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THE LOST SYMBOL

DEVIL'S ⁺BIBLE

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+

DEVIL'S BIBLE

And God said: »Let there be light!«

Prologue

And there was war in heaven;
Lucifer and his angels fought
against Michael and his angels.
Michael fought and God's angels
and prevailed not,
and they lost their place in heaven,
they were cast out into the earth.

Black Writings 12, 7 - 9

The Lost Symbol

Germany, September 11, 2008 - 8:27 p.m.

Everything is constantly repeated. I really can no longer watch any pictures from New York. Instead I speed into the kitchen, grab a bottle of that French red wine, one of those some bottles that I happily bought as a super special in the supermarket nearby. A great alternative to the Greek Retsina, that did nothing but cause me the feeling too often that my skull is exploding like an overripe melon. Of course, this was surely not necessarily caused at all by the quality of the juice of the grape, but was caused more by the quantity of my consummation. This again can be easily deduced from the fact that I actually lead a rather lousy life momentarily. I simply tried to fight my loneliness with alcohol. Thus, the empty bottles assembled in my kitchen into a sad but obvious mangle-mangle. Even more saddening, since quite some eternities, I cannot call any woman of my own. A woman who would clean up my complete mess and with whom I could enjoy jiving around in my bedroom. My mother always told me: *A tidy house, a tidy mind!* She was born in Belgium, in that part of Belgium where they speak Dutch. After my father died, she moved back there.

Finding myself again in front of the TV, I fool around with my remote control. On one channel, a catholic priest explains that the cross is a symbol for salvation and freedom. *God is good, man is evil.* Remember the doom of Sodom and Gomorrah. I'm not interested at all. Another channel, an ape is riding a bicycle, then a boat. How funny! That is interesting me! Suddenly, advertisements, I zap again through the channels and am surprised to find an older clip, shown on MTV, Motörhead! Clearly, Motörhead was one of the toughest, most brutal bands in my youth, easily the most ultimate pissed drunks, ever forming a rock band on this planet. And I am sure, nothing ever changed even today. Obviously, not too much changed to any better either.

Actually, in the meantime, the noise does suck a little and I switch briskly through the colorful TV program. Too bad, no soccer to be found on any sports channels. Instead, a report about the most beautiful castles along the river *Loire*, shown on a cultural channel, the most pompous residencies of former French kings. Yes, yes, yes, the French. The Frenchman enjoys life and it is well known that he loves three things more than anything else: his language, his wine and the wife of the neighbor. I switch to another channel, here we go - the first *Jurassic Park!* I saw that 15 years ago in a small cinema, damn, how time passes. And it was already rerun a few times on TV.

Everything is constantly repeated. Even the cheap questions, one can find in the total non-spiritual quiz shows. The ones where the audience can phone-in. But that's not cheap. I seriously ask myself the question: Who is more stupid? The quiz, the producer, or the well equipped female moderator? Or the viewer? I do watch that stuff from time to time, but only when this total junk is presented by a sexy bitch. The sexier the top, the higher the viewing rates, this must be the thinking of the director. Nevertheless, this is all beyond any level for me and any soccer game of the *VFL Osnabrück* is definitely more inspiring than that. This should tell you everything.

The summer of 1978, I turned 18, previously convicted for holding up a snack-bar. Though I happily succeeded three times before. Incidentally, it was always the same snack-bar that I raided. Call it stupid, I always wore the same mask, too - a clown mask. The federal prosecutor, a former cheerleader, was asking for a drastic penalty, but thanks to the universe and the merci of the judge, I was soon out on parole. The parole luckily leads me to abandon the criminal career, and to my decision to lead a decent life. This was my serious development proposal, but man, one has so many serious development proposal, right? No fiddles, no drugs, no hookers.

In the summer of 1978 I turned 18. Fresh out on probation and with a new past time. I heavily experimented with girls that cost me nothing apart from endless patience. Exactly like Belgian French fries. The very special concerning Belgian fries are not the potatoes, but the patience in preparation. Yes, man, 1978, at this time *Eduard Zimmermann* tried hard, with the TV series *Aktenzeichen XY Ungelöst* (File Number XY - Undisclosed) to solve undisclosed cases, crimes, and finally tried to arrest the gangsters. I tell you, this TV manhunt series at those times was a world-premiere. Three years later I had the first lover's grief, because my girlfriend, my brassbound relation for more than one year, split and was actually speeding away with a dude that was later man hunted by that *Zimmermann*. A phase in my life followed, finding respect and honor in our social environment due to my brilliant alcoholic escapades. I only and endlessly listened to punk, heavy metal and other demonic noise, all deriving from the contemporary zeitgeist. Lemmy Kilmister, singer, bassist and head of Motörhead, furthermore a notorious boozer and passionate atheist, would have been proud on me. His disbelief was shown in every passage of his texts, what German fans never seemed to understand, but they never understood his vocal experiments anyway.

When I survived the crisis, I started to write successful detective stories under the pseudonym Ron B. Dawn, easy, sure enough, due to my very own dark past. Already at that time, I was thrilled to write about the perfect crime. A crime, the perpetrator being intelligent and acting so dexterous, that he could never be found out, no matter how hard any detective would try. A crime that makes the perp. so rich that he is set up for a lifetime, and can easily relinquish any eleemosynary so nobly handed out by the state. For me personally, a million would be completely sufficient to become rich, I would assume. Unfortunately I couldn't come up with anything adequate up til now. I often considered and fantazised about having my comeback in the criminal milieu, to become inspired, but I would rather not. Instead, I'm going to the Baltic tomorrow early in the morning for a few days, to find my inspiration there. I hope so, at least.

Stories that someone jots down on paper correlate with the personality of the writer. Show me your story and I tell you who you are. My writings started out, I mentioned it earlier, in the beginning of the Eighties and Dan Brown was a no name in Germany. Becoming famous later, I came to the conclusion, that his name was an anagram of my pseudonym, actually.

For me, there is only two kinds of people, the man of action, and the blatherskite. Blatherskites being the ones that only shoot their big fat mouth, but never get

anything done. Never just plain roll up their sleeves and muck in. Arrogant critics, for example, belong into that category and are horrible people for me. Only with their comments, they are able to tear any project into pieces. But any creative works are hardly ever accomplished by those darn babblings of critics. But to jabber and beef around, and to capitalize their words, these parasites are predestined for. Clearly, to see what spirit's child those people are. They are characterized by a sick attitude and want to lead a comfortable life. The artist does not need any critic, but the critic depends on the art. Often enough, it would be much better, when people would police themselves and their tongues, instead of criticizing, to know everything better and to always have the last word.

I turned into an honest man of action later and for the better. I wangled a child, too. Next week, my son turns 19. That is what comes out of doing it on Christmas. My wife at that time, a Muslim, which I married on the 8/8/88, didn't give a damn though, she had no contract with that happy fiesta or a bandanna either. Not to hurt the honor of the family and their feelings, she wore any when her parents were around. When I visited their home with my wife for the first time, the father speed angrily out of the kitchen, armed with an ancient knife, so that I feared all good spirits would have left him or he would immediately start a circumcision, circumscing whom ever. But the

actual reason was that he cut his finger while preparing a roast lamb and was speeding into the bathroom for an adhesive plaster. I entered the holy bound of matrimony out of sheer love, because I took my wife's heart, and surely not because of ever pitying her. She slaved in those times, telephone marketing, and as no one ever understood her Persian last name, she always had to spell it. And this could become really damn annoying.

Mark, my knave, inherited the complete catalogue of negative characteristics that I had to offer in my past. His hobbies are trendy wear, cell phones and going out. The boy lives with his mother that I separated from in 1995, after seven years of being married, nearly exactly on that very day. In 1988 I could have never imagined this marriage would go to pieces. Life is nothing but separations without end. You need two to form a marriage, exactly the same number for any divorce. I save myself listing the reasons that lead to that. Many can surely simply relate to their own experiences in their very own lives. Maybe some were like me, dare deviled pilgrims, fired by the illusion, that *everything will simply go well*, and dive blindly into the adventure called marriage.

In 1988 nobody could ever even think that the Wall in Berlin would soon be a part of the past. That the GDR, the USSR and Yugoslavia would cease to exist. Instead, many new, small states and one big Germany. According to radical Muslims extremists, Denmark would not exist any longer either, at least no longer since the *Muhammad Caricature Affair*. And Israel either.

I lost a lot of money due to my divorce, and I had to slowly jot down something interesting on paper simply for financial reasons. My ex-wife, this two-fisted, heartless piece of shit, is actually allied with our former neighbor now, a hot-blooded French. During my marriage, my stepfather in law pressured me to pray to Allah and to worship Muhammad, the Prophet, which I didn't consider to be necessary. I never had any relation to God. How can I worship something that I do not believe in? By the way, this Muhammad promises to Schahid, being a martyr, the paradise and even more, I am not completely sure, but it must be something around 72 virgins. All very titillating, that with the virgins, but for me simply balderdash. Polygamy is normal, nothing new in some religious traditions.

Abdullah, a distant relative of my ex, he was as old as Methuselah, fell in love with a young female soccer player. Being a proud owner of camel herds and a nightclub in Dschibuti, he could be called well-heeled

and simply married in one go the complete Saudi Arabian women soccer team. And the gay massage therapist too.

72 virgins? For me one woman was enough. My ex was Virgo from her sign of the zodiac. Of course not at all a match for me, being a Gemini. In the goggle-box, on and off on some private station, you can watch a batch, something like an astrology reader or so, or someone reading the future out of cards. I should one day call one of these smarty-pants and ask which countries will become independent next and whether I have to be afraid that there won't be any Belgian National Soccer Team. I already look forward to my train ride to the Baltic. Curious, whether I will meet interesting people.

September 12, 2008 - 4:55 a.m.

I slept rather badly that night, my mood was rather lousy. With a traveling bag, I left my apartment, towards the railway station Ratingen-Ost. Hoping hard that no one will bushwhack me, or knock me down with a bicycle chain and mug me, as buddies of mine loved to do in the past. But when you talk of the devil ...

What's that? Shortly before my destination, a conformation meets me half way, careening more than anything and constantly cursing. Every third word being made out to be either damn fucking shit or damn fucking asshole. A strongly boozed guy that then contemplates closemouthed in front of a parked car. He is as welcome as bird flu in any flamingo park. Oops, what is he doing now, our Mr. Grumble? An essential part of his gastric content he is being thrown up on a beige Volkswagen-Rabbit front lid. To puke - something like that is etymologically referred to and called. Damn, this now looks like curried sausage to me, along with *pommes red-white* (a German specialty: French fries with catchup and mayonnaise), I know this from my past. The owner of the car should be utterly thankful, because the car color truly only got better.

I march past that joker. He is interrupting his business, to address me. »Wait a sec, dude!« I stop abruptly and take a closer look at this punk. Basic commodities that would belong into any toilet bag were surely not used in the last 24 days by that guy. The Motörhead imprint on his black tee is already rather battered, all his adornments were surely as old as the rock band. The only thing new was that his third word was not asshole again.

»Hey dude, shit, wait a second!« He gives the motor lid an encore. After he finished, he just mumbles »Shit!« Stupid pukes again! »Got some euro for me?« »Need a million myself«, he receives as my answer. Too bad, I don't carry an umbrella with me. I would definitely need one with his moist articulation. Attack being the best defense and thus I quickly ask him a question, before my departure. »Which music is your favorite? Speed metal? - Trash metal? - Hardcore metal?« All those musical styles to be categorized between jackhammer and building detonations. He utters some lingual titubation, which makes no sense to me. Reminds me of my son, he ain't good in articulating either. But of course, he only inherited my negative traits. Right away, I continue my trails to the station, before the guy actually starts to threaten me. Ain't it the walking, the talking and the thinking that distinguishes us from the animals?

I don't like any automati machines. Already being as little kid, because in general it was hard work to pry those things open, to have access to cigarettes or money. A tickets machine can drive you ballistic. I'm already there, as I'm fighting with this darn technology for ten minutes. Sadly enough, this apparatus doesn't accept any bills. I rather believe in the devil than God, and that the devil invented this one and wants nothing but my soul.

Directly next to it, is a soda machine. Luckily I still have the one coin, and this is enough for a bottle of mineral water. I am thirsty. Bless me for not having given this euro to that hoodlum. I consumed my last meal yesterday around lunchtime. In the afternoon, I finally freed the already tightly glued cheese-salami out of the icebox of my fridge, but it was already inedible. This salami was included in the contract of my previous tenant. This devilish good-looking chick immediately looked familiar to me, when I was first viewing the apartment; from the movies, from TV, I don't know where from. Kitchen philistine Tina Ritsch was, in the past, a not completely unknown young actress, though exclusively in b-movies, and later went into only shooting porn. With some of the Hollywood starlets it was exactly the other way around, though. Tina Ritsch is one of sorts and to my liking. Never mind her deficits in the kitchen as she is more than equalizing them in bed.

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