

# **DIARY OF A HUMAN TARGET**

## **Book Three: Homestretch**

written by

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## Phase Eight: Paroxysm

### Monday, 7<sup>th</sup> October 1997

I find it hard to believe I am so lucky! Selene and Victor, just 21 and 24 years old respectively, the two star athletes in our taekwondo class and a well-matched couple for four years now, have just asked me to go out with them! They both excel in taekwondo because of their extreme suppleness. Moreover, Selene has the appearance of a photomodel; in fact, very few models are as dazzling as she is.

We have arranged to meet at the corner of Nereid and Meteoron streets at 8:00 o' clock this evening. So, I am standing here now, waiting for them, full of enthusiasm and impatience. *Just think about it: I, a nobody, am about to make friends with two persons who are not only normal, but role models for the normal!*

Now the time is 8:10; soon it is 8:20... I get more and more anxious, trying hard to ward off the pessimism which gains ground within me moment by moment. At 8:30 I feel completely disappointed and I am certain the two youngsters have only fooled me, so I return home sad and frustrated. However, as soon as I step in, my mother informs me that Selene has just phoned and that she and Victor are waiting for me at St Tryfon Square! In two words, the diva hasn't got right where our meeting place is...

We finally manage to meet and we reach Glyfada in Victor's car. We sit at a fine cafeteria, we stay there for three hours and we have a fine time, as we won't stop talking for a single moment! Strangely enough, it seems I have a lot in common with these young people. As a matter of fact, they do make me feel happy, as they spontaneously exude the joy of life - in contrast to the rest of my friends, who are boring and constantly depressed...

### Saturday, 14<sup>th</sup> November 1997

I often go out and have a nice time with Selene and Victor -two or three times a week. There are some problems in our relationship, yet I prefer their pleasant company to the gloom of my other friends. "We are more cheerful than them", Selene told me the other day, as she got wind of the situation. She is certainly not stupid; she is crazy: We rarely go out without her delaying at least 45 minutes or her misunderstanding the meeting place! You tell her to be in Glyfada at 8:00 o' clock and she goes to Voula at 9:00 o' clock! This usually means a lot of trouble for me and Victor, who acts her taxi driver.

This afternoon she invited me to her house; she lives in Pallini, in a beautiful cottage with a tiled roof and a big garden. I was quite surprised to find out she can draw very well, mostly portraits in pencil. To be more precise, she exclusively draws herself; only in one or two pictures Victor appears seen too. She also likes making hagiographies. *Selene making hagiographies... doesn't this sound like a joke?*

### Saturday, 29<sup>th</sup> November 1997

As time goes by, I get less and less enthusiastic about this new friendship of mine. I just can't stand Selene's stupid delays, her silly misunderstandings, her subtle games of dominance. She is surely a narcissist: She likes flirting all men around her -which drives Victor mad. She also enjoys boasting

about successes and abilities she's never had: This evening, when we met, once again she bragged that a few years ago, when she lived in Cyprus, she used to be a reporter and write articles for a big magazine; at the same time, she was also a dancing mistress in a famous dance school, she said. She also trumpets forth she is a taekwondo gold champion in Cyprus. She has also worked as a cinema editor, she says. And all these wondrous feats by the age of twenty-one...

The fact is that nutcase of Selene is constantly surrounded by dozens of friends, who are always very willing to tolerate the diva's whims. They all adore her just because she is who she is. Nobody ever doubts her words, nobody seems to be jealous of her extraordinary successes -real or imaginary ones. On the contrary, they all show pure admiration to her.

This is exactly the opposite to what happens to me: If I ever dare mention the slightest success of mine, everyone will question me, or they will seek to belittle me or they will be green with envy. If I am ten minutes late in an appointment, I get a trouncing. If I happen to pronounce one wrong word which offends anyone anyhow, they just don't talk to me anymore. Of course, don't have Selene's snake-like charm...

### **Wednesday, 3<sup>rd</sup> December 1997**

Since October Mary Glenos and I have been attending a new school of spiritual development, situated near Omonia Square. It is called "Centre of Applied Philosophy" and its teachings are based on theosophy. Nathan, the guru, is an agreeable guy who just conveys his knowledge without acting the Myst. His theories are quite interesting, well-constructed, though complicated. At least, he doesn't make a fool of us by constantly talking about delayed fees and unworthy disciples. He is also eager to drive all the way from Lamia (where he lives) to Athens every Wednesday, so as to teach us -and he does so without any vested interest: there is no monthly fee; everybody offers as much money as they can.

Theosophists believe in past lives and karma, but they claim that the course of reincarnations is generally ascending: A soul first comes in the vegetable kingdom, then it gets into the animal kingdom, finally it upgrades to the human kingdom. A human being won't be born as a plant or an animal again, unless they commit a very serious mistake -*such as?*

According to Nathan's teachings, dreams belong to the astral worlds. Every living person has an "astral permanent self", which is the self they assume in their dreams; lucid dreaming presupposes a superior spiritual development and it is encouraged by theosophy. It is even possible that a person's real self is expressed more in dreams than in the material reality: "A man may appear to be a loser in life, yet you never know what he does in his dreams; and what happens in the astral worlds influences the material world we live in," Nathan told us this evening.

Nevertheless, telepathy is considered to be a defect in theosophy: "Those who can tell the future and act as psychics, are as if they had cancer in the astral plains! Telepathy is a serious vice; if someone has it, they had better stifle it" claims Nathan but he doesn't explain why. He also believes that "affection is satanic, a black wizard's work!"

### **Wednesday, 10<sup>th</sup> December 1997**

However, the parts of theosophy which make me doubt most are those regarding the construction of the human society:

"The whole of humanity follows a strict hierarchy, and each person has a very specific position in it" explained Nathan this evening. "Those who have the highest positions are enlightened, non-incarnated entities; these superior beings have completed their circle of reincarnations on earth, and they have experienced all types of mental and physical pain someone can possibly experience in life. This gives them the right to decide about the misfortunes which may afflict a person, a group or

a nation, so as to accelerate their spiritual evolution; this is the Plan” ... “These enlightened non-incarnated entities often have to take hard decisions about the fate of mankind: Sometimes they boost evolution by wiping out thousands or millions of human beings; wars, epidemics, natural disasters often serve this purpose” ... “We, lesser minds, should never question the Plan or the decisions of the enlightened minority; nor should we protest when we see thousands or millions of people suffering and dying!”

“Then, maybe we should start killing each other,” someone joked.

“But you have no Plan!” retorted the guru.

*What if we had one?* I thought but passed it in silence.

“Taking into account that a soul is not vanquished by death, why would it matter if -for example- two billions of people died of some epidemic?” went on the guru. “Something like this is due to happen quite soon, and when it happens we should consider it a real blessing! Sometimes a reform of mankind is needed!” he wound up, and none of the disciples -educated adults, all of them- put forward any objections.

### **Wednesday, 17<sup>th</sup> December 1997**

This evening there were some more revelations in class: “Very soon a New World Order will be established all over the globe, that is a regime of electronic surveillance which will include the whole of humanity” .... “All people will be constantly watched and controlled by a universal network of cameras, satellites and computers” ... “Many dislike the idea of a kind of Big Brother controlling their lives; this is immature and selfish of them” ... “Moreover, cloning and gene manipulation will allow the creation of new, hitherto unknown lifeforms; in this way, certain kinds of entities which can't normally appear on earth, will then be able to come and live here, amongst us”, says the guru complacently. *What kind of demons are expected to come into this world?* I wonder.

That was definitely the last time I attended a lesson at the “Centre of Applied Philosophy”. Even Mary, who is generally well-disposed towards everybody and everything, has finally acknowledged that “these people are satanists”. On the other hand, Nathan knows very well what he is talking about: The Plan is certainly on its way to realization; the New World Order will only take a few more years to come into full effect. Those who will be deemed incompetent or unsuitable for the Wondrous New World, will be eliminated from the face of the earth. It's as simple as that...

### **Monday, 22<sup>nd</sup> December 1997**

Two days ago my sister's two parrots were found dead in their cage -just like that, with no reason whatsoever. It struck me as a *sign of fate* but I dismissed the thought at once.

This morning we found out that Josef, my 8-year-old nephew, suffers from osteochondritis. This is what his recent medical tests show, and it means that a certain microbe has been eating up his left thighbone, at the gristle of the joint to the pelvis, which makes him limp more and more. The doctor says it is curable but he will have to stay in bed with the leg bandaged for two years and, if he is lucky, he won't have to undergo an operation and have metal implants attached to his thighbone. I just can't help wondering: Why can't anything good ever happen to our family?

As for the rest: Radical changes have been taking place at work for some months now: In fact, the once mighty Pangaea, famous for its quality publications, has been going from bad to worse. Forty employees have already been fired -that is half of the staff. The production department on the 5<sup>th</sup> floor, where I used to work till recently, no longer exists; the sales department on the 4<sup>th</sup> floor is history too. At least one employee gets fired every week and I don't where this is going to end.

As about me, I have been transferred to the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor, where all the bosses and their minions work. To the moment I don't have a problem, everything seems to be quiet here, though somewhat boring. As I am the only typist in the company, I don't run the danger of being suddenly sacked; yet I always feel insecure, maybe because I am always at the bottom of the ladder: as a typist, I am the only person in the company who has to take orders from everyone else. Besides, I haven't taken a raise for five years; I get the lowest salary of all, even the cleaning lady gets more money than me! I have started looking for another job -but how strange: all the jobs I find are worse paid than the one I already have...

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### **Thursday, 8<sup>th</sup> January 1998**

**Lucid Dream:** I feel myself coming out of my body. I fly among old edifices and temples, I go up the white stairway of an old building. Then I fly away but I soon wish to return; however, the building disappears and I feel disappointed. At that moment, the dream becomes lucid. I seek Josef and I find him in a park nearby. I stretch my arms towards him and I say the words: "From now on, your leg will be fine; I remove all negative influences from you". Next moment, the youngster turns his back on me and he goes away. Nevertheless, I repeat the cure three times.

*Verification: Pretty soon my nephew's leg gets unexpectedly better and the doctor hopes he will avoid the operation. However, it won't be long till the microbe starts eating up the boy's thighbone again, so he will eventually be admitted to hospital...🙏*

In another attempt to improve my poor social life, I have recently placed an advertisement in a TV magazine, asking "to correspond with interesting people, who are fond of travel and metaphysics". I have received dozens of letters, but only a few of them were worthy of an answer; amongst them was the one written by the 28-year-old Nineta Mavilis: She seems to be a kind, serious and interesting woman; she lives in New Faliron, she belongs to a wealthy family and she works as a private tutor of English. She is constantly under stress about when she will get married at last, but in overall she is a reasonable and balanced person. I have already introduced her to Helen and Xanthippe, and we all go out together almost every Saturday. Now, with Nineta, we all have more fun when we meet...

### **Saturday, 10<sup>th</sup> January 1998**

I was standing there, outside the Church of St Constantine in Glyfada, kicking my heels for 45 minutes, waiting for Victor and Selene to turn up. Just as I was getting ready to leave, disappointed and exasperated, I caught a glimpse of my friends looking for me in agony, in Victor's car. Luckily they had seen me before I was gone; they stopped, we kissed and hugged full of joy.

Then Selene, rather irritated, explained to me that Victor hadn't understood where we would meet, that's why he had been following her orders obediently: "Now you will drive all over Glyfada until you find Yvonne! We won't go home unless you find her!" - *nevertheless, I had talked to Selene on the phone, not to Victor.*

They apologized for the delay, they said they couldn't explain how they got so confused and "it's a paradox, but such things happen only when we plan to to meet you!" concluded Selene.

*Is it possible that, for some strange reason, such delays and misunderstandings happen only when Selene and Victor intend to see me?*

### **Monday, 26<sup>th</sup> January 1998**

**Fear and Pain:** After last night, when the fear of pain took over me completely, without my being able to control it anyhow, I think it's time I cleared out the relation between fear and pain.

Having the impression that I was in for a horribly painful experience (aponeurosis) at the dentist's this morning, I was scared out of my wits. Fear enhances pain and vice versa: All night long I felt such a strong clasp in my heart, that I thought I were about to have a heart attack; I also had a terrible headache because I felt completely helpless towards the imminent physical pain. *As a matter of fact, mental pain is ridiculous in comparison with physical pain...*

However, what made me wonder most was the fact that even when I tried to sort things out within the bounds of reason (neither my friend Mandy, nor my sister Alice felt any pain when they had the nerve of a tooth killed; anyway, I may as well have the tooth pulled out), I wasn't relieved at all. It was as if fear were acting of its own accord, like an entity with a will of its own!

Conclusion: When I went to the dentist this morning, she decided not to kill the nerve of my tooth; she just filled my tooth instead. "We had better try to save it", she explained. My relief was beyond words...

**"Nobody escapes what they fear"** (folk belief): It seems that somehow pain and fear rule this world. Just like a dog which attacks those who fear it, a misfortune strikes those who fear it. You attract what you fear; you repel what you wish. This is how reality is formed in this world. *The dreams that come true are those we've never dreamed of.* This means our world is a living hell, and hell is the place where all fears materialize...

Life is the kingdom of pain and fear. Through religion and metaphysics we try to give pain a reason, discover its origin and find ways to deal with it. Therefore, we talk about "a visitation of God", "karma", "lessons of life" etc. The so-called "virtues" we try to cultivate, are just ways to deal with pain. For example, patience is needed when we have painful experiences, otherwise we don't have to be patient; forgiveness presupposes that someone has harmed us, otherwise it has no meaning; compassion is welcome when people suffer, otherwise there is no reason for it, and so on. In the long run, as a final reward for all these virtues, we expect to go to heaven or experience eternal nirvana -which is the final deliverance from all pain - always after death, of course...

## **Tuesday, 27<sup>th</sup> January 1998**

Feeling the need to go out and have some fun tonight, at about 5:00 o'clock I phoned Selene and suggested we meet in Glyfada this evening. As usual, she put forward certain objections: "I am not sure, I have something else to do, I don't know when I'll finish, if I finish early enough, I will call you, no later than 7:00 o'clock".

I was on tenterhooks for two hours; the time got 7:00, then 7:15... until 7:30 there was no sign from the countess and my impatience and irritation reached a peak. At about 7:40 I decided to phone Helen Tanagra and arranged to go for a coffee with her, at Kalogiron Square. The outing proved to be joyless and boring, just like Helen is. I barely managed to avoid depression.

The crown of my efforts: When I returned home late at night, my mother informed me that at about 8:00 o'clock Selene and Victor came to visit me and they dropped from the clouds when they found out I was not there! "But... we had an appointment!" Selene complained to my mother. I had better watch out: this girl is a lunatic...

## **Wednesday, 28<sup>th</sup> January 1998**

At about noon Selene calls me at work and asks me the reason why I wasn't at home last night, when she and Victor came to see me. She sounds polite but stern, and I remind her -as calm as possible- that we hadn't made an appointment and that I had waited for her to call me till 7:00 pm - which never happened. "But we had said we would meet for sure, you blockhead! You should have only waited for me to call!" she bursts out, full of impudence.

I dissent strongly from what she says, yet she insists stubbornly and I, for fear of losing this

diamond friend, begin to give way and finally admit that maybe it was I who didn't get things right yesterday. Finally, we fix a new appointment for 7:00 this evening.

At 6:05 o'clock Selene phones me at home and says she will be "a little late because something has just come up, so wait for another phone call of mine later. Alright?". Alright...

I sit down and wait -like a fool. The time gets 7:00, 7:30, then 8:00, and I can hardly contain my exasperation. Finally, the diva calls me at 11:00 at night and says she couldn't phone earlier because something very bad happened this evening and she has been down in the dumps ever since.

Nonsense: The lady just played all this trick to me so as to take revenge for yesterday, because she thinks it was I who stood her up! What a horrible person! I must get rid of her as soon as possible...

### **Friday, 6<sup>th</sup> February 1998**

*Night Adventure:* Soldiers of evil go around and arrest all those people who are considered to be incapable of serving the system. They throw the prisoners into a kind of incinerator, where they are burnt alive. At a moment I can see them dragging a dark-haired woman down the stairs and I go away because I don't want to see the rest of it happening; yet, I can hear the woman screaming as they throw her into the incinerator, and I cover my ears in horror.

There are some other people near me, waiting for their turn passively. When the soldiers come, they choose me for cremation. I try to explain that I don't belong here, but they won't listen. "I'm not going anywhere," I say then, in a firm voice. Strangely enough, instead of being angry at me they send me to a superior committee for rehabilitation. The four members of the committee are seated on a kind of dais and I reach them by going up a white stairway. They check my "education", they find it insufficient and they put me on probation. Nevertheless, I feel no fear and I take no heed of them.

When the time comes, once again my "education" is found to be insufficient, so I am sentenced to death in the crematory. However, I don't intend to give in without a fight: I run away and manage to escape. Some soldiers are after me, launching a number of round bombs at me; I neutralize them all with the power of my mind -which makes the enemies wonder. However the bombs are still dangerous for the whole planet; I stretch my arms out and express a wish for world peace. Now the bombs are harmless and my pursuers wonder again.

"How can you do this?" one of them asks me.

"I have something you don't have: A clear subconscious. You are driven by fear", I reply calm.

I wake up feeling complete and deeply satisfied.

*Is there an everyday experience that could ever have the power of this night adventure?*

### **Friday, 20<sup>th</sup> February 1998**

*Question:* Does our short and joyless lives on earth really serve a purpose?

*Answer:* With every step we take, we make the rich even richer.

When the Titanic started sinking, those in charge made sure to accommodate the rich first, placing them sparse and comfortable in the life-boats (only 15 people where 60 could be seated), so that the rich hens wouldn't get any dishevelled. At the same time, they barred all passages from the third class to the deck; as a result, the majority of the poor passengers were trapped in the ship and drowned like mice.

This is exactly what happens in everyday reality: The lives of the poor are considered to be worthless, so they are sacrificed at the first opportunity -as long as this makes the rich sharks richer.

I happen to be in such a position as well: During the day I work hard for a pittance; in the evening I



spend my little money in cafeterias, restaurants, hotels, gyms -hoping to relieve myself from the physical and mental hardship I endure while working all day. In other words: During the day I work for a rich scumbag, and during the night I give my beggarly salary to another rich scumbag. This is the real meaning of life for the poor, no matter what they like to imagine...

### **Sunday, 1<sup>st</sup> March 1998**

*Night Adventure:* I am somewhere in a block of flats; through a window I can see a giant octopus which has come out from the sea and threatens to invade the building. I take the elevator at once and get down to the entrance, before the monster comes in; I run along Vouliagmenis Avenue but the octopus is after me, devouring everything in its passing, growing continuously. At a moment I think it has lost me, but then I see a gigantic tentacle at the corner of a back street.

Soon I find myself going up a mountain; there are lots of people running to escape or hiding wherever they can. Persephone is with me. The monster is nowhere to see; yet, a strange vehicle appears soon which, as we know, precedes the monster. Persephone throws a lit match at it, the vehicle is blown up. There is no sign of the monster now; but are we out of danger?

*Possible interpretation:* The giant octopus could symbolize the mythical demon Cthulhu, "who has been sleeping and dreaming" in the depths of the abyss, until the time comes for it to wake up and rule the world once again...

### **Tuesday, 3<sup>rd</sup> March 1998**

The serial "Selene-Victor" is still on, but I don't meet them so often any more. They say they have parted, yet they still meet on "friendly terms". Victor hopes to make it up with the diva again, and he is always willing to act her taxi driver: Almost every day he drives all the way to Selene's house in Pallini and he takes her to Glyfada, where she meets her new boyfriend! Poor Victor looks miserable: "I've lost ten years from my life!" he confides to me at a moment.

As about the other guy, his name is Panayotis and Selene met him at the aerobics school she has been attending for a couple of months now. As Selene herself has told me, he is in a mess too because the lady sometimes seems to be infatuated with him, other times she plays hard to get. She often lets him cook his heels outside her house for an hour or two, without her opening the door, but the bloke doesn't split because "I like feeling you are near!" he confesses. "Who gets to know me, gets mad!" says Selene, full of complacency.

I guess she is right about that: Even I, who can see through the dirty games of dominance she plays with everybody, desire her company. She is always getting on my nerves but when she phones and asks to meet me, I am on cloud nine.

Just like this evening: I have been sitting and waiting for Selene and Victor to come with food from a fast food restaurant. The two stars were supposed to arrive at 8:00, but now the time is 8:30; soon it gets 8:45, then 9:00. I no longer expect them to turn up when, at about 9:15, the phone rings. It is Selene, she sounds rather gloomy and narrates the following incredible story to me:

They went to a fast food restaurant, they bought hamburgers and fried potatoes and they were about to come to me, when the lady decided she definitely had to make a phone call in a telephone booth. Heaven knows how much time she chattered on the phone, while other people were waiting outside -namely a middle-aged couple with a child. At a moment, the man told the lady to get over with it. I guess Selene was rude to him, and before you could say Jack Robinson the two super karatekas put up a bad fight with the middle-aged people! They went at it hammer and tongs, and eventually the two champions got a pasting! Soon there was a big crowd around them booing the two superstars (I wonder why), who tried to knock down the middle-aged folks with their taekwondo acrobatics! To no avail, though: The "old people" beat them up!

### **Thursday, 5<sup>th</sup> March 1998**

When we met at Selene's this afternoon, she and Victor described the above events in more detail. Victor showed me the bruises and scratches he had on his face and neck from the fight; Selene didn't show me any scars; maybe she didn't want to show me anything like that, or maybe her happy boyfriend got all the drubbing.

A little later, we took Liana, Selene's 18-year-old sister, and we went to a nice cafeteria in Varkiza, where we met two friends of hers. We chatted pleasantly for some time until, suddenly, Liana asked me about my age. I found it a little strange, I groused and joked about it, but then I gave a sincere answer.

As the two sisters explained to me later, one of their friends (a serious and good looking guy, only 25 years old) asked Liana to introduce him to me, because he liked me! As about my age, he didn't mind at all, he said. *Just once I happened to go out with normal people and someone showed an interest in me...*

Despite the fact that he is a lot younger than me, I didn't rule out the possibility of getting to know him better. "Anyway, he is quite mature for his age", Selene told me on the phone. "As soon as we hang up, I will make some phone calls and fix certain appointments", she promised in a soft voice. Nevertheless, I'm never to see that guy again...

### **Friday, 13<sup>th</sup> March 1998**

Selene is throwing a party tonight and I am invited. In the afternoon I go to a gift shop because I want to buy a present for her. After a lot of searching, I finally decide to buy her a lovely music box. I take it in my hands and, I don't know how, it slips off, it falls down and it gets broken! I can't believe my own eyes! Something like this has never happened to me before! Then, the sales woman approaches and says I have to pay for it - naturally...

Anyway, I hasten to choose something else and I go to the cashier's desk, carrying both items in my hands. Fortunately, at the last moment the saleswoman changes her mind and tells the cashier to charge only the second present.

I feel relieved, but I can't take the event off my mind: I can't help considering it a *sign of fate*, which means that such experiences (making friends with divas and going to their parties) are not for me and that I can get nothing but trouble out of them.

The night comes and the party proves to be a success: There are lots of young people gathered in Selene's living room; Panayotis is present as the diva's boyfriend and Victor as her civilized ex. There are also three guys aged about thirty, who seem to like me, since they have lengthy and pleasant conversations with me. When I find the opportunity, I talk to Selene about them. "They are too young for you", she says enigmatically. Needless to say, I am never to meet any of those people again.

Nevertheless, I must admit Selene is the only one of my friends who: a) has a wide circle of friends and acquaintances, b) introduces me to them, c) invites me to her parties. On the other hand, she makes sure I never gain anything from all this...

## **Concord**

### **Tuesday, 17<sup>th</sup> March 1998**

This morning I had an unexpected phone call at work. It was from Mary Skina, who was fired from Pangaea a month ago. Mary is twenty years older than me but she hides her age very carefully. After thirty years of work in Pangaea, she is now unemployed. Moreover, Helen Roussos (Mary's best friend, also recently unemployed) gave her the boot without an explanation. Maybe that's why Mary decided to invite me out to lunch today. Anyway, I was kinda surprised: During those seven years we've worked together in the same company, I've often asked her to go out with me but she has always refused with various excuses. I thought she didn't like my revolutionary ideas about social networks and the like, because she considered them "negativity", as she said.

After work I met Mary in a nearby restaurant and we had lunch there; then we went for a coffee in Kolonaki. Hours and hours passed very pleasantly, since we two agree a lot and we have many common interests, such as metaphysics and literature. I think Mary is somewhat "different", somewhat non-human, like I am. Probably for this reason her life has been a never ending sequence of misfortunes: Abandonment, solitude, childlessness, premature death of her parents, gradual loss of a big fortune, poverty, unemployment and debts.

### **Friday, 20<sup>th</sup> March 1998**

At first I didn't like the idea of spending the weekend with cousin Annita, who is pregnant now. Her husband, will be absent for work these days, so she asked me to keep her company while he will be away from home.

Annita is my peer and a typical example of the ordinary person (medium intelligence, no spiritual interests), who sleeps while their good luck works for them. She barely managed to finish high school, and she was referred in all classes. However, she happens to belong to one of the wealthiest families in Cefallonia, so she has never had to work up to now. At the age of 22 she got married to Peter, who is rich enough to provide her with everything she wishes. Consequently, the lady doesn't think because she doesn't have to think. The only problem in her carefree life has been the absence of a child. She has been married for thirteen years, in the meanwhile she has undergone eleven in vitro fertilizations, and the last one was successful. Now my cousin is pregnant on twin girls and she is in the seventh heaven...

### **Saturday, 21<sup>st</sup> March 1998**

We spend our time calmly, sometimes boringly, watching TV or chatting about various subjects. However, as soon as I inform Annita that I have lots of friends and that we go out almost every night, she changes her tune:

"Be careful or something nasty will happen to you, if you go on fooling around like this every night! You and your friends might be stalked by perverts, who will rape and kill you!"

"We don't frequent any cheap dives, you know! Besides, we don't go around on foot; my friend Nineta has a car and she takes us wherever we wish," I reply coolly, as I haven't realized yet what she is getting at.

"Really? You know what happened to an acquaintance of mine, one night that she drove along a busy avenue? She was cornered by some drunk men in a car, she was forced to pull over, then she was raped and almost killed!"

“But this is something extreme, I've never heard of anything like that happening in Greece before!” I wonder.

“You have no idea how many such incidents happen every day! It is just a matter of time until something similar happens to you too!” my cousin concludes in an aggressive tone.

### **Sunday, 22<sup>nd</sup> March 1998**

I have to endure the same tense atmosphere for a third day, as Annita insists on giving me certain advice regarding my future: “Really, Yvonne, have you ever thought of marrying an Albanian? You are 35 years old now, in all likelihood no Greek man will wish to marry you now! If I were you, still single at this age, I would be thinking about it!”

“Maybe you would,” I retort, yet she goes on undaunted:

“For instance, you could go to Omonia Square and offer some food to the homeless foreigners who gather there! Who knows, if you do this quite often, one of them might ask you to marry him!”

“I am not at all willing to be stuck with a beggar! You see, marriage is not everything to me!” I answer, as calm as possible.

In the evening, when Peter returns home, I notice he is rather cold towards my cousin. The atmosphere between them will remain tense and gloomy until the time comes for me to leave. According to what relatives say, Peter makes himself sparser and sparser, as the date of the babies' birth comes nearer and nearer -probably because the twins were not conceived with his own sperm. “I'm not going to ruin my life, just because Annita wants to have children!” I heard him say at a moment.

A few weeks later, after the twins are born, my cousin will empty the flat and return to her parents in Cefallonia - without her husband knowing anything about it. When he comes home from work in the afternoon, he will find himself all alone in a completely empty apartment...

### **Tuesday, 24<sup>th</sup> March 1998**

This afternoon I met Mary Skina after work. Our discussions of today proved quite interesting, as my new friend confided to me some incredible facts from her life:

When she was still new in Pangaea, Mary invited all her colleagues to dinner one night. However, just two days before the meeting it rained in torrents and the water flooded her house; in fact, it was the only house in the area that was flooded! As a result, all her newly-bought furniture was destroyed and the dinner with her colleagues was cancelled.

When Mary was young, she used to be a good-looking and elegant woman with blond hair and big green eyes; she was also a lively, pleasant and sociable person, with a very seductive dowry composed of half a dozen houses in the posh suburb of Psychico and lots of money in the bank. Nevertheless, none of her boyfriends has ever proposed to her - “not even just for my money”, as she complains. The only man who ever asked her to marry him was a 27-year-old neighbour of hers, when Mary was 19. Three hours later, before even Mary had had the time to decide whether to accept or not, the young man was killed in a car accident! *“There is no fate”, some wiseacres claim. Yet, in this world there is nothing but fate...*

Not only that, but all her property has been squandered little by little, because of bad management, inheritance problems, shrewd lawyers, demanding lovers. Moreover, although she was -and still is- a beautiful, attractive, lively blonde, most of her boyfriends wanted her company but refrained from having sex with her! “I doubt if I have done it more than twenty times in my whole life! I just don't think about it, because I don't want to lose my mind!” she confesses to me.

Mary has never been married, she has no children, and for this reason she is obsessed with marriage. Even now, that she is over 55, she dreams of having a young, handsome and educated husband; yet she can't find anything of the kind -which makes her feel sad and anxious. Another serious problem of hers is how to pay off debts of four million drachmas; Mary is up to her eyes in debt because of Zachary, her latest young boyfriend: she has travelled with him all over Europe, she has paid lots of money for him, yet he hasn't even touched her hand, she says.

It is obvious that Mary is neurotic and full of obsessions regarding men and marriage, yet this doesn't explain why she has ended up all alone in the world, unemployed and in debt. Anyway, there are other women who are more stupid than hens, completely unbalanced, with a horrible character, yet they have the best husbands and their lives are as regular as clockwork.

Besides, despite her psychological problems, Mary is always polite and pleasant; she listens to me when I talk, without putting forward all kinds of silly objections to everything, like most "normal" people do. With her I can communicate better than with any other person I know...

### **Wednesday, 25<sup>th</sup> March 1998**

My friend Louise is giving a feast tonight and I am invited. However I can't go, neither can any of the other guests, because there is a terrible windstorm with heavy rain outside -something unprecedented for the county of Attiki! It is just impossible for me to step out of my house!

At a moment my nephew John comes upstairs so as to keep me company. My parents are absent; they are at the Children's Hospital in Athens, where Josef is under treatment. All at once, there is a loud bang, the iron door of the kitchen breaks open -although it was locked- and the windstorm invades the house! John helps me close the door again and we put the table, the chairs and a broom against it, so that it won't open again!

Late at night my father returns home, after a long bus journey from Athens to St Tryfon Square. He is in a sorry state, I wonder how he made it to arrive home.

Next day we will find out that the unprecedented windstorm has uprooted lots of tall and robust trees, which now lie down in streets and squares...

### **Friday, 3<sup>rd</sup> April 1998**

**Lucid Dream:** Looking for a handsome man in my dream, I finally meet two guys but I choose one of them: he has blond curly hair and he is about 30 years old. I caress him, he responds positively. I unbutton his shirt and I see he has a nice, lean, trained body. I can feel the contact and the excitement, then I have an orgasm that lasts a few seconds...

**Psychic Experience:** In the evening, I sit on a chair listening to some music, and I feel very relaxed. At a moment, I have the impression there is a bright light before my shut eyes, where I can make out an angelic entity made of light. *This wonderful experience lasted only a few seconds; I was not sleeping...*

### **Thursday, 7<sup>th</sup> May 1998**

This afternoon my mother and I visited Mrs Zeta, an old neighbour. The woman got on my nerves because she seems to be certain about the natural inferiority of Greeks in comparison with all the other peoples of the world.

The fact is that more and more Greeks -usually "respectable" citizens who have neither travelled abroad nor received any superior education- suddenly have an opinion about everything and they trumpet forth ideas such as: "Greeks are good for nothing, they are lazy rascals, whereas Americans

and Europeans are perfect in everything!”

I can't help wondering: What's happened to the traditional patriotism of Greeks? As if they all attended the same special seminars, they have all become xenomaniac and they ardently support the dogma of the inferiority of Greeks -as if they were not Greeks!

***Predictions about the future:*** Sooner or later, Greece will disappear from the map. This is the plan of undercurrent networks, since the Greek spirit of freedom is considered to be dangerous for the imminent New World Order. The rulers of the world dislike the fact that the average Greek is still relatively carefree and likes having fun, in contrast to Europeans or Americans who work day and night like robots.

Pieces of a certain puzzle: The massive invasion of emigrants in our country has caused serious unemployment, as well as a spectacular increase of delinquency. Moreover, the inevitable intermarriage is due to alter the genetic characteristics of the Greek race. The third world economy, which has been methodically imposed on the country during the last decades, gradually leads the lower social classes (alias: those who don't belong to any networks) to destitution. The uncountable fires and conflagrations during the summer destroy our forests and natural resources. The continuous downgrading of education leaves the new generation of Greeks practically uncultured.

The purpose of all the above is to undermine the Greek civilization and gradually turn Greeks into soulless machines, who will work obediently for endless hours for a pittance, deprived of any personal or national consciousness.

Nevertheless: Why should I care? I know they are all willing to join any kind of dark networks, in exchange for a permanent job, a more expensive car or a bigger social circle...

### **Saturday, 9<sup>th</sup> May 1998**

My friend Mary Glenos and I are on a two-day seminar of self-knowledge at the asram of the sect “Spiritual Harmony”, which is situated near Marcopoulon. During a meditation exercise, we are told to write a word on a piece of paper, fold it and give it to the person sitting next to us. There is a plump lady near me, with whom we exchange pieces of paper. Then we sit one opposite the other, and we hold hands. The plump lady shuts her eyes, concentrates and gives her oracle about me in a low voice: “Your heart is a bright sun, which shines for all people; there are birds flying to the sun, their open wings block your light; lots of traumatic experiences have caused a blockage somewhere deep inside you; you are a reserved person, because of evil people who harmed you in the past; you only wish to be loved; people do love you but you want more...”. I don't know why, but while her monologue lasts I can't help crying with tears...

### **Sunday, 10<sup>th</sup> May 1998**

This morning we are having a lesson of dance-therapy: According to the mistress's instructions, we all close our eyes and dance to evocative music, each one of us doing whatever we feel like doing, without caring about the opinion of the others. No movement is considered to be ugly or ungraceful. The purpose of this activity is to make us feel free and express ourselves, just by co-ordinating our movements with the music. Nobody here poses as a sex bomb or a super star, as it happens in ordinary night clubs. Indeed, this is the first time in my life I've enjoyed dancing so much...

### **Saturday, 16<sup>th</sup> May 1998**

I am on an evening outing to a cafeteria in Glyfada, together with Selene, Victor, Liana and her boyfriend Nick. At a moment Selene frowns and starts talking about a certain problem she has faced lately:

"I bought a pair of shoes the other day, yet I found out soon they were too tight for me. So, I phoned and asked them to let me change that pair for another one; however, not only did they refuse to do so, but they were rude to me as well - maybe because it had taken me three hours to choose... I had to shout a lot so as to make them agree!"

"You did the right thing! And then?" Nick asks to know.

"Then something else came up, so I wasn't able to go to the shoe-shop at once; but I went there a few weeks later," replies the diva smiling.

"Sorry, when did you buy that pair of shoes?" I wondered.

"I bought them in the beginning of March!"

"And when did you phone them for the change?"

"In mid April!"

"So, when did you finally return those shoes?"

"Three days ago! I went there and asked them, very politely, to change them for another pair. However, the season was over, so they had put away the winter shoes..."

"And the rogues refused to change them?" asks Nick, full of anxiety.

"Yes, those rascals! I yelled at them, yet they wouldn't listen; so, I threatened that my mother, who is a journalist, would libel them in the newspapers! This is how they finally agreed to let me look for a pair of summer shoes. Nevertheless, after a three-hour search I found nothing I liked and I asked for my money back! Then, those idiots began to call me names, they called me crazy, and they refused flatly to give my money back. "Excuse me, you mean I am obliged to throw away 8000 drachmas?" I said to them..."

"Don't tell me you just gave up!" I said ironically -but she didn't get it.

"Of course not! I threatened them again, they made fun of me and then I phoned my mother; she called them immediately, she swore badly at them, and she made clear they would be in for serious trouble unless they conformed to my wishes! In the end, the morons agreed to let me come to their shop any time I like, and search for as many hours as I like, until I find a satisfactory pair of shoes!" concludes Selene with a wide smile of complacency, while the others look at her in admiration.

At least she is going away: Selene is leaving for Cyprus in a few days. She has a house there, as well as many relatives who have found her a job as an aerobics trainer in a gym. So, she won't be here any more, and that's the best for all of us...

***The Perfect Evil:*** In general, evil beings look repugnant and they give out a dark, repellent, slimy aura. Nevertheless, the Perfect Evil is hard to recognize since it is gifted with a charming appearance and a pleasant aura. I've never sensed anything negative coming out of Selene; only a few times has her beautiful face reminded me of a snake...

Persons like Selene and Ellie (the biggest star in our taekwondo class) represent the Perfect Evil. They are gifted with an impeccable external appearance, invincible charm, innate hypocrisy, sophisticated arrogance as well as simulated politeness -traits which conceal very well the demon inside them.

Such people have a natural talent in absorbing energy from the people around them, and they exert a quasi hypnotic influence on any social environment. Wherever they are, literally everybody and everything revolves around them. They enjoy being the centre of attention, manipulating everyone, playing with other people's feelings, hatching all kinds of plots against those they dislike, taking full advantage of persons and situations. However, no matter what they do, no matter what they say, the others always adore and obey them. Nobody ever accuses them of anything, no matter how obvious the evil they do is. Human beings eagerly worship the Perfect Evil...

## Friday, 29<sup>th</sup> May 1998

About a month ago I had an unexpected phone call from Apostolis and Danae, old friends from Janus, now married together. At first I was happy to hear them, as I thought they would suggest a reunion of the old party; however, I realized soon they had another purpose: They did invite me to their house, but not for a friendly meeting; they wanted to recruit me to the famous multinational company "Network 3001". I refused spontaneously.

Apostolis called four or five times again, and he insisted a lot on my joining their network. When he was finally discouraged, a chief salesman of the company undertook the difficult task of persuading me. He phoned me this afternoon and in the end he seemed to be kinda annoyed because I resisted him: "We always find the people we need!" he said before hanging up.

The same company has also come in contact with my friend Louise through her brother-in-law, who is already a member. However, she refused flatly to join them.

"I know what kind of game you play!" Louise's brother said to the chief salesman who visited them the other day. "You are supposed to sell various household products, but the truth is you are a citizen surveillance network!"

"We'll talk about it later!" the salesman replied coolly.

*A citizen surveillance network? Which means what?*

## Wednesday, 17<sup>th</sup> June 1998

This afternoon I finished writing the sixth volume of my illustrated manuscript "*Sandra Anderson - Astral Fantasy*", after two years of delay. It is clear to me that the star of the heroine Sandra Anderson is setting. This book contains three stories and I have observed only one *contact*, in the second story: Snow in the village of Lamatag; then the sun is coming out. As I am writing and drawing the scene, it is snowing here in Athens; then the sun is coming out.

That's all. From now on, my inspiration wanes. I don't write often anymore, I don't feel the need. After the sixth book, there comes twilight for "Astral Fantasy". Two more books will follow in a time span of five years, but they don't have the "soul" of the previous volumes, nor do I observe any *contacts*...

## Sunday, 21<sup>st</sup> June 1998

*Psychic Experience:* While walking along Akademias Avenue in Athens, I have a strange sensation just for a few seconds: Something like a whirling rainbow appears before me on my left, while a soft, heavenly music is ringing in my ears...🕯

On occasion of my birthday, I invited my friends to a pizzeria in Glyfada this evening. Then we all went to the disco "Vinyl" and danced to nostalgic music of the '60s, '70s, and '80s. Nineta, Xanthippe, Helen and I had a wonderful time tonight; it's been years since I last had such a good time. "It was a moving experience", according to Nineta's words.

## Friday, 10<sup>th</sup> July 1998

My mother, our friend Theone and I went for a walk this afternoon; at a moment we paused outside a clothes shop and I noticed a lovely dress on the shop window. It was short to the middle of the thigh, it had a beautiful floral design and its price was unexpectedly low. I decided to buy it immediately, so we entered the shop, I tried the dress on and I saw it suited me fine, since I am tall and thin with long, trained legs; however, mum and Theone started complaining:



“This dress is too short, it's not right for you! Why don't you buy the other one, which is long to the ankles?” my mother suggested and Theone agreed.

The saleswoman got wind of what was going on and she expressed her wonder.

“Yvonne can't wear such things!” explained Theone.

“Why not? Is she disabled or something?” said the saleswoman and I felt awkward.

I finally bought the dress despite my mother's and Theone's strong objections. Indeed, I can't understand why they reacted like that: Alice, my dear sister, often wears clothes which are much more provocative than this, yet they never say a word to her...

### **Saturday, 11<sup>th</sup> July 1998**

Early in the morning my mother and Theone drink coffee together in our balcony, while zealously trying to let my new dress down by lowering the hemline by two centimetres -it can't get any lower. I try the dress on again, it is still short to the middle of the thigh and the two ladies are not satisfied. Mum takes the belt of the dress in her hands, she sees it is made of the same cloth, but it is too narrow to be added as a gusset to the hemline. Then, she has another idea: “We must go back to the shop and ask the saleswoman if there is any more of this cloth left, so that we can lengthen the dress at last!”

I disagree because the gusset will look bad, yet nobody listens to me. Theone grabs the belt and she leaves the house running all the way. After a while she comes back disappointed because she couldn't find what she wanted. *Was that incident very weird, or is it just me?*

### **Thursday, 16<sup>th</sup> July 1998**

***Night Adventure:*** I am in Alexander's asram. It looks like an ideal society, where everything seems to be fine and peaceful. However, I discover soon that all disciples undergo some special brain surgery which turns them to obedient workers. I try to sabotage that society of slaves -but when I wake up I don't remember any details. *Interpretation: In all probability, this is the truth about sects and asrams; they turn their members into mindless slaves by use of special mind control methods.*

***Psychic Experience:*** It begins as a lucid dream, which soon ends in black emptiness. However, far and away there is a bright light pulsating in waves. I wake up with a sensation of deep satisfaction and fulfillment...

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