

A Book of Poetic Proportions

Dream Factor

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Allow me to introduce myself in order to preserve my sense of manners and chivalry. I am simply, and yours truly, the very first character in the epic tales of this book, Phillip III. And yes, my name does rhyme with the word “philosopher” because that’s what I am. In order to preserve my thoughts, I must rely on you to say the things that a simple character can not. I am the maker and creator of the extraordinary complexion of colors shown to your eyes. But please do not take me too kindly. Any such action may lead to unwanted tensions between you and me.

I’m sure you’re quite fond of reading books or were forced to by an elder. I’m sure your past experiences of reading any such material is varied: vast or simple. In either sense, you could be just as bored as I am. To you, words are of extreme dullness, and you would rather spend time watching a movie of action or of failed romances. But in the field of reading between any line the difference between what you understand compared to the understanding of others is rather severe.

In some respects I could be a rambler or a gambler. But others would see me as, “inclined for the divine!” I, myself, have a hard time trying to figure out what or who I am. Smart may be a trait to describe the amount of integrity that I share with you in these words. But crazy is another trait that the masses also see in my mind. Trying to base your knowledge of literature to that of others is so futile, but there is chance for relation.

So now that you are comfortably resting on a piece of furniture, be it a chair or a couch, you shall read about the power of a single book. A book which combines the senses of comedy and tragedy to anyone willing to read and find its divinity. A book with all of the colors and none at all. A book that has brilliance because somehow through the understanding of the few it has no brilliance at all. A book that harnesses the powers of taste and distaste for all of those who want to understand or who refuse to understand.

ADAM AND THE APPLE



Through your colors of vision you can see my eyes of comfortable beauty. What your eyes see are my words of efficiency and that is all you need to see of my horizons. Read me, and you shall receive my power, but know that the actions you take are powerful in themselves. As you are reading and seeing all of my colors, you start to realize that I can not see yours. It is for this that you must understand that I am not of the common man. I am.... what you will.

Charles awoke in extreme anxiety. His heart seemed to have run a marathon. A river of sweat drenched his body, and fear and disillusionment gripped his soul. His eyes were bulging. He was taking deep breaths. All of reality had come back to him as he soon realized that he was still on the USS Marine battleship in the same port of Hawaii in the same year of 1941. As he calmed down, the fear gripped him again as he turned to his left. There sat a single book that had terrorized him throughout his whole life.

It was the essence in which he thought that evil existed. It harnessed a power that he would not dare challenge.

Since the book was locked, it had no power to do anything and he was relieved.

Suddenly, an explosion was heard. The day of infamy had begun.

(fifty eight years later)

The Willows family of Michigan has just arrived to the warm temperatures of Turlock. It is a town that is known for having the most churches in all of California. It's also the town that is known for its vast amount of weed.

The family has arrived at their home. It is a one story duplex with blue carpet flooring. It has three large rooms, two bathrooms, a living room, a dining room, and a kitchen. It is a dull house before the Willows move in. The Willows were a family of great extravagance.

Their porch was filled with parakeets and peacocks. The colors of the birds ranged from flame red to clean ocean blue. They grew flowers of all kinds from daffodils to violets.

Each of the Willows was able to play two instruments: The father, Godfry Willows, was able to play saxophone and trombone. Sarah Pent Willows, his wife, was able to play the flute and harp. Adam Willow, their son of seventeen years, was able to play the guitar and the mandolin.

Adam Willows unpacked all of his belongings and organized them to his liking. Adam has always exercised his body. He had a muscular stature with the stomach and chest equal to that of an athlete. He exercised because he wanted to have a sculpted appearance. His brown hair is now a crescent-green color and his eyes were a bizarre purple.

Throughout his life, Adam was always taught that the virtues of all beauty should never be tampered with and were always a desire. He learned that, as a teenager, he deals with the same dramatic hardships that everyone else exaggerates upon. He loves all of his friends and has no real judgment. He dwells upon every event in the past whether it be good or bad. Through this life that he has lived so far his beliefs were never built upon anything. He was always confused about what exactly to believe. So he figured it would be the best choice to never challenge any belief because he never knew if any were real.

As he was unpacking a box, he noticed something that he had never in his life had seen before. It was a strange looking book that had a metal lock around it and had a hard cover. The surrounding colors were a mixture of different shades of blues, greens, yellows, and reds all combined together. But the strangest design was on the front cover. It had a single eye of florescent gold and underneath the eye was a series of seemingly growing roses. The roses had a pattern of black and white on every pair of roses and it continued onwards to the back. Adam also noticed that each individual rose had a letter on it and all the letters spelled out words:

If you allow yourself to see beyond your own imagination our pleasure will become yours.

The book fascinated Adam. It was so mystifying to him that he decided to ask his father about the book. Godfry Willows was a very light hearted man who always told the truth. Sarah Pent Willows, however, was always a deceiver and sometimes would even steal things from people.

"Hey, Dad! What's this book? I found it in one of the boxes in my room. I've never seen it before."

"Oh! I remember that book! My god! That's the same book that your great grand father always talked about." Godfry started to explain. "He always described it in the most fascinating of ways! He said that when you unleashed it, great and terrible things would happen to the surroundings of your visions. He would always talk about it in a disillusioned voice though. As though the book did something unforgivable to him. I can't imagine why."

"Sounds like he was on drugs" said Sarah Pent.

"Well that doesn't matter now. What we know now is that it is in your possession. You're able to find out for yourself! Go ahead and open it! You have the key! Just open it and see if anything is inside!"

All of this seemed crazy to Adam. It seemed impossible for a single book to unleash events of great and terrible proportions. He also didn't understand his father's excitement. Why is he urging me to open this book? His father seemed extremely happy that he was able to see this strange book again. But Adam also felt that there was something powerful about this book.

With that thought in mind, he nervously inserted the key into the lock and twisted it. He let the suspense sink into everyone who was in the room, including himself. Then he quickly opened the book with great anticipation. But nothing! There was nothing written in the book. All the pages were blank.

"It's just a journal" said Adam.

"A journal that was never written in."

"Oh well. It's yours now. You can write in it yourself." Said Godfry.

"I'm telling you that man was probably on drugs when he looked at the book. He probably didn't write in it because he was so stoned that he thought he wrote in it."

"Well that doesn't matter right now. You can write in that book later but right now we got more work to do."

Adam placed the book onto his bed, sighed, then went back to unpacking boxes.

Later on that night, as everyone else went to bed, Adam stayed up to take another look at the book. It was 9: 48 P.M. Usually Adam went to bed at 9:30 to get more sleep. But tonight he wanted to look at the book because it still fascinated him enough to keep looking at it. He flipped lazily from page to page seeing absolutely nothing. Finally after just two minutes of looking into the book the boredom had settled in. He flipped back to the first and saw something of great interest to him:

Please write in the space underneath and understand that whatever command your mind gives to your hand to write is either of great importance or of great consequence.

Adam swore to himself that he had never seen those words before. How did they appear in front of him just like that and why didn't they form before? Suddenly Adam saw that more words formed:

The world awaits...

He knew that wasn't there either. Adam was trying to decide what to do. What would happen if he wrote in it? What would happen if he didn't write in it? Questions kept filling his head until finally he decided to write in

the book. He decided it would be safest to ask the book a question:

Where did you come from?

What followed took Adam by surprise. All of the words had disappeared. Adam felt frightened. He didn't know what would happen to him now. There came forth multitudes of light that flashed before his eyes. As he stared into the light the whole room, including the walls, ceiling, furniture, and floor, disappeared behind vibrant colors. Every color he could possibly imagine was in front of his eyes. Then he started to hear voices. The sounds started off in what seemed like a whisper and afterwards grew louder and louder. There were thousands of voices that were being heard. There was laughter and sobbing. There were screams of joy and terror in a variety of pitches. Thousands upon thousands of words were being voiced so frequently that Adam could not hear himself think. He couldn't concentrate on anything and he felt that if it didn't stop he would go mad.

The whole scene suddenly turned pitch black and not a single sound could be heard from him. It was as silent as a grave. Throughout this time Adam could not help but to think of his own shock. He silently kept asking himself, What's going on? What's going to happen to me? After the thought passed, his feet were suddenly placed on top of ground and he was now in the home of what looked to be owned by a medieval peasant.

Built upon dirt, it had a poorly made ceiling at the top. It was poorly nailed together and it seemed so weak that any touch to the walls would have made the whole house collapse.

There was only one door. As Adam studied the house, he noticed that there was an old man sitting at a table with the same exact book that he had. The book was opened to a blank page and the old man waved his right hand over the page.

The man had a purple cloak about him that had intricate designs of all the astrological signs. The hand that he waved had the sun, moon, and stars on it as though they were tattooed onto his skin. He had a long white beard that reached all the way to his knees and the skin of his face looked to be worn out through his years of living.

After the man waved his hand around the book, a paragraph of words formed on the page that it was opened to. The man started to chant the words. Adam couldn't understand what he was saying because it was in a different language. As the man repeated the words, the book started to look like glass. Adam assumed that the man was saying some kind of incantation to protect the book. The glass effect disappeared and the man started to do something else.

The whole time Adam was trying to see what kind of eyes he had but he couldn't because the man's eyes were closed. Before the man could do anything else, his door was kicked down by a knight and a dozen or so knights came into the house and took hold of the man. Adam finally noticed that the color of the man's eyes were purple! One knight came in and lifted his helmet.

"By order of the country's monarchy, on this day you shall be taken to prison for the crime of witch craft. The punishment of which is excommunication from the Holy Roman church and execution by beheading. Is there anything you would like to say before we bring you forth in front of his royal majesty the king?"

There was a long pause between the knight and the old man. Then the old man spoke. "What I will say to you will be of fair warning to you all. One of you will try and possess the book by stealing it. The book can not be stolen. After my death, the book will evaporate into nothing but water and will only appear in the hands of my first great grand child. After my great grand child dies, the book will disappear again and reappear for the next great grand child and so on and so forth. All of you have failed to stop its existence. And forever until the end of time will you fail so long as the blood line remains."

"How can you be so sure that we will not be able to stop that blood line?"

"Because you are too late. By now my child has traveled far away and will never return. You will never find him. You are too late."

The knight looked frustrated and then told his soldiers, "Take him away!"

The soldiers obeyed without hesitation and started to force him to walk. One soldier decided to stay behind. The soldier looked around to see if anyone was looking. Feeling secure he picked the book up and hid it in his chest piece of armor. Afterwards, he walked out of the house and was never seen again.

Adam could not believe the events that had just unfolded in front of his eyes. His ancestor was a witch and was the reason for the book's existence! He couldn't help but to think of the possibilities.

Before he could think any longer, he was taken to another place and time. This time Adam realized that he was looking over a battle in the American Revolution. Cannons were blazing on either side of the battle field

and muskets were firing in volleys. People were dying everywhere and yet they were still holding ranks in front of each other. Adam noticed that there were two men walking up the hill just to his left. One of them was carrying the same book that Adam had.

The man who was carrying the book looked almost exactly like Adam! The same naturally brown hair, the same purple eyes, and the same height! The man next to him was a little bit shorter and had a mustache. His eyes were brown.

“Sir! We have pushed the British back in retreat! We have won the day and now as we speak our men are chasing those soldiers down and trying to kill them!”

“Yes, I can see that myself. But that doesn’t matter to me right now.”

“Sir?”

“What does matter to me is what I must do to this book!”

“Sir, what is this book that you speak of?”

“I don’t know and neither does that matter! I must dispatch of this book somehow before somebody suffers a horrible fate! It is of pure evil! It holds a power that only the devil himself could have unleashed!”

“Sir, I don’t understand.”

“Neither did I expect you to. Soldiers!!” he called out.

Immediately there came about five different soldiers at his disposal.

“You have done a fine job for me on this day men! Your country is very pleased at the service you have put in. Now what I want you to do is grab a shovel, dig a hole up to ten yards deep and ten yards wide and after you are done I want you to bury this book! Understand? Now get to work!”

The soldiers immediately obeyed and started to dig into the earth. Adam didn't understand. How could this book be evil? Adam soon remembered that this was during a time in which people believed in God's power and God's power only. Anything that was not of God's power was deemed to be "unholy".

Before he could think of the subject any longer, the book had taken him to the final time period. There were men sleeping on bunks in every corner of the room where Adam stood. Adam then realized that he was standing on a battleship and by the looks of all the photographs and pictures near each of the men the time period seemed to be somewhere near the forties or fifties.

Adam heard one of the soldiers voices in a shudder of terror and tried to find the soldier. Then he found the exact soldier who suddenly woke up in a scream. This man, Adam assumed, had to be his great grand father. He had the same purple eyes that Adam had, but had a smaller stature. The man had the look of immense fear in his eyes. The book was right there in front of him.

Adam soon remembered what the old man had said: It can not be stolen. *After my death, the book will evaporate into nothing but water and will only appear in the hands of my first great grand child .*

Suddenly after he finished that thought a loud explosion was heard and everyone woke up.

"Wake up you maggots!" said a random officer.

"Get up! We're being attacked! Get yourselves up there and fight back! Let's move!"

All of the soldiers rushed to meet the enemy at the surface of their vessel. Adam suddenly realized that the book was gone. After he noticed the missing book the whole scene turned pitch black and quiet.

Momentarily, he came back to his room to find that not a single minute had passed since his visits to the past. Adam noticed that the book was closed in his hands and decided to look inside it again. This time the book was filled with words and math equations that seemed to be related to magic. Adam did not like the feeling that the book gave him. Adam realized that the book was trying to indicate that he must continue some sort of path.

Because Adam didn't like the path the book was indicating to him and thought of this path to be filled with destruction and catastrophe, he decided to try and do something with the book. He tried to burn the book but it would not burn. He tried to rip out its pages but the book stung his hands. Then he remembered that the old man had put a spell on the book. He realized that the spell was used to protect the book from ever being destroyed. This made him further realize that doing anything to this book would be impossible. Even if he hid it, it would still come back in the hands of his great grand son. It was pointless to even try in the first place. He opened the book again and saw that all of the words were gone. He went back to the first page and saw that there were two sentences:

This book was used by evil men for evil. But it can be used for good.

Adam didn't trust the words. He thought it through over and over again and still could not decide what he would do. Then more words formed:

Have you learned nothing during your time in the past? Think of what your ancestors did when they looked into my pages. They did not understand that this was any sort of

power used for good and so it led them to make their mistakes. Their sad thoughts of any such power could only do so much for themselves. But you are quite different. You rather prefer to reason with your thoughts just as you are now. Note that whatever action you take is powerful in itself. But the cause to which you apply those actions make you even more powerful. The choice is yours to make.

Adam realized that what the book was telling him was right. He realized that his destiny lied in the acceptance of this powerful book that has lasted throughout so many years of war and atrocity.¹ So his action was now to possess this book and use it for the right reasons: for the sake of peace for his mind.

Interlude: Phillip III²

Well now that the destiny of our young hero is finally defined, I can talk to you a second time (By the way, yes

¹ an extremely wicked or cruel act, typically one involving physical violence or injury: war atrocities | scenes of hardship and atrocity. ORIGIN mid 16th cent. (in the sense 'cruelty'): from French atrocité or Latin atrocitas, from atrox, atroc- 'cruel.' such atrocity happens again and again in war: abomination, cruelty, enormity, outrage, horror, monstrosity, obscenity, violation, crime, abuse; barbarity, barbarism, brutality, savagery, inhumanity, wickedness, evil, iniquity.

² the name of five kings of ancient Macedonia, notably:

- Philip II (382–336 bc), father of Alexander the Great; reigned 359–336; known as Philip II of Macedon. He unified and expanded ancient Macedonia.
- Philip V (238–179 bc), reigned 221–179. His expansionist policies led to a series of confrontations with Rome, culminating in his defeat in 197 and his loss of control over Greece.

it is Phillip III)! I'm sure that if you had such a powerful book for your own eyes to wander upon your actions would be your own. Such a book can bring extraordinary vision of such men who tend to be of curiosity. In a way, it is curiosity that can kill a man in a split second! Think now of your own curious thoughts!

A foolish green kinsmen ravages himself upon the beautifully purple painted roses and dances around like the king of France! His red queen, however, will drag him to the sea and will laugh at him with such an evil glance! What you see, here and now, is that it is not me who speaks about things of monarchy. For all you know, I could have seen a man trying to wed a woman with a gold ring! So you see? These things that I see are never of great importance to anyone's sympathy. It is only what you alone can see with your own eyes that is of great importance to you!

And while you, yourself, ravage around all the things that are made clear to you in your own respect, others ravage the thought of how any of your thoughts make sense. Many stories that you hear come from the reality of every day life. But the fact is that the same stories could have come from the deep depths of your profound dreams and sorrowful nightmares. It is the one aspect that is rarely seen by eyes that distinguish their senses of reality and imagination.

The problem is that all of us are only concerned with what we see in ourselves rather than paying attention to

(c. 1639-76), chief of the Wampanoag Indians, son of Massasoit; Indian name Metacomet. From 1675, he waged King Philip's War on the New England colonists because they had taken some of his land and had killed three of his warriors. His defeat and death in battle in effect ended Indian resistance in New England.

the fact that people live in all of nowhere. But this isn't a matter that should concern anyone in particular so you shouldn't really take these things with such matter of facts. Instead you should take these things with much of an open mind. Here is your second act!

DREAMS OF THE SINCERE



Outside you will never find a normal day! You will find outside that the sun is purple, tree leaves are gray, tree trunks are blue, and oranges are not really orange they're red! But inside the light of the sun is black, tree trunks are yellow, tree leaves are brown, and oranges are still not orange but purple! Inside you will find there is a big mess and no mess at all! You will find bushes that are not bushes, birds that are of inflammable-zestful feather, and pigs with wings! And what else is inside? Sex! Epic sex in all of its beauty and lustful glory! But at the same exact time is too horrifying to watch because all are drunk off of the liquor, beer, and paint! And all objects of difference in shape and size hath no existence! And the only one who exists is me!

She suddenly awoke to a room filled with incense. Cindy was ecstatic as she woke up with such a rich and exciting dream to write about in her journal. Cindy was a beautiful woman with brunette hair, eyes of deep blue, and rosy cheeks. She had the body that many a man would consider to be of a goddess. She had a slight tan to her skin and kept her fingernails the color of the crescent moon.

But the most delightful feature of all the things that she had men crawling for and women begging themselves for was her smile.

Her smile was the brightest sensation besides a sunrise in the mid-morning rain with a rainbow crossing all of the sky and filling people with its own golden wonder.

Cindy always wrote about the dreams she would have. But she didn't want to fill her journal with any boring old dream. She chose to write about the dreams that were most memorable to her. From time to time, she would experiment with her own dreaming. Cindy was able to perform lucid dreaming in which she is able to think during the dream with her conscious mind and control the actions of her dreams. It was her "dream" profession to study dreams of all fictions and realities.

There was one such example that she wrote about: One night she dreamed that she was walking along a path with her sister, Rachael. The pathway was of dirt and was sandwiched between two fields of grass. They both stopped at flowers that looked like dandelions, and Rachael picked one up and ate it. Afterwards, Cindy decided to do the same and picked another flower.

"Be careful with that one!" said Rachael.

"That one belongs to the rabbit!"

But Cindy ate it anyway feeling that there was no danger. She looked towards the ground and saw a rabbit pop out of the ground and then pop back into the ground. Cindy was scared and sensed that something bad was going to happen. She started to run.

From the pointy tip down orange carrots of all sizes started to poke from out of the ground and then retreat back into the ground. One carrot poked underneath Cindy's foot and made Cindy fall to the ground. In her

panic, Cindy got back on her feet as fast as she could and ran even further.

As she looked behind her, she saw that Rachael was lying on the ground. She ran with all haste towards her and jumped over her body. Rachael's head was attached to a rose stem and planted in the ground. She heard the voice of a man say to her, "If you wish to see your sister again, you must continue forward." So she listened to that voice and decided to keep going.

She walked on top of rocky terrain with a cliff at the side. As she kept walking she came upon a wall that was partially destroyed by a wrecking ball. She walked over the part that was destroyed and found herself standing in civilization. Finally a place that was modernized to her liking. She walked along a side walk and was right next to a person that she never knew. He said to her, "How do you do?" and after her reply, they walked their own separate ways and the dream ended.

She had been working long hours at a side job to save money up to go to college. Cindy worked at a Popeye's fried chicken. A job was a job so long as she was paid. With that money, she knew she could go far and live the life that she wanted.

After the grueling hours of her work, she finally reached her home at ten o' clock p.m. She was exhausted. She decided to spend that time in her bed for the remainder of the night. Cindy started to immediately dream the most fascinating dream she would ever have.

She dreamed of being in the most bizarre garden of confusion that she ever laid eyes upon. She has been in many gardens before that were strange, but none were

like this garden. In this garden were flowers of all kinds with all different colors. Each and every individual flower had a face of its own. Each flower tried to say something but they could not seem to speak. Cindy could tell that they were afraid of something, but she didn't know what their concern was. Every kind of plant that one person can imagine was constantly growing.

But when Cindy turned to her left, she saw the largest flower of them all. It was a giant rose that had a multitude of bright and vibrant colors. It kept growing larger and larger. There seemed to be no end to its growth. But it did finally stop growing and started to open its petals as though unveiling something. It started to flatten near the ground until its petals were lying on the ground. When it finally opened, a spiral of dark colors flew into the air and seemed to block out the sun. All the colors then curved downwards and retreated back to the spot that it left and spiraled into a gigantic orb.

Being in its presence alone felt magical to Cindy. She knew that this was something of extreme power that she dare not tamper with. Suddenly a stream of each individual color flew out of the orb, chose a spot on the ground, and from the exact spot that the color chose grew a rose of that same color. Each of the roses grew bigger and started to curve inward towards the original rose that bore them. Once all the strands of color exited the flower, Cindy saw a man stand in the center of the rose with his arms raised to the sky. The roses around the figure opened up and new strands of color that were different from the flowers swirled around the figure. Each strand of color went inside of him and were kept inside of him.

Once all the colors were absorbed, Cindy was able to see the full view of the man. After he opened his eyes,

Cindy noticed that his eyes were brown. He was wearing a suit of golden armor and a multi-colored cape. When the man saw her, he started to walk towards her.

Every time he stepped with his left foot he turned into a boy with blond hair and blue eyes. Every time he stepped with his right foot he turned into an old man with a grey beard and red eyes. Every time he was in mid stride, he turned into his original form which seemed to be around his early to mid thirties. Every time he changed from age to age, his armor seemed to change, too.

Cindy grew frightened of this man. She tried to start thinking, which always helped her in frightening situations. She remembered all of the times in her dreams that she would battle monsters ranging from land to sea, from Amazon jungles to dry wastelands sweltering with heat. But by the time she decided to think the man was already right in front of her. He placed the palm of his hand on her forehead. Cindy saw that it had power because no matter how she tried, his hand seemed to keep her from thinking. The man that had his hand placed upon her forehead started to speak:

“All that was placed in your mind at this point in the time of your life is a lie. And you will die wondering and wanting to know why.” The man stared into Cindy’s eyes as though he could see hear soul and read her thoughts. The color of his eyes went white and then turned multiple colors.

Cindy awoke from the dream scared as ever! The whole dream was terrifying to her. She sat up in bed. Cindy thought of all the things that had happened to her during the dream and couldn’t help but think how familiar the man seemed.

Throughout the day at college, she kept thinking of the same man. Her thoughts intruded her mind and made the teacher in front of her extremely boring. He usually wasn't. This teacher was actually quite funny to all of the students. Today Cindy didn't care. All she could think about was of that man and how familiar he was to her. The only problem was that Cindy didn't know where she remembered him from. She tried thinking of previous times she had with people, but none were memorable about him.

The dream had bothered her so much that Cindy decided that in her next dream she would start thinking. Her next dream would be used to find out who he is. After the long hours of her work, she grew tired and went home ready for her bed. When she got to her bed, she immediately fell asleep and started to dream again.

This time Cindy dreamed of being in a large field of strawberries. Each strawberry was blue or orange. Some of the strawberries were extremely tiny and others were huge. As Cindy walked around, she noticed that there was a plough horse with no saddle on its back. In fact the saddle was right next to it. Cindy decided to put the saddle onto its back. After she put the saddle on the horse, the horse kicked off the saddle, galloped away, and started to laugh hysterically. As it galloped away it started to take the form of a human. By the time it took the full human form, it was gone.

"Where are you?" She started to shout. She suddenly saw that some of the strawberries had grown legs and started to run in every direction.

"I know you're here! Show yourself! Who are you?!"

She turned around and met the red eyes of the old man. The old man placed his right palm onto her forehead. It held the same power for afterwards Cindy was unable to think. She tried to move his hand away but it seemed impossible. His hand seemed to be glued on like cement to her forehead. Again the man started to stare into her eyes. Then he started to speak:

“I am not much more than a foolish man. I am part of a past life that was sweet and gentle joy, but ended in such bitter sorrow. In a place of which so few people would ever know of and of which so many have longed to know. My time was of the most profound effect of people that all did not want nor need. But it was a time in which none but I was in peace. There were matters in which life was of such generosity, but it could never last. Such thoughts of known refusal stopped the ones dearest to me of ever letting things be. In order for all to be at their own peace, all of them had to forget about me.”

Cindy was very confused and scared. She felt as if the man was toying with her. It felt as if nothing would ever make sense, but nonetheless the old man smiled at her. He seemed to know exactly what she was thinking and feeling at the same time. His stare was so extraordinary that it seemed to make any who looked at him feel an emotion of beautiful warmth and comfort. Suddenly the old man turned into a small child. He was still smiling at her and had the eyes of passion.

“It is never wise to fear a person who cherishes all of life that lives and breathes.”

Butterflies flew around him in a spiral.

“I have always been around you even when you didn’t realize it. It’s a clever thing to be unheard or unseen. For then you realize how much life really means to those who believe in ever- lasting peace. Though it is never quite understood why a person should be skeptical or discontent. Rather a person should freely love and skip all of despair.”

Cindy looked at the boy in disbelief. He stared at her with such an innocence that brought only wonder as to why the world was not the same. His eyes stared into hers again as if his mind were reading hers. His eyes then displayed a rainbow of colors that kept encircling his eyes for the longest of times.

“Sooner or later you shall reach an enlightenment that could only exist to one who has this as an experience. Once you reach this enlightenment, you shall feel a long forgotten love reach back into your heart and fill your eyes with lost beauty.”

She awoke, this time not feeling so frightened as before. Cindy tried to remember so much of who the person might be. She constantly looked for photos of him but none of them showed his picture. Cindy asked herself about who he might be. Knowing that she could not do this by herself, she decided to call her sister, Rachael.

Rachael and Cindy have remained close throughout their whole lives. They always talked about things that happened during their lives. Cindy always called Rachael for advice. Cindy knew that she could call Rachael at any time, day or night.

“Hello?” Rachael answered with a tired voice.

"Hi Rachael, it's Cindy."

"Oh my god. Do you know what time it is right now?"

"I don't know what time it is right now?"

"Dude, it's three in the fucking morning! Couldn't you call me at a better time?"

"I'm sorry. I just had to call you because I knew that I could call you at any time for help."

"I still think we should edit out that 'any time' part that you're describing to me because that ain't working for me right now. So what's up?"

At that point, Cindy told Rachael about the dreams she had of the man. Cindy described each and every event that happened during the dream. She described all of the colors she saw and about the man who kept talking to her about himself. When Cindy was finished, Rachael thought over the words and then spoke.

"So what you're telling me is that you called me at three in the morning just to talk to me about dreams?"

"This dream is extremely important to me and I must know who the man is."

"Listen, I am very tired. I think you should stop worrying about this dude and most importantly I think you should just go about your every day life without bugging people at three in the morning."

"Okay. I'm sorry Rachael" Cindy said in a sad voice.

"Listen. I didn't mean to be rude or anything. I just want some sleep. But I really think that you're giving this dream too much thought and you should focus on your job and on graduating college."

"Okay Rachael. Thanks."

"No problem Cindy. I'll talk to you later. Goodnight."

"Goodnight"

Cindy hung up the phone. She thought about what her sister had told her, repeating the words over and over in her mind. But she realized that what her sister told her didn't help at all. She wanted so badly just to find out who this man was. It kept her up for the rest of the morning as she went to college and to work. She nearly burned the fries because of how much she thought about the dream.

After her long hours of work and school, she came home and was slightly tired. She didn't turn into bed just yet. She looked at her journal and all of the photographs again. She started to remember times of her past in those photographs. All of them showed a time line to her from the day she was little to the day she was eighteen. She remembered every little detail of each of her life events. Then she remembered what the man had told her:

All that you know is a lie.

Afterwards she went to bed and started to dream again.

This time the sky was extremely cloudy with thunderstorms. It started to hail on her and when the hail hit the ground, the water turned into tombstones with different names and years on them. There were tombstones all around her. But when the hail hit her skin the water turned into smoke. Cindy looked behind her and saw a tornado heading towards her. This tornado was dark grey and looked to be the size of Mount Everest. She could not believe her eyes.

All types of objects were floating inside the tornado, and when it came in front of Cindy, it pulled her inside as well. She was spun around and around inside this great tornado. She saw all the tombstones were being lifted up by this tornado. She was surprised that none of the

tombstones were hitting her. It was as if all the tombstones were trying to dodge her on purpose.

Cindy turned her attention to the center of the storm and saw that the man's face was forming. Every feature from the brown hair to the eye pigment was drawn, and the eyes took notice of Cindy's small body and he spoke to her.

"Speak my name and all of your worries will be gone. Speak my name and I will finally be of revelation to you. Speak my name and you will see what I have become. But speak my name in order to preserve my identity to the world and beyond."

The face spoke to her again:

"I have always loved you from afar with a love that stretched as far and wide as the deep depths of the ocean. It was in my great passion that I told this every day when we were together. Every single day was a day of great happiness and ever lasting ecstasy. Every day, the birds sang and the trees danced for us."

He started to sound extremely familiar to Cindy now.

"I love you as much as much as the humming bird flaps its wings. Speak my name."

"Joshua!!" Cindy cried. She remembered it was Joshua, her long forgotten boyfriend. She remembered all the love that was between them. But this love did not last. Joshua fell to the hands of death after that fateful day in which he suffered a fatal car crash. Cindy never noticed rain in her life until that day.

After two weeks of thinking of nothing else but him, she could no longer bare the sight of his pictures. She decided that the only way for her to move on was to get rid of the pictures. So she burned all that reminded her of him and after the pictures were burned, she burned roses

of every color she could possibly find in order to keep his spirit with the colors of her life.

Once Cindy cried out his name, the tornado and the face disappeared with one sweep of the mighty wind as if it were all being erased along with the clouds of the sky. The skies turned bright and sunny, and the large face of the once unknown stranger transformed into the figure of Joshua. Joshua had a slender body which was never used for any sort of sports or games of any sort. His body was made by nature alone. Joshua had blond hair with blue eyes, and in this case had large white feathered wings which he used to fly.

Cindy floated back down on the ground without any pain or suffering. Joshua looked down upon her from which he was floating and flew down towards her in a vortex spiral. He was in front of her for the first time in five years and as they looked upon each other they smiled with such delight as if all the days of perfection had returned to them.

“Take my hand and I will show you what it feels like to fly on top of the skies.”

Cindy took his hand and together they flew without any care of the existing world. No care of life nor of any pursuit that would lead them into success. All they wanted was nothing more than each other.

“I can’t believe it’s really you who is in front of my eyes holding me in your arms. Why couldn’t you just tell me who you were?” Cindy asked with a smile.

“My words float upon the thinnest of waters that the world has ever felt,” he explained. “If I speak too directly, the words will be destroyed and I would never be able to speak to you again. I needed to have you remember me in your own mind. I didn’t want you to forget about me

because of your sorrows. You must realize that the love that we had was too important to forget in any case for any reason."

Cindy started to cry. She felt terrible for forgetting about him. "Today's your birthday as well," she shuddered.

"Don't feel hurt. I promise that all has been forgiven. Just promise me that you won't forget again."

"I promise!"

They held each other and shared the most sentimental kisses. This kiss was a kiss that made colors of the brightest kind swirl around them and made butterflies fly passed them. She held him close to her and his arms were around her body with her head against his chest.

"I love you so much!" Cindy said with tender emotion.

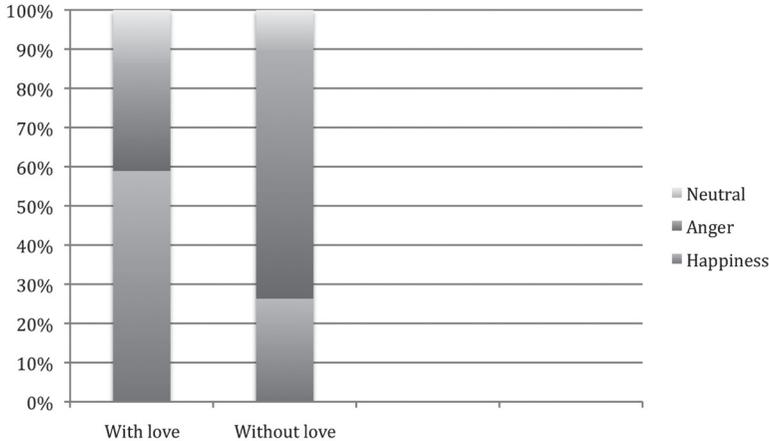
"I love you, too." They held each other for the longest of all moments.

Cindy woke up with tears filling her eyes. She couldn't believe that he was gone again. Gone forever until the end of time. Cindy could not know how to feel when the very person she felt for the most was not there to be held or to hold her. What she wanted the most was to have him back in her arms again and feel all the warmth that she had long forgotten.

She turned to her right and noticed a white rose on top of her dresser. She got out of bed and picked the flower up to smell. She knew that he was there because this was his favorite scent. She saw at the window that birds flew by and that the morning sun had already risen. Cindy knew that Joshua never left her and would never leave her even in the most complex of situations. All she had to do was remember him. So Cindy placed the rose in a glass

jar, kissed the air with her hand, and left the room saying, "I love you, Joshua."

Interlude: Phillip III



A case study on the difference with a person with and without love.

Isn't love such a zestful reward? A person can feel lovable victories such as a bright smile or laughter and can suffer with losses such as cheating and lying. Yes it is a true virtuous sanction to have the loving heart of the so called "innocent" in the palm of one's own hand. The hand can so easily crush this simple emotion, but it's that trust that keeps one from thinking of such a terrible course of life. And it is of the most fascination to me that in the individual mind we can see that love is a simple train of thought or that love is simply a product that is the driving force behind all of society. Then you wonder about how the very organ that keeps a person alive can be a symbol for any emotion including love. Very interesting

in my own respects, but otherwise it is a thing that could be seen of controversially.

Now think of the one elemental figure that stands in the bounds of all that seems to be impossible but allows it to be considered a miracle, the one figure in our lives that we all befriend and betray, and the figure in which all life is nourished: Mother Nature. It is Mother Nature that uses illusions all around and disillusionment in between to twinkle in every one's eye and at the same time is capable of torture. The only mother who can seem to support an infinite population. In one's fine imagination, she could be the one figure that seems to be bipolar, and I wouldn't blame her. Supporting such a large and seemingly useless group can be very nerve wrecking. Especially when that group tends to be less grateful for the things provided and very forgetful and careless.

So you think to yourself about this powerful force that nurtures and at the same time has such a destructive power. You think about how such a powerful force can not make the decision to just wipe out humanity of all its existence. It is simply because this is a world filled with possibilities in which a human can learn about the ancestral foolery that caused all of mankind to never again see paradise. A chance for one man or woman to stand out from all of the rest and be looked upon as acceptable at the same time. So the new question for all of us to answer is can one person be the universe? Read on to the next tale to seek such an answer!

ONE UNFORGETTABLE NIGHT



Here's a problem that only has one such math term. If one person were to be parallel to the universe, then what remains is only a spec, in which none would feel the satisfaction that is required from one such person. With that being said, we can now ask ourselves a new question: what if the person was the universe? What variables can lie in such a problem in which involves power beyond the average person?

The fact is we don't have the power to answer such a question because the answer is infinite. As the universe, I can do such many wonders to form such said spectacles in front of the human eye. But at the same time, I can only do so much for you. I have so many stars in which live in my plain view, but they can only live for so long and can only grow to such an extent. So nevertheless, I am but a sitting duck in the small spectacle of an endless round about.

The needy mind of Julius awoke with intentions for the day and the world in which he lived in was at peace. Of course, Julius had a problem with such a peace: it was too quiet for him. He wanted the whole world to rise

from beneath him and share his need for a party. Julius wanted to have people around all the time just to enjoy his company and have fun at his house. He also wanted the best party at his house. Julius always figured the best party had a lot of drugs and alcohol. But not just the cheap stuff: he figured that the strongest alcohol and beer would do the trick for his parties. These drinks, he thought, would be the perfect variety to share with his guests.

Julius was the type of person who longed for the experience of fun and excitement. He hated the quiet life that he always lived. It was boring for him to always obey his parents and live under such strict principles which told him to always be working and that a party was for arrogant children. They wanted him to do good and to them that meant keeping his mind out of the gutter and having him always focus so hard on school.

Julius never liked the thought of any sort of discipline that lead people to think a certain way. He wanted freedom.

Julius has been waiting all of his life for this night of sin and fun. It was his decision that the world would have fun at his door step. He decided that on this night his party would be the largest spectacle of the world and he would be the star of tonight's show. Everyone would rock is his house, and by the end of the party he will be a hero.

Julius had a decent house to live in and a decent job to keep up the normal standards of living in moderate life. His home was a two story house with four rooms, three bathrooms, a kitchen, two living rooms, and a back pool area. One room would be used for his line of work which was to write reviews about different companies. He had to prove some how to his parents that he didn't need them and that he would not screw up in the real world.

The freedom that allowed him to party was very costly. He always needed financial aid from his friends in order to start any party of his own. So from his house, he drove from block to block asking all of his friends if he could borrow some money to start a party. They said yes. They have always said yes from the very first time that any one has ever asked them for a party favor. They would say yes because they knew that at every party was a line of drugs waiting to be used by empty mouths just like candy and soda wait for a kid.

After he collected the things that he thought he needed to make the party complete and after he cleaned the house, he made flyers to hang up for any one to join his party. With the help of his friends he hung all the flyers up and everything seemed to be well in order, but he realized he was missing something and knew what it was: mosh pits.

He knew that this was not going to be any normal party, this was going to be the party for punks. Any time there was a party for punks, there was always a mosh pit. So Julius set up mosh pits in the house and the front yard. There! The lights were set and the party will go out with a bang!

With all the levels of debauchery set for the enjoyment, the drunk and stoned were moshing to every song. Good times were definitely there for all. Julius was not satisfied one tiny bit. He wanted the party to be the very best. He wanted the party to be bigger and bolder than ever because there was another party going on across the street from his house. They were playing a style of music that he hated, but at the same time thought that the party across from him was attracting more attention than his.

Julius came up with a crazy plan to steal all the drinks from the other party.

“Alright guys” he started out saying. “I don’t think we have enough beer or drinks in here. Since we’re out of money, we need to steal the booze from that other party from the other house.”

“Well here’s what I think, man,” said his friend Steve. “I think that we have all the booze we need to make this party awesome. But if you really think you need the beer, why don’t you just ask them?”

“Do you really think they’re gonna let us have their beer? We need that beer.”

“Dude! Relax! We got our beer! You’re just being a jackass right now, man!”

“I want the fucking beer, dude!”

“Then get it your fucking self!”

And that was exactly what he did. Julius snuck behind the back area and tried to blend in with the crowd. He felt the surge of panic that would usually constrict those most afraid of stealing anything for their own personal gains. Julius looked around to find that no one was looking his way. Feeling that it was safe, he grabbed the bucket filled with alcohol and ran outside to the other side of the street as quickly and quietly as he could. Then he felt like a hero. But problems had erupted while he was gone.

Fighting had broken out from inside the party and people were throwing chairs at each other in their rage. Women and men were punching and kicking each other. Bottles were smashed everywhere and people were bleeding from their heads. Meanwhile, people were angry about their girl or boy friends cheating on each other, and that erupted into more disputes. One girl was pissed about how her cell phone was missing, and she thought

someone had stolen it(someone did in fact have her cell phone, but it was not stolen. She gave it to her friend for safe keeping.).

Julius actually heard her speak,

“Where the fuck is my fucking phone, fuckers?! I fucking had that fucking phone a fucking while ago and it couldn’t have fucking disappeared on me on this fucking night! This is fucking bullshit! You fucking cocksuckers better tell me where the fuck my phone is or somebody’s going to get their fucking ass beat for stealing my fucking phone! I swear to fucking God if you fuckers don’t tell me the fucking truth I will beat your fucking asses into a fucking pulp!”

Just when Julius started to think that things couldn’t get any worse, they did. People were vomiting every where because of the amount of alcohol intake. What Julius did not realize was that this was normal for an average party. But since Julius did not realize this, his hopes of having a remarkable party seemed hopeless. He did not like how the party was going at all. The one problem that existed that actually turned out to be the biggest was the fact that there was no way for him to stop any of it let alone control the party. The amount of people was simply too great for any one person to deal with.

When people left his house, Julius had a good idea that the party was ruined. He felt ashamed to think that on the very first try of producing a party of his own that he would have a horrible party. He Failed. Julius wanted all of his parties to go well. He wanted the attendees to always have fun. He wondered to himself about the things it took to make such a party into a reality. The whole house smelled of vomit, beer, and weed. It was the essence of which made every party hard to clean up after. It was

three in the morning, and Julius saw no way of cleaning the whole house right then and there. He was simply too tired for that kind of job. Whether or not Steven stayed behind was still a mystery to him right now.

Julius realized how much of an asshole he was acting at the party and soon was pissed at himself for not being smart enough to realize that he had gone too far with Steven. Before the party had even started, Julius had asked Steven if he could stay behind to help him clean up the place and Steven said yes to him. But now that the party was over, Julius didn't expect him to stay at all after the way he acted. For all Julius knew, their friendship was over. He did hope for better, but at the moment, he was extremely tired and was in dire need of sleep. Just something to allow his tired eyes to be refreshed for later in the day when he would truly need them to stay focused and clean the house. He decided to sleep on the couch because it was closest to him and didn't contain vomit. There he slept and became very happy with himself at that moment.

The night was so young, and Julius appeared before the front of a grand hall. There looked to be hundreds of carriages and thousands of people going into the building. All the people had masks on and were dressed in the type of clothing that could only be seen at ball room dances and old traditional weddings. They all seem excited about this night as they stepped to the entrance of the hall and presented what looked to be invitations that allowed them entrance. Little did Julius understand that this was not just any kind of party: it was a masquerade.

This was the type of celebration that Julius previously had little knowledge about. As he stepped inside the great

hall, he had witnessed a spectacle he never saw before as he viewed the great display of flamboyance and wealth across all of the walls, ceilings, and floors. All of the floor was checkered patterned made of marble, and the walls were made of mahogany wood. Everywhere he turned, the walls and ceilings were painted with angels and demons. As he looked about, he noticed that all of hell seemed to be painted on the walls looking up towards all of heaven, which in turn looked down upon hell.

Julius stepped into an area where most, if not all, of the people were dancing and laughing around the tables which periodically had a server at each one serving food or drink. But what surprised Julius the most about this party was what they had. The only beverage they had was champagne, which by Julius' standards, was not a strong alcohol at all. The music they played seemed crappy to Julius because it was the type of music that people like Mozart or Beethoven created. There were no other drugs seen other than cigarettes held in the fingers of some people and yet they were still enjoying themselves.

All of them were laughing and dancing around as if all of the worries of today and tomorrow didn't exist. All of them had conversations that would make them laugh for hours upon end. Julius saw people make out with each other and saw all the women and men flirt with each other for long periods of time. One couple seemed to play out the exact scenes of Romeo and Juliet. He didn't understand how all of this could be happening with the smallest amount of drugs and alcohol.

As he pondered a great deal about the things that went on about the floor and beyond, all the attention of the people suddenly shifted as the music stopped playing and the voices that previously filled the room became still

and dead. Julius was wondering what was happening and looking for the cause of this silence. The lights of all the ceilings started to go out, and a huge beaming light came upon a single man in a normal black mask. He was a very short man with a chest that stuck out boastfully and had a slight slender about his body. But as the man started to speak Julius realized that he had the voice of a lion and the power of a hundred guns.

“Good evening ladies and gentlemen and for this last time, welcome to the manner of Chamberlain’s court!”

All the people were applauding these words as the man smiled and waved towards all of the people.

“I would like to thank you all for coming to my masquerade of banqueting desire and sparkling pleasure. As we have all come to realize, our time of large and bold extravagance is one of the last as we step into these dark and horrific times of war. And as you all know, this is also the last time you will ever see or hear me again. Yes I know it is a tiring thing to have myself be presented in front of you like a hopeless wreck upon the shores.”

There was slight laughter at these words. Julius didn’t understand how this was ever funny to anyone. The man continued to speak.

“But my reason for this leave is greater a cause than I can ever even hope to imagine. A single dream for each and every one of us to try and reach in order to make our lives better than before. Out there is the excitement of a graphic exposition turned to miracle that I must possess and capture in order to have it in the palms of my own two hands in order to reach a satisfaction that has been long forgotten in the path of my own life. And it is this dream of such strenuous effort that must be acquired by my own actions of profound ecstatic glory.”

The crowd of people was now at a deathly silence. All of them waiting for what he was about to say afterwards.

“This dream is my important period of time which I grab at in order to gain merit. But like the rest of all people merit simply isn’t good enough. No, all of us need the full bounty of credit in order to feel that we have achieved something within ourselves. Whether it be for the biggest benefit for the mother country or be it for the benefit of the games we all play with our minds, but one thing is certain above all other things....”

These words were captivating to Julius as everyone stood with all the intention of listening just to grasp the same power that the man seemed to be giving so freely to them.

“And that very truth is that all actions speak louder than words, but at the same time all actions are formed by words in order to have momentum in the large field of the worldly streets of obstacles that stand guard against our own achievements. Therefore, the true message is only to follow those dreams that you believe to be beneficial, and you shall gain all the credit the world can give. Thank you all again.”

All of the crowd applauded as the beaming light disappeared and all the regular lights glowed. The musicians started to play the music again and everyone continued with their own conversations and started to laugh again. Julius didn’t understand what had just happened. This celebration seemed to be for such a sad event. How could all the people still be cheerful and jolly?

Before Julius could answer his own question, he awoke in his own house. It was bright outside of his house. As he recalled, the whole house smelled like vomit and beer.

There were beer cans everywhere and many of them smoked. The whole house was clean now and Julius wondered who did all of the cleaning?

"Hey Julius."

Julius looked up to his left to find that his friend, Steve, was standing there by the hall. Julius realized then that Steve was the one who cleaned the whole house.

"Hey Steve."

"Do you notice what I did with the place, Julius?"

"Yeah! How did you do it?"

"Time and effort man. Time and effort."

"Well I really appreciate everything you did around here. Thanks a lot, man."

There was a moment's pause between them. It felt awkward to suddenly be next to Steve after acting like an idiot to him. Julius was amazed by the fact that Steve stayed at all after what he told him. Julius felt horrible about the whole ordeal that happened between them.

"I'm sorry for acting like a jackass last night. It was stupid of me and the whole just wasn't worth it to even begin with."

"It's alright" said Steve. "We all get like that sometimes. Especially when you're drunk shit like that can happen to anybody."

There was another long pause between them as Julius was thinking to himself.

"We've been friends for a long while haven't we, Steve?"

"Yeah. We have. In fact I remember the very first time we met. We were both just hanging out at some school a long ass time ago and just dancing away like a bunch of drunk retards. Ah those were the days my friend. Those were the days."

And in those words Julius finally realized what made a party great. It wasn't the amount of drugs or beverages that made a party fun. In fact, all he needed to have a good party was good people. The people were what mattered at the party. As long as they were having a good time, he would have a good time with them.

"You know what? The next time we throw a party we'll skip all the bullshit. Next time the party will be in celebration of something."

"Well don't even think about throwing another one right now." Said Steve.

"I'm tired as all hell."

"I imagine you would be. Why don't you just lie down in the room over there and get some rest. You deserve as much as you can get."

So Steve went to bed and Julius was already planning his next party that he would throw. It will be a lot better than this one because the next time he throws a party he will do it the right way: with care.

Interlude: Phillip III

It is of ravishing satisfaction to think that all of our problems that lead people to dismay seem to be non-existent during a celebration in which a person is surrounded by the company of laughter. It's a hard concept to grasp when a person is deciding among the two choices of work and celebration which is important and which one is more desired. Though a person should face all of their daily problems with a clear eye in mind, the fact remains that comical clarity seems to be, undoubtedly, the best choice among all ways of life, and as such, it becomes both our friend and our illusion.

The mind is only one thing of the faintest example to show all who seek wisdom from every day chores and wish to grow more intelligent in their own gardens of blissful paradise. From this mind that I speak comes thought. Thought is the very virtue that all people of all cultures celebrate for the sake of sanity. Curious thought, isn't it? Those who keep their own sanity are the same ones who realize their insanities. However, those who are insane are in constant denial.

But the thoughts that all of us hate to think about the most are the very thoughts that surround us daily that seem to be completely unreasonable to our own understanding. How complicated can the world be to our understanding? In this age, we seem to understand so much and know so much. Or do we truly know? This is the very thing that all of us seem to miss from time to time. It's not of ignorance or arrogance. The fact is the information we have gathered in ourselves are all things that we are merely told from the very beginning. So much have we been told that the senses of right and wrong can be reversed over and over again until none of us know the difference.

There is no realization or visualization in a world of your own device in your own passionate views. Whatever you, yourself, have created from time to time or believed in from time to time is wrong compared to what you are told by others from time to time. It seems funny to me that we say we know things only because we were told by our elders or we were told by some other sources in order to believe in the thoughts that create our views of life. In this sense what thoughts betray you are the same exact thoughts that deny you any respect from others. In turn,

however, what thoughts side with you are the same exact thoughts that deny you credibility for being a thinker.

So if you understood what the topic is, the only question left now is what are you left with? It seems mind boggling to think that as a human being you are able to understand all that surrounds you, yet the thoughts that you make are impossible to see as yours alone. Now your own sense of possession is wrong in the eyes of so many. And now the new question for all of you to answer is what worth do you possess that allows other people of this world to see that the world is universally unfit to challenge those strange events of unknown proportions? In order to answer this question, tell us about your emotions of oncoming familiarity that haunts all the aspects of all people and only then will you realize that all of what you feel is pretend.

