

Anthology Complex

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Volume 1 - Composition 3

(1:3 / 3 / III)

Part 8

Chapter 71

1,001 DREAMS

1:3:8:71

THE landscape of history, the portrait of desolation, a thousand and one dreams of liberty. Fireworks illustrate the night sky, creating constellations that contained dyslexic imagery; imagine dyslexia that could be solved if the viewer viewed viewings viewfully.

In Keystone, South Dakota, 82 people watch the summer night as the works soar overhead Mount Rushmore. The works had been designed to imitate the actual memorial, but went further by including the complete design that was missing from the memorial itself. An extra effort to produce a fourth of July that would not soon be forgotten.

In St. Louis, Missouri, 104 people watch the works as they compliment the Gateway Arch. As a gateway to the mind's imagination, ordinary fireworks are suffice to do the job, but even so, the final explosion is that of an arc that opens the door to the mind's expansion.

Imitation is sometimes experimented with and met upon with accuracy, or sometimes it is simply underachieved or overachieved. Replicants may be identified immediately or never at all, stealing identities of the before-cloned.

In Washington, D.C., somewhere between Maryland and Virginia, 95 people watch the works as they spell out the names of important historical figures. Soldiers, presidents, activists. They spell out the names that laid down a foundation and the names that continued it, only leaving out the names that would carry it through its future.

In Black Canyon, Colorado River, somewhere between Arizona and Nevada, 63 people watch the works as they draw images of the American flag, as well as other images that pertain to the nation. They decorate the sky and educate of the land's symbols.

Lost pieces to a jigsaw puzzle may be annoying, but they become horror when a person realizes that the lost piece is gone forever, destroyed, or was never acquired or created in the first place. Text and images go hand in hand, and even though they are still quite useful alone, one added to the other spins a new dimension.

In San Francisco Bay, California, 17 homeless people watch as the works thunder the night sky nearby the Golden Gate Bridge. One of the works resembles the constellation of Iceman, a myth about a man who came to the United States by foot and went from town to town, drifting, and causing mischief against the people, and sometimes even influencing it into their beings.

In Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 249 wealthy people watch as the works light the night sky nearby Independence Hall. While there are no discernible constellations here, what is

obvious is the theme of independence and its importance to the living soul.

What do you seek? Liberty as an individual, or liberty as a people? Does it make a difference? Can a person enter an establishment, and one by one, influence the actions of individuals and groups, for the better or for the worse? And if they do, can mischief be enlightenment; and wisdom, corruption?

In Chicago, Illinois, 91 people watch as the works reflect onto Cloud Gate, seeing mainly pictures that seemed to foretell the future on the structure of yet another arc appearance. The only telling, however, is how unlike an arc is to the circle, never beginning again where it ended.

In Buxton, North Carolina, 78 people watch as the works tower over the Cape Hatteras Lighthouse. Here, the fireworks reflect not on steel but on the water that the lighthouse shines on. Not so much an arc but more something of a parallel that is never under or overachieved.

It may be that the many types of lines and the many ways to contort them shape our universe. Maybe they even shape the things we can't see, the circumstances like destiny and the emotions like anger.

In Boston, Massachusetts, 86 people watch as the works ignite the Freedom Trail. How long does a person have to walk until they find what they are looking for? What are some of the things they will have to endure in their journey? What are the sacrifices?

In Savannah, Georgia, 84 people watch from the Bonaventure Cemetery as the works remind them of the ones who have died; fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters. On this so called road to free will, will it not end in perish as well? Will the last stop not be met with death and disease?

Death has no favorite sons. Born rich, poor or somewhere inbetween, gain knowledge or stay stupid, a certain skin shade or a certain racial pattern, death finds everyone and takes everyone away just the same. The only difference may be the way each person spent their life.

In Manhattan, New York, 51 people watch as the works embellish a view from the Statue of Liberty. "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free." There is a fire in every soul, and even in those without a soul there is lurk; someone or something hidden deep inside the mind that awaits an awakening. An entity with no specified name that before now, a person may have only seen in their dreams.

Amidst the celebration, there hangs a painting in one of the halls of the White House building. A painting of John F. Kennedy, eyes downcast, arms folded and a feeling of complete sorrow. "We must never forget that the highest appreciation is not to utter words, but to live by them."

Somewhere in a bar, a man drinks and watches as another man appears on a television screen, sporting a blue tie and speaking of things like change, equality and better living standards. “He can't win,” he thinks to himself. He turns to the patron beside him, “You know what they're calling this guy already?” “No, what?,” the patron answers then asks, pretending to be interested. The alcoholic says as he calls for the bartender to order one final drink, “The general who became a politician.”

Chapter 72

THALIA MELPOMENE

1:3:8:72

I still remember when the first screw in my head went loose. Twenty-something and in a room much like this one; textbooks everywhere, college papers waiting to be written and countless nights spent studying.

Today, I realize I haven't come too far from that place as I sit in this storage unit sifting through the old card collections that first told me I might suffer from obsessive-compulsive disorder. Counting them every chance I got to make sure none of them were missing. Making sure they were in their proper order, ranked possibly from most rarest to most common or by best condition to worst condition.

These two rooms, much like identical twins, are very difficult to tell apart. The only thing I feel that actually does set them apart is the fact that I have chosen this asylum completely of my own free will, and the other, I felt I had been forced to inherit, even if I truly wasn't.

I finish with the cards and place them back in their box and then begin counting the money for my second payment of this place. After, I go to the door of the unit and catch a slight glimpse of Satan, who is in Hell and is counting his residents. When I lift up the door, the Sun's powerful rays hit me, and then take me to a time before the war.

Years and years ago, I had a dream where I was still green and just started military training. I'm sitting in my designated area of the room and in comes an idiot who is carrying more bags than he can handle. He looks around, then begins to walk towards me and tells me that he too was designated this area, and then he goes on to ask me if he could have the top bunk bed. I didn't mind, not really, so I said yes.

Naturally, this is how I first met Tao, and for the next year we went through military training that would prepare us for a war that had not yet started.

In the field of psychology, or as a psychoanalysis, sometimes a few personality traits are mixed and combined to form a personality marker. One popular marker is titled "the dark triad;" narcissism, Machiavellianism and psychopathy all neatly packaged into one human being. The best way to describe, in depth, a person like this? Well he came up to us shortly after Tao's arrival, and with a smug look on his face says "Name's Harvey, people call me Harper, but I prefer Harven."

We both heard about him before we got to the camp and were reluctant to introducing ourselves, but with a person like this, you really have no choice. After the introduction he went back to his designated area, and when he took off his shirt we knew that we had talked to the Harper we had heard so many stories about. A peace symbol burned and scarred over the entire surface of his back, there was no doubt.

The next day we were all lined up as the lieutenant on-sight, Conway, addressed us. "The time for war has not yet come, but it will come, and that soon, and when it does come, my advice is to draw the sword and throw away the scabbard," he tells us.

He sees the look of confusion on our eyes, and instead of explaining himself, he chooses a soldier at random to do the explaining for him. Four people attempt to explain the message, but none of them satisfy Conway, not until he hears what Harper has to say.

"It's simple, sir. Even those who survive the war will come back dead. There is no reason to hold on to your scabbard because it will be the last time you draw your blade."

I make my way through the parking lot and notice that Tao's car is present. I almost forgot that he was currently unemployed.

Passing pots of flowers I open the door to my apartment and head towards the room that houses my composition notebooks. There I sit to write down the dream I had the night prior. I may have finished if it wasn't for the fact that I had been writing on the notebook's final page. Another addition to the family.

Instead of finishing, I place my thumb on the side of the notebook and allow it to flip through the many pages, and eventually I land on a random dream.

Reading about two definitive masks, I am led to question whether or not it is possible for a single action to be completely free of reason and motive. Take, for example, an individual who suffers from Tourette's syndrome. Some of their actions, even some of the things they say, they almost appear to be random, seemingly taking the appearance of superficiality, but even we know that beneath it all there are reasons to their behavior.

But then you take something like a sports cap, an inanimate object, and you observe the way it reacts to its environment. The electrons that revolve about, do they have a reason or a motive for their actions. We move up to a different plane of existence and substitute the electron for the human being, then wonder if we ourselves can possess more reason and motive than a mere electron.

Imagine all the inanimate matter in the universe and all the processes that occur every second, even every millisecond. One might like to think that even if it's not detectable by our own senses, there is in fact a human-like reasoning and maybe even a deep motive that might imply some kind of consciousness in the things that appear to be "dead."

The other way to look at it, of course, is to say that we are more like the electron than the electron is like us, and all we really do is display the illusion of reason and motive.

"You don't have enough hate in your heart," I say to my partner, after he begins to show signs of weakness. I lift my happy theater mask up to the top of my head and try to convince him that what he's doing is the only way to make a difference.

"Don't get philosophical with me, man," he replies. This is when we hear police sirens above us that spoke of a town-wide search.

My partner begins to speak, “You know what they do with people like us? It doesn't matter if our intentions are good, once they catch us they'll crucify us.”

As the sirens died, I knew that we were beginning to drift apart and any future I saw would have to be put on hold. There was now becoming a division between us, and while I did not know it then, I would become the impenitent thief, and he, the penitent thief.

Something passes by in a foreign language. When I glance out and down from the window I see Boris conversing with two other men in what may be his native tongue. It's hard to tell whether it's broken down or not.

Hearing and trying to interpret a language you don't understand is a difficult task, but we've all heard of body language and its generality. Between the civilians, the citizens and the outsiders, body language is the one thing we all have in common.

So instead of listening I watched. I watched Boris's eyes as it was the only way to read him, and I watched the other two men as they made gestures that spoke of industrial matters. Maybe some sort of machinery, a piston or multiple gears.

It took a while, but eventually I realized that either Boris or the other two men were in fact not speaking in their native tongue. I figured it was Boris's tongue, seeing as he had far fewer gestures than the others, and he of course seemed to struggle less.

Things started to make more sense for everyone, myself included, and perhaps even you, when Boris went into his car and tried to start it. The sound that came next was a sound that we are all familiar with, the sound of a car that won't start.

Once Boris finishes his demonstration they lift up the hood of the car and peer inside of it, and this is around the time I move on to other things.

Language is such a dynamic organism and there are so many forms of it that some of them slip our mind. It's almost like the bending of philosophy. If you asked me I'd say there was no such thing as a simple or complex philosophy, mostly because philosophy is not so much objective as it is subjective.

The simplicity or the complexity of the philosophy depends on the person who is doing the philosophizing, and where one person sees a simple truth, another sees complex truths, but that's not to say that the complexity outweighs the simplicity. Regardless, with any philosophy, there will be those who bend it to a certain degree, and then others who bend it much, much further, sometimes to the point where it breaks, and of course no one knows what truths lie beyond the breaking point.

At this same time, what was a simple two-dimensional circle becomes a complex three-dimensional sphere and the single path that orbited the flat circle becomes open to an infinite amount of paths from various trajectories.

That actually reminds me. I was going to save this for another time, but what's the difference? It's all the same. Anyway, there was this story of a rebel who was working on

an epic fictional story, what the genre was is unknown. For decades the rebel worked tirelessly on the epic, but a series of unfortunate events led to the rebel's death before the epic could be finished.

The epic stayed stored away for an uncountable amount of years until someone found it. They read it, found it interesting and then began to duplicate it and had others read it. What was most fascinating, however, was how the fictional tale slowly began to grow as historical fact. Eventually, it was accepted as full truth.

That's just one version of the story, another tells that it was a mass extinction that killed the rebel before the epic could be completed, along with all the other humans. On this same timeline, the uncompleted manuscript of the epic survived, and an uncountable amount of years later, a strange species began to form and evolve until they were able to recognize the piece of writing as a story. It shouldn't come as a surprise that when they were indeed finally able to understand what the story was telling, they accepted it as full truth.

Countless men and women have died trying to open the minds of others, being cursed for their radical and sometimes blasphemous persuasions. Imagine the poor soul that might see past this story, having the ability to question its authenticity. The poor soul that might have both the courage and stupidity to bend what has been put into place.

“Question everything,” said any teacher whoever said anything worth saying. It's obvious that when you spend more time with yourself, you learn more. More about you, more about the world. It seems though, that more and more each day we are surrounding ourselves with electronics that make us unaware of our own existence.

FILE 3 OF 3, "BLOODTHUMB"

1:3:8:73

THIS is the way nightmares begin. Or, perhaps, end. Very simple, direct, unadorned. Incredible, and yet so terribly real, that even while they're happening we live with them, and digest them, and assimilate them. And if it's twelve o'clock noon, that's what you preoccupy yourself with. You don't think about twelve o'clock noon on the next day or the day after that. But that's what we should have been thinking about, tomorrow and the day after tomorrow. We were preoccupied with hands on a clock when we should have been checking off a calendar.

An employee of Omar Robinson sets up several lines of cocaine and begins to snort them one by one. "I gotta get a tie like that," an other nearby employee remarks. The snorter looks up at the television screen and notices the speaker's tie.

"That maroon is what's up," the non-snorter continues. "Maroon?," the snorter asks. "Yeah, the color of his tie," he replies. The snorter pauses briefly, "You mean red?"

The door to the room is opened and in walks Deion Jennings and right behind him Omar Robinson. The snorter and the non-snorter stand up in panic.

"What the fuck?," Deion asks. This area was suppose to be a drug-free zone but apparently these two had other ideas. On any other day, Deion would have reprimanded them, but today was the day that Deion and Omar found out that Derek's body had been found.

"They found the body and Spy is probably going to spill, so we're cleaning house," Deion continues.

"Cleaning house?," the snorter asks, "Why would he spill? He doesn't know we did Derek." Omar walks up to the snorter, looking at the remaining lines of cocaine, and with a stern face tells the snorter that if the body had been buried properly, then Spider probably would have never had any reason to do anything displeasing.

"We could just tell Spider that it was the other crew, like they was trying to get back at us," the non-snorter suggests. Again, Omar tells them that Derek's body was improperly buried, which was in itself a story of its own that would tell Spider that someone was trying to hide something.

The question was whether or not Spider would be smart enough to realize this. Omar, however, gave him the benefit of the doubt and decided to take no risks.

With the stern look still on his face, Omar blows away the remaining lines of cocaine and begins to walk towards the door back to Deion. "Clean this mess up else we'll all end up in jail," Omar says, "those test tubes and the scale, just get it all out of here." The two exit the room.

“Is there gas in the car?,” Omar asks Deion. “Yeah, there's gas in the car,” says Jennings, “but I think the people down the hall know who you are.”

About four years ago, I had a dream. “Don't worry,” I say to my patient as she dives into her deep subconscious. This was real black therapy, all alone in a rehashed memory while a hypnotist attempts to guide you. It was my job and it was my idea, to guide her through her own mind and the pieces that lay dormant there.

It was past nine o'clock and we were all in a dimly lit room; myself, the patient, one of her family members and three others who were there mainly for regulatory purposes.

“Do you see the car?,” I ask her. “No, I just see a street, with some buildings and two street signs,” she replies. “What are the street names?” “Willoughby and Myrtlebank, but I see a gentleman replacing the Myrtlebank sign for a sign that says Maple.”

“Is there anyone around?,” I ask. “No, and it's dark.” “Where are you exactly?” “I'm standing in front of a small store that sells and fixes different types of jewelry.” “Can you see the name of the store?”

It takes her about twenty seconds to finally answer me, and when she does she says that “she was no longer in front of the store, and was now on the other side of the street and had no memory of ever crossing the road.” I saw this a lot. Black outs. Memory spots.

"It's like you just woke up, doctor. You don't know where you are, and you don't know why you are there. The only thing that can answer your questions are the notes you wrote yourself while you were still doing that one action to remember what you were doing. Sometimes you write a note to remember where something is. 'Your bike is in lot 5A.' All you have are your own notes, and nothing else. Not your memory, not anyone else's word, nothing but your notes. You wake up in a car, you're angry and you don't know why. You wake up at a friend's house, you're frustrated and you don't know why. You wake up while walking, you're in this part of town but you don't know why. You're not really waking up, but that's what it feels like. You can still learn how to do new things, though. With that kind of memory still there, it's important you learn to recognize your own handwriting. You have to know what you wrote and what you didn't write. Other than that, having this condition is like you just woke up. As soon as I stop talking to you and my attention changes focus, I will forget all of this and I will wake up again, and maybe I'll be saying goodbye to a complete stranger."

Dozens of patients like this, and what I learned from them all is that memory and experience is a fine gap-filler for the lack of intelligence and foresight. Maybe you couldn't figure out how a particular thing worked, maybe something like multiplication, and when someone asked you what five times three was, you couldn't answer. The next day, you see someone solve the math problem and it stays with you, fifteen, and even

though you couldn't figure it out for yourself, at the end of the day you still found the correct answer and your memory allowed you to hold on to it.

My patient suddenly begins to quiver and soon after she falls onto the ground, yelling "I see it, I see it" and almost convulsing. "You see the car?," I ask her. Laying flat on her stomach, she looks up and begins to peer. "100RFD. That's the license plate number," she continues to yell.

Her relative checks to make sure she is all right, and the regulators, as well as myself, hope that this information she has provided will actually be useful.

We contact the local police department and they search through their records and eventually find a match for 100RFD. While we weren't sure she was driving at the time, we now knew that the first lady was the owner of the vehicle, and this very fact alone was enough to wake me up.

I needed to take a shit so I went into the bathroom and took a shit. After wiping my ass and after washing my hands, I stared at one of the bathroom walls for a while. Not because I'm crazy or because the wall was interesting, but because I had an autostereogram on it. One of those three-dimensional images on a two-dimensional surface, and if you focused well enough you might see something that others can't.

Besides trying to find the hidden image, things like these always helped me think. Thinking about shattered dreams. Playing out how something will happen in your head before you go. The anthology complex. It feels like you're sitting in a room that is darker than normal and the only light is the stream of light that pierces through the window.

After enough time you'll realize that what you chose to fix your eyes on was where the light ended, on the floor just a few feet away from you. "Yes, captain, all those pieces really do matter." Is that a little shadow man in that patch of darkness there in the corner of the autostereogram?

It's been two and a half minutes now and I still have not been focused enough to find the image. I've seen it before, but it's lost on me. Like a lost dream. Have you ever had one of those before?

Most people don't write down their dreams, and even those who do sometimes lose the dreams they've written down. Fortunately for me, it's singular and not plural as there is only one dream I cannot find. It's somewhere in that library and I've been searching for it for years but can never seem to find it.

I remember giving the dream a title, like any other, but I don't remember exactly what I titled it, so now I just call it "Moby Dick." A nemesis that gets the better of me every single time.

The dream was mostly about pain, and I don't mean the emotional kind. I mean the less complex and more superficial kind. The physical kind. I was bitten by something in

the dream, and when I awoke the pain followed me into the real world and lasted for the entire day. I guess, more or less, you could say that it was indeed something psychological, but even though the pain stayed with me, I felt that when I woke up I had left more pain behind than I took forward.

I still lack the focus and finally give up when I hear someone knocking on my door. A soft knock but it's not Lynne or Sara. Instead it's a man holding a pamphlet who begins to speak to me about supporting a child for less than \$3.14 a day. I take the pamphlet and ask him why he chose exactly \$3.14. He didn't really have an answer, so that made it even stranger. It was just a number, and what I should have really been thinking about was what more I could do to help.

Three point one four, one day away from the Ides of March, not to mention the mathematical implications.

After he leaves, I am left standing there with a pamphlet I planned to throw away and staring at Lynne's potted flowers. Next thing I know I'm downstairs checking my mail and going through pieces of paper that tell me I may have already won a prize. That, and some credit card information for one George Johnson. What a joke.

When I get back upstairs I can hear my phone ringing. That damn ringing sound. I walk towards it slowly and then stop completely when I get in front of it. I stand for a while and let it ring, wondering when the caller will finally give up, but they never do.

"Hello?" "Hey, I'm at work, do you think you could pick up Sara and David for me? They're at Olya's." "Olya?" "She lives in the next building over." "Oh yeah." "Yeah I'm running late but I'll be home soon." "What happened to Alondra?" "She's away with her mom for the week." "Alright yeah, I'll go get them."

I change my shirt and head outside, then I happen to run into Amy Steinbrenner. I nodded, she nodded, so on and so forth. Walking away I noticed that she was losing a little weight, but it all seemed to be in vain as she was smoking. Maybe one has to do with the other.

Cigarette smoking is something I like to call an absurdity. It's tolerated because we have been therapized to accept it as a norm, but when you really sit down to think about it, it's crazy. Putting a leash on a dog, keeping track of dreams, actually having a positive outlook on your future and on life in general, all these things are absurd.

The moment I go to enter the building, I see Olya coming my way with four kids. "Thanks for coming," she says as she hands David and Sara off to me. "No problem."

She heads to her car with her children while the three of us go back home. Sara puts her hand in mine while David sprints across to our building. "Do you know the movie 'Green Monster Pam?'," she asks me. No, I say, then ask her if she watched it at Olya's house. "Yea, it was funny," she laughs.

When we catch up with David, we can both hear him reciting “Green Monster Sam, watch out for his wam and bam.” Sara replies, “Green Monster Pam, watch out for her wam and glam.” David looks at her then at me, and he asks me if I know about the new movie called “Green Monster Sam.” Again, I say no, and he tells me about how they watched it at Olya's house.

When we get into my apartment I tell them to sit down on the couch and to not touch anything until I come back. When I do return I find that they hadn't moved an inch, so I offered them a television to watch. They declined, and even when I told them that the cartoon with the three stupid kids running around trying to make money was on, they still declined. It was kind of depressing because I really like that show.

“Do you guys want to use the computer instead?” Now I was speaking their language. I brought them into my bedroom and the first thing they did was play a game that was created by the same people who made their new favorite movie. When I looked at the title of the game, which was also the name of that same movie, I saw its correct name. “It's 'Green Monster Jam,' you idiots. Sam and Pam are just the main characters.”

Of course they didn't hear a word I said, and for the next thirty minutes they played their lives away. I started to wonder where Lynne was and if she was just simply running more late than she already was.

About a minute after the thirty I went back inside to check on them and found Sara still playing but David sleeping on my bed. “David went to sleep and didn't pray,” she says. “That's fine,” I say, “he can pray when he wakes up.”

I walk up to her and see how far she is in the game. “I'm trying to beat the boss ham,” she tells me. It was amusing to watch her play for a little while, and after enough time passed I asked her what she usually prayed about.

She tells me about how she prays for God to help all of the poor people, and to help her father, and to help David be able to sleep better. Tall order, I guess, but miracles do happen.

Not too far from then Lynne finally arrives with food. “Thank you so much.” She takes her children and brings them home to feed them then comes back to my apartment to tell me that tomorrow was her first day off in six days.

“I was thinking I should buy a sprinkler for the garden,” she says. “You mean the one at the home?,” I ask. “Yeah.” “That's a good idea.” “Do you want to go tomorrow?”

I told her that I would just stay home and would rather just help her set it up the next time they went to the home. That's not what she wanted but oh well. “I guess you wouldn't want to come with me to my check-up then?” “What check-up?,” I ask.

Every period of time she would go in for a check-up on her cancer condition slash situation. Make sure every thing was still working and that every thing was fine. I

assumed she was asking because she was afraid to go in alone, but I also wondered what made this one so different from the rest.

I said no to that as well. I don't detest hospitals like some people, but I never liked them either, with their smoking and non-smoking areas, stupid kids playing around like it's suppose to be some happy place. She was alone on this one.

She wasn't upset, but I could see that she was disappointed. I think a younger Lynne would have been even a bit confused, but that's the one thing she wasn't now. She understood.

With that same disappointment still lingering on her face, she tells me about how she started writing poetry. She talks about how when she was at my parents' home, it was the most serene she had ever felt in her life and she wanted to capture the feeling. To write it down in some way, so she tried to hold on to it and when she got back home tried to express it.

I asked her if I could read some of it but told me I would have to wait because she wasn't any good yet. What she says next is something I've never heard from anyone else. Nothing I would ever expect to ever hear from anyone else.

“Do you know that I look up to you?” I didn't know what to say. “I know it almost sounds childish, but it's true. I've never met anyone like you and I've never felt this way about anyone else. You just inspire me in so many ways that sometimes I can't even think straight. I wish you could stand in my shoes so you could see yourself the way I do,” she finishes.

“Don't look too hard,” that's what I would have said if I didn't care about ruining the mood for her. Don't look too hard at anything, especially life. You look too hard and you might miss more than you see.

Anyone in my current position I'm sure would have been flattered. To have someone tell you that you inspire them. Her words made me think of something someone told me a while back, something that may or may not be completely accurate.

It was about Marcus Aurelius, a Roman emperor who hired a servant to walk behind him as he received praise from the people he ruled over. This servant's only job was to say one line every time Aurelius received a compliment. In Aurelius's ear he would calmly whisper, “You are only man.”

Chapter 74

HERUTOPIA

1:3:8:74

HOW will the world end. What exactly is the definition of the end. Is it the destruction of civilization or the destruction of Earth herself.

Once I had a lucid dream where I was held inside a holding cell with a couple of other people. At this point I'm not lucid, but there is however a crazy woman sitting directly across from me who has a serious staring problem. The other cellmate has a staring problem as well, but I'm not his main subject, his main subject is more-so the floor.

After about an hour of staring, the crazy woman comes closer and sits next to me and starts to open her mouth to speak. The first thing I noticed about her mouth was that every other tooth was missing, and she had twice as many teeth on the bottom than the top. On the bottom row, the teeth on either ends were filled with some kind of metal, and one of her top front teeth was chipped about ten percent. How's that for description.

"The Sun is expanding," those are the first words she ever said to me. "I walked the surface of the Sun and felt its intense heat; I felt the sensation of powerful burning and it left me wanting more. As it got hotter and warmer, it grew and brought me more pleasure than any man before and there since after," she finishes.

When she began to talk about the surface of the Sun, I became lucid and I immediately knew which dreamline I was in. At first I thought I was back in Cape Town, but I soon saw that I was in a place that used to be known as the city they called Johannesburg.

I asked her what her name was and how she knew the Sun was expanding, and right then and there she went into a speech.

"Ramix, I like that name." You'd think those were my words, but they were hers and it seemed like she just made up a random name and decided that's what she wanted to be called.

Now she's talking about how the Earth's water will eventually escape into space and all known terrestrial life will become extinct, that we were all doomed and anything we tried was futile. "If only you saw the storm that was coming," she says. I actively began to understand why she was where she was.

"The Sun will continue to grow and grow and our Earth will become too hot, and eventually she will be sucked into the massive starbody and decease," she almost cries for her dystopia. Before she can a guard opens the gate and looks at me, saying, "Get up number forty-one." It was somewhat difficult, but I was able to stand and left Ramix behind, and when I got to the outer limits of the jailhouse, I saw slaves working in a field. Completely lucid, I wondered if I should have tried to help them, but I figured any

destiny I had was already set in the stones they were breaking.

We passed them and entered under through a sign that said “Civilian Hall.” From what I could see, and from the state of things, she was deceased already and had been so for a very long time. Once inside the building, I woke up.

When I traveled three or more so years ago, I went to all types of places and saw all types of people. The poor, the tourists; the main attractions, the slums. I was indiscriminate but even more in some kind of a trance state that clouded my mind. That may have been why I started to see all the people as one.

Wherever I went, I tried to blend in so I wasn't seen as an outsider, because that's exactly what I was then and what I am now. There were times when I caught myself wondering if I could ever live in a specific place, permanently and comfortably, but each time I came back to my senses knowing that I wouldn't be there for too long.

As you already know there were people I ran into, people I remember but I'll never see again. One of the people I've been turning in my mind ever since was someone who was very much like Ramix. The only difference was the fact that she was missing more teeth than Ramix.

I felt that when she talked, even if I understood and spoke her language, which I didn't, that I would have had a hard time understanding her pronunciations. So yes, even a translator would have been useless.

The only thing I did understand about her was the poverty she probably went through for most of her entire adult life. Seeing someone like her makes you wonder if there are plants that only grow at night.

A lot of us live in societies where it's okay to not care for the needy. It's not that we actually don't care, a lot of us do, but it's okay if you don't. Yet we care for ourselves and sometimes those close to us, physically and mentally, and I think this stems from the carnality of our own existence.

Are we one or aren't we? If someone gets HIV, even a complete stranger, does a part of me get HIV as well? No, right? This is how we see life, how we are designed to see life, but I've heard of a man who more than likely saw past the design and said that he feels sorrow when one human dies.

“Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind; and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.”

In all her poverty she still believed in a personal God and that there was a place for her in Heaven when she passed. I didn't intrude on her beliefs because it was really the only possession she had. God was her's and she was God's.

Sometime later I was at an airport, ready to go home and sitting with the other to-be passengers in a waiting room. By then I realized that I was not a traveler, and that I was

more a person who stayed in one place. It was time I accepted who I was, for all the better and for all the worse.

Sitting in the waiting room for as long as I did, I thought about my future and the family that left me behind. Right before the plane arrived, I began reading a book. Or maybe it was a magazine. It gave suggestions on where to place faith and suggestions on what to believe. Prior to then, though, I read somewhere that you have to be ware, and that you can't just believe anything you read.

I knocked on Tao's door but it was Tian who let me in. "You're still here?," I asked him. "Yes, few more days."

I walked a bit further in and noticed that Tao had replaced his fish tank and also purchased a few new fish and aquatic items to place in the tank itself.

"You missed the first round," Tao states. As long as no one got knocked out I didn't really care. I just wanted to see a good fight.

"Who's this guy again?," I ask about the boxer with black trunks. "Some dude from Canada," Tao replies. The boxer from Canada was up against a class champion from England who sported white trunks and a deadly left hook.

When the end of the forth round came around, the pizza that they had ordered was finally delivered and Tao came back to spread the wealth. Once the fifth round began, the boxers had developed a feel for the other and the match became a back-alley brawl. The moment the Canadian landed a left hook of his own, the fight took on a different shape.

"!!!," Tian says something in what I believe may be Hanyu. "English," Tao says, "speak fucking English." Tian then asks him how you would say a certain word in English, and Tao tells him to just say "haymaker."

The fifth round ends and the fight that I thought would go the distance now seems like it may end with any one blow.

For most of the seventh, eight and ninth rounds, Tao and Tian slowly differed and chose separate sides. I guess Tian found some kind of attraction to the Canadian boxer, and for whatever reason began to root for him.

The difference and separation gets me thinking, if Tao and Tian developed a program, or a universe, what would it be like. If they decided to give their subjects, which would be the lifeforms for a universe and text and images for a program, a certain level of consciousness, do they become important? Are the things that are done to them then considered real?

You spill milk and it's not that big of a deal, but dream a dream of someone spilling your guts. You'll probably go into shock, and of that shock you would be very conscious, which in of itself will bring even more shock. There may come a time when the things that we thought were of no consciousness begin to ask for their own rights.

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