeycomb formation, a hive mentality of Oneness of altruistic people. The meek shall inherit the earth.

I feel they discover their old ways and blend with them the new more Loving Understanding ways. They appear to treat everyone around them, as they would treat their own children.

It only takes a generation or 2 to create a Loving World of Enlightened People.

*This I do know this with 100%, in this new City there is no Punishment. **Prisons are abolished**, as hospitals with loving compassion, empathy and enlightened wisdom replace them. There are no police. There are no penalties. There are no crimes, no Laws in this new world. It was the thinking we were trained into accepting that was our problem. We were taught the opposite to what is right and in balance with Ferulic.*

Amends is apart of the responsibility in the treatment of what was once called crime. Punishment solves absolutely nothing and creates only more suffering. We lovingly understand behaviour and help' shape it into its own natural loving state of loving vibrational frequency. The 'thinking' out here must stay out here! There are no lynch mobs because there is no punishment. Restitution and understanding not persecution and ignorance.

There are highly enlightened voices in the community which can help us to decide a safe path for us to follow. Because we are so dependant on

one another for our comfortable survival we learn to transform argument's into peace and loving understanding. Truths are uncovered safely in this environment and real growth and relationships develop.

*Every person has their own home and land that sustains their basic needs. All year long there are fresh fruits and vegetables. Everyone who so want's is given a fish pond to **Lovingly Care for as well.***

Children are raised to this new way of life. Later in life those that wish to leave are welcome to, but must be treated with Love and Healing if they return as they are infected with the outside's toxic social environment.

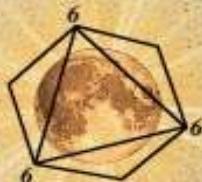
Anyone wanting to come into the community must be treated and cared for as well before they can enter. Their denial of being a slave out here must be broken, their sleeping awakened. We completely disconnect from the outside world full of lies and deception and retreat to create Eden again for our children and our children's, children's, children.

Parents home school their children, there are no schools. Teachers help teach some of the first generation Parents how to teach their children.

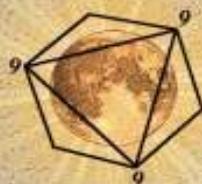
Children learn intensely about Nature and the environment around them, Science, Spirituality, Art, whatever it is they themselves enjoy they are encouraged to learn about.

Enlightenment is sought, so there are no Laws or Rules only the peoples ***Responsibility*** to be their own government. With Direct Democracy, the ***Governance*** is bottom up, it's the people who rule the government, not ***The*** government ruling the people. The people are the Government. A ***Government*** for the people by the people, shall it be! 666 Honeycomb ***Formations Of Enlightened Oneness's!***

The city is built upon 12 Foundations, after every Foundation is a Gate a person has to graduate to. Every person upon entering must open up their Chakras. DM Tea is sometimes used to help those experiencing



*The littlest monster
with
the biggest heart*



*The littlest monster
with
the biggest heart*

*O*nce Upon A Time...

There was a Little Monster who lived in the Monster City under the Dead Forest. He was a *thousand* years old and he was the *Littlest Monster* in the City. All of the other monsters were Bigger, Slimier and Greener. They all had scales like lizards, snake eyes and forked tongues. They had tails with spikes, and bumps on top of bumps. Outside of being *ignored, each other, and their own shadows in the daylight*, the monsters feared nothing.

The Littlest Monster was still in monster school and all of the other monsters his age would laugh at him. They had all finished monster school hundreds of years before him. They had all grown up and they all had monster babies.

In monster school all of the other monsters would shut their eyes and shape shift, at will, into beautiful village people, both men and women, young and old. The Littlest Monster, try as he might, couldn't shape shift, and since he couldn't become something he wasn't, he always remained a monster.

The teachers used *fear* in the class room to keep the monsters under rule. They would *embarrass* the monsters in front of other monsters and *yell* at them until they understood, or pretended to understand.

Monster school is a hard, hard place.

In monster school the monsters played what they called *The Game*. In *The Game*, the monsters would lie to one another while speaking many different languages with their smooth, silky, forked tongues.

They always tried to trick and fool each other.

The Littlest Monster couldn't lie like the others. He would always get ill and it made him feel bad. His slimy little green face would go red, his little monster claws would always sweat, and he would stutter. All the other monsters would laugh at him, and the teachers would yell at him, and he would cry.

He was a sad and alone Little Monster.

The Monster City had the most powerful collection of science stolen from all the kingdoms it conquered and ruled. The monsters spoke of Truths not Honesties, Facts not Feelings. Though they had great knowledge, they had little wisdom. Knowledge without wisdom is dangerous.

The monsters were dangerous.

They had huge vaults of seeds collected from the Dead Forest above. They collected all of the animals they could as well, then kept them in cages in the artificial sunlight below. They had no feelings for the animals, just as they had no feelings for the people in the kingdoms that they conquered.

Worst of all, the monsters had no feelings for each other.

The only reason the monsters kept the Littlest Monster was because he was the smallest and he could sneak into the kingdoms. As the sun would set, he would climb the city walls and sit high up in the castles posing as a Gargoyle. With his monster ears he could hear and remember every single word. With his monster eyes he could see and remember everything he ever saw. He would report back to the Giant Monster King. He would tell him who the Kings and Queens were, what they wanted and what they feared. He could tell the Monster King the layout of the land as well as its defences and weaknesses.

The Littlest Monster would know every weakness guarded and every secret kept.

As the sun would set, a few of the monsters would shape shift and walk into the kingdoms to speak to the Kings and Queens. The Kings and the Queens would hear what they wanted to hear from the monsters and they would see what they wanted to see. The monsters serpent eyes would hypnotize them and their tongues would soothe them.

The monsters incredible use of knowledge and language all made sense, everything made perfect sense.

The monsters would play 'The Game' with the people, and generation after generation the people would behave less and less human. Up became down, black became white, good became evil, and their God was replaced by their Devil, or it was discredited by their great keepers of knowledge, because they couldn't prove it.

***Everyone was afraid of death, confused and empty;
and no one knew why.***

...

The monsters lied to the police and the military sworn to protect the people. The police and military would attack and imprison the poor and starving people, to keep them *Safe*. The monsters called this the *Noble Lie*.

***Everyone was fighting everyone;
and no one knew why.***

...

To parents, children became Burdens not Blessings, Mistakes not Miracles, and as the parents aged they became burdens to their children as well. The parents were put in homes with other old people and forgotten about.

***Everyone was lonely;
and no one knew why.***

...

Everything that was *Not Natural* became *Normal*. No one ever questioned it because they were told it was the way it was supposed to be. Sad people would visit Doctors and were given pills to feel happy again. Doctors gave pills to the people's children as well. Nothing seemed to work.

***Everyone was sad;
and no one knew why.***

...

***In the Kingdoms with Evil Kings and Queens,
the monsters spoke of Greater Power and Greater Greatness.***

***In Kingdoms with Noble Kings and Queens,
the monsters always spoke of Peace.***

...

It didn't matter if the Kings and Queens were Good or Evil because over time the monsters would always rule. Whether by infiltration and deception, or by unbelievable violence, they would always rule, and they would always become stronger and bigger, both in size and in numbers.

Like Locusts the Monsters ate all of the food, consumed all of the resources, and pillaged and plundered until there was nothing left, and as the Monster City grew below, so did the Dead Forest above.

...

***The last Kingdom to fall was in the
furthest reaches next to the Ocean.***

As the sun set, the Littlest Monster reached the city's wall. A *giant bright shining sun* was carved into the massive wall. He followed the wall looking for a weakness. In his walk around the wall he saw inscriptions carved into the stone. One read, "*When we see ourselves in many, we are many. When we see ourselves in only ourselves, we are but one.*" Another read, "*If Competition is the greatest Sin, then Corporation is the greatest Virtue.*"

No names, statues or pictures were anywhere, just inscriptions chiselled into the stone wall surrounding the Forest City. It was the *message* that was important, "*not the messenger*".

***He finally found a weakness; a way into the city;
a vine hanging from over the wall; he climbed it.***

Once over the wall, The Littlest Monster couldn't believe his eyes. Trees thousands of years old and hundreds of feet high were everywhere, bearing all types of fruits and medicines. He could sense wild animals were all around him. There were gardens with fresh vegetables and each home had a pond filled with healthy happy fish.

There was no hunger.

He had seen forests in other kingdoms, but the people had cut down many of the trees for farm land or villages, or they tried to control the land and planted trees in perfect rows. In those kingdoms it was hard for him to hide. In this kingdom he could hide easily. The forest all around him gave him perfect cover. There were rivers everywhere and the water was the purest he had ever seen. Fish of all colours and all sizes swam by him. The forest was healthy, untouched and in perfect balance.

***It was as though the forest was a living breathing thing itself.
He thought he could hear it speaking to him.***

...

Each villager had their own home, and all the homes were 6 minutes apart by walking distance. Each home was in the centre of a honeycomb formation. Each home had 6 neighbours in all directions. Each villager was responsible for the forest around their homes. He would follow the narrow paths in the forest from home to home. Some of the homes were empty, while others had several people living one, but every home full or empty was 6 minutes apart.

In other villages in other Kingdoms it seemed the closer the people lived to one another, the further apart they grew; here the people lived the furthest apart but were the closest together.

He studied the people on his way to the rulers. The people were as Innocent as Children, yet as Enlightened as the Wisest Kings and Queens. In other kingdoms he would hear people say, “*Youth was wasted on the young.*” He realized that “*youth wasn't wasted on the young*”, it was that “*innocence was wasted from competition*”.

Here they guarded their innocence, 'their youth', protecting it by cooperating with one another, not competing against one other.

There were Hospitals, Libraries and Science Labs. The old blended with new. Unlike other villages in other kingdoms the people here were not in a hurry or forced to work several jobs. As their technology advanced their lives became easier and more comfortable.

Everyone was young, knowledgeable, enlightened and helpful; and everyone knew why.

...

There were large meeting places where they would share food, music and art. There were no old or sick homeless people sleeping in streets or alleyways. Instead they were in a hospital getting well.

***Everyone was together and cared about one another;
and everyone knew why.***

...

In this kingdom, children were Blessings not Burdens, Miracles not Mistakes. Old people were respected and listened to and even though they were old, many looked and acted young.

***Everyone was wanted, needed and loved;
and everyone knew why.***

...

There were no stores where they sold shiny trinkets; No banks where they loaned money; No schools or universities; No prisons, police stations or punishment. There was no class system; no group was more elite than another. There were no rulers; there were no laws; *'they governed themselves'*.

***Everyone was free, happy and equal;
and everyone knew why.***

...

When people died and passed on, they were planted into the ground and a small tree was placed over them. The people called these, the *trees of life*. The trees bore fruit and they would eat the fruit and fill themselves with the spirit of their great ancestors.

***Everyone respected life and death;
and everyone knew why.***

...

The Medicine Men and Woman would talk of the “Dark Matter” all around them. It was the “Magic Stuff” that existed everywhere but no one could see it, feel it, or taste it.

The Great Healers would capture the Dark Matter in the air with their magic nets, and then they would boil the Dark Matter into a Tea. They called the potion, Dark Matter Tea, but called it *DM Tea for short*.

When they drank the DM Tea, they could see and feel the Dark Matter all around them. They would talk to their ancestors who had passed on before them, and they gained insight into wisdom’s far beyond their own. They would visit alien worlds, see tiny fairies or little elves, and all would speak of the Great Spirit they were a part of. They could leave their bodies and experience the future, the past, and the present. They could even read other people minds.

They only drank the DM Tea for greater Wisdom and greater Healing, and they were Careful with it. It could be used for Creating or Destroying. *Their scientists even studied the DM Tea*. Their Wisdom was Greater than their Knowledge.

The people were careful.

The Littlest Monster thought he was dreaming. The people acted the way he felt inside and everything made perfect sense. His monster heart began to beat deeper, his blood became warmer and his face became redder. He felt...*warm inside*. He had to stop the monsters from destroying this city no matter what. He had to come up with a plan.

He was a crafty little monster.

As the sun began to rise, he ran back to the Monster City. He approached the Monster King and for the first time he did something he could never do in his entire life, he lied. His slimy green little face didn't go red, his little monster claws didn't sweat and he didn't stutter.

He told the Monster King that he was chased by great warriors and he would have to go back the following night to spy on them again. The King's swirling eyes looked deep into his own. The King's forked tongue flicked to smell for fear and dissent. “*Yesssssssssss...tomorrow Night'ssssssssssss*”, said the Monster King. No one had ever lied to the Monster King before and lived to tell about it.

***The Littlest Monster played “The Game”
with the King; and he won!***

Before the sun set the following night, he wrote the monsters a goodbye note. He slipped the note under the King's door while the King slept. The next evening as the sun began to set, he quickly ran towards the Forest City. Running through the Dead Forest, he jumped over dead trees and ducked under dead branches and splashed through thick black rivers of oil. The only life in the Dead Forest were insects and small vermin feeding off of the death, as well as each other.

He climbed over the kingdom wall and snuck into the Forest City. He spotted a large meeting place where the people were sharing food together. They were all talking and laughing.

He shut his eyes and thought hard of shape shifting into a villager. Then, with a deep breath, he walked out of the forest towards the great hall where the villagers sat. A villager saw him approaching, and yelled, “***Monster!!!***”

Like in the past, because he couldn't become something he wasn't, he was still a monster. Everyone ran *from* him, and since they ran from him, he became afraid and ran from them as well. He ran as fast as he could; he climbed over the city's wall and ran out into the Dead Forest.

He knew he couldn't return to the Monster City because by now they had read his goodbye note, and he knew he couldn't return to the Forest City because the people did not want him. He was never so alone in his life.

He began to cry and cry.

He wandered around in the Dead Forest alone for 2 days. He would sleep in empty animal dens underground during the day, and wander alone through the Dead Forest at night. All he did was cry.

He was a very afraid and alone little monster.

On the 3rd night, while he was alone and crying, he heard something. There was something else in the Dead Forest with him, and it was crying as well. He walked over to a dead tree stump, and beside a thick oily stream, was a little baby boy. The baby was crying loudly and had a hairy birthmark on his left shoulder. He carefully picked up the baby and began rocking the boy while singing to him with his smooth beautiful monster voice. The baby stopped crying and looked up at him and began to laugh and giggle. He looked down at the baby and began to laugh as well. All of a sudden his heart began to fill, and it seemed to be getting bigger. As his heart began to swell, he began to feel as though he was getting bigger in size as well.

In no time the Littlest Monster grew an inch in height.

As years passed, the monster taught the boy how to hunt and cook small vermin and insects into tasty meals. He taught the boy how to read and write and how to speak. He taught the boy everything that he knew that was good. The boy called him “Daddy”. The monster’s heart grew with love towards the little boy and as his heart grew so did his size.

One day the boy asked the *Not So Littlest Monster* where he came from. The *Not So Littlest Monster* told the boy that he had found him in the Dead Forest alone and crying. He said that he didn't know for sure where he came from. He told the boy of the Forest City and he felt that perhaps the boy came from there. He told the boy that the monsters were attacking the Forest City when he found him and that the city was probably destroyed by now. The boy felt very sad about the Forest City, but his love for the monster who kept him safe, made him laugh and taught him so much, overcame his curious nature about the city. The boy was happy to be in the Dead Forest eating insects, snakes and small vermin. As long as he was with his “*Daddy*” he was happy.

...

7 years passed and it seemed that it would never end, but monsters live forever, and little boys turn into little old men and pass away. The monster would be alone once again and he knew this. *Immortality made him sad.*

One day in the middle of the afternoon while they slept in an empty bear den, the monster could hear the boy begin to cough and wheeze. He felt the boy's sweaty forehead. It was very hot. The boy's eyes were white and rolling around; he was rambling and not making any sense.

Fear like the monster had never felt before overcame him. The boy was going to die unless he found a doctor to help him. It was mid-afternoon and the monster had to overcome his fear of the daylight and try and make it into the Forest City to see if he could find a doctor still alive who could help heal the boy.

He picked up the little boy and left the dark safety of the Den. He ran in the Bright Sunshine through the Dead Forest towards the Living Forest City. The sun was on the monster's back as he jumped over dead trees, ducked under dead branches and splashed through black oily rivers towards the city.

As the sun began to set behind the monster, his shadow in front of him began to get larger and larger. Every step was sheer terror for the monster, but the thought of losing the boy was a greater fear. *The monster ran towards his Fear: He had Great Courage.* Finally the monster saw the Forest City walls in the distance. He was surprised the walls were still standing after all these years; there was Hope for the boy and the Hope made the monster stronger.

The monster's powerful claws climbed the Forest City's wall, while at the same time cradling the dying boy with his right arm. In a flash he was over the wall and on the forest path towards the great meeting place. There he saw the people sleeping on the ground together in the daylight. He knew once the people saw him with a lifeless child, no matter what he said, they would attack him, *because to harm a child is the greatest illness there is.*

A villager heard the large footsteps of the monster and yelled out, "MONSTER!!!!!!"

Everyone woke up and looked at the monster holding the boy. The men grabbed their spears and other weapons and surrounded the monster. No one struck the monster because he was holding a child.

The people began to throw rocks at the monster yelling at him to drop the boy. The boy woke up and saw what was happening. He yelled out louder than ever, ***"Leave My Daddy Alone!!!"***, and then he passed out again in the monster's arms.

The villagers stepped back stunned and amazed...how could a monster have a human child as a son? “*Could this be a trick?*” thought the people.

Then a young woman in the crowd did something that no one, other than the boy, had ever done to the monster. She looked deep into his eyes. She saw the despair, the fear and loneliness in the monster’s eyes. Even though he looked like a monster, she knew he wasn’t. She smiled, and to the amazement of the crowd she walked up to the monster, still smiling, and never taking her eyes away from his. The young woman gently took the boy from his huge monster claws, turned and smiled at him. She then disappeared into the great meeting hall followed by doctors and some of the elders.

The Monster collapsed from exhaustion, and the curious innocent people circled around the monster. Some poked him with sticks, while others touched his green slimy skin with their bare hands. These people were very curious. The monster was in such shock that he didn't even notice the crowd; he only worried about *his child*.

Many hours passed and the sun began to set. He could hear the roar of the monster trumpets in the distance. The Monster Army was approaching the Forest City to attack it. Many of the men grabbed their weapons and climbed to the tops of the Forest City walls.

Soon the people could see huge fiery boulders shooting through the night sky above them. The monsters catapulted these fiery stones over the city walls hoping to destroy the city.

The massive fiery boulders would break giant thousand year old trees in half, and carve huge paths of destruction through the forest, killing anything in their way till they finally rolled to a slow stop. Boulder after boulder carved through the thick forest, and the city's wall beat like a hollow drum against the attack, as huge boulders and battering rams slammed into it.

Amidst the excitement, the young woman followed by the doctors and the elders came running out of the great meeting hall. Even though the night sky rained fiery boulders over her head into the forest behind her, she was smiling and laughing. *“He is going to be fine, you brought him here just in time, you saved his life!”* The monster’s eyes opened wide; he smiled. Relief replaced his despair; hope and joy filled him, *she could feel his relief.*

An older villager calmly walked over to the monster, holding the monster’s claws in both of his hands; he was laughing. He looked the monster straight in the eye, *“You saved ‘My Son’”*.

The monster was astonished and stunned.

The wise old villager told the monster that 7 years back on the 2nd night when the monsters were attacking the kingdom. The wise medicine woman told the man to take his wife, son and 20 of the strongest men and head out into the Dead Forest before the sun set. They didn’t get far when they were ambushed by the monsters. In the confusion the man thought the boy was with his wife, and his wife thought the boy was with her husband. When they returned into the Forest City they realized the boy was left behind in the Dead Forest alone.

Every day for a year they searched the Dead Forest looking for the boy, but they could never find him. The wise medicine woman told the husband and wife to plant a tree in the boy’s honour, and that one day the boy would return with a man who would help the people *defeat the evil monsters.*

The monster’s eyes widened, the crowd grew larger around the monster, “could this be the ‘Nameless Saviour’?”

The old man asked that both of them *share the responsibility in helping to raise the boy. To Share Love with others is to feed it and let it grow. Jealousy is to keep Love from others and starve it.* The monster smiled and agreed. The boy with the hairy birthmark had *two fathers he could learn from now.*

The people in the Forest City didn't fear the monster; instead they now understood him and loved him. He felt their innocent and pure love. His heart grew and grew, and as his heart grew so too did his size. He became bigger and bigger until he could see over the Forest City walls. He looked down at the monsters below attacking the city. All the other monsters stopped and looked up in amazement and fear.

The Monster King smiled while the other monsters ran in circles, or away from the city.

The King looked up and into the eyes of the NOT So Littlest Monster, and the Kings smooth silky voice said, "There you are, we missed you'sssssssssssssssss".

The King, with eyes swirling and his voice so soft and soothing said, *"Let us in and you can keep the city and be with the people you love, we can live in Peace together and we can help one another. The war is over, you have won."*

The Monster Kings head tilted slightly, he lovingly smiled, his eyes blinking.

The *NOT So Littlest Monster* knew that Peace Meant War, and that everything the Monster King said was the opposite of what he meant. The *NOT So Littlest Monster* did something no one had ever done to the Monster King before, *he ignored him.* He turned his back on the evil King and he faced the people that he now loved. Being ignored made the evil King mad. He yelled, *"Look at Me, I can help you, you have won, we can have peace'sssssssssss together!"*

The *NOT* So Littlest Monster ignored the King again and smiled at the people down below. The King made more and more promises, offering gifts, greatness, peace and freedom. He tried every trick he could on the *NOT* So Littlest Monster, and as every trick failed, every lie ignored, the Monster King became smaller and smaller. As the Monster King became smaller in size, so did all of the other monsters who had surrounded the city with him.

***“LISTEN TO ME, YOU ARE ONE OF US!
WE NEED YOU, WE LOVE YOU!!!”***

The *NOT* So Littlest Monster always needed to hear that from the other monsters. The *NOT* So Littlest Monster almost turned his head around to look, but he remembered *The Game*, and that Everything was the Opposite, *and the best way to defeat the evil Monster King was to ignore him.*

After what seemed like hours of the Monster King crying, making promises, begging and using every mind trick there was....silence finally fell over the kingdom. The King did not speak anymore. He and his monsters had shrunk into the nothingness they were born out of, and they vanished.

He didn't Protest against the King, he didn't fight the King, he just stopped *Believing* in the King, and he began *Believing* in the new people around him, just as they *believed* in him and each other.

***All was silent. He could hear the rivers of fresh
water rumbling and trickling in the distance,
he could sense wild animals all around.***

He looked down at the tiny people below, and keeping his eyes open, he did something he could never do before, he shape shifted. He became not what they wanted to see or what they wanted to become, but who they were. He absorbed the Wisdom of the Elders; he developed the Strength and Beauty of the Young. He absorbed all of their Tenderness, Joy, Hope and their Great Knowledge.

He already had their Innocence.

He felt their Love not Fear, and he shrunk to their size, and became a man with a small hairy birth mark on his right shoulder. He stood naked in the middle of the crowd and everyone laughed, but their laughter didn't hurt him, it didn't separate him from them, instead it brought him closer to them. He laughed as well.

An old man ran over and put a thin white blanket around him.

The young woman, who had looked into his eyes when he was a monster, and carried his son to safety, walked over to him again. She smiled at him as though she knew him and taking his hand, led him out of the excited crowd to a narrow path into the dark thick forest.

Together they walked in the moonlight. She told him of how a great medicine woman told her she would marry a man with a hairy birth mark on his right shoulder. They looked into each other's eyes and she saw his heart. He felt a Love unlike any other. He felt as though he was *One* with her. The inscription on the wall outside made sense to him now. *When we see ourselves in many, we are many. When we see ourselves in only ourselves, we are but one.* He felt and saw himself in her, and she saw and felt herself in him.

***Over time he began to see and
feel himself in the others as well.***

The years passed and the man with the birthmark on his shoulder grew older and older, and like all the Forest Villagers, though he was still as Innocent as a child, he was Wiser than the Noblest King. He and his wife had children and were happy.

***Then one day something happened,
he did something he could never do before,
he died.***

They planted his body into the ground and placed a small tree over it. Many forest villagers ate from that tree, and many, many more trees were planted and are still being planted today. The walls of the Forest City came down, and the Living Forest spread throughout the planet. Like a raging fire of life, the forest replaced the death all around it, and the *Earth healed itself from the monsters wisdomless knowledge and evil rule...*

***And everyone would live, would love,
and one day would die,
so that they could dream forever,
happily ever after.***

...

***The End,
to a Beginning
of Everlasting Change***

...

Inscriptions in the Great Forrest City Wall

...

...

There is more to than there is to

*There is more to Oneness than there is to Separateness
because...*

There is more to Love than there is to Fear

*There is more to Sharing than there is to Keeping
because...*

There is more to Others than there is to Self

*There is more to Forgiveness than there is to Judgement
because...*

There is more to Healing than there is to Punishment

*There is more to Honesty than there is to Truth
because...*

There is more to Enlightenment than there is to Knowledge

*There is more to Learn than there is to Teach
because...*

There is more to Experience than there is to Explore

*There is more to Life than there is to Life
because...*

There is more to The Great Spirit than there is to The Great Spirit

There is more to, there is always more...

...

...

Oneness is True Compassion

The difference between Pity and Compassion is that Pity is Fear Based, while Compassion is Love Based.

It's late at night, it's dark, and you're alone walking down a dangerous forest path. In the distance you see a person approaching. You can't really make them out but you can hear them screaming for the invisible demons to go away. They smell so bad you can smell them a great distance away. You know there insane but there is nothing you feel you can do for them, you may begin to feel fear for your safety. You feel "Pity" towards them. It can be a nauseatingly, ill frightening feeling.

As they get closer to you, you realize this person is your "Mother". You feel instant "Love and Compassion" towards Her.

As she gets closer to you, you realize it is "Yourself", you feel "True Compassion", (Ultimate Love) towards your other-self.

...

...

Punishment

In Oneness there is never any punishment because to punish another is to punish yourself. Everyone involved in a dilemma is treated and cared for as people do not naturally want to harm one another.

*Fear and punishment are deterrents and controls,
Love and Healing are Solutions and Freedom.*

...

...

The Great Spirits Greatest Gift

*Decay your loneliness, by making full use
of my greatest gift to mankind, which is mankind.
Feel my alleged absence, as proof,
for the paradox that I exist and have always existed.
Let me in by letting me out.*

...

...

Dark Matter

*In the coolness of death,
the bright light of darkness,
dark matter shines.*

*There is no death in the brightness of darkness.
Dark matter shines bright from the light in its darkness.*

*In the stillness of death,
the bright light of dark matter shines.*

*In the light of eternal darkness,
the bright light of darkness,
in the light of darkness,
dark matter shines.*

*There is no death in the light of eternal darkness.
Dark matter shines bright from the light in its darkness.*

*In the stillness of death,
the bright light of dark matter shines.*

There is no death...DM Tea

...

...

Dark Energy

*Lonely Existence,
a space varying abysses,
composed from a nugget,
forced from the gravity's of black suns,
creates the illusion of a light quicker than light.*

*Candles Ray fixed in a space and a time,
gliding with edges of edgeless endless emptiness,
In a blazing vacuum going nowhere never encounter.*

*Seas rippling with infinite waves inside of countless oceans.
Raging dusts twist slowly to the ancient rhythms
of a chaotic harmony so hollow,
that timeless silvery echoes chatter to themselves.*

*Linear Circles broken with a Cosmic Tangent.
A paradox inventing reality,
always change to the uncomplicated root.*

*Myths describing a science an art,
myths explaining a scripture.*

*Monks in bleached robes harbour explanations.
Artists in ivory smocks depict with limited senses
an abstract divinity so simple with feel, sound, sight, smell and taste,
subtracting the senses for a greater description of Myth,
a harmony discovered with DM Tea*

...

...

Don't Worry

*Don't worry it's going to be ok.
It's all right little one you're safe and loved.*

*It's ok to cry, it's ok to be afraid, it's ok to be weak,
it's ok to be vulnerable, it's ok to be human.*

*It's from all these elements that we grow,
and it's from all these elements that I am born out of you.*

I Love You

...

...

Honesty is the Elephant

3 blind men approach an Elephant. One touches the tail, one touches the trunk, one touches the foot.

The first man that touched the tail said, "This is a rope".

The second man that touched the trunk said, "This is a snake".

The last man who touched the foot said, "This is a tree".

All 3 men were truthful in their experience, but Honesty isn't Truth, it is composed of Truth(s).

Truth is limited knowledge, it is not wisdom.

Honesty is wisdom and Loved based, it is enlightenment.

Honesty is the Elephant.

Truths are snake, rope and tree or as close as they can ever come to Honesty, Tail, Trunk and Foot.

Honesty is the Bigger Picture right in front of us, staring us right in the face, all around us and inside of us.

...

...

The truth can only free with 'Honesty'.

*Always look into yourself first;
you're past, your present, your motives,
you're feelings, and share the secrets
you find with myself as well as others.*

*Be honest with everyone by never
accepting the blame that is not yours.*

*Be gentle and kind to yourself
by being vulnerable, and sharing yourself
with others who are patient, kind and who can only
try to love and accept you as much as I do.*

*As you get better at this,
take the risks that will enable you to venture out
further and further, so that your true self
may finally be exposed to the real world
I created for you to live in.*

*Love/forgive, fully listen, understand
and accept those around you, and
you will begin to love/forgive, fully listen,
understand and accept yourself.*

...

...

The Anguish of Forgiveness

Love fear and all of the feelings spered are what create this reality.

These are the cause and effect of compassion and true forgiveness.

Ask for my help in walking through the anguish of forgiveness.

*Do everything in your power to learn to
forgive and love those that hurt you,
not for just them, but for others as well as yourself.*

*Never give up the hope that someday your ex-suffering
will be able to help the ones who were sick and hurt you,
as well as those who suffered like you.*

Learn all this by practising to love everyone.

...

The 12 Gates to Transparent Government

1. Our common welfare should come first; personal Freedom depends upon Unity.
2. For our group purpose, there is but one ultimate authority, an Informed and enlightened group conscience. Our leaders are but trusted servants; they do not govern.
3. The only requirement to belong is a desire to be Free.
4. Each group should be autonomous except in matters affecting other groups or all groups as a whole.
5. Each group has but one primary purpose - to carry its message and real aid to those who are not Awakened.
6. A group ought never endorse, finance, or lend the Forest City Party name to any related facility or outside enterprise, lest problems of money, property, and prestige divert us from our primary purpose.
7. Every group ought to be fully self-supporting, declining outside contributions.
8. The The Forest City should remain forever non-professional, but our service centres may employ special workers.
9. The Forest City as such, ought never to be organized; but we may create service boards or committees directly responsible to those they serve.
10. The Forest City carry's informed and enlightened opinion's on all outside issues.
11. Our public relations policy is based on Attraction as well as Promotion.
12. Love is the spiritual foundation of all our traditions, ever reminding us to place principles before personalities

The 12 Foundations of a Transparent Government.

1. Admitted that We were Powerless over Government and that our Lives had become Unmanageable.
2. Came to Believe that The Group could restore Us to Freedom.
3. Made a decision to turn our wills and our lives over to the Care of a Peaceful Collective.
4. Made a searching and fearless moral inventory of the issues at hand.
5. Developed Understanding through Enlightened Debate over the issues at hand.
6. Careful meditation and or contemplation Before our Vote.
7. Sought Informed outside guidance Before our Vote.
8. Made a list of all people, places or things who are, will be or have been harmed by these collective decisions.
9. Collectively and or Individually, Made Direct Amends to such people, places and or things, where ever possible except when to do so would injure them or others.
10. Continued to take group inventory and when we were wrong, promptly admitted it.
11. Group Discussion to improve our conscious connection with one another and to share enlightenment and caring community with each other.
12. Having had a *Peaceful* Political Awakening as a result of these Foundation Principles, we tried to carry this message to others still not free and to practice these principles in all our affairs

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Add Your Inscriptions

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*Dedicated to the little monster inside of you,
and the little monster beside you*

...

How to describe colour to a blind man

You live in a cold dark cave with many people and you have never seen light in your entire life. There are people in the cave that have seen “*the light*” and they speak of it. You fully *trust* these people and *believe* that one day you will *experience the light*. In the mean time you try to grasp what they are talking about, but you cannot fully comprehend how your eyes can feel objects at a distance without directly touching the object. It is so alien to you, “*what does sight feel like?*” you keep asking yourself. *You feel one day you will experience this light.*

Waiting for an experience to occur that you have not yet experienced is Blind Faith.

One day you are fumbling around the cave and accidentally hit the light switch and the light shines. You see this light for the first time, seeing is believing after all. You see the Light they talk about, you experience it. *Experience is Belief.*

Belief is experiencing an experience, it is Fact.

The light is off again, you fumble around in the dark looking for the switch, but you now have *Faith* that when you find the switch and flip it again, that a *light* will shine.

Faith is waiting for an experience to occur that you have experienced before.

So how do we describe colour to a blind man?

We can't, all we can do is tell him about the light switch, and the light switch is – *DM Tea*.

In Fact can Be-found Faith & In Faith can Be-found Fact.