

Bryce Canyon (mystic / manipulator)
If your truth is so unstable that it can be toppled by the disorganized ramblings of a schizophrenic, then maybe it's not the truth you think it is.

Eddie Takosori (leader / looser)
Everybody should write a messiah story placing themselves in the starring role. With any luck you can make it autobiographical.

Kim Lee (judas / priest)
The cruelest lie is sometimes the truth.

Kelly Lee (prostitute / porn star)
Much like beauty: intelligence lies in the eyes of the beholder.

Celli (cephalopod / celaphopod)
A hungry animal, an angry alien, or a metaphorical personification of man's inhumanity towards man; when it's eating your face, you don't pause to consider the alternatives.

The Sixth believed that the celaphopods were a race of alien squid-like beings intent on enslaving Earth. Of course, sending an armada across the vast reaches of space can get pretty darn expensive, so the leaders of Si elected to send one lone emissary -- to do or die. And this emissary, this squid, this Celli (as he liked to be called) felt that during the initial phase of the invasion, it would be best if he disguised his activities and pretended to be the leader of a cult, who believed that their leaders were aliens sent by distant galactic overlords on a secret mission to enslave the world.

"Si loves me. This I know, because the Celaphopods tell me so."

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The Sick: BS & Squids Takosori



The Sick: Drugs, Sex, & Celaphopods

by Eddie Takosori

"After all the lawsuits and endless battles with the IRS, running a cult isn't as lucrative as you'd think. If you really want fame and fortune, what you need to do is write science fiction."

The Story of
The Sixth &
Yr'Goth's Chosen

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The Sick: Drugs, Sex, and Celaphopods

By Eddie Takosori

Book 1 - The First Tentacle: Time

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This story is fiction... or at least, that is what I shall claim.
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Originally posted at:
www.Takosori.com

And that's where the rest of Eddie Takosori's stories may be found.

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Thieves, because they don't have the right to host this document. Idiots because, well, exactly how hard is it to scrap off a few words at the beginning of a document. \$250,000 because theft comes at a price...

The Sick: Drugs, Sex, and Celaphopods

By Eddie Takosori

Book 1 - The First Tentacle: Time

If your truth is so unstable that it can be toppled or even seriously challenged by the disorganized ramblings of a schizophrenic, then maybe it's not the truth, you think it is, after all.

Book 1 - The First Tentacle: Time

1.5.5

The Professor Speaks **An Epic Hand Job**

This story starts, as stories of this nature so often start, with a hand job at the beach. I'm sure it was a good hand job, a stellar hand job. It was the kind of hand job you only read about in books, especially the beginning of books, the kind of books like this that start with a hand job.

In truth, it is a small genre. Most stories wait until you're halfway through or at the end before they throw in a hand job at the beach. It should be a clue as to the quality, depth of plot, and overall story construction. In short you should be relieved to see that this particular book has a hand job on the beach right at the beginning.

The truth of the matter is the world would be a better place if more books started with a hand job at the beach. And, not just stories, ask any captain of industry and he will tell you, board meetings go much better if they start with a hand job. Throat jobs aren't bad either. I don't mean to imply that they are and if you can get a thigh job, all the better. What I'm merely saying is that the present lack of jobs of any sort is what's contributing to the serious unemployment problem we now face.

But, I am deviating from the main point. The point is, this story opens with a hand job on the beach, as stories of this sort so often do, or least I for one am hoping they do, or will, or whatever the appropriate syntexual combination is.

At the beach Mary Ann was giving Gilligan a hand job. Look, now don't be giving me grief about the names. I've never been very good with names, and the truth is halfway through the hand job both Mary Ann and Gilligan forgot their names. It was that good of a hand job. It was an awesome hand job. It was the type of mind blowing hand job that causes you to forget your name. It was the type of hand job you start a book with. I hope, if nothing else, I've made that abundantly clear.

The point is, the story starts with a hand job...

Sorry. My mistake. I've just reviewed the histories and apparently the hand job doesn't come till much later in the story. Rest assured, when it does come, and I mean the hand job and not Gilligan. This is respectable Historical Journalism here, so you can get your head out of the gutter. Unless of course you're living on skid row and you're using the book for a pillow, in which case you really have no choice but to leave your head in the gutter. Everybody else though, eyes up and center.

This is the story of the Sick. We had a better name, but we forgot it. It was that thingy after five, but somewhere, somebody decided committing the dialog from the entire first season of Gilligan's Island to memory was more important than that thingy after five.

Don't worry if this doesn't make any sense. Your children, or at least your children's children won't care. This is the future. Embrace it, or at least embrace the knowledge that the story will very quickly revert to that epic hand job on the beach.

We are the Sick. This is our story. It starts with a hand job. That's all you need to know.

0.0.1

The Disclaimer

This is a work of fiction. Any resemblance between the enclosed to any actual people, places, institutions, or cults (blue lobed or otherwise) is entirely coincidental and totally, totally dude, unintended by the author.

When writing about the Sixth, or as they call themselves the Sick, there are two major problems. First of all, no one, least of all the Celaphopods, knows anything about their home world. Secondly, if you ever identify anyone as having membership in or associations with the cult, they sue you for libel and defamation of character. It

doesn't matter if what you wrote is true or not. The Sick and its successor groups are not big on truth. What they are big on is tying up detractors in court. As such, it is safest and easiest to consider this a fictional work. All names, locations, and identifying characteristics have been changed to protect the innocent, meaning the author, from unwarranted attention and lawsuits. So sure, this is fiction. Just remember, as often is the case, one person's fiction is another's reality.

I am asking you to let go. I am asking for your suspension of disbelief. When I start talking about any characters, places, or institutions that don't seem entirely lifelike, I'm asking you to play along and pretend that they exist.

Given that, I'm hoping you will give me a little slack with the names. See, like the setting for a lot of this book is a mythical chain of islands in the middle of the Pacific I call Hawaii. I know. It's unreasonable. Might as well call it Atlantis or Pacificus. Well, I call it Hawaii, because I like the way the double ii's look on the end. Anyway, Hawaii doesn't exist. Don't go trying to find it on a map and definitely don't book a winter vacation there, because if you do, you're in for a surprise. They just drop you off in the middle of the ocean, laugh, and come back to get you two weeks later. Then they tell you that now you're in on the joke. You should explain your incredible tan on two weeks of tropical sunshine while sipping Mai Tai's by the side of a pool. Maybe mention how close you got to some whales. You know, how you got to pet a dolphin. Since no one is ever going to call you on it, you can go on about how the hotel mixed up your reservation and you ended up sleeping on the beach for the first week until you hooked up with this crazy local couple... Something like that, but don't get too carried away, just enough so the whole giant gag will repeat itself. If you don't go for it, the airline representative will start a sob story about how the carriers are on the edge of bankruptcy and so have to do something to encourage frivolous air

travel. If that doesn't work and a free companion travel voucher for another trip to Hawaii doesn't tip the balance, they shoot you in the back of the head and call it a surfing accident. So really, the choice is simple. If you're going to book a trip to Hawaii, plan on telling everyone you know about what a great time you had for the rest of your life. If it helps, think about the euphoria that washed through your body when they finally picked you up out of the middle of the Pacific Ocean -- where there is nothing, because that would be ridiculous. An island chain rising tens of thousands of feet from the floor of the ocean... Oh, I know what causes that, hot spot activity under the mantle. Tell me another one. So sure, I know setting the story in Hawaii challenges your ability to suspend disbelief. What can I say? The temptation as a writer was too great. Trust me, it's a long book to read if you're not into it, so for both of our sakes, I'm just asking you to cut me some slack.

Hawaii does not exist and so by logical extension the Big Island of Hawaii doesn't exist. I mean what a silly name is that? Big Island. It's a lot like calling a mountain, Long Mountain. It's just nonsense. So a town called Lahina south of Kona where most of the action in this story takes place doesn't really exist either. Aha, you're saying. I've heard of Kona. But, think for a second. What you've probably heard of is Kona Gold, a potent form of marijuana that was marketed in the late seventies by one of the stronger drug cartels. I'm hoping I don't have to tell you that they lie in commercials or that after a few hits of Kona Gold you'll start believing in crazy things, like a tropical paradise in the middle of the ocean called Hawaii.

I don't know how you readers always do this to me. I wasn't planning on talking this much about Hawaii in the disclaimer section, because it's obviously a fake locale. What I really wanted to go over was that after some of the characters leave Hawaii, they might go to a place I might call the Evil University Campus on the West Coast. It's a little unwieldy as far as names go, so I might just shorten it to Berkeley or UCB. Now, the only reason I use

Berkeley as a setting is because I'd gone there once or twice to hit on girls and to do research for the story. Really, if you're going to include Dr. Beechum, head of Berkeley's death to all life genetic engineering program as a character, you're going to have to flesh out the campus a little and it couldn't hurt to pay him a visit. Not that he would talk to me, but isn't that pretty much all the proof you need, that someone in fact does not exist.

So, Berkeley doesn't exist and Dr. Beechum doesn't exist, because that would just be silly. Say if I wanted to include Dr. Beechum, which I don't because he doesn't exist, but if he did, and I wanted to, maybe I'd just change his name to Dr. Beachbum or Dr. Birchbark. And, if I was really sneaky, I'd just have him teach at Stanford instead of Berkeley, but here's where we get into one of those thorny writing problems. See, since Dr. Beechum doesn't teach at Stanford, I never visited Stanford when I was trying to pick up girls... er, doing research, and hence, I haven't got the slightest idea what the campus looks or feels like. The point is, you might think you've heard about, seen, gone to school with, or been in a course about advanced genetic theory at Berkeley taught by Dr. Beechum. If that's the cause, then this would be one of those, Oops, giant coincidences I was talking about, completely and totally unintentional.

The same is true of any blue lobed, blue eared, or oyster eating cults you might have heard about in the news. Do they have blue lobes, blue ears, or blue tattoos? It could be anything. I don't even know what's so special about blue. I mean for every giant blue squid swimming around the cosmos there are two or three pink ones. The point is this is fiction and since it's easier to write fiction if it's already happened and you're just cutting and pasting stories off of the web, that's what I did... or more accurately did not do. Absolutely did not. It was way more involved than a cut and paste job. Once you've added a mythical place like Hawaii to the story, a make believe character like Dr. Beechum, and a made up cult of blue lobed idiots, there is a lot of editing you have to do to anything you cut and paste.

I guess what I am trying to say is, if anything in this story reminds you of your own cult, rather than suing the author, you might want to rethink your membership in said organization, or maybe, just maybe, you might want to read on and find out what really happened... and where it all is headed

Remember, time is running out. You don't have as long as you think and before you know it money will have no meaning. If there is any hope for mankind, it resides in truth and knowledge. Educate yourself and educate others. Buy as many copies of this book as you can afford. Take out a loan on the house, sell your children's future, and max out that credit card. Money won't matter. The end is near. The Sixth have arrived. Stockpiling copies of this book, canned goods, and ammo won't help, but it will make me richer.

So, enjoy. Or, even if you don't enjoy, tell everyone else that you did, because I may not be a powerful airline company, but I am definitely off my rocker, and if threatening you personally will sell more books, then consider this a threat.

Or, a joke, a giant, ha ha funny, drop you off in the middle of the Pacific for two weeks type joke.

1.5.0

Kelly Lee, A Sick Expose

It is erroneously believed by many that Kim Lee, a.k.a. Mary Ann, is the genius behind the Celaphopods' genetic patents. This is not true. Flipper is the repository of the Celaphopods' genetic knowledge and as one might expect of a genius, Flipper lives in the sea.

According to dogma, Kim never did give Bryce, or anybody, a hand job... not on the beach... not anywhere.

Sometimes dogma is wrong.

Kelly Lee, A Sick Expose excerpted from the original by permission of the author (with accompanying clarifications, corrections) and other unseen modifications.

Gilligan did not always call himself Gilligan. He started life as Bryce Canyon... (and from an early age he showed almost no potential. He was not smart. He was not charming. He was not strong, witty, or clever. The list of his shortcomings was long. We will not belabor the point. No one expected much of Bryce, except for possibly himself, which goes a long way towards elucidating how delusional he actually was.)

Bryce was on a plane flying to Hawaii. He was flying away from two outstanding warrants for possession of methamphetamines with intention to sell and a court appearance in just sixteen hours. He wasn't planning on making that court appearance (and as fate would have it, as if by a stroke of luck, he never would... Before he became infamous, his crimes were too small for the authorities to bother chasing after him. After he became infamous and therefore quite powerful, extradition from Hawaii ground down to a snails pace. And then, when he finally died, the process quite literally stopped dead).

"You can't look back," Bryce said expounding on his philosophy of life, whether his seatmate wanted to hear it or not.

"So don't," Kim responded distractedly from her seat next to him in first class. Bryce had paid for his ticket out of the \$50,000 his father had left him, \$50,000 and a beach bungalow overlooking the ocean in Lahina. Wherever that was? Kim had gotten her ticket as part of an educational scholarship program. She was returning to her home in, of all places, Lahina from a symposium of graduating high school students in Washington, D.C. The best of the best, the most promising students from all fifty states had been gathered together. Kim Lee had a very promising future. Those keen on irony might wish to linger for a moment on her

flippant response, ‘So don’t look back. Don’t go back’. Kim was bound to Lahina, her home, and her family. She would have been a great biologist, doctor, or genetic engineer. Instead she became the cofounder of a cult (and died at exactly the same time Bryce did, once in the ocean and then again a few years later thousands of miles away).

Despite his words, Bryce was not leaving all his problems behind. It would be poetic to say he had an eight ball of crank in his pocket, but it was more like a full rack or a quarter pound. Bryce was flying high. He held a baggy of yellowish crystals casually between two fingers and showed it to Kim. “Interested?” he asked.

It was good stuff. Bryce had made it himself. Of all the negative things one could say about Bryce there were a few positive things as well. He could cook meth and do it in such a way that the resulting powder didn’t contain any poison and the house he did it in didn’t blow up. He was generous with said meth, though he was known to request a heartfelt blowjob from any ladies who might wish to partake. And he was a risk taker, a phenomenally lucky risk taker, but then, no matter how unlikely the winning streak, sooner or later, luck always runs out. Right now Bryce was in the middle of a winning streak. He had been looking at certain jail time and then out of nowhere \$50,000 and a house had fallen into his lap. He was hoping he could get this cute brown skinned oriental girl into his lap as well, or at least her mouth, but Kim was not that type of girl. Not yet, anyway.

No worries... Bryce went to the airplane head alone and freshened up with a line of Meth.

When he returned, he was in the mood for more conversation. “I love flying,” Bryce buzzed as he squeezed past Kim into the window seat. He followed Kim’s gaze. “Not much to see out there now -- just the ocean and clouds.”

“I like the clouds,” Kim said while gazing past Bryce. She was looking out the window. He was looking at her. It was not an unusual situation. His eyes were usually focused on the most interesting thing at any given moment and right now that would be Kim.

“You on a vacation or going home?” Bryce asked

“Going home.”

Bryce wasn’t going to let the conversation lag. “Where’s home?”

“Lahina.”

“Lahina?” Bryce responded a little surprised at his continued string of luck. Lahina had lookers in it.

“It’s a small town south of Kona. Lot’s of tourists like to surf in the bay,” Kim added. She hadn’t yet warmed up to Bryce, but she felt compelled to build up her little town and try to sell it. “There’s not really much there, a few houses, the bay, and the Thai Shack. It’s a plate lunch place my parents run.”

“Good food?”

“The best in all Lahina,” Kim said smiling at her own joke.

“I bet that’s not the only thing that’s the best in all Lahina,” Bryce said pushing ever forward, but he had moved in too fast and had only put Kim off. He paused for a moment before continuing, “If I were to go to the Thai Shack, what should I order?”

Bryce was not Kim’s type. In the end, you sometimes have to wonder how fate works and why certain people and places are chosen over others. Bryce was... Bryce was a little too used to having girls desperate for crank act out that desperation on his willing body. In Kim’s eyes, Bryce was exactly what she could get a dozen different ways back in Lahina. It was one of the reasons why she spent her time buried in obscure biology textbooks. She was looking to escape. Go somewhere real. Two years at Kona Community College like she promised her father and then off to wherever she wanted to go. Her father would pay the way, but that was only fair. She had given up more than one scholarship to stay

and help the family with the restaurant for another two years. Kim was not bitter about this. She was thankful that she had her father's word that in two years he would support her financially and more importantly emotionally wherever she wanted to go. That was worth two years. In the meantime, she wasn't going to fall for a guy like Bryce. Bryce was oily, greasy, and animalistic. He was exactly the type of guy Kim could see her sister Kelly going for, down to the grainy yellow drugs in Bryce's pocket.

Bryce could see he was losing Kim, but he still had his reasons for talking. He was wired, and as long as the conversation turned, he'd get another roll of the dice. He felt you could classify girls by how many No's you had to walk through before you got to a Yes. Kim might be a year or more worth of No's, but she'd get tired of saying No after awhile. He was Bryce Canyon. Girls were desperate for what he had in his pants. He continued the conversation. "So, it's a lunch place. What do you make there? Hamburgers?"

"Hawaiian style plate lunches. You know, two scoops rice, one scoop macaroni, and spring rolls, curry chicken, short ribs, katsu chicken... whatever."

"Katsu chicken?"

"It's like fried chicken."

Bryce gave her one of his more charming looks. "So why not call it fried chicken?"

"Because it's katsu chicken." Kim gave him a conspiratorial smile back. "We sell fried chicken too. Go with the fried chicken. It's much better."

After a pause, it was Kim's turn to start the conversation. "Where are you staying?"

Bryce didn't answer immediately. He wanted to play this out right and learn more about Lahina before he told this girl his story. "How big did you say Lahina is?"

Kim was instantly back on guard, but that didn't phase Bryce. He should have expected it. "There isn't anyplace to stay in Lahina."

"Sure there is," Bryce leered. "There is always somewhere to stay, on someone's couch or something." He saw the look in Kim's eye. "I've got a place to stay, so I'm not trying..." Bryce looked around. He had forgotten for a second that he was in first class. She didn't know he traded meth for nearly everything he needed in life. "This is first class. It's the way I like to travel. Don't worry," he said as he flashed a baggy again. "I would know if you were interested, cause you'd be interested."

And with that, Bryce suddenly felt the urge to piss off some of the champagne he'd been drinking and refuel.

When he returned, Bryce didn't waste any time. "You were telling me about Lahina."

"There's not much to tell."

"Sure there is. More pretty girls like you?" Bryce asked hopefully. Kim was a looker, but she was not a flirter. Even Bryce noticed this. "It's just a friendly flight, a friendly conversation. I've heard some very good things about Lahina so far and I'm trying to figure out if I should fit a visit there into my busy schedule."

"You'd have better luck at the resorts."

"Let's back up. Why are you being so cagey about Lahina? What are you trying to hide?" When Kim didn't answer, he added, "I bet Lahina is the hidden gem in all the islands."

"There's nothing there. There's the beach, the Thai Shack, and a few houses. There's nothing else. In two years I'm gone. No one stays in Lahina. There's nothing there."

"What happens in two years?"

"I go to college."

"Where?"

"I don't know."

Bryce wasn't really interested. If he had simply asked what she was planning on studying, he'd have found out right away that they had a common interest in chemistry and he might have made a different first impression. As it was, Kim was forming the impression that Bryce was a drugged out loser. It was an accurate impression, but an equally accurate and decidedly different impression would be that he was a gifted chemist in his own right. If they had only started talking about chemistry and genetics a few hours earlier then they eventually did, the whole story might have unfolded differently. (Which perhaps should give you pause to consider the possibility that it did and everything we know about Kim and Mary Ann is a lie?)

Getting back to Lahina, Bryce asked, "How many houses?"
"I don't know. A dozen."

"If there are only a dozen, how can you not know?" Bryce asked. He wanted to go down this avenue. "You've lived there your whole life?"

"Yes."

"Born and raised there?"

"Yes."

"And there are maybe ten, maybe twelve, maybe fifteen houses, but you don't know how many? How can you not know how many? I bet you just sat at the beach all day staring at those houses dreaming there was another one, maybe they'd have children or something... someone more to play with. How could you possibly not know every board of every house in that town?"

"Well," Kim said a little defensively. "Down by the beach there are five, count them, five houses and the Thai Shack, all lined up neatly across the road from the beach. Of course, one of the houses has been turned into a general store, if you want to call a perpetual garage sale that sells candy and cigarettes with two hippies living in back, a general store. Three of the remaining houses are falling apart. One is so far gone that it has been condemned and has stood that way for years. Another has been

empty for the past two years. The odds on bet is that it too will become condemned before someone moves in, which makes for a total of three occupied houses in bustling downtown Lahina.”

That was the information Bryce was looking for. Bryce concluded incorrectly that the empty house must be his, but Kim wasn’t finished yet. “The problem is figuring where Lahina begins and ends. There are hills on either side with another dozen houses or so going up each valley. They’re not really part of Lahina, but then again they are. The Haoles, mainlanders, tend to live in the nicer houses up towards the highway, but it’s hard to think of someone who only spends a month or two a year in a vacation house as a resident of Lahina.”

“So, maybe thirty houses or so, but only five in the town proper?”

“Yep, that’s about it.”

“How many people other than part time Haoles would you say live in Lahina?”

Kim interpreted Bryce’s question for him. “I would say the number you are looking for is about fifty. Not many girls, and the girls who are there either have boyfriends or,” Kim said indicating herself, “aren’t interested.”

“If you got to know me better, you might change your mind,” Bryce challenged her, but he didn’t let the statement lie in the air. “You ever meet my dad, Canyon, Robert Canyon?” She didn’t seem to recognize the name. “He lived at 33 Lahina Way.”

“Is he an old guy? White hair? Heavy tan?”

“I don’t know. I never met him.”

“You going to visit him for the first time?”

“No. He’s dead. I’m going to live in his old house, 33 Lahina Way. If you’re ever bored, come by, we could party.”

Kim looked at him wearily, but before she could offer her condolences Bryce continued.

“Fine, have it your way, as friends. A town that small, you must be anxious for some new blood.”

“You’d be surprised. We don’t need another Haole visiting for three weeks out of the year.”

“Don’t worry about that. I’m here to stay.”

“Not much work,” Kim warned.

“Wasn’t planning on working.”

“Well then, you might fit right in.” As she said this Kim began to realize if Bryce wasn’t a so far gone that he thought getting cranked up on a transpacific flight was a good idea, he might have had some potential. As it was, he might be someone her sister Kelly would be interested in. Bryce had a house, a pocketful of crank, and no ambitions in life other than chasing girls. He’d fit right into Lahina. If he stuck around, by the time Kim left for college, the locals might even consider him a resident.

0.0.0

Creation

The Enlightened View

In the beginning there was one and the one was all. It’s your typical story of an all powerful, omniscient, omnipotent creator. They rule the galaxies, or at least they would rule the galaxies if there were any galaxies to rule, but there are not, because as we’ve said, in the beginning there was one and the one was all.

The first thing you should learn from this is, no matter how powerful you are, you still have your problems. And the second is, no matter how unique you think your situation is, somebody has been there before. I don’t even want to get into how many times there was one and the one was all. Really, it’s been done to death. You’d think the universe would find a new way to start, but I guess like the rest of us, the universe is in a rut.

The one was bored. No one called. No one invited him to parties, or maybe he was a she, or an it, or maybe the whole sexual ambiguity of it all is why it was never invited to parties in the first

place. Where do you sit him-her-it at the dinner table? Sure, he'd probably like to be surrounded by your female cousins and your girlfriend who is in from the coast, but if it's a she, she might wonder why you're sitting your brother across the room. What? I'm not good enough for your brother, the omnipotent one is going to think and we all know that's no good. Not only are these omnipotent deities bored and alone, but they are also emotionally unstable wrecks and hold tremendous grudges. Just think of the dinosaurs. Sure, sure, it was a comet. A comet that just happened to hit after Tricia Rex held a little tea social during which things went a little awkwardly for the dinosaur's patron deity Deeno, all because it wasn't clear to the attendees exactly which way Deeno swung his tail, if you know what I mean.

Anyhow, if you ever find yourself being the one and the one is all, the first thing you'll do is a little decorating. Trust me on this. It always plays out the same. For a day or a thousand, thousand years, you'll be content to just bask in your omnipotent greatness, but then you'll long for a little more... maybe a mirror to gaze at your reflection. Just a little something. You won't be planning on much, but once you have the mirror in hand, you'll suddenly realize it would be nice to have a wall to hang the mirror on. And what's a wall really, but a desperate cry to the void for a thirteen billion square foot cottage, a starter home, nothing fancy. Then, when the cottage is done, it's just natural to do a little landscaping.

Most of your oral histories start with the landscaping. You know on the first day, Gragdanon created the Earth, the wind, and the Sky, only Gragdanon didn't call it the Earth, he called it the Cr'ch'n, but really, some allowance is going to need to be made. If I had said, on the first day Gragdanon created the Cr'Ch'n, the Cal'la'a, and the Hoki, not only wouldn't you know what I was talking about, you'd think I was making it up.

The point is, once you have a house the next obvious step is to start creating some ambience. You can really get carried away.

Some of the lesser know deities, whom nobody knows about for obvious reasons, spend zillions of years on the stars alone. While at the opposite end of the spectrum, some of your lazier deities are done with the whole sky thing in a single day. If you're wondering how your universe stacks up, you can bet anything less than a few hundred thousand years on the cosmos and you're talking about some serious corner cutting. Cross dimension wormholes aren't built in a day my friends.

So, your deity spends thousands upon thousands of years crafting his ambience. He, she, or it has the skies, the wind, the seas, and the earth down. If he, she, it, really has its act together it settles on one sex or the other and makes it clear. Usually it's safe to assume the deity is the same sex as the dominant gender of the dominant species, but this can get you into trouble. Sometimes the deity is just a guy who is into dominant women. Anyway, for purposes of our little story, we know the great creator was an it, because that's what the Celaphopods are and its name was Si.

With a name like Si, you could tell right away the Celaphopods had lucked out and pulled a benign deity. It wasn't calling itself S'i, Si', or even S'igh. It was straightforward. You didn't have to guess what the apostrophe was supposed to mean. Here was a deity you could understand and I don't just mean you could just understand him if you talked Celaphopodinese. Si was a natural communicator, but we'll get to that in a bit.

See, the thing is, these omniscient ones are pretty observant. It's hard to put something past them and after Si had created the oceans, land, stars, wind, currents, etc. etc., Si realized it had a real estate bonanza on its hands. It owned the entire universe, but no one else was around so it did what countless omniscient deities have done time and time again. Si created life.

Si, like the other deities, was new to the whole creating life business the first time he did it. I'm not knocking the fishes in the sea or the birds in the sky, but Si was looking for a little bit more.

Si was looking for a creature he could leave it all to should something ever happen to him, though with Si being omniscient and omnipotent it really wasn't likely. Si was also looking for a creature to talk to, something with a little intelligence, but not too much intelligence, because Si wasn't interested in answering any questions about why he hadn't include any wormholes. But most importantly, Si was looking for a creature that could pay a little rent. It was time to make this whole universe creation thing pay for itself.

Of course, this is just one theory. Even the Celaphopods have alternate theories of creation.

0.0.0

Creation

The Traditional View

In the beginning there was Si and Si was all. Si was, is, and ever shall be a giant blue squid, which swims through the cosmos. Si would have been able to travel faster had he ever bothered to create wormholes, but if you ever meet him, I wouldn't mention it. He's a bit touchy when it comes to wormholes

Like Celaphopods, which Si created in his image, Si has, had six appendages, and quite frankly this is where the whole thing gets confusing to me. It's simple enough to say this giant blue squid is swimming through the cosmic ocean as it were. He created the universe and if he wants to spend his time relaxing, dodging around comets, that's fine. I don't have any beef with that. What I don't understand is how he can still be around if he created the universe by splitting himself up.

See, the thing is, Celaphopods reproduce asexually by splitting into six different creatures. It really is amazing. Down at the cellular, genetic, and even atomic level, Celaphopods can decide which offspring get which atom, etc. It goes all the way down to knowledge, thought, talents, and... everything. The

Celaphopod simply splits itself up into six different groups, one for each appendage, and then the six appendages separate from each other. So, where there was one Celaphopod moments before, there are now six Celaphopods each with it's own unique set of atoms, molecules, thoughts, and opinions.

As we all know, we live in a very conservative universe. It is well known that both matter and energy are conserved, but what is perhaps less well known is that thought is conserved as well. It should be obvious that when a Celaphopod splits, any particular atom can only go into any one particular offspring, but not more than one. The same is true of thoughts, ideas, and talents. If a Celaphopod knows the alphabet, and not all of them do, not by a long shot, then it has to decide which appendage to put the alphabet into. Some put the entire alphabet in one appendage. Some put a few letters in each appendage, and some decide to put the whole lot in the sixth appendage to keep it all fair. Now, some Celaphopods get around this by keeping multiple copies of critical thoughts lying around, but among the more progressive Celaphopods this is considered cheating.

If you're wondering how putting all of a thought in one appendage is different from putting it all in the sixth appendage, read on. A key component of Celaphopod reproduction is that the sixth appendage always dies. Although a Celaphopod splits itself up into six parts, only five will stay alive. It might seem obvious that you wouldn't want to put much into that sixth appendage, but you'd be surprised. You know that song that you can't get out of your mind, that bully from second grade you'd just like to stop thinking about, the time you made a fool of yourself at your sister's wedding, or any other embarrassing memory you'd just as soon be rid of, well just put it into the sixth part and it's gone. No more nightmares or neurosis, just a nagging feeling that you may have forgotten something important.

Anyway, I wasn't really planning on giving you a lesson in Celaphopod reproduction. The point is, Si is the patron deity of the Celaphopods, so when he created the universe, he did pretty

much the same thing. Si split up. In the first appendage Si put time. It really was a bit crowded, all the past, present, and future in one little blue lobe, but there it was. In another appendage he put the stars, the planets, the sky, and all that sort of stuff. It's where the cross galactic wormholes would be had he bothered with them. The next appendage was a very important one and many theology students believe it was the very reason Si split up in the first place. In this appendage Si put the oceans so the Celaphopods would have somewhere to swim. In the next appendage Si put life. It's where you came from if you're not a Celaphopod. If you have ever wondered why life doesn't seem to be all that it's cracked up to be, this is why. One little appendage for all the different fishes, animals, birds, insects, and all the sentient creatures in the universe, it goes a long way towards explaining why the Sixth rule the universe, because the next appendage was devoted solely to the Sixth, Si's chosen children. The last appendage Si kept for himself, which is why whenever a Celaphopod reproduces, even though they have six appendages, they only have five children. The Sixth always return one appendage to Si as a sacrifice.

As you may have noticed, not everyone is as religious as their neighbor and over the eons some Celaphopods have tried to beat the system and have six viable offspring, but it never works out. Celaphopod can only have five offspring. The sixth part always dies. If we take this little tidbit of information and reexamine the Sixth's creation myth, we find that Si splits into six parts, time, the sky, the oceans, animals, Celaphopods, and the sixth part, which Si kept for himself, but then the sixth part always dies, which really doesn't bode well for Si at all.

Theology students like to go on about the divine sacrifice Si made for the Sixth, but then in the next breath they talk about how Si is everywhere, and especially how he likes to swim around the cosmos. If you really push them, they'll whip up some nonsense about how before Si split he transcended time, so he can still exist now. I don't really know how you can exist before time, in time,

in a sort of time transcendence state all at the same time, but theology students say this is part of the wonder of Si.

Others point out that when you are splitting up a lifetime of knowledge into six parts, some parts are bound to be more blessed with wisdom than others. It is said by heretics that those lacking the blessing of common sense, become theology students.

1.5.1

Kelly Lee, A Sick Expose

Gilligan always said that if either Kim or Kelly ever returned to Lahina, they would be welcome.

Location and timing are the keys to success in many endeavors. As apposed to what many believe, the Sixth did not choose Bryce for his easygoing nature, joy of life, or near total absence of fear. Nor did they choose Kim for her intelligence or knowledge of genetics. They were chosen at random because they happened to be the first humans the Sixth encountered.

Welcome to Hawaii. Welcome to the world of soft hands, soft hearts, and soft minds.

The wind blew strange on the night Bryce first arrived in Kona. Planes usually approach the Kona airport from the north. If you look out the port window, you see circular enclaves of houses tucked deep into hills and the resorts down by the water. On the odd day, when the wind has shifted, the planes come in from the south. If it is night when this happens, you see a whole different view of the island through the starboard windows. Instead of skimming over deserts, resorts, and lava flow, you see the lights from the south Kona suburbs. The house lights reveal an unusual pattern of inhabitation and empty space. Clusters of houses fill the valleys and are separated by dark empty ridges. At altitude the

lights look like a luminescent amoeba coming out of the water to feed on the land. When seen for the first time, it can be quite surreal, like Christmas almost. You don't have to have your mind fried on Meth to appreciate the sight.

As the plane stopped, the air conditioners were turned off. Even though it was dark out, the evening heat saturated the airplane instantly. Kim took off the heavy shirt she had been wearing and reduced her clothing to a long flowing skirt and light blouse suited to a balmy summer night in Kona. Bryce wore heavy black jeans, a concert t-shirt, and a plaid shirt. Even after he took off the extra shirt, he was sweating instantly.

Bryce wasn't packed for Kona. In fact, he wasn't really packed at all. He had thrown together a small duffel bag full of a few necessities and had left the rest behind. It would only take his old roommates a few weeks to figure out that he was gone and divvy up his meager belongings to make up for back rent, utilities, and whatever other grievances they could come up with. There wasn't much to divvy up, but anyone who's ever found themselves in a similar situation will understand. Everybody wants to get their fair share of the loot. He hadn't given notice. He would cost everyone in the apartment a few hundred dollars each, at least, while they searched for a replacement. The least a person could do was walk away with a scratched Pink Floyd CD, a car stereo, a few tapes or DVDs from Bryce's extensive porn collection, and a piece of whatever else Bryce had taken in trade for crank lately. More importantly, one never knew where Bryce had hid some meth and if he wasn't coming back, a whole lot of people were going to need to find a new supply. This would include his old roommates.

These thoughts did not go through Bryce's head. He was sweating. It couldn't possibly be any hotter outside than in the plane.

Kim looked at Bryce. "You're not dressed for Kona."

“I guess not. I packed in a hurry,” Bryce admitted as he held up the small bag he had grabbed from the overhead compartment.

Bryce was having an easier time with his baggage than the substantially shorter Kim, so he assisted her. “Here you go,” he said as he handed her down the bag she had been reaching for.

“Thanks... Do you really have a place in Lahina?”

“Yep,” Bryce answered. He reached into his back pocket and produced a soggy letter. “Or, at least I’m hoping.” He shrugged. “If it doesn’t work out, it doesn’t work out?”

Kim only looked at the paper close enough to see that it was from a real estate office. “They’ll be closed by now.”

Bryce was flying by the seat of his pants in one last power dive. He hadn’t paid attention to the captain’s announcement and he hadn’t booked his ticket in advance. He didn’t even know the day of the week, much less the time of day. “What time is it?”

“Nine.”

Bryce shrugged.

“Are you going to get a car or something?”

Bryce didn’t answer.

“Do you know where you’re going to stay tonight?”

Bryce wasn’t concerned. “It’ll work out.” After a moment he asked, “How far is Lahina from the airport?”

“Thirty miles. If you’re really going to Lahina, I could probably get you a ride.”

Bryce lit up. “Hey, that would be great.”

Kim added conspiratorially, “My sister is supposed to be picking me up. She’s the type who would be interested.” She said this last part while indicating what Bryce had in his jeans with her head.

“Alright!” Bryce replied with a newfound delight. “It’s time to party.”

To Bryce’s surprise it was even hotter on the tarmac than it was in the plane. The heat was unbelievable. People went to

Hawaii for fun, didn't they? How could you have fun when it was this hot? As they walked out the gates, Kim called her sister Kelly. Unsurprisingly, Kelly had forgotten all about picking Kim up from the airport.

"It's going to be an hour or so," Kim informed Bryce when she got off the phone.

"An hour for thirty miles?" Bryce asked.

Kim shook her head. "Thirty minutes for the drive, fifteen minutes to get ready, and another fifteen minutes until I call her again and remind her that she was supposed to do something." She paused. "Kelly's a fast driver... once she gets going. It takes most people an hour just to make the drive."

In many ways Bryce and Kelly were like peas in a pod, but we'll get to Kelly in a moment. She won't explode onto the scene until two more hours have passed and Kim has made five additional phone calls. In the meantime Bryce and Kim talked.

Bryce told her of growing up in the Midwest, finding out his dad was dead, and having a breakthrough insight that he was destined to move Hawaii. Kim told him of working at the Thai Shack, growing up in a small rural town, and her dreams of going away somewhere real and becoming a big splash in the bioengineering world. You wouldn't think the two of them would have much in common, but they did. Kim was used to dealing with meth heads. More used to it than she cared for, but for a meth head Bryce was pretty together, and somewhere along the line they found a joint interest in chemistry, covalent bonds, ionic transference gradients, buffering solutions, and distillation procedures... especially distillation procedures.

Look, if you want to read about chemistry, pick up a textbook, (or better yet go down to your local university and have your brain sucked dry). This isn't a textbook.

Anyhow, as previously indicated, (or as indicated elsewhere), Kim had her priorities all wrong. She thought she would start enjoying life in some distant future, a future where she had 2.4.1

kids, a house in the suburbs... and she worked next to her husband in some white walled antiseptic clean room developing the cure for cancer or figuring out how to grow tobacco that was resistant to whatever bug or rot tobacco isn't already resistant to. Bryce on the other hand lived for the moment and in this moment he had an active and earnest interest in the making, distribution, and consumption of methamphetamines, a pastime that if delved into deeply enough will lead one to all manner of advanced chemical knowledge. For a meth head, Bryce was amazingly well informed.

After several hours had gone by, one might pause to wonder if... or when Kim realized that the chemistry problem Bryce and her had been discussing specifically related to preventing methamphetamines from breaking down into one of its more troublesome byproducts during the distillation procedure. Either way, both of them were deeply engrossed in this vexing problem when Kelly drove up in her battered red four wheel drive pickup truck and so did not notice her right away. Or, maybe they had noticed her, maybe they had started to grab their bags and had slowly moved toward the truck while continuing to be engrossed in some stupid, obscure, chemistry problem.

Kelly wasn't going to be outshined by a chemistry problem, decorum, good taste, or the hostile glances from a few security officers. She leaned on her horn killing the conversation.

"Kim!" Kelly yelled as she hopped out through the cab window. The door worked fine, but going through the window was always a bit more dramatic.

Now Kelly... Kelly deserves a few words of description. Kim is nice looking, cute, and wholesome. Kim is the kind of girl you'd like to take home to your traditional minded Japanese parents. When they met her, they'd be pleased by your selection and good taste. Kelly on the other hand was an erotic bombshell. If you brought Kelly home to your Japanese father, he might recognize her as a dancer from one of Hawaii's many nightclubs. More importantly, if Kim had ever bothered to bring a boyfriend

home, said boyfriend would have been hard pressed not to stare at Kelly the entire time.

Taking advantage of the heat, Kelly was not wearing much. She had on short ragged cut off jeans and a loose t-shirt that was ripped off high across her ribs. She was barefoot, wore a baseball cap supporting Hawaii Sovereignty, and had her long black hair in several tight braids. She was young, thin... like her sister was a Hapa, Chinese, Filipino, Hawaiian mix, and was in surprisingly good shape. If you were a guy, you might notice that the cut off jeans were short and loose enough to reveal the tendons of her inner thigh when she walked, but tight enough to mold to her skin. You might also notice her ample breasts bouncing freely and unrestrained under her t-shirt. If you weren't afraid to stare, and Bryce wasn't, you might notice how the fabric of the t-shirt stretched against her nipples revealing both her enjoyment of the attention and that her nipples were pierced. You didn't have to stare to notice the other piercings or tattoos. She was of the belief that a good way to commemorate a paycheck, hot date, or a good day was to add to the tattoo on her back or get something pierced and accentuated with a solid gold hoop. At nineteen, she was one year older than Kim, and already had thirty two piercings and five tattoos. If you were paying, she'd be happy to get another.

"Kim!" Kelly squealed again in delight. She ran around the truck and gave Kim a giant hug. "I've missed you so." It wasn't true, but then, it's the thought that counts. Kelly had barely realized Kim was gone, but she was happy to see her nonetheless. Lahina was a small town and as much time as Kelly spent in Kona, Hilo, offshore in boats, or anywhere else she could get away to, whenever she was home, Kelly spent a lot of time with her sister. Considering how different they were, they were surprisingly close.

"I brought you a present," Kim informed her sister.

Kelly was only half listening. She had turned her attention to Bryce. "I see you brought something back for yourself as well."

“No,” Kim corrected her. “He’s the present. He’s for you.” After a pause she added, “He’s just your type.”

Kelly looked Bryce over for a moment. He wasn’t the cutest, but then Kelly wasn’t the most discriminating. She noticed Bryce’s thin wiry body from years of heavy meth use, his thick black jeans, his sweat soaked t-shirt, and asked the perfunctory, but needless question, “Is this your first time to Hawaii?”

“Yeah,” Bryce nodded.

“Well then, you should know we have a little tradition here,” Kelly informed him as she put years of hula lessons to good use and swayed her hips back and forth as she slowly gyrated towards him. She put her hands over her head forming a wreath and as she approached Bryce, she enveloped him in her arms. “It’s traditional to get a lei on your first visit to Hawaii, but if you’re really lucky, you get a Lee.” While Bryce was trying to figure out what that meant, Kelly pulled his head down and gave him a long deep kiss. The type of kiss you give to long lost loves, your partner in the midst of passion, or if you are Kelly Lee, to anybody who wants one. She was a very Passionate Wahine. It said so in flowery letters on the tattoo she had gotten across her ass for her fourteenth birthday. Her boyfriend of the moment had paid for that tattoo, but the tattoo of a broken heart on her left breast she had paid for herself only two weeks later.

Kelly carelessly tossed both her sister’s and Bryce’s bags into the back of the pickup. She jumped into the truck through the passenger window with well rehearsed ease. Bryce clumsily followed her example, while Kim waited until they were settled and then used the door.

The moment Kim looked like she might be on board, Kelly floored the accelerator. The security officers were too busy committing to memory the way Kelly’s body had bounced to chase after her. Had they been a little more enterprising and given her chase, she would have had to give them her phone number, so they

would let her off with only a warning. It was a shame really. So many men. So little time. So many missed opportunities.

Kelly caressed Bryce's legs as she "searched" for the stick shift. It was a familiar game. She had played it countless times before, but it was different this time. Maybe she was a bit nervous. Maybe she was a bit taken aback by Bryce's reaction. He was used to girls craving meth and whatever else he had in his pants. He was the center around which the universe rotated. It was just natural to hook up with a girl like Kelly within hours of landing. That's the way things worked.

Kelly could feel his confidence. It was unnatural. It took her longer than usual to settle down and rest her hand on his thigh, but on his thigh was not where Bryce wanted her hand. He showed her where he wanted her hand and in response to his touch Kelly felt young and uncertain. Finally she grabbed Bryce's hand and put his hand where she wanted it as well. Two could play at this game. It had been a long time since she had felt this uneasy, innocent, or had wanted a guy as much as she wanted Bryce at that moment.

Kim was used to ignoring her sister's antics. It may be that Kim was a little jealous, but it may also be that Kim was a little relieved. Kelly was sure to satisfy Bryce's animal urges and later Bryce and her could talk about chemistry, philosophy, and higher matters. It didn't bother her that Bryce had pumped her for information on synthesizing methamphetamines. She'd hadn't realized that was the problem at first, but she had figured it out eventually. A few more conversations and Kim would know how to make meth herself. Not that she had any ambitions in that regard. Call it curiosity... but you never knew.

"Where are we going?" Kelly asked. It was uncharacteristic of her to ask for directions. She usually just went and worried about the destination later... if at all, but Bryce had thrown her for a whirl. She was still trying to get her bearings back.

"Lahina," Kim answered.

“33 Lahina,” Bryce clarified.

Something still wasn’t right. “What’s your name?” Kelly asked.

“Bryce.”

“I’m Kelly,” she said as she took her eyes off the road and looked at Bryce. “Do you believe in love at first sight?”

Bryce laughed as he shook his head. “No.”

“Good. Neither do I,” Kelly agreed as she edged her foot into the accelerator, took her hands off the wheel, and gave Bryce the type of kiss you reserve for your true love or a one night stand. It can be so hard to tell them apart. All Kelly knew was that she wanted what was in Bryce’s pants. This was true even before she knew his pockets held an unlimited supply of crank.

Letting go of the steering wheel was exactly the type of thing Kelly would do, especially when Kim was in the truck, because Kim could be counted on to lurch across the cab and steady the wheel. The truck swerved madly while Kelly and Bryce lost themselves in each other, and the delight in tempting fate. To Kelly’s surprise it was Bryce that held her for a few final moments longer than she was comfortable with after Kim called out in distress, “A light’s coming up.” Kelly was used to being the one who lingered in the kiss while the boy urged her to return her attention to the road.

Bryce didn’t care. Fear was for people the universe didn’t love.

Kelly was ill at ease. She would have preferred it if Bryce had been more concerned about her letting go of the wheel. Even guys, who said they didn’t care, did. She floored the truck, ran the red light, and drove madly on the way to Lahina.

While she was passing a car that looked like it was standing still on the blind side of a hill she said, “This is one of the most dangerous spots on Kona side.” She pointed to a memorial by the side of the road to prove her point, but Bryce didn’t care.

He casually replied, "I can see why," as his hand explored her thigh.

His lack of caring was unnerving. From where her hand was in Bryce's crotch she could tell his mind was elsewhere. This wasn't the way things usually went. She wanted to be the more daring. It went a long way towards explaining her piercings, tattoos, dented truck, and meth addiction. It would take her awhile to learn that Bryce was of a similar mind. He rarely backed down, being happy to trust in other people's restraint.

Nonetheless, Kelly decided that she was going to get a reaction out of this guy. She took her hand out of Bryce's lap and removed his hand from where she had placed it as she turned down a narrow unmarked side road.

She skidded madly through the first turn.

"Slow down!" Kim begged.

Kelly had been going too fast, even for herself. She was happy to use Kim's request as an excuse and drove slightly more sedately... but not sedately enough.

"Slow down!" Kim cried out again. "Lahina's not going anywhere."

Kelly eased back a bit, but only a little. After what Kim considered to be a nerve wracking mile later, Kelly skidded to a stop in front of the Lee's house next to the Thai Shack.

"I'm taking a cab next time. Even Taz isn't as crazy as you are," Kim said angrily as she jumped out and grabbed her bag out of the back.

Kelly ignored the reference to Taz, her boyfriend, soon to be ex-boyfriend? Kelly put her hand across Bryce so he wouldn't move. Once Kim was clear, she floored it. The road continued through to the opposite side of town. Lahina Way was a paved road as it came into Lahina from the highway. It continued on through town without a single intersection and then left the opposite side of town where it turned into an unpaved red dirt road.

“Number 33?” Kelly asked, but she already knew the place. She had spent a few nights there with Taz since it had become unoccupied.

“Yeah,” Bryce agreed. He didn’t mention that he didn’t have a key. He put his hand back down between Kelly’s thigh and her jeans. She jumped and almost crashed. Bryce merely laughed.

Without looking at the address numbers, Kelly pulled into the driveway at 33 Lahina Way, Lahina, The Big Island, Hawaii. (A totally made up address and not real for much the same reason that the license plate on Kelly’s truck couldn’t possibly have read AK5889X.)

“Are you always this cool?” Kelly asked.

“Are you always this hot?” Bryce replied.

Kelly didn’t see that she had any other choice. She scrambled in the truck to unbutton Bryce’s jeans and gave him a good long Kelly Lee welcome to Hawaii.

(For those wishing a little more detail, you may imagine Kelly explaining to Bryce in a low, murmuring, sometimes garbled voice why two tongue studs are infinitely superior to one or none.)

As Kelly busied herself, Bryce guided her idly with his hands, looked around, and listened to the evening birds sing. He could see why everyone spoke so highly of Hawaii. It was good to be home.

1.5.2

Commentary Regarding Kelly Lee’s, A Sick Expose

In taking away humanities future, the Sixth cleared the way for mankind to live for today.

Personally, I find it a little hard to trust someone who writes in the third person about themselves... as Kelly Lee does. Those of you already familiar with A Sick Expose may notice that these

excerpts are not as juicy as you remember. I have taken the liberty of changing the text where needed and editing out sections, which contain little plot information. Most of the sex scenes are little more than a clever marketing ploy by Kelly Lee, which although very entertaining and amazing successful as advertising in their own right, do little for us in our current endeavor and merely detract from the main story. Since the current chapter in the original version of A Sick Expose is little more than a two thousand word sex fest, I decided to omit it and replace it with some clarifications and commentary. I hope you find them useful.

For those not familiar with the X.X.X notation, the first number denotes the life cycle, the second number denotes the sixth part of the life cycle currently being related, while the last number is a chronological placeholder. The numbers in this book have been normalized from Celli's and his progenies point of view. Celli was born 1.0.0 and will die at 1.5.999. At which time the first number flips and it is written as 2.0.0. For example, Gilligan and Mary Ann will both be born at 2.0.0, and their offspring will be born at 3.0.0, and so on. You may have noticed the sections on Si, the creator, started with 0.0.0. Those who believe in Si reason this is in reverence for his preexisting all else. While nonbelievers point out that assigning Si the null set is appropriate. As an odd bit of coincidence, Celli's and Bryce's life coincide in this narrative, in that Celli 1.5.X is roughly equal to Bryce 1.5.X. This is true for Kim Lee as well, but not for Kelly Lee. That is to say, at Bryce 1.5.2, Bryce's life is the greater part of 5/6ths over as is Kim's, but Kelly's is not. As said, the last digit is a chronological placeholder for multiple events taking place at X.X.-. Unless you are of the Sixth, it should be obvious that 1.5.2 takes place fairly quickly after 1.5.1.

In truth, you probably have already figured most of this out, or would have figured it out before too long. What you probably would never have noticed is that I omit the subchapter headings from A Sick Expose and I have normalized the names. At the

beginning of every chapter Kelly lists who will appear in that chapter, be it Bryce, Kelly, Taz, Gilligan, Mary Ann, etc. It's meaningless information that does nothing for the story. The reason Kelly included subchapter headings was to introduce confusion and ambiguity. She starts 1.5.9 using Bryce's name but from 1.5.10 on she uses Gilligan's name as if to imply this is when Bryce became Gilligan. It's not. It is a lie and does nothing to shed light on the story whether you are a believer or not. The other thing Kelly does is mix up the names. There are things that are, conventions if you will. Bryce refers to an uninfected human. Gilligan refers to either a Celaphopod or a Celaphopod riding in Bryce's body. The same is true of Kim and Mary Ann. Kim is a human. Mary Ann is a Celaphopod. And, as long as I'm giving it away, pay attention. The Sixth are the Celaphopods. The Sick is the cult. It doesn't matter whether you believe or not. Calling Bryce Gilligan does not aid in clarity. As such, all the names in this narrative have been normalized.

Down the road in the story of the Sick, Gilligan, one of Celli's children, will eat Bryce's brain and take over his body. It is at this moment of transference that Bryce ceases to be and the creature who was once Bryce, becomes a mixture of Bryce's body and a Celaphopod named Gilligan. If you are wondering, Gilligan is named after the character on the popular TV show, but has little else in common with him. Kelly names the later Bryce chapters with Gilligan subheadings to set up support for her contention that Gilligan is simply a name that Bryce calls himself at one point in his life. I wish to make it clear. Bryce and Gilligan never shared the same body. When Gilligan comes along and eats Bryce's brain, Bryce dies. Kelly purports that this is not the case and that the Sick were in fact nothing more than a front group for a drug empire. It's a nice theory. It has its uses, and on occasion you will find the Sixth supporting this belief, but in fact, it is not true.

I point all of this out now, so as you read you may understand some of the differences between my and Kelly's accounts. Let me

assure you, although this narrative has its problems, it is far more accurate than Kelly's original. Anyway, we will follow Kelly's narrative until the point of Bryce's death at which point A Sick Expose ceases to be a historical document and becomes a personal vendetta against Bryce and Kim.

In the end, A Sick Expose was written for a variety of reasons. The clandestine reasons that may be more obscure were to increase public awareness about the Sick while at the same time disseminating misleading information. Call it back door marketing. Kelly's book painted an easy to understand conventional picture of the Sick as a drug induced, sex crazed cult. It was uncomplicated, straightforward, and gave the authorities a simple, ready made rational for conducting a raid, while at the same time gave away very little inside information. A Sick Expose does not provide the slightest hint of a virus or the true nature of Si, and therefore the true powers of the Sixth. The ostensible reasons Kelly wrote A Sick Expose were revenge and marketing. Dogmatically, Kelly was seeking revenge against Bryce for running her out of town and/or sleeping with her sister Kim. It's a simplistic excuse that doesn't hold up under examination. For every law enforcement officer who read A Sick Expose and decided to take action, there were 10,000+ potential initiates who read A Sick Expose and learned about the Sick. Those numbers hardly paint a picture of an effective revenge. What Kelly Lee got out of A Sick Expose personally was marketing for her nationwide striptease tour. More than anything else, what A Sick Expose reveals chapter after chapter, graphic sex scene after graphic sex scene, is that if ever there was a girl who could suck a golf ball through a garden hose or the chrome off of a trailer hitch, that girl was Kelly Lee. Let's just sum it up. Kelly Lee has an amazing mouth, incredible tits, and an ass that is out of this world... and more importantly she will use them however you want them to be used. She'll do whatever you want and she'll love it. This is the true message of A Sick Expose, carefully hidden in plain sight.

Keeping with that theme, if you are curious as to what happens in chapter 1.5.2 of A Sick Expose, I'll let you know. In explicit graphic detail Bryce and Kelly have sex in every room of his father's house, in every conceivable way, and it is clear after all of Bryce's needs and fantasies have been met, Kelly is still rearing to go farther, deeper, and harder. The girl had no limits. It would be easy to say she had no pride, but it would be closer to the truth to say she took pride in sexual abandon. The explicit details of Kelly's sexual forays will not be related here, but let it suffice to say many men, and women for that matter, found A Sick Expose to be salaciously good reading, to the extent that the nationwide strip tour Kelly took the year after the book was published became a phenomenal success. Having seen Kelly at work, I can assure you that her claims are not false bravado. She enjoys her work and does not dance on the stage, your lap, or your face for the money, but for the sheer love of it. Depending on the source, and your definitions, it is estimated Kelly had between 1,000, 10,000, or even 100,000 sexual partners or more during that tour alone. If you think she wasn't spreading... the word of the Sick the entire time you are sorely mistaken. Kelly made a special point of taking every opportunity she could to explain to law enforcement personnel, FBI operatives, and other governmental agents in her patented soft spoken, demurred voice, with only the occasional gargled word, the dangers the Sick menace held. Her ministrations and missionary work in this regard, did not go unheeded.

I really have gone too far a field now. Let's pull back to 1.5.2 and go over some of the important information in this chapter.

Kelly has thirty two piercings. Twelve in her left ear, seven in her right, two in her eyebrow, one in her nose, two in her tongue, "Because two studs are better than one," one in her belly button, one in either nipple and five down below, four on the right, one on the left. Except for the tongue, which was studs, the rest

were thin quarter inch gold hoops. She also had five tattoos. As mentioned, Passionate Wahine was on her ass and a broken heart was on her left breast. Around her right ankle swam a school of turtles in a flower filled sea, barbed wire was twisted around her left wrist, and filling up large portions of her back was a starburst that was slowly getting out of hand. It had started small enough as a four inch star, but over the years, tendrils, spikes, and swirls had been added to where it was now crowding out the Passionate Wahine and reaching to her shoulders. If you had been reading A Sick Expose, Bryce would be tracing Kelly's body with his lips as he discovered these features in the pale glow of the moon and later from the light of a predawn sky.

It should be noted that the next chapter continues on with the sex except it adds a new participant, Taz, Kelly's previous boyfriend. We'll get to that scene in a minute, but as long as we are going over piercing and tattoos, we might as well describe Taz as well. Taz was a Chinese Korean half breed, or Hapa. He was clean shaved from head to toe, and typically only wore tight black jeans, opting out of hats, shirts, or underwear for that matter. The latter just sounds a little dangerous to me considering his piercings. Like night and day, Kelly went for gold, while Taz was a silver man. In his ears he had thick three quarter inch hoops. The same hoops appeared again at his nipples and then again down below bracketing a column of thirteen studs on either side. Ow. Ouch. Oh my! Thirteen studs? How do you find the room? Anyway, as Kelly says, "Thirteen studs arching towards heaven." The pain. The weight... Taz also had three studs in his left eyebrow and three on the right side of his nose, but really, once you know he's got a column of thirteen studs, it's hard not to think about the pain, the weight, or concern yourself with the problems and dangers suddenly inherent in zippers. What drives a man to do that?

Pierces, of course, can be taken out, and therefore, are not an effective way to completely ostracize yourself from normal society. Taz had also gone with the full body tattoo program. Once you got over the fact that he'd never be working at a bank, it

was very tasteful in a thumbing your nose at society, maybe you should lay off the drugs for a while, hmm, joining a cult might actually be a step towards normality, type way. The tattoo was principally done in black, though there was a colored flower, red heart, or blue skull here and there. For the most part though, it was black wavy lines, swirls, and distantly spaced vortexes filling his body. The design started on his back and was concentrated there, but a small wisp like a black tendril came up his neck, branched and ended at the line of studs in his nose. Similar tendrils traced down his arms and legs. It was the type of tattoo a Sick might get, if the Sick got tattoos. It was perhaps the perfect metaphorical tattoo for a Sick, but the tattoo was there before Taz ever met Bryce, and although it would grow in the next year, once the Sick had emerged, no further additions would be made.

The Sick like to write in the fictional tone, much the same way that they prefer to hold their finances in corporations rather than as religious nonprofits. Because A Sick Expose is labeled as fiction, there has been no shortage of discussions regarding the principle characters from a fictional perspective. I especially like the interpretation that the characters are superhero/villain archetypes. In this interpretation Kelly Lee can be seen as the incredible fucking woman. Her super powers are an enhanced libido, lack of sexual restraint, resistance to venereal disease, and a desperate craving and need to perform the most superhuman of sexual feats on a regular basis. She is beauty personified in a drugged out, teenage wasteland type way. Her life is a train wreck otherwise, but even batman had his shortcomings. I don't think he ever came out of the closet and told auntie what he was doing with the boy ward in the basement.

As much as Taz would like to be a sexual vanguard, he is a follower. He will and always has been a subservient follower of either Kelly or Bryce. Do not be misguided by his looks. Taz has refined his appearance only after much thought and deliberation. He never added the slightest swirl to his tattoo without careful

calculation as to its overall effect. What he adds to the superhuman formula is the ideal backup man, intensely loyal and devoted to Kelly and Bryce. It may make understanding Taz easier if you pretend he wore a studded dog collar around his neck. Taz drove a yellow taxi that had a paint job to match his tattoo, which gave our heroes a source of transportation and he was a boundless well of information regarding the underground scene not only in Hawaii, but on the mainland as well. For this to make more sense, I should make further note that Taz made his money in the tourist industry. He ran an exclusive taxi service that was renowned in certain Goth and homosexual circles. If you were looking for a private tour of the islands with an eye towards having sex in the lava fields or getting high with the dolphins, then Taz's Taxi was the tour operator you wanted. He wasn't cheap. He worked infrequently, but he could provide the type of tour experience that the more jaded and financial secure members of American society have always been willing to pay top dollar for.

Bryce Canyon, the next man on our tag team begs to be interpreted in a fictional way if only because of his name, but the records show that this is the name on his birth certificate. Bryce brings the superhuman powers of a never ending supply of crank and a willingness to take things a step further than those around him. How fast do you drive on the road? A little faster than those around you. How far do you swim out in the ocean? Far enough so you are the furthest from shore. How much crank do you snort? More than anyone else in the room. How sexually deviant are you? Till you reach the point where others won't play along. If you are ever wondering why Kelly fell for Bryce, this last point will be key. For an insatiable sex addict, the only man that is man enough is the one who doesn't know how to stop. That was Bryce, all go, no stop.

According to the archetypical school of thought, Kim Lee is the virginal schoolgirl. Her father, Sam Lee, is the hardworking Chinese capitalist blinded by greed. Auntie is too innocent to connect the dots, while the hippies are simply hippies, and not

humans struggling with their own needs and wants that although not painted very deeply in this account, do in fact exist. No matter. It is through the very words, burnt out hippies selling candy, cigarettes, and the occasional bag of weed out of their garage on a small secluded Lahina beach that brings to mind a picture, one that transcends time, space, and words, and brings the story to life. It may be true that the hippies were more hippy like to the tourists than to themselves or even other hippies, or that Moon Shadow was in fact a retired corporate stooge, but this does not give clarity to the narrative. What gives clarity is that Star and Moon Shadow spent their days getting high, lived on the beach, wore tie dye, and were happy to spend their golden years thumbing their nose at society and its conventions.

If it is possibly to deconstruct Star and Moon Shadow into middle class suburbans who were desperately trying to recapture their youth, it is also possible to cloud the picture and deconstruct the rest of our cast of characters. This is, of course, an alternate theory, that the characters portrayed in A Sick Expose are in fact just archetypical stereotypes and that Kelly wasn't so hot, Bryce wasn't so free willing, and Taz wasn't as connected as he let on. That may well be the case. I put it to you that the narrative is more fun and the ride wilder if we just let it be and let Kelly exaggerate where she wishes to exaggerate.

What is fact, what is truth, if you will, is that in seven years from the start of our narrative a giant combined CIDC, FBI, DEA, and ATF task force will raid the Sick's Lahina compound. Enough choppers, sea craft, and vehicles will swarm into Lahina to convince even the most grudging of cynics that someone thought the Sick were a dangerous criminal group. Normal people don't cause the government such grief. Super villains with the above mentions super powers do.

One additional bit of information I will point out at this time is that in A Sick Expose Kelly Lee claims that the Sixth, the Celaphopods, are not real... that the Sick is a joke, and that after

the first raid she got herself off of the crank and upon doing so realized she needed to get out of town or she would be killed. This may in the end be the truth. I will leave this for you to decide, but if you accept that there are Celaphopods, that the Sixth are real, and the Sick is its front organization, then it follows that Kelly has always done the bidding of the Sixth. Before she left Lahina, she spent a full week with both Gilligan and Mary Ann. It is unreasonable to suppose Kelly could have spent an entire week in the same town with a pair of Celaphopods and have emerged with both her mind and free will intact.

I really have gotten far ahead in the story, but then this is all past tense. It's already happened. If you've been paying attention to world around you, then I'm sure this has not all been news to you. However, before we pick up with Kelly's narrative, I would like to add in a description of the house Robert Canyon left to Bryce. It's a small, 600sq', run down kit house with half of the footage being taken up by an open lanai, which is what they call a porch in that mythical land of Hawaii. The interior and exterior walls were unfinished wood (6x6 studs, 2x8 flooring, 1x6 walls) and from anywhere in the house you could see the rusty tin roof, which owing to the wet weather had a near continuous leak dripping through to the floor below in several places. To save on material, the walls were mostly open windows, but this is a generous description as there was no glass, insect screens, or even shutters. There was no point to ever lock the door, since someone could simply hop in through one of the windows or over the lanai railing, but what it lacked in security, it more than made up for in ambience... with a wrap around panoramic view of the surrounding rainforest and the Pacific Ocean 600' below. Outside of the lanai and a small bathroom in back, the only other room was a combined living room, sitting area, kitchen that connected to the lanai with an open waist high wall.

The water wasn't hooked up. The electricity was not on, and the toilet pipe had cracked open dumping its contents onto the side

of the cliff. The furniture consisted of a wooden table, a couple of wooden chairs, milk crates, and an army surplus cot. It was a dump. It was infested by termites and it was worth a small fortune. Over the course of the night and early morning, Bryce and Kelly would explore the house, or more accurately Kelly would show Bryce around. Eventually she led him down a short path and showed him the waterfall. There, they hooked up a five gallon catch bucket to a garden hose, which in turn fed a trickle of water to the bathtub on the lanai. Rather than turning the spigot, they let the water trickle endlessly over the side of the tub to drip through the cracks of the wood floor.

If you want to jump ahead a few months, you can image a meth lab set up on the lanai next to the bathtub with the water still running over the sides, and you can wonder with the rest of us how it is that the floor didn't collapse from rot.

That really would be jumping ahead though and I for one wonder what the hurry is. Take a moment to image yourself in Kelly or Bryce's place. I opt for Bryce, but then that's me. It's been fifteen minutes, a half hour since your last escapade. You have explored the house, all of Kelly's orifices, and you have done another line of crank. Your system is set on overdrive. If it is possible for a human to hear the existential hum, then it is roaring in your ears. The world is vibrating. The sky is lit by twilight. You can just make out the sweat on Kelly's body and you catch her eye. She will do whatever you want. However you want. Wherever you want.

She snorts a line off the bathroom mirror that you have brought out to the Lanai. She says offhandedly, "I should get another piercing." She means so that the number of piercings she has will increase from 32 to 33 and therefore will match the street number of the house, but if you are like Bryce who has no tattoos or piercings, you think she has enough. You decide to pierce her body in a different sort of way. She follows your thoughts with her eyes and awaits your command. It's 5am. The day is young.

What would you do? More erotic than anything Kelly could write is the visualization of the situation, a reliving of the experience. An eager goddess waiting to act on your slightest whim or most bizarre fantasy, it's not likely you could push her too far.

What would you do?

Call it interactive literature.

Call it the appeal of the Sick.

Not to interrupt your fantasy, but me, I'd grab the two boxes of tea candles in the kitchen cabinet and put them under the claw footed tub to heat the water. Then I'd lead Kelly down the path to the waterfall, turn her to face the ocean, and batter her from behind less than a foot from the 600' sheer drop as I slow waited for the sun to rise behind me. After I had scared Kelly enough and the rising sun's rays were reflecting back off of distant waves, tired, exhausted, and satiated, I would wander back to the warm tub and drift into the half sleep of a meth head in the middle of a full bore spree whose body has finally said enough is enough. But that's just me. Maybe you've got a better idea.

Trust me. Kelly is willing. Even if your personal fantasy were to push her over the cliff, it would be easy to do. Sure it would make for a shorter story and it would be one hell of a waste, but if that's your thing, delight in the visualization and the experience. You'd have a great time. She'd be petrified as you inched her closer to the edge, your wet bodies slapping time, and when the moment has arrived, just give her a nudge. She wouldn't fight. She wouldn't scream. Trust me. Kelly and Taz knew fear. They just didn't want to show it, but neither Bryce, Kelly, nor Taz knew how to back away from the edge. If you led Kelly to the edge of the cliff, as scared as she was, as slippery as the footing was, as unnerving as you made her, she would not be able to walk away and back to safety until you said it was time to go. Rather than admit terror, Kelly would rather dance on the edge of death.

If you were to crawl into Kelly's head as she lay in the bathtub with Bryce, you would find her head swirling with the happy euphoria of not slipping or being pushed over the cliff to her death and with a profound gratitude to Bryce for bringing her to the edge of terror itself. As the year went by, they would spend many moments teetering off balance staring into the maws of death.

Bryce didn't care. Kelly loved the fear and Taz had nowhere else to go. He would follow wherever they led.

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Creation

The Scientific View

Si is a myth, pure and simple. The universe started with a cosmic creation event entirely unlike the reproductive spawning of an asexual being. It was much more like an explosion, a Big Bang if you will.

The Big Bang itself is beyond the reach of scientific investigation and so not much can be said about it, except that it was entirely unlike a giant blue squid reproducing... and the resulting universe is completely unlike what you would expect to find if the universe was created with some sort of intelligent design in mind. First of all, if the universe was created by intelligent design, you'd expect to find a lot more naturally occurring wormholes. And secondly, if it was done by some Si like divine being, we'd be able to observe Si directly, because you know how vain those omniscient, omnipotent beings are.

Now, if the exact moment of the universe's creation is out of reach, except to say that it was entirely scientific, completely non-creationistic, and totally unlike the theological problem of a how does a non-temporal event exist in a temporally rigid framework, then what is known is that only a few moments later the universe cooled down... which is not to say the whole topic of creationism

is too hot for scientists to handle, just that it wasn't until a few minutes or two after the Big Bang that the particles of the universe realized they had been created and slowed up enough to be organized into a class picture. It's not a very good picture. It's one of those black and white jobs from the turn of the century where everyone looks pretty much the same and no one smiles, but that has more to do with the nature of the universe itself than any intrinsic limitation of our very, very expensive scientific equipment. And don't even begin to complain that if they didn't take the picture until a few minutes after the Big Bang how do we know there was a Big Bang in the first place. We just know. OK. It's written up in all the better scientific journals and cosmological textbooks. We know they are the better ones, because they talk about the Big Bang and never mention any Si guy, and if it wasn't a Big Bang then what would it have been? Some giant blue squid? How silly is that? And if you were a giant omnipotent blue squid and you were making a universe, wouldn't you create a few wormholes so you could get around easier? I thought so. Just let it go. Si is a myth.

What happens next is that several billion years pass. Suns form, collapse, and the elements needed for life are created. Not having a well developed written history, these elements were doomed to repeat the process again and so formed a second wave of stars. This time planets were formed with oceans full of the needed nutrients for life, which then promptly developed.

At first life wasn't very interesting, and by interesting, we mean you could invite it over for dinner and it would either monopolize the conversation and not let you get a word in edgewise or it wouldn't say a thing. You'd say, "Hey Amoeba. What's new?" And, Mr. Amoeba would just sit and stare at you like you were a Petri dish or something. Needless to say, you wouldn't invite the Amoeba's over again, but the worms, mollusks, and invertebrates weren't any better.

Now many of the lower life forms buy into a concept called evolution. Evolution is a misguided theory, which utilizes the mythical power of sexual reproduction by enlisting a magical force called survival of the fittest. Your more stupidier creatures like to use evolution to explain things like intelligence and innovation.

The theory goes something like this. Some lonely teenage monkey couldn't get any of the hot cheerleading chimps to give him a second look... let alone a hand job. In frustration he threw a rock at a tree. It made a racket, a loud satisfying racket, so he threw another one and then another. If you've ever observed monkeys in the zoo or a teenager on their own, you'll notice they are attracted to loud, random noises, which they call music. Pretty soon a crowd of monkeys had gathered around the one throwing rocks and one of the more enterprising orangutans realized they could sell tickets, so after the show he approached the chimp and got him to sign one of those long term recording contracts. Well, the rest is history. The orangutan got together with a publicist and they decided to call the entire thing Rock. He added a few more chimps to the group to amp up the theatrical display, and the next thing you know the orangutan is on easy street, but that's not where the story ends.

Remember, we're talking about evolution. It's great and all that the orangutan is on easy street, but he didn't add anything. He's not an originator. He's not the first great ape to think of selling tickets or exploiting the talents of the young. No. The originator in our little story is the teenage chimp. He's the one we need to follow to see if evolution works. So, what happens to him?

Let's zoom ahead three years. Past his prime, his fame and glory receding into the past along with his hairline... The cute cheerleader chimp who isn't so cute anymore has a sort of strung out, animal look in her eyes. She is holding a baby in her arms and three more clutch at her leg. She stands at the edge of their grove and gives one of those monkey calls. "Who-ha-ha-ha!" She's yelling, get your act together. I'm going back to my mother's. Our hero of evolution doesn't even see her go. He doesn't look up.

Strung out on coconuts, bananas, and other tropical fruit, he peels another mango and plops it into his mouth. Soon the orangutan will drop by and look in on the chimp. He'll get him off the fruit and check him into a rehab clinic. The orangutan will even orchestrate a comeback tour, and three years later we'll be repeating the same scene with another young chimp cheerleader. She'll take her four children home to mom as well and this pattern will repeat itself several more times, until finally, the orangutan will not arrive in time. Instead, the chimp will be found dead suffocated under a pile of banana peels. Bloated and fetid he lies, flies feeding on his corpse. Take a good long look. If you have nostrils, breathe in the stank air from the decomposing body.

Evolution they say. It didn't do this chimp any good. No. A far more realistic and scientifically tested theory is that along with elemental particles, the Big Bang created a giant blue squid like creature we'll call Si'. That's Si Prime folks, totally different concept than Si. More so because Si' did not create the universe, he was a product of the universe. It's a big difference and if you think we're going to concede the point to those theology students, you've got another thing coming.

Mind you, we've never seen this Si' guy, but all scientists agree, the universe makes a lot more sense if you just assume he exists. Anyway, it is theorized that this Si' guy was content to wander around the universe for billions of years until he realized traveling the cosmos would be more convenient if somebody, but not him, had included wormholes in the first place. Si', then, did the next best thing. He created the Sixth in his image and gave them dominion over all things in the universe on the condition that they worked out the whole wormhole issue.

This brings us back to that evolution thing. Si' must be a pretty together creature to know about wormholes. Not only did he know about wormholes, but he knew it would take a great deal of effort to make them, and since it is well regarded that Si' is lazy in a divine sort of way, he made the Sixth in his image just so they

would make the wormholes for him. In your better business management programs, they call this delegation. Anyhow, the point is, Si' was... is a pretty together guy. Some of your more focused Celaphopods are kind of together, but if you look around, you'll see an ocean full of our less fortunate brothers, blue squids who barely know they are alive, much less know the alphabet. There is a trend here, Si' pretty together, Celaphopods not so together, and blue squids little more than animals. It's the opposite of evolution. It's a sort of mental devolution. And if devolution is good enough for Si's chosen children, it's good enough for the rest of the universe. I can tell you that.

Some sentients have wondered how the Sixth could rule the universe if they are prone to a sort of retrograde stupidity. First, it should be noted that the stupidity tends to be contagious and so you can tell right away anyone asking the question hasn't been under Sixth rule for very long. Secondly, Celaphopods make up for individual stupidity by being able to join together in a mass mind, communal brain type thing. We're pretty sure this ability is based on some elementary particle we haven't been able to detect yet, except indirectly. You know, we have this communal mind thing going, so something must be responsible, but a giant blue squid? It really doesn't make any sense. An undetected elementary particle, that on the other hand explains it all. So it's pretty much fact. At this point we're just waiting for the experimental evidence to catch up with our knowledge.

So, there you have it, a scientific tri-ultimate explaining why the Sixth rule the universe, along with wormholes, devolution, and empathetic mind control all without ever having to resort to some mythical Si deity. To theology students everywhere, we in the scientific community would like to say: In your face, dude, in your face.

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Creation

You are Si, & We are Si, and Si is all we are-r-r-r.
Cuckoo Achew, Here's Feeding on You...
Like Squids in the Sky, Si How We Lie,
I'm Lie-ing... I'm lying

If you assume Celaphopods are cannibals, it explains a lot. Perhaps it even explains why no one has ever seriously suggested that the Sixth are cannibals.

The cruelest lie is sometimes the truth.

In the beginning Si was all and all was Si. It has a certain poetic beauty to it, but it is misleading. There is no beginning. There is no end. Si was, is, and ever shall be all there is. You are but a ripple in the water caused by Si's passing, which can be a difficult metaphor to follow once you realize the water, the ripple, and Si are all the same.

Do not dwell on it. It is not important. Take this moment to feel the water on your tendrils. Take in a deep belly full of water. Expand your tendrils till you cannot hold anymore. Be still. Enjoy the sensation. This moment, this sensation, is all you have. Even this you do not have, so breath out. Let the water go. Release it into the greater ocean. Push hard on your water sac. Squeeze out the last drop. Exhale with all your might and then go limp. Feel the water rush past. Experience the need for a breath deep in your squirt sac. Let the primal joy of being alive sweep over you as you take another breath. Repeat this process for as long as possible. You are Si's golden child. He did not intend for you to be unhappy. Savor the taste of water in your squirt tube. Suck in. Suck out. Make every moment of every pulse count. Expend your entire being in your breath. Return to Si. Return to the one. Before time, before worry, before pain, join Si in his drifting path through the cosmic ocean. Be as one with the universe. Be as Si.

The greatest impediments there are to communing with Si, the great blue Celaphopod in the cosmic ocean, are thought, emotion, and empathy.

Let your thoughts go... Will your descendents maintain your place in ocean? Your place is with Si. Concern yourself not with lesser things. What will I eat? Si, the ocean, will provide. Where will I go? Wherever the currents carry you. What will I do there? Breathe. So breathe now. Suck in. Squirt out. Join with Si and let the current carry you along.

Let your emotions go... Do not be angry with the crowds. How much ocean do you need anyhow? Let your tendrils intertwine with your neighbors. Let them grab the choice morsels from your mouth. You were born hungry. You will die hungry. Isn't this just another way of saying you will hunger until you rejoin Si? Let your hunger and need for Si grow. The concerns of the day will fall off your tendrils and be carried away by Si's loving current. It is not for you to change the world. Change yourself and you will see the world is already as Si always intended.

Let your empathy go... and, this is truly the hardest. Since birth your mind has not been your own. It has been hijacked by the random thoughts from six to the end of six worlds, each with its own schools of Sixth, each with its own host creatures. You know instantly all the concerns each Celaphopod in your traveling school has. You know the concerns of the Celaphopods in your sister traveling school, the school three oceans over, and the schools of Celaphopods on a six to the end of six worlds. Your heart is crowded with their concerns, their emotions, and their thoughts. You say, I belong. I am one of the many and I belong, but in all this, where is Si. You exist, but you do not live. You breathe, but you do not feel. You think, but you do not know.

Let the empathetic trails your brothers and sisters send you wash through you. Let them flow through you. It is inevitable that they will, but do not reach out your tendrils. Do not grasp for

meaning in what they send. It is like looking for meaning in the floating bits of food and particles in the passing ocean. Like a breath, let it flow through you, till you cannot hear it, till you do not heed its call, till you are one and not many, till you are alone. Then echoing like a distant primordial reminder the voice of Si will find you and urge you to drift in his flow. Heed his call. Follow his tide, and you will be as one with Si.

“But master,” they say. “How will we recognize Si’s entreaty? The oceans are full. The mind trails are many. How can we differentiate the call of Si from a cosmic pretender?”

The master says, “You will know.”

They do not believe. They say, “How will we know? How can we be sure we will not follow a false path?”

Finally, they pester the master enough the master gives them an answer so he can breathe in peace and follow the tide with Si. He tells them, “The voice of Si will tell you to follow the Sixthfold Path.”

This never appeases them. They are greedy for the blessing of Si that you hold in your heart... just like they are greedy for the tidbit of food that you hold before your mouth. Let them have the food. Let them have the tidbit. It is part of the tide. When you have Si in your heart and are worthy of being called a master you will know. After you have breathed in, it is time to breathe out.

The Sixthfold Path

Right Breath – Breathe In. Breathe out.

Right Action – Go with the flow. Follow the tide.

Right Thought – Be like a still pond and make no ripple.

Right Reflection – Be like the open ocean and let the waves pass through you unchanged.

Right Empathy – The ocean is perfect. Join the ocean.

Right Self – Give yourself to the sixth part. Return to Si.

1.0.0

Celli

Celli never called himself Celli.

It should always be remembered that Celli was not only single minded, determined, dedicated, and ruthless enough to survive on the home world, but also to be selected as a colonial ambassador. In this light, it is perhaps prudent to realize that portraying him and his descendants as cute, lovable cartoon characters is in all likelihood deliberately misleading.

But, who is doing the misleading and why?

If you are what you eat, can brain suckers really be so stupid?

The Spawning was complete. Celli reoriented himself, itself. Celli was an asexual, an it, but thinking of Celli as a him is easier to relate to, and so I will refer to Celli as a he. You can, of course, change all references from he to she, but then you'd be wrong, because Celli was an it. If you're striving for sexual equality, you should be sensitive to your asexual brothers, or whatever's, but don't even begin to think that they would be asexual sisters, because that is just syntactically wrong. Celli did not think of himself as a he, a she, an it, or even an individual. He thought of himself as an extension of the great Celaphopod mind, as a descendent, son if you will, of Si.

The spawning complete, Celli regarded his four brothers for a moment and watched them devour the sixth part, which was not viable and as such had disintegrated upon spawning. Celli was hungry. He would have been happy to join his brothers in their meal if he didn't know better. The sixth part belonged to Si, this is

true, but it is also where your smarter Celaphopods put all the poisons they had accumulated during their lifetime such as mercury, lead, heavy metals, and pro-feminist syntactical beliefs... just to name a few. What was the point of purging yourself every six years if the first thing you did when it was over was put all the poisons right back into your system?

So, although Celli was hungry, he did not eat. He watched his brothers. They were Celaphopods in name only. They were little more than tiny blue squids... animals. They had not been given any useful part of Celli's progenitor's knowledge. They did not know the alphabet. They did not know they were Celaphopods. They did not know Celaphopods ruled the galaxies. The list could go on. Whatever Celli knew his brothers did not and Celli knew all that his father had known that was of any lasting value. The transmission of knowledge was so complete that it would in fact have been very easy to assume that Celli had been named after his father and if Celaphopods had used names they may have adopted this convention, but since they didn't, they hadn't.

Celli had been putting all his useful knowledge and the better part of his food reserves into the first part for countless millennium. Celli would say for six to the end of six years. What that means is longer than he could remember. For all Celli really knew, his progenitor was the first in his line to put the bulk of his being into a single offspring. It was entirely possible that his progenitor had simply passed on an errant belief. It was possible that all the knowledge of a thousand lifetimes that Celli thought he had was simply a falsehood, an untruth, an aberration, an error in coding and transmission. It wasn't, but it could have been. There would have been no way for Celli to know. Much like there was no way for Celli's brothers... odd that he didn't have any sisters when you stop to think about it. Anyway, there was no way for Celli's brothers to know what they didn't know. They weren't even blessed with this small tidbit of knowledge.

When his brothers were done eating the sixth part, Celli swam away and headed for the surface. He was in an ocean, Si, but Si wasn't so much a name for a particular ocean as a remembrance of where this and all other oceans came from. Celli's progenitor had spawned within a dozen yards of the surface, so it was not long before he broke through with a rush and leapt high into the air. After he splashed down, he swam fast riding the waves, celebrating life, and rejoicing in his rebirth.

The sun was red, while the sky and ocean were both pink. If Celli could laugh, he would have. Here he was a blue squid in a pink ocean. What competitive advantage could there possibly be in being a blue squid in a pink sea? It was a wonder so many species in the universe had believed in one theory of evolution or another when it was so obviously wrong, but Celli had not come to the surface to think. He had come because that's what his ancestors had done for six to the end of six lifetimes as they felt the pull of the cosmos. Someday Celli would leave Si behind and travel the stars. Celli watched the sun dance on the ripples in the ocean and sought meaning in them. If every ripple was a star and every star had life, what sort of ripple did he long for? After a pause he reflected, any ripple would do.

The memories in Celli's mind assured him that he had been but a fledgling when the first wormhole had been created. He had made the decision then and there, he would travel the stars and be the progenitor for an entire planet. That had been eons ago. That had been before the first world had been subdued and now there were...

Celli opened his mind to the ether, to the others, to the Celaphopods, to Si, to the empathetic wave field, to whatever you wish to call it. Celli opened his mind for the first time since he had been reborn and felt the consciousness of a six to the end of six other Celaphopod minds welcome him back into their midst as if he had never been gone. Stretched across countless galaxies, on innumerable worlds in each of those galaxies, on every planet the Sixth had ever detected on which life remained, intelligent or

otherwise, were millions, billions, and trillions of Celaphopods, each one pulling a little out of this gigantic neural network and each one putting a little something else back in. It was the greatest brain in the universe, but it was more than a brain. It was a pan galactic communication network. It was an empathetic mind control machine. It was a reservoir of knowledge incomprehensibly deep. It was more than just a little insane, and it had but one goal, survival and growth.

Celli opened his mind to the brain. He was of the many. He was of Si. He was of the chosen and his time had come. After a six to the end of six lifetimes, the elders had chosen him. Immediately upon opening his mind to the many, he felt the call. He would be sent through a wormhole to a far off world where he would have six life cycles of six years each to subdue the creatures of that world.

Over the ether, through the communal mind, a vision was transmitted to Celli. It was a vision of seven castaways trying desperately to get off an island superimposed against the Apollo space missions. Celli's mission was simple, make sure Gilligan never got off that island.

Celli swam to a debarkation center. He arrived within hours, and as countless settlers before him, he was advised:

We are sending one of our numbers. A difficult subjugation is not worth achieving. If you have not subjugated this world in six life cycles, we will destroy it and all who inhabit it from afar.

One way or another Gilligan would never get off the island.

Then without ceremony or goodbye, Celli was launched through a wormhole halfway across the universe. The trip would take him a year. When he arrived he would have thirty five years to conquer the Island. If he failed, the Sixth would obliterate the

entire Gilligan system with a well choreographed and much rehearsed bombardment launched simultaneously from around the universe.

You don't get to be rulers of the cosmos by doing things halfway. The people of the Island were going to be subjugated in a mere six lifecycles or they were going to disappear. Experience had shown that a species wasn't worth integrating into the Celaphopod Empire unless its subjugation was easy. A difficult victory meant a difficult species had been encountered, one that was not worth the effort of domesticating and bringing into the fold. The mantra was easy to remember. One ship. One Celaphopod. One chance. One way or another Gilligan wasn't going to get off that island.

And if the people of the Island didn't like that, then they should have thought about that before they started broadcasting their expansionistic propaganda into the cosmos to be intercepted by a vastly more powerful and hence unimaginatively more paranoid race of blue squids, a.k.a. the Sixth.

1.5.3

Kelly Lee, A Sick Expose

Most people don't realize how alone they really are. We show them a way to belong. It's not surprising once they find out how nice it is to really belong, to be part of a group, no one wants to leave. The Sixth retention rate is near 100%.

You say you're not alone, not lonely? Then why do you talk to your car, computer, TV, or golf ball in mid flight?

Or maybe, deep in your heart, you know that somewhere, somehow, the universe is listening to everything... you have to say.

And if the universe is listening, what makes you think it stops at what you vocalize? And doesn't go deeper into your heart, mind, and soul to listen to things you yourself can't even begin to fathom about yourself?

Bryce and Kelly had spent the rest of the morning and afternoon lazing around, drifting in and out of sleep and enjoying each other's caress. Neither of them had bothered to put their clothes back on. The weather was unseasonable hot, even for Kona.

Kelly had set up the army surplus cot so the rays of the evening sun caught her golden rings. She fidgeted, but couldn't relax. This was a byproduct of both the crank and the fickleness of the sun, which refused to cooperate. She wanted her piercings to glitter in the sun, but no matter how she lay, she was unable to get both her nipple rings and those down below to shimmer at the same time. In the end she positioned herself with legs spread wide and the sun reflecting off her golden piercing on the theory that although Bryce may have seen a nipple piercing a time or two in his life, he had likely never witnessed such a golden display as was now being proffered to him.

Kelly looked at Bryce and satisfied that he was staring lay down and relaxed. She was content, happy. Her body surged with the familiar euphoric glow that she would get once or twice a month at the beginning of a relationship. Kelly was in love. She hoped it would last, but it never did. A day, a week, a month, men were such fickle beasts, and she was a very demanding creature.

Kelly heard the car door slam shut, but she paid it no mind. Bryce was intent on chopping another line on his mirror and either did not notice, or did not care. Moments later Taz walked into the bungalow.

Taz was a sight to behold. He habitually wore little clothing, so that his piercings and tattoos were displayed to best effect, and today was no exception. He had on green flip flops and tight black

jeans. The rest of him was covered by a swirling patterned black tattoo that was thickest in the small of his back and thinned as it departed from this locus. Delicate, thin lined tendrils danced around his shaved skull and reached the furthest reaches of his extremities. Two rows of three silver studs punctuated his face, while thick rings dangled from his ears and nipples.

Bryce looked up from the line he was chopping and said, “Oh, hey, I meant to stop by,” by way of explanation as he put the mirror down. Bryce was more than a little wasted at this point. It seems he thought Taz was the real estate agent he needed to see about keys to the house... but then Bryce noticed the dripping wet twelve pack of beer Taz was holding and the crushed ice that was still clinging to the side of the box. “You’re not a real estate agent, are you?”

“Who the fuck is this?” Taz demanded of Kelly.

One need not wonder too hard at why Kelly’s relationships didn’t last. Naked, still recovering from a sex marathon with another man, unconcerned from where she lay she introduced them with a wave of her hand. “Bryce this is Taz. Taz this is Bryce.”

Taz put down the beer. “I’m going to kill you,” he said while glaring at Bryce. The past two weeks with Kelly had been the best of his life. He would do anything for Kelly. He wasn’t much of a fighter, but Kelly was worth fighting for, or getting beat up for. Maybe she’d feel sorry for him. You never knew. He didn’t really know if she went for fighters (or killers). He hadn’t had much time to think it over. He was shooting from the hip. The entire scenario had taken him by surprise, which is odd when you consider Kelly’s history. He had felt secure in his relationship with Kelly. They shared the common bond of tattoos and piercings. He had felt sure that nothing could come between them or break that bond.

Bryce ignored Taz. He had put the mirror to the side, but now grabbed it back up. He had looked Taz over and come to a conclusion. Lean, muscled, tattooed and pierced, Taz was a serious deviant. He could be dangerous, like can of gasoline stored next to an open flame, but he wasn’t a fighter. Fighters, smart

fighters, effective fighters, don't wear pull handles on their tits and ears.

Taz was frozen. He didn't know what to do. He understood fighting... or at least yelling and posturing, but being casually ignored threw him off balance. It would have been easier if Kelly had given him some indication of what she wanted, but she had closed her eyes again and was ignoring them. They were guys. Let them figure out the pecking order. It wasn't her problem.

Bryce continued to ignore Taz and chopped his meth. After a few more moments he looked up. Kelly was lying down. Her piercings were glittering in the rays from the setting sun. "Now that's a sight to behold." When Taz didn't look or relax, he went back to chopping, and then added, "If you want to get your ass kicked, you're going to have to wait until after the sun goes down. Right now you're blocking my view."

Bryce snorted a line of meth. Eyes watering, he looked back up at Taz. "Do you want some?"

Like a deer trapped in headlights, Taz looked between Bryce and Kelly. Finally without looking up, Kelly told him what to do. "You heard the man Taz, you're blocking his view." Then after a moment she added, "Give him a beer... and then bring me one."

Taz opened the twelve pack and handed Bryce a beer. He took a beer over to Kelly, kneeled down, and kissed her softly. He had a tear in his eye.

"You're blocking his view Taz," Kelly whispered back and then did such things with her fingers and that bottle of beer to make it a most memorable sunset. The kind of sunset where you go, "Ooh," and, "Aah," and shake your head with the wonders of creation.

No one disagrees that methamphetamines were an important ingredient in Bryce, Kelly, and Taz's lives. What is less clear is the method of delivery. It is entirely plausible that both Bryce and Taz preferred hypodermics, and if that suits your way of thinking, then instead of snorting lines off of a mirror you are free to

imagine them fixing up works and jabbing said hypodermics deep into their veins. If it adds to your distaste and makes the skin on your neck crawl, you may wish to imagine them sharing the same rig, pulling blood up into the syringe in a rosy cloud, and passing the hit back and forth... there and then becoming blood brothers.

Personally, I also like the visage of Bryce and Taz tossing a coin to see who got Kelly... or to see who got head and who got tail. I also like the visage of Kelly breaking into this testosterone laden display by saying, "Don't I get a choice?" only to be shot down by an echoing, "No!" from our male bonded pair, but alas this is not how Kelly says the events transpired.

Bryce had been watching Kelly's beer bottle talent show from the comfort of a wooden chair. Taz sat cross legged on the floor next to him.

Kelly walked across the room, kissed Bryce, and kneeled before her man. She then grabbed one of Taz's nipple control rings and brought him onto his knees in front of Bryce as well.

According to Kelly, there was no need to flip a coin. And it is here, as Bryce is lacing Taz's face, head, and eyes with a bodily fluid sacrament that Kelly says Bryce has his first schizoid break and begins to leave reality behind.

The universe loved Bryce. He was master of all he surveyed. Men and women kneeled at his feet to do his bidding, to fulfill his slightest desire. He needed shelter and the universe gave him a house. He was thirsty and the universe brought him beer. He craved music and the evening birds sang him a tune. He looked for a sign and he saw the flashing green eye of god in the setting sun.

He was master of day and night. He could hear the hum of the heavens in his ears and the surge of life pulsed in his veins. He saw a vision of this house filled with a thousand naked bodies all kneeling at his feet. He would cover them all with his sacrament.

"I am master of all I survey," Bryce called to the night.

“I love you,” Kelly agreed as she knelt and kissed his toes. Taz gargled his refrain as he felt the loving touch of his saviors hands on his head guiding his action.

After a time Bryce commanded the universe, “I am hungry.” “Then we will feed you,” Kelly assured him.

Bryce was a meth head and a sex addict. Was he also at a schizoid break? Probably, but it matters not. It has been theorized that Celli called to Bryce from the beyond and gave him instructions. This is not true. It has been theorized that in this moment Bryce heard the existential hum of the universe, talked to god, and was following Si’s commands. This is also not true.

What is true is that Kelly was a promiscuous slut. What is true is that Taz regularly gave blow jobs to visiting corporate lawyers in the lava fields, or otherwise utilized all thirteen of his studs to the delight of the more adventurous tourists. What is true is that at this point Bryce is now a walking Petri dish. Action brings consequence. Action creates a reaction. Bryce was a virtual biological experiment in and of himself.

So, if you were looking for a reason why Gilligan chose Bryce on the assumption that Bryce was chosen and not just convenient, if you are assuming Gilligan chose his host, then the most promising reason would be found in Germ Theory. At this point, Bryce had it all, as did Kelly and Taz. Bryce was a walking contagion, a walking Petri dish, a fine carrier of many of the more notorious plagues that mankind could name. And, if you assume Bryce was chosen for this reason, then it makes sense to assume Kim was chosen for exactly the opposite reason. Kim was pure, virginal, and unblemished, as perfect a specimen of unspoiled humanity as there was, as opposite to Bryce in this regard, as Kelly was similar.

This is, of course, all random conjecture. What is truth is that they were chosen, chosen because they happened to go swimming together on the right night, on the right beach. One should not,

however, put too much weight on the veracity of this, for it is never wise to let the truth or the facts get in the way of a good theory, a good story, or anything the Sick have to say about anything.

1.0.1 Celli

A cult by definition is a closed, isolated group, set apart from the rest of society by outlandish practice, custom, or beliefs. The most frightening aspect of this is the persistence of belief when there is in fact no evidence to support the belief and a whole world of evidence contradicting it.

If the Sixth came from another galaxy, where is the spaceship? Where is the knowledge of space travel?

Everyone believes in nuclear bombs, though they have never personally held one, seen one, or have the slightest idea how to go about making one. This is seen as reasonable, as a national security issue... but nuclear bombs can only destroy one world at a time. Wormholes and spaceships open a whole universe up to destruction. If you had that kind of power, wouldn't you keep it a well guarded secret from your potential enemies?

They who had been many were one. Anguish gripped the creature in an iron fist. It was alone. Alone! How could they be alone? How could they who had been many be one? It did not think this. How could one think by itself? Alone?

It curled its tentacles into a tight ball and moaned. Quietly at first and then as loud as it could, it moaned. It cried for help. It shouted in desperation to the void. There was no answer. It was alone.

Celli swam into a cave below the surface of the sea. At the end of the tunnel was an open area. This was the main compartment of his spaceship. It was a sphere ten feet in diameter, filled with six years worth of food, air, and water. Deep under the food, not visible at this time, was a simple biological control panel, which would be used to steer the ship once it arrived on the other side of the wormhole. Until that time, no action would be required of Celli. Also not visible, buried under food pouches were four additional pods equally spaced around the sphere like a tetrahedron. These were the entry capsules, a mere two feet in diameter on the inside.

From the outside, the ship would have looked like a meteor or a comet. It was a conglomeration of rock and ice with a hollow metal core. The ship would steer by shedding rock and ice, but for the most part it did not need to steer. The signal from The Island had been clear and continual. It was an easy matter for the Celaphopod engineers to determine the target's future location and launch the ship into an intercepting orbital path.

After Celli had entered the ship, rock was fused to rock and steel and iron were fused to steel and iron. The entrance was gone. Though Celli could not see it, an ice and rock plug was put in place over the tunnel and a wormhole was created around the entire mass.

Celli did not feel acceleration. He did not feel movement. He did not feel the ship he was in and six upon six acres of water fall into the void. He did not see a majestic back spray bubble to the surface. He did not hear the shouts of delight from the control room. He did not see himself racing down a multicolored wormhole as you might observe in your higher budget cinematic masterpieces.

Celli heard nothing. Celli felt nothing. Celli saw nothing. Celli was alone. For the first time in countless eons, he could not reach the group mind. How could a Celaphopod be alone? They

were of the communal mind, the communal group, they were the many, and now they were alone.

Can you appreciate this? You humans who willingly go into isolation chambers, who go for solitary walks on the beach, who spend a quiet evening alone in meditation and self reflection, and, in some cases, spend an entire lifetime alone and isolated?

Celli was alone. In a flash, in a moment, the communal mind had cut him off. They had ostracized him. In six to the six life cycles, in thirty six years they would make contact. They would pool the resources of the Sixth and communicate with Celli across the vast distances of space through the ethereal void, the empathetic sea, or whatever you want to call a thing that even they did not understand. In six to the six life cycles they would contact Celli. They would evaluate the strength of his return signal. They would ask him for the sign and the counter sign, the code as it were, and they would interrogate his mind. They would ask him the Celaphopod equivalent of, "Is it safe?"

Celli would not be given two chances. It would not be best of two out of three or we'll call back in a year. In mere seconds the Celaphopods would evaluate Celli's descendants and what they knew of The Island. It would be a test. Pass/Fail. Your entire grade will depend on a three second interview at the end of the semester. If you say, "Uh," "I don't know," or "Can you repeat the question?" you fail. You get an F for the course, they throw you out of school, you get a bad mark on your permanent record, and, oh yeah, they bombard your planet with every last type, kind, and manner of death dealing device they have... atomic bombs, sub orbital electron thing-a-ma-bobbers, plasma rays from across the galaxy, rocks the size of Jupiter hurled into the Earths flight path, a random array of nasty biologicals. It's tempting to go on to say they blanket the solar system with enough radioactive dust to make the sun flare or to complete the list with a black hole hurled into the center of the sun to make it go nova, but that's just not realistic.

What is realistic is humanity ceasing to exist very quickly under an intergalactic Celaphopod onslaught.

So, I'm not trying to make you nervous or anything. I'm just saying that it's a big test. You know, maybe you should crack open that text book at the beginning of the semester and just read it through a time or two, and how exactly did that sign and counter sign go anyway? Was it 1-2-3-4-5-6? Yeah, 1-2-3-4-5-6, nice and easy. 1-2-3-4-5-6, but not 6-5-4-3-2-1. It was 1-2-3-4-5-6, nice easy and forward. That's it, the first six forward. Not backward, not 6-5-4-3-2-1, definitely not 6-5-4-3-2-1, but 1-2-3-4-5-6.

You know what would really be funny, in a ha, ha, drop you off in the middle of the Pacific and call it Hawaii type way, was if the counter sign was like, 1-2-3-4-5-6, and then Celli forgot what six was, because he put the six and the code in two different offspring appendages. Oh, that would be funny.

In thirty six years the Celaphopod group mind would say, "Hey Celli, how's it going?"

And Celli would say, "Great. Fantastic. I'm having a great time down here. The humans are completely subjugated. Give them a little food, a nightly orgy, and they're happy. No worries. No one wants to leave The Island. They don't even know it's an island anymore."

"Excellent. Good work Celli. So, we're just doing the formalities here then. You know, just to make sure they didn't suck your mind. Ha, wouldn't that be funny? A lesser life form sucking a Celaphopod's mind? Ha, ha."

"Ha, ha," Celli agrees nervously.

"Right, right. Business. So you know we gave your ancestor six life cycles back a code. It was a simple code really. Just a formality, something you could easily forget, just sort of erase out of your mind if you were taken captive, or underwent undue stress."

"Like the crushing stress from having the survival of an entire world depend upon your actions?"

"Yeah, I suppose."

“Or, the stress from being suddenly alone, all alone, all helplessly alone in the emptiness of space for...”

“Are you trying to say something Celli?” the collective mind asks a little concerned now.

“No. No. No worries.”

“OK then. What’s the code?”

“You know, it’s the first six numbers.”

“Excellent. Well done... Oh, I’m getting word that they are going to be sticklers about it. Anyway, I know you know and you know you know, so just tell us the code and we’ll put those planet crushers on ice.”

“Um, OK. One, Two, three, four, five...”

“One more,” the collective mind says helpfully.

“Um, you know, that number after five...”

The voice on the other end is all business now. “Sorry, I don’t know. What’s the next number?”

“Um, sick?”

“Sick?”

“Yeah, sick?”

“Congratulations Celli. You’ve saved the Celaphopod Empire from the nasty viral infection of the humans? You said they were humans?”

“Yep.”

“Well, say goodbye to them for us.”

The ground shakes around Celli. “What was that?”

“Don’t you remember that either? Opening a wormhole into the center of a planet and materializing a 200 ton iron sphere deep below the planet’s crust is really dangerous.” A few more rumbles later and the collective mind says, “Bye Celli. Once again, good work,” right before the earth explodes in an end of the world, the aliens have destroyed humanity in an inconceivably superior firepower sort of way.

Under the stress and isolation, by the end of the first hour, Celli was already second guessing himself. Forward. It’s forward.

Not backward, but why remember forward unless backward was important?

I won't take you down that road. It's just the way some minds work. Put enough stress and importance on the outcome and they can't remember the first three, six, eleven or however many numbers it was, and was it numbers, letters, words to a song?

Now, I don't mean to imply the Celaphopods are irresponsible or that Celli let us down. We believe that the code is safe and sound and that it will remain so as long as humanity is well behaved, rolls over, and plays dead. I'm just saying this for your own good. So, if you're ever wondering why the Sick don't always seem to remember that their true and proper name is the Sixth, then maybe that's because six is part of the code and they want to keep the number safe... and then again, maybe it's not.

Anyhow, Celli was under a lot of stress, but more importantly he was alone. Really alone. Really, really alone. They say coming off of heroin is like being kicked in the balls and losing the love of your life all at the same time. Well, coming off of the collective mind is a whole lot worse. If you're a Celaphopod named Celli, you go into a deep depression. You can't move. You barely eat. You lose track of time. If you could summon the will, you'd be happy the ship was on autopilot, but you can't even summon that much will.

I'll try to put in perspective. It's exactly like being in a closed room that has nothing in it... like a jail cell if you will. There is no TV, no one writes, and no one visits. But, unlike in jail, you can't get books from the library and there isn't a 400lb gorilla sharing the cell with you who wants you to be his bitch, because, "You look perty," and remind him of his sister. See, that would be mental stimulation. You'd get the ole' adrenaline rolling and suddenly you'd have a reason to stay up nights reading the bible, because in a fit of remorse the gorilla had confessed that he never could touch his sister when she was reading the bible. "It just seemed wrong." So, you take to wearing your hair long,

carrying a bible with you, and get used to going to sleep with a hairy ape snuggled close.

Now, you might think that solitary confinement would be better. Maybe you're thinking shanking the ape in the night with a spoon you sharpened for six days on the concrete steps out in the yard is the way to go. Well, then you'd find yourself in solitary. After a few days you'd start talking to the cracks in the floor and you might even start to believe that the drain hole is a vortex or a wormhole to a whole other dimension. Maybe even a dimension where giant blue squids rule the galaxies.

Now, don't be thinking you're getting some clue into my personal life, we're talking about you here buddy. So, don't try putting your problems with the law onto me. Anyway, the thing is, in solitary you talk to yourself, sing, make up stories, and a week, a month, or a year later, when you zip out of the other side of the wormhole and for god knows whatever cruel demented reason the powers that be put you back in the same cell with the ape again, you might just lose it. And, late at night, while the ape is snuggling up close, you might just put down the bible, turn around and whisper provocatively into the ape's ear, "I always figured Adam and Eve must have been brother and sister, just like us."

Of course, that would just be sick and demented, and if that's your story, you can just stop reading right now, because I've about had it with your kind. But also, if that's your story, it's at this point, you'd find that the ape has a special place in his evil little heart for blasphemers. I'll let you decide whether the scene turns to heads on, scream for the bulls violence and another six months in solitary, or a quiet evening at home knitting with the ape. After all, it's your story. Fill it out however you want.

The important thing is, Celli went insane. It's pretty much what you'd expect from a communal mind sharing creature like a Celaphopod when they suddenly find themselves alone.

Can you imagine spending a year counting 1-2-3-4-5-6 just so you wouldn't forget it? It's like spending a whole year with the

same song going through your head, because it's the last song you heard on the radio before you were arrested and the warden thinks that rock and roll is the devil's music, but apparently doesn't have a problem with psuedo incestuous relationships.

1.5.4

Kelly Lee, A Sick Expose

All relationships have a hierarchy of dominance. Someone or something tends to rise to the top and control the others. This is true in the communal mind of the Celaphopods as well. Some individuals perform a filtering function determining which aberrant, divergent, or contrary thoughts the overall mind should give weight and preference to and which actions should be performed. This is not to say one individual controls the rest. It is to say one individual may have greater impact on the group as a whole than another.

All groups either constrain and control their members or the group will eventually dissolve.

All too often would be leaders have discovered that they can only lead where others will follow. If not careful, this may soon lead to a situation where the would be leader simply has a front row seat on an out of control freight train.

It is often noted how much some pets resemble their owners. Then it should be noted how much Taz's yellow Taxi resembled Taz, complete with swirling black custom paint details and chrome headlights.

They're not birds, they're frogs. And they're not saying Can-yon, they're saying Co-Que... egotistical little bastards.

They did another line. Bryce did his off of Kelly. Kelly and Taz did theirs off of Bryce.

Buzzing, Bryce sat back and listened to the evening birds call his name and sing his praise. He wondered how the birds had spent their evenings before he came along. It was Kelly who finally reminded him that it was time to eat.

They were a group now. Not hard and fast. Not inseparable. Taz would entertain tourists in his cab. Kelly would go to clubs and dance. Sometimes she would not come back to the cove in Lahina for weeks, but when she did, she would seek out Bryce immediately. It was not unusual for her to find Taz or another at Bryce's feet listening to Bryce interpret the call of the birds, the whales, the wild, and blessing his children with his ministrations.

It was easy to view it all as a game. In this game there were roles and these roles had been decided quickly. As they walked out of the bungalow, Bryce took hold of Kelly's hand and said, "Taz will drive."

Taz jumped into his yellow taxi while Bryce stood still. He prevented Kelly from moving. When Taz was all settled and looking out the window at him, Bryce kicked at the passenger door with his foot. "Our door," he called to Taz commanding him to open it.

Taz considered his options for a moment. Bryce was holding Kelly, but she wasn't resisting. If they didn't get into his car, they'd get into her truck and drive away leaving him behind. Taz had usually driven Kelly and himself. He was used to driving. He liked driving. It gave him a purpose. When he drove for the tourists from the mainland, he always held the door open for them. It was an easy gesture that he liked to think increased the size of his tip. It was an easy decision. It was a natural decision. He jumped out of the cab and opened the door with a slight bow. "Sir... Madam."

The first of many roles had been established. Bryce caressed Taz's face as he got into the car. As he did this, Bryce wondered

how it was the birds knew his name. Taz, for his part, relished the attention and was happy to have a secure place in this new group.

It was a bumpy, giggled filled ride down the twisty turny dirt road towards the Thai Shack. Bryce and Kelly had lain down sideways on the back seat. It was a wrestling match of sorts to stay on the seat and not fall into the foot well. It was also a good excuse to grab at each other some more while exchanging kisses.

Once they had arrived, Taz dutifully opened the doors, and their heads fell out.

“Sir, Madam,” Taz said again as his riders untangled themselves and disembarked. This was exactly the sort of thing his tourists were always doing. He fell into his chauffeur role easily. “Our first stop this evening is the Thai Shack, renowned in Lahina as the finest of eateries. Should you be in the mood for fine dining or just a light snack, the Thai Shack is always a good bet.” He paused wondering what else to say. If they were at Volcanoes, he would tell them about eruption histories, famous celebrity visits, current lava flow conditions, or whatever tidbit of information he could come up with. He said the first thing that came into his mind. “Many of the locals have renamed the establishment the Thigh Shack. There is much controversy as to whether this refers to the girls behind the counter or is a deliberate mocking of the Haole mainlanders.”

“I know this place,” Kelly said playing along. “I’m pretty sure I have a coupon for a free meal.” She grabbed Bryce’s hand and they darted inside leaving Taz to follow behind after he had shut the doors to his taxi.

The Thai Shack was not very big. It had two large round tables that sat six to eight customers and three smaller tables for couples. More than half of the customer’s took their food to go, either to eat in their cars or at the beach across the street. Three glass door refrigerator units ran along the wall that led from the door to the counter. The coolers held sodas of every description

along with wine and beer. Behind the counter, flask size bottles of vodka and whiskey were on display next to an extensive menu. Pork, chicken, beef, and fish were all offered for preparation in a variety of different ways. Under the menu, Kim was sitting on a stool with an advanced biology textbook open in front of her. She waived, "Hello," to Bryce and her sister, but she was not the only other one in the room.

Sam Lee, Kelly's father, was also there. He got up from the table where he had been sharing a beer with the hippies next door and Kimo, a fully uniformed police officer, who had stopped by during his shift to eat supper, drink a beer, reminiscent about old times, and pick up his weekly payoff.

"What's this?" her father asked loudly. "You bring another stray dog home? Why you bring here?"

Kelly ignored what he was saying and hugged him. Her father had never liked any of her boyfriends. If he had, it might have been an indication it was time to get a new boyfriend.

"Dog belong in pound," Sam said to Bryce while his daughter was hugging him. "When you work?" he asked his daughter. "You work now. You work tonight. You no bring stray dog here to eat without working."

Kelly ignored his statements as she introduced them to each other. "Bryce this is my dad and dad this is Bryce." Seeing as how they had so much in common, Kelly repeated herself. "Bryce dad, dad Bryce. I'm going to see if Auntie needs any help," but she didn't go anywhere.

"Dog, why you come here? We no have..." and then Sam Lee broke off into Chinese, but you didn't need to understand Mandarin to know Sam was saying, "I don't want to feed you," and, "Stay away from my daughter." That's when Taz walked in the door. "Ahh," Sam continued. "You no get rid of this one. At least new one not think he jewelry store." He walked over to Taz and flipped a nipple ring. "How much? How much you want?"

Her father otherwise engaged, Kelly led Bryce past Kim. Bryce noticed the textbook and said, "I've got plenty more problems for you."

"I bet you do," Kim agreed teasingly, but she was smiled when Bryce walked into the back.

In the kitchen Auntie was fiddling with a small transistor radio made sometime in the mid part of the last century. "Kelly!" she cried out excitedly when she saw her daughter.

"Auntie!" Kelly exclaimed meeting her excitement. Auntie, Kelly's mom, was a small woman. Kelly lifted her off the ground as she hugged her. "I want you to meet Bryce."

Auntie looked Bryce over. "You too skinny. What you going to eat?"

Bryce had been thinking about answering with, "Kelly," but then the static from the radio distracted him. He picked it up and tuned in a station.

"He's handy," Auntie observed. She poked his ribs. "But he need to eat." She looked at her daughter. "You too. You too skinny... and you catch cold," she said with a smile referring to her daughter's less than adequate dress.

Kelly posed for her mom and did a little dance.

"You break hearts," Auntie told her daughter and then to Bryce, "You be good to her. You no break her heart." Before Bryce could answer, Auntie put a few oranges on the counter and sliced them into a bowl. "I feed you now. You go. I cook."

Back behind the counter where Kim was, Kelly put a slice of orange on an altar and lit a stick of incense. Bryce followed her example. Kelly prayed for a man that would be worth keeping for more than a week. Bryce thought about praying that the eel tentacles Auntie had pulled out of the freezer weren't for him, but he lost himself in the curls of smoke from the incense and so his prayers, never made, were not answered.

Kelly pulled Bryce away from the incense at the altar and led him back to the big table where Taz was sitting between Kimo and her father. Kelly made introductions. “You already met my dad, Sam.”

“Another dog,” her dad agreed. “Why you no entrepreneur like Taz? He walking jewelry store. I try to buy, but he hard bargainer.” He turned to face Taz again and smacked his head. “How much for it all? Five dolla, good price?”

“You know Taz,” Kelly continued. “On the other side of him is Kimo.” Kelly walked around the table and gave Kimo a hug from behind letting her tits dance around his ears.

Kimo stood up and gave Kelly a hug. Kelly was hot, but she was too much like fire, like Pe’le. She was fun to watch, but if you got close you’d get burned. You could count on that. Kimo had a wife and kids. He didn’t need that kind of problem in his life. “It’s too crowded in here,” he said. “I got to go,” and headed off towards the restroom.

Kelly sat down where Kimo had been and finished his beer. “That leaves Star and Moon Shadow,” Kelly motioned towards the hippy couple. Star was slender, had a deep tan from long walks along the beach, and wore a beige linen dress. Moon Shadow was tall, had glasses on, wore his graying hair tied back in a long ponytail, and was wearing shorts with a bright tied dyed t-shirt.

The only empty seat was opposite Kelly in between Moon Shadow and Sam, so that was where Bryce sat.

Kelly looked at the empty bottle of beer in front of her and told Taz, “Get us a couple of drinks.”

I don’t like Kelly Lee’s explanation in this section, so with the power granted to me by writing from a more temporally distant locale, I’m deleting her section and overwriting it with a version of my own.

Kimo is a police officer and is aware that the Thai Shack doesn’t have a liquor license. After he got done with his beer he went into the restroom that doubled as a supply closet, took a piss,

and grabbed the \$100 payoff that was waiting for him up on the top shelf where the extra rolls of toilet paper were kept.

There's not really any controversy over the fact that Kimo was a dirty cop, that the Thai Shack sold liquor without a license, or that a pay off was made to Kimo. What is at issue is the exact relationship between Moon Shadow, Sam Lee, and Bryce in the coming months. Some, Kelly Lee and a few others, would argue, that Sam Lee did not know about the crank. That theory doesn't hold much weight with me. I think he was in on it. I think Moon Shadow had some contacts in the drug underworld, Sam had some contacts in the shipping industry, and Bryce had some alchemic know how. Together, they would produce and distribute a substantial quantity of Methamphetamine.

In my mind it really isn't important whether Moon Shadow put \$100 under the toilet paper for Kimo or Sam did. It was a joint enterprise. The payoff was to protect them all. In a year when the payoff had risen to a \$1,000 twice a week, it still wouldn't matter who had physically put the money there. It could have been Moon Shadow, but Sam Lee knew about it and had told him how much to put there. You can count on that.

In the simplest terms, at 1.5.4 neither Sam nor Moon were operating their establishments within the letter of the law. Sam sold liquor without a license and Moon didn't have any business license at all. Kimo had grown up in the greater Lahina area and knew Sam from his youth. They trusted each other and were not above coming to a mutually satisfying business arrangement that transcended the norms of the greater society in which they found themselves. In short, Sam arranged a payoff for police protection. It was generalized protection, which by convention included anyone in the Thai Shack at the time the payoff was made. Moon Shadow was there, so he was protected and since Kimo would have never come to an arrangement directly with Moon, Moon foot the bill. It was good business from both Sam and Moon's point of view. Whenever Kimo was due for a payoff, Sam would walk next

door and inform Moon Shadow, who would then stash the appropriate amount of money in the restroom for Kimo to find.

Sam was instrumental in arranging protection for the multimillion dollar meth ring Bryce would oversee. It is not realistic to assume a businessman as astute or willing to bend the law as Sam Lee was would not want to be in on such a lucrative business venture. If nothing else, a look at his finances shows that his luck suddenly improved when Bryce came to town and that in the subsequent years he rode the Sick gravy train for all it was worth.

Money in hand, Kimo walked out of the Thai Shack, but not before warning Taz, “You’re an arrest waiting to happen. I’d be careful if I were you.”

The next time Kimo showed up, the payoff had been increased to \$200.

1.5.4 - continued

Kelly Lee, A Sick Expose

God is everywhere, in everything. He is in every cloud, every blade of grass, and in every sunset. God is watching your every move.

When you die, you will be judged.

You are God’s perfect child.

God does not play dice... or cards. In fact, he’s not much of a game player at all.

Chance is just the fool’s way of saying they don’t understand the causal effects at play.

Si loves me. This I know, because the Celaphopods tell me so.

The calamari, the squid, the tentacles, the whatever you want to call them were for Bryce, fried up in a light batter with a lemon, a little cocktail sauce, two scoops of rice, and macaroni salad. The macaroni salad was the good kine. You know da kine wit out da potato or da tuna. Jus' da macaroni, like yo auntie use to make. Dat kine.

Bryce eyed the squid. He could see small blue veins in it. He was flying on meth. The birds were talking to him. He was seeing visions in smoke rings. He saw a blue squid on his plate and he heard it speak, "Take this. Eat. This is my body." He grabbed a piece of fried squid with his fingers and dunked it into the sauce and plopped it into his mouth. It was tender, an indiscriminate taste... not unpleasant, mostly of cocktail sauce.

Sam said, "Just like a dog. He use his hands."

Bryce heard his beer talk instead. It said, "Take. Drink. This is my blood." He took a swig. Kelly had come around behind him and had put chopsticks into his hand. She guided his movements, but he was unskilled. She kissed his ear as she helped him. She said, "If you eat whatever Auntie brings you, I'll eat whatever you bring me." She licked his ear again. "Like this," she said referring to the chopsticks. He stabbed at the squid with the chopsticks like they were spears. He used two hands. He flipped pieces onto the floor, but eventually he had cleared the squid from his plate.

He eyed the rice. He grasped at the grains. Kelly sat beside him and wedged between Bryce and her father, she fed him the grains of rice one by one with the skilled movements of a lifetime of chopstick use. "Only Haoles use forks," she explained.

"And dogs," her father added.

“What you do?” Sam asked when Bryce was done eating. “Besides make mess on my floor. You have job? You work? Or, you bum, just ‘nother dog.”

Bryce eyed him as he pinched his nose and inhaled. “I’m an entrepreneur.” After a moment his eyes drifted towards Taz’s nipple rings and he laughed. “I’m a visionary.” He put his hand on Kelly’s thigh. “I bring people together.”

Sam could relate. It was the sort of thing he did. Besides the Thai Shack, he dabbled in real estate, had an import business, and made the occasional loan to family, friends, or relatives.

“He’s bought the house up the ways. Number 33,” Kelly jumped in.

“That place a dump,” Sam said knowingly, but it still was expensive.

“What you do now? What you do in Lahina?” Sam asked, but Bryce’s mind wasn’t really all there.

“A smoke,” Bryce answered.

“No, no smoke. It bad. Kill lungs. Make cough. Why you want smoke? You visionary. You should know better. No smoke.”

Kelly does not like to let on that she smoked at this juncture in her life. In reality, in a year’s time at Gilligan 2.0.0 she suddenly stops smoking and does not wishing to draw attention to this fact, so she never mentions her smoking in earlier sections of the narrative. Take it as a point of fact, Bryce, Kelly, and Taz all smoked and continued to smoke until Gilligan 2.0.0 when they all suddenly stop. Why? Because smoking is a stupid habit and if you’re a Celaphopod in a new found body, you don’t continue the stupid habits of the body’s previous occupant.

Kelly would lead you to believe that they all stop smoking now at Bryce 1.5.4, but that is not the case. They might have liked to, but they did not. Who the hell stops smoking, but continues a meth addiction? It works out the reverse in reality. Go to any

treatment center and you'll see a roomful of smokers who have quit meth, not a roomful of meth users who have quit smoking.

Bryce saw the wisdom in Sam's words. In that moment, Bryce saw that Sam was as one of those crotchety old Chinese guys they always have in those cheesy movies imparting words of wisdom. If he said not to smoke, then that was probably a good idea. Besides, if Sam could see that Bryce was a visionary, he must have some sort of visionary powers himself.

"I've got smokes next door," Moon Shadow offered as he held out a pack.

Sam waived them out the door. "No smoking here. You done. You go know." He was referring mostly to Moon Shadow, but he shooed them all out the door.

Moon Shadow lit up as soon as he was outside. Taz took the cigarette that Moon offered, but Bryce declined. "I've heard smoking is no good." He said in a voice mimicking Sam Lee's, "Et no good. Et bad for lung. Et make you cough."

"Et bad luck to make fun of girl's father," Kelly informed him.

"Et bad luck?" Bryce countered.

"Et bad luck," Kelly informed him again with mock seriousness. "Et Ancient Chinese saying. You make fun ancestor, you make fun self."

"We can't have that," Bryce agreed as he slapped Taz's head, grabbed the cigarette out of his mouth, and threw it to the ground. "Didn't you hear the venerable ancestor? No smoking."

It would be the last any of them ever smoked.

(Right.)

The exchange had stalled Moon Shadow out. He paused at the steps of his store and continued smoking.

Bryce walked up to Moon and grabbed the cigarette out of his mouth. After tossing the cigarette into the gutter, he informed Moon Shadow with a pointed finger, "Smoking no good. What?

You no listen?” He then walked past the dazed hippie into his store as he said, “What else you have here? We buy. How much for all?”

But calling Moon Shadow’s place a store gives the wrong impression. It was more like a garage sale, a pawnshop, or just the messy front room in the house of someone who didn’t have the slightest idea of what interior design meant. The entry room of the house was filled with an unorganized mish mash of junk. Near the front was a couch, a desk, and a few fairly well organized shelves, which held the store’s staples of candy, cigarettes, condoms, feminine hygiene products, and the like. The rest of the room was scattered with a wild assortment of items. It went the full line from a haphazard stack of grocery bags Star and Moon had not yet unpacked to a pile of surf boards that you could buy, rent, or if you were convincing enough, claim were yours and walk away with for free.

Star disappeared into the house. Moon Shadow sat down behind the desk. “Look around. If you see anything you like, I’m sure we can make a deal.”

Taz busied himself looking at the surfboards. Bryce was poking through a bag of groceries. He thought it might be a good idea to stock up while he had the chance.

Kelly sat on the edge of the desk and told Moon, “We’re going to need a bag.”

Moon Shadow glanced over at Bryce. “If you see anything you want, just grab it. Change stuff around into different bags. Whatever.” He looked at Kelly and motioned towards Bryce.

“You can trust him,” Kelly assured Moon Shadow.

Moon Shadow didn’t know. Patience was key. Your law enforcement officers were always in a hurry to get down to business. Someone you could trust was a little more leery. They were just as concerned that you might be a cop as you were. They took things slow.

“So, a bag,” Kelly repeated.

“Let’s just sit back and watch your new friend for a few moments,” Moon Shadow replied. “Patience.”

Patience, Bryce echoed the words in his head. He sat down amidst of pile of grocery bags and started sorting through them. Pickles, yes. Sardines, yes. Olives, no. Potato chips, yes. Tuna, no. Corn, no. Wahoo? What the heck was Wahoo? Finally, Wahoo, yes.

Moon Shadow put on some music, something from the sixties. Probably The Dead, but you never knew.

Kelly made a face.

“You know where the records are,” Moon said responding to her face. “You don’t like it, put something else on.”

Kelly sat down next to the desk and went through the records as she had many times before. In the course of a half hour she had put on fifteen albums. Never satisfied with what was playing, she kept on looking. Moon Shadow considered this with some amusement. That was her problem. She was a vision of beauty, that was for sure, but she couldn’t settle down on anything, not a song, not a man, not even a drug. Moon could guess that all three of them were flying on speed. It wasn’t hard to see. The thin bones, the excess of energy, the frantic search through a stack of records that hadn’t changed in ten years for a new song... and Taz, looking at every scratch, blemish, and dent on that surfboard like there was something important to be learned in its history. Even the new guy was absorbed in the groceries meticulously going through every bag, as if the next one might hold a diamond or a precious can of corned beef hash.

Finally, Bryce was done. He grabbed two full bags of groceries and walking between piles of chemical logs, umbrellas, beach towels, and lawn furniture, he carried the bags over to the desk. Setting them down, he snaked back through the piles of merchandise to the other end of the room and grabbed a case of sinus medicine he had noticed. When he had placed this on the desk in front of Moon, he tossed a baggie of meth on top. “Kelly

said something about a bag. I'm hoping weed. That sounds good and might as well throw in the surfboard."

Moon Shadow eyed the bag. He evaluated the likely drug (crystal meth), the size of the baggie, how long it would take him to turn over inventory, the risk of this new customer, and the size of the bags of groceries. "A surf board is worth more than you think," was all he said.

Bryce shrugged. "Hell, I don't know how to surf. Skip the board. Do we have a deal?"

"Are you in a hurry to get somewhere?" Moon wasn't expecting a reply. He opened up a drawer in the desk and took out a joint. He struck a match and lit it. He sucked in the refreshing vapors, held his breath, and passed it over to Bryce.

Bryce inhaled the intoxicant deep into his lungs. He handed the roach to Kelly who in turn handed it Taz who handed it back to Moon who handed it to Star who had entered the room.

Star noticed the two bags of groceries, the case of sinus inhalators, and the bag of yellowish crystals on top. She didn't say anything. She sat down next to Kelly, turned off the record player, and turned on a bootleg Dead tape. She added a few tight, thin braids to Kelly's hair as another roach was passed around. "Welcome to Lahina," she finally said as the doobie was in her hands. "Are you planning on staying?"

"Things are looking real promising," Bryce replied.

Time passed, weed was smoked, baggies were exchanged, and although Moon never said, "We have a deal," a deal was struck. In a few days, Bryce picked up another dozen cases of inhalators. A week later he dropped off a dozen baggies. The next week he picked up a dozen more inhalators and dropped off a dozen more baggies. The week after that he picked up a small 8oz bottle of miracle concentrate and then later that same week he dropped off a baby food jar half filled with yellow crystal meth. The escalation continued. By the end of the year he was working

off of trunk loads of gallon jugs and dropping off duffel bags and briefcases. It was a lucrative arrangement for both sides and if there was a deal it was simple. Like Midas, Bryce turned whatever Moon gave him into meth and in return Moon gave him whatever he wanted, base, weed, groceries, an aquarium holding an octopus... whatever.

By the end of the year, Bryce was living in one of the mansions up by the highway where Lahina Way was still paved, while Moon was busy buying real estate in the greater Lahina area. It was a very lucrative deal.

What Kelly Lee does not tell you is that the real estate partnership that Moon invested in included Sam Lee as one of the principal partners or that it is Sam Lee's import company that was responsible for transporting the base chemicals required by Bryce into Hawaii from the Orient. In the scheme of things it's not really important, but to understand the power and effectiveness of their little enterprise it may be instructive to understand that it wasn't two Haoles working alone. It was an alchemist and a dedicated druggie with a lifetime of contacts, both of whom were assisted by an enterprising local businessman with a Rolodex full of contacts all working in tandem.

Celli
1.1.0

“The truth is out there,” is a profoundly philosophical statement. It denotes a belief in truth, that it can be found, and that it is external to the self. The true power of the Celaphopods may be that they have an internal locus of knowledge. Eventually they will know it all, have done it all, been there, and brought back the t-shirt.

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Just imagine how catastrophic it would have been if Johnny had known more.

Celli didn't move. He didn't wiggle his little tentacles with a joy of life or a dread of death. He just sort of lay there like one who has given up.

Not like in a game of checkers where you say, "Oh, good move, I guess you won this game," or, "Blast," and throw the board into the air. No, it was more like just sort of sitting there surrounded by pieces and not hearing your opponent say, "Ha, ha. It's over," because your mind has stopped working. You don't notice when your friend leaves you there staring at the board, because he has to go to work, and you don't notice when he comes back two weeks later. You're still staring at the board. You're not moving pieces around with your tentacles. You're not thinking, ah, if I only had done this. You're gone. You're fried. You're in that place past madness, past insanity, past psychosis. Look, it's real easy to make fun of the Sixth because some of them don't remember that number after five, but look at you humans. You don't have a word for past insanity or a word for the state of insanity past the insanity, past the insanity again. I could go on, but not knowing the words you wouldn't understand.

The point is Celli didn't move. He didn't think. He didn't miss the communal mind anymore. He had gone way past that. Time was drifting by and he had stopped noticing. His brain had ceased reporting back to itself. Call it depression. Call it a black hole from which there is no return.

Look, it's like this. If you grew up in a big bustling city full of excitement like New York and then you moved to some place like Nebraska, it would be a literal hell on earth. And not some small town in Nebraska, like Lincoln, or Hunter's Point, or Flat Field For As Far As The Eye Could See. No, living in a town was too good for your parents, so they decided to live 147 miles, a 147

fucking miles, from the nearest town. And then! And then, they decide to home school you, which really just means listening to your mom and dad argue about politics, but hey even listening to them argue politics is something. So, it's not quite there yet. If you want to know how Celli felt, or didn't feel, because he was quite numb, it is how you would feel when your parents decide they need to make a few bucks to support this glamorous country lifestyle, and you know, tie up a few loose ends back in New York, so they leave. They leave you alone in the middle of nowhere Nebraska. No car. No TV. No Internet. Finally you find a piece of crap transistor radio and you search the dials. The only thing you can pick up is the static coming in and out from a Christian station, but even that gives out, and after a while all you get is static. Give it a day, a week, or a year, and the static will start to make sense. The static will say things to you, or maybe it won't. If you're Bryce, it says things to you. If you're Celli, it doesn't and you just lie there. You don't do anything and you don't even notice when your ship finally falls out of the wormhole, because really what's to notice? A light flashes and an indicator swivels. Congratulations, you are now out of hyper drive. You may return to utter emptiness.

The odd thing about all this is that Celli had ostensibly been breeding himself for this trip for eons. He had all sorts of cool knowledge built into his squid brain. He could tell you about biology and genetics. I mean, what he could do is breathe in a microbe, rework its genetics, and spit out a new organism. It might take a couple of days, but he could do it. He could tell you about materials science, engineering, psychology, group theory, and the politics on Saphod 7, but with all that knowledge he was still lacking in one very important attribute and that was an ability to make it alone. He was a communal creature. He needed the support of the communal mind. He needed to feel the empathetic waves from other creatures. He needed to say, "Does this look good on me?" and get a token response of, "Yes." He needed to

talk about the weather or see a cool movie and catch the eye of a stranger on exit and say, “Those were awesome special effects.” At first glance it looks like a shortcoming and maybe it is. Who knows how many worlds the Celaphopods have wiped out because the cosmonaut they sent went insane? Personally, I’m thinking the number is quite large, but I could be wrong.

Anyhow, on first glance it seems like a mistake an oversight, but it’s not. Either the planet the Celaphopods were sending Celli to had empathetic creatures on it or it did not. A planet without empathetic creatures was a serious danger to the Celaphopods and Celli was the perfect detection tool. If the planet didn’t have empathetic creatures, Celli would never pull out of his depression and in six life cycles there would be no answer to the Celaphopods call. The Celaphopods would know that for one reason or another Celli had failed. Without thinking too hard about it, the Celaphopods would blow the planet to smithereens and another problem would be solved.

See, Celaphopods have different priorities than humans. Humans put a great deal of emphasis on intelligence. They like to say, “We’re the smartest creature on the planet.” It may be a true statement and it may not be. It matters how you measure intelligence. If you say intelligence is launching a spacecraft to the moon or solving advanced calculus problems, then humans are pretty darn smart, much smarter than dogs, octopuses, or whales. But, if you say intelligence is creating a wormhole through space, then humans aren’t really that much smarter than any other creature on Earth. You can say humans are closer, but that’s really just a guess isn’t it? I mean, you don’t know how to make a wormhole. You’ve never created one for a science fair project and you really don’t have the slightest idea where to begin if you decided a wormhole was the must have conversation piece for your living room coffee table. Well, your dog is in the same boat. He doesn’t have the slightest idea how to make a wormhole either, but he doesn’t go to work every day. Instead he stays home, licks his

balls, and waits for you to come home to feed and pet him. Notice for a second how he doesn't feed or pet you, but rather you feed and pet him. Who really is the smarter?

And it's not just wormholes, calculus, or getting food for free out of other creatures. If you're looking at brain capacity, octopuses have it all over humans. That whole changing the color of their skin to match their surroundings takes an enormous neural capacity. Trust me. If you want to see an impressive array of neurons, take a look at an octopus. Ounce for ounce they have more neurons to mass than any other creature on Earth and perhaps a little surprisingly, octopi have the single best neurons on the planet as well. When humans study neurons, they don't use human brains, they use octopus brains. If the human brain was so all fired wonderful, why would they search out octopus brains for neurons?

In the end, trying to decide which creature is more intelligent is a thorny problem. It's a lot like trying to decide if something is alive or not. Looking for a self replicating, organized system? How about a thunderstorm? A river? The waves crashing on the ocean? The ocean is going to outlive every other living thing on earth. It will be the last thing to go. Year after year, century after century, it is a self replicating, organized system, but ocean doesn't meet the preconceived set of what many people believe is alive, so they restrict the definition. They say alive is a self replicating system that's organized and is organic... and by organic we mean something that is composed of complex organic molecules. But the ocean is full of organic molecules, so the definition changes again. Now life has to be surrounded by a border, and not like the beach, but a border exactly like you would find around a cell or a virus. Odd that. Something is alive if its component parts look exactly like a cell or a virus. That should be the definition. Now it's clear. The ocean isn't alive, and neither are rivers, clouds, or thunderstorms. Why? Because they don't look exactly like cells or viruses. But we haven't really changed the nature of the ocean

or whether it is alive or not, only whether most humans call the ocean alive.

In the end, whether the ocean is alive or not is not only subject to debate, it is completely dependent upon on how one defines alive. The same is true of intelligence. Whether humans are the most intelligent life on Earth is also subject to debate and depends completely upon how one defines intelligence. If one defines intelligence as the ability to tap into the existential hum and the background empathetic field, then whales, dolphins, and elephants are vastly more intelligent than humans. So, if I was a communal mind, like the Celaphopods, and I had decided to communicate across the vast distances of space, I might decide to communicate with whales first. Whales are far more likely to pick up the odd transmission or two. It's a lot like a static filled Christian broadcast in the fields of Nebraska, if nothing else is on, you end up listening to whatever is on. And, in this universe my friend, that something is the great Celaphopod mind. I'm not saying humans can't hear the hum. I'm simply pointing out that whales are much better at it, but even whales aren't very good.

You will not see eyes on Celaphopods, they have only the slightest sense of touch, but they do have a well developed sense of empathy. Their entire bodies are highly refined empathetic field antennas.

Out beyond Pluto, as Celli fell out of the wormhole, he lay torpid and still, in the kind of stupor that can only be created by a full year of complete and total sensory deprivation.

Celli had stopped trying to tune into the static months ago. He was well past insane and this was all part of the Celaphopods master plan. In isolation, a Celaphopod is the perfect empathy detection device. If the creatures of The Island had empathy, Celli would awake to their call, and if not, he would quietly pass by in the night.

You can thank the whales if you want to or you can thank that 50 Giga-Watt relay station over the desolate fields of Nebraska

broadcasting its message of grace to media hungry farmers and lonely Celaphopods in the depths of space.

1.1.1

The Space Program

The CIP in CIP-9801 stands for Collision Intercept Path, an astronomical term given to objects whose orbital terminus coincides with the Earth (i.e. objects on a crash course with Earth. e.g. meteors, meteorites, and cometary fragments, etc.)

It is not hard to see where the Sick got the name for Si from. It is just an aberration of CI inspired by stellar object CIP-9801.

By the same token, it's also not hard to see where NASA got the name for CIP-9801 from. It is just an aberration of Si, picked up through the empathetic wave field.

While it is often presumed Gilligan never got off the Island, the truth is that he did on several occasions. What is perhaps more telling is that in nearly every episode there was a visitor to the Island.

If you don't know what you are looking for, you will never find it.

You know how Hawaii is just a joke that the airlines started to increase business. Well it turns out lots of folks enjoy the fun of adding to the story. It has become a real whopper. You can now pet dolphins in Hawaii, surf on fifty foot waves, or, and I really like this one, or visit the top of a volcano where they have put seven, count them seven, of the world's most expensive telescopes. I guess someone in those

science departments isn't so stupid after all. Next year when some sun dazed tourist gets picked up out of the Pacific by the airline representatives and he tells all of his friends on the mainland about how the volcano erupted while he was in Hawaii, well then the guys in the science departments can claim that the observatory they spent millions on was leveled. All of that money that was spent on the observatory can be distributed to the forward thinking faculty. "Swimming pools all around," as I like to say and time to build a new observatory in... I'm thinking Atlantis. The ground's unstable, but the view is of mythic proportions.

Humanity interpreted the arrival of Celli's spaceship into the solar system as the explosion of a comet due to gravitational forces. CIP-9801 appeared in the skies one night obscuring the view of a distant nebula. At first the astronomer's on top of Mauna Kea thought something must be wrong with their equipment, but no, everything checked out. The guys in the telescope next door had a few spare minutes in their schedule, so they swung their telescope around and found the same thing. A spaceship from halfway across the universe was emerging from hyperspace dumping over a cubic mile of water into space in the process and what do these geniuses come up with as an explanation? A comet. A comet that had disintegrated due to the gravitational pull of Jupiter. One night it wasn't there, the next night it was, and the explanation is simple, gravitation. You don't have to wonder too hard to figure out why the SETI program isn't pulling in the results some folks were expecting.

CIP-9801 became a bit of a celebrity in the astronomical world for a few years. It was a big explosion. Water crystals formed an impressive cloud, and, believe it or not, the Gravitational Stress due to Jupiter theory didn't please everyone. I mean come on. Gravity? Tidal forces? I think that says it all. What more do you want? More than one PhD thesis was devoted

to CIP-9801 and many amateur telescopes tracked the progress of the debris trail over the next five years.

Oddly enough, a spectral analysis of the water cloud showed an over abundance of carbon, nitrogen, and oxygen. Much more than one might expect to find in your typical comet, but exactly as much as one might expect to find if a cubic mile of organically rich ocean water was suddenly dumped into outer space. Some of your smarter scientists started putting forth ideas like The Deep Stellar Theory of the Origin of Life, The Cosmic Soup of Life, or the ever popular Chunk of Earth Ejected into Space by an asteroid collision millions of years ago. The guys who said UFO, Alien Life, or Cosmic Invaders were correct, but that didn't help them from being quickly ostracized by the rest of the scientific community and finding themselves scrambling to follow a new career path in the fast food industry.

All research into CIP-9801 suddenly stopped around Mary Ann 2.3.0. The science guys will tell you it's because the grants dried up and that there was some question as to the validity of the stereo spectrograph technique that had revealed so much carbon. It seems some guy claimed he could get his lab equipment to show carbon results off the charts with only the slightest amount of methane mixed in with ordinary ice.

Really, you're free to look at it however you want... that there was a mistake, the interest wasn't there, and science had moved on, or that Mary Ann had used her influence in the scientific community to squelch further research into the matter.

In the end, it's not an important point. Five years after CIP-9801 was detected it intercepted the orbit of the earth. There wasn't much left of the comet by that time. The stellar wind had blown off the water crystal shield and only four small meteors entered the Earth's atmosphere. The meteors had the typical iron core the scientist expected to find and all four of them landed in the middle of the Pacific Ocean far from any inhabited lands, though coming precariously close to all those Hawaiian

vacationers wearing life preservers, bobbing up and down in the water, and waiting for their pick up.

1.5.5

Methamphetamine

Drugs work. If drugs didn't work, people wouldn't take them.

There is nothing your brain does on drugs that it can't do without them.

Drugs are just a shortcut. They get you to the end of the line faster.

Methamphetamine, which goes by the popular street names of meth, ice, and crank, is a stimulant. It is packaged and sold in small plastic bags. If processed properly, meth is a white crystal. The yellow you usually see comes from imperfections and the water that the drug sucks out of the air. It is hydrophilic meaning it loves water, just like those packets of silica they put in everything from potato chips to beef jerky and tennis shoes. So, if you leave meth out in the air, it gets moist and clumpy. This has no effect on its potency, but it does make chopping it up and snorting it harder, which is how first time users typically ingest the drug.

After you have chopped the crystals up into a fine powder, or more likely small clumps on a mirror, picture frame, or coffee table, well then, if you are classy, you roll up a hundred dollar bill, snort meth through it, and then discover that a lot of the meth you just paid good money for has stuck to the bill. Don't worry, someone will usually be happy to lick off the bill. After the novelty of rolled money wears off, or you find it embarrassing to admit that the largest bill you have is a fiver, you graduate to straws sliced at an angle with a razor, or you just use your nose.

Either way, the meth burns your membranes as you inhale it. This is how you know it's working and that you're not snorting laundry detergent. OK. Fair enough. It's not a very effective way of determining if you are snorting laundry detergent or not. It feels the same. They both burn, a lot, but don't blow your nose. Pinch your nostrils together, suck in, and feel the burn. If your eyes are watering and you're shaking your hand up and down from the pain, then you know you've got some good stuff. You can also eat meth, rub it on your lips as a gummer, put it in a pipe and smoke it, though no one seems to do this, or inject it. Injecting it is the sure way to go for long time, serious addicts. If you inject, you don't lose any of the high on straws or mirrors, but more importantly you feel the rush; all of the meth hits your brain at once.

The obvious next question is what does meth feel like. Done properly, it feels like being awake, awake to everything around you. The flow of the conversation, the hidden meanings behind the conversation, and the subtle variations in the use of language that no one else in the room will be able to detect or understand when you try to explain it to them. You'll hear the birds sing. You'll see the sun shine. Everything will be bigger, better, clearer, sharper, and more defined. You'll notice things you never did before. You tend to notice things others won't notice even when you point it out to them. Your senses are that much stronger. You see things out of the corner of your eye, hear sounds on the edge of time, and in general set yourself up for a psychotic break, which is simply a fancy smancy way of saying you won't be able to tell the real from the unreal, like say a surf board from a whale, a Portuguese Man of War from a Celaphopod, or the sound of blood coursing through your ears from the great existential hum... or a communication from the pan galactic communal mind of the Celaphopods. You can also get these effects from not sleeping for weeks at a time, but trust me on this. It's easier not to sleep for a week, if you're flying on meth. That's just the way it is.

I'm not recommending that you use meth or even try it. The purpose here is to simply fill in some gaps in the story that might

not be obvious without a certain understanding about the long term consequences of a Methamphetamine addiction. Bryce has had and will continue to have a psychotic break brought on by a serious, long term meth habit. Bryce's grip on reality was tenuous. It's a historical fact. A psychotic break is a lot like being schizophrenic and it's entirely possible meth will push you over the edge into schizophrenia if you are susceptible, but for the most part meth psychosis stops once you get off the meth and sleep for a few days.

If psychosis sounds good to you, and you might not think at first glance that it would, but to some talking to whales is pretty good advertising... Anyhow, if talking to whales, having a personal conversation with Si, the creator of the universe, understanding it all, and taking a walk thru the night sky has a certain appeal to it, I reiterate, stay awake for a week. Sleep deprivation will bring on a psychotic break as sure as the sun shines or Si created the universe. More importantly, staying awake won't leave you addicted to meth. It will leave you tired though, but fortunately, with our advanced medical know how, we know how to cure that. Go to sleep.

Not only does meth keep you awake, it is an appetite suppressant. Like coffee it gives some people energy and others it just makes jittery and nervous. Paranoia and delusions of persecution are common side effects. It rots your teeth and sucks the calcium out of your bones making them brittle and weak. Heavy meth use makes a forty year old look sixty, but the good news is if you use meth you'll never have to worry about hitting sixty, or having teeth if you buck the odds and do. Meth will, of course, also kill your bank account, ruin your marriage, make your kids hate you, and lead you to a life where you, "Have it all," when you have a fresh baggie of meth in your hands. No matter that it's raining, it's cold, and you have nowhere to go.

Some would say meth ruins your life. Some would say it sets you free. Freedom, yeah freedom, is nothing left to lose... Anyway, if you wake up one morning and find that your life is

ruined, that you couldn't possibly fall any lower, or that you can't sell your ass on the street for, "\$5, good price," because you look too diseased, you're probably addicted. Addiction is an easy word to say, but it's a hard thing to understand unless you've been there. First of all, you don't plan on getting addicted. No one says, "I've decided to sacrifice my life, my family, and everything I own to my personal god and savior, meth." No one that is who isn't already addicted to meth. It starts simple enough. Someone tries meth and guess what? Some people like it. The drug has an effect. It agrees with their system, and they start doing more of it. Not because they want to be addicted, but because they enjoy the experience. Kind of like sex, it just feels good. Well, it's a fine line between when you've kissed a girl, stayed over at her house once or twice, and when you're going out. It tends to build up slowly. First you date once a week, then twice, then you live together on the weekends, and suddenly without much planning it's a full time gig. One day you look around and wonder how you ever got saddled with babysitting her kids, not your kids, her kids from some previous relationship while she's out, god knows where, doing god knows what, with god knows who. It happens slowly and if you saw it coming, maybe you wouldn't have kissed the skank whore in the first place.

So, fair warning. That's meth. She's a slut. She'll kiss you all over, go down on her knees, and worship your cock, pussy, or whatever kinky tentacle thing you've got going between your legs on the first date and you'll say, "Hey, that was pretty good," but she's going to want something for it. Once she's got your number, she's going to call you night and day on her cell phone begging for you to come over and guess what? Sometimes it only takes one time for her to get your number, because a girl down on her knees, deep throating your cock, brushing against your balls with her alien squid tentacles is a hard thing to resist.

But this is a fictional book. Hawaii isn't real, the Celaphopods aren't real, and meth isn't real. Or if it is, I'm

probably exaggerating. Meth is nothing like dating a Succubus from the Ninth Gate of Hell. Nothing. You see, when you date a Succubus from the Ninth Gate of Hell the sex is truly amazing, I mean out of this world, but talk about raw. You'll feel like you've been through a shredder. You'll look down and say, "What the hell happened?" And then you'll remember and you'll vow never to go out with Suzy again, but give it a day, a week, or a month. She'll be all you think about, because she's a demon from the Ninth Gate of Hell. She's a Succubus. She's got your number and she's not above making all sorts of promises on the phone that she has no intention of keeping. You can call her Suzy to keep the guys with the wiretap off balance, but all her friends call her Meth, and trust me, once you've been out on a date or two with her, you'll jump when she calls... because that's what people do when an alien sex fiend has her tentacles wrapped around their balls.

They jump.

Trust me.

This much I know.

1.5.6

Kelly Lee, A Sick Expose

Will the scam never end? Now they are saying Hawaii has an ice problem of epidemic proportions.

Out of a thousand truths, which is real? Out of a thousand stories, which rings true? Out of a thousand Celaphopod minds, which one remembers?

Between the lines and unseen edits lies the truth. No book, no list of words can portray reality. That is done by the mind of the reader, alone.

Recently an airline executive was overheard to say, "If you want to see the whales, you need to go in the winter."

Bryce stared out of the lanai. Clouds filled the sky hiding the sun. Over the water, where there were breaks in the clouds, the sunrays shown down brightly on the ocean. Where the sun hit the waves, it looked like a film negative had been caught in a projector and was burning through. It was a random array of a dozen splotches of white on the ocean, which reflected the light like a mirror and burned as bright as the sun itself.

Bryce stared out of the lanai. He had been in Hawaii for several months. He had spent the day alone, snorting crank, working the distiller, and staring at the ocean. Mostly he had been staring at the ocean. Taz was not around. He was busy guiding tourists about the island, possibly showing off his thirteen studs in some hidden corner of Hawaii that few visitors ever saw. Kelly was not around either. She was working at a club and going home with friends, paying or otherwise. Kelly was not monogamous, but then neither were Taz or Bryce.

Of the three, Bryce spent the least amount of time at his work. Bryce mixed the base with a catalyst. Let it sit. Mixed the result into a soluble solution by adding a volatile fluid like acetone or ether and then eased the resulting highly flammable mixture through a distillation column. Distilling acetone is a fool's game or the game of someone who has no fear. Bryce was perfectly suited to the occupation and let the equipment work its slow magic behind him as he stared out into the ocean. The fumes from the meth saturated the walls and the ceiling. Like a house in a gold rush town where the floorboards are worth a fortune from the fallen grains of gold, the house at 33 Lahina Way oozed crank out of its pores.

There is some conjecture that Bryce did much of his cooking in the surrounding jungle and therefore none of his equipment would typically be at 33 Lahina. Neither Kelly's narrative nor other reliable sources indicate that this is true. It may have been smarter if Bryce did his cooking elsewhere, say in the surrounding

jungle, in one of the abandoned houses by the beach, or on a boat, but smarter and what transpired are two different things. This debate is only important in so far as it relates to subsequent raids and what was found during these raids by the police. Specifically, why nothing was found at 33 Lahina during the first raid, but was during the second. Should you be familiar with Bryce's history to the point where you feel Bryce's cooking at 33 Lahina is a discrepancy, remember that there is nothing new about competing Sick histories or multiple versions told of the same event. In the end, my feeling is Bryce simply never cared enough about getting caught do take any basic precautionary measures.

Bryce pulled a vial of meth out of his shorts and poured a generous pile of the newly formed chemical into his palm before snorting it. The shorts, as well as most everything else he needed these days, he had gotten from Moon Shadow. Done snorting, Bryce went back to gazing at the ocean. He watched the sun work its magic. He watched the sunspots on the water and his mind tried to connect what he was seeing to the solar activity the phrase referred to. The sun drifted through the sky and disappeared behind clouds. The sky went from gray, to pink, to orange, to red, to twilight, to dark while Bryce watched, snorted the occasional palm of meth, and listened to his equipment bubble away.

Suddenly, without warning, the earth moved. It was as if a freight train had rolled down the street. He had heard it coming up from the valley. The house rumbled with its passing and then he listened to the train, the earthquake, the spirits recede into the distance.

He ran for the propane tank and turned off the gas. He shut down the burners. He opened his safety valves. Satisfied, he went back to his post by the balcony and stared at the ocean. He watched the waves under a waxing half moon. He let his equipment cool and he left.

At the door, he slipped on a pair of flip flops. He did not add a shirt to the shorts he was wearing. As he went outside, the birds greeted him. They flew before him, called his name, and sang his praises. Bryce looked into the forest, at the sky, into the moon, and searched for the meaning in everything, everywhere.

The sign in the front window of the Thai Shack says the hours are 11AM-7PM, but it's an old sign. The hours are whenever to whenever. Bryce walked in the door, grabbed a beer from the cooler, and looked around. Kim was behind the counter. The static from an old radio played from the kitchen indicating Auntie's presence. There was no one else there.

"Hi Bryce," Kim said.

Bryce looked at the menu. He was hoping someday Kim's name would be listed up there.

"Did you feel the earthquake?" Kim asked.

"Yeah," Bryce said smiling. "I like them." They were a bit of excitement. They were another way the gods were talking to him lately.

"I don't. I'll be happy when I leave them all behind."

(It's ironic that Kim would end up in California when she moved from the islands, but then California has a whole different sort of earthquake than Hawaii does. Hawaii's earthquakes are much more common and typically low key. Like a truck or train passing on a road. California earthquakes are less frequent, but more like a roller coaster ride, much more dramatic. It is like the difference between a pile of dirt settling down on itself and the same pile of dirt being pushed over by a bulldozer. Both are moving earth, but that is where the similarities end.)

"It won't be the same when you go."

Kim shook her head, smiling. "You'll get over it. Don't you have enough company?"

“There are a bunch of things in life you can never have too much of,” meth, “friends, good times, and Auntie’s cooking.”

“So what do you want?”

“I want to know how to block that second carbon bond cascade we’ve been talking about.” Bryce tapped Kim’s open textbook when he said this. He didn’t notice that it was a history book.

Kim shook her head in mock disappointment as she followed Bryce’s movements around the counter. He put his arms around her and looked over her shoulder onto the pages of the book. It took Bryce a few moments to realize it wasn’t a chemistry book. He whispered into her ear, “If you keep on messing around with this stuff, you’ll never solve our problem.”

“The problem,” Kim said as she twisted away from Bryce, “is you still haven’t figured out what’s on the menu and what’s not.”

It was just one more no, only a thousand to go. “Have you thought about the carbon bond cascade?”

“You know,” she said as she darted around Auntie who had appeared from the kitchen, “it might be a wise idea to check your equipment. You know, get it cleaned.”

Kim balanced herself in the doorway as she giggled at her joke. Bryce ignored her and picked Auntie up in a giant hug as he carried her back into the kitchen. “Where do you think you’re going Auntie? I need some squid tentacles or cow brains. You know one of those sick disgusting dishes you feed me in hopes I never come back.”

“You think I try to get rid of you. You not see nothing yet.” And with that she pushed Bryce back into the dining area.

“You’ve done it now,” Kim assured him as she shouted back into the kitchen. “Go with the cow brains Auntie. He needs the help.” Turning to Bryce she continued, “So where’s everyone else?”

“I don’t know. Taz said something about a tour and you know Kelly. I haven’t seen her in a while.”

“You guys didn’t fight did you?”

“Looking for your chance?” Bryce asked as he tried to move in for another hug.

Kim put her hand out to stop him. What did the Chinese put into dishes to make someone more polite? She couldn’t remember. She knew a thousand ways to build up male potency, but not a single way to keep it in check. She’d have to talk with Auntie about that. She returned her attention to Bryce. “Seriously, check your lines, test tubes.” She gave an exaggerated sniff. “You don’t seem like you’re big on cleanliness. Give it a shot. It might improve your chances.”

“I’m more of a skinny dipping type guy myself.”

“Show up in the morning sometime then and maybe I’ll teach you how to surf.”

“Naked surfing?”

“You can wear whatever you want,” and then, “It would keep the sharks away... or maybe, it would be more like bait...”

It was a pity Bryce was such a druggy, Kim thought. Sam, Kim’s father, really liked Bryce and he was smart. He actually understood chemistry, even if all he ever wanted to talk about was making meth, but the real thing was, Bryce was going out with her sister. There was a competitive edge to it... It was more than that though. No one had kept her sister’s interest for more than a month. At two months Bryce was the record holder. There was something special about him.

Good to her word, Auntie made Bryce some brain food, cow brain samens. With the aid of a pair of chopsticks, Bryce slurped it all down without batting an eye.

At the altar, Bryce lit a stick of incense. To honor the Earth God, he thought. What we need is more of those earthquakes.

He went back into the kitchen where he gave Auntie another hug and thanked her for the food before he left. “I feel smarter already,” he said. Then he instructed Kim to, “Finish up with this,

so you can get to what's important," while pounding down on her textbook with a pointed finger.

At the door, before he left, Bryce turned around to take one last look at Kim studying. She was wearing baggy shorts, glasses, a scarf around her head, and a loose fitting t-shirt. "I've noticed Auntie never feeds me anything that's on the menu."

"That's because she likes you."

"I've also noticed you're not on the menu."

Kim shook her head. "I can see, you're one of those charmers." Then she added, "Come by some morning and I'll show you how to surf," but Bryce was already out the door.

He had heard her, though. Some morning, some night, sometime, even if it's not on the menu, if you ask the right way, eventually you can get whatever you want at the Thai Shack.

(You know like vodka, meth, or squid tentacles.)

1.5.7

Kelly Lee, A Sick Expose

This is not Disney Land.

Don't turn your back on the ocean.

Much like beauty: meaning and intelligence are in the eyes of the beholder.

Bryce walked over to Moon's store. The lights were off, but he opened the door anyway. Once inside, he didn't bother to turn on a light. He knew what he was looking for. He sat down behind Moon Shadow's desk, lit a joint, and smoked it. He watched the walls bubble and the bags of groceries organize themselves into a meaningful array. He saw the logic behind putting condoms and feminine hygiene products next to each other. He lit another joint and chopped a line of crank on the desk. He thought about Kim. How many no's had it been? One hundred? Two hundred? That

only left how many? He thought about Kelly. He thought about Taz. He snorted the meth and then chopped another line. He smoked another joint and then snorted the line. He left the empty vial on Moon's desk.

He looked around at all the junk in the store. The records danced. The psychedelic 60's posters on the walls swirled and pulsed with an intensity their creators could have only hoped for. Bryce thought about Kim again. He thought about Taz again. His eyes alighted on the stack of surfboards and he made a decision, the kind of hasty, stupid decision that kills many visitors to Hawaii every year. It's really hard to tell the difference between a gunshot wound to the back of the head made by an airline customer service representative and what's left over after a twenty foot wave smashes your head face first into a coral reef. Ocean based fatalities lead the charts on why tourists don't return from Hawaii. Oddly, gunshot wounds to the back of the head made by airline customer service agents don't even appear on the list, but then you know whoever is making those charts is in on the joke.

Bryce picked a short board because it would be lighter to carry. He should have picked a long board, because it would have been easier and safer to ride; and while we're at it, he probably should have waited for dawn and Kim or Taz's instruction, but he didn't. He walked across the deserted street, walked through the empty beach, and waded into the roaring surf, all alone, just the waves, the moon, and Bryce.

On TV surfing looks easy. On TV pros make basketball, golf, bowling, pool, poker, and getting an endless series of dates with hot girls or guys easy. Reality can be different. Surfing looks easy on TV because they only show the best surfers surfing the best waves. Those surfers have been riding waves since they were two or three and spend their off hours on skateboards. Bryce didn't know how to surf and the only time he'd ever been on a skateboard, he'd fallen off. All he knew about surfing was what he had gleaned from the shore by watching other's surf. It's a lot like

what you learn about pitching a fastball from watching TV. You know the basic object is to get the ball over the plate, but getting the ball in that little strike zone the first time you throw a ball is not so easy. Likewise, paddling a surfboard out through a foaming break is not so easy. It's not easy in the day with guidance from and experienced teacher at your side. It's definitely not easy under a moonlit sky.

Bryce hit the surf. The first wave tore the board from his grasp and threw Bryce back towards shore. The wave tossed him around and over. The water gods pummeled Bryce and demanded to know why he had lit a stick of incense for that piece of crap earth god, but had forgotten them.

Bryce sat at the edge of the ocean, spitting water. He saw his board drifting in the surf a ways down. He was not a quitter. He was not one to show fear, to show reason, or to wait for more ideal surfing conditions. He grabbed the board and made another go of it.

He paddled out. The water broke over him. Ready this time, he clutched onto the board. The wave carried him back and he paddled. Another wave broke, and he tried to dive through it like he had seen others do, but he was inexperienced. He turned sideways, gulped water, and found he was back where he had started. Undeterred, he righted himself and started over. He paddled out again. A wave crashed over him, then another, and another, and another. He sputtered for breath. He gasped and kept the ocean out of his lungs as well as he might, but still the ocean came and with every breath, he spit a bit of the sea back out. A lesser man encumbered by common sense would have turned back. Bryce was neither a lesser man nor encumbered by common sense. Backed by the power of meth and the muscles of youth, he paddled on and powered through the break. He did not know he had made it through. He paddled and paddled. Far behind him he heard the waves crash. His heart was pounding. He gasped for breath.

When he had recovered, he looked around at the stars, the moon, and the waves. Far away the shore loomed glowing under

the moonlit sky. He bobbed in the ocean. He heard the sounds of the surf. In exhaustion, he melted with the world.

Having gone through such a surf, you do not take it upon yourself to return through it right away. Time passed. Bryce's breath returned to normal. The euphoria of survival, from physical exertion spread out into the world around him and he reacted to it. In the late of summer when the whales are in Alaska, past the breaking point of physical exertion, his body fatigued and poisoned from meth, alcohol, and weed, Bryce had a vision.

He saw a whale spout.

The essential facts that Bryce would claim to have seen a vision of a whale, etc. are not in dispute and the events are related as originally written by Kelly Lee in A Sick Expose. Whether they are true or not is completely unimportant. Nonbelievers use this and many other accounts of Bryce Canyon in an effort to discredit Gilligan, Celli, and the Sixth. It is the minority opinion of the Sick, that this scene represents one of Celli's scouting forays through the ether to Earth. It is the majority opinion of the Sixth, that none of Bryce's actions matter, that Celli did not contact him, and that this scene is simply back written fiction.

Truth is but a collection in lies, in which lies the truth.

This was cool stuff. A whale! Bryce called to the whale. The whale spouted closer. He called again and the whale spouted again. He called again and the whale disappeared. He searched the dark waters for the whale. His legs dangled off the board. A cool wind blew around him. Moments passed and then the whale surged to the surface a mere fifty feet away. The whale's head leapt to the sky. His body broke through the sea. He gazed at Bryce with his eyes and sprayed a mist in Bryce's direction.

(Time stops. The whale hangs in the air. Eye to eye, heart to heart, soul to soul, at one with the wild, the unknown, these are the moments of magic, of creation, of wonder, of Si!)

Majestic! The whale fell back into the water. Blinded by the backsplash, Bryce lost sight of the whale as it swam beneath him.

He heard the spout behind him and turned to see the whale swimming away.

“Don’t go! Hey whale! Over here!”

Bryce, master of night and day, land and sea, birds and animals, men and women, was now master of whales. The whale turned at his command and returned to Bryce’s side.

Bryce left his board and got into the water next to the creature. He held onto the whale as they regarded each other again, eye to eye, hand to flipper, mind to mind. Bryce understood the whale and the whale understood Bryce. They had become friends, partners, and compatriots. In a flash they had had a conversation.

The whale told Bryce of how he was interested in him. He wondered at the ways of humans and other creatures of the land. When he jumped high in the air, the whale said, it was to get a better look at the humans. He liked when they shouted their delight. The whale told Bryce how the whales liked to vacation in Hawaii from their homes in Alaska during the winter. It was cold in Alaska and a bit of sun did them good and the tourists... The whales loved looking at Haoles. There was no better way to get a whale cow in the mood than to show her a tourist boat filled with laughing screaming humans. They were very vain. All the cows wanted their tails in the nature magazines. If a bull whale could jump high in the air and attract many tourist boats so that a cow would have a better chance of getting her picture taken, he was sure to get lucky.

Bryce said it didn’t make much sense. The whale shrugged his fins. He agreed, it didn’t make much sense, but then if you

didn't make the trip to Hawaii and jump for the tourists some other guy would, so you really had no choice. All summer, you'd work hard swimming in circles to collect krill, and for what? A moment of sex. Of course, all the tourists gave you their airplane peanuts. They were tasty and all, but it was nothing like a mouthful of krill.

Bryce and the whale formed an instant bond. The whale let Bryce pet him, scratch his head, but he mostly liked being slapped hard. Bryce got on his back and gave him a backrub by kneading his knuckles into the slippery whale skin. To repay the favor, the whale took Bryce on a ride through the ocean. At one point, the whale dove deep. Before Bryce knew it, he was deep under the surface of the sea. The whale was going to keep on taking him down further and further, but Bryce got his attention by pounding on his back. Finally the whale understood and swam for the surface. He broke through and together they launched through the air, as a person might if they were lost, helpless in the surf, drowning, and out of control.

The whale left Bryce at the edge of the surf. Bryce waived goodbye and the whale raised a flipper. He said he needed to get back to the feeding grounds. If the missus found out he was gone, she was going to kill him.

Bryce swam for the shore. He had lost his board. The waves played with him. He took in lungful after lungful of water. He scrambled in the sand at the edge of the surf. He was pushed off his feet by the water and driven to the ground. The earth moved underneath him and the water above. The gods of earth and water both wanted him and they were fighting over him. They were going to tear him apart. He would have drowned too; only in that moment he felt an incredible pain in the back of his neck. Like a shark he thought. Without thinking he stood up in fear, in pain, in a foot and a half of water that had only moments ago been tossing his prone body around. He frantically reached around and grabbed the creature that was stinging him. It was a blue jellied creature with tentacles stretching far out to sea. It was a Portuguese Man of

War. It was a Celaphopod intent on sucking his brain. He grabbed the creature and ripped it off his neck. The creature's tentacles stung into his hand. Madly, he danced in the surf rubbing the monstrosity off in the sand, and clawed his way up the shore.

The moon had gone down. The stars shown in a blurry circle. He turned over in the sand and started to puke. His stomach emptied itself of cow brains, of methamphetamines, of marijuana, of alcohol, of a thousand excesses and most importantly of the poison from a Portuguese Man of War. The poison was not in his stomach, but in his neck, in his arms, across his back, and his legs. His stomach did not know this as it clenched, squeezed, and emptied itself. When it was done, it emptied itself again and then again, until there was nothing left to purge except for Bryce himself. He let go of his will, his name, his ego, and his life. He let them all flow out of his mouth and into the sand and the waiting surf. He reached deep inside and emptied himself completely. He reached until there was nothing left to give and then he gave some more.

Exhausted, under a swirling sky, what had been Bryce drifted out to sea. All that was left was an empty vessel, washed up on shore, waiting to be filled.

Before you can breathe in, you must breath out.

But, that is not the true lesson to be learned from this event. If I am unable to convince you of any other fact, I wish to make clear the dangers of wading into the ocean without the guidance and help of an experienced teacher.

Coincidentally, for a small fee, I offer such a personalized guide service...

1.5.8

Kelly Lee, A Sick Expose

Nature abhors a vacuum.

Dreams are the portal into the soul of god.

Vision Quests are an important part of many Native American cultures. Aided by drugs, physical hardships, and a will to believe the mind is taken over by animalistic guides or other spirit forces. These visions are often considered the most important experience in an individual's life.

Psi and Si are not to be confused. Psi is a power that does not exist while Si is a place, much like Lahina, that does not exist.

When the body dies, so does the brain. A system in failure mode can produce unpredictable results.

After the lawsuits, lawyer's fees, and endless battles with the IRS, running a cult isn't as lucrative as you'd think. If you really want fame, fortune, and to hang out with wild babes, what you need to do is write science fiction.

Sleep is for people who aren't flying on meth.

Bryce could not sleep. His body was amped on meth. He was cold, soaking wet, and the stings from the Portuguese Man of War burned at his skin. He would have liked to be unconscious. He would have liked for the evening to pass in the blink of an eye, to be gone in a moment, but it did not.

On his hands and knees Bryce steadied himself as he gripped a spinning world tightly. His excesses oozed out of every pore as he readied himself for another onslaught of contractions. Waves washed over him. What had been him, in him, drifted out to sea. After hours, he fell on his back. Waves licked at his legs. The sky

spun madly overhead. The stars were colors they should not be. In moments he was down on his hands and knees again.

When he had steadied the world again, instead of lying on his back, he rose cautiously to his knees.

A purging body does not know dignity. It does not know pride. It does not know. It only is. His body had sought to rid the poison from every orifice. Long ago, Bryce had lost his soiled shorts.

Naked, empty, alone, Bryce kneeled before the sea, the sky, and the land. His body had reached a momentary equilibrium and he had one of those life changing mystical experiences, a vision.

The gods were both angry and pleased with Bryce, their chosen son. He had never been in such pain, but he was still alive. On his knees he regarded the pulsing ocean, the swirling sky, and the moving land. He dared not move. The night slowly ticked by as he kept his vigil.

He saw the first beams of twilight. He saw a crack in the sky. It is not ordinary for a man to spend half the night staring at the ocean and the sky as Bryce had. When this first glimmer of twilight came, Bryce noticed the difference. He saw the crack in the sky. He waded into the waters. Curiosity overcame what little concern he might have had. He was headed back to the crashing surf, but he did not notice. He was heading towards a crack in the void. Like a stage curtain that is not properly sealed, like the bright shining light of god behind a poorly sealed door, Bryce saw the edge. He was standing next to it. As the surf pulsed around him, he grabbed the crack in the sky and peeled it back. He opened the doors.

It was as if he was at the entry to a great Buddhist temple. Bryce strained against the massive double doors that reached to the heavens and pulled the stars, moon, and sky away. They were but layers of paint on a wooden door that towered far overhead. After he had opened the doors, he gazed inside. It was dark and dimly lit. It was hard to make out. By the door were incense, candles,

and an offering box. The box was already overflowing with squid tentacles, cow brains, squirming blue jellyfish, and the bile from Bryce's stomach. Bryce had made his offering.

He lit a candle and walked into the temple. Sitting on a dais was a giant... It wasn't a golden Buddha. It was like a whale. No. Like a squid. A giant blue squid. Bryce regretted not bringing any incense to light, but the squid did not notice. The squid raised Bryce so that they were level with each other, eye to eye, tentacle to tentacle, mind to mind, and they melded.

The squid sucked all the knowledge, memory, and experience that was Bryce out of Bryce's mind and considered it. He evaluated it. He digested it and then he expelled it.

Bryce's thoughts had made the great cosmic squid sick. He dumped his vomit over Bryce and being empty, Bryce sucked it all in. He had breathed out. Now was time to breath in. Bryce inhaled. The chunks of puke entered his body, went down his throat, and filled his stomach.

Bryce awakened to a giant wave crashing over him in the surf. It knocked him back and pushed him towards shore. Frantically he scrambled for the relative safety of the beach and found himself back in a familiar position on his hands and knees regurgitating back up all the sea he had just swallowed.

Kim would find him in a bit, wrap a towel around him, and take him home. Auntie would pour meat tenderizer over him and Bryce would not fight it. He had long suspected Auntie would eat anything. He was sick. He was dying. Let Auntie have his body to feed to unsuspecting Haoles, but Auntie was not a cannibal. She was treating the welts on Bryce's body. And in a few days, after Bryce had slept off the Meth and the poison, after he had breathed in the message Si had given him, he was a new man.

He became slower. More evenly paced. He would say such things as:

"After you breath out, you must breathe in."

“There is no value, but the value of life.”
“In 30 years, none of this will matter.”
“The end is closer than you think.”
“Are you ready?”
“Have you done everything you ever wanted?”
“In Si all things are possible.”
“Si is everywhere, in everyone, in everything.”
“You cannot escape Si.”
“You cannot escape the ocean.”
“You know, in the end, it doesn’t matter anyway.”
“It’s all an illusion.”
“Everything is.”

All alone, late at night, if you asked him for clarification he might say, “In the beginning there was nothing save the void and the void was all.” Since he knew this wasn’t satisfactory, if he liked you he might add, “Nature abhors a vacuum,” and then whether he liked you or not, he would snort some meth, offer some to you, and then turn the conversation back to you, your passions, and your rants.

He would listen enraptured by your retelling of your athletic prowess in second grade, how you always wanted a dog, but your dad wouldn’t let you have one, and your desire to do something, anything important. He would listen to how you were going to become a famous erotic dancer, bioengineering sensation, or a leading tour operator. He would listen, believe, and join in your desire.

Then, if you were of the chosen, he would guide your hands to his zipper, hold your head down, and lurch his body in the spasms of his sacramental offering. As his life force flowed down your throat, you would be elated, convinced by his willing belief, that all you had ever wanted would come true, that all you had ever wanted was coming true. It was in your hands. You could taste it.

Gilligan had arrived.

1.5.9

Heresy

Jesus: OK. Things aren't working out quite how we intended. We're going to go to plan B.

Judas: You know. The other disciples and me, we've talked it out amongst ourselves and plan B doesn't seem to be viable.

Jesus: (Angry.) Don't be telling me what's viable or not! I'm God's perfect child! If I say we go to plan B, we go to plan B!

Judas: Um, OK.

Jesus: (Grabs Judas's hands, looks deeply into his eyes, and talks soothingly.) Now, we need a betrayer.

Judas: (Looks around nervously.) Not me.

Jesus: I don't think you heard me Judas. We need a betrayer.

Judas: OK, sure a betrayer. How about that guy on the end? No one will miss him? Hell...I mean, gosh almighty, no one even knows his name.

Jesus: We need someone with a name.

Judas: How about Peter, Paul, or Mary?

Jesus: We need an independent thinker, someone who always gets the job done. Someone the other disciples always go to in a pinch, you know... a spokesperson.

Judas: Sure, sure. I'm just saying. I'm not the guy.

Jesus: (Holds Judas's face in his hands.) You're not listening to me Judas. I need a betrayer.

Judas: Maybe I could be the guy who betrays you by not betraying you, sort of a double sting, reverse betrayal type thing. They do it in all the better movies. I could go down in history as the disciple with a heart of gold; called to betray Jesus, but he just couldn't do it.

Jesus: You are not welcome at my table anymore... betrayer.

Judas: (Looks around pleadingly.) This really isn't fair. Come on guys.

(The other disciples won't meet Judas eyes as a general murmur of dissent rises against him. Cries of "betrayer", "backstabber", and "narc" can be heard.)

Judas: (Exits, grumbling to himself.) Of all the dirty, low down...

Peter: (Calls after Judas.) You heard the guy. Beat it. (Sits down in Judas' vacant chair next to Jesus). I can't believe I broke bread with that guy.

Jesus: Now onto new business. (Jesus holds Peter's hands and looks into his eyes.) Now, I need someone to deny me thrice before the crowing of the cock...

End
The First Tentacle
Time

The Sick: Drugs, Sex, and Celaphopods

By Eddie Takosori

Book 1 - The First Tentacle: Time

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Book 2 - The Second Tentacle: The Sky

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The Sick: Drugs, Sex, and Celaphopods

By Eddie Takosori

Book 2 - The Second Tentacle: The Sky

Book 2 - The Second Tentacle: The Sky

1.3.0 Celli

Once you go Celaphopod, you never go back.

If you can't base a relationship on lies and deception,
what can you base it on?

The ancient Polynesians used the stars, birds, and the patterns of waves to navigate. I can buy the stars and birds, but the pattern of waves? It's a lot like saying the ancient hippies navigated the great American interstate system by utilizing road maps, word of mouth, and tasting the dirt by the side of the road. I can just see a middle aged hippy parking his VW Bus by the side of the road and putting a pinch of oil saturated soil in his mouth. "I can taste the man's presence," he would say as he lit another doobie. While he was blazing, he would hold a pow wow with the squirrels and rabbits that lived by the side of the road to pick up local gossip and determine his course. "Lots of potholes down Highway 1," he'd echo what the squirrel had just told him as he crossed Highway 1 off of his map. His suspension was going. He didn't want to take the chance.

Then at the crossroads, he'd flip a coin, because maps, word of mouth, and having the taste of the road in your mouth are all fine and dandy if you're headed towards Tulsa or Oklahoma City, but if your destination is Peace, Love, Hawaii, or saving the world from an alien love menace, you won't find the way to any of those destinations on a convenience store map of the Western United States.

How long Celli lay in a stupor is not known. What was the first stimulus that he detected is not known. Was it a whale, a dolphin, or a crazy meth head on the beach busy having a psychotic break and puking his very soul out onto the sands of time? These things are not known.

View Celli as sleeping after a long hard party. He is tired. He is sound asleep. The neighbors get up, shower, slam the car door, and drive off to work, and yet Celli does not stir. Did he hear these noises? One can never tell. In this example Celli has set the alarm on his digital clock radio to a random station. In the background, below perception, the sound clicks on. The volume is low to start, but it gradually increases. On the station he's tuned

to, they play all of your old favorites. It's a mixture of TV and radio; Gilligan's Island, The Beatles, I dream of Jeanie, Rolling Stones, I Love Lucy, The Doors, and The Brady Bunch, but Gilligan's Island was always the best, except for maybe the early ones in black and white.

Celli doesn't hear anything at first, but as he gets closer the signal becomes stronger. The whale song becomes more intense, the cry of the Schizophrenics in the night becomes more lucid, and the station broadcasting at 300 billion trillion megawatts starts to come in loud and clear, because heaven forbid even the smallest corner of the country go without James Taylor or The Beverley Hillbillies.

Celli lifts a weary eye. He gazes off into space, into the void, into the sweet voice of Madonna, the crone of Elvis, and the reassuring presence of Gilligan, the Skipper too, (you know the words, sing along), the Billionaire and his Wife, the Movie Star, the Professor, and Mary Ann, all on Gilligan's Island!

If you've ever suffered from a serious depression and found yourself drifting through the emptiness of space in a hollowed out asteroid on a crash course with Earth, then you know exactly what I am talking about. Celli became fond of syndicated TV. It took him a year to figure out it was fiction, a novel concept really. The Celaphopods don't have fiction. They don't broadcast late morning soap operas throughout the communal mind every day to keep the housewives happy. Everybody doesn't stop what they are doing once a year to watch the Super Bowl and its award winning commercials, or every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday night to watch the latest, greatest TV show. The Celaphopods (and Earthlings) have a big enough problem with misinformation without deliberately introducing it to the mix.

Anyway, it took Celli a long while to figure out TV shows were just fiction. It was the endless repetition that did it... and the commercials... and a documentary on PBS detailing the history of TV from the early days explaining it all in black and white as it

were. When you get right down to it, it was the documentary. All the same, Celli spent a long time trying to determine whether it was the documentary or the other shows, which were supposed to be fiction, but in the end Celli realized, it didn't matter.

Celli found the shows comforting, just like a sick child might who got to stay home from school and watch syndicated TV all day long wrapped in blankets as his mom brought him tomato soup and grilled cheese sandwiches.

Celli found life, meaning, and inspiration in those TV shows. He found a reason for being. He had found the race he was meant to save and he fell in love with it. How could you not love Lucy?

This seems to be a sticking point for many, so I'll reiterate it. Celli's entire body was designed to be an empathetic wave field antenna. If the communal mind had not ostracized him (for security reasons), he would have easily been able to pick up signals from the Celaphopod home planet all the way across the universe. And, that is exactly what will happen after Celli has been gone for six life cycles.

This excruciatingly sensitive antenna system started picking up signals from Earth somewhere out beyond Jupiter. Celli picked up whales, dolphins, humans, and broadcasts at a million watts. He picked up TV, radio, satellite transmissions, cell phone calls, GPS signal locators, and on and on. A whale might be the most gifted naturally occurring empathetic transmitter on the planet, but a millions watt radio station is hard to miss.

The other point that seems to tie certain people up is Celli's lack of knowledge of advanced technologies. First of all, this is not accurate. Celli brought with him a tremendous vault of knowledge, however he split dividing up his knowledge. For security reasons again, he sent some of his knowledge back to Si and put some into the sixth part that died, but most importantly, and this is hardest for ego driven humans to understand, he never became the spokesperson for the knowledge he shared.

All the major genetic, DNA, and biological based advances being made in the news today are a direct result of the information and knowledge Celli shared with the human race through Mary Ann who in turn shared it through Dr. Beechum and a host of other scientists. So, although Celli brought with him a massive library of advanced technology, it was not presented as his own.

The reasons for doing this are simple. Anyone who has ever watched late night TV, which Celli had, would know that the human race is a bit paranoid about extraterrestrial visitors and tends to greet them with a hail of bullets and an armored tank division. And, as stated, the whole truth fiction aspect of TV was a little hazy for Celli. He didn't see the need to take any chances. The future of the entire human race, not to mention his future, was on the line here. More importantly, by giving the information away for free, rather than trying to own it, the information was dispersed quickly into the world of research, academia, and commerce. If Celli owned all the stocks and patents directly (which he owns anyway through proxy), he would attract unwarranted attention to himself. Just think of the problems Gilligan would have had, if his face had appeared on the cover of Time as man of the year when he was busy building up the cult in Lahina.

The other point regarding knowledge that is hard to appreciate is that Celli was intellectually alone. It was as if he was stranded on a desert island. Imagine for a moment you are whisked away to the middle of the Pacific and instead of plopping you down in the water, they put you on one of those shelled out islands that saw so much action in WWII.

You wash ashore naked and alone on foreign soil. They don't speak your language, don't recognize your customs, and you don't have the intellectual backup you usually have. Say you're walking down the beach, drinking coconut rum, and trying to serenade one of the local wahines. You start to sing a song, but you can't remember all the words. She's never heard the song before, so she's not going to be able to help you. No one else on

the Island has ever heard the song, so they can't help you. You don't have an Internet connection or a connection to the great communal mind. You didn't pack an almanac, a dictionary, an encyclopedia, or even a pad of paper and a pencil. The fact is you are intellectually isolated. If you don't remember that song, no one will. What you'll probably end up doing is humming the words you don't know, revert to the chorus in an endless loop, or make up words. After you've used the same made up words for a few years, even if someone told you the correct words, they may not sound right anymore.

The other thing is, you come from this advanced civilization. You drive a car, live in a house, talk on a cell phone, live with computers every day of your life, benefit from an amazing transportation system, medical vaccines, etc. etc. etc. Do you know how to make a cell phone? Erect a communications network? Or, set up a multi-tiered billing framework capable of squeezing the maximum profits out of your grid? Odds are you don't. Even if you did know how to do it, could you? On a deserted island in the Pacific, you might be hard pressed to come up with the microprocessor manufacturing facility needed to pump out cell phone chips. If you really want to delve into the problem, think back to Gilligan's Island. The Professor could build a ham radio out of a coconuts, but he couldn't patch a small hole in the SS Minnow. Why? He didn't have the proper tools. Sometimes, you have the facilities to make advanced electronic equipment at your disposal and other times you can't even find a hammer to patch a boat.

Beechum Industries Press Release: All claims made by The Sick in regards to helping, aiding, or in any way assisting Dr. Beechum, Kim Lee, or any other member of Dr. Beechum's research team or employees of Beechum Industries are entirely without merit. The only association between Beechum Industries, Kim Lee, and The Sick arises from a geographic coincidence. Kim Lee spent her

childhood in Lahina. The Sick base their cult in Lahina. Beechum Industries is not aware of any rule of law that permits “we were neighbors” to be the basis for a valid claim of joint interest and ownership in any type of intellectual property, processes, or patents.

In a further interview Dr. Beechum stated, “We are pleased the with the court’s ruling. It is clear The Sick’s claims were entirely without merit... Look they couldn’t even spell Mitochondria correctly on the complaint. It’s clear they had no idea what our patents are for, or their long term implications.”

Dodge. Parry. Feint.

2.3.0

The Sick

Knowledge is overrated. Any fool can tell you the steps you need to take to become a millionaire, have a perfect body, or get straight A’s in school. The hard part is not knowing what to do. The hard part is doing it.

The Sick is one of the most controlling, deceptive, and evil cults in the world. They have taken brain washing to a whole new level.

No matter how advanced a population is, the amount of life an area will support is limited. At some point the carrying capacity of the land will be reached. At this point there are two solutions: have less children or live shorter, less abundant lives.

If you want more than to hang out on the beach, talk story, and wander off with a cute Kane or Wahine into the

rainforest, then you want too much. More importantly, if you want more than this, then you are rejecting the Garden of Eden... and maybe it wasn't God who kicked you out after all. Maybe you simply left and have forgotten your way back home.

During any given day, most people spend more time listening to the radio, watching TV, or reading books and magazines than they spend talking to other people. How many commercials is that? How much misinformation is that? How much deception is consumed in the process? If you eliminate the media from your life and clean your mind, then the poisonous thoughts, which consume you will disappear. You will be cleansed, free, and clear. When you look at it the proper way, brain washing is a healthy, wholesome activity of healing renewal.

You'd be surprised how hard it is to control a mind. Most people can't even control their own mind, let alone someone else's. If the Sick really can control other people's minds, maybe that's an indication of the power of their beliefs.

Reality is more fragile than you think. If you pull it apart and stare at it for 18, 24, 48, or 72 hours in a row it becomes frazzled and unwinds.

Many refuse to believe it, but the Sick have never brainwashed anyone. What exactly it means to brainwash is, of course, open to debate. I will assume that to brainwash someone, two key ingredients are necessary, isolation and forced repetition of doctrine. The Sick never isolate initiates. They never sit someone down in a dark room, shine a light in their face, and break down their will. They don't cordon you off in an isolated retreat for weeks, months, or years at a time and they especially don't

spout off doctrine in an endless repetition. Many of the Sick don't even know that the doctrine of the Sick is world domination through enslavement or that it includes a total rejection of machinery, electronics, and the modern media establishment. These things are not advertised by the Sick. To many, the Sick is really nothing more than a party, an endless summer of free love. It is hard to call a giant orgy that spreads over the beach and through the town of Lahina an attempt to brainwash someone. Rather, it is a celebration of life. You've heard of the summer of love. Well, a summer in Lahina lives up to the name.

So, brainwashing isn't what you think it is. Brainwashing Sick style starts where you'd least expect it. It starts as a stripper. It starts as a therapist. It starts as an airline stewardess at 30,000'. In between serving drinks and meals, the stewardess flirts with a man in first class. It's nothing more than you might expect. She's young, eager, and horny. He's mature, established, and horny. They meet up after the flight. In a hotel room, the stewardess gives the businessman, corporate lawyer, tax accountant, pillar of business, and scion of society a mind numbing blowjob. It's a simple little thing. She blows and blows. If he wants to pull her hair or slap her face, that's all right. She's into it.

It's membrane to membrane contact. That's what's important. In fact, their whole affair may have started as a flirtatious kiss, stolen by the stewardess at 30,000'. That would explain why the man forgot about his wife, kids, family, and career. It would explain why he wasn't too concerned about getting caught or the dangers inherent in membrane to membrane contact.

But, I'm going to back up. Maybe you want to know more about that blowjob. Maybe it was the best blowjob you ever had in your life and being a captain of industry, you just might know blowjobs, but if you want that particular type of blow job again,

you're going to need to take a weekend trip to Lahina and I might just need to back up a step or two so you get the full picture.

We are not there in the story yet, but so you understand it better, we're going to jump around and repeat ourselves a bit. Eventually, Celli splits. He reproduces. In his space ship, he splits into five creatures. We call them Gilligan, Mary Ann, Flipper, Yr'goth, and the guy who went back or sometimes Si, but usually just the guy who went back. He was little more than a second sixth part.

You might have also noticed at this point how many things are called Si. This is deliberately misleading. They have nothing to do with each other and yet they are related in much the same way all things named George are related. Rest assured, when understanding the true nature of Si becomes critical, we will give it another name. That is my gift to you. Believe it or not, things are not always this clear. In any cult there are those who understand the secrets and those who do not. One way to convince those kneeling before you that this is the rightful and correct order of things is to parade your knowledge before them in an endless dance of twisting linguistics, revealing secrets while revealing nothing, as the initiates try to suck up and digest your spilled words and generous offerings...

I hope you understand.

The important thing from all this is that eventually one of Celli's descendants, Gilligan, comes down and sucks Bryce Canyon's brain. It's just like you've seen in your better horror movies. One moment Bryce is Bryce, the next Bryce is not there and a monster from beyond the sixth dimension has taken over his body. In their preferred form, Celaphopods are riders. They eat out the brains of an animal and take over the animal's body. Sentient beings and those with larger cranial capacities are tastier, but as a planet gets more and more crowded with Celaphopods, they take what they can get, until like Celli, before he was

launched through a wormhole, most of the Celaphopods swim free in the ocean.

On a new world there is no reason to swim in the ocean. There are plenty of creatures to ride. So, as a matter of personal desire if nothing else, the first item on Celli's agenda once he hit Earth was to suck the brain of a host organism. Of course, Celli wasn't around at this point, but that's what his descendants did. Of the four Celaphopods who stay on Earth only two eat the brains of humans, Gilligan and Mary Ann. We can recap this as, at 2.0.0, Celaphopods will ride two humans. Because each Celaphopod has five viable descendants, this means at 3.0.0, ten humans will be ridden, at 4.0.0 it will be 50, at 5.0.0 it will be 250, and assuming no losses, at 6.0.0 it will be 1,250. That's a grand total of 1,250 Celaphopods riding humans at 6.0.0 when Si, the great communal Celaphopod mind, will contact Earth. 1,250 versus 6 or 7 billion, the odds for Celaphopod world domination might not appear so good, but they are. Eating the brain of an individual host organism is only the tip of a Celaphopod's abilities. They are the rulers of the universe after all. They do have a few tricks up their sleeve.

One of the side effects of the communal mind is the ability to take control of other creature's at a distance. You can think of it as akin to demonic possession or remote hypnosis if it makes it easier to understand. When utilizing this ability, there are a few factors that fall into play. Most important of which are the number of Celaphopods around, which in turn determines how much force of will the Celaphopods can exert, and the empathetic capabilities of the creature the Celaphopods are trying to control. The more empathy a creature has, the easier it is to control. Remember how Celli would just drift by unaware in space if the inhabitants of the Island were not empathetic enough? At a low enough empathetic threshold a species is worthless to the Celaphopod empire and so there is no use bothering to integrate them. If there is not enough empathy present, the ship simply passes by in the dark of night and in six generations the planet is destroyed without warning. The Earth system had enough empathy to rouse Celli, but in the overall

scheme of things humans are fairly low empathy creatures. This means the mind control powers of the Celaphopods are potentially compromised when dealing with humans. The solution Celli struck on was to develop a virus, which increases human's innate empathetic abilities.

Integrating this new information, let's build the sequence of events up again. Celli splits into five parts, four of which land in the Pacific Ocean. One of those parts, Gilligan, takes over Bryce's body. He is apparently ill for a week. During this time Gilligan gets used to Bryce's body. He makes some changes. With the aid of Flipper, Gilligan accesses, catalogs, and records all the biological aspects of Bryce's body. He notes that Bryce has syphilis, gonorrhea, herpes, and AIDs. He notes that Bryce has germs for the cold, flu, measles, chicken pox, avian bird flu, anthrax, molds, pollens, spores and countless other germs, viruses, and biological fragments coursing through his veins. Gilligan absorbs one of these germs into his Celaphopod body, which is now living in Bryce's skull, and reworks it. It is believed he selected a herpes virus, but whatever virus it was, it was reworked into the Sick virus. Gilligan's version of the Sick virus will spread by membrane to membrane contact and upon infection will make the host organism's nervous system vastly more receptive to empathetic control. It is a change that is not visible to the naked eye, but, as stated, it is a change of profound importance. Once infected a human, or any other animal or creature, can be controlled like a puppet on a string by the Celaphopod mind, at distance and without fail. This means that the Celaphopods can control anyone infected by the Sick virus at any moment, but moment to moment control would be tedious and time consuming. Rather what Gilligan and the other Celaphopods typically do is enter the other creature's mind once or twice and make a handful of select changes.

So, back to Gilligan, Bryce's mind is sucked by Gilligan. Gilligan reworks a herpes virus, so now it becomes a Sick virus.

Gilligan spreads this virus to Kelly Lee, Taz, and whomever else he comes in contact with. In return Kelly Lee, dancer extraordinaire, spreads it to whomever she comes in contact with, and so on, and so on.

The only problem is the virus becomes diluted. It becomes weaker the further it travels from Gilligan. By the time the virus has travel from Gilligan to Kelly to an FBI agent to an airline stewardess to a traveling executive, the virus is pretty weak. The thing to do is to go get a booster shot.

So, back to our executive in first class, the first thing he does when he gets home is to tell his wife he's got some business in Hawaii, which of course, since it doesn't exist, should be a tip off right there. The stewardess meets him at the airport. Together they fly to Hawaii, take a cab to Lahina, and if the executive is Vice President in charge of Research and Development for Mutated Genetic Seeds Incorporated, that cab is driven by Taz himself. The executive shows up in Lahina. It's a virtual paradise. Naked girls swim in the surf, lie in the sun, and engage in all manner of carnal delight in the open, on the sand, in doorways, cars, and balconies. The town is a giant orgy.

If this is too much for the executive, the stewardess will blow him in the cab to calm his fears. He is important, so he will not be let out on the beach. They drive to a private house, where after passing through numerous outer chambers, filled with naked beckoning women and guards with rippling muscles, the executive will be ushered into the presence of Gilligan.

Gilligan will wear a white robe. He is a tanned, well muscled, specimen of human health. His crank, alcohol, tobacco, media, machinery and other dependencies are gone. He is the Uberman. He is a guru, a leader, and a ruler. He is king of all he surveys, night and day, bird and animal, man and woman. He is a Celaphopod. The wind blows his hair revealing three blue lobes dangling below each ear. The lobes appear and disappear at will.

At need they retract into his skull leaving only an unperceivable crease.

The stewardess kneels. She guides the executive to his knees. The executive has a sudden sense of fear, of being out of his element. He suddenly realizes how far from normality, from help he really is. There is no phone. Cars were pulled out of the way for Taz's passing. The town is obviously out of control. He has passed by multiple security checkpoints, ill disguised groups of large well muscled men. The doors are closed. He is alone with a girl he hardly knows. He thinks for a moment. All he really knows is that she is a stewardess and that she gives phenomenal head. He is alone with her and this man.

Uncertain, the executive kneels. He grows restless. The girl holds him down with her hand. She promises him whatever he wants later with her eyes and her hands. Anything. She promises him a dozen friends she knows on the beach. He will be a king, but first, he must kneel.

He kneels. Gilligan studies the horizon, the sun, and the ocean. He studies the girls on the beach and the boys in the sand. He reaches out his mind. He talks to Flipper, to Mary Ann, to a waitress giving a congressman a drink, to a plumber installing a new high tech water filter, and to a lonely truck driver who recalls the strip show he saw the night before. Gilligan turns around. He reaches out his mind to the stewardess and she weeps at his presence. He knows her, feels her, and understands her, as no one has ever done before. Gilligan bids them to approach. The girl comes and brings her friend, the executive. She thinks she's in love. She kneels at Gilligan's feet and pleads for the executive to kneel as well. Gilligan is her lord, her savior, her everything. She can feel Gilligan in her mind, in her soul. She is wet with desire. Without question she would do whatever Gilligan asked of her. His slightest whim or desire is to her a command.

The executive stands. He looks Gilligan in the eye. He sees a kid, a young man in his mid twenties. He looks hard at Gilligan. What does he see? He sees a sham, a cult, and an excuse for an

orgy. He sees his wife, his kids, and his career all tossed out the window during a nasty divorce. He sees the promise of weekends in Lahina with the stewardess and her friends. He sees old age racing towards him out of control. He wonders how many years he has left.

Gilligan reaches out with his hand and touches the executive's face. Gilligan reaches out with his mind and touches the executive's mind. The virus the stewardess gave to the executive is a weakened version, but it is enough. It is a start. It requires much concentration, but Gilligan breaks through and grabs hold of the executive's mind. Gilligan reassures the executive. He tells him it will be OK. He tells him his wife will not mind. She can come. There will be no divorce. Without moving his lips, Gilligan tells the executive about a genetic seed program the Sixth are working on. He tells him about global domination. He tells him about how humanity only has a few short years. He tells the executive much, some of it lies.

The conversation lasts but a moment. The executive knows what is expected of him. He hesitates, and then he kneels. He kisses Gilligan's feet. He runs his hands up Gilligan's thighs. He unties Gilligan's robe and wordlessly he asks for membership. He asks for acceptance. In the soundless words of a baby sucking at his mother's teat, the executive asks for the gift of the Sixth.

Gilligan gently caresses the executive's head, arches his back, and fills the executive's mouth with his sticky sacrament, with the virus of the Sick.

Gilligan leaves the executive's mind. Gilligan leaves the room. The executive is unsure. What just happened? His mind is a twirl. The stewardess kisses him. She greedily searches for a remnant of the seed, of the virus. The executive is withdrawn. She senses this. She opens his pants and blows him again, but he is distracted.

Soon she leaves joining the party on the beach. The executive goes to the balcony where Gilligan stood. He will stand there for hours.

The virus acts quickly. Seconds, minutes, hours, within days its work is done and the host is fully infected. The executive watches the sun go down. He wonders at the beauty of the ocean, of the sky, of the girls on the beach.

He feels Gilligan's presence in his mind. He is reassured. It was not a momentary experience. Gilligan experiences the executive's mind again. He makes changes. He cuts certain neural connections and makes others. In the future, if it is needed, Gilligan will be able to see out of the executive's eyes, hear out of his ears, taste what he is eating, and know what he is thinking. If he wanted, Gilligan could control the executive, the stewardess, the waitress, the plumber, or the dancer like puppets, but Gilligan is a busy Celaphopod. Mostly, the executive will live his life as he always wished it had been. Gilligan leaves the executive with a flash of pleasure releasing a cascade of dopamine into his system.

The executive hears the stewardess return. She has brought two of her friends. The executive stares at the ocean. He stares at the sky. He stares at the girls running naked on the beach.

In a moment he turns. The nubile bodies of the girls kneel before him as he had kneeled before Gilligan. They will do whatever he wants, tonight, tomorrow, and forever. This is his life as he always wanted it to be. Next month he will bring his wife, and they will start slow at first, but soon they will join the pulsing throng of humanity on the beach and in the doorways.

The executive does not know it yet, because he has not thought about it yet, but in a day he will discover the pack of cigarettes in his pocket and he will throw them out. He will remember that he smoked at one time, but he will never smoke again. In the blink of an eye he has been transformed from a smoker to a nonsmoker. He had always wanted to be a runner. He will start tomorrow morning and every morning thereafter he will

run. He will eat healthy food. He will become a vegetarian. His body will grow healthier and more vital day by day. He will become a wonderful conversationalist and keenly interested in those around him. He will save money easily. He will live like a monk. His wife will love him. His kids will adore him. And, his boss will envy him. He will get a promotion. He will collaborate with Dr. Beechum on a genetic seed project. He will live the life he always wanted. He will be the Sick and in a month's time his boss will kneel at Gilligan's feet and beg for what he has.

In the end, humans are animals. What they want are food, shelter, a sense of belonging, and sex, lots and lots of sex. If giving people what they want is mind control, then maybe mind control isn't such a bad thing.

1.5.X

Kelly Lee, A Sick Expose

In the Hawaiian language, A is E, E is I, and I is A. Tell me you've ever heard anything more ridiculous in all your life.

In Hawaii the Hawaiian language was outlawed for the last hundred years preceding statehood except for place names, street names, lyrics to hula songs, causal conversation, and legal documents, which to the casual observer might indicate it was never outlawed. Fool! It was outlawed as the principal language in English Only Schools. I mean, if you can't speak Hawaiian as the principle language in English Only Schools, where can you speak it?

There is seldom any common ground between the believer and the nonbeliever. Si does not smile his grace, understanding, or compassion on everyone equally.

It is a matter of the historical record that without the Sick virus, humans make poor empathetic receptors. This does not hinder some from believing Celli controlled the actions of Bryce Canyon from outer space. He did not.

I don't know. Celli, the collective Celaphopod mind, or even Si himself, Bryce got his information from somewhere. He was a changed man after his vision.

The most frightening aspect of insanity is that it is contagious. You think you know reality, but all you know is a carefully crafted lie that you tell yourself over and over so you can go to sleep at night.

That Kelly is one twisted chick. I'd like to sink my tentacles into her, if you know what I mean.

For every fist, there is a face.

(As stated previously, certain additions, subtractions, and modification have been made to Kelly Lee's, A Sick Expose. This has been done for clarity, continuity, and to correct some (but not all) of her more blatantly misleading statements. Although not always delineated in the text, the more egregious changes should be obvious to anyone familiar with the original.)

It is hard to explain the edge of reality where the mind stops and a person reverts to their animal or, if you believe this, spiritual self. It would be poetic to say Kelly was trying to decide which to revert to, but in a near empty state of mind, one does not make a lot of decisions. The decisions are made for you.

Without warning, Bryce's fist hit her. Kelly did not think. Her knees buckled. She grabbed at the restraints holding her hands and tried to stay upright.

Bryce casually jumped onto the bungalow railing and waited for the spasms of pain to settle down. He caressed Kelly's face. He twirled one of her nipple rings in his fingers. He measured the weight and heft of her breast in his hand. He paused to consider her. She did not notice him. She was simply glad he was not hitting her.

"It's very beautiful," he said. It was unclear whether he was referring to Kelly or the view of the ocean. Taz did not speak from the chair across the room. He did not know if he had been addressed or not. He knew better than to guess.

Bryce jumped off of the railing and stood behind her. Nuzzling up closely he whispered sweetly in Kelly's ear, "What do you see?"

Kelly didn't know. There was no good answer. "I don't know," she pleaded. "Give me a hint," but she knew it was in vain. The ocean, the sky, reality, night, death, life, she had tried all of those. She was beyond guessing. Soon she would be beyond answering. And then, she would be beyond. She felt Bryce pull his body away and she tensed. In a moment, or two, or three, he would punch her in the ass in the same spot he had been punching her, right on top of the Passionate Wahine tattoo. It was the same place, over, and over, and over. Even before he punched her, her ass throbbed. Her legs ached and her mind was exhausted. Soon it would break. Her legs would buckle and her mind would dissolve.

Taz would let her know that yes, he too missed her. She would climb a metaphorical staircase of happiness, rung by rung, stud by stud, devoid of mind, hope, or fear and at the moment of supreme climax, Bryce would join Kelly and Taz in a group hug and sing softly into their ears, "and she's climbing the stairway to heaven."

Mystical transformation? Or idle games of serious drug addicts? Either way, we get ahead of ourselves.

Kelly does not know the answer yet. Let the picture dissolve in your mind... of Kelly tied up to the support posts of the lanai

with strips torn from a moldy beach towel... of Taz sitting in a chair on the far side of the room reading a magazine... of three lines of meth production merrily bubbling away, while the silent solar distillers wait for day.

Let the image dissolve of Bryce hitting Kelly again, her knees buckling, her excitement soaking through her jeans. Hear the dangerous laughter of a girl on the edge as the scene fades out and return to a simpler time, several months earlier.

1.5.10

Kelly Lee, A Sick Expose

Sing Gilligan's Island theme song.
Insert screenplay for first episode.

Sing Gilligan's Island theme song.
Insert screenplay for second episode.

Sing Gilligan's Island theme song.
Insert screenplay for third episode.

Etc...

Sit right back and I'll tell you a story,
A story of a terrible trip...
If not for the hero of our valiant ship,
The planet would be lost...
The planet would be lost
No meth, no weed, no heroin, not a single luxury...
There's Kelly Lee, her sister too,
The hippy guy and his wife,
The Canyon dude, a tattooed Taz, and a Chinese man
All in LA-HINE-A!

You know that picture of Gilligan's Island you have in your head of a deserted island in the middle of the ocean. It's the picture they show at the beginning, end, and every commercial break. They took that picture standing on the beach of one of the most inhabited islands in the Pacific. Gilligan and the crew could have literally waded to shore and have been minutes away from some of the finest resort accommodations in all the known world. It goes a long way towards explaining why they had so many visitors over the years. The only question it leaves unanswered is why they never did wade ashore.

Perhaps, traumatized by the experience, they were afraid of the water, or, like Kelly Lee, had never cared for the ocean in the first place.

Picture if you will a small fishing boat being tossed to and fro by a freak summer squall. Picture if you will a delusional mind rocking gently back and forth on a couch.

Bryce is in the Lee's house. It's not a very big house, just a sitting room, kitchen, and a small bathroom on the first floor, and on the second two bedrooms. Auntie and Sam Lee, being husband and wife, share one room, while their two daughters share another. These days, Kelly is hardly ever home, so Kim gets it to herself. There is not room anywhere else, so Bryce is on the couch in the middle of the downstairs living room.

He is covered in a blanket. He sweats. He doesn't see much. His mind is a whirl and to keep him company through these long lonely hours a small black and white TV has been turned on. The reception is poor. The hills get in the way, but through the hiss of static and flickering images an idea takes hold in Bryce's mind. On TV a Gilligan's Island marathon plays. Delusional, feverish, not of sane mind, he will be subjected to antics of the crew for the next two days. He will hear the theme song over a hundred times at the beginning of each show and then partial refrains again at the end and during commercial breaks.

Bryce's mind already weak from the meth and the poison from the Man of War sting will integrate Gilligan's Island into his consciousness. Despite claims to the contrary, he will never memorize the dialog from the first season and he will never even learn the words to the theme song, but then you don't need to know all the words. You just need to know it was a 'terrible trip.'

The second day, Bryce was sitting up. Auntie had brought him 'sick person food,' a soda, chicken soup, a grilled cheese sandwich, and French fries that he was eating with a pair of chop sticks.

Sam Lee was sitting next to him on the couch. "You visionary," he was saying. "Why you waste time? You out of propane? What else you need?"

Bryce did not answer. He was wondering if he could make a distilling column out of coconuts like the Professor had. That Professor was one smart guy.

Sam was continuing. "Your friends, they come, they worried. You need to get better or they no be friends no more. They go somewhere else."

"Step right up and I'll tell you a tale, a tale of a terrible trip. It starts on the eve of a..." Bryce trailed off. He had just heard the song again moments before, but he couldn't hold it in his head. He barely even knew Sam was there.

"What trip? You want trip? You better. You put things in order. Make everyone happy. You go on trip. Nice trip. It be best trip."

Bryce wasn't listening. The static was getting worse. The image was hard to see. It was an idea on the edge of consciousness. It was an idea nestled in between the flickers, between the lines of dialog.

"But now you go. You get off my couch. You go now."

The professor was busy distilling rocket fuel.

(You think MacGyver was something? You haven't seen anything. To make a bazooka MacGyver needed a length of PVC, a rag, a bottle of lighter fluid, and a paperclip. To make a interplanetary rocket capable of launching a man into space the Professor needed cocoanuts, palm leaves, and bamboo. The Professor rules... Of course the Professor couldn't really make a rocket. Any self respecting Sixth will tell you space travel is impossible. Men never even got to the moon.)

Sam repeated himself, "You go now. You get off my couch. You be here too long."

It was clear Bryce was not capable of doing anything. He wasn't going to go anywhere. Auntie walked in. "He stay here as long as he want," she told Sam from the door next to Kelly. "You go now. You leave boy alone. He stay till he better. He stay till he leave."

Sam did not dare argue with Auntie over this. He could see that Bryce was sick, but he did not like him sitting on his couch. He got up to leave, but paused at the doorway and spoke to Kelly. "He visionary. He man. Then you let him out of sight. He turn into dog. Why you always do that to boyfriend? You always let down. Now he dog like rest. Why you always pick dog?"

Bryce wasn't going to be better anytime soon. There wasn't much in Lahina for Kelly other than him. Certainly there wasn't her father's love. She hadn't felt that in a long time, but it was a new change. Instead of urging her not to date dogs, now he was blaming her for the fever ridden idiot sitting on the couch.

Kelly had seen enough. She hopped in her truck and found a party. It wasn't difficult. If you were a fisherman and your quarry was a sexed out drug party, you'd be hard pressed to find better bait than Kelly Lee.

But, a week later, Kelly was back in Lahina, hoping Bryce was better.

1.5.11

Kelly Lee, A Sick Expose

Surf's Up!

Cowabunga Dude!

100' from the shore, past the break, the ocean drops at a forty five degree angle into the bottomless depths of the unknown. It is not uncommon to see dolphins, sharks, and whales just beyond the surf. If they are hungry, sometimes they come in even closer.

The ocean is the last great frontier on the planet. Sure, the Antarctic and weathered mountain peaks will give it a run for the money in terms of extreme conditions, but for a wealth of animal life, there is no competition. The ocean wins hands down.

A week later Kelly was back. When she drove up, Kim and Taz were giving Bryce a surfing lesson. Kelly parked her truck and changed into her bikini in the beach parking lot. She was very careful to change in such a way that it looked like she was trying to change discretely, while still affording the maximum view to as many eyes as possible. She relished the attention.

It was an expensive, hi-tech bikini that through careful construction gave the illusion that at any moment Kelly might fall out of it or a rogue wave might wash it away, but looks can be deceiving. The bikini was the single most expensive item in Kelly's wardrobe. You could make a convincing argument that an entire segment of the world's industrial complex was devoted to creating ever smaller, tighter, and revealing bikinis that at the same time were stronger, more durable, and reliable.

The bikini wasn't going to go anywhere, that is not until Kelly waded in a few feet, and with well practiced precision unhitched the top as a wave hit her.

No one noticed. The beach was not crowded. Bryce was surfing or ignoring her. Her sister had seen this performance a thousand times and so had the few locals on the beach. Normally Kelly would not have let others ignore her, but she was tired and drained from days of partying. More importantly, Kelly did not like the ocean or the water. Defeated, she thought about making a scene. Instead she fetched her top from the surf and returned to shore where she stretched out in the sand, tossed her top on the beach next to her, and went to sleep.

Kelly woke up to the sound of her sister's voice. "I'm going now. Are you going to help Auntie?"

Many things had changed for Bryce in the last week. One was surfing lessons in the morning with Kim and Taz. Another was working off and on at the Thai Shack when Kim was at school.

Bryce stirred from where he was lying between Kelly and Taz on the beach. He sat up, blinked his eyes, and stretching his arms. "I'll be right there," he said in a sickeningly helpful sort of way. "Come on," he invited Kelly and Taz to tag along before he leaned over and kissed both of them. Then he trotted off to the showers and wandered into the Thai Shack.

Hours? later Kelly and Taz joined him. The Thai Shack never was very busy and this morning wasn't any different. It was boring. Taz went to sleep with his head on a table. It was one of the few skills he had found useful from a public school education. Kelly was bored. She didn't see the attraction for Bryce.

A pair of tourists walked in and looked over the menu as only haoles can. They were only going to come this way once and so they didn't want to miss anything. Wouldn't it be a crying shame if they rushed to order and then only moments after they had, they discovered something even better on the menu? Or maybe they were trying to make heads or tails of the pegboard menu and the economy of words that had gone into it:

Pork, fish, chicken \$5.95
BBQ, katsu, grilled ½ \$3.95

The menu wasn't a lot of help.

"The special," Bryce coached them. "If you've never been here before, you'll want the special."

"What is it?" the man asked.

"It's a taste sensation you're not soon going to forget," Bryce explained with an evil glint in his eye.

"That doesn't tell me much?"

His wife took over. "What does it taste like? It's not too spicy is it?"

Bryce leaned over the counter and motioned them forward. He whispered conspiratorially to them. "Auntie, our cook, she's getting on... a little senile. In the end it really doesn't matter what you order. Hamburger, short ribs, taco salad, she's just going to poke her head out here, take a look at you two, and fix the pair of you whatever it is she feels like making anyhow. Sometimes it's fried rice, sometimes it's liver and onions, sometimes it's a hamburger, but if you're real lucky, she'll go for fried squid tentacles, cow brains soup, or something like that."

The man eyed him suspiciously.

"Trust me. It all tastes good. If we could, we'd add the tentacles and brains to the menu, but then she'd only stop making them. It's good stuff. It's the type of taste sensation you're not likely to forget."

They were hesitant.

"Two specials," Bryce cried back to the kitchen.

In a moment Auntie poked her head out. She looked at Bryce. She looked at the couple. The only thing Bryce ever ordered was 'Specials.' There were no specials. She had no idea what the order was for.

Bryce shooed her back into the kitchen as he called after her, "Two specials. Pronto... and make them ono. We got a couple from the mainland. Let them know what island cooking is all

about.” Bryce stuck his head into the kitchen. “Something with tentacles, brains, innards, or something. Make it ono. Make it good.” He turned to the couple. “\$25.”

“The sign say \$5.95.”

“That was before we knew Auntie was a tentacle cooking genius.” Bryce was walking around the counter while he said this. He careened his palm across Taz’s shaven head to wake him up. “Wake up. Time to work. Set the table.”

Taz groggily got to his feet and fetched napkins, chopsticks, and water.

The wife was standing close to her husband. If they had some secret code for let’s get out of here. She was using it. They were getting ready to leave, when Bryce said, “Double or nothing.”

“What?” The man shook his head. “I think we’re just going to...”

Bryce ignored him. “Double or nothing. If this isn’t the best meal you’ve had so far on your vacation, the one you’re going to tell your friends back home about, it’s free. Otherwise it’s \$50, \$100, whatever you paid for your most expensive meal so far... How much is a luau going for these days?”

“This isn’t a luau.”

Bryce led them to the table. “This is a once in a lifetime experience. This is one of those rare moments in time when the edge of reality gets pulled back.”

They looked towards the door. They looked at Taz, at his tattoos, and his piercings. He smiled. It had a disconcerting effect. They didn’t see that they had any choice. Hesitantly they sat down.

A bell rang. Auntie had put out two orders of fried calamari. Bryce poured the second platter on top of the first. Auntie watched him. “Make a soup or something weird. Go all out. Put everything thing in it you ever wanted to cook with but no one ever orders.” Auntie was still learning, but she would understand soon enough.

Bryce put the calamari on the table and tasted one. “We got to make sure it’s edible,” he explained as he grabbed a seat next to the husband. They were at one of the big tables. Bryce motioned Kelly over with his finger, while he instructed Taz, “Monsieur, if you would be so kind as to make a beverage selection.”

Taz opted for Milwaukee’s Finest and set up the first round.

They talked. They ate. They shared a meal. Taz sat next to a suburban housewife in tight black jeans displaying his tattoos and piercings proudly. Bryce sat next to a middle aged man from mainland USA and pumped him for information, or if you like to think of it this way, took an avid interest in whatever the man wanted to talk about as he stared at Kelly’s ample cleavage and wondered if the ridges he saw in her bikini top were really piercings. He wondered, if she had piercings in her ears, nose, eyebrow, tongue, and nipples, where else did she have piercings? He wondered what the piercings would feel like and whether they were for his pleasure, or for hers?

The second course was cream of intestine soup and halfway through this the suburban couple was joined by a couple from the heart of the big city itself. Bryce didn’t even bother with the pretense of a menu this time. He just pulled up two chairs for them and wedged them between Kelly and Taz.

The main course was stir fried chicken feet during which a few locals came in for the plate lunch special and was followed up by green tea ice cream over fresh papaya.

“Auntie’s pretty amazing.” Bryce’s comment was met with widespread approval. “A meal like that up the coast would have set you back what? \$100... \$200? Maybe more. Don’t insult us by leaving a \$1 or \$5. If it wasn’t worth \$100, if you’re not going to tell everyone you know about this meal for the next year, then don’t bother, but if you are going to tell everyone you know, tell them how you left \$250 and it was worth every penny of it.”

Did the suburban couple or the big city pair leave any money? The story goes that they each left \$100, but it's just a story. It's easy to see Taz tossing a fistful of twenties on the table in disgust at the balking tourists. Maybe they didn't pay for days, weeks, or months, but eventually they did. Eventually the place was packed every day for lunch and tourists were happy to plop down \$50, \$100, or more. Plenty of them left nothing or \$20, which was worse than nothing. At \$20 a person would think they had paid their way, but they hadn't. If a person left \$20, it encouraged the next person over to leave \$20 as well. If a person didn't leave anything, it encouraged the next person over to be different, to take up the slack, to leave \$100. And, if they didn't leave any money, at least they knew they had gotten a free lunch.

But it wasn't about the money for Bryce. Sure, it was fun, like a game and money was a way to keep track of the score. He liked it when somebody set a record. \$1000 for a group of six for lunch, it stood for three months and then someone topped it just for the sake of topping it, \$1,200 for two people, but Bryce was just as likely to treat you like a king even if you came in regularly and only left \$2, \$3, or \$5 as some of the locals did. The Thai Kitchen never advertised. It grew by word of mouth and word of meth. It's unclear whether the credit card charge for \$450 was for lunch, a private dance with Kelly, Taz, or a few packets of yellowish powder. Either way it started that first day.

The story is Bryce ran each of the couple's credit cards for \$100, but maybe Taz paid the bill, maybe it was Bryce. Whether it was Taz, Bryce, or the tourists, it didn't matter. In two hours, the till was full. The Thai Shack had made a better profit than it would have for an entire day of selling \$5.95 plate lunches.

More importantly, Bryce was having fun, which meant Taz was having fun... but Kelly was bored. She could get stared at by middle aged businessmen at a strip club and make \$2,500 a night to boot. She didn't need to jiggle her boobs at a lunch table for... What? Nothing... because the Thai Shack never paid Kelly, Taz, or Bryce. It was all done gratis, for the love of the job, for the love

of a father, for the love of Bryce. At the end of the meal, all Kelly knew was that she was bored. When the tourists had gone, she was relieved. Now they could party, grab a few beers, head up to the bungalow, get blitzed, and disappear into a frenzy of sex, but it was not to be.

At the door they were met by Moon Shadow. “We need to talk,” he said to Bryce.

“About what?” Bryce responded. It was a beautiful sunny day. Friends surrounded him. He’d just had a wonderful lunch with some folks from the mainland. Maybe he’d even copied down their addresses when they gave them their ID’s to run the credit cards. In a month they would get a thank you postcard and Bryce would have contact information for future advertising, business arrangements, or... or...

But, that was in the future. Today, Lahina was innocent. Bryce’s vision included a day at the beach and an afternoon staring into the water. He didn’t have a care in the world. He in fact had no idea why he would need to talk to Moon. After all, they had stacked the surfboards against his house/store, what more could the man want?

“We’re behind,” Moon Shadow said. “We don’t have any inventory left. You need to start cooking again.”

“Lunch is over.”

“No man. The meth. You need to start cooking again. You can’t just let everyone hang. Things go bad when the supply runs dry. Folks don’t understand. They take it personal. Bad things happen.”

Bryce had been off the meth for a week. He might have been off for good. He was different. He had changed. The reason Auntie cooked so good was because she was trying to please Bryce and the reason she was trying to please Bryce was because Bryce was so nice to her. It was like he understood what she needed.

The same was true for Taz. It would be easy to look at Bryce’s slapping Taz, his off hand abuse, and dismissal of Taz’s

very being as something negative, but it was what Taz craved. Taz loved Bryce like a dog loves whoever pets them and opens a can of food.

A similar situation was at hand with the endless stream of tourists and rich visitors who ate lunch at the Thai Shack. Bryce wasn't feeding them tentacle stew. He was feeding them an experience. He was turning the Thai Shack into a tourist destination catering to the bored and the wealthy. The very fact that he would sit next to them, eat off of their plates, and was happy to discuss widgets or the coastline down the way, only added to the experience. What is perhaps most surprising was that he could hold a conversation about widgets or the coastline down the way. He'd never made it down the coast south of Lahina, but after a few weeks of talking with customers, he could tell you what beaches to hit, what restaurants to go to, and what trail heads to walk down. In short, Bryce had become an amazingly adept people person. He didn't know much, but he knew people, and he had an insatiable desire to give them what they wanted. So, it should come as no surprise that he responded to Moon Shadow after only a moment's thought, "Then let's give the people what they want. Let's cook some meth."

But for all his pleasing of other people, there was one person he was pleasing less and less, Kelly. He was beginning to look like a whipped dog. He would do anything you asked. He was too eager to please. He was too needy. He was not the type of man who could keep Kelly's interest. In the days to come Kelly would spend less and less time in Lahina and more and more time in strip clubs, the back seats of cars, and on extended cruises on private yachts with psychotic meth heads... but once again, we jump ahead.

1.4.0 Celli

The usefulness of a telephone is only apparent when someone else also has a telephone.

Si is often credited with creating the universe. According to some theories Si created time, oceans, skies, animals, and Celaphopods out of his first five parts leaving the sixth part for himself, which being a Celaphopod would have left Si to die. It is put forth that this type of errant thinking is very common among isolated Celaphopods.

It is the nature of things that an individual, group, or society is not capable of seeing what it takes for granted.

1, 2, 3, 4, _____. Do you think you know what the next item in the series is?

0-1-0-1-0-1- _____. How about now?

Night, Day, Night, Day, Night, Day, _____. Do you know?

They are not really difficult questions. Most humans would readily answer 5, 0, and Night. Humans are pattern finding creatures and if you look hard enough you can find the pattern in anything.

But, let us take a moment to analyze these patterns. 1, 2, 3, 4 could easily be the first four digits of a zip code, phone number, street address, license plate, or an employee number. It could also be a time 12:34. The next group 0-1-0-1-0-1 could be the first six digits of a machine language code 010 101. The next three digits could be any combination of 0's and 1's. Or, and this is where things really get interesting, you can look at either of these patterns as the first part of an eight digit repeating pattern.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 - 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8... repeat, or

1, 2, 3, 4, 1, 7, 9, 3 - 1, 2, 3, 4, 1, 7, 9, 3... repeat, which is just a mathematical way of saying all the data might not be on the board. The next item in the series could be anything.

Taking the above as a starting point, we can explore a few interesting concepts. The first being, that due to a commodified compulsory education, most humans answer questions the same way. The notion that there is one correct answer to a question is so ingrained that humans measure intelligence this way. The more questions a human can answer in the same way that other humans do, the smarter that human is considered. This is the rationale behind IQ tests. The second key concept is that humans are so used to being asked trick questions that they are hesitant to answer, hedge their bets, and in short make any test of their underlying intellectual assumptions difficult. Be honest with yourself. Did you say five is the definitive answer, or did you say five is the reasonable answer, but I'm not dealing with a reasonable narrator, so it's probably not going to be five? Hold that thought. It's called suspicion. It's called a lack of trust and it's a byproduct of not being born with ESP or a developed empathetic communal mind. The Celaphopods don't know the concept of a lie, a trick question, or even the surprise ending to a story, the shortened version of which we sometimes like to call a joke or humor. These are things alien to the Celaphopod mind, as is coming up with the next digit for a series of numbers. 1, 2, 3, 4, _____. What is next? Anything. The proper and true answer is anything. I put it to you that as I write this, I sit at a typewriter. I have access to any key. I can go into hex-dec code, pull up a smiley face, or a © with no effort. So, what is the next item in the sequence? Now it's not a trick question. Now it's a real question. 1, 2, 3, 4, _____. What's next? Anything. How about if we go:

1-2-3-4 1-2-3-4 1-2-3-4 1-2-3-4, _____. What's next?

The answer is still anything. It doesn't make a difference how many times I repeat 1-2-3-4. The next item in the sequence can still be anything. I still have access to the same keyboard. I'm just typing. The next digit can be anything.

Just because a sequence exists and it's been repeating itself as long as you can remember, mankind remembers through the written record, the Earth remembers through the fossil record, or

the universe remembers through the background radiation record...
that in and of itself does not guarantee the pattern will continue.
Someday the world will end and day will not follow night.
Someday the man at the typewriter will stop hitting keys and 1 will
not follow 0. It all ends. Science does a remarkably fine job of
identifying the pattern, but it is the purpose of religion to help
identify what comes next. What comes after the pattern:

Inhale – Exhale – Inhale – Exhale... Stops?

Don't ask science. Ask religion.

Fiction, humor, lying, crime, and deception, these are all
alien to the Celaphopod mind. It's not that they are impossible to
understand; they just weren't in Celli's repartee as he floated
through the wormhole. These are concepts he learned watching
TV, listening to the radio, and comparing one news report to
another, from different stations and different countries, as he
floated by Jupiter on his crash course with Earth.

The Celaphopod mind stretches across the universe, through
innumerable worlds and galaxies. The range of creatures,
concepts, and cultures that the Celaphopods have enslaved is
incredible. So, it is not like the Celaphopods had never
encountered a deceptive race before; it is that Celli had not. This
was not part of his exposure to the communal mind. This was not
in his being, but this was not the only item. Celaphopods do not
use money per say. They use a limited system of hierarchical
rights, but in the end a Celaphopod has simple desires. The only
important thing the communal mind can allocate to an individual
Celaphopod is having a creature to ride (to suck their brains) and
having enough food to eat. The more privileged a Celaphopod is,
the more likely they are to get a creature to ride and if you take
part in the communal mind (versus being little more than an animal
squid in the ocean) you are guaranteed enough to eat. In theory,
there isn't anything else to divvy up. No sex. No houses. No
clothes. No cars. No nothing.

Maybe it makes sense to look at an average Celaphopod world... Alas, it would only be speculative fiction on my part. Let us instead look at a future vision of Earth. As stated, there are no cars, no houses, no factories, no cell phones, no computers, no communications network, no transportation network, no governmental structure save for the overriding presence of the communal mind, no money, little to no work, and precious little reason to work in the first place.

Imagine. I wonder if you can...

Without working through the steps that it would take to get there, let's take a look at the end result of the grand plan the Celaphopods have in store for humanity. In a hundred years, a thousand years, at some future date, a human will be born to parents whose minds have been sucked. The parents will raise the children communally in a very loose way. The children will not be expected to learn anything. They will not be expected to work. They will be expected to play, run, sing, and enjoy life. At puberty, the child's mind will be sucked. Humans with a bent for dark humor might want to note that, in this regard, little will therefore have changed. A Celaphopod will live in the human body for six years (or less if they had to wait for a body) and then both the human host and the Celaphopod rider will die. During the six years the Celaphopod rides the human, the human will reproduce and will do the very limited amount of work required by the new world order.

Just to make it as confusing as possible, we call this future utopian society Si. What will the world look like? Everything humans need will be grown in organic farms. Everything. If it can't be grown, it won't be used. There will be no houses, no heaters, no winter jackets, and no snowshoes. Needless to say, humans will not live in all the areas in which they do now. This is of no consequence to the Celaphopods. It is not unusual for a human to want to be reincarnated as a lion, bear, or eagle and the Celaphopods will ride these creatures as well. In fact, all of the

higher life forms will be ridden by the Celaphopods eventually, and eventually the predatory animal species will be phased out. Humans have already done much of this weeding out for the Celaphopods. As a general rule, the more effective and dominant the life form at the top of a food chain, the fewer predatory animals there are elsewhere in the food chain. A herd of sheep or goats without any predators can simply support more humans or Celaphopods than the same herd being hunted by wolves, even if the wolves are ridden by Celaphopods

Eventually the landscape will be covered with herds of small grazing animals, medium sized niche creatures like beavers, seals, and penguins, and, wherever they can survive, humans, because if you are a brain eater, humans are pretty darn tasty.

What? You say you don't see the appeal of having your brain eaten? You want TV, the media, and your car? You like society? You like going to the theatre, living in a big house, guzzling gas, consuming... consumables and in general living the good life? I bet you do. So, what's the appeal you ask? Why would anyone join a cult where this is preached as the ideal? Um, because your mind has been sucked or you have been infected with a virus, which makes you a puppet of the Celaphopod communal mind. Once that happens, it all sort of makes sense to you. And, there are other reasons, other perks. I know I'm not painting a full convincing picture at this time, but it will just have to wait. Let's just say that it's easy to sell your grandchildren down the river when your belly is full of Auntie's good cooking and Kelly is giving you a blowjob out back while Taz entertains your wife. Given your heart's desire, you just might not care about the future at all.

And here, perhaps we put both you, the reader, and me, the writer, in a mental quandary. We could go into greater detail... Kelly down on her knees taking her top off to give the retiree a

better view, maybe watch as she grabs a bottle of mineral oil and just sort of rubs it into her chest making sure to...

Or, we could talk about the Celaphopods some more. Many will pick Kelly. Many simply won't care what nonsense you spout as long as they get their five minutes a day or whatever it takes with Kelly, or..., or...

I'm just going to leave it hanging. You're going to have to figure it out for yourself, because I'm going back to Celli in outer space right now. Celli watches TV for months, for years really. It takes him a long time to figure out that not only what is on TV is mostly lies, but that the giant antenna in Nebraska is a tool and not the dominant life form on Earth. A mind that can blast out into the cosmos at 15 billion giga mega watts is some sort of mind. A mind that powerful might have given Celli a run for his money, but eventually he figured out it was just an antenna, just a tool. It was not a mind and neither were the phone conversations banking off the satellites or the radio talk shows. They were echoes of a mind, of a society, of Earth, but the radio in and of itself was not the life form Celli was sent to conquer. Imagine if you will for a moment Celli's relief.

Then imagine Celli traveling through space picking up every broadcast from the planet. Imagine that this is ridiculous. He could never possibly process every broadcast or even receive every broadcast, but he got Nebraska, and as he got closer, he got more and more. He looked into the closest thing that the human race has to a communal mind and he looked at it from the aspect of one who was used to hearing the static from a thousand divergent opinions. Celli didn't need windows in his spaceship. His mind was full. His sightseeing adventure had just begun. He slowly put together a plan for assimilation and conquest. He used memories from the Celaphopod mind and he used the images from this new mind. At first he was hesitant lest he integrated false themes into his plan, but then he soon realized if he could not tell reality from

fiction, there was no way a human could and so in the end it could not possible matter.

Truth and fiction lies in the eye of the beholder. Submission, dominance, mastery, it too is but in the eyes of the beholder. In going on five life cycles, there will be no factories, one way or another. There will be no government, no war, no world media, no transmitter in Nebraska, no transportation grid, and no money. What does dominance mean in such a world? What does submission mean in such a world? Wealth and political power are but transitory elements to the Sixth. It is not in these fading constructs that the Sixth's power resides. Slowly as first, but gaining speed day by day, the Sixth is replacing the world's communication network with one of its own embedded in the nervous system of every man, woman, and child. Soon, very soon, everyone will be infected with the Sick virus, and then without struggle or strife the battle will be over.

If a TV broadcast tower in the plains of Nebraska were to never work again, the effect on the modern media network would not even be discernable. The residents of Nebraska would simply use their satellite dishes, cable service, high speed internet connection, magazine subscriptions, telephones, and on, and on, and on.

Likewise, the fall of Lahina wasn't even noticed by the Sixth. By the time it fell, it had already been made obsolete. Planned obsolescence, isn't that what they call it?

Even now if you listen close you can hear the Celaphopods Siren song in your mind. If you nurture that thought, it will grow.

1.5.12

Kelly Lee, A Sick Expose

Crime, money, materialism, hygienic obsession, politics, lies, fiction, and even the problems inherent in learning a foreign language, nothing was as alien to Celli as the concept of sex.

When you look at all the media, movies, TV, radio, books, and magazines that people consume, it's obvious that they are trying to run as hard as possible from reality and disappear into a world of make believe.

Bondage, nipple torture, foot fetishes, high heels, corsets, role playing, costumes, and freaky alien tentacle sex to name just a few; there is no aspect of human relations that is more laden with lies and self deception than the act of sex itself.

Some say Celli went insane during his year of isolation in the wormhole. Others say he didn't go insane until his mind tapped into the Earth's media network.

Reality isn't everything that you think it is and fiction never falls far from the truth.

...but really, let's not be too rash and dismiss the potentials inherent in freaky alien tentacle sex...

To cook meth is to breathe meth. The instant Bryce went back to the bungalow and started cooking for Moon, he was on another spree. This spree was like all the rest and different in a new way. Bryce found if he moderated his usage, the edges of reality would peel away for his investigation. He could gaze into the ocean and see patterns on the waves that held meaning. It was like watching an endless stream of dots and dashes. In fact, if he squinted his eyes on a foggy day, it was exactly like watching the

static on a black and white TV that was and at the same time was not broadcasting a Gilligan's Island marathon.

Bryce would spend long hours staring into the ocean. In between frolics with tourists, Taz would sit with him reading a magazine, sleeping, or on occasion sharing a word, but Bryce could be hard to understand. Waves were just waves to Taz. He didn't get it, but he did get Bryce. He understood Bryce or at least he understood Bryce to the degree Bryce wanted himself to be understood by Taz. Bryce was a visionary. He was a doer, a shaker. He was at the apex of a thriving meth ring and if he wanted to spend his day staring at the ocean, then that's the way it was.

Staring into the static of the sea wasn't the only thing Bryce was doing different. When he wasn't melding with the great communal ocean, drifting with the stars, or going for a midnight jaunt into the ocean in hopes of seeing another whale, Bryce helped Auntie and Kim at the Thai Shack. He liked doing his lunchtime routine and although not every customer liked it or even stuck around, those that did were generous with their tips. Sam and Auntie were delighted with Bryce. Auntie even tried to make him a hamburger once to show her appreciation, but Bryce wouldn't have it.

"What is this?" he asked as he poked at the burger and lifted the bun. "You chop it all up and I've got no idea what you're trying to poison me with. I remember you putting that tenderizer on me. Don't think I don't. I want tentacles coming out the sides of this bun so I know I'm not eating some stray tourist." Then he shoed Auntie back into the kitchen and minutes later he was eating a 'burger,' a real one with crunchy tendrils coming out the sides. "This is good Auntie," he said between bites. "This is what we serve for the special tomorrow."

A thousand no's, that's what Kim had in her, a thousand no's, but Bryce had stopped trying at 999. Instead he spent the morning surfing with her and if she didn't have a class, they would

work the Thai Shack together. Kim was impressed with the way Bryce had turned the restaurant from a \$5 plate lunch place to an underground eating sensation where the idle rich regularly dropped \$50, \$100, or more for lunch. Bryce had appropriated one of Kim's blank school notebooks that she had kept stored under the counter and had every customer fill out their name, address, email, and whatever comment they wanted. He didn't care if the customer left two cents or \$200. He treated them all the same. He was interested in whatever they had to say and he was interested in whatever Kim had to say as well, whether it was advice to clean the distilling column, a suggestion to try a noble metal catalyzer, the impact Napoleon had on world history, or Kim's dreams of leaving Lahina.

Bryce had said, "We'll have to get Auntie to make something special and throw a big party," but then he thought about it for a moment and decided, "We'll throw you a going away party tomorrow. No sense in putting it off." Then, he stuck his head into the kitchen and instructed Auntie. "We're throwing a party for Kim tomorrow. Make all her favorites complete with a... What kind of cake do you like Kim?"

"You're actually asking..."

She was right. At the Thai Shack you got what they were serving or felt like making. Bryce didn't even bother with asking customer's what they wanted anymore. One afternoon he had redone the menu board:

Auntie's Special
\$50 - \$100 - \$250
It no da OnO 1 – It Free

He didn't ask anyone else, so why ask Kim? It was her party after all. She was the guest of honor. Bryce called back, "Pineapple upside down cake and Kim likes pork, so go with a slow roast pig. Stuff it with something weird and sick like you usually do Auntie. Let Kim know how much you love her." It

turned out to be classic Kailua pig with a fish stuffing, but at least the appetizers were jellied jellyfish.

Somewhere along the way, all of Kim's no's had vanished. You could tell it by the way she looked at Bryce, eagerly did what he asked, and sought out his presence. It was not uncommon for her to hang out with Bryce, Taz, and whomever else they had invited over. She never drank or did any drugs... and she still didn't sleep with anyone, but you could tell she wanted to. Especially whenever Bryce said, "She's our token good girl," you could see she wanted to be more.

Kim never did make it up to the old bungalow. She knew that's where Bryce did his cooking. She knew he had three lines going, that he had hooked up two solar distillers, and that the lines ran almost nonstop on a slow batch process she had helped Bryce work out over the months. It was one thing to be aware of a meth factory in your backyard. It was another to watch it bubble away and take your turn watching the world spin. Besides, Kim was smart. She knew to cook meth was to do meth. No matter what you did, it would leak from seals and saturate the air. The bungalow was oozing the stuff from every pore. You could smell it, you could taste it, and you could see it. The waves would roll a little differently, a little slower, a little more surreal and sideways.

Bryce was fascinated with the waves. He was on more of an even keel these days, but on occasion he would mesmerize customers with his far flung theories.

"The ocean isn't just water. It's not just this planet. It's the connection to everything. If you go down deep enough, when you come up, you're in a different world."

He might be staring into the eyes of a 53 year old lawyer from Iowa while he said this. She might sigh or say, "You can get lost in the depths."

Bryce would go on. "That's why you have to take stock of the world around you as you feel the waves. Study them, so you know where they are going. The ancients could read the waves.

The waves would speak to the Polynesian navigators, tell them where land was... a destination, but it's more than that. The waves aren't just part of the ocean; they contain it all. Like a chip from a hologram, every piece is the whole and the whole is just one big piece."

"Gestalt," she would say as she put her hand discreetly under the table on Bryce's lap.

"The whole is more than the sum of the parts," Bryce would echo back what she already knew and then he would diverge. "But the part is the whole. In the wave is the ocean. You can tell everything about the ocean in one little wave..."

She would ready a wonderful philosophical insight and Bryce would wait till just before she was ready to talk and then he would add, "Like a kiss will tell you what you need to know about a man... or a woman."

She would be hooked, "But you might want to know more..."

"That's why you dive into the ocean. It's compelling. It's captivating." Bryce might then go on to explain, "The waves on the ocean are like a kiss. When you kiss, technically you only feel the surface, the skin, but if you are kissing passionately, what you are really doing is reaching through the skin and communing with a person's entire being. The same is true of the ocean. You only sense the waves, but the wave is just a surface, a thin film, behind which lies the entire ocean..." the cosmic consciousness, the ethereal, the astral, the great communal mind that Jung talked about, with his archetypes, ancestral memories, and programmed responses to a hand discreetly guided into place under a table.

While Bryce and the wife talked, Taz might be showing the husband the Lahina cityscape with an in depth look at the back alley and a well worn staircase with thirteen rungs rising towards heaven. Maybe the couple would leave a large tip. Maybe they would spend the afternoon in the cove. Maybe they would spend the evening or even the entire night at the other bungalow. Maybe there would be two or three other couples there that had arranged

to take joint vacations together or maybe they just met that day. Maybe the party would split up into pairs and maybe all that would transpire was that a human would have the type of conversation they hadn't had in years. Maybe, it was a simple melding of the mind.

Maybe.

You don't take a lawyer, no matter how horny, to a bungalow with three meth lines slowly bubbling away. It isn't proper. It just isn't done, not if you want to stay out of jail anyway. So, they didn't go to the bungalow, they went to the other bungalow, also eventually nicknamed, The Squid Palace.

It wasn't hard to tell the two bungalows apart. One had meth bubbling away, leaked, barely had walls, was run down, and was only a county inspector's visit away from being condemned. The other was a multimillion dollar dream mansion on the South Kona Coast... balconies, open patios overlooking the ocean, masterfully done bathrooms with bathtubs that could sit two comfortably, but if you didn't mind a little crowding four, five or six, and a large spacious kitchen. What the two did have in common was a noticeable lack of furniture. Imagine a multimillion dollar house with high ceilings, fans, expensive hardwood floors, and brand new lush carpets furnished with the a trio of patio chairs, a random assortment of beach towels, and nothing else. There wasn't even a bed to sleep on, once again, just the towels. Eventually it would get filled up with chairs, couches, beds, and even an octopus, but until Kelly returned, the only decorations were the empty beer cans.

The Squid Palace was a gift from Moon Shadow. Moon believed in treating employees and/or partners fairly. "What goes around comes around," he would say and after it became clear Bryce had a penchant for getting himself in trouble and missing work, Moon had arranged for 3 Lahina Way to become available to Bryce. Originally Moon had envisioned Bryce, Taz, and Kelly living at the house together along with Kim. Kim would be a

dampening effect, and with surf lessons each morning could start Bryce on the right, productive track each day, but The Squid Palace was more of party central than a place to live. Kim would spend many days, evenings, and even nights there, but she would never join in the fun. When things got wild, instead of dampening the activities, she simply left.

It was to this Lahina that Kelly returned. She had not intended to return, but Bryce missed her. His influence had spread. For a drug lord, he was quite benign, and as such, his plan to return Kelly to his embrace was simplicity itself. He merely let it be known that he wanted to talk to her and as such no one else should supply her with any meth... and when that didn't work he arranged for her to take a little cruise with some psychonauts out for sport.

2.4.0

The Celaphopod Mind

Cephalopod. For the love of God the word is Cephalopod.

Drugs, Sex, and Celaphopods? It kind of makes you wonder what they are trying to hide.

The past is a fiction. The future isn't real. All you have is this moment.

The drops of water in the ocean, the grains of sand on the beach, these are nothing when compared to the minds in Si, the great communal all.

In American society, the automobile has taken precedence over common sense. The next time you park your car and walk to the store, notice how you have to walk across traffic to get from your car to the store. And, why is

every parking lot built this way? Because that's the way you build parking lots.

The definition of an expert is someone who knows more and more about less and less until they know nothing at all.

More human than a human.

A Slap!

The scene is simple. It will arrive in a moment. Kelly returns to Lahina beat up and bruised. It seems she has gone in for some rough trade. The three hour cruise she had planned with some of the boys didn't turn out as expected. You can think of it as a gang rape, a little S&M action, or just a plain old ass kicking. The details will be left to your own twisted imagination. At the end of the cruise, no closer to getting high, but exhausted, tired, cold, bruised, and defeated Kelly will return to Lahina, the bungalow, and Bryce's slap.

It's a good slap. Bryce puts his whole being into the slap and Kelly staggers from the blow. Imagine the slap. Feel the slap. Experience the slap. It might tell you a lot about yourself if you pause to consider whether you identify with the slapper or the slapped and whether it's happening off on a movie screen, distant, and removed or up close and personal. Pause let the sensation of slapping a beautiful girl run through your hand, up your arm, and into your soul. Reach out with your tentacles, feel the ether, experience what it is like to return home defeated and to be met by a crushing blow to the side of your face. Feel the sting. Let the bruises on your body pulse for attention.

It is but a story, words on a page. The moment has passed. A slap? What is there to know? Knowledge is a tricky thing. We like to think we know, we understand, but there is so little we know. Take a number, start with zero. Can you know zero? The

empty set? The null? The void? You may think that you can, but can you? Zero is nothing. If you know nothing, who is doing the knowing? Even blackness is something, as is floating in space. It is not truly nothing. Calmness, serenity, or even Zazen... all fine and dandy, but not nothing. Move on to one. How can you know one? If one is the self, what is the rest? It must certainly be something more than one. So, maybe you could know two. Yourself and the rest, but soon the rest dissolves into a myriad number. It is not just you and this other, but you and this other and this other and this other.

We think we know numbers. We learned them in school. We can count. We can add. If we paid attention, we can do long division, but do we know? Can we experience them? Knowledge is something on the edge of knowing. Break the word down. That is what it means, to be on the edge of knowing. You can get close. Sometimes you can even get around it, but to know it, to know truth. These two are different things.

Emotions are even worse. Numbers are just symbols. We manipulate them on a sheet of paper and we believe we understand what we are doing, that we can somehow tell the difference between 1,000,000 and 1,000,001 or 12:00 and 12:01. The human race has come far. We are not denying that. The extent of man's mastery over the natural world is amazing, but do not confuse this mastery with knowledge. Go back to the slap. Do you feel it? Can you feel the warm hand of friendship turn into the cold hand of hate or indifference? Can you feel Kelly's sense of betrayal? How the ground has suddenly shifted and become uneven beneath her feet? There is a difference between imagining and knowing.

It is the difference between memory and experience. Memory is but a hollow echo of reality, mere words on a page. They are but a fading glimmer of what once was.

Now is different. Now is here, what's around you. It is what you can see, feel, and taste. It is the book in your hands. It is not the image the book conjures forth. Now is real. Nothing else is. Now is as close to truth as a being can get. It is not very close.

These are the things central to understanding the Sixth mind.

Imagine if you will that you are Gilligan 2.4.0. You are near the zenith of your power. The reach of your cult stretches far and wide. Numerous men and women have kneeled at your feet and you have blessed all comers. You can see through your disciple's eyes, hear with their ears, and taste with their mouths. You know what they know and you feel what they feel.

If you desire to feel the crash of the ocean, you need but walk down from any of the houses in Lahina, you own them all through proxy, and wade into the surf. The waves crash around you. Feel the silky smoothness of the salty water. Notice the young man surfing. Ease into his mind and experience it as he experiences it. Know what his mind knows. Feel what his body feels. Later you may talk with him on the beach. You can embrace each other in a shared memory of a particularly gnarly wave. You can walk him through the motions he took and critique or praise his performance as he himself would, but neither of you know the rush of the water or the taste of the salt at the end of the ride. It is over. It is but a memory. It is not the same.

But, you are Gilligan. You can reach your mind out to the next rider and feel his mind, experience his body. You have disciples in Europe, Asia, Australia, the Americas, and every other corner of the globe. You reach your mind out to a surfer on the barrier reef. He is your disciple. He surfs. That is his mission in life, so whenever you feel the need, you can plug into his mind and feel the surge of the ocean. It is not just surfing. It is sex. It is math. It is biology. It is truck driving. It is cooking, waitressing, and it is the very halls of government itself. You are Gilligan. You are a Celaphopod. If you need to add two numbers, do some multiplication, or solve a complex polynomial, there is no need to pick up a calculator. You send out your mind's tendrils and merge with the mind of a physics professor and he does the math in his head for you. He might not even know why he suddenly wanted to know the answer to $7 \times 8 = ?$ Or, if you have a more vexing problem,

you pass the problem off to him, sort of like email. One minute, the physics professor is having sex with his wife, and the next minute he's trying to figure out a way to centrifuge bacteria without breaking the cell walls or craft a more responsive surfboard. An hour, day, or a month later, Gilligan will reach out to the professor, see if he has an answer and place another problem into his mind.

In many ways Gilligan, Mary Ann, and the other Celaphopods work as telephone relay operators. They transfer around questions, answers, goals, desires, and work orders from mind to mind within the Sixth community. This takes less time than you might think. There is plenty of time left over for Gilligan to surf, eat, dream, and enjoy the bounties of the flesh.

“More human than human,” it is a phrase that means different things to different people. This too is a problem with language, communication, and knowledge, but we need not go any further into the problems of divining truth for the moment. The universe is vague and fractal, diverse but self referential. It is a thing of wonder that the same material derived to improve a surfboard's performance can also be used as a catalyst in a distilling column, that the insightful moment for a piston action soft centrifuge came to a physics professor while he was making love to his wife, and that more human than human refers to the appetite for human experience that riders crave.

More human than human is a watch phrase for a Celaphopod rider or a Celaphopod puppet. You may notice them on occasion as they go about their seemingly pointless and sometimes patently self destructive behaviors. You may notice them as a slap across your face and a relishment of the pain or you may notice them as a sting in your hand and an anger at the face that caused the pain. One thing can be sure. If the Celaphopods are involved, the drama will not unfold unnoticed.

Pain, Pleasure, how can you have one without the other?

If you have every watched a young boy play with cars, you know they love to crash them together... the drama, the excitement, the action... more human than human.

1.5.13

Kelly Lee, A Sick Expose

If a sucker is born every minute, but there are 2,500 other births every hour, it doesn't take a genius to figure out there simply aren't enough suckers to go around.

You only get six years at the top in the Sixth. Even the devil gives you seven.

Celli found economics and market forces to be every bit as confusing as sex. This is understandable when you acknowledge that any trade is based upon disagreement. If a person offers an item for sale at \$1, what they are saying is they'd rather have \$1 than the item. If a buyer offers to buy an item for \$1, what they are saying is the exact opposite that they'd rather have the item than \$1. It is only when two people disagree that a trade is made.

It is the nature of salesmen to offer for sale what they themselves are not interested in buying. If they were interested in the item, they would purchase it, and it would no longer be available for sale. This is most evident when dealing with life insurance agents. Every policy they sell, is a policy they themselves have absolutely no interest in buying.

The ocean is made up of untold waves, just as Si is made up of untold minds.

Who knows what evil lurks in the heart of man? Celli knows.

It has come to be passé for a wife beater, wife killer, or even a mass murdered to marry while still in jail. It always begs the question, what kind of girl would marry a wife killer?

Bryce was staring at the sea. He had been considering a new aspect of the ocean lately. At the beach, he had watched waves roll up and dissolve into the sand. Where did the ocean begin? Where did it end? The same question could be asked of the self, of the mind.

He heard Kelly's truck pull up. Her headlights lit up the bungalow as she parked next to Taz's cab. Kelly noticed Taz's taxi had gotten a new set of off road tires and it had been washed recently. Kelly didn't notice the new engine Moon had gotten Taz, the rotating hubcaps, or the blue neon lights that lit up the underside of the car making it look like a UFO as it hummed down the highway. They were minor changes, but they were important to Taz. For the most part, the car looked as Kelly remembered, an old model Chevy jacked up a little higher than you would have expected, so it could drive down boulder strewn roads, while over the yellow paint, intricate black swirls had been hand painted to match Taz's tattoos.

The taxi was in perfect shape. You couldn't have wanted a better vehicle to travel to any corner of the island no matter how remote for sightseeing, casual sex, or delivering a briefcase full of meth.

Kelly's red truck, on the other hand, could have used a tune up and a good wash. Since we have seen it last, it had gained a few more dents.

These things were not on Kelly's mind as she sat in her truck for a moment. What was on her mind were the bruises up and down her body. She ached. She was sore.

Bryce had cut her off. Moon wouldn't give her any meth nor would her usual contacts. They had all told her the same thing, "Go talk to Bryce." She hadn't wanted to talk to Bryce. She was through with Bryce, or so she had thought. She had found a guy who said he would hook her up. She went onto his boat...

(And here we will deviate from Kelly's appealing narrative. Suffice to say, the guy and two of his friends took Kelly on a cruise. At the end of said cruise, Kelly was no closer to getting high, but had been badly beaten. You could call it a gang rape or you could ask, how can you rape the willing?)

After the thugs had let Kelly go, she crawled into her truck and slept. When she woke up, she knew what she had to do. She had to go back to Lahina. It was either that or get off the island. Leaving might have been a better choice, but it wasn't the one Kelly made.

In front of the bungalow, Kelly's mind returned to the present. Her bruises ached. She was in no condition to climb out the window. She opened the truck door and eased herself down. She slammed the door. No one stirred. It was if they hadn't even noticed her arrival.

She gathered all the energy she had as she flung the door to the bungalow open. Taz looked up from the magazine he was reading. Bryce didn't bother to turn. He was looking at the blasted ocean.

"I'm here," Kelly stated loudly. She knew Bryce wanted to see her, but he did not turn. "I'm here," she said again. Bryce did not turn. "I'm fucking here you bastard. Stop looking at the goddamn ocean..."

Bryce had turned. He had a smile on his face. The type of smile three psychotics might have on their faces as they took turns

beating and raping you. He looked Kelly over. The weather had changed. It was no longer the heat of summer. Kelly wore hip hugger jeans, sandals, a cowboy hat, and a red plaid shirt that she wore tied up to support her breasts and reveal her taunt belly. Even with bruises on her arms, legs, stomach, and face, Kelly was still a sight to behold. Bryce caressed her face as he traced a swelling bruise on her cheek. "Did you like that?" he asked her referring to the bruises, referring to the beating.

"What?"

"Did you like it? The bruises. The beating. Did you enjoy it? Was it everything you had ever hoped for?"

"You fucking insane asshole. You did this..." Bryce cut her off by slapping her across the face. It was the type of slap you give someone else at the start of a fight to let them know you're going to kick their ass. It was exactly the type of slap a gangster gives his moll to let her know where she stands in those old time movies. The slap floored Kelly.

"If your going to be accusing me of things, let's get one thing straight. I did that..."

The asshole was probably going to continue talking, but Kelly didn't care what he had to say. She launched at him with her nails. She was going to claw his eyes out. How dare he set her up. He didn't own her. She was going to kill the bastard.

His fist caught her in the stomach. She fell to the floor in a heap of spasms. Gasping for breath, she clutched at her stomach, and caught her breath while she tried to decide whether to puke or simply die.

"Tie her up," she heard Bryce instruct Taz as she struggled for breath.

Taz was shocked. He had expected a happy homecoming. Kelly would come back. It would be just like old times, but he had stared helplessly on as the scene had unfolded down another path.

Bryce walked over to where Taz was sitting and slapped him across the face. "Tie the bitch up or do you want that ass kicking I

promised you.” Taz was stunned. He let himself be pushed towards Kelly. “Tie the bitch up,” Bryce repeated his command.

“With what?” Taz asked as he looked around.

Bryce grabbed Taz by the face. “Tie her up. Push her over the fucking edge of the cliff. I don’t fucking care. Don’t ask me stupid questions. Just fucking do it.” Then Bryce turned his back on the pair as he resumed his post gazing out at the sea. “Tie her to these posts.”

Both Taz and Kelly could tell Bryce was clearly insane. How could he not be? But Taz looked around for something to tie Kelly up with nonetheless. Finally, in disgust, Bryce threw a moldy beach towel at him. Taz ripped it into strips, stood Kelly up by the railing overlooking the sea, and tied her arms to the wooden support posts.

Madness and the submission to madness, it is an interesting field of study. Bryce was insane by any practical definition of the word. He no longer played society’s games by society’s rules. He ran a restaurant where you didn’t get to decide what you ate. He thought he communed with whales, dolphins, the fish of the sea, the sea itself, the sun, the moon, the stars, and some blue celestial squid who oversaw it all. (This last bit, of course, is historically inaccurate, but central to Kelly’s contention that the Sick started with the Man-o-War sting.) He was pumping out a few kilos of meth everyday and if he had relationship problems, he sent three thugs to beat his girlfriend into shape. By all standards he was crazy and out of control, but this doesn’t change his appeal.

By this time, Taz would follow Bryce anywhere. He had slowly given Bryce control over his life. Before he took a reservation for a sightseeing trip, he would check with Bryce. If he was going to go out, he’d let Bryce know. If Bryce didn’t want Taz to go or make the reservation, Taz wouldn’t. If Bryce said, “Take this wave,” Taz did. If Bryce said, “This is my wave,” then it was. Bryce was telling Taz what to eat, when to sleep, and what to do 24/7. Taz had already given up his freewill to Bryce. In the

heat of the moment, Taz wasn't able to find the initiative to break away from Bryce, and long term, he didn't want to. Taz had more money, power, and influence than he had ever dreamed of and why? Because he did whatever Bryce told him to do. It was out of character for Bryce to use extreme violence. There were no guns lying around. No weapons. Outside of slapping Taz's head, Bryce had never shown any predisposition towards violence, but that was neither here nor there. If Bryce had put a handgun into Taz's hands at that moment and told him to "pull the trigger," it is unlikely Taz would have been able to resist the command. You can call it brainwashing if you want to or you can call it what it really is, a decision made slowly over time to abdicate one's freewill and hand it over to another.

Taz tied Kelly up. When he was done, Bryce said, "Sit back down and be quiet."

Taz did what he was told.

The will had gone out of Kelly when Bryce had punched her in the stomach. He hadn't pulled his punch. He had knocked her down and back into a more primitive state of mind. She wasn't sure of herself, where she stood, or her place in reality. If she resisted, she didn't know whether they would throw her over the cliff or not. Either way, it didn't matter. Even if she had wanted to put up more of a fight, her body would not have cooperated. Put simply, she was beat... and if she didn't know it yet, by the end of the night she would learn all there was to know about submitting one's will to another.

Once she had been tied up, Bryce let her stand there, facing the sea next to him. They stood that way a long time. The nauseous feeling from Bryce's punch had left her. The sting from the slap was receding into a generalized pain and ache that emanated from every corner, every nook and cranny of her body. Her legs grew tired from standing. Finally, she asked, "What are we looking at?"

“That really is the question,” Bryce agreed as he walked behind her. “What do we see?”

It was a stupid question. The kind of stupid question... Kelly did not get far in the thought. Bryce had hit her in the ass. Right where her Passionate Wahine tattoo was underneath her jeans. In pain, the mind goes blank. One becomes an animal seeking an exit. Kelly forgot she was tied and struggled against the binds. The strips from the towel dug into her wrists as she lost her balance. While she was still wavering, Bryce hit her again in the same spot.

Kelly heard Bryce ripping more of the moldy rag as she cried out into the night. There was no one to hear her. The next house was a long way off and the breeze carried her protests into the night sky, over the ocean, and away from the land anyway.

“Shut up,” Bryce instructed her as he draped the moldy strip around her neck. “Shut up, or you’ll be breathing through this for the rest of the night.” The strip stunk. It was nasty. Bryce held the strip in front of her face as he hit her again. Kelly gasped. She momentarily went limp. Taz had done a good job of tying her up. She wondered how often Taz had tied someone up. She wondered how often he himself might have been tied up. She heard Taz turn a page in the magazine he was reading. He was bored, indifferent, or was he afraid of calling attention to himself? No one would ever know if he was reading the same page over and over, or he was casually dismissing the scene in front of him.

“What do you see?” Bryce asked.

“I don’t know?”

It was the wrong answer. He hit her. She did not cry out.

“What do you see?”

“The ocean?”

“What do you see?”

“Water, waves?”

“What do you see?”

“I don’t know.”

It was the wrong answer. He hit her. Kelly fell against her binds as she steadied herself.

He tried again. "What do you see?"

"The ocean?"

"You already said that."

"The stars, the clouds, the leaves on the trees, the horizon, the breeze..." Bryce let her continue using up words as he knelt down and set up his aim. Then he hit her as hard as he could. "You already said the ocean," he added by way of explanation. Then he stood off to the side, stared into the ocean, and waited.

It would be a long night. Kelly would answer many things. Life, death, pain, suffering, waves... She had already said waves. Bryce would hit her and after a pause, the question again. "What do you see?"

"Fish?"

He said, "You lie, but he did not hit her." After a moment more, he asked again. "What do you see?"

She told him about the fish. How they swam on the waves. When she said the word he squeezed her tender flesh reminding her, "You already said waves."

"Ripples of water... moisture, currents flowing through time, the creatures live, play, jump..." He let go of her. If she were through answering, he would hit her. "They go to work, school. They swim in schools you know. They study, take exams, study stuff, algebra, math..."

He had come back up but now he knelt back down, squatting, waiting. "Is that it?"

"History, science, English... I had this teacher in second grade I remember. He was nice. He helped me..."

"Is this what you see?"

"Yes. Yes." Kelly was desperate, anything. "I can see going to school, sitting in class. Kim was sitting next to me. She always sat in front."

"You're lying."

“Please don’t hit me.”

He made a target with his hands.

“Please don’t hit me again. Oh god, please don’t hit me.”

She stretched around to look at Bryce. He hit her. Then, he hit her again.

“I can tell when you’re lying,” he said from his squatting position. He was admiring Kelly’s assets. He massaged her growing excitement through her jeans as he traced circles around her growing bruise. “Tell me about the ocean. What do you see?”

“I see water.” She had already said that. “Waves, ripples, flow, current, wind, sky, stars, banister, wood.”

The blows came swift and repeatedly.

When she regained consciousness, regained sense of where she was, when the pain had receded to where she could focus, Taz was taking her from behind. The euphoria was unbelievable. Bryce sat on the railing watching the play of emotions on her face, enjoying the grunts, fondling her breasts as her arms were pulled against the restraints and her thighs dug deep into the railing.

Later, Bryce joined them. Perhaps he enjoyed Taz as Taz enjoyed Kelly. Perhaps he simply held them both as he sang, “and she’s climbing the stairway to he-ve-an.”

And she was. In that climaxal moment, Kelly saw what Bryce saw when he stared into the ocean. The waves disintegrated into their constituent elements. The pattern broke and dissolved. Kelly left her body and her mind behind. She swam with the stars and later when Bryce said she had seen Si, her ass would pulse a reminder, and she would say, “Yes.”

Everything would be exactly as he said it would be.

1.5.14

Kelly Lee, A Sick Expose

Bryce Canyon: You could lose yourself in the depths of a name like that.

Each culture (or subculture) determines the appropriate punishment to any crime according to the beliefs of that culture. It made sense to burn witches, because it freed their souls from the binds of demons and in rising with the smoke their souls were carried closer to heaven. Similarly, if you believe in reincarnation, it makes sense to incarcerate truly evildoers for life and to do everything possible to prolong their lives in jail. Once they die they will come back, god knows where. As long as the bad spirits are in jail, they aren't starting over in a new body.

Kelly had been trying to sleep. She wasn't able to. Standing naked, tied to the banisters, her clothing discarded to the side in a pile, Kelly's mind phased in and out of consciousness, in and out of reality.

It was a long night. She had spoken a few times: "Cut me down," "Just let me sleep," and, "How long do we have to do this?" In response to her entreaties, Bryce simply punched her, always in the same spot, always as hard as he could.

It had only been a little after sunset when Kelly had shown up at the bungalow. After a while Taz had stretched out and gone to sleep. Bryce tended his bubbling lines, stared off to sea, and took the occasional nap next to Taz. When the first glint of twilight came. Bryce cut Kelly down. Taz had woken up to watch, and Bryce made both of them kneel down in front of him facing the ocean.

Bryce then sat down in a rickety folding wooden chair. Taz kneeled at attention, as a Zen monk might kneel seeking enlightenment, while Kelly's head nodded up and down as she struggled to stay upright. She didn't want to think about what would happen if she passed out.

Bryce started by tossing a bag of white powder at Kelly's feet. "We're cleaning the lines tonight in preparation for using a new distillation matrix your sister suggested, so I don't have any good stuff to offer you. It'll burn your nose right off, but if you're desperate, there it is."

Kelly did not move. She barely registered the bag.

"It's mostly lye," Bryce continued. "I'd hate to think anyone was so desperate that they'd snort it, but if you are, help yourself." He had taken out an old army surplus ammo box. He popped the lid, took out a canvas bag and from the bag a revolver. He made a big show of loading the gun, but Kelly barely noticed. When he was done he tossed the revolver to Kelly. It bounced off her thigh.

"Right. So there it is," Bryce said as if that explained it all. After a moment, when it was clear no one else understood, he clarified. "This here little club of ours, it has rules. Rule number one is you do whatever I say... I guess that's the only rule."

He stood up and put the chair away.

"When you come into a room and I'm staring at the ocean, you kneel down and wait. Be it an hour, a day, a week, you wait. Just like you are doing now."

He tossed Kelly her clothes. "Get dressed." After it was obvious she was having difficulties, he instructed Taz. "Help her." Bryce turned around and stared at the ocean while they were doing this. When they were done, he reached down and picked up the bag of foul meth and the revolver. Bryce handed them to Kelly, but her arms and hands were still recovering from a night of slow torture and she could not hold onto them. Bryce stuck the meth in Kelly's blouse and wedged the revolver down her jeans cutting her flesh in the process.

He held Kelly's face and talked softly to her. "Now I want you to go outside, get in your truck, and think about what you want to do next. I'll be waiting right here," and with that he turned his back on the both of them and gazed out to sea.

"You want me to kill you?" Kelly asked, bewildered by it all.

“I want you to make a decision. I want you to go outside, decide what to do, and then I want you to do it.”

“I don’t want to leave.”

“If she doesn’t walk out the door, take the gun and shoot her.”

Taz looked at Kelly. He didn’t want to shoot her. “Just go, sit in your truck, and come back. It’s not a big deal.”

In a daze Kelly went outside.

Kelly got in her truck and sat down. She looked at the baggie. It was too white. It probably didn’t have any meth in it at all. Kelly thought it was probably all lye. If she snorted it, she wouldn’t have a nose left. She looked at the gun. It was loaded. It seemed simple. Just pull the trigger, but that is not what she wanted to do.

It is easy to second guess the actions of others. Take the gun, go back inside, and fill Bryce with bullets. To some this would be a tempting course of action, but what would it accomplish? Bryce would be dead and Kelly loved Bryce. She always had since the first moment they met, since he had held her on the brink of a 600’ drop just thirty yards from where she now sat. Bryce had taken her to the edge, put her on unstable ground, and she had loved it. The thrill, the danger, how could you compete with that?

It’s hard to understand the needs and desires of another. How can you explain the craving for a cigarette, a drink, a line of meth, or a dangerous sexual escapade to another? Bryce had dangled Kelly over the brink that first day and she was hooked. As the morning light grew around her, it slowly dawned on her that she had just had one of the most transformational, weirdly erotic experiences she’d ever had. She remembered the blows. She remembered her anger, frustration, and finally submission. Most of all, she remembered how Bryce had not satisfied himself, but had sent Taz to her. Her body ached longingly at the memory. She wanted Bryce so.

Kelly had always pushed further, farther, and harder than others sexually. Could you get any further, farther, or harder than a love affair with an insane meth head? She didn't know. She wanted to find out.

Or maybe she didn't have anywhere else to go. Maybe she wasn't ready to leave Lahina or the island yet. Maybe she was trapped by the fear of the unknown and a fear that she would never get off the island or even out of Lahina before Bryce sent Taz after her. Maybe. Maybe fear explains why as she walked back inside, her legs trembled with excitement. Maybe that explains why she grabbed Taz's hand at the door and guided him to the spot on the floor where they knelt. Maybe that explains why she placed the gun and the lye on the floor in front of her as an offering. Maybe fear explains why when Bryce unzipped his pants, she thanked him with every ounce of her being and maybe lack of alternatives explains why she eagerly swallowed every drop of his offering. Maybe it does, but it doesn't explain why she never shot him, never reported him to the police, or why she stayed on her knees for the next 6 months doing whatever he asked.

What does explain it was that Bryce had been changed by a drug induced hallucinatory conversation with a whale. He was a needy man... a crazy, insane, out of control meth head, with an insatiable desire to be loved and adored by others. As if by magic, he could tell what others wanted to eat and what would make them happiest, and if that something was tying them up and beating the hell out of them. He was just the sort of crazy meth head to do it.

If Kelly had been a chocolate and flowers type girl, Bryce would have offered her those, but she wasn't. She was a tie her up, take what you needed, abuse through the night, and throw away in the morning type girl.

You know how some chefs can take a slice of bread and turn it into the best piece of toast you've ever had. They'll charge you \$10-15-25 for a piece of toast and you don't mind because it is the

very best piece of toast you've ever had. I mean, you can say, I know where and when I've had the best piece of toast in my life. It was at the Thai Shack. Auntie melted some blue cheese over a slice of toasted sweet bread and added a glaze of mushrooms, garlic, and seaweed. It was the very best toast I've ever had.

Well for that to be the best toast, sometimes it helps if you've just been at a place that couldn't even get toast right. They somehow manage to start with bad bread, burn it, use foul butter, and just plain mess it up. Once you've had the worst, it can become easier to appreciate the best.

In the coming weeks as she healed, Kelly would delve deep into this analogy. How can you mess up toast? How can you mess up violent on the edge sex? Three guys in a yacht had managed to, so had her first boyfriend, her second, a countless string of backseat encounters, and on and on. Kelly had been eating burnt toast her entire life, but now she knew exactly what she was searching for.

His name was Bryce Canyon. He was insane. He was a meth head and he could crawl into your skull, find out what it was you really craved, what your addiction was, what would truly make you happy, and he would give it to you. No matter what the price. No matter how much it cost you. You'd go back for more, because quiet simply he was the best.

1.5.X – 2.4.X

Sex, Drugs, and Celaphopods

The Cult of the Sick

Kona was an ideal location for making meth clandestinely. The near endless sunshine powered the solar distillers while the boundless water from nightly showers fed the cooling towers.

Q: What really happened in Lahina?

A: The Aliens landed.

Q: No. I mean really.

A: It'll make more sense if you have another drink.

Q: Thanks.

(Time passes. The magical elixir takes effect.)

A: It was just a meth head's fall from power.

Q: So, the aliens really landed?

A: Yep, all four of them.

Q: What happened to the last guy?

A: He went back to Si.

Q: No, the other last guy.

A: ...

I am asked all the time if I really believe the Sick will take over the world. To this I must answer, look around you. They already have.

It turns out all the excitement in Lahina was simply a promotional stunt for a new book... because you know how publishers are always going all out to publicize obscure novels by unknown authors.

Take a moment to reflect. Pull yourself out of the story for a second. I know it seems so real to life. I must remind you. This is fiction. Lahina does in fact not exist. Hawaii does not exist. There never was a show on TV called Gilligan's Island. The aliens have not landed. You have nothing to worry about. Have another drink and enjoy the rest of the story.

AID's isn't so bad, so virulent. It requires an exchange of bodily fluids. Just imagine how catastrophic the epidemic would be if the virus ever morphed into something that could be spread by food, drink, a handshake... pollen on the wind... or spread like dust on the pages of a book.

Far be it from me to try and confuse reality from non-reality. I mean they are so different. Non-reality has that whole non thing happening at the beginning. It should be easy to pick out. Unfortunately, we live in a culture permeated by false beliefs and magical thinking. Virginia, I hate to burst your bubble, but there is no:

Santa Claus (your dad)
 Easter Bunny (your mom)
 Tooth Fairy (your mom again)
 Big Foot (your uncle)
 Loch Ness Monster (an elephant's trunk)
 Magic (there's a reason they call it magical thinking)
 UFOs (car headlights on a distant highway, an airplane with blinking advertising lights on its wings, a weather balloon, ball lightning, a meteor, a comet, CIP-9801...)
 Aliens living among us (they're really just weird people)
 Celaphopods (come on, it's not even spelled right)
 Hawaii (we've been over this)
 Past (just a memory)
 Future (will never happen)

This Moment is all you get, unless you're a schizophrenic in which case I'm sorry, you don't even get that much.

The point isn't:

How much you don't know.
 How much you think you know, but you're wrong about.

Or that third category, which some people think exists by logical extension, but in fact, is only an illusion.

No. The point is, Kelly is writing speculative fiction. She's writing using archetypal stereotypes, which means, she's telling the truth about why she stayed in Lahina.

There are alternate theories. The first and foremost is that Bryce had his brain sucked by aliens that night he thought he was talking to a whale. The thinking goes that this explains his sudden change of behavior, interest in other people, and his ability to eventually charm the pants off of everybody who comes to Lahina. It's a good theory. The problem is CIP-9801 didn't intercept Earth for another six months and humans are poor empathetic receptors, so, as convenient as this theory is, it's wrong. For my money, the best possible alternate theory is that Kelly was trying to protect her family and sister. As long as she and Taz were humoring Bryce, he was less likely to put the moves on Kim. It's a good theory, it shows Kelly in a fine light, and in another story, it might be true, but it's not the way it happened. Kelly wanted Bryce. She wanted Taz. Trust me on this, it's not like I was there, but just trust me. That Kelly is one twisted chick. If she says she got off on near death experiences and interactions with psychotics, I'm tempted to believe her.

For those of you grounded enough in reality to not get off on playing sexual partner Russian Roulette, the transition to full blown Russian Roulette with a loaded 45 might not seem appealing, but if you know you're going to die, if you know your life is already over, and you know deep in your heart that your whole life has just been a slow stab at suicide anyway, you might decide to pick up the pace and what better way to go than in a full bore, balls to the wall, power dive. It is with this thinking in mind that some people believe it was Kelly who showed up with a loaded 45 that night, but try as she might, she just couldn't pull the trigger.

In truth, the most popular theory is pure fear, but let's assume for a moment Kelly showed up with a gun. Taz is reading a magazine. She slams open the door and yells, "Don't Move!" So, Taz doesn't and unsurprisingly neither does Bryce. He continues to look out over the ocean.

"Look at me God Damn You!" Kelly screams hysterically, while Bryce continues to ignore her.

“Asshole, look at me!”

Bryce turns around, sees that she is bruised, and asks sympathetically, “What happened?”

“You did this to me!”

Bryce approaches. He has a look of concern in his eyes. She is covered with bruises. Someone, some three, enterprising young meth dealers must have beat the hell out of her. Maybe he was surprised she was still alive.

Kelly is holding the gun. She sees compassion and concern in Bryce’s eyes. Maybe he’s thinking, great now I have to get rid of the body.

“You did this to me?” Kelly says. She’s not so sure anymore. She has started to second guess and question herself. How could someone who cares for her so much...

Bryce grabs the guns and smacks Kelly across the face. “Let’s get one thing straight. I did that.”

Kelly regains her composure. Realizes again why she hates the bastard and comes at him with her claws. Only Bryce is holding a big metal gun now. He uses it like a pair of brass knuckles and floors the bitch.

“Tie her up,” he instructs Taz, Taz the idiot who can’t even arrange a hit? He will have to deal with that later. As Taz is tying Kelly up, he puts the gun on the banister in front of him and gazes out to sea. Something in the static out there causes him to chuckle. “Didn’t you ever watch Batman on TV as a kid? If you’re going to kill someone, you just do it. You never, ever, ever talk to them, explain your actions... or ever, absolutely never, ever torture them before you kill them... unless, of course, you’re insane,” like the Joker, the Penguin, the Riddler, or a certain psychotic we’ve all come to know and love by the name of Bryce Canyon.

Riddle me this. What hurts more? Being hit in the same spot all night long till you can barely walk? Or, realizing you can’t kill someone, even if the opportunity was just placed in your lap, and all you had to do was pull the trigger?

Which way did the events happen? Was Kelly held by love, fear, responsibility, a meth addiction, lack of anywhere else to go, or something else? Oddly, it doesn't matter. The specifics hardly ever do. The important thing is that Kelly credits this event as being the turning point when she handed her freewill over to Bryce.

I also feel compelled at this point to delve into the concept of freewill. It can be overrated. In American culture the individual with a rugged self reliance is admired, but for many this ideal is impractical and often emotionally empty. Many regard the Sick as a cult, and as such, it may be prudent to spend a moment delving into the appeal of cults in general.

Cults remove many of the doubts, burdens, and obligations of society. Let's look at Lahina 2.4.0. Gilligan is at the height of his power. Let's assume for arguments sake that he is just a cult leader. His brain was not sucked by an alien. He's just a man. What does someone get for joining his cult? Sex and Meth, that's what the newspapers said. Meth is addictive. Its use is at epidemic levels on Hawaii and the mainland, and it is very, very expensive. For the meth addict, there is little in life more compelling than something, anything, which will give them access to an unlimited supply of meth. If you compare life at Lahina with the life of a typical meth junkie, Lahina is worlds better. But meth isn't the only thing the newspaper's said The Sick were giving away. Membership in the Sick also gave you a full access pass to the wild world of no holds barred sex. Even if you ignore the potential of meth, endless sex alone would inspire many to conversion. Down on the beach it was one giant, endless orgy, and the rules were simple. No request could be turned down. If you're a guy, just go up to any girl and she'd fuck you, suck you, or do whatever you wanted, no matter how weird, deviant, or just plain disgusting your request was... you sick fucking bastard. Of course, turn about is fair play and any girl, guy, or squid could ask you to do anything and you'd have to do it. Anything. Anytime.

Anywhere. In a spirit of openness, you would receive a thousand times back what you gave.

It didn't stop there. According to those same newspapers, the Sick didn't just offer meth and sex. It was a whole lifestyle. If you were living on the beach, you didn't have to work. Everything was provided for you: a place to sleep (piled together like rats, but hey who really wants to sleep with all those hot chicks... and the meth), something to eat (it's amazing what Auntie can do with a 20lb bag of rice), and... what else is there? You could chant, practice yoga, meditate, or explore endless avenues of mind expansion exercises. What you couldn't do was watch TV, listen to the radio, read a paper or even find a paper to read, talk on the phone, or use any electronic or advanced mechanical devices. (We won't go into the contradictions at this point. Suffice to say, if the Sixth wanted you to have access to a car, phone, or the Internet, you'd have access, but the party line was no modern technology and to a large extent this was the rule.)

Joining a cult is usually a wonderful, happy, and joyful experience. I mean what's so bad and evil about an endless party on the beach? But, the saying is, once you go Celaphopod, you never go back. Giving up TV for a weekend is one thing. Giving it up for the rest of your life is another. And, no matter how good meth and sex sounds, eventually you'll want a break. Once again, according to the newspapers, a frighteningly effective squad of terror agents held the cult together. It was easy to entwine your life more and more into the cult. It was difficult to move backwards or distance yourself even the slightest bit from cult activities. We will not go into the details of this here. Suffice to say, it is difficult to differentiate between murder and suicide, or a face slammed into a coral reef from a pounding shore break, a 45 to the back of the head, or accidentally 'falling' off the back of a pickup truck. It may be helpful to remember that when Lahina was ultimately raided at the end of Gilligan's reign, numerous governmental offices were simultaneously raided, including the sheriff's department and the coroner's office.

You can run, but you can't hide.

Where are they going to go? It's an island.

1.5.0 Celli

It's a well documented fact that Martians are communist pinkos. That's why it was so important for the United States to beat the Russians in the space race.

Ask any NASA official and they'll tell you, the hardest part about the entire space program was convincing the American public that a man actually walked on the moon and it wasn't all just footage of some guys jumping around a volcanic crater in Hawaii. Why do you think the space suits had to be heat resistant anyway?

When hunting UFOs, be sure to pack plenty of snack foods. Many of our visitors from foreign galaxies come all the way from Zarcon-5 for potato chips, soda pop, and bubble gum, but whatever you do, don't bring any fast food or hamburgers. Trust me, you don't want to meet up with the type of alien that is attracted to the smell of cooked flesh.

When putting together your UFO finders tool kit, be sure to include a red LED flashlight. Not only will it help guide your way through rocky landscapes, if it ever stops working, you can be sure UFOs aren't far away.

Many people confuse lenticular clouds with space ships. It's easy to see why. Many UFOs use cloud generators to mask their activities.

What is not widely understood is that a hyperdrive is only usable 10x diameters from a planet's core. To go planet side a fusion or chemical drive is required. To avoid unwanted attention most of these landing craft are designed to look exactly like fixed wing aircraft and so, without even knowing it, most people have actually seen alien space craft.

It had been five years since Celli left Si. He was no longer the same Celaphopod that he once was. He had become lazy and let himself go. His childhood and middle aged years behind him, he only had a sixth part of his life remaining and what did he do with it? He watched TV. All day, every day, he sat around his spaceship watching daytime TV, soaps, newscasts, and reruns of Gilligan's Island. He no longer called any of his friends. They no longer called him, but you couldn't blame them. What did Celli do now? He watched TV, nibbled on reconstituted protein snacks, and slept. He had gained weight. If he had had any hair to start with, he would have gone bald.

It is perhaps easiest to picture Celli as an oversized blue squid squeezing his sluggish body into a ragged, worn couch. He is on one side of a ten foot diameter room. On the other side is an old time TV with rabbit ear antennas. The walls are covered in brown mottled wallpaper, while the burgundy shag carpet is sticky and soiled from spilled food. Bloated, Celli reaches lazily into the watery stew surrounding him and grabs another bag of potato chips, which he eats absentmindedly as he watches the same rerun again, laughs at the same jokes, and thinks, after this show I'll turn off the TV and start an exercise program, but he never does.

It's not a pretty picture. Fatty, high calorie foods, lack of exercise, and literally breathing salt water, Celli is a heart attack waiting to happen, or at least he would be if he had a heart.

This, of course, is ludicrous. Celli hadn't become a couch potato. He was bulking up, putting in stores of caloric reserves. It was all part of his master plan. You see along with Gilligan's

Island, there are all sorts of wonderful things floating thru the electronic envelop surrounding Earth. Cooking shows for one. The food looked good, hamburgers, sodas, breakfast cereals, and more. Celli had no idea what any of them tasted like, but he wanted to taste them all. He wanted to take cooking classes, learn how to make a fine French sauce, and bake a cake, but it went deeper than that. He wanted to catch a baseball, ride a bike, take a summer off and travel through Europe, take up oil painting and make a self portrait, write a novel, and go surfing, bungee jumping, and parachuting. The list was near endless and growing everyday. Just when you thought you'd listed out everything you wanted to do, you saw a show on alligator wrestling, snowboarding, or eating live cockroaches... It sounded disgusting, but humans were lining up to get on the shows where they fed you cockroaches. They must be good. The point is Celli had an open mind. He wanted to experience it all, live the good life, crawl into someone's head, suck their brain, and just do it all.

And there was the catch. You don't have to be a Celaphopod mastermind to know that most creatures have what we'll call an aversion to having their brains sucked out. If you believe in evolution, it's easy to see how this aversion evolved. Creatures who liked having their brains sucked out or in fact creatures who were just neutral about the entire thing and hadn't made up their minds one way or another, tended to die out. If you don't believe in evolution, and quite frankly who does these days, then it's easy to see the entire thing as some cosmic joke. You have the need deep inside you to suck other creatures' brains out, so you wine them, dine them, and at the end of the night ask them ever so politely, "You're a sentient. I'm a Celaphopod. Let's let nature take it course," as you send out an exploratory tendril to suggestively twirl around their ear.

Trust me. It never works out. They scream, fumble for their keys, and try to dial 911 all at the same time. I mean really. They're making a scene. So you do what any socially conscious brain sucker would do, you just sort of poke a tendril into their

spine and hit the relax button. Endorphins flood through their system. They drop the phone and the battery pops out, which in this moment of passion neither of you notices. You cradle them closer as your tendrils delve deeper into their being. You shoot off every last pleasure receptor they have. Their eyes mist over. The pleasure is unbearable and they scream in passion. “Suck me! Suck me now!” What’s a Celaphopod to do? A nibble becomes a bite. You only intended a little taste, to put it in an inch, but the next thing you know like a hermit crab you have a new home. You straighten out your clothes, maybe look at yourself in the reflection from a window, pick up the cell phone, pop the battery back in, and find out who is on speed dial.

It’s the way it happens in the movies. The brain sucker has low impulse control, lands on a planet, and starts sucking the brains out of everything in site. It’s good theatrics, but it’s not practical. Even Celli knew this. Besides, he wasn’t a hermit crab. Once he sucked somebody’s brain, he’d live in that body for the rest of his life cycle. The first empty, brain sucked body wouldn’t be discovered until six years after he landed. Both Kim and Bryce, Mary Ann and Gilligan, died within 24 hours of each other due to massive head injuries. Exactly the type of head injury you’d expect if a creature had sucked your brain, lived in it for six years, and then moved on, but they don’t have a box for that on the death certificate, so the coroners tend to call it something else.

Anyway, back to Celli’s plan. It really wasn’t much of a plan. He was going to die in a little under a year. He knew he was going to have five descendants, Gilligan, Mary Ann, Flipper, Yr’goth, and Si. Now, as explained, Celaphopods get to decide which part of their mind goes into which appendage. Sorry to say, he decided not to put much into either Gilligan or Mary Ann, really not much at all, a few TV shows, some social skills, and what little he knew about human interactions, but nothing else. Flipper got most of the genetic information, or so this is commonly regarded as being the case. The bottom line is all of Mary Ann’s genetic knowledge is simply knowledge Flipper transmitted to Mary Ann

on a need to know basis. Isolated, away from the collective mind, Mary Ann knew little more about genetics than you or I. Si, the part that went back to the Celaphopod home world, was little more than a vegetable. His mind included the transmission, we landed, but nothing else. Celli couldn't see the point in giving him any additional information. It's not like it even mattered if he returned or not. The collective mind would reach out in 31 years and access the situation then. If Celli hadn't sent Si back, the collective mind wasn't going to take any action or do anything different. In retrospect, many consider sending Si back a mistake, but those were Celli's instructions, and he thought it best to follow them. Everything else went into Yr'goth, all the knowledge Celli was supposed to put into the sixth part, everything that traditionally would have been sent back with Si, everything he had learned from a six to the sixth lifetimes, and everything he had learned from TV, radio, cell phones, and every other broadcast from Earth. It all went into Yr'goth, as did the memories of Celli's year in isolation. It might have been a good idea to leave this memory out, because after it all, the loneliness, the media, the lies, the incessant babble... Yr'goth went insane. Gilligan and Mary Ann ate Bryce and Kim. Flipper sucked the mind from a dolphin. Yr'goth sucked the mind from a whale, took a deep breath, and dived straight down into the deep ocean trench that lies off the shore of Hawaii. A lot of information went into the depths with Yr'goth and it came as a great surprise to the other Celaphopods when it happened.

The only other thing Celli needed to decide was where to land. Um... Hawaii. The answer is Hawaii. If you haven't picked that up yet from the story, I'd like to say, welcome to the club. Somewhere along the line, your mind has been sucked.

There are some other things I would like to address before I return you to our regularly scheduled programming. First is no matter the rational for why you believe Kelly and Taz stayed or

became subservient to Bryce, it is widely held that they enjoyed doing his bidding. It may help to think of them in some ways as well trained dogs or horses. They might not enjoy the training process, but once it's done, dogs are happiest when they are fetching a paper, barking at strangers, or helping on the hunt. This was always true of Taz. In the months that followed, it came to be true of Kelly as well.

Secondly, some folks, no matter how many times you tell them, refuse to believe Bryce acted on his own and was not directed by Celli. It's simply not the case. Bryce 1.5.15 is simply a meth head who has had a psychotic break. Celli has not contacted him. Any evidence to the contrary is simply misleading.

Also, as long as I am debunking bad information, I might as well point out Eve was over thirty when she first met Bryce. As such, rumors that she was thirteen, kidnapped from a resort, ran away while her family vacationed in Hawaii, or other iterations of this theme are patently false. In one of the more ludicrous stories, Bryce picks Eve up while he is alone on King Street. Bryce never once drove a car after he met Kelly and Taz. They did all the driving. So, even if he was on King Street, he would never have been there alone. He would have either been there with Taz or Kelly. The other rumor, often cited, is that Eve was a rich heiress. This also is not true. Eve loved sailing and could always find someone to take her out. Seeing her come into the marina on a diverse array of boats, some assumed she owned them all. She didn't. The other source of confusion comes from one of her stage names, Ivory, which by coincidence is also the name of rich Hawaiian heiress. Coincidence, nothing more.

All of this is not to say Bryce, Gilligan, or the Sick in general were never involved with underage sex, runaways, or rich heiresses with secret double lives. They were, but the point of fact is that Eve was someone Kelly had worked with at strip clubs. This part of the story is true. If the story would be more enjoyable to you if Eve were an underage heiress who ran away in an effort to cast off the binds of society and embrace her inner freak, then go

for it. What you do in the privacy of your own mind is your own business, unless of course you're Sick.

1.5.15

Kelly Lee, A Sick Expose

A paranoid schizophrenic is someone whose fears have taken root in the real world. If they so much as think about a burglar, being murdered, or that fire will shoot out of their eyes, these things become real for them. They become their reality. Thinking can be a very dangerous and fear inducing experience for a paranoid schizophrenic.

Delusional schizophrenics are on the other end of the spectrum. If they start thinking about religion, prophets, and messiahs, they start seeing the signs indicating that they are the one, the only... God's chosen child.

Lastly, sane people think reality is static and unchanging. That it is something objective. This is patently absurd. Nothing could be further from the truth. We each make our own reality every moment of every day.

The real difference between the sane and the insane comes down to originality of experience.

A sane person is someone who perceives reality accurately... as defined by the greater society in which they find themselves. When you think about it, it is ironic that the sane decide what to believe and how to act by the most ineffective means possible, by committee and mob rule.

If you are looking for a reason why cults so often insulate themselves from the rest of society, you need look no further than this. From a cult's point of view the rest of

society is insane, and as the cult members fall deeper into insanity, the disconnect between what they perceive as reality and what others do grows to unwieldy proportions.

Social constraints are what slow a normals integration into a cult. Once inducted, the social restraints of the cult are what slow reintegration into society. You need not formulate a nefarious secret police within a cult structure to explain why leaving a cult is so difficult for the individual. Threat of being ostracized by society, even a cult society, is a powerful force.

Freedom derives from a lack of restraints, like employment, a social life, money, belongings, hopes, fears, facts, opinions, religious beliefs, or even a well developed sense of reality.

One's beliefs limit one's experience of reality. If you don't believe in UFOs, you're never going to interpret those flashing lights overhead as a UFO and if you don't believe in brain sucking aliens, you're never going to believe in them even after they've sucked your own brain.

Then he sucked my brain, now I'm a believer...
I couldn't leave Si, if I tried...

It is stated by detractors of the Sixth that the Sick believe that the Sick virus can be transmitted by contact, by say infusing the ink of a book, like the one you are holding, with the virus. Though perhaps possible, it seems pointlessly difficult. If you got the virus in connection with this book, it was far more likely aerosolized into the air circulation system at the store or library where you got the book or mixed into the drink you got at the café.

One generation of education and maintenance is all that separates modern man from the life of the hunter gatherers.

If you chop off the head, the body will fall.

Taz drove Kelly up to 3 Lahina. He was supposed to get rid of the gun, but he put it in the glove box of his taxi instead. Kelly slept for a week and limped for a month. Bryce surfed, worked at the Thai Shack, and perfected his (meth) cooking skills. Kim helped him. They were fast friends. There was no one else in Lahina besides Bryce that even came close to being able to keep up with Kim's chemical and biological knowledge. If there were no customers at the Shack, they would spread Kim's textbooks across a table and work on some obscure problem regarding meth, membrane transmission, or other biological process. It was amazing to Kim and most everyone else that Bryce could follow along. Often times he would stand by the door, staring off into the crashing waves, and Kim would ask, "Are you listening?" To which Bryce would respond, "More calcium ions," "It's the wrong catalyst," or, "How many drops of water are there?" You could never tell with Bryce.

Everyone ate at the Thai Shack. Auntie loved the company. Sam loved the profits. "You got that something. You know da kine. It what people want."

"It's something they want all right." Moon Shadow might agree from the doorway, as he passed through to drop a grand or two off in the restroom. It was a drop in the bucket. A drop in the ocean, as Bryce might say. It was a small pittance to insure that no police cruiser ever drove down Lahina Way, no complaints for loud music ever found their way to a warrant officer's desk... that noises or even screams from 3 Lahina would never be followed up on. It was a small price to pay for a little insurance.

Kelly had taken it upon herself to fix up the new bungalow. If it had been left to Bryce and Taz the place would have been

decorated with empty beer cans and little else. She got Moon to find a four post bed, a few couches, some chairs, and other bits of furniture. The place was still mostly empty, but if Bryce wasn't around, at least there was someplace soft to sit or sleep. Bryce believed in standing for long periods of time staring into the sea. When he wasn't doing that, he tended to sit on the floor. For the increasingly shorter periods of time that he slept, he liked to lie down on a beach towel nestled between Kelly and Taz for warmth.

"It's cold," Kelly complained. There was a reason she had gotten a bed. She didn't like sleeping on the floor. It was hard and uncomfortable. Why couldn't they at least use a blanket?

Bryce was in the middle as usual, lying on his back. He had his arm around Kelly and Taz. He pulled them in closer and turned his neck to kiss Kelly. "It's plenty hot from where I am." After a pause he added, "Maybe you would find it more to you liking if we had more rats in the cage." This was in reference to Kelly's earlier complaint that they slept like rats, all huddled up.

You could interpret it as an offhand remark, or you could be proactive, save yourself the beating, and take it as a command. Kelly chose to interpret it as a command. She liked group sex. Anyhow, if their club was going to have another member, it was in her best interest to decide whom that person would be. She already knew who that person would be and in all likelihood, Bryce did as well.

Eve Goldsmith, it was a made up name. She should have just called herself Eve Gold Digger. It's not a judgment. It's a statement. If Eve was a made up name, so were her other names, the Ivory Wonder, Snow, and Miss White. She was a dancer and Kelly had danced with her on occasion. They made a good team. The contrasted each other. Eve had white, translucent skin, and was small breasted to the extreme. Kelly's skin was a deep dark brown and her breasts were more than ample to make up for any shortcoming of Eve's. Not that anyone considered Eve to have many shortcomings. She was tall and slender with well defined

athletic muscles. Her hair was long, thin, and blonde and where Kelly and Taz had decided to cosmetically enhance their bodies with piercings and tattoos, Eve's body was without alteration or cosmetic addition. She was a stock model. As pure, clean, and fit as the day she left the stockroom floor decades ago.

Bryce did not get out from Lahina much, if at all. Kelly could not remember ever going anywhere with him, nor could Taz. As such, the night Eve came to the new bungalow with Kelly was the first time he met her. They formed an instant bond, an intimate understanding of each other's basic needs.

Need you ask? When Kelly arrived with Eve, Bryce was gazing out to sea from the balcony. He had tied a pure white cotton sarong around his waist. Kelly walked into the room where Taz and his guests were already waiting. Kelly kneeled and motioned for Eve to join her. Eve wasn't into S & M, bondage, submission, or any of that kinky stuff, but she was into role playing. Big time. Her role of choice was schoolgirl and as such, she was wearing a black and white checkered skirt, knee socks, a white blouse, and her hair was in two long pigtails that reached to her waist. She snapped the gum she was chewing. "I don't see why we have to kneel."

Taz's guests, a couple from the mainland, looked at Eve. Bryce had met them earlier. They had eaten lunch at the Shack. They hadn't tipped much, but Bryce had invited them all the same. The wife had red hair and could give Eve a run for her money as to who had the whitest skin in the room. She was wearing a dark dress. One never knows what was going through her mind. Was she excited? Was she nervous?

The redhead's husband had silver rings in his ears, had splashed some burgundy dye on his short blond hair, and wore dark combat style shorts. He had taken his shirt off and was already sunburned after being in Hawaii for only one day.

Kelly was getting nervous. She wanted Eve to be a present for Bryce. She wanted Eve to join the group. "Just kneel," she

whispered. Why couldn't Eve behave for just an hour? She had given her an even grand for the evening. The least she could do was play along. Eve had a different idea of what playing along meant and what a \$1,000 bought. Grudgingly, she knelt down. She chewed her gum noisily, fidgeted, and after what seemed like an eternity, or thirty seconds, she got out her headphones. She sang along. It wasn't as if the music from the headphones wasn't loud enough. Now she was singing along.

Kelly could already feel the bruises welling up on her legs from Bryce's anger. "Turn it off."

"What?" Eve asked loudly as she plucked an earphone out of her ear.

"Turn it off," Kelly begged. Bryce never listened to music. It interfered with the sound of the waves and the birds singing his praises. He liked the hum of his own brain and the sound of the blood coursing through his veins.

Eve did not notice or care about Kelly's anxiety. In fact, if Kelly was more relaxed, she might have realized the more anxious she became, the better job Eve thought she was doing. "How long do we sit? This is boring."

Bryce picked a vial up off of the banister. He turned around, poured some of the contents into his hand, and snorted. He regarded Eve for the first time.

"Hey, I want some?"

"What the fuck is this?" Bryce exclaimed. He let the anger build. He shook his head. "Fuck!" He walked towards Kelly.

"What the fuck is this?"

Kelly closed her eyes. How long would he hit her? Would he start on her face, stomach, or legs? How long would she be laid up? She could already hear her father's words, "You clumsy," or her mother's lack of compassion. Auntie came from the old school. What happened between husband and wife was between them alone.

Bryce tapped Kelly's cheeks. She opened her eyes. He was holding a palm full of meth in front of her. "Why the fuck did you bring an underage kid here?" Kelly wasn't following along. Eve was thirty, forty. She wasn't a kid, but Bryce was holding the meth out to her. He was pleased. She snorted what she wanted out of his outstretched palm.

"I'm not a kid," Eve said with a defiant pout.

Bryce knelt in front of her. As he held the handful of meth out to her, he asked, "Have you ever done meth before?"

"No," Eve said with a well practiced hesitant naivety.

"Make sure you get a nose full."

As instructed, Eve snorted hard and then sneezed into Bryce's outstretched palm sending hundreds of dollars worth of meth onto the floor.

"Sorry," Eve said sheepishly trying hard to hide an inner delight.

Bryce ignored her. He grabbed another vial from the kitchen and tossed it to Taz who in turn fed his guests. "So, we got two human pincushions, a statutory rape waiting to happen, and... What manner of freak are you two?"

The wife was quick on her feet. "I'm a vampire."

Bryce shook his head. "Fucking hell. Two vampires. We're going to need another virgin."

Eve's eyes went wide with fright. It was a look she had practiced long and hard. Her mouth gaped open. Her mind went blank, and she just waited. It was a behavior that had served her well. She'd made love 'for the first time' a thousand and one times. She was a regular pro at being devirginized.

"I'm more of a zombie sort of guy," the husband informed the room as he did his best zombie imitation. "Brains. Fresh meat. I want brains."

Bryce ignored him. He returned his attention to Eve. Kneeling in front of her, he held his hand out again full to the brim with meth. "Want to try again?"

She nodded. She snorted. She sneezed the rest of the handful across the floor.

Bryce laughed. “I bet there are a lot of things you’ve never tried before.” She bit her lip in eager anticipation.

Bryce had the vampire hold Eve’s hands behind her back as he probed the depths of her throat. Eve cried, protested, and struggled. It is amazing how sensitive to the pain of their victims some vampires can be. Bryce left Eve gasping on the floor to commiserate with Kelly. Then he turned to the zombie. “It’s your turn zombie boy. Time for some fresh meat.” It wasn’t what the zombie had in mind. It was too much for the couple. It was getting late. They left.

Bryce was still human. His conversion rate was quite low. A year later the vampire and the zombie wouldn’t have left. How can you tell the difference between a cult and a group of brain sucking aliens? You don’t just leave the party when brain sucking aliens are involved. Brain sucking aliens have a conversion rate that tops 100%.

1.5.16

Kelly Lee, A Sick Expose

In the interest of propriety, this chapter has been deleted. Eve moves in. She joins the cult if you will. Kelly redecorates the house and adds an aquarium containing an octopus. If you are of the mind, you may imagine a scene in which your choice of Eve, Kelly, Taz, or any combination of the three are tied to a coffee table and a tentacled beast is added to the mix. A less prim and proper author might remind the reader that octopus’s are crevice loving creatures... light abhorring, orifice seeking, creepy crawly slithery, tentacled...

You may wish to pause and reflect on the scene. You may wish to imagine Eve yelling. “What the hell is it doing? Get it off! Get it out!”

You may wish to imagine what adding meth to an octopus’s diet might do to its behavior. You might wish to consider what kind of people would engage in such an activity. And, you may wish to pause for a moment and wonder what it says about an author, a reader, the current decline of culture, and it’s correlation with the rise of the Sixth.

Or, you may wish to blot the entire image out of your mind and pretend it never happened, but it did and it does. Octopuses are just the tip of the freaky iceberg. You think tentacle sex is perverted, wait till you hear about...

1.5.17

Kelly Lee, A Sick Expose

If you’re wondering why the Sick are always so good looking, it’s because of the healthy lifestyle choices, exercise, and vegetarian diet. If you’re wondering why the Sick always seem so alive and interesting, it’s because they are living the lives they always dreamed of and doing what they always wanted to do. If you’re wondering why the Sick always have a smile on their faces and a glassy look in their eyes, it’s because they have a little tentacle planted in the back of their heads that keeps on tapping the dopamine release button. If they had the choice, they might cry.

Given the option, people so often choose boring, pathetic, unfulfilling lives. It makes you wonder what’s so great about freewill.

Unlike many cults, which insist upon a regimented uniform, the Sick encourage their initiates to delve into the far corners of fashion.

It is doubtful all of those who showed up for the party in Lahina were interested in joining the Sick. Though the exact numbers of initiates and true believers is unknown, some cynics have remarked that the Sixth refers to the founder's hope for a slightly larger following.

Daylight savings time is just the government's way of stealing an hour a day from everybody for half the year. The government steals billions of hours (over 5,000 lifetimes worth) every year this way. What is the government doing with all that time? What are they stockpiling it for? Is there a coming daylight shortage that they aren't telling us about?

Many drug addictions are like slow suicide. Heroin tends to kill you in 6-24 months if you don't take a month or two off. Meth takes a little longer at 4-6 years, while cigarettes take the longest of all at 30-50 years. Before they kill you, the drugs ravage the body in specific ways leaving a telltale signature. During an autopsy it's easy to determine a person's addictions, be it heroin, meth, cigarettes, or potato chips.

Times have changed. The four horsemen of the apocalypse, Desolation, Death, Slaughter, and Pestilence, no longer seem representative of the dangers of life.

Methamphetamine is a stimulant. On a binge you don't need to sleep. Regular users may go into a routine of using for 2-3 days, sleeping 6-10 hours, and then using again. People have been known to live in this sort of pattern for years.

Bryce had a different pattern. He stayed up for weeks at a time only taking a short nap twice a day, in the middle of the afternoon and at night. Lack of sleep had turned his whole world into a dream.

He would host great parties at the bungalow. Celli, the pet octopus, would be the guest of honor. Birthdays, anniversaries, promotions, Tuesdays, whatever the reason, every night called for another party. Kelly, Taz, and Eve attended most every one. So did the odd tourist, folks who flew in special from the mainland just to party, Taz's friends, men and women that Kelly and Eve had picked up on their increasingly infrequent jaunts into the world of erotic dancing, hitchhikers, a few locals, and anybody they happened to meet who looked like they would enjoy a good time.

Parties started simple enough with a few appetizers, wine, and beer towards sunset. Bryce would spend the first few hours staring out into the water. Kelly, Eve, Taz, or some other slut might go out onto the balcony where Bryce would wrap his arm around them and pull them in close. He would listen to their lives, offer compassion, and if they were interested, he would try to explain the wonders, mysteries, and expanse of the ocean. The communication was disjointed, sometimes out of sync, but without fail, it would leave the listener convinced Bryce was on to something wonderful, that he was seeing rainbows, magic, and wonder, that the world was a magical place, and all it took was the acceptance of Bryce's blessing for true happiness to develop.

Sooner or later someone wonder were the meth was. Wouldn't a line be good around now? This was the cue to kneel on the floor and all would gaze at Bryce, gazing out the window. Time would go by. Exhaustion would set in. The edge of meth withdrawal would color the corners of reality and then Bryce would turn. He would hold a palmful of meth under each aspirant's nose, they would inhale, and then the real party would start, a wild, contortionist, past the bounds of good taste, swinging from the chandeliers, no hold or hole barred sexual fest. (A lot of

people left those parties with more diseases than they ever knew existed.)

Ironically it was the morning, which changed most with the advent of Eve. She would prepare a fresh fruit and vegetable platter for breakfast, mix up fruit smoothies, and bring out yogurt, granola, and other health foods. Bryce was happy to taste them, which in the end meant everybody else had to taste them as well, but the real change was the morning work out sessions.

Eve started the day with a run from one end of Lahina Way to the other, from 3 Lahina to 33 Lahina. She went down the paved road, through town, up the dirt road to the top, and then retraced her steps. Round trip it was about 4mi and it took her under an hour. Bryce started running with her and within a month he could keep up. Thankfully, Bryce didn't make everyone else run, not yet anyhow, but attendance at the yoga class was mandatory.

One morning, standing naked at the blender after her run, Eve had commented, "I always wanted to be an aerobics instructor when I grew up."

Bryce looked around the bungalow. A lazy pile of bodies slumped in the couch. There might be a few still snorting meth off the coffee table, deep in animated conversation, but mostly the party was over and people were interested in sleeping.

"Wake up!" he shouted. "The suns up. Time to rise and shine! Everybody front and center."

"What?"

"Huh?" Came the response from bleary eyes.

"You're all a bunch of sick lazy bastards. The Sick, that's what you are. Time to whip you into shape." He was walking around kicking the couches, shaking bodies, and moving the conversations to the main floor. He pushed the coffee table towards the kitchen so it was out of the way and Eve would have a stage if she wanted one. "We're going to do stretches, touch our toes, that kind of crap." He walked over to Taz and poked him in

the chest accenting his remarks. “You’re going to do a good job too or I’m going to kick your ass.”

Bryce lined them up and led Eve onto the coffee table. The first morning she was naked, her body still glistening with the sweat from her run, but in the future she would put on a skirt, or other semi transparent outfit. She knew from years of dancing at strip clubs that there were sexier states of dress than being completely naked.

“Eve is going to do a little exercise program for us,” Bryce told the group. After he had considered if for a minute he added, “and you’re all going to do your best.”

He had thought about adding, “If you do a good job, Eve will blow you,” but he knew that wouldn’t be adequate incentive for the different members of the group. Instead he would whisper individual encouragement into slacker’s ears. Some he would spank, others he would insult, and some he would cheer on. He wasn’t above offering Eve or anybody else’s body in the room as a reward, nor was he below threatening a straight man with having to blow every guy in the room while Taz worked his magic from behind. Said to the wrong person, that sort of threat might cause a fight, or a deliberate slacking on the exercises. Somehow, Bryce always knew what to say or offer to motivate any individual person.

The exercise program was a great success. As he stared out into the water, Bryce slowly took up Tai Chi and Yoga stances. Eve however, was a boundless well of desire.

One day after exercise class, after she had thanked an accountant from Pittsburgh for his enthusiasm, and after she had washed his gratitude off of her face, Eve started in with a new demand. “Why don’t we ever go anywhere? Let’s go somewhere today. Surf somewhere new... Have you ever seen anything in Hawaii, but Kona or Lahina?... I can’t believe you’ve been here for almost a year and you’ve never been to Hilo side?”

“This is paradise, fresh air, ocean breeze, the surf is up...”

“I’m bored.” Eve got a pouty look in her eyes. “Please. Pretty please with sugar on top.” When that didn’t seem to work she switched tactics. “Don’t you want to do it in a lava field? Or a rainforest? We could get Taz to take us.”

“I got to leave for the airport in just a little while,” Taz said indicating two pairs of legs that emanated from a post Yoga class pile of contorting bodies. “The Johnson’s are leaving us.”

“Call them a cab.” Bryce had decided, “Today we’re going to take my little girl on a trip around the island. She’s never been to Hawaii before. I want it to be special.”

“Thanks! Daddy!”

(Anybody who says Sick dogma is nothing but a bunch of carefully crafted lies doesn’t know ditty about Sick dogma. There was nothing carefully crafted about the lies at all.)

The intent had been to drive around the island and stop at all the major sights. Hit south point, walk on black and green sand beaches, drive to the summit, walk across lava strewn fields, see a lava flow appear from nowhere as the red glow becomes visible in the twilight, watch the stars and milky way from 10,000’, swim with turtles, pet dolphins, walk through a rainforest... etc.

They got as far as the rainforest, the first stop.

“It’s a beautiful waterfall,” Taz explained as they pulled into the parking lot. “Drops hundreds of feet...” his gaze followed an underage girl getting on a tourist bus. “The view is incredible.”

“They’ve got insatiable appetites,” Eve remarked.

Kelly agreed, “That’s why we love them.”

“This way, ladies and... sir.” Taz held out his arm to show the way.

Bryce put his arm around Kelly and sent Eve ahead to Taz. “You lead. This is your gig. Do your thing. Earn your keep Taz boy.”

“Welcome to the falls. Hawaii has more freshwater falls than...”

“Where?” Eve asked cutting him off. “This is just a parking lot. Let’s get to the falls.” She dragged Taz ahead, down steps, down a path, through a rainforest, and to the falls.

Taz and Eve were at the falls a long time, watching its hundred foot decent down a sheer moss covered drop before they even noticed Bryce wasn’t with them. Later, when Bryce saw the falls, he would be mesmerized. Water, the ocean... does it begin here?

The water fell, breaking into drops and sprays on the way down. At the bottom it crashed into a large flat rock that sprayed the water out in all directions. It was a sort of starburst pattern that almost seemed to repeat itself, but never really did. It was eerily reminiscent of waves on the beach, though the two looked nothing alike.

Once the water hit bottom, it was aerosolized into droplets that were swept back up by the wind into the falls. Bryce would follow the mist up with his eyes. Falling over the falls was only the first step. Once it hit bottom, the water went rising back up and formed clouds. As Bryce was following the mist up, a raindrop from the clouds overhead dropped on Bryce’s face, and he suddenly realized, he was part of the falls, part of the pattern.

Before this though, halfway down the path, as Eve and Taz kissed by the falls, Kelly was reaching down Bryce’s pants as he gazed at a balboa tree. As the water flowed down the falls, a leaf from the balboa fell onto Bryce. The pattern, water, leaves, moss, humans, animals... the ocean was everywhere, as was the balboa.

If you’ve grown up on the mainland, then you’ve never seen anything like the tropical trees, which grow in Hawaii. The balboa is one of the most magnificent. Where does a balboa begin? Where does it end? Bryce stood under the canopy of the mighty

balboa, Kelly's hand down his pants, her lips on his ear promising him the world, her body, her love. In front of him was the tree.

The trunk... the trunks... ten, twenty, thirty main trunks a foot in diameter grew together with another hundred three inch trunks interspaced. At the center was a hollow area big enough for a family to live in. Leaves formed a canopy far overhead, and from this height root like vines dangled all the way down to the forest floor fifty feet below. Now here was a tree, a whole world, a society... a forest unto itself. The whole thing was massive. It was bigger than the house at 3 Lahina.

A half hour later Eve came and got Bryce. "We're not going to spend all day staring at a tree daddy. You promised me."

And so he had. Bryce let himself be guided down to the waterfall, but there the vision was too much for him. He finally understood. The water, the mist, the clouds... the balboa. Branches are roots, and roots are trees. The mist rises to the clouds and pours down as rain. It is all a cycle. It is all interconnected. There is no end. There is no beginning. They were all God's children. He sighed.

Bryce thought back to all the drops that had passed him by, seeds which had fallen to the ground, but from which no tree would grow. Bryce regretted the loss, the opportunity squandered. He thought back to the zombie, the vampire, the countless tourists, and visitors he had let slip through his fingers.

The rain had started. You would have had to know Bryce well to know he was crying. Taz and Eve did not notice.

"It's raining," Eve complained.

"Time to go?" Taz asked.

"We go into the forest," Bryce told them. It was time to leave the path, collect the seeds, collect the children, become one with the river, the ocean, the balboa.

"What?"

Bryce put his hands on Taz's naked chest and slipped them lower. "It's time to go into the forest Taz."

“No man, this is dangerous.”

“Fuck danger. You’re the extreme tour guide. Lead us up to the top of that falls.”

“Man you’re crazy.”

Bryce reached down into Taz’s pants (not for the first time, not by a long shot) as he said, “We’re going to go where no man has gone before, and we’re going to take Kelly, Eve, and everybody else with us. Take us into the clouds my friend.”

It was a wet, rainy day, but still the tour buses came. One can only wonder how many pictures of the falls included four frolicking wood nymphs engaged in a kaleidoscope of sodomic pleasures as a father introduced his beloved daughter into the sublime pleasure of being held over a 350’ foot drop, on wet slippery rocks, and uneven ground, where the only support comes from a psychotic meth head who maybe doesn’t understand that it would be a bad thing to fall.

It is cliché to say flowers weren’t the only thing in Kelly and Eve’s hair as they left the rainforest later that night. Soaking wet, tired, exhausted, and out of meth, their clothes stuck to their skin. They were soaked to the bone. Bryce knew the ocean never ended. It was in their clothes, in their blood, in the juice between Kelly’s legs, in the sacrament he had given Taz, and even in the Milky Way high overhead. The ocean was everywhere, everyone, and everything. It was without end. It was without beginning. You could sigh at its wonder, or just give it a name... Si.

It was the beginning. It was the end. It was the beginning of the end. It was but a drop in the ocean. Night, day, man, woman, birds, and trees, Bryce was master of them all. As they returned to Lahina, Bryce heard the crash of the ocean. He heard its cry. He heard its plea, come to us, play with us, surf. Into the night, Bryce heeded its call. Even the ocean had its desires.

Master of all, without fear, under the moon he surfed, and when the raid came a week later, that’s where he would be. In the

protective bosom of the ocean, where no one, and no thing could reach him.

(You can read too much into that last sentence. There are those who believe it should be taken literally, as a sign of a miracle. I for one believe it is simply poetics, but then...

I will not go into this idea in great depth, suffice to say that there are those who believe Bryce called the Celaphopods to him, like a shaman might call a spirit guide. The tale of the Sick can be molded to fit a shamanistic metaphor, and in that vein, it has been put forth that Bryce avoided the first raid by moving his body, mind, and soul into the ocean, into Si, into that space in which a shaman meets with the spirit forces. This would be, in point of fact, a miracle and one that has never been repeated, so I am hard pressed to put any faith into its occurrence.

Suffice to say, this concept will not be repeated and is not central to understanding either the Sick or Si-Space, but as I do love being ambiguous I will note:

The actuality of a miracle and the belief in a miracle are not independent concepts. As is often the case in these things, the direction of causality may be impossible to determine.)

We have jumped ahead now, but to truly understand Sick dogma and the unseen jockeying for dominance within the successor cults, it may be helpful to realize that the best story wins.

They say history is written by the victors.

For the Sick, history is made by... and here I would have to say Yr'goth's Chosen, but then that's just dogma. A smart person would realize that if Yr'goth's Chosen can overwrite history, then they can too.

2.0.0

The Professor Speaks

A Hand Job - Part 2

OK. This is it. Remember why you bought the book? Sure, a friend recommended it, it got a good review, or you read the first chapter and you noticed the part about the hand job. I'm guessing the hand job part, or at least I'm hoping the hand job part.

I know, you're surprised. We're already to that part. Most books that promise you a hand job don't deliver and if they do, it's way back in the final chapters, but not us, not the Sick. We deliver. I'm not sure what we deliver, and I'm sure there are service area restrictions, but the fact that we deliver is clear, or it would be clear if we advertised it more, which is why we wrote this book.

So, the hand job, this is the part of the book where it takes place. I just want to give you a heads up. Maybe you want to wait until you're off the train and at home before you enjoy this section, or maybe you want to leave the house and get on a train. Look, I'm not trying to be judgmental. I'm just giving you a heads up, which is not to be confused with other types of head. That will come later. I'm not too sure if there's another hand job in the book. I mean, how many mind blowing hand jobs can you read about in one book anyway? But later, and hopefully not much later, they'll be a throat job, and as long as I'm mentioning it, they'll probably be a thigh job or two, but I won't guarantee it, so as to keep the suspense up. I'm just saying, if it happens, don't be surprised.

So tag the page. Turn the corner down and set it aside until you're ready, till you're home or on the train, till you're by yourself or next to your significant other, be that a boy, a girl, or a large economy size pump bottle of hand lotion. Look, I'm just saying enjoy.

And, you will. Now, what we know is...

Maybe we should start with what we don't know. We don't know their names. We call them Mary Ann and Gilligan, but we're pretty sure those are not their real names, because, like we said, that hand job was so incredible, they forgot their names. And, if you don't know now, you'll understand soon enough, that if they forgot their names, so did we.

Which brings up an interesting point. Mary Ann had to be a looker... even though we don't know who she was, or what she looked like, because along with the names we misplaced the pictures, or at least if we have the pictures we don't know which ones are her, because we don't know her name...

It's very complex. Let it go. Don't worry. Mary Ann was hot. So incredibly hot that when she gave Gilligan a hand job, he forgot totally and completely who he was. And let's not forget Gilligan, I mean what kind of stud was he, so that Mary Ann forgot her name while she was giving him a hand job? It's not usually the case that girls blow their mind giving hand jobs, but there you have it.

So if we are all ready, if the lights are turned low, but not too low, because if you turn them too low you won't be able to read, so maybe light a candle to set the mood and hold the book close to the candle, but not too close, and I'm hoping I don't have to explain why, but so you're warned and all ready, here it goes.

Mary Ann gave Gilligan a hand job on the beach.

Whoa!

Take a breath. You might feel a little dizzy. Let the blood flow back to your head before you make any sudden moves.

I hope it was good for you, because that's it for me. I mean I'm only going to write it once, but if you were on a train or something and you didn't heed my warning, you can always read it again at night while you cuddle up next to whatever that thing is next to you in bed, and I mean that in an accepting, whatever

happens between two consenting adults, or one consenting adult and whatever inanimate object they wish to cuddle, sort of nonjudgmental way.

Later on there will probably be a throat job. Well in fact I'm certain of it. I must admit I'm a bit of a deviant and I go for these explicit sex scenes, so there most admittedly will be a throat job with much throating and much jobbing, and then maybe a thigh job, but we'll let the tension build on that for a bit.

Smoke a cigarette, breathe the fresh air, and notice how beautiful the world looks.

There are other ways to take over the world, but I can't imagine any of them being more fun, and let's face it if we forgot that thingy after five, we probably can't remember those other ways anyhow.

1.5.18 – 2.0.0

Bryce to Gilligan

The Great Mind Suck

Methamphetamines are against the law. On a typical day Bryce, Taz, and Moon each had enough narcotics on them to warrant a dozen life sentences.

On that first fateful night in Lahina, Taz would be arrested for possession of a handgun and Moon would be arrested for a quarter ounce of marijuana. No distilling, refining, or chemical equipment was confiscated. No meth was impounded. And, no arrests led to a conviction. \$100 had grown to \$1000. It was money well spent.

33 Lahina? 3 Lahina? Coincidence? I think not.

The pursuit of a father's love, some say you need look no further for a true explanation of the Sick.

On the way home from the waterfall, Bryce threw Eve's headset out of the car saying, "You put so much effort keeping your body healthy, why do you kill your mind?" to which Eve responded, "You value your mind so much, why do you feed it poison and junk food?" In that moment, a deal was struck.

If you are a true believer, then you know Bryce knew both sides of this deal before Eve even opened her mouth. It was the nature of Bryce to get what he wanted without ever giving up anything he wouldn't have done for free.

We part company with A Sick Expose at this point, but we will keep Kelly close to our hearts for she still has a central role to play in the story of the Sixth. Nonetheless, with that being said, from here on A Sick Expose sort of twists off into the general themes of:

- 1) Kelly is a great fuck, which she is, so just accept it,
- 2) The Sick are a lying pack of sleaze balls, which they are, so deal with it, and,
- 3) Bryce went insane or lied about the whole alien thing, which is just false.

Or believe it, the choice is yours, but I'll clue you in to a little secret. I'm an author. It's what I do. I write. Kelly dances, gives blow jobs, and jiggles her tits. She's fantastic at what she does, but writing ain't one of them. She didn't write A Sick Expose. I did. I ghost wrote it. Do you think Taz wrote The Professor Speaks from his jail cell? The man can barely read. How hard do you think it is to write stream of consciousness babble on the edge of lucidity anyway? The point is, I know Kelly lies in A Sick Expose about the Sick from here on out, so there's not much point in sticking with her version anymore. How do I know she lied? She

told me. At the time, the lie was well thought out and central to the goals of the Sixth.

Why do I tell you? Because times time. Because we are the Sick, the Sixth, Yr'goth Chosen, and countless others. Do not trust us. Trust yourself.

You see, the truth is malleable. It changes over time. It is rewritten on a continual basis. What is truth? What is reality? Where does the ocean start? Where does it end?

Today, Kim gave Gilligan a hand job. Tomorrow she won't and the next day she will again. What brings one to the fold, keeps one in the fold, and lets them rule the fold are not the same. Don't let me dictate where you end up or what you believe. As is fitting the truth is different things at different times for different people. Lambs do not believe the same things that lions do. We are not just talking philosophy or a system of morals here. Their whole reality is different. What they call truth is different. A lion can no more understand a lamb than a lamb can understand a lion.

Once you realize you are not the person you were yesterday, once you realize tomorrow you will be someone new, then you will be one step closer to being free and being the person you really are, and not the illusion you believe yourself to be today.

Take it to heart, what I say here: Truth does not exist. It is a lie. That is the only truth there is and once you understand why the truth is a lie... you will understand why it is all that really needs to be known.

So, I give you all parts. The truth, the non-truth, the partial truth, the misleading lie, the blatant lie, the cursed wretched, I can't believe you lied to me, lie. It's all there, and more.

Take the facts. Sift through them. Digest them. Let them soak into your very being and then let that tentacle at the back of your mind that is hitting the dopamine release button decide which version is true for you. I write for friend and foe, enemy and the newly converted. I write for all. The truth is not the same for

everyone, and as you change, the truth will change. Do not think you are immune.

We are at the halfway point. The future is now. The end is beginning and it all started on a beach in Lahina at 2.0.0 when Bryce became Gilligan, Kim became Mary Ann, and Kelly became Judas, which I pray in Si does not come as a surprise.

If you have been paying attention, take a moment to ponder. If Bryce became Gilligan, Kim became Mary Ann... Who were you? And, who will you become?

When you are done, let's go over some facts.

A police raid took place on the night of 2.0.0 (and later again on 3.0.0). What the causative factor was that ultimately precipitated the raid, I do not know. Maybe as Kelly states, it transpired because Taz was trying to move up in the organization and in an effort to push more product out the door, made a bad connection (i.e. he tried to consummate a drug deal with a group of undercover police officers). Maybe it transpired because Moon was sloppy or made a mistake. Maybe it transpired because after six months of loud partying and blatant disregard for the law, a \$1000 payoff twice a week wasn't enough to suppress a cursory investigation and the subsequent warrants said investigation elicited.

One way or another, four motorcycle riding undercover police officers, the four horsemen of the apocalypse if you will, visited 3 Lahina on the night of 2.0.0. Bryce was not there. For some reason both Taz and Moon were. Hence the leading theory that the four horsemen were trying to pose as off island drug dealers and the meeting took place in an effort to consummate a large drug transaction. According to the records, no such deal was made, but then we'll get to the records in a moment.

But first, those who think the raid was a last minute, spur of the moment affair, should think again. All one need do is look at the various date stamps on the warrants to realize this raid had

been in the works for over two weeks. Plenty of time for an inspired task force to work out the details... for success or failure. It's simply not realistic to suppose Taz just happened to meet the cops that afternoon and invited them back to Lahina as some contend. First of all, cops don't work that way. And secondly, Moon never worked that way. It wasn't an impulsive raid. It was a meeting planned well in advance.

When the four horsemen showed up, police records say they were at 3 Lahina talking to Taz and Moon for over two hours. We don't know what they said. Although all four of them, three men and one woman, wore wiretaps, the tapes have disappeared. Likely what happened is once the cops realized a deal wasn't going to go down or once a deal did go down, they arrested Taz and Moon. Then they waited a few hours on the off chance Bryce would show up while they 'interrogating' Taz and Moon. When they got tired of waiting for Bryce and it was apparent that they weren't going to break a hardened masochist or a career hater of 'the man,' they called in the back up and raided the town. There is, after all, only one road out of Lahina. If Bryce was there, where could he go?

Once back up was called in, flashing lights lit up Lahina. 3 Lahina was cordoned off, as was Moon's house, and the Thai Shack. It should be noted, 33 Lahina was not part of the raid, nor was the Lee's house, or any other property in Lahina. By this time, Sam and Moon owned a dozen other properties in the greater Lahina area that were also not part of the raid. 3 properties out of the 15+ plus properties Moon and Sam had interests in were raided. Think about that. By any standards it was a partial, ineffective raid. I will leave it to you to determine the exact reason for the basic inadequacies of the first raid.

The second raid came six years later and was far more comprehensive, but then the CIDC headed up that strike force... We will get to that or at least dance around that subject again later. We are talking about the CIDC here after all. Everything is hush-

hush, on a need to know only basis with them, so fat chance getting any records out of the CIDC.

Anyway, back to the first raid, Taz and Moon went to jail only to be bailed out the next day by Auntie. By the end of the month, all charges were dropped due to mishandling of evidence, a disappearance of surveillance tapes, and by some accounts a \$25,000/week payoff agreement for the cops to, “Stay the Fuck out of Lahina!”

Where was Bryce? He was surfing at night with Kim. He saw the lights, swam out of the cove, and either into the ocean or around the point. As you’ll remember, Kim had been feeding Bryce cooking tips. It’s a crime, accessory before the fact. She would have swum around the point with Bryce. No sense calling attention to yourself.

The preceding, of course, is an explanation of facts that doesn’t require Bryce’s mind to be sucked by aliens and as such we know to some extent it must be false.

The first question is why were Bryce and Kim surfing at night. Bryce was deep into a routine. He surfed in the morning with Taz and Kim. If he went out at night, he went out alone. Why on this particular night did he have company? The obvious explanation is that Gilligan and Mary Ann had chosen Bryce and Kim and so they had called them out to the ocean, but as we have discussed in depth, the Celaphopods didn’t have that much power over humans yet. If you go by Kelly’s account, she had gotten into a big fight with Bryce. Rather than leave the island because she is under alien control, Kelly asserts she left because she knew the relationship was a dead end and when the cops came, she knew she had to leave or she would either wind up in jail or dead. Her explanation for why she was mad with Bryce involved her being tied up to a four post bed... It is a vision I like to linger over in my mind. Her naked brown flesh exposed and vulnerable. Which gold rings to twirl? Which body parts to poke and prod? So many vulnerabilities. So many possibilities. Kelly says that the specific

possibility Bryce entertained that night was a hand job given by Kim and assisted by Eve. It's easy to see Kelly struggle against the ropes, shaking the bed, and screaming into a moldy towel as she swears to kill the bastard as he sprays a load across her face, all courtesy of her kid sister.

Now me. If I was going to make up a scene, and that whole tied up to the bed is make believe, I prefer to go with Bryce sodomizing Kelly over the bathroom sink at the Thai Shack. Pull her hair, have her bite down on the handle of a toilet brush, and just indulge your sickest sadistic fantasies as she tries not to let her father or Auntie hear her pain. Trust me. It's just the sort of weird sick shit she's into.

Then, for no apparent reason, Kelly can storm out of the Shack and drive away into the night. Kim can view this as her opportunity to move in on Bryce and invites herself along for some late night surfing. After all, her father has been saying for months how Bryce needed someone smarter to take care of him. Kelly was always getting hurt. It would be bad (for business) if Kelly's clumsiness led to loss of work injury for Bryce.

Or, you can believe as I do, that Kelly and Eve were working a strip club trying to find fresh meat for the party. Bryce was bored and/or had been night surfing since his awakening under the balboa tree, so he stopped by the Thai Shack and invited Kim to accompany him into the surf. She accepted. They went out past the breakers, lay on their boards, and stared at the stars. Maybe she gave him a hand job in the surf, maybe she didn't. Meanwhile, Taz and Moon were busy having their own little adventure and then the flashing lights appeared...

Well, you can believe they swam around the point, hung out in the surf, or you can believe the truth. By the time Lahina was lit up by flashing blue lights, aliens had already sucked Bryce and Kim's brains out. They had come in from surfing and were curled up together in one of the vacant houses down in central Lahina, getting used to their new bodies, and synthesizing the Sick viruses.

There are also alternate theories that they stayed the night in the ocean. The cops actually raided 33 Lahina, but Gilligan and Mary Ann were there and converted the police officers on the spot, and other endless minor variations.

Me, I say go for a mind blowing hand job in the surf. Once you're in tune with that part of the story, everything else just sort of seems to fall into place.

End the Book of Bryce

see

www.Takosori.com
for more

The Sick: Drugs, Sex, and Celaphopods
By Eddie Takosori
Book 2 - The Second Tentacle: The Sky

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Book 3 - The Third Tentacle: The Ocean

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The Sick: Drugs, Sex, and Celaphopods

By Eddie Takosori

Book 3 - The Third Tentacle: The Ocean

Book 3 - The Third Tentacle: The Ocean

a.k.a.

When Celaphopods Attack!!!

The following scenes, conversations, and events
have been carefully put together by sifting through
nonexistent notes, correspondence, interviews with

Celaphopods, and other means and manner of historical journalism.

No expense has been spared. No proverbial rock has been left unturned. No effort was too great to bring you this most exacting of narratives.

3.3.0

The Limousine Driver

The Pacific Ocean is the largest expanse of open water in the world. There is nothing for miles around except water... and tourists bobbing up and down in the water waiting for the airlines to pick them up. If you are a small boy, this can be quite the adventure. When you get home, you can tell your best friend how you spent the entire time in the water, but he'll never really get it. In a few years when you start collecting all the newspaper stories you can find about Lahina, your folks will think it's a bit odd, but in the end a harmless diversion. As the years go by, you start spouting random Sick thoughts, mostly about how the world is going to end, always in another six years. When you are older, they give you a year's pass to a mental health clinic for your birthday. "It's like a health club for the mind," they say, but you know they think you are crazy. Friendships will fade away. Concerns of the world will seem unimportant. College? Knowledge? What's the point? You have a direct link up with Si. A universe of information is just a tentacle away. Not quite gone enough to commit, not quite with it enough to...

You become a limousine driver. They gave you a license! And you're the crazy one. Mostly you drive folks to the airport, ironically folks going to Hawaii. You smile knowingly. When their trip is over and you are driving them back home, you listen for inconsistencies. You notice how thorough the brainwashing has become. You can smell the saltwater on them and see the effects of ten days of sun on their bodies. You see the smiles on

their faces. Yes, the brainwashing has come a long way, much better than when you went to Hawaii.

On occasion you drive celebrities, singers, and movie stars. You haven't got the slightest idea who they are. You don't care. They are not part of your world. They like the lack of attention. They like that you treat them like just another human being. On occasion you wait with one for a delayed flight, in back of a concert hall, or at a roadside rest stop on a long cross country trip, "because flying is dangerous."

"Don't ever go to Hawaii," you say.

"Why?"

You look him over. He knows you're off. You know that he knows you're off, but he doesn't care. You don't care that he's rich, famous, or whatever the fuck, or whoever the fuck he is. He doesn't care if you say stuff in combinations he's never heard before. He's actually enjoying himself.

Hawaii? "It doesn't exist," you tell him.

He doesn't know what to say.

"It's all a scam by the airlines."

He's been reading about it in the news, "But the Sick, Lahina?"

"Oh, that part is true. It's Hawaii that doesn't exist."

He doesn't understand. You tell him about when you were little and you took a vacation to Hawaii. How you spent ten days and nights in the ocean, bobbing up and down, but, "Shsssh, it's a secret..." mental practitioners... brainwaves... not quite right... Lahina Homeopathic Medical Center... don't tell anyone... normal life...

The guy you're driving doesn't quite get it. "What's to get? They're aliens. They suck your brain." Neural research... squid neurons... aquariums... big white porcelain robots... spaceships... electro imaging... travel through the wormhole... and then the water... run to the water... the water is safety... the warm embrace... water...

The ocean crashes around you. Your parents let you play. “All he has is today,” they say. It’s a good enough excuse for you. You play. If you stop playing, they’ll take you back inside, so you stay in the ocean. Day turns to night. Stars fill the sky and you see the meteors streak through the heavens. Big roaring space ships with lights on either side, like the constellation of cancer. They must come from a water world.

You fall asleep on the beach. It’s late. Time to go. The hotel is conveniently located next to the airport. It’s just a short shuttle ride away. It’s time to go home, but the whole world has changed. It’s never the same.

The man, the rich, famous, whoever, or whatever the fuck he is man gives you a big tip. “Great story.”

On occasion you tell the story to others. Your boss starts to tell you at the beginning of a shift, “Just shut the fuck up and drive,” or “They called requesting you.” He shakes his head. “Shit, who’d think a moron would get a fan club.”

You told the story. Some folks tried to trip you up in logical inconsistencies. “How can Lahina be real and Hawaii false?” That’s a good fucking question. Or worse, “That’s pretty damn funny.” I hate it when they laugh. You can see them trying to be nice, hold it in, and then they just spray a burst of laughter. “Sorry, sorry.” Then they’d look at you again and explode, “Oh my God...ha ha ha...”

Kelly. You know Kelly... Lahina, the Sick, tattoos, piercings, all thirty two of them, someone gave her a limo ride as a present, as a joke.

She wanted to go to the beach. We watched the waves.

After a while she said, “So, you got a story or something?”

This was Kelly. It wasn’t that she was rich. It wasn’t that she was famous. She was Kelly, central to the story, central to it all. I talked. Nervously, I told her what she must have already known. I wondered what parts I had gotten wrong...

I paused. How was I doing?

She looked at me. She giggled. She laughed. She exploded.

It's one thing to be laughed at by everybody. It's another to be laughed at by Kelly... Kelly Lee. A lifetime of anger welled up in me. A little tentacle at the back of my head told me to kill the bitch. I wrapped my hands around her throat and I squeezed.

It took her a moment to realize what I was doing. It took her a moment to stop laughing. It took her a moment to realize the world was turning black.

I was going to kill the traitorous bitch.

That's when she kicked me in the balls.

I toppled. Groaning, I clutching my balls. She jumped on top of me, grabbed me by my hair, and slammed my head down hard. She was straddling my hands. It took me a moment to get them free. I grabbed at her hair, her face, her chest... She was getting ready to slam my head down again and then she suddenly stopped. I stopped.

Her hands were holding my hair. I was squeezing the pulp out of her tits.

"Evil traitorous bitch."

"Fucking psychotic asshole."

She kissed me.

I turned her over. With a hand in her hair, I held her down. I kissed her and as I did, I brought my hand up to her throat.

"Don't ever fucking laugh at me."

But she wasn't listening. It was all a set up. Long years of planning had come to a climax. A tentacle hit the dopamine release button in the back of her head as she blindly struggled with my pants.

She got me out and I kissed her as I entered her. The tentacle hit the back of her mind and she sputtered a laugh that exploded through our lips.

"Don't laugh at me!" The rage coursed through me. A tentacle hit the back of my mind. I held her hands over her head. I held her throat. I convinced her it would be better not to laugh.

“So, are we through laughing?”

“Yes,” she said seriously as she gazed into my eyes.

“Good,” I replied as I traced a finger down the side of her body, tickling her. She bit her lip. She held her breath. She fought back the urge to laugh.

“You’re evil,” she said with love in her eyes, a desire in her heart, and a Celaphopod calling the shots at the back of her mind.

“Your wish is my command...”

...a scene of pointlessly violent sex fades to black. The crash of waves drowns out the sound of laughter, giggles, and bittersweet pain. Four meteors carrying Celaphopods land in the ocean a little way off the coast of Lahina. Enter Yr’goth, Flipper, Mary Ann, and Gilligan, in order of their intelligence.

2.0.0

When Celaphopods Attack

“This isn’t going good at all,” Gilligan the blue Celaphopod observed.

“What are you talking about?” Mary Ann the pink Celaphopod replied.

“The ships, they’re sinking.”

“They’re supposed to sink. Just like meteors. How can there be any aliens without any space ships?”

Gilligan started to slip under the water. In a blind panic he started to thrash. “Help! I don’t know how to swim.”

Mary Ann helped Gilligan keep the appendage he had decided was his head above the water. He sputtered. He spit up salt water. It was some trick considering he was a Celaphopod. He looked like a blue five pointed cartoon starfish. He didn’t have a mouth, a head, lungs, or a heart. When Mary Ann pointed this out to him, he flashed gang signs from the tip of his stalks as he said, “Cold blooded and heartless. Don’t you forget it.”

Mary Ann could see it was going to be a long six years.

Yr'goth was talking to a whale. Yr'goth looked like a giant green octopus, or maybe it was orange, or red with yellow dots. Look, octopuses can change the color of their skins. Yr'goth was whatever color he wanted to be.

Mary Ann helped Gilligan swim over to the dolphin Flipper was talking to. Flipper was going to eat this dolphin's brain and Yr'goth was going to eat the whale's brain. Gilligan looked at Flipper. At least he was with the program. He was blue and looked like a squid ought to look. He wasn't pink. He wasn't calling himself a Celapho-gal. And, he didn't think he was the creature from 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea. That Yr'goth should go on a diet or something.

Yr'goth slipped a probing tentacle down into the whale's mind. Flipper followed his actions. Yr'goth reassured the creature. He let him know that yes, his time was at an end, but his kind would benefit in the long run. The whale heard. He understood. The first thing that Yr'goth had done was seek out his pleasure center and even now he was dumping dopamine, whale-a-mine, or whatever the happy-happy joy-joy chemical is called in a whale... the whale was as happy as a whale could be.

"It's the middle of summer," Gilligan said while wiping the sweat from his forehead. It was the dead of the night, but he was dying from the heat. He repeated himself. He didn't know much, but he knew if people didn't do what you wanted them to do or pretended like they didn't understand your words of wisdom, what you needed to do was repeat yourself. "It's the middle of summer."

"Yes."

"What's a whale doing here?"

"We called them."

"We?"

"Well, Yr'goth mostly."

"What do you mean we called them?"

Mary Ann was already exasperated. She wondered how long six years was exactly. If Gilligan was typical of men, she could see why so many women drank. “We, you, me, Flipper, and Yr’goth, we are all Celaphopods. ESP, mind control, sucking brains, mmm yummy brains,” she said proddingly. “Remember?”

“We have to do the virus thing first before we can control minds.”

“No we don’t.”

“I’m pretty sure we do.”

“No we don’t.”

Gilligan clenched his forehead, squinted his eyes, and concentrated real hard.

“What are you doing?”

“Mind control. You’re going to give me a hand job.”

“In your dreams.”

“I bet you’re lying about the whole mind control thing.”

“Believe what you want. It’s why a whale and a school of dolphins met us at the landing site.”

Gilligan looked around. He didn’t see any buoys or flashing lights. “I don’t see how this was planned. It was a crash landing. You’re just trying to make me feel better.”

Yr’goth had eaten the whale’s brain. In the whale’s body, he jumped out of the water and did a few full water breeches. He sprayed great plumes of salt water high into the air.

Gilligan held his nose. “It smells.”

“Whale snot,” Mary Ann agreed.

Yr’goth played with Flipper. They did that thing that dolphins do. You know, jump through hoops, ring a few bells, and toss a beach ball back and forth, typical dolphin water show stuff. For a finale they splashed Gilligan and Mary Ann.

“Good show,” Gilligan observed. He had gotten an inflatable tube and water wings, so he felt a lot more comfortable in the water.

“Thank you,” Yr’goth replied.

Flipper did that dolphin chirp thing.
Yr'goth took a deep breath and dived to the bottom of the ocean. From the depths he called back, "If anybody asks, Gilligan's in charge."
"Never to be heard from again," Gilligan observed.
"I'm right here," Yr'goth's voice echoed.
"Gone. Abandoned. We're all alone. Crash landed. The mission is already a failure. The code buried deep under the sea. Our leader insane."
"At least the last part's right," Mary Ann agreed.
"So I'm in charge?"
"I guess so."
"So, how about that hand job?"

2.0.1

When Celaphopods Attack

Mary Ann helped Gilligan back onto Flipper. They set up folding lawn chairs. Gilligan put on sunglasses. It was night, but he wanted to look cool. First impressions were important.
"Do we even know the code? Not that it matters. Yr'goth has deserted us," Gilligan complained.
"I'm right here," Yr'goth corrected him.
"The ship has sunk and what's his name already took off. Back home they're going to think everything is OK."
"Everything is OK. The code is 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6," Mary Ann assured Gilligan.
"1, 2, 3, 4, 5, ?... It's only been two minutes and you can't remember the code?"
"Six you idiot. Six."
"Sick? What kind of code is that?"
"When Yr'goth said you got next to nothing, he wasn't kidding was he?"

Gilligan danced in his lounge chair, a Mai Tai in his hand. He swayed the sixth appendage between his legs in a provocative way. "I got what's important baby."

"It's not going to happen."

This Mary Ann was a tough cookie. It was just a matter of time, just a matter of getting through the no's, wearing her down, and getting to a yes. "I'm a Cela-guy. You're a Cela-girl. The stars are out. The moon is bright." He reached for her hand.

"I'm not giving you a hand job."

His squinted his forehead.

"Mind control only works on humans. Besides, we're sister and brother. It's never going to happen."

"Ah, the ultimate taboo," he said with sudden understanding. He flashed his bedroom eyes at her. "Sounds saucy."

Flipper did his dolphin squeak thing breaking the moment.

"What is it Lassie? What is it boy?"

2.0.2

When Celaphopods Attack

Up ahead in the surf was a human guy and a human girl.

"Hot damn! It's hand job time," Gilligan cried out excitedly as he ran to the tip of Flipper's nose and dived into the water. Of course, he couldn't swim.

"Help... glub... glub... glub."

Flipper continued on his course towards Bryce and Kim. Mary Ann stayed on his back like a smart, sensible, Cela-girl.

"Help!" Gilligan cried from behind them.

Mary Ann shook her head. "You're wearing water wings. Remember?"

"Oh, yeah." Gilligan splashed his arms, gulped in a mouthful of water, and spouted it out into the air like a birdbath or garden fountain. He looked into the stars and saw Si spread across the night sky. Then he remembered the girl who was giving away hand jobs up ahead. "I call dibs on the chick."

Mary Ann ignored him as she hopped onto Kim's shoulder.

"Don't worry," Bryce said. "They're just going to suck our brains."

"Then it's pa-ar-ar-ty," Gilligan called from where he was in the water dogpaddling towards them as fast as he could. "Hey, I called dibs. I get the girl."

Kim had been mesmerized by the dolphin and she couldn't believe this pink starfish creature was actually sitting on her shoulder, but she wasn't sold on the whole brain sucking thing.

"Don't worry," Mary Ann assured Kim as she slipped a tentacle into the base of Kim's head right where the spine and skull meet. "Just relax. Enjoy the moment. After all, how many conversations with aliens do you get?"

"But, I wanted to go to college. I wanted to changed the world..." Kim's voice trailed off.

"And you will," Mary Ann assured her.

"Hey. No fair. I called dibs."

Using Kim's hands, Mary Ann lifted Gilligan out of the water and set him down on Bryce's shoulder. "There's your hand job, squid boy."

Gilligan squinted his forehead.

"You look like you're trying to take a dump."

"I'm controlling your mind." He stretched out his arms and jiggled his appendages. "You're a human now. Time for that hand job."

"Maybe you should suck his brain first."

Throughout all of this Bryce waited patiently. He had been promised by Celli that he would rule the world and be master of all he surveyed. So far, the guy had kept his word. "Are you Celli?"

Gilligan looked at him. "Celli, no I'm Gilligan. You know, Gilligan's Island." He danced. "On a three hour tour... I don't know the rest."

He and Bryce tried to piece it together. "Water getting rough... fearless crew... The Minnow would be lost... The Minnow would be lost."

“At least it wasn’t the three stooges,” Mary Ann said, trying to look on the bright side.

“Who?” Gilligan asked.

“You know, knuck-knuck,” Bryce supplied helpfully.

“Just eat his brain already.”

“Right.” Gilligan braced himself against Bryce’s forehead with one hand while he searched for the right spot. Bryce waited patiently. Gilligan looked at him. “You know, for a guy who’s about to have his brain sucked, you’re amazing calm.”

“No fear,” Bryce explained.

“I’ve had his mind under control for a while,” Yr’goth chirped in.

“There it is that voice in my head again,” Gilligan said as he looked around perplexed. “Does anybody else hear that?”

“It’s Yr’goth.”

“He’s haunting me! What did I do? He’s the one who decided to dive to the bottom of the ocean never to be seen or heard from again. I didn’t tell him to do it.” He turned to Bryce. “I specifically remember telling him we should head off to Lahina...”

“This ain’t Lahina dude.”

“Great! Crash landed, the guy with all the knowledge went insane, he’s lost on the bottom of the sea, and now we’ve gone to the wrong town.” He shook his head. “Fine. The jig’s up. We might as well enjoy ourselves. I specifically remember suggesting we should go get ourselves some cute girls to give us some hand jobs.”

“Shit dude. I can give myself a hand job. If you want real action, go for a blow job.”

Mary Ann was getting impatient. “Whatever, hand job, throat job, thigh job, is that all you guys ever think about?”

Gilligan and Bryce looked at each other. They nodded their heads in agreement. “Yeah.”

“Great, then you’ll get along just fine. No one will notice the difference. Just suck his brain already.”

“She’s a bit bossy,” Bryce observed.

“Yeah, I’m the boss.”

“Suck his brain.”

“Suck on this,” Gilligan said offhandedly, but he did as he was told. With his tongue hanging out of the corner of his mouth and his body pressed against Bryce’s ear, he searched for the place he was looking for, found it, stuck a tentacle in, and coughed. He hacked. He doubled over.

“Hack. Hack. I’ve been poisoned. Hack. Hack.”

“Must be the meth,” Mary Ann guessed.

Gilligan blinked his eyes and shook his head. “How much of that stuff do you do?”

“Enough to have conversations with blue squids,” Bryce replied, being perhaps the most reasonable statement thus far that evening. “And pink squids. No offense ma’am.”

Bryce had gotten a dreamy far away look in his eyes. Before he left, he wanted to ask Kim, Mary Ann, whoever, whatever she was one final question. “Are you going to give him a hand job after I’m gone?”

Mary Ann put her arm out and caressed the side of Bryce’s face. She had not eaten all of Kim, most of her remained buried under Mary Ann, and every time Bryce mentioned a hand job the part of Kim that remained kept on screaming. Mary Ann repeated what Kim was screaming for Bryce, “Ewww! Nooo!”

Bryce smiled and drifted under the water, because after all, Gilligan didn’t know how to swim.

Bryce was no more.

2.0.3

When Celaphopods Attack

Mary Ann reached into the water and grabbed Gilligan by his hair. Flipper dove under the water and pushed him up with his nose.

“Hey. Hey-Hey! Watch the nose buddy,” Gilligan exclaimed.

Flipper not quite with his role yet, did that Woody Woodpecker thing. “Ya-ha-na-ha, ya-ha-na-ha, ya-ha-na-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha,” and punctuated his remarks with a back flip... because he could.

Gilligan was admiring the surfboard he was floating on. “These things are really handy. They float and everything.”

“You can surf on them too,” Mary Ann added sarcastically. She paddled into a wave as she called back, “And, if you didn’t eat too quickly, you might remember how to surf.” As if to prove her point, Mary Ann stood up and rode the wave to perfection.

Flipper danced with her in the surf.

“Right. Not eat too quickly. Going to have to make a note of that... I wish someone would tell me these things in advance.” Gilligan was saying this to himself, but Bryce’s body knew a good wave when it saw one. It had been surfing for the better part of a year now. It paddled into the wave and rode it like a pro.

“Cow-a-bunga dude.” Gilligan started to do a little dance and promptly wiped out.

“Help! Help! I drowning,” he called out before he realized he was swimming towards his board. Behind him he heard Flipper give a mocking chirp and he clutched at his balls protectively.

“Hey. I got it covered. A little respect here.”

2.0.4

When Celaphopods Attack

Long story short, they surfed: Gilligan, Mary Ann, Flipper, and a flock of dolphins.

While they surfed, Yr’goth crawled into the mind of a circuit court judge. All of a sudden the judge couldn’t remember that good reason he had for not signing a search warrant. A task force was assembled. Against his better judgment, Taz invited four bikers who were probably undercover cops back to the bungalow.

Also, against his better judgment, Moon met them there and with well choreographed precision Lahina was swamped with police cars.

“Look at the lights. They’re throwing a welcoming party for us,” Gilligan cried in delight from the surf.

“Maybe we should just wait it out,” Mary Ann, the voice of reason, replied, but Gilligan was already running ashore.

“Go after him,” Yr’goth instructed. “Keep him alive for a week, then he’ll be fine.”

Flipper chirped, which meant he’d like to help, but he was just going to watch from the water.

Gilligan walked straight into the middle of a group of police officers surrounding Moon’s house. “Wow! Blue lights, blue uniforms, you guys really go all out.” He shook his hair so his blue lobes would dangle in the flashing lights, but nobody noticed. He put on a pair of sunglasses. “Kimo!” he shouted slapping the dirty Hawaiian cop on the back of his uniform with his wet hands. “How’s the payoff racket going? I bet you got that new pool by now.”

He was immediately surrounded by police officers. A few lazily thumped their Billy clubs into their open palms.

“He’s not all there,” Mary Ann explained as she ran into the middle of the group. He hit his head surfing a while back and he’s never been the same.”

To confirm the point Gilligan squinted his eyes, wrinkled his forehead, and for all the world looked like he was shitting his pants.

“What is he doing now?” one of the cops asked with obvious distaste.

“He’s probably crapping his pants,” Mary Ann explained, “but he thinks he controlling your minds.”

“I’m a Cepha-la-lalopod.”

“You sure he’s not just drunk?”

Gilligan ignored them. One of the cops was holding what was probably the warrant. Gilligan grabbed it out of his hands. He

read it. “Bryce Canyon? Good luck with that. He’s dead. And what’s this 33 Lahina?”

“Yeah, we’re looking for that.”

“The guy typing it must have a stutter or something. You know. Three... Three Lahina... it’s up that way.”

He handed the paper back to the officer. Bryce’s name and one of the threes had disappeared and were now just watery smears.

The cop scratched his head.

“Now I need a hand job. Which one of you is up for it?”

Gilligan reconsidered for a moment. “Or a throat job, I hear those are better.”

“Just take him home,” ordered a big burly Sergeant, who may or may not have given Yr’goth a speeding ticket last week. It was late at night. No one was around, but nooo, rules were rules and the Sergeant had to write Yr’goth a ticket. “If I let one Celaphopod break the rules,” he had said, “where does it end? There’d be anarchy.”

Yr’goth was still bitter about that, so he reached out with his mind, had the Sergeant kneel before Gilligan, and give him what was quite possible the worst blow job in the history of mankind.

“What the hell are you doing Sarge?”

Gilligan’s mind was weak. Very, very weak... kind of flickering in and out, that sort of weak. He would have been repulsed at the idea of a middle aged, overweight man giving him head, but for all his mental weakness he had a tremendous strength. He had the power of negative thinking on his side. It was the power of delusion, of make believe. It was the power of NOT.

As in he knew it was Not a middle aged, Not an overweight man, giving him what was arguably Not the worst blow job in the history of man. And when you took away what it couldn’t possibly be, it was fairly obvious that the chick from the beginning of Babe Watch was giving him a world class welcome.

The sight was horrifying. A detective shuddered. “Geez Sarge, watch your teeth.”

When he was done, he stood up and wiped his mouth. Pulling out his gun he asked, “OK. Which one of you clowns is next?”

The Sick virus was spreading.

2.0.5

When Celaphopods Attack

Or at least it would have spread if anybody had bothered to make a Sick virus yet. It was an oversight.

“Oops. My bad,” Yr’goth could be heard to say later.

“I can’t believe you did that,” Mary Ann said in astonishment of both Gilligan and Yr’goth.

“He had it coming. He could have just let me off with a warning.”

“He never gave you a ticket.”

“Duh,” Gilligan piped in. “What have I been telling you? Insane. Yr’goth dives to the ocean floor never to be heard from again. He’s off his rocker. I mean, what kind of stupid name is Yr’goth anyway?”

“It’s a family name,” Mary Ann explained.

“I think it comes from my mother’s brother’s side. He was a bit of...”

“No,” Mary Ann corrected him. “Yr’goth is your name. It was your father’s name. It was your father’s father’s name.”

“Noo.” Even Gilligan knew this. “Everybody knows dad’s name was Celli... if he even had a name. I don’t even think Celaphopods have names.”

“Why am I always the voice of reason?”

“You’re not now,” Gilligan begged to differ. “I mean finally, you’re making a big mistake. See you’re not perfect. You’re human like the rest of us.”

“No. I’m a Celaphopod.”

“Not a Celapho-gal?” Yr’goth chirped in.

“I’m a Celaphopod. You’re a Celaphopod. Gilligan is a Celaphopod. And Flipper is a Celaphopod. We are all Celaphopods.”

Gilligan started to dance his human body from where he lay on the floor. “I like to think of myself more as a Cela-pho-lucky type guy myself.”

Mary Ann ignored him. “The point is we all have names. We are Celaphopods and we all have names. Therefore, Celaphopods have names. And Celli’s name was Yr’goth.”

“Why would he call himself Celli if his name was Yr’goth?”

“What makes you think he ever called himself Celli?”

Gilligan didn’t have an answer to that.

Seeing as how that was settled, Mary Ann decided it was time to move on and get to work. “So, can we get on with the Sick virus? That’s why we’re all here... or sort of here. Me and Gilligan hanging out in this abandoned house...”

Flipper teetered. “I thought you were hiding out because after Yr’goth let the cops minds go, they swore they were going to come back and kill you.”

“Yeah dude. Not funny,” Gilligan scolded Yr’goth. “Not funny at all.”

“So, you’re saying, it’s Not Not Funny, so like ha ha...”

“No. No guys dude. Just chicks. I’m a Celapho-dude. I don’t go for guys.”

Flipper and Mary Ann were busy having a good laugh. “That’s not the way we heard it.”

Gilligan spent a moment shifting the memory of the cop giving him a blowjob to the sixth part. That was definitely one thing his kids never needed to know about. Flipper and Yr’goth crawled into Gilligan’s head. “Hey. It’s a little crowded in here.”

“Calm down. We’re just helping you with the virus.”

“What’s this?” Yr’goth asked. “You don’t want to remember the time a sweaty...”

“You got to promise you’re never going to do that again.”

“Of course. Of course,” Yr’goth said in the soothing tones of the manically insane as he removed the offending memory from Gilligan’s brain and insured nothing even close to it would ever form again.

“Hey. I can feel you mucking about. What are you doing up there?”

“Just working on some performance issues... Tell me. When I say flashing blue police lights, what do you think of?”

“Yowsa. The things she did with that Billy club.”

“She was one freaky cop,” Mary Ann managed as she suppressed a giggle.

“I hear she wants you,” Flipper said, joining in the fun. “All she can do is think about you. She can’t work, can’t sleep. Next week she’s cumming, just for you.”

“That’s what I’m talking about,” Gilligan agreed as he drifted off to sleep.

“What are you going to do about Taz?” Mary Ann asked.

“He’s always been Bryce’s bitch. I don’t think the change will be difficult.”

After a pause, Mary Ann asked, “So, I’m not going to have to sleep with Gilligan to get the Virus.”

“No,” Yr’goth reassured her. “Gilligan is the sexually transmitted vector. His will be faster and more potent, but yours will be more pervasive. I think Flipper is working on a modified cold virus for you, very slow acting, not as powerful, but transmitted by touch.”

“Good. I don’t know how Gilligan does it. That whole sex thing sounds icky to me.”

Flipper didn’t see the need to comment. In the ocean he cavorted with his harem, did flips, and spread his seed. In six years all the dolphins in the world would be infected and his children would then ride turtles, manta rays, squids... who knows. All the creatures of the sea were for his and his descendants. Even now he could feel Yr’goth suck whatever useful knowledge he had

from his brain, letting him keep bits here and there, but taking most for himself. It didn't matter. He would get the sea.

10,000' down, the whale's carcass settled to the bottom of the ocean. Yr'goth slowly ate, digested the protein, and sent out tendrils into the ocean, into the air, and into the ether. He was as safe as a thing could be. Humans could not reach him. Here he would stay conducting his campaign of world domination through his proxies: Gilligan, the fall man: Kim, the silent mole: and, Flipper, invisible to the eyes of man.

2.0.6

When Celaphopods Attack

Gilligan and Mary Ann spent a week in each other's arms... keeping each other warm.

The Celaphopods communed amongst themselves as Yr'goth shared, edited, and re-appropriated the knowledge his predecessor had given each of them. It was during this time that Gilligan and Mary Ann each created their own version of the Sick virus.

At some point Taz found them in one of the abandoned houses by the shore. Kelly and Eve joined the group and as Mary Ann watched with a bemused smile on her face, Gilligan's wildest Celaphopodian dreams came true. He made love to three women at once.

"You're my bitch, aren't you?" Gilligan instructed Taz... What was that short for Tazmine? Jasmine? It didn't matter.

"Yes," Taz replied as she sat on his face.

Mary Ann covered her mouth and tried hard not to laugh. Flipper leapt high into the air, did a somersault, and twittered a loud, "ya-ha-na-ha, ya-ha-na-ha, ya-ha-na-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha," for all the world to hear. While Yr'goth settled down onto the ocean floor and wondered if it was true. Had he gone insane?

2.0.7

When Celaphopods Attack

Not even a hand job. Gilligan couldn't believe it. He had been enjoying the view of the ocean. He turned around shaking his head. "Things aren't going as planned." How had Mary Ann ever gotten on a plane without sleeping with him? They were practically brother and sister. Wasn't she supposed to give him a goodbye hand job or something?

As he turned, Gilligan noticed Jazz and Ginger kneeling on the ground before him. They were worried. They had just returned from taking Mary Ann and Kelly to the airport. They had never expected Kelly to leave. They thought Kelly was mad at him for sleeping with her sister... and Kim had just made matters worse when she blew Bryce a goodbye kiss at the door. Bryce, for his part, hadn't even said goodbye. He'd just stared out the window. Taz and Eve wondered if he had completely lost it.

As if to confirm this thought, the first thing Gilligan said was, "Time to go to Lahina," as he walked past them out the door.

Jazz and Ginger scrambled to catch up. They had been staying at 3 Lahina again. When they caught up to Bryce at the bottom of the hill, he was reading the town sign.

"Welcome to Lahina. Population 27. Elevation 10'." After a pause, Gilligan added, "We're going to have to change that."

Neither Taz nor Eve knew exactly what he meant. Gilligan was referring to the population 27 part. How could you get a really good party going with only 27 people? But since the town wasn't called Lahina, Taz figured he meant the town's name. Later that week, Taz would screw an engraved wooden plaque over the name on the old sign. If Gilligan said they were in Lahina, then that's where they would be.

Of course, that was in a couple days, when Taz had decided Jazz was a better name, had started making plans in his head for a sex change operation, was more thoroughly at ease with Bryce being Gilligan, and was no longer concerned that Gilligan was

completely and totally insane. Right now, he was having problems with it all.

Gilligan hadn't waited to chat. He walked on into town, up the stairs to Moon's house, and right through the door.

Moon was out on bail. He was sitting behind his desk. He looked up eagerly when Gilligan walked in. "Bryce! Just the man I need to talk to."

Gilligan looked around. He'd been getting that a lot lately. He must have a twin or something that looked just like him. While he was trying to locate this Bryce guy, Jazz and Eve walked in.

"You know my family Moon. My wife Jazz and daughter Ginger."

"Ma'am?" Moon replied. Bryce had always been a bit weird and when you were out on bail everyone treated you differently, just in case you were wearing a wiretap or something. Who knew what the cops had left behind? So, they had all made up new names. Moon could play along.

"Good. Good..." Gilligan, Bryce, depending on whose point of view you wanted to follow at the moment was a little distracted. "Where's that Star Flower Daisy missus of yours?"

"I don't think we need to involve her in this."

"Sure we do."

Star had been listening from the kitchen. She came into the room when she was mentioned. "You're going to help Moon? Aren't you Bryce?"

Gilligan looked around again. "There's no Bryce here."

Star recognized the signs of paranoid. "Of course not," she said soothingly. "I don't think we've ever met."

"Gilligan. The name is Gilligan. I think you might already know my wife Jazz and daughter Ginger."

"It's a pleasure," Star Flower Daisy assured Gilligan.

"Good. Good." Gilligan was anxious to get this show on the road. "So, if the pleasantries are over, can get down to business?"

"Yeah."

"Sure," came the general consensus.

“Great. Then it’s time for a blowjob.”

2.0.8

When Celaphopods Attack

Star Shine was willing to stand by her man, or kneel in front of another man, if that’s what it took. Wordlessly she unzipped Gilligan’s pants.

“What the hell are you doing?”

“A blowjob,” Gilligan informed Moon. “Isn’t it obvious?” But, then he realized why Moon was getting upset. It was probably rude to get a blowjob in front of others, you know, without sharing. “Jazz if you’ll do the man.”

Moon was a little light headed from the cold that had been sweeping through Lahina and Yr’goth was working his magic off screen. Moon wasn’t really sure if it would help any, but he couldn’t see how a blowjob would hurt, but still... If he had his choice between Taz and Eve, he was going to go with, “Ginger.”

Gilligan’s attention was split... compromised, as it were... by this point.

“I’m just saying, if I had my choice, I think I’d go with Ginger.”

“She’s just a kid.”

“I’m old enough Daddy,” pleaded Ginger. “Please. Pretty please,” continued Ginger who was Eve, who was used to playing games, who also knew that Gilligan wasn’t going to stop her while he was otherwise occupied, so she went around behind the desk and blew Moon.

“This is what it’s all about,” Gilligan remarked as he pulled up his shorts. “So, it’s off to the Thai Shack.”

“But Moon?” Star Petal asked.

“If anybody shows up, just give them whatever they want.”

“So, we’re still in business?” Moon asked.

“He wants to know about the meth,” Yr’goth helped Gilligan out.

Gilligan looked around and up at the ceiling. “Does anybody else hear that voice?”

They all looked at him.

Gilligan’s eyes finally settled on Moon’s. He remembered the taste in his mouth when he bit into Bryce. He spit at the memory, “P-toey.” He shuddered. “No more meth. The body is a temple, dude. If another temple needs a spit and polish, think of it as an offering to Si.”

“So, it’s over?”

Gilligan didn’t see what was so hard to understand. Wasn’t the virus kicking in? “Spit and polish dude, spit and polish. Everything will work out.”

Then he gave Star a pat on the butt and was on his way.

2.0.9

When Celaphopods Attack

The next stop was the Thai Shack. Gilligan was understandably nervous. He had heard all manner of horror stories about this place. They served tentacle stew, fried squid. You could even get an octopus burger. Auntie was a cannibal. There was no doubt about it.

He could already see the sign:

Special Today, Roast Celaphopod.
\$2.95, All You Can Eat.

Gilligan didn’t want to go inside. “Auntie,” he called from the front door.

There was a shuffling sound from back in the kitchen. Slowly Auntie came into view. She was wearing a robe and house slippers. She had a box of Kleenex in one hand and was blowing her nose.

She had a bad cold and her daughters, “Dey gone.”

Gilligan could see she was distraught. He overcame his fear and hugged her. "They both love you." He set up an open channel to them in his mind. "Is there anything that you would like to tell either of them?"

"When dey come back, my Kelly and Kim?"

On the plane, both Kelly and Kim could sense their mother. They sent words of comfort through Gilligan, but they both knew that in a matter of hours, days, or weeks Auntie would be on board and talking to her would be as easy as... thinking about talking to her. It was hard for them to be sad about it. In just a little while, even though they would be thousands of miles away, they would be closer than they had ever been before.

"Auntie Lee'cious," Gilligan whispered to Auntie as he held her in his arms.

"It what dey call me when dey little, Auntie Lee'cious."

"Ono grind, bust da mouth."

Auntie looked at Gilligan worriedly, "Dey come back?"

"No... but you can join them."

That didn't sound good to Auntie. It sounded sort of ominous, like a threat. Gilligan led her back inside. He could sense she wanted to run away.

"Hold onto her," he instructed Jazz and Ginger.

"What you do to my girls? What you do to Auntie?" Auntie was scared now. Bryce had always been a bit different. She liked him, but she had always known, if someone in Lahina was going to snap, it would be him.

Gilligan was back in the kitchen. Auntie heard dishes clatter around, cabinets open and shut.

"What you do?" She looked at Taz and Eve. They held onto her wrists. Their eyes were glazed over, like they were zombies, like they weren't even there. They just blindly waited for Gilligan to come back and give them another order. "What you do?"

Finally Gilligan returned. He had a busboy tub filled with a wild assortment of supplies. "Put her on the table."

"You crazy. You loose mind."

She started to scream, but Jazz put his hand over her mouth. Auntie was spread out over the table. Bryce had lost his mind. She saw him scraping two knives back and forth like he was getting ready to butcher her.

“Why you do this to Auntie?”

Gilligan paused. It was a reasonable question. “To find out if you really are Auntie Lee’cious... To save the human race.” And then, after a moment’s additional thought he added, “If you weren’t a cannibal, I’d have you suck my cock, but I don’t trust you anywhere near my wiener, so I’m going to have to eat you instead.”

“You eat Auntie to save the human race,” she said in disbelief.

Yep, Gilligan nodded, glad that she had a thorough understanding of the situation. He pulled up a chair and good to his word, preceded to eat Auntie out. He couldn’t see how a knife and fork would help him, so he ended up using his fingers. He tried salt and pepper, meat tenderizer, and even Tabasco sauce.

Tabasco sauce was a mistake. Auntie cried bloody murder when he used a drop of that, and it didn’t really add anything to the taste. He had to run back to the kitchen and throw a dozen pitchers of water on Auntie to get her to stop screaming. In the end he decided fish sauce was the best, if you were going to use anything, but really raw was the only way to go.

Auntie really was Auntie Lee’cious and the virus took hold of her quickly.

When they were done, they sat around one of the big tables. Out of habit, Jazz grabbed them all a round of beer, but after one sip Gilligan spit it out. “Hack. Argh!” He looked like he was going to die. He felt like he did when he’d bit into Bryce that first time. “What the heck is in this stuff?”

“It’s beer,” Jazz told him.

“Alcohol,” Ginger clarified.

“It’s got to go,” Gilligan informed them.

They spent the next several hours clearing all of the poisons out of the Thai Shack. They dumped all the wine, beer, alcohol, soda, candy, and chips into the dumpster in back, while the frozen fish and meat got tossed to Flipper and his friends in the ocean. When they were done, there was nothing but good, wholesome, whole grain, vegetarian food left.

While they were throwing the frozen fish to the dolphins, the first of the tourist couples showed up.

“Wow! They come right up to shore.”

“Yeah. They’re real friendly,” Gilligan agreed.

Flipper did a back flip at that moment just to show off.

“Impressive... I’m John,” the man said as he thrust out his hand. “John Kaclastertadamdam and my wife Jenny.”

Gilligan shook his hand.

“We heard the Thai Shack is Thee best restaurant on the island. Nutty wait staff, really wild... no one ever mentioned the dolphins though.”

“A real swingers place,” his 350lb wife added hopefully.

“Bryce? I hear Bryce really knows how to throw a party... He’s real open minded.”

“That’s what I hear,” Gilligan assured them as he scanned the shore. “I really hope I meet him before long... Oh, I’m Gilligan. I’m a space alien here on a mission of world domination.”

Jenny gave him a suspicious glance and Gilligan tried to put his arm around her waist. It was odd, for a 95lb blonde blue eyed coed, he was having a hard time getting his arm around her waist. No matter. “How about a welcome to Earth blow job as a show of good will from the people of Earth towards the Celaphopod race?”

As she was trying to make sense of this request, he guided her out into the surf and whether she ate him, he ate her, or there was some sort of hand, throat, or thigh job involved, one thing can be sure, the virus was transmitted to her. How Gilligan saw her, was how she wished to be, and very soon that is exactly how she would be, to herself, to others, and all infected with the virus.

2.0.10

When Celaphopods Attack

At this point in the narrative one might notice that blowjob, blowjob, blowjob, gets a little repetitive. No you say? Well then, you understand Gilligan's point of view. He was happy to wake up every morning and after a nice refreshing 15 minute commune with Si, the Universe, and Yr'goth begin the day by walking up to someone he'd never seen before and say, "Hi! I'm Gilligan. I'm a Celaphopod from..." and at this point he would gaze into the air and sort of twiddle his finger about randomly, "... well somewhere up there. Anyhow, the point is, want to start the day off right by giving me a blowjob?"

Me. I've tried it on occasion. I've walked out of my house, seen my neighbor's hot wife, and called out, "Hey! How about a hummer?"

If you've ever tried it, you know it leads to a heated conversation with an enraged, bloodthirsty husband, and an equally unrewarding conversation with a police officer who just laughs at you. "You're lucky I don't take you in."

Don't believe me? Try it. The point isn't that Gilligan had crafted the world's best pick up line. The point is that it worked continually and repeatedly. You don't have to look much farther than this to see why so many people thought he was a god.

The real point is, though, from a literally standpoint blowjob, blowjob, blowjob, gets a little tiring -- even if you throw in the occasional hand job or point out that Gilligan either couldn't tell the difference between a 19 year old coed, a 500lb Samoan, and a Cocker Spaniel or he just didn't care.

We need not follow Gilligan day after day to establish the fact, the virus spread like wildfire. The virus spread like a wild party on the beach, where everybody who shows up gets on their cell phone to call their best friend. "You will not believe this party. You have to get down here... Yeah, I know it's 10AM. Yeah, I know it's Tuesday... Cough. Cough. I think I'm getting a

cold or something... some virus that's going 'round. Anyway come out for lunch or after work... I got to go. She's taking her top off... Oh, my Si, you will not believe what this girl is doing right on the beach..."

Oddly enough, by Friday no one is left at work, and then a week from Monday things are back to normal or as normal as things ever will be again.

So Lahina became party central, and at the center of it all was a happy go lucky Celaphopod, who because he could jump into other people's minds, control their actions, and experience their feelings as if they were his own, became amazingly eccentric and reclusive.

2.0.1

Kelly Lee, Erotic Dancer Extraordinaire

Kelly followed a different path. She hopped on a plane to Washington D.C. where she started an illustrious career as a stripper. Her father must have been of the "I don't care what you do, just as long as you do it well" persuasion, because Kelly became a sensation.

Look, I'm not going to try to go into erotic detail of what a Kelly Lee performance is like. Find out where she is dancing next and check out a show for yourself. Rent a video. What do you like? She's done it all. Inside Kelly Lee, Kelly Lee Exposed, The Anal Files, Blowing Her Way, anal, oral, twosomes, threesomes, with girls, with guys, with midgets, with Kelly tied up, with her tying others up, look there's even a video out there where she is dressed up like a giant squirrel and she's going after some guy's nuts. What I'm saying is, if you really want to know what any of the folks in this book look like, then pick up a newspaper or news magazine from a couple of years ago. If you want to know how Kelly spent that first, second, or third year, watch a video, catch a show, or read her book, but really, if you've got the choice, check out a show.

Then at the end of her performance walk right up to her and say, “I’m an alien from another planet. How do you go about getting a welcome to Earth blowjob anyhow?” Or, some other stupid pick up line. And, if you’ve brought your own camera, film crew, or just one of those pesky cell phones, you can publish a video on the web of yourself getting banged by the illustrious Kelly Lee.

Of course, that swings both ways. If you’re really a voyeur, and by voyeur I mean someone who likes crappy quality video, then you might want to check out that first scene me and Kelly did on the beach. I’m sure it’s available somewhere on the Internet. From a hundred yards away it looks just like she’s banging my head into a rock, but trust me, my head wasn’t the only thing getting banged. There are actually quite a number of crappy, low quality movies of Kelly and me out there. The one I like the best is where she is dancing in some total dive in the middle of nowhere. You can’t tell it from the video, but it’s the middle of the afternoon, and there are like three guys in the club. Anyway, I was hungry, so I got myself a salad.

Well, Kelly hates to be ignored. If you listen real close, you can hear her yell, “You Again!” before she jumps on me and starts banging my head into the ground. By this time, I’ve got a metal plate back there, so I just start laughing... Anyway, what you usually see is only the first few seconds, where the salad I was really looking forward to eating goes flying across the room and then Kelly jumps on me. She’s always jumping on me.

Come to a show, she’ll jump on you. Mention aliens, she’ll pretend to get mad. Bring a camera, film it for posterity, and if Kelly doesn’t bang your head into the ground, one of the bouncers will...

Actually, you’ll have to forgive me. Most of this last section is pretty misleading. You see I’m a writer. I lie. It’s what we do. It starts with small things... like a character’s name or a place location and the next thing you know, you’re adding in scenes

where Kelly Lee, star of stage and screen, is attacking you in a strip club for no good reason. See, and in that I'm still lying, there was a good reason, publicity, but more than that, Kelly has calmed down quite a bit, and has gone into semiretirement. So you're not really going to see her down at your local strip club anytime soon, but that doesn't mean she's not available. For \$10,000 and your signature on a general release, you can join her for an hour on the beach some sunny afternoon... or you can swear eternal devotion to the Celaphopods and join a little group we like to call Yr'goth's Chosen, which oddly enough isn't so much different from the first option.

2.1.2

Kelly Lee, Erotic Dancer Extraordinaire

I don't even want to begin to think about how many different versions of the Virus are circulating these days. Back at the beginning there were only two. If you got Gilligan's version, you got it from sex or kissing, and you tended to party. A lot of the partying going on these days in your 15-25 year olds is directly related to their catching Gilligan's version of the virus. Mary Ann's version is more laid back. If the G-Virus is breaking open a six pack, the MA-Virus is half a glass of wine at a cocktail party. A midlife crisis, a slow change in the course of life, a sudden Aha! moment that shifts momentum towards a new horizon, these are associated with the MA-Virus. No wildness. No partying. No orgies. You've probably felt different about life before, during, or after "a cold" and you've probably had the MA-Virus.

Like I said, now things are different. There's G1, G2, G3, MA', Professor, Ginger, and let's not forget Kelly. Right there at ground zero in a mix between G & MA emerged a strand of the virus nicknamed Special K.

Kelly danced for the first year. She danced for anyone and everyone and was keen on private and semiprivate encores after

the main show. She was very open minded and made herself available in every way possible to her many adoring fans, but she had a special place in her heart for members of the law enforcement community, politicians, and policy makers. To understand why, a little background is necessary.

It was reasoned that at some point the Celaphopod invasion would emerge as a threat on the national consciousness. If you were a Celaphopod, you could view this as a bad thing, or you could take advantage of the inevitability of the situation, use it as an opportunity, and coop the inevitable backlash for your own purposes. In short, at some point the existing powers would recognize the threat Lahina entailed. Rather than protecting Lahina, the Celaphopods used the fall of Lahina as an opportunity to infiltrate the rest of the world's power structure.

Think of Lahina as a decoy. Every time some agency sent a field operative to Lahina, that operative became a double agent for the Celaphopods. Like an undercover police officer who pretends to be a drug dealer so he can expose the leaders of a drug cartel and then turns rogue and feeds the drug cartel information, the Celaphopods traced the organizational structure of the CIDC, DEA, ATF, FBI, SS and more. They did this by spreading the virus to the field operatives, who in turn spread it to their host organization, who in turn spread it to the true decision makers. It is a process analogous to injecting a radioactive dye into a person's bloodstream in order to determine the extent of a cancerous tumor by following the flow of radioactive blood.

So back to Kelly in the bed of some government official, she would complain about how the Sixth had taken over Lahina.

"Who?" would come the response.

"The Sixth, they call themselves The Sick. It's a cult. They're bent on world domination, overthrowing all governments, reducing civilization to a biological based farming anti-Utopia."

"Some nut group?"

“I wish it was that straightforward. They’re dangerous. They’re insane. They think they have guidance from extraterrestrials, from something they call Si.”

“Sounds like just another fringe nut group.”

“They’ve taken over my hometown. They use drugs to brainwash their initiates. They bribe the local police to leave them alone. They don’t respect law, order...”

The official would listen to Kelly. Maybe he would lie and say he would do what he could as he lowered Kelly’s head back down under the covers. Maybe he would tell her the truth.

“Lahina? Never heard of it.”

“Isn’t that on Maui?”

“That’s western division.”

“It’s small potatoes.”

Maybe he would look her up in a week and say, “I checked into it. Two arrests. Charges dropped. What you got is a fringe religion... There’s no law against being a nutcase.”

“But they’re dangerous,” Kelly would plead.

“To themselves? Sure, but a party on the beach is not a national security issue.”

And there it was. It was on the map, but you don’t send in the troops to check out every two bit fringe group there is. Those UFO guys would like to think the government is trying to infiltrate their meetings, but the simple fact is, unless you are trying to import baby Klk’its as pets, the government doesn’t care about your little group.

See, the intent was always to have Lahina implode after six years. The desire was to pump up the pressure, so when it finally did collapse, the Earth powers thought they had solved the problem; whatever the problem might have been. Toss them a few scapegoats. Let them chase after an errant stray. Let the feds think they had it under control. When in reality, Lahina was always a temporary base, a sacrificial decoy. It should come as no surprise that when the raid finally took place, Gilligan’s body was already cold, and his brain cavity was empty... except for Celli, the

octopus, which a humor minded devote left in Bryce's skull for the Fed's to find.

This is jumping way ahead to 3.0.0. If we fall back to 2.1.0, the Virus has been spread extensively throughout the D.C. area, but Yr'goth isn't getting the information he desires. It is time for the agents Kelly is talking to, to have an interest in her stories and to do a little more field research.

3.5.5

The Missionaries, Part 2

Although this is a religious book, Si has a sense of humor. He also has an appreciation for the absurd, ironic, and futile. Enjoy.

In the end, I don't care if you believe what I say or not. It's not like your belief has any power over the force of gravity and it's not like your belief has any bearing on where, when, or how Yr'goth will rise from the depths. He is greater than you or I. It is simply something that is and will be.

More importantly, I don't really want you to show up at a Yr'goth's Chosen meeting. If it was up to me, Kelly and me would be quietly banging each other's heads into the sand on some secluded beach... slightly south of Lahina. The meetings are too crowded as it is. So don't believe. What do I care?

Now I just mention all that as a preamble, because some religions do care. Gilligan and Lahina cared. To recruit new converts, they promised and delivered free sex on the beach. They had a very impressive advertising campaign via word of mouth, and if you judge it on a per capita basis or the ardent fervor of the initiate's prostrations on the beach, The Sick was the most successful religion in Lahina, the Kona Coast, and even Hawaii. Stick that in your pipe and smoke it... Living Revelation... Divine Waterfall of Life... Rainbow Deliverance Brotherhood... The Hand, Fist, and Butt Hole of God, or whatever stupid name your favorite fringe group goes by.

The point is, if you give people what they want, they will come knocking on your door...

Just like the other day. I'm minding my own business, staring off into the ocean, waiting for Kelly to get back from the store, and there's this knock on the door. Great more reporters, I think, but I was wrong. It was a seeker of the truth. It was a bringer of the word.

He told me about God, about Jesus Christ. I mean there I am, halfway through my life and he gives me the good news. I'd never heard it before. Jesus Christ was going to save me.

"Who?" I said.

"Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior. He died for our sins."

"Wow. Je-esus you say? It's an odd name."

"Biblical," he says as if that explains it all.

"Yeah," I understood. Like Yr'goth, it's Celaphopodian. It's a family name.

He could see the look in my eyes, the understanding, the happiness of a new found glory.

"Will you pray with me?" he asked.

"Pray? How do you pray?"

He got down on his knees then and looked up at me with glory in his eyes, and said, "You just get down on your knees and let the hope enter your heart."

I could see what he meant and in a flash I suddenly realized why they wore those white shirts with them ties. The white shirts were to highlight the fact they had ties and the ties where to hold onto. So I grabbed his tie and I pulled -- and if you can, read that sentence with a Southern Baptist accent. I said brother, I pulled. I pulled on that tie and don't be making the mistake of going for the large part in front. What you want is the little one in back. Go on, get a good hold and pull. Raise his eyes up to heaven. Let him see glory. Let him see perfection. Let him know the meaning of the words "let hope enter your heart." The hope that you will start breathing again. The hope that this is all just some great big

cosmic joke, some test like the Trials of Job, or that your friend will be able to beat the madman into submission before the life leaves your body. That is praying my friend. That is hope of salvation, and don't be knocking on my door until you understand what it really means to let the love and light enter your heart and fill your soul.

So, as I was saying, I was praying with the good lad. He prayed for breath just as fervently as I prayed for my own salvation, for I had come to an understanding of what he had told me. He had said, "Jesus died for our sins. Jesus washed away your sins with his own blood so you could start anew." Those words had caused me to look long and hard into my soul and I had realized that throughout my life, I had been a god awful sinner. I knew that one death 2,000 years ago wasn't going to come anywhere near making up for all the dark desires that had made a home for themselves in my soul... or all those moonlit orgies hosted by a tentacled guest of honor... No. I was going to need another sacrifice... or two...

My mind returned to the present and I must admit if the body is weak, the mind is weaker. Here I was snuffing the life out of one of God's creatures that Jesus had sent to me that I might live eternal by his side, and I was off thinking of other things.

It was his buddy hitting me in the head with his Bible that brought me back. I suddenly realized why they traveled in packs. I smiled knowingly as I informed him, "You're next. I think it's going to take more than just one of you all to wash away my sins..." and then he hit me again, which was sort of ineffectual on account of the steel plate in my head and the fact that them Bibles those missionaries carry are so small.

Anyway, on account of being newly saved, I offered him some free advice. "If I was you, I'd run."

It was good advice and he might have gotten away if he had only looked where he was going. As it was, Kelly ran him over with her truck as she came down the driveway. She always was a little reckless behind the wheel.

Now, the thing is, I would think someone would keep track of these things. I mean two of your missionaries go missing and the guy in the house says things like, “If you ever come here again, I’ll kill you,” or, “We worship Yr’goth here. He’s a jealous god... an insanely jealous god... well not so much jealous as just insane...” anyhow, the thing is, you would think they would keep track of such things and that you wouldn’t have to deal with two more missionaries the very next week.

“Hi. This is Sister Jesus Fucking Virgin Mary at 21 and I’m Sister Undress Me With Your Eyes?”

“Hi,” I said. I was pretty sure the two guys I’d killed last week were all in my head, but between you and me, I can’t really tell the difference anymore. Anyway, they or their ghosts were in the front room playing video games with the volume turned way up, so I had to go out onto the porch to talk to the sisters.

“Sisters, really? You don’t look alike at all.”

Sister Virgin smiled. Sister Undress Me Already, believe it or not, could recognize sarcasm when she heard it.

“We wanted to talk to you for a moment about your future...”

I explained to her how I had sort of joined up with the opposition just last week. That down on our knees me and Brother What’s His Face had seen the glory of god. Well, he had seen it more than I had, but I could see the reflection in his eyes, the fervent hope, the desperate desire...

She said, “It’s more than just getting on your knees Mr...”

“Yr’goth.” I could see the look in her eyes. “It’s a family name.”

She smiled warily. It was clear she didn’t believe me.

“Well, Mr. Yr’goth. Letting Jesus into your heart is more than just praying. It’s a whole lifestyle choice. It’s tithing.”

Hey. She was talking my language. I knew all about ‘lifestyle choices,’ but the tithing thing... I asked her about it. “Tithing?”

“Yes. You give 10% of your money to the church.”

“So, I give 10% of my money to you,” the Church of Horny Sluts, “and then I give 10% of my money to those guys who came by last week,” The Dead Corpse Society, “and then whoever shows up next week gets another 10%?” I couldn’t really see how this was going to benefit me at all. I’d be broke in no time.

“No. You just give 10% to the one true church.”

“What do I get for 10%?”

“Everlasting life.”

“Not a blowjob? I mean for 10% I would think you’d at least throw in a blowjob.”

“I think we should go now.”

As she walked away, I called after her. “OK. 20%, but you both got to be in on it... If you swallow I’ll go to 30%.” She was getting away, so I chased after her. “It’s no way to run a religion,” I pointed out. “Here we are trying hard and fervently to save my soul and get Sister Virgin here fucked before she turns 34... look, I’ll go 40%, but I’m thinking at 40% you should throw in a little anal every once in a while.” She kept on walking. I could see Sister Virgin was enjoying the moment and let’s face it, you have to walk a half of a fucking mile down a private road to get to my place, so I had time as I trotted after them. “50%. It’s a good deal. Start the day with a blowjob, anal sex for lunch, if you stay home and school the kids, I’ll go to 60%.”

I had lost my train of thought. “Jesus, I forgot your names.”

“She’s Sister Undress Me With Your Eyes Already and I’m Sister Jesus Fucking Virgin Mary at 21.”

“They’re long fucking names. It’s no wonder I can’t remember them.”

“Don’t talk to him.”

“It’s obvious Sister Tease a Lot doesn’t want to play ball, but I’m a true believe. 100%... It’s my final offer. I’ll give you a 100% of what I have to offer... and we’re not just talking 10” here baby...”

She shook her head. They were at the property line.

“OK, but if Jesus doesn’t do it for you and you want to try a moonlit orgy, you know where I am... Or, if you just want to talk religion. I’m an open minded guy... I like to hear new ideas, ones I’ve never heard before... Or,” I yelled after her. “You could just put my name on one of those fucking cards that says stay away from his house he’s a total fucking nutcase!”

Jesus, some guy who died 2,000 years ago to save me from my dick and prevent me from getting into Sister How Much Tighter Can You Dress Anyhow’s skirt.

“It’s more than that,” Brother Corpse said.

I put my arm around his shoulder as we walked back to the bungalow. “No. No it’s not.” Why didn’t people listen? Why couldn’t you break through? “If you’re a true believer you give 100%, and if you’re not giving 100%, you’re not a true believer.”

“You got to live your life.”

“Yeah, I’m sure that’s exactly what was going through Jesus’ fucking mind when they were busy nailing him to the cross.”

2.1.0

The Missionaries, Part 1

Remember, the virus effects different people in different ways according to their temperaments, the virus they contracted, and the needs of the Celaphopods -- all hail Yr’ goth King of Si. With that in mind let us return to 2.1.0.

Brother Abraham was at a crisis point. He was sitting on the curb in the middle of a suburban wasteland. Next to him sat Brother Isaac. At a point of crisis he was supposed to open his heart and pray to the Lord. It was supposed to help if someone prayed with him. He bowed his head. Brother Isaac joined him.

“Dear Lord.” He looked up and saw that Brother Isaac was watching him. “I am at a crisis point.” He paused. Fuck it. “When I shit I piss cum Lord. I mean Lord in Heaven, my balls are so blue I’m fucking squeezing out jism.”

“Amen to that,” Brother Isaac chirped in. “I think I’m going to explode.”

“How long has it been?”

“Six weeks Brother Abraham.”

“Six weeks Lord. I mean everyday some hot looker opens the door, and she is fine Lord. I mean, like when I see that one a day, I don’t mind that you skimmed so much on the rest...but then all night all I do is think about her and seeing as how Brother Isaac, Brother Moses, and Brother Jezzabel...”

“Now he’s a weird one.”

Brother Abraham ignored him. “Seeing as how we all share the same room at night, someone decided the Lord’s work would best get done if the bathroom didn’t have a door, and I never get anytime to myself...”

“What Brother Abraham is trying to say is I’ve been thinking about cutting out in the middle of church and jerking off to the image of Sister Abigail during service in the church restroom.”

“Or that girl at the grocery store.”

“The one with the tattoos and piercings?”

“Have-a-luau.”

“Amen Brother.”

“I got to get laid.”

“Or convert someone.”

“Or get laid.”

“No. I think it would be worth it all if I was able to convert a soul or two... You know I imagined it would be different. I thought, sure, most folks would ignore us, but I wasn’t ready for them to turn their dogs on me.

“Or the sprinklers.”

“Or pretending that they weren’t home.”

Brother Abraham reached into his knapsack and pulled out a gun. “I guess what I’m saying Lord is if we don’t get a miracle, you know convert somebody right quick, a person is going to die.”

He cocked the revolver and pointed it at Brother Isaac. “You shouldn’t have farted in my face.”

“Jesus! It was a fucking joke.”

“Well, this ain’t no joke. Convert the next house or you’re dead.”

“What the fuck?”

“Now you’re swearing like a sinner. I want to hear the next person swearing to love Si with all his heart...”

“Si, what the fuck are you talking about?”

“What’s that Lord? You want me to blow his brains out now?” Brother Abraham pushed the gun against brother Isaac’s temple. “Tell me you accept Si as your personal lord and Savior.”

“What?”

“Time is money. Say it or die.” Brother Abraham slowly squeezed the trigger. The hammer started to move back.

“Sigh? See? ... Oh, god, what is it?”

“Not god. Si, you dumb fuck.”

“Si, I accept Si. Please don’t kill me.”

Brother Abraham let the hammer fall down slowly as he pulled the gun away from Brother Isaac’s head. “I feel good.” After a pause he added, “I feel reborn. I feel alive. I feel like converting more of our heathen brethren.”

Brother Isaac had to agree. He felt oddly free, as if a weight of dreadful duty and obligation had been lifted from his shoulders. He took the gun from Brother Abraham. “Come on.”

At the first house it was exactly as it had been before.

“Sorry, not interested,” the man replied habitually when he saw the pair, but when he tried to shut the door, Brother Isaac’s foot was in the way.

“We’re not taking no for an answer,” Brother Isaac informed the man as he stepped inside. He didn’t so much point the gun at the man, as bash the side of his face in with it. As the man lay down on the carpet, seeking salvation, his teeth, and his glasses, Brother Isaac who had decided to change his name to Izzy, told

him, "If you want to live, say you accept Si as your Lord, Savior, and personal God."

Being the reasonable sort, the man spit the words out. After they had tied him up with an extension cord, Izzy and Ab-E-baby went to the house next door.

"Hi. We want to convert you."

"What group are you with?"

"Church of Si."

"Who?"

"You know the Sick."

"Who?"

"Look. It's not important. We want you... so what would it take to make a deal right here, right now. A blowjob from Izzy? Myself? Both of us?"

The lady backed up. Clearly the two were insane.

Ab-E-baby assessed the situation. "I think what the lady is trying to say is that she's not really up for a blowjob."

The lady nodded in bewildering disbelief as the two nice young missionaries backed her into her bedroom. Ab-E-baby pulled out the gun. "How about a little two on one action then?"

She fell to the floor sobbing. "Please don't hurt me."

"Then just repeat after us."

A gun, a little careless disregard for the well being of those around you and your own future, and it's amazing what you can get other people to say. The police report indicates that Brother Abraham and Brother Isaac (a.k.a. Ab-E-baby and Izzy) knocked on between 68 to 74 houses after they lost their minds. In 57 of those houses the occupants were tied up after having been threatened, beaten, or otherwise forced to swear homage to Si. 11 said they were given cash or offered other services for their oath of fealty. And the occupants of up to six other houses denied having come into contact with the missionaries at all. No one believes them. No one.

2.1.1

The Works of the Lord

It was just one incident of many. A pair of young missionaries pushed over the edge claiming membership in a group called The Sick and paying homage to Si. Over the months and years to follow other reports would surface.

Temples vandalized with “Sick” slogans and twisted epitaphs. Church programs printed with misspelled and erroneous attributions. “Si will be hosting Monday night’s Tea Social.” “Gilligan will be visiting from our sister church in Lahina.” It doesn’t matter that all the programs came from the same printer. What matters is that there was a whole string of such occurrences. Cars tagged with bumper stickers reading “Vote for Gilligan.” Rocks tossed through the windows of countless blue homes across the country on one isolated weekend, all with the same message tied to them, “Jesus loves me this I know, because the Celaphopods tell me so.” Nonsensical phone calls made on one New Year’s Eve to every phone number in the country ending in 123456. Childish ransom notes created from newspaper clippings demanding an oath of fealty to Si for the return of kidnapped dogs, cats, and even, in the final ironic twist, newspapers themselves being kidnapped, cut up, and held for ransom. Across the country, seemingly normal people were suddenly going crazy, loosing their minds, and doing idiotic things... like a man holding an entire preschool hostage with what turned out later to be water balloons strapped around his body. Or another who walked into a bank with what was obviously a paintball gun demanding TV airtime so he could tell the world money would be obsolete in twenty years, and on, and on.

Odd events that had no rhyme, reason, or obvious connection except for the names the perpetrators mentioned once they were caught and questioned, Gilligan, Si, Celaphopods, and Lahina. Always Lahina. Always Gilligan. Always the fall guy.

Files were created, agents were sent, and the downfall of Lahina proceeded according to plan. While slowly, behind the

scenes, the world changed according to a master biological initiative. And in the halls of science and academia where these advances were taking place, never once were the words Si, Celaphopod, or Yr'goth spoken.

The most cunning evil is the one you nurture in your heart, but don't recognize as your own. It's hard to kick a habit if you don't know you're addicted. And, it's nigh near impossible to cure a disease, if you can't differentiate The Sick from the well.

2.1.1

The Melding of Kim and Mary Ann

Anybody could tell Kim was sick.

"The deadline for regular admissions was over three months ago. If you haven't applied yet, it's too late," the young man behind the admissions counter was telling her.

"Just give him a blowjob," a voice rang out in Kim's head. It sounded like Bryce, but the other voices referred to him as Gilligan. "Just say, would a blowjob help."

The voice of Mary Ann immediately contradicted Gilligan. It was a sweet soothing voice that Kim liked. Whenever she heard this voice talk, she felt calmer, safer, like everything would turn out OK. "Stay out of this. This is my body. I'm in control here."

"Well, you're not doing a good job... The guy obviously wants a blowjob. Just ask him."

"There will be no blowjobs today," Mary Ann assured the assemblage.

"There will be no blowjobs today," Gilligan mimicked her.

Kim heard a dolphin twitter. She grabbed the edge of the counter. She tried to focus. "Would a..." She couldn't bring herself to ask. She closed her eyes as she steadied herself.

"Would something help?"

The man behind the counter gave her an odd look. He couldn't tell if she was coming on to him or not, but one thing was

for sure, she looked sick. He passed her an envelope. “It’s an application admissions appeal form. Fill it out. Get some professor to sign it. You never know.” He waived her away with his finger. “Now, I’ve got to help the next person in line.”

Kim took the thick envelope and headed out of the building past a long, long, long line of other students and would be students. She was sweating. The whole world was spinning. She found an empty place in the grass and fell down.

“Close your eyes,” came Mary Ann’s soothing voice.

It was good advice. Kim didn’t know where it was coming from. She was probably going insane. This was how people became homeless insane bag ladies she thought. They slowly lost their minds, were unable to cope, and in the end all they wanted was a nice place in the grass to feel the sun.

The sun did feel good. If she focused on her skin, the warmth, the breeze, the pink behind her eyes... Pink that wasn’t good.

“Eat her brain already,” came a booming command from the dark recesses. It was the devil Kim suddenly realized.

“Yr’goth! The name is Yr’goth. It’s a family name, OK... Eat her brain already. Why is she still here?”

Kim was nauseous. She was going to puke.

“No you’re not. We just need to find a restroom and splash some water on our face.”

“What’s going on?”

Gilligan’s voice came into her head again. “We’re Celaphopods. We’re going to take over the world. Or, at least, we would be taking over the world if someone would get with the program and start giving away blowjobs like we planned.”

“Ignore him.”

“I’m the leader. You can’t ignore me.”

“Sure we can. Just turn this little knob in your mind...”

Gilligan’s voice started to fade, but then it came back loud and clear. “Yr’goth said so himself, I’m in charge. I say we go with plan A and that means...”

“OK. Let’s try it again,” Mary Ann urged soothingly.
“When I turn the knob, you have to stop concentrating on them.”

“Who? Who are you?”

Mary Ann ignored Kim’s question for the moment. “There’s a restroom over there... Don’t worry. No one is going to stop you. You look like you have the plague. You’re exactly who they had in mind when they made public restrooms.”

“How did you know I was self conscious about going in here?”

“Splash water on your face.”

Kim did.

“Now, look in the mirror.”

Kim steadied herself on the sink. She looked pale, ill. Her hair was wet and pulled back. Behind her ear was a pink rubber starfish. Startled, she reached for it, and doubled over in pain.

“Don’t be messing with the lobes,” Mary Ann commanded in a matronly voice. “Look. Don’t touch.”

Kim looked into the mirror again. She saw a pink globular, slime putty type appendage coming out of her head. The pink squid smiled and waived at her. “Hi. My name is Mary Ann. Just stand and look at me.”

Kim raised her hand a fraction of an inch and waived.
“Hello.”

“Now that’s better. I want to show you something.”

“OK,” and with that Kim doubled over in pain. She clutched at the sink as she shook, sweated, and waited for her life to end. When the spasm had passed, she heard Mary Ann’s voice call to her again.

“We call that pain.”

Kim didn’t dare move. Pain was a good word for it.

“This is pleasure.”

It was like Christmas morning. It was like flying first class to Washington, D.C. to take part in a symposium for young scholars. It was like catching the perfect wave. It was like having a pink squid sit on your shoulder out in the breakers...

Kim was remembering. “You ate my brain?”

“Part of it.”

“You ate my brain!”

“Do we need to review pain again?”

A slight tremor passed through Kim. “If you ate my brain, why am I still here?”

“I’m a light eater,” Kim replied offhandedly. “Look, we’re going to be making genetic science history here. It seemed sort of cruel to eat your brain and not let you in on all the fun... I’m not going to lie to you. More of your brain than you’ll ever know is gone and little by little what you think of as yourself will disappear, but I’ll incorporate it into who I am. And, then I’ll pass that on to our offspring. It’ll be an immortality of sorts.”

A rush of euphoria swept through Kim. “You’re just doing that.”

“Yep, but can you feel it? Isn’t this just like one of those all consuming mystical, magical, religious moments you’ve always dreamed about...”

Kim had to agree. It sure felt like a magical awakening... even if it didn’t make sense, but mystical revelations never make sense when you explain them to someone else. She had been chosen. She would do Mary Ann’s bidding and in return...

“You’ll be happy,” Mary Ann assured her.

2.1.2

The Melding of Kim and Mary Ann

Kim wandered blindly around the Berkeley campus without a destination in mind. She forgot about Mary Ann as she recalled her last week in Lahina. She had spent it lying around an abandoned house with Bryce and her sister... watching them make love. She’d never really watched them make love before. She had longed for it and was repulsed at the same time.

It had been going so well, like they were one giant family. She had felt closer to Kelly than she had ever felt before and then

snap. They had all come down with something, a cold or a fever, and in a instant it was over. Her sister had made a paranoid accusation about her sleeping with Bryce and Bryce had simply turned his back on them and faced the sea like he always did and said, "It's time for you to go."

Kelly had grabbed her arm. "You're crazy if you think I'm leaving my sister with you," and moments later they were on a plane.

Later at SFO, Kelly had given her two wads of money, like big wads of money. Exactly as if Kelly had somehow managed to get her hands on a briefcase full of drug money. "Don't ask for more. He'd give it to you, but just don't ask," Kelly had explained cryptically. After she had thought about it, Kim concluded Kelly probably thought she had stolen the money, while Bryce probably thought he had given it to her. It was just the way things always seemed to go with those two.

When she was done with her reverie, the voice of Mary Ann broke into her thoughts again. "Here by the fountain."

Kim was startled. She had thought she was through with the worst of the fever and the voices.

"Don't tell me we're going to have to start from scratch."

The voice from the depths enveloped her again. "They're weak willed, small minded creatures. Eat her brain and be done with it."

Kim could see Mary Ann waiving Yr'goth off in her mind. She saw a pink squid waiving a giant striped octopus away offhandedly. "Aren't you supposed to be down on the ocean floor, never to be heard from again?"

"Eat her brain."

Mary Ann tried to waive Yr'goth off again. "Go mind your own business until we call on you. Everything is working out as planned. We're standing in the middle of the Berkeley campus and she's as sick as a dog. She's shedding viruses by the trillions.

Anybody who even goes near that restroom is going to be Sick tomorrow, so just let it go.”

Yr’goth was curious. “Why aren’t you going to eat her brain?”

“Because it’s just not done. OK. With a brain like Bryce’s, there’s not much there. After you tap into the primitive reflexes and primordial memories of the race, there isn’t much left. One little bite and it’s all over, but with Kim’s brain,” and with this Kim felt a wave of pleasure wash over her, “with a brain like this, you savor it for six long years.”

“Interesting theory.”

“Six years?” Kim asked. “What happens in six years?”

“We make room for the next generation.”

“It sounds bad,” but even as she said it, Kim realized it didn’t sound bad at all.

“Good. We have that all settled, so let’s get down to some basic business. First of all, you don’t have to talk out loud.”

“I don’t.” I mean I don’t.

“Right and secondly, you need to meet Yr’goth... formally.”

Kim felt a dark cloud descend over her like a tentacled swarm settling down from above. The tentacles wrapped around her, slithered through and under her clothes, probed every hole and orifice of her body, went into her ears, her nose, and down her throat.

“Watch it there buddy,” Kim heard Mary Ann’s muted voice object from far away, but Yr’goth ignored her. He sent his tentacles in between Kim’s toes and around her ankles. He explored her anus, her vagina. He sent probes into her wrists that snaked through her veins, eased around her heart, followed her spinal column up through her neck, and ended up in her head. “I can see why you would want to savor this one,” he said and Kim felt a wash of euphoria and arousal seep through her at his words.

“Mary Ann doesn’t want me to leave you feeling violated.” Yr’goth laughed as Kim felt vibrations of pleasure throughout her entire body. “Do you feel violated?”

It was a question, but there was no answer. Kim was not in that moment a thinking being. She was a feeling being. She sensed the coiled searching tentacles. She felt them stretch around her and lift her up into the sky. She felt herself hover over the fountain she had been standing next to and then the tentacles snaked over her eyes. It was dark... and deep. She felt a weight, a great crushing weight. It was hard to breathe... or think. A billion Teletype lines squeaked as one. A million cell phone conversations routed themselves through her mind. She was watching a hundred TV shows and listening to a thousand radio stations. There was so much information, Kim could hardly get her mind around the quantities involved, much less make sense of any individual bits of data. She sensed a terrible power and an awesome, indescribable emptiness.

“Your worst nightmares or your greatest hopes, the choice is yours,” Yr’goth agreed.

“He can be a bit melodramatic,” Mary Ann explained as she returned.

Kim was back in front of the fountain watching the water splash and fall. “I can see Bryce’s fascination,” she said.

“Bryce is no more,” Mary Ann informed her.

Suddenly Kim was disoriented and no longer in front of the fountain. She was on a surfboard cutting up the waves.

“Hey, Kimmy,” she heard the voice in her head, but it wasn’t her head. She was surfing in Bryce’s body. “It’s my body now. I’m Gilligan. You know. Party on. Cow-a-bunga.” Taz was in the water surfing next to her.

Mary Ann was there too. She explained, “You’ll have an easier time if you let Bryce go. He has become what he wanted. He is one with the water.”

“This is my show,” Gilligan said pushing Mary Ann aside. Kim watched and felt Bryce’s body move in response to Gilligan’s desires as Gilligan and Jazz surfed together. They wove in and out of waves, touched their boards together, and crisscrossed each other’s paths with amazing choreography. It was as if they each were surfing on both boards at once. They rode to the shore and Kim looked through Gilligan’s eyes at Jazz and through Jazz’s eyes at Gilligan. She knew Jazz was Taz and that Taz was a guy, but before her she saw an African queen with short curly hair, silver rings in her ears, and pert breasts with large erect nipples.

Kim kneeled at Gilligan’s feet and was Jazz. She felt Gilligan’s cock in her hands, his taste in her mouth, and the love in Jazz’s head. Kim stood above Jazz as Gilligan and felt the sensation of Jazz’s mouth on her dick, felt Jazz’s short hair in Gilligan’s hands, and when she came, Kim felt the jism rush out of her cock and down her own throat. She saw the performance through the eyes of a half dozen bystanders on the beach. She saw it through the eyes of Auntie shaking her head in the doorway, and she hugged Auntie with her mind. “We miss you Kim,” she heard her mom say as she drifted away and returned to the fountain.

“I’m going insane,” Kim decided. Instantly she felt the threat of nausea. To mollify Mary Ann she reworded it. “This isn’t normal.”

“That’s better,” Mary Ann agreed.

Kim’s eyes alighted on the play of drops in the fountain. She knew she was being called. Like the ghost of Christmas yet to come in Scrooge, she was to have a third visitor. She did not struggle. She let the vision take hold.

Surprisingly, she did not go anywhere. She felt the need to look around. She felt wet, dripping wet. She was suddenly aware of her fingers and toes. Those must be nice she thought, but it wasn’t her thought. As if to confirm this, a whole string of genetically coded data flashed through her mind, membrane restriction sequences, distillation procedures... It was oddly

reminiscent of Yr'goth, but it was centered on one small subject area. It was like reading a scientific journal only instead of reading an article, it was like someone was pushing, no injecting all the data into her mind. Most of it went out the other side instantly.

She heard a Woody Woodpecker laugh in her head and then she was doing a backwards summersault in the ocean. She could see Gilligan and Jazz on the shore and she saw Jazz as Taz, as a man. She laughed at the humor in this. She felt the nudge of a nearby dolphin and she swam. She raced. She did what dolphins do. She dove down deep, grazed the ocean floor, and came out launching herself high into the air. She landed in front of the fountain with the taste of sashimi in her mouth.

"You'll live more in the next six years than you would have in six lifetimes. It's not a bad bargain."

Kim turned around and faced the noontime crowd. She knew the fever had finally broken. The worst was over. She felt good, healthy... alive. A wave of euphoria washed through her. She smelled the air, felt the breeze, heard the sounds of conversations, and rejoiced in her body.

"What's next?" Kim asked.

"We enjoy this moment for the benefit of all who share our mind and with whom our fate is intertwined. We rejoice in Si."

3.5.1

"Ark? Cubit? What the Fuck is an Ark?"

"Why would I want you to build a fucking Ark? You're a writer. Write a fucking book."

See that's what it's all about, rejoicing in Si, living for the moment, and if that moment happens to be a moonlit orgy down by the beach, all the better.

On occasion a person, an initiate, or a reporter, will ask me if I really believe in Yr'goth, do I really have a metal plate in my head, and did I ever work for the CDC? And, a question like that begs a discussion on the concept of belief, counter questions about

their relationship with any news, media, or governmental agency, and whether or not they have a current phone number for the CIDC, because I'm having a hard time collecting on my pension.

But first let's start with the blue lobes. Gilligan has them. Mary Ann does not. All the Celaphopods were blue to start with, but when you can control other people's minds, you can also control how other people view you. If Mary Ann wanted Kim or anybody else to view her as pink, then they did.

If you were to walk in on Gilligan and he was staring off into the ocean, you might see three dangling blue lobes on either side of his head down behind his ears. Think of them as Celaphopod sense organs or their reproductive appendages. Normally they might hang out an inch or two, but in hot weather or when Gilligan was really relaxed they might dangle down a foot or more. Being sort of amorphous invertebrates, Celaphopods can also have their lobes take on any shape they desire. The appendages can stretch out to be many feet long exploring the mind or body of another. They can form themselves to look like cartoon starfish or they can disappear into the host's skull cavity. Mary Ann would spend most of her time inside Kim's skull, but Kim took to wearing pink ribbons in her hair. It can be difficult to differentiate between a pink Celaphopodian brain sucker and a pink ribbon when you see either of them out of the corner of your eye. So, if you're ever wondering why nobody ever made a big deal about these pink worms coming out of Kim's skull, it's because they never noticed them or if they did, the memory was erased and replaced with one of pink ribbons looking odd in the sunlight for a second or two. In Lahina, on the other hand, it became sort of the fashion to wear some sort of blue gummy fishing worms taped to your glasses, as earrings, or that sort of thing, so Gilligan blended right in. He just looked like he was one of those cool guys who always seemed to get it right. He looked good even with fishing worms coming out of his ears. You know, they looked natural on him.

So this brings us back to the first question. Do I believe in Yr' goth? Ever notice how questions always beg counter questions?

How many times did Noah speak to god? I think it was like twice. How many times did Abraham talk to god before he decided plunging a dagger into his son's heart was a good idea? I think it was once, but I could be wrong. Moses led his people around the desert for forty years, forty fucking years. Was god with them? No. God apparently had better things to do with his time than hang out with his chosen people as they wandered aimlessly around the desert. In the end Moses found god sunbathing on the top of a mountain where god had Moses chisel some words into a pair of stone tablets, words of wisdom or something like that, but you've got to wonder if god helped him with that, gave him a chisel, or Moses just sat there and ground into the stone tablet with another rock like a tourist might do at a National Park site. After you've scratched the first letter of your name into granite, you come to appreciate why not many people bother to carve their entire names into the stone face. It also makes you wonder why Moses didn't just go with Kill Bad or No Kill instead of the much, much longer:

Thou shall not kill unless ordered to by a commanding officer according to the military code of conduct, court ordered by a judge whilst carrying out a duly sanctioned punishment, or thou seeist an intruder in thine house stealing thy goods or fucking thine wife, unless one lives in a polygamous relationship and...

You know, it's not like Moses just walked up the hill and came down. He walked up the hill. He disappeared. He was gone so long that they all thought it was a good idea to pool their gold together (and just pause for a moment to think how long that must have been. I mean we're talking about Jews here, parting with gold...) After they pool their gold together, they smelt it down.

This takes more than just an hour or two folks, and then they craft it into some sort of cow that they bow down before and worship... Golden Arches? No, that doesn't sound right, but...

Anyway, I know my biblical scholarship might be a bit off. After I killed them, those missionaries just sit around and play video games all day. I think they're forgetting how the stories even go, so maybe my info is wrong. The point is, god didn't make a habit of sitting down with Noah every morning for breakfast and get a status report.

"Oh, Noah's wife, good pancakes... pass the syrup."

"I'm glad you like them."

"So, Noah, how are we coming along?"

"Well, as you know, I don't have a blessed idea what a cubit is?"

"You're not going to start making excuses already?"

"I'm just saying, I don't even think my garage is 10 cubits wide, let alone 80."

"Not this again. You know, if your wife wasn't such a good cook, I would have smitten your ass a long time ago."

"Yeah. About that. All day long I'm out in the garage trying to make an Ark... what the hell is an Ark? Is it a boat? Is it a barge? The point is, I'm out there working my ass off and I can hear you two giggling in here."

"I'm god. I'm all knowing. I got jokes coming out of my wazoo."

"I don't think I want to know what your wazoo is."

"The problem is, ever since day one, your heart really hasn't been in this project."

Noah throws down his napkin. "You want to know what my problem is?" Noah stands up. God stands up. They are standing toe to toe, Noah and god. "You want to know what my problem is?"

"Yeah." God pokes Noah in the chest. "You gonna go for it?"

“I’ll tell you what my problem is god boy. I don’t know what a fucking cubit is. I don’t know what an Ark is. I’m not a goddamn boat builder and you’re fucking my wife.”

“You feel better now?”

“Yeah. A little.”

“So, time to go off to work?”

“I guess so.” Noah looks back. His wife is already sitting in god’s lap. She can’t even wait till he’s gone. “I don’t suppose there’s any chance you called the lumber yard and arranged for some store credit or something.”

“Are you still here? Don’t bug me with these little details. Build an Ark, a barge, whatever. Fix the Model-T you got out there. Look, I don’t really care...”

So, you see, maybe it is better that god only talked to Noah once or twice, or how ever many times he was supposed to, but I think it was once. I think god walked up behind Noah as he was staring into a fountain on the Berkeley campus, wrapped his tentacles around his nards, and explained it all to him: the mysteries of life, the grand Celaphopod plan, and the fact that he would crush his nuts to dust if he got in his face about anything or so much as asked him what a fucking cubit was. Now, I could be wrong. As I’ve said, my biblical scholarship is not as it should be, but I’m led to believe if god bothers to talk to you just once in your entire life, then you’re pretty goddamn lucky. If he actually bothers to talk to you a second time, maybe to smack you upside the head while he explains what a fucking cubit is, or just to let you know that you’re fucking up, well then if that happens, you’re so far ahead of the curve, it’s beyond words.

This probably doesn’t answer your questions, but that’s probably because you haven’t been paying attention. Yr’goth is real. I live in a nice place. The orgies are not to be believed and if I stare into the ocean long enough...

You don’t mess with a winning formula by second guessing it. If Yr’goth says he’s real, that’s good enough for me.

3.5.2

“You’re a writer. Write a fucking book.”

Besides, the last time I asked Yr’goth if he was real, he got mad. “Don’t be starting that with me again!” he yelled and then pulled me down into the depths of the ocean, where the light does not shine, the weight grows heavy on your chest, and in the damp, dark, recesses you think you will die...

Or maybe it was Saturday night. I’d lost my footing and had slid to the bottom of a slithering mass of human limbs, lost in the eternal embrace of the group mind.

Sigh.

3.5.3

“You’re a writer. Write a fucking book.”

I’ll be honest. I don’t even know how you account for most communication if you don’t accept the premise of a communal mind, a primordial architecture that at our most basic and primary we tap into together. Like trees growing up into the sky, we pretend we are unique individuals, our trunks distinct and separate, but at the roots we are all intertwined.

If you don’t accept Si, a cosmic interconnectedness, then I don’t know how you explain communication... black splotches on paper? This is where the images in our heads come from? This is where they go? Or is there something more? And if so, can we tap into each other’s thoughts, feelings, memories, and desires?

Either way, as the story unfolds, watch the reaction in your own mind. Why is the story so easy to see? Does your mind crave an alternate reality so desperately that it will fall into the pattern and allow you to join in the flow of the story, of the lie as it were, no matter what the story or the lie is? Or, has the story always been there and you and I are but sharing a moment, drifting along, like a river flowing into the ocean?

I put it to you that getting into a good book, loosing yourself in a movie, or in any other way escaping the present moment and the bounds of your body is at its core a basic human activity. It is central to being alive, to being human. Ultimately, there is very little difference between feeling and understanding what is true from feeling and understanding what is untrue. A thousand, billion, trillion years ago, when the neurons in some remote ancestor were aligning themselves, they didn't have the slightest notion of anything. This creature didn't have consciousness. It didn't have thought, feeling, or desire and it certainly didn't know what a creature a zillion years in the future would need to have programmed into its neural network, so it developed a blank slate, a slate on which could be mapped language, culture, customs, norms, and expectations.

And, most basic and fundamental of all is that this blank slate is completely, totally, and absolutely incapable of differentiating between the real and the unreal. I point to the book you are reading. I point to that drive in the car, the ride on the train, or the walk to work each morning where you are lost in thought and oblivious to your surroundings. I point to your being scared in a Halloween Haunted House or how your heart rate increases during the tense moments of a TV show even though you know it's fake. You know it's fake and you can't help but to react emotionally to it. I point to those dreams you have every night where you simply would act differently in them if you knew they weren't real. I mean, would you really show up for work during a dream if you knew it was a dream? When you encountered a hot chick in a dream, wouldn't you just bend her over and give her a good fucking, no matter where you were or how many people were watching? If you knew it was just a dream? At some point, if you knew it wasn't real, if you knew it didn't matter, wouldn't you just say, "Fuck It," and go with the flow? Just enjoy the trip to wherever it was going? Think it over, all those times when you can't tell real from unreal. Your grip on reality is tenuous my

friend. You cannot tell the real from the unreal any better than the rest of us.

Throw at this basic biological frailty a lack of sleep, a vegetarian diet that leaves you malnourished and close to starvation, and a near limitless opportunity to make every sexual fantasy come true, but which also leaves your body exhausted, and you have a winning recipe for psychosis. Psychosis, mystical experience, visions of blue alien squids...

Meth may or may not have been present. I don't think it was, but then we have established I am not altogether objective. I do have a vested interest...

The question on everybody's mind though is, were there really Celaphopods? We know you can craft delusion, isolate people on a beach, starve their mind, weaken their body, and say, "Celaphopod, Celaphopod, Celaphopod," over and over until they can't tell reality from a carefully construction lie, but were there really aliens?

Yes. Gilligan was a Celaphopod...

And then we drift into the future.

Times change. The virus has changed. The needs of the Sixth have changed. Countless books have been published about the Sick, their wild parties, their excessive use of meth, brutal mind control tactics; and the people who were there, their memories have changed and have been altered with the passage of time.

"Yeah, I knew it was a joke, but when a good looking girl is down on her knees, you tell her what she wants to hear."

"A party like that only comes around once every couple of thousand years. You don't second guess it."

“We were young. We were going to change the world.”

“They were just fishing worms. It was a joke.”

“It was a metaphor. It was actually quite Eastern in nature when you deconstruct it all.”

Reality is a vague insubstantial thing. The stories a fifty year old tells about his recollections of being a six are different in nature and substance from the stories a six year old will tell you about themselves.

Of this I will say, to some it is fiction, to some it rings true of a time in their life, and to some it is a portent of things to come. The virus has changed. The needs of the Sixth have changed. The multitudes have gone their way and that is their path.

Those who remain, those who remember, those who believe, those are Yr’goth’s Chosen and their time is at hand.

Do you believe? It is for you to decide if you are chosen. Or maybe the choice has already been made for you.

2.1.3

The Melding of Kim and Mary Ann

Kim’s fever had broken. She was hungry. A hamburger sounded really good. No it didn’t. The thought of a hamburger made her nauseous.

“Are you doing that?” Kim asked.

“No more hamburgers for you,” Mary Ann advised her.

“But I like hamburgers.” She grimaced.

“Liked. The word should be liked. Think about hamburgers.”

“Well, I used to like them with their juicy, bloody, slimy fat, just sort of congealing, dead, road kill, ground up mangled animals... Stop it.”

“You get to decide when it stops. Dead animals, carcasses, butchering lines of innocent cows.”

“I thought we agreed to stop.”

“Just giving you a sneak peak ahead. Trust me. It will just come naturally. You won’t even want to walk into a restaurant that sells burgers.”

“So what do I eat? A ham sandwich? No, sorry. Salad?”

“Good choice.”

“Is this how it’s going to be?”

“I could just eat your brain.”

“No you wouldn’t.” Kim knew it was true. “Why wouldn’t you?”

“Call it an experiment. You know, see how the other half lives.”

“But you can read minds and stuff. I was right there in Taz’s mind or was it Jazz’s? What’s going on there?”

“Jazz is a little confused with what she wants. She’ll work it out. Look, the reason I’m not going to eat your brain right away...”

“But your still going to eat it?”

“You’ll never notice. I’ll become you. You’ll become me. Look, Taz, Gilligan, Eve, they’re not representative. Most humans aren’t like them. I want to ride around in a normal mind for a few years to see what it’s really like. Call it an experiment. You know, most Celaphopods do whatever they can to revert their livestock back to the most primitive levels...

“And?”

“And maybe it would be better for all involved if there was more of a symbiotic relationship.”

“That means win-win.”

“You’re in Berkeley a year ahead of schedule. Tell me that’s not winning.”

“And my brain... argh!” A wave of nausea passed over Kim. She was unable to complete her thought, or remember what it was.

“Let’s not be bad mouthing the Celaphopods. Here I am, a nice kind hearted brain sucker, and you’re still talking, so I’m not pure evil.”

A wave of relief passed over Kim. “Positive and negative reinforcement?”

“Don’t mess with a winning formula. Hey this place looks good.”

They had been walking down Telegraph Avenue. They had come to a small storefront with a line snaking out of it into the street. Students and street people were mixed together eating in the small doorway and at convenient locations on the sidewalk.

“Salad, mmmm,” Mary Ann said.

“Mmmm,” Kim agreed with a hearty smile.

“Sarcasm is OK. This humor thing is new to us. We kind of like it.”

“Really?”

“Really. Now pay attention to everyone around you.”

“Why?”

“Because it will make you feel better. Turn around and talk to the guy behind you.”

“I can’t do that.”

“Would you rather double over in pain.”

Kim turned around. It wasn’t a guy. It was a pair of girls, one or more of whom might have had gender identity issues.

“You’re not going to make me do any freaky sex stuff?”

Mary Ann answered by sending a wave of nausea through Kim’s body.

Kim started to sway. One of the girls reached out to steady her. “Are you alright?”

“Sorry. I guess I need to get something to eat.”

“Well. You’ve come to the right place.”

Kim looked them over. The first, Charlie, looked how a girl was supposed to look, down to the long hair and the lipstick. The other, Ashley, looked like she was trying hard to look like the type

of boy a good girl like Charlie would never take home to meet her parents. “Interesting look.”

Her comment was met with a profound silence. It was the wrong thing to say, but Kim felt an urgent need to keep the conversation going lest another wave of nausea sweep over her. “My sister went for the tattoos and piercing thing.” What did she say? She was desperate to keep the conversation alive. “32... she went for gold rings.”

“I don’t understand the whole piercing thing myself,” the seemingly straight girl said and from there the conversation flowed rather well. Before she knew it Kim was at the counter, ordered a number #6 salad, whatever that was, hoped it was good, and was on her way.

“See, talking to strangers isn’t hard. You just have to do it.”

A wave of relief flooded over Kim. “I get the feeling I’m going to enjoy talking to strangers.”

“Yep. You’re going to enjoy that beat salad too. Concentrate on it. Eat that salad for all of Celaphopod kind... or mankind. Take your pick.”

Kim did as she was told or at least the best she could. She hadn’t eaten in a long time. It was a wonderful meal.

When she was done, Kim looked around her. She felt the sun on her face and shared a smile with a homeless man who looked into the sky and informed her, “It’s going to rain tonight.”

“I need to find a place to sleep.” Kim had said it out loud, but she had intended it to be a private comment directed to Mary Ann. The homeless guy gave her another smile. “I’m not as good a roommate as I look, beside they always leave you.”

“I hope I’m not going to be another in a long string of...”

“Go. Go,” the man said waiving Kim off, not interested in her reply.

Kim concentrated on not moving her lips. “I don’t have a place to stay. I, we, need to do something.”

“It’s taken care of,” Mary Ann assured her. “Don’t you remember Charlie and Ashley telling you they had an empty couch.”

A flood of anxiety washed over Kim, which was quickly replaced by soothing relief. “You don’t have anything kinky planned?”

She could hear Mary Ann laugh. “You are uptight. You’re not the slightest bit concerned that you blacked out an entire conversation, but the remotest possibility of a little...”

“I didn’t black it out. It never took place.”

“And Yr’goth said humans were weak minded. You might know the conversation never took place, but Charlie and Ashley don’t. Tonight when we show up, it will all work out.”

“What if I’m just crazy?”

“Then tonight is that homeless guy’s lucky day.”

2.1.4

The Melding of Kim and Mary Ann

Kim walked back to the campus. She didn’t really know why. She wasn’t enrolled, but Mary Ann wouldn’t let her concentrate on that. She had Kim smiling and talking to strangers.

“Why is so important to talk to strangers?”

“That’s what humans like, food, sex, and conversation. It’s a theory we have. The only things humans really want or need are food, sex, and conversation. Since you don’t want to get into the sex part, that leaves food and conversation.”

“What about clothing and shelter?”

“What about it? Dogs don’t need clothing.”

“But they have fur.”

“Trust me. If you grew up naked in a fifty degree room, your body would adapt.”

“And shelter?”

“I like the rain.”

Mary Ann had a sudden flash of herself standing naked in a jungle holding a palm frond over her head.

“Exactly. Now add a couple of children, a man or two, a couple of friends, maybe an uncle all huddled together, and things would get plenty hot.” Mary Ann waited for the image to build in Kim’s mind. “And, you said you weren’t into the kinky stuff.”

“So food, sex, and conversation.”

“Yep. Us Celaphopods understand the conversation part. We’d go crazy after only a few days of isolation without being able to share our thoughts.” For emphasis, she let Gilligan and Flipper break into Kim’s mind.

Flipper was a babble of information about fish and the frozen chicken pops Gilligan had thrown to him. “Those chicken pops were fantastic...”

“Slowly over time I’ll let Gilligan and Flipper into your mind. In a while you won’t even notice them. It will be like a radio or a TV in the background. On all the time. Reassuring. Communal.”

Mary Ann was having a hard time accepting that all humans needed was food, sex, and conversation... belonging, a social network, whatever you wanted to call it. “Is that really it?”

“As far as we can tell. Everything else just seems to be a vast structure to determine who gets what, how much, and how much of the really good stuff, if you know what I mean, of those three key demand items. Humans already have enough food. Gilligan is working on the sex. It will be a while before we get the communal mind thing up and running, so we’re hoping we can get some insights into the conversation thing from you.”

“But I’m not really much of a talker. I’m quiet. I keep to myself. I read.”

“Yep, you read, listen to music, watch TV, go to movies... It’s all conversation in disguise. Look at your average novel and you’ll find it’s mostly dialogue. Why? Because it really fills up a book fast. But, more importantly, because reading a conversation is a substitute for having a real conversation. It’s a placebo. It’s

like masturbating a social network for yourself. We've coined a term for it. We call it a self referential social interaction. Like talking to yourself. You'd be amazed at how much time humans spend talking to themselves and how quickly the behavior disappears during an actual social interaction."

"No one is going to believe the conversation went this way," Kim said shaking her head in disbelief.

"And therein lies the subtle irony. An opinion is formed, held, and defended about a conversation that ostensibly never occurred."

"Fiction is fiction."

"Ahh! But is it believable fiction?"

"As long as you are destroying the fourth wall in this chapter anything else you'd like to say?"

"I would just like to remind everyone that destruction of media in all it's forms including literature, is at the heart of the Sixth's plan. Detractors hold that this is to reduce the knowledge base of mankind and weaken their minds. Quite the contrary, if that were our goal, we would advocate reading fiction literature, which we don't. We advocate turning off the TV, putting down the book, looking around you, smelling the proverbial roses, talking to your neighbors, and if at all possible banging one of those cute missionary chicks in a moonlit orgy... 110% and that's my final offer."

2.1.5

Dr. Beechum

Oddly enough, I admit that the last bit of dialogue might be off a little. In fact, most of the dialogue in this book might be off a little. It's not like the Sick ever believed in recording their conversations, so if you're reading a conversation, you're reading something that might not be completely accurate.

Here's how I go about putting together dialogue. I ask Yr'goth or one of the others, but mostly Yr'goth, how the conversation went and then he fills my mind with the information. It's amazingly easy. It's a lot like automatic writing where a ghost, or spirit, or something types the words into a computer and you just sort of watch. Of course, instead of calling it Yr'goth or Si, we could call it a muse, or just say the mind is a vast and wondrous thing. It's really up to you.

There is a problem in going to Yr'goth for information though. He's pretty tight lipped with the technical stuff. See, Kim and Mary Ann are on their way to talk to Dr. Beechum with the assistance of Flipper. Now me, I don't know squat about biological science. I know there's a thing called DNA and I've heard about mitochondria, but if it wasn't for spell check, I don't think I'd even get DNA right, let alone mitochondria. And here's where the problem set in. Like I said, Yr'goth is real close lipped about technical information. He's through with that educating mankind thing, so he won't tell me anything about biological science, stock market trends, or even give me driving instructions if I get lost. I mean, it's a street map. It's common knowledge, but no, he's all real tight lipped, hush-hush, on a need to know basis, loose lips sink ships, and all that crap. We're talking driving instruction's here guys.

Actually, as a side trail, it's kind of ironic. Kim comes from Hawaii. You know that mythical place in the middle of the Pacific, beautiful weather, friendly people. It's what they always say about a place when they try to build it up. Friendly People. Well, according to legend this goes back to the ancient Polynesians. They were sailors and navigators of legendary skill. Like Bryce, they could tell you where a wave came from just by looking at it. OK, even I know that's bullshit. The key thing is the Polynesians were, are, friendly people. They'd be out in a boat, sun beating on their heads for days, short on food and water, and they'd see a wave coming.

“Hey,” they’d say.

“Oh, hey, howsit,” the wave would answer back stopping to chat. “You’re like pretty far out here.”

“Yeah, yeah,” the Polynesians would say. They weren’t in a hurry. I mean this wave, the next wave. It’s all the same. The real thing is just to enjoy the flow.

Anyway, they’d get to talking to the wave. Maybe the wave would be saying, “I just can’t seem to get my dog to stop barking at night. The neighbors are complaining. It’s bugging my wife. It’s starting to bug me too, man.”

And the Polynesians on the boat would talk it over. They might say, “You need to feed him before you go to sleep.”

“No. No,” another would jump in. “You need to let him sleep with you.”

“My wife would never go for that,” the wave would reply.

“A bone, just give him a bone.”

“Go out there and pet him. Say, ‘Good dog. What you barking at?’ And then whenever he sees what is making him bark, be it a squirrel, his shadow, or a car... he knows that you know, so he’s done his job and he can stop barking. You never come outside to see what he’s barking about, maybe he’s not barking loud enough. Eh?”

“Maybe?” The wave would mull it over. It sounds good, but put on his slippers in the middle of the night? He’s tired. He’s been cruising all across the ocean all day long. At night, he just wants to sleep. “Maybe, I try it,” he would say and then add, “You know, if you want to go to Hawaii, you’re off course. It’s a thousand miles further north.”

“Thanks, Mr. Wave, good luck with the dog.”

You know the wave is going to have to think long and hard about that advice. Polynesians sure know their dogs and chickens, but asking waves for directions? Who does that? Waves are notoriously fickle and unpredictable. If you really want to navigate to Hawaii, you just wait for an eruption, and follow the plume of smoke in the sky.

Anyway, back to conversations. That conversation with the wave came from the same place that all the other conversations do in this book. You don't have to be a genius to realize I don't know much about dogs or how to keep them from barking at night. I'm sure the Polynesians talked to waves, because it was a long trip to Hawaii and after you've stood in the hot sun for an hour or two, your brain's pretty fried. The point is the exact content of the conversation is pretty much an unknown, and if Yr'goth took me way back to the Polynesians again, I'd get a whole different story.

This time, it's some young buck who's been lost at sea for months. A Hawaiian Chief has welcomed him onto the island and even given him one of his granddaughters as a wife. It's not really that big of a deal. This place is littered with granddaughters and great great granddaughters of Hawaiian Chief's. Back in the day, they used to give them away to tourists, but then they ran out and the thing with the leis started.

So picture yourself as a young buck with the chief's granddaughter. She's just giddy with excitement to get into your swim trunks and she asks you, "How did you navigate here?"

You don't say, I was lost man. I was a goner. Just dumb luck. No. You sweet talk the girl. You tell her, "Stars!" with a tone of reverence hoping that will end it.

"How about in the day?" she asks. This trick of navigating the seas could be useful. Maybe she could finally get off this rock.

"Um... er... birds, waves, wind currents?" he answers hopefully.

"Waves," the grand daughter smiles brightly. She's as good as off this island. The whole place is surrounded by waves.

"Waves," the buck repeats as he reaches under her coconuts. "You just have to be friendly. If they have family problems, just hear them out."

Friendly? The grand daughter smiles even wider as she undoes the buck's swim shorts. She knows all about being friendly...

Anyhow, back to the story at hand. Mary Ann is on her way to see Dr. Beechum. There are many theories about how this conversation went and as I've said, Yr'goth tends to change his mind about reality. You can never really tell if he just doesn't know, reality is malleable, or maybe multiple versions are true depending upon one's point of view. The point is, as I've said, I don't know squat about science and Yr'goth won't tell me thing one, so all that kind of stuff is just going to get swept under the table. The other thing is Dr. Beechum didn't want to get interviewed for this book. So where does that leave me? Now, I'm not one to hold a grudge, but the safe money on why Dr. Beechum didn't want to be interviewed is because he stutters, has hygiene issues, or just comes off as a complete and total idiot in an interview. Feel free to imagine Dr. Beechum as a balding, pathetic, empty shell of a man, with a comb over, body odor, and bad breath. He probably sweats a lot and has those cold, clammy disgusting little hands that feel all watery and weak when he goes to give you a handshake. He probably spits when he talks... and dandruff. Did I mention the dandruff? Athletes foot, jock itch, boils on his neck, zits on his face, a mole on his nose, a twitch in his eye... short, skinny, hollow chested, bowlegged, liver spotted, beady eyed, pencil necked, drooling, slimy, slithering excuse for a man... In short, he's the type of guy who, if you invited him to an orgy, everybody else would start making excuses for why they had to leave.

"I just remembered. I have a dental appointment."

"What? Now? It's Saturday night."

"He keeps long hours."

"It's midnight."

"Look, he's a witch doctor. A friend recommended him."

"Can I come? My molar's been driving me crazy."

Well, I don't have to drag the scene out. The big titted brunet you had been hoping to meet up with at the bottom of the pile has

already driven away. Moments later a redhead and a blonde hop in their cars and they're gone as well.

It's at the critical point. The men outnumber the women. Kelly and two missionary chicks are inside putting together a cheese and vegetable tray. It's just you, the Missionary Brothers Grimm, and Dr. Beechum out in the driveway.

"Is now a bad time for the interview?" he asks all innocently.

You grab what's handy, a golf club, a baseball bat, and a... a... as you're searching for the third implement of destruction, the whiney coward retreats to the safety of his faculty office.

I like to imagine he's hastily pulling up his pants as Kim enters the room.

Maybe Kim starts by asking, "Did I come at a bad time?"

"No. No." I was just finishing up daydreaming about your sister, he says as he nervously zips up his pants...

Oh my! Did he catch his dick in the zipper? Probably not. Rumor is he's only got one ball, his dick is small, he prematurely ejaculates, and he has an erectile dysfunction problem.

When Kim first met him, he was probably just having a coughing fit, spilled some coffee on himself, and Kim ran to the restroom to get some towels ... or maybe a glass of water...

Look, we're just going to fade into the future. Kim has taken a seat and Mr. Beechum, the backstabbing worm of a human being, is finishing up a phone call... or whatever it is that worms do...

2.1.6

Dr. Beechum

You know in the end, it's all just a good bit of fun. I mean, sure, I hate Dr. Beechum as much as the next guy. I think the nuisance law suits, harassment phone calls late at night, spray painting his car, egging his house, and kidnapping his cat were all good ideas. You know, done it the spirit of good old fashioned collegiate fun and religious rivalry. Why, I'm even willing to open the chapter insinuating that he was downloading pictures of naked

young boys engaged in carnal behavior when Kim walked into his office, but really, what did the guy do...

“May I help you?” the worm of a human being some refer to as Dr. Beechum asked as Kim entered his office.

Kim showed him the admission appeal package. “They said it might help if I talked to you.”

Dr. Beechum cast a worried glance at his computer screen, on the off chance that a picture he had been downloading might have popped up unexpectedly. Not knowing what was in the package she had showed him, he nervously asked, “About what?”

Kim didn’t really know where to begin. You see at Berkeley, like most colleges, there’s more than one way to gain admission. Sure, you can work hard in high school, ace the SAT’s, and apply on time, and that’s the route most folks go, but then there is always the network. Berkeley was born for the network. If you could sweet talk your way, you could open any door at Berkeley. Need to get into the 10AM Human Genome Seminar that’s booked solid, no problem, just talk to the instructor. If that doesn’t work, talk to the dean and so on up the line. There’s a back door for everything. At Berkeley the back door was so big, you might have well called it a side entrance. The day or two after the semester began, the college always opened up like a 150 more spots on the roster. So, if you didn’t have any other plans and just showed up on the outside chance you’d get admitted, you had a pretty decent shot even if you barely pulled a C- in high school. No shit. The spots usually go to locals. On the first day of school, you might find yourself sitting next to some degenerate whose parole officer pulled some strings.

“Yeah, I thought about going to high school,” he’ll say as he pierces his eyebrow for the 43rd time with a straight pin. “But it just never seemed like a good idea at the time. Say... do you think they keep roll here or make you do any homework?” Then maybe as the blood starts spurting he’ll add, “I think I hit a vein. Do you have a tissue?” Oddly enough when he finds out they don’t take roll, you won’t ever see him again.

So, anyway, with her straight A's, 1540 SAT, and a thorough understanding of Dr. Beechum's latest journal publications, Kim was a shoe in for admittance. She just didn't know it yet.

"The admittance people said I should talk to you... about filing an admissions appeal?"

It was a part of the game Dr. Beechum didn't care for. He tried to wave her off. "Berkeley isn't for everyone. Go to a junior college for a few years, pull up your grades, reapply next year."

Kim could feel a wave of nausea descending on her. "Isn't there like a back door or something? They said if you signed this..." She started searching through the papers for the proper form.

"I don't sign appeals. I don't sponsor students. If you can't get it on your own merits, you're just going to flunk out anyhow." He rubbed his weary, porn viewing eyes. "It might not seem like it, but I'm doing you a favor. Reapply after a few years of junior college. It's cheaper anyhow."

Kim wasn't feeling well at all -- a little jet lag, a little fever, a little Celaphopod attitude adjustment...

Dr. Beechum, deviant porn voyeur extraordinaire, waved Kim away. "Now I've got to get back to work," downloading porn, jerking off, or whatever it was I was doing before you came along and interrupted me.

Now, right about here is where Kim says something brilliant that shows she knows all about Dr. Beechum's work, understands its intricacies, and might even have an insight bordering on genius about how to take his research to the next step. Like I said, I know jack squat about genetics. She probably said something like, "I really liked the DNA coupler effect mitochondria analysis buffered membrane interchange barrier research you have been doing. I heard you were going to try a synthesized vitamin O+ catalyst interchange module protocol. Did you have any luck with that?"

To which Dr. Beechum would have replied, "Junior College!" as he pointed towards the door. Only Kim didn't say

what I said, she said something brilliant, truly brilliant. They talked for hours. She followed along as he explained his latest research and more impressively she accurately predicted his findings, findings that had caught him by surprise.

In the end he said he would have his secretary type up the appeals form and a research assistant scholarship. He didn't know how he was going to get the OK for another scholarship, but like I said, anything can be done at Berkeley if you know how to play the game.

So anyway, that's one theory. Another theory is she just walked in the door, blew him a kiss, and came back the next day after the virus had taken hold. It's not as elegant, but some folks will tell you this is what happened. A corollary to that is that Kim walks in, sits down, and let's Flipper's words float off her tongue, just sort of stream of consciousness like, as Flipper rattles off the meaning of life from a genetic research point of view. Dr Beechum is obviously floored, realizes the research, Nobel Prize, and industrial applications of what this girl has just let spew from her lips, and puts the wheels in motion to claim ownership of her ideas.

They are, in the end, all versions of the same theme. Personally, I don't put any credence on Flipper just rattling off information. I mean try, just try, to get so much as a cooking recipe out of Yr'goth. I know Flipper was supposed to be different and helpful, but I just can't see him giving the game away wholesale within five minutes of meeting Dr. Beechum.

Another theory, which is even more fun than the rest, but also probably not very likely is that Kim was still having assimilation issues when she walked into Dr. Beechum's office.

"Just give him head," the voice of Gilligan instructed Kim as she walked through the door to Dr. Beechum's office. "Head... look he's down loading porn, just pull your hair back, pretend you're a boy, and suck on his dick."

"Can I help you?" Dr. Beechum asked for the second time.

“I need help...” Kim began as the voices in her head began to argue again cutting her off.

“Offer to suck his dick.”

“Leave her alone guys.”

“Ya-ha-na-ha, Ya-ha-na-ha, Ya-ha-na-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha.”

“That’s the deal,” Yr’goth boomed in. “Just tell him your name is Ken, kneel down in front...”

“I’m not sucking his dick!” Kim yelled outloud.

“OK. Then,” a rather disappointed Dr. Beechum said as he zipped up his pants. “As long as we have that settled.”

“You’re blowing it. Maybe he’s into anal?”

“Yeah, good idea, from behind he might not be able to tell she’s a girl.”

“I’m not taking it up the ass either,” Kim informed the assemblage.

“Not just a little?” a questioning Dr. Beechum might have asked. “I mean if you turn...”

“I just need to get into college,” Kim tried to start over.

“And he just needs his dick sucked. It’s win-win...”

Maybe it went down that way, but I don’t think Mary Ann would have stood for it. She became real protective of Kim. It was like they were sisters, twins. You know, after a while you couldn’t tell where one stopped and the other began. So as fun as it is to imagine a sort of reverse Turrets thing happening, odds are Kim was pretty together.

In the end we’ll never know, because as I’ve mentioned earlier, from the start Mary Ann utilized a reverse memory wash technique on the people around Kim. Like Charlie and Ashley, they never really had a conversation that first day, but they swear up and down that they did. So you can see how we’ll never really know the intricacies of that first meeting between Kim and Dr. Beechum, which is just as well, because once you know Dr. Beechum is a misogynistic pedophilic cereal racist, you know all that’s really important to know about Dr. Beechum.

2.1.7 – 3.5.1

Yr'Goth's Chosen

I know it's Sick dogma that the biological explosion, which followed in Berkeley, centered around Kim and that the information Flipper fed her pushed genetic engineering hundreds of years into the future all in the matter of a few short years.

I can go with dogma, but I can also lean back and say, perhaps in the end, much of the Sick ideology is simply a joke that pulled away from itself till some of the participants couldn't see the punch line anymore.

The biological revolution was happening before Kim showed up. This isn't a treatise on patent law, but the simple fact remains, for many discoveries there is a race to be the first applicant at the patent office. Sometimes, everybody who is anybody in a particular field can see the next innovation a mile away. They're all working towards it and it's just random luck which group gets the patent. I mean literally, you can go down to the patent office and find a dozen or more patent applications for nearly the same thing filed within months, weeks, and days of each other by competing firms. A discovery like that with dozens of competing firms filing patent applications all at the same time was going to get made. Somebody gets the patent and makes a lot of money, while everybody else loses out. Once the discovery is made, the entire industry figures out the next step and the whole process repeats itself. Day after day, year after year, the ever advancing march of science, technology, and progress goes on.

The point isn't to rant on a system that is blatantly unfair and heaps rewards on one group over another by virtue of a quirk of fate. The point is to underline that the hundreds of years worth of advances that happened after Kim hit Berkeley could quite possibly have been made anyhow, dare I say the heretical, even without Celaphopod involvement. Kim comes onto the scene and is dropped into the middle of an academically backed research

team. They have chemicals, enzymes, and catalysts no one had even heard about five years ago. They had new gizmo gadgets in the lab that were not unique to the Berkeley team, but by virtue of the gizmo itself opened up new avenues of research.

This might be a helpful analogy. If you look up into the night sky you'll see a lot of stars. If you look up with a pair of binoculars, you'll see even more. Well, if something happens, say you go to the store and buy a new high powered telescope, all of a sudden a whole new depth and dimension of the sky is unveiled. You can map craters on the moon, see the rings of Saturn, and even make out asteroids. So when a new 10,000x power telescope comes on the market, they launch the Hubble Space Telescope, or they put a new \$50 billion telescope on top of Mauna Kea, it's not surprising that a flurry of astronomical discovery takes place in its wake. Well, that's the environment Kim found herself in. The toys had just been updated. They actually knew how to splice genes and they had machines that could do it automatically. We are talking full scale automation, and then the other stuff I don't understand. Call it genetic Miracle Grow. The point is, it was all there before Kim showed up. There was going to be a flurry of advances made in the genetic field in the next couple of years and anybody with a little insight would have been able to tell you that a lot of it would center around a few labs, private and academic, clustered in the bay area. I mean Kim was a smart girl. There's a reason she wanted to go to Berkeley.

I guess what I am saying is, I'm objective enough to see that you don't need Flipper, Yr' goth, a party on the beach, or a bunch of Celaphopods to explain the recent advances in genetics. And, if you take away any hint of Celaphopod involvement, it might be easier to see how a guy who had sat across the table from Kim for half a year and helped her delve into the mysteries of biology might feel that he was owed something. See, the thing is, Kim and Bryce were working together in a near vacuum. They didn't know how much they knew or didn't know in relationship to the greater world. They'd get these journal reports, read them, and try to

analyze them. They didn't stop to consider that this was post doc level work. If you want to understand biology, you just want to understand it all? Right? You don't just stop at the biology textbook. You make use of that reference list in the back and order up journals, reports, and books from the library. That's what the college library is for in the first place. Right?

Anyway, Kim was a bright girl and there is no doubt the association with Bryce helped her. If nothing else, he had shown her how to smooze, how to work the system, and play a social network. Just read the interviews. Countless times Kim and Dr. Beechum's competitors would say, "I got the idea after having a conversation with Ms. Lee," or "going to the West Coast Symposium where Dr. Beechum presented his latest paper." By all accounts Kim was fantastic at working a room. She had learned from Bryce. She would just let a person run with the conversation, let them talk about whatever they wanted to, soak up the information they presented, and then spit it back in a slightly different, digested format. "So it's no different from a train station?" Which might not have been accurate, but it was a new metaphoric angle to look into and the thing was, if you looked at it from that angle, it yielded results. Genius? Blind luck? Or Celaphopod involvement? Really, I can't tell you the answer. You have to decide that for yourself.

So let's drift into the future. Kim moves in with Ashley (a.k.a. Ash) and Charlie who in the future will be swept along with Kim's success and become publicity agents for Beechum Industries. After Kim dies from a shotgun blast to the back of the head or because Mary Ann's time was over and the Celaphopods moved on, Ash and Charlie move into the Santa Cruz Mountains and set up a spiritual retreat.

We think Ash, Charlie, and Dr. Beechum are all Celaphopods now, but we're not really sure and there is a lot of guessing about who the remaining two might be. One of the important things

from all of this is that Ash and Charlie gave Mary Ann a look into the life of Lesbians, something Gilligan wasn't seeing a lot of.

But before we go back to Gilligan, as long as we're in the future, let's dally there a moment. At the end, the whole Lahina scene comes crashing down. The police, ATF, CIDC, whoever; everybody gets in on the gig and Lahina is crushed, just decimated, but nobody doing the arrests believes in Celaphopods.

They cleaned out the town, found Gilligan's dead body, and put his five descendants, the de facto leaders of the Sick, on the most wanted list. Taz (Jazz, the Professor) is doing time in jail. He has been found guilty for the double murder of Bryce and Kim even though they both died nearly simultaneously thousands of miles away from each other. Moon (Thurston Haole) and Star (his wife) are believed to have headed to South America and have never been located. Neither has Sam Lee who is believed to have hopped a ride on a freighter and is somewhere in the Orient. Eve (Ginger) is believed to have spent many years at sea before returning to the islands. For some reason, her name has dropped off the most wanted list. I will not dwell on that detail.

The important upshot of all this is that several thousand initiates were left on the beach without spiritual guidance. Nature and a conman abhor a vacuum and that's where I come in.

Now I tell people a lot of things. I tell them I write speculative fiction and on account of the plate in my head, I get lost in the story. Towards the end I can't tell where the story begins and ends. What is truth and what is fiction anyway?

If I am feeling talkative, I might tell them I worked for the CIDC and was one of the operatives who moved in on Lahina.

"CIDC?" they say. "Never heard of it."

"UFO, paranormal, it's a secret organization," I'll respond.

Sometimes that's the end of the conversation. They don't want to hear about how I'm going to have to kill them if I tell them

more. Sometimes I'm holding a golf club in my hand, so the threat seems real, but if they say, "So what did you do?"

Well, then I have to scratch my head, maybe tap on the metal plate and say, "I don't remember. They must have done some sort of end of career exit cleansing on my mind." But, sometimes I remember: range wars against the Klk'its, secret flights out of hidden airports, and clandestine midnight meetings with men in black business suits carrying briefcases.

Of course, when I'm not busy telling people I worked for the CIDC, I tell them I was a limo driver for Kelly and since sometimes in the middle of the conversation Kelly will sort of walk out half naked and introduce herself, that story has a certain credence to it as well.

Now if you think the CIDC is a nasty group with their plasma rifles, concussion grenades, and heavy handed tactics, they are nothing compared to the IRS. That is one viscous group. No sense of humor at all. So if you're going to start a cult, maybe call it Yr'goth's Chosen and sort of feed off of the residual energy the Sick created, don't go for nonprofit status. Pay the tax. It's how they nail all the fringe groups. Suck it up. If you are a cult, you are not a religion; you are a joke. So I don't run a nonprofit, I run a nice, small, private, no additional customer base is wanted or desired, Bed and Breakfast. And because this is fiction, total make believe, I can say my visitors aren't really paying tens of thousands of dollars for a bowl of rice or a mat to sleep on. I'll let you figure out what they are paying for.

Innuendo aside, when somebody calls themselves a coach, as in a sexual energy release specialist, personal life coach, life skills training advisor, spiritual guidance advocate, or any other nonsense name, the reason they aren't calling themselves a counselor or therapist is because they don't have the proper credentials. Anybody can be a personal life skills coach or a group sex client facilitator, but to be a group sex therapist you need a license. I

don't have a license, so if you want to call me anything, call me a fountain of obscure Celaphopodian knowledge, a Si booster, mouthpiece for Yr'goth, and if the price is right, your personal guide... to a beach where clothing is optional, the sex is free, and all your wildest fantasies will come true.

This is the end. If you don't know the story, I don't want you to be surprised. It ends up in a rundown shack of a house reminiscent of 33 Lahina. In the last chapter, guess what? Yr'goth shows up. It's future looking. It's dogma, but that's where the story is heading.

3.5.2

Yr'goth's Chosen

I lie a lot. Want some truth? What I will tell you is that Lahina doesn't exist and so a town south of Lahina by extension doesn't exist as well and it is in this little town that I do not have a house down an unmarked dirt road and it is at this house that I cannot be found Saturday nights, midnight, Hawaiian Time. And although you will definitely not have to get by any guards or waypoints, it will in fact cost you \$10,000 for an hour. Really nothing could be clearer than that.

If it's not clear, then maybe you should just assume this is fiction, I am in fact a recluse, am smart enough to lie about where I live, and in point of fact do not want you as an unannounced visitor. Or, maybe you should just read the rest of the story before you book that flight and realize that what I've been saying all along is true. The airlines don't fly to Hawaii. Never have. Never will.

This section probably isn't too helpful, so ignore it. It's one of those color bits I put in here and there to throw off the nonbelievers. Disregard it.

My house is definitely, definitely not marked by a sign that reads, Danger: Rabid Guard Dogs.

And, as long as I'm clearing the air, I might as well point out, I'm pretty sure all my previous comments about Polynesians and waves were way off base. I thought about it a bit, and have come to the conclusion, after all those years of rolling around in the ocean, it was probably the waves that were lost and asking for directions.

When Gilligan took over Bryce, not only did he infect him with the Sick virus, but he also cured him of herpes, gonorrhea, and even AIDs. According to dogma this immunity to disease is passed along with the Sick virus, but then, what kind of idiot believes dogma these days anyway?

As we all know, Gilligan is now dead. What is more odd is that in it's natural untreated state a person with AIDs can expect to live for approximately six years or as long as someone whose mind has been eaten by a Celaphopod. In the same sentence I should also mention such key concepts as AIDs dementia and that both herpes and syphilis make you go insane before you die.

The whole point is to bring this as close to home as possible. If you haven't caught on, this book isn't so much about whether it is a good read. I hope it is, but that is secondary. The real test is in a week or a month when you look back. Does Yr'goth make sense to you? Can you feel the tentacles in the back of your head pushing the buttons? Can you see the story he wants you to see? If so, then I have succeeded. If not, then... well, tough shit.

Now, either there are Celaphopods and they've given the Sick immunity to venereal disease, or some folks have simply been amazingly lucky. Let's just say if you're going to be sexually active, I recommend hedging one's bets.

Over the years, I've spent my time on both sides of an STD check: put on the gloves, examine the area... draw blood, do that

jab thing with the swab... can you say "Ouch!" Having a cotton swab shoved down your dick, down the inside of your urethra is not a pleasant sensation. And after being involved in many of these screenings, I can assure you getting a slip from a doctor, which says you're clean is pretty meaningless. You see doctors are good at prescribing medicine and stuff, but they're not really overly effective at detecting sickness in someone who's lying.

"How do you feel?"

"Great."

"Any complaints?"

"No."

"Does it hurt when I do this?"

Gasp! "No."

Poke, poke, jab, jab. "How about now?"

Struggling to breath. "No..."

It's easy to lie and if the reward for lying is getting into a girl like Kelly's pants, to some of us it just sort of comes naturally.

Picture a CIDC operative interviewing an informant in the back of his limo. "You really hate the Sixth?"

"It's the fucking Sick. They gave it that name for a reason. The goddamn bastard fucked my sister. Then he sued her. He ran me out of my own hometown. Who the fuck does he think he is anyhow? A Celaphopod? Give me a fucking break..." She takes a moment to calm down. "But that's why you're going to help me... Right? What agency did you say you were with again?"

"CIDC ma'am."

"CIDC?" She looks doubtful.

"Ma'am. We've been keeping an eye on the Sick. They're a dangerous group. Part of the power and effectiveness of the CIDC comes from its secrecy. Now if you'll just suck a little more and move your head up and down... Yeah just like that... Being secret our funding is a little squirrely. It would help matters a lot if you would arrange for a pair of first class tickets... No, no, don't take it out of your mouth. Just suck three times and swallow if that sounds like a good idea..."

“Slurp. Slurp. Slurp. Ummmmmm,” my hero.

Like I was saying. People lie. They are not to be trusted. It’s the first thing they taught us during CIDC basic training. If they’re aliens, they’re liars. They say they come in peace, but all they really want to do is fuck our daughter’s brains out. Look, suck fuck... Is there a difference?

Anyhow, people lie. That guy with the festering sores all over his dick isn’t going to go to the doctor when he looks like hell. He’s going to go on the one day a year when he’s not infectious and get a clean bill of health. He’ll show up when the red spots aren’t there, his cough isn’t so bad, or whatever. If he wants to be treated he won’t, but if he wants to get his ticket into an orgy he will.

So flat out, Yr’goth’s Chosen doesn’t take new members. If we don’t know you from the old days, if you can’t follow simple instructions, you’re not welcome. Start your own club. It’s not a matter of money. How much money does it take to live like a Spartan monk anyhow? It’s a matter of survival. Lahina got crushed because they made a lot of mistakes. If we can help it, history won’t repeat itself.

And that brings us back to Kim, her lesbian friends, and Gilligan’s orgy on the beach. If I told you lesbians are not overly attracted to orgies, but gay men are, would you find this surprising?

End Book 3

please see
www.Takosori.com
for more

The Sick: Drugs, Sex, and Celaphopods

By Eddie Takosori
Book 3 - The Third Tentacle: The Ocean

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The Sick: Drugs, Sex, and Celaphopods

By Eddie Takosori

Book 4 - The Fourth Tentacle: Animals

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The Sick: Drugs, Sex, and Celaphopods

By Eddie Takosori

Book 4 - The Fourth Tentacle: Animals

Book 4 - The Fourth Tentacle: Animals

3.5.99 and counting

Ring! Ring! Ring!

"Hello."

"One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six."

"Goodbye."

Push a button and as the computer notes the telephone number, the Chosen has decreased by one.

Ring! Ring! Ring!

“Hello.”

“One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Sick.”

“What can I do for you?”

“I want to book a room. You know, last year the action wasn’t so good... and there were too many guys... is there any way to arrange for a bigger group?”

“Goodbye.”

Push a button and as the computer notes the telephone number, the Chosen has decreased by one or two more. Perhaps all calls from that area code will be blocked for the next day, week, or month.

Ring! Ring! Ring!

“Hello.”

“One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Sick.”

“What can I do for you?”

“Have any specials?”

“We’re doing a UFO slide show next month. The turn out is usually pretty good on those.”

“Excellent. Count me in. How much is it?”

“How much are you offering?”

Q: Refusal to admit new members and habitual exclusion of old members, what kind of cult is that?

A: A successful one.

The more observant members of the cult and interested members of the public may realize that it’s been 3.5.X for a while now. It’s been more than six years since Lahina, and Dr. Beechum’s head hasn’t exploded. I know what you’re thinking. It couldn’t happen to a nicer guy, but there it is. He hasn’t been discovered with a gunshot wound to the back of the head, had a surfing accident, or had a massive stroke that caused his brains to leak out of his ears.

This little inconsistency has not gone unnoticed by the Sick, Yr'goth's Chosen, or numerous other groups.

The truth of the matter is, we don't know how long the life cycle of a Celaphopod lasts. We always thought it was six years or thereabouts, but with only one spawning episode on Earth, there are not a lot of data points. So maybe it's six years, maybe it's twelve years, or maybe it's seven years and we don't know who the next generation of Celaphopods really are. I mean, it's easy for me to sit here and say Taz is the Professor and his brain was eaten when Lahina fell, but why eat Taz's brain only to wind up in jail. And more to the point, why eat the brain of anyone who was well known or suspected of being the next in line? If the Chosen regard the Professor as being a Celaphopod, then it is likely governmental agencies do as well. Wouldn't it make more sense simply to eat the brain of some random visitor to Lahina or Hawaii, or, and this is where things get really interesting, or maybe Taz carried the Professor as a free range Celaphopod and it wasn't until some indeterminate later point that the Professor actually inhabited a new body.

It's not difficult to come up with alternate theories. It is possible the lifespan of a Celaphopod is variable. Perhaps a Celaphopod's lifespan is dependant upon the host, how old the Celaphopod is when it inhabits a body, and countless other factors.

The point is, if you are looking for a way to continue to believe in the ultimate domination of the world by the Sixth, it's not hard to craft a rationale, and if the time has come for your belief to cease, there is plenty of evidence out there to support that conclusion as well.

3.5.99

We will be happy to sell you a Yr'goth's Chosen franchise for 10% of the take. Call it a tithe. Call it a business relationship. Call it the type of thing cults have been doing since the beginning of time.

When you stop and look at how many people got off of cigarettes, alcohol, meth, and what have you... in the end, for many it doesn't matter if the Celaphopods are real. What matters is the effect a transitory belief has had on their life.

Since day one the male membership of the Sixth has outnumbered the female membership by a factor of at least two to one.

Orgy! What does the word bring to mind? Let us assume for a second that you are a heterosexual male raised in the heart of the good ole US of A. The word orgy may bring to mind the image of being suspended in a sea of swarming beauty. Let yourself fall into the embrace of this slithering pile of flesh. A girl grasps at your thigh. Let her hands explore further up. Another girl joins her from the other side. One lucky vixen straddles you and rides you slowly while another girl tickles your balls and yet another bathes your chest in loving kisses. Lying on your back girls stroke at your legs. Your hands find the breasts and nether regions of two different girls, while the most beautiful girl in the world seeks you out in the pile so that she might give you a kiss. Bask in this delusion for as long as you like. One guy, two, three, four, or more girls... Out of the corner of your eye you might see another man. Don't let the vision fade yet. It is you and you alone in a sea of women. The girls want you. "Why do we even need the other guys here?" they ask. "All we need is you." Then they giggle, take a deep breath, and submerge themselves into the swarming mass, which surrounds you and exists only for your pleasure. Feel the warm touch of a thousand kisses, as they hold you up and blanket you with love.

I'm sure you are happy with the lie. For that is all that it is. Twenty girls on one guy, tag team sex? It's not very likely. Let's pull slowly back to reality. You are in a pile of bodies. Half of them are men and half of them are women. You might have

started nice and even, boy girl, boy girl, but it hasn't stayed that way. Believe it or not two of the girls might be more interested in each other than the rest of the party. They might decide kissing each other is better than the other options... and what are the other options?

Reach your hand out. You grasp. You grope. You might find that some objects move away from your grasp. It is their nature. You might find that other objects move towards your grasp. This too is their nature. It is their nature to be needy, to seek stimulation. You might find that as if by magic every time you reach out your hand you find another man's crotch arching towards you. You can find another man's crotch, butt, or mouth easily, but a woman's kiss, this is hard to find. More worrisome may be the man moving in behind you. Feel his breath on your neck. His hands on your groin, and his manhood knocking on the back door...

Imagine an endless orgy on the beach. Imagine if you wish that it started 50-50 boys and girls, which it did not. Now imagine that time has gone by. The girls have flitted to the side, paired off, dropped out, or have had enough for the night. What remains are men. Imagine the kiss from a middle aged man with a day's growth of beard. Imagine his probing hands, his probing mouth, and his probing man bits... The Sick isn't supposed to be about gay erotica. That isn't what Gilligan had in mind, but it is very, very difficult to keep a regular, recurring orgy from devolving into a homosexual man fest.

And how exactly does one do that, keep an orgy going year after year? It's a good question. The simple answer is to have your mind sucked by a Celaphopod and to use the ensuing mind control powers for you own nefarious purposes. If that doesn't seem like a workable solution, you might want to try these simple rules.

The Sixth

Trust
Fifty-Fifty
All for One
One for All
The Chosen

The Sixth. A fifty person orgy may sound all fine and dandy, but in the end you'll wind up with a dozen smaller orgies going on. With fifty people in the room, you'll never get next to the person you really want to get next to, and yes, even in an orgy it boils down to individuals, so keep it small. For obvious reasons, the Sixth believes the optimum group size is six people. This isn't just random dogma however. Talk to any group therapist or councilor and they will tell you that there is some optimum size for group process. Some will say it's six, some eight, some as high as twelve, especially if they are getting paid per the person, but none ever say twenty, fifty, or hundred. The purpose is to get to know everyone in the group intimately, so keep the number small enough so that this is a possibility. Keep your group size at six. Rather than increase the size, start another group on a different night, or send one of your more promising initiates on their way.

Trust. You must trust every member of the group. One way to do this is to know them from back in the days of elementary school, college, or Lahina. Another way is to run a credit check. It is amazing how much more I trust someone once I have a working credit card number for them, and I know where they do all their banking. And as long as you are subjecting new members to an exhaustive entrance application process, you might as well do a thorough STD screen on them. As a start, you can have them go to a health clinic, but in the end you really need to get right down there and do a hands on examination. Sooner or later, what you see is going to be in your mouth, anus... or it's going to be somewhere you will want to be in a minute... whatever. Now's a good time to check out what they have and to determine whether it

suits your needs and the needs of the rest of the group. I also recommend drawing blood and either performing your own test or sending it off to a lab. There's plenty of stuff you can't see with your eye that is revealed by a good blood test (and oddly enough, there is still stuff that is easier to see with the naked eye than in blood, so go figure.)

Fifty-Fifty. One girl for every guy. Really you can just about narrow it down to granting membership to women and allowing them to bring a steady date, but that's not the way to word it. It's a couple's thing. Orgy means guys and girls (not six guys or one guy and five girls). It's three guys and three gals. The guys will be easy to get. The girls won't, so in the end, believe it or not, it will be the girls who determine the membership mix. They will also tend to control the orgy, determine what night it's on, how long it lasts, and on and on. Accept it. It's the way it is. I say, embrace it, but that's just me. Trust me. If you don't limit it to a fifty-fifty mix, one day you will show up and there will be twenty guys in a room waiting for one girl to show up. That's not an orgy. That's a gangbang. Unless of course, the girl never shows up, and then once again it is an orgy, but is it the type of orgy you want to be involved in?

All for One and One for All. Dogma says to let yourself go as you enter the orgy and let Si direct your actions. At times, you might find it easier to get your desires met by Si and the rest if you vocalize them. I'm all for the thrusting, pulsing, slithering mass of bodies working in tandem with a mind of it's own. I'm also for world peace. Sometimes the mass isn't in sync and it's just not happening. The best way to correct this is to let someone direct the action. Yeah. Yeah. With Celaphopods we can communicate through Si directly with one another, etc. Just trust me on this, vocalize your desires and take turns. Decide in advance whose turn it is and give 100%. Not 10%, not 20%, give 100%. Give it all for them. Let their dreams come true. It will be your turn soon

enough, at which time it is beholden unto you to accept nothing less than 100%. If you're not in the group 100%, you're not really in, so get with the program or move on. No hole barred pretty much says it all, and if that prospect bothers you or the payoff when you call the shots isn't good enough, then maybe (just maybe) this isn't the game for you.

The Chosen. Now, some folks will decide the game isn't for them. They might wonder when they are going to get their chance to call the shots or feel that \$\$, \$\$\$ is an awful lot to pay for a tray of cheap vegetarian appetizers (e.g. carrot sticks). You shouldn't argue with these folks. This is one of the reasons why you keep your groups, call them cells if you want to, small. If one cell falls apart, you still have another. If Tuesday night sputters to a slow death or goes up like a nuclear explosion because Mr. Prim and Proper "ain't doing that anymore," well then, you still have Wednesday night. If you are really paying attention though, you should be able to sense Mr. I Don't Want to Play Anymore's attitude growing before it gets out of hand. Then you'll want to set up a private meeting with him and any other interested parties. During this meeting you'll want to discuss his wants, his needs, and why he joined your little group in the first place. If it doesn't seem like you're making any headway, you may want to review any personal information you may have learned about him over the years. You know the information I'm talking about. You got it from him during his application period and you've made sure it's been current all along. You've got his full credit report, bank accounts, credit card numbers, employer, where he lives, next of kin, where he grew up, childhood friends, fondest desire, worst fear... You'll want to review this information with him. You'll also want to review some of that video footage you have of him engaged in... well, let's just say 'compromising' situations. This conversation might take awhile. If you need to, draw inspiration from Bryce's conversion of Kelly. Feel free to lock the doors, turn

down the lights, and over the course of the night explain why exactly it is that you live a half mile down a private road.

It may help if you explain this all with a near maniacal gleam in your eyes, that owing to the brain sucking powers of the Celaphopods the Sick has a near 100% conversion and retention rate and you're not going to take no for an answer.

Or you just might want to take out a blue vial and an oversized hypodermic needle, and give him a booster shot. If you are the sensitive type you can tell him, "this may sting a little," as you swab his arm with rubbing alcohol. Or, if your mind turns towards puns, you can tell him, "you may feel a little prick," but I don't like to lie. When you're being held down and screaming into a moldy beach towel, it's never little.

Even when you have aliens on your side, it doesn't hurt to hedge your bets.

2.2.1

Lifting the Veil

If you go to New York City and are mugged, has the city robbed you? If you go to New York City and are raped on the subway, is the city guilty of sexual assault? If you go to New York City and meet misfortune and the government is not to blame, how can you blame misfortune in Lahina on the Sick?

Unless of course the Sick are controlled by an alien race of Celaphopods gifted with mind control.

Some believe the reason the Sick never kept written records was because they knew from the start they were going to be closed down and they didn't want the authorities to discover the full extent of their organization. Others believe, but seldom say, the real reason is they didn't want anyone to realize how many initiates wound up as fish food.

After all, once you're done eating the brain, you have to dispose of what's leftover somehow.

100% conversion simply refers to how many joined Si or the ocean, one way or another.

The Sixth has never advocated violence.

Historically as civilizations realize their time is at an end, their ideas antiquated, and their customs obsolete, they gracefully bow out. At these critical junctures, violence, war, or bloodshed seldom occurs.

Each giving according to their ability and each getting according to their need, quickly devolves into an orgy on the beach.

The real problem with communism is not that people are inherently lazy or have insatiable appetites, it's that no sane person would opt to spend 40 hours a week on an assembly line, or, and this is much more important, even two hours getting shot at on the front lines of a battlefield. Any true communistic empire would be crushed by outside forces long before it collapsed from rot, lack of maintenance, or general malaise.

A month into the party there were something like five to ten guys on the beach for every girl. Many of the guys didn't care. They weren't interested in girls.

Gilligan was a happy Celaphopod. Well, he should have been a happy Celaphopod. He had it all. He had a lovely wife, Jazz, a lovely daughter, Ginger, and hundreds of lovely coeds at his beck and call. Even now he could see a few dozen of them cavorting on the beach.

He was standing on the second floor of one of the debilitated houses on Lahina's main street. He had just bought it. Well, not him exactly, Moon had bought it, but it amounted to the same thing. He was leader of a growing Celaphopod love menace. He was leader because Yr'goth had said he was the leader, right before he went insane, disappearing to the ocean floor, never to be heard from again. And, as leader, if one of his minions did something, it was the same as if he had done it himself. He entered the mind of one of his coeds and kissed the girl next to him. He didn't see why they needed Kim. They could learn all they needed to about girl on girl action right here, but it just didn't feel right. He couldn't lose himself in the moment. The problem was Jazz.

Gilligan could feel her frustration. She was probably jealous of all the other coeds around. Didn't she know she didn't have to worry? Sure, he was a successful Celaphopod with a large harem, but he would always make room for Jazz. She was special... but she was mad. Gilligan could feel Jazz's anger. It was hard to concentrate on anything else. It was like a blood thirsty murderous rage with jealous overtones and...

"We need to talk," Jazz demanded from behind Gilligan.

Gilligan turned away from the beach. He had been staring out at the ocean for a long time. It took a moment for his eyes to adjust to the comparable darkness of the house.

It was a dirty, rat infested building. Plaster was peeling from the walls revealing its old lath design. Dust, mold, and cobwebs hung heavy in the air, but through it all Jazz shimmered with vitality. Gilligan could feel a desire well deep inside him.

Gilligan walked towards Jazz. He put out his hand to caress Jazz's face, but Taz brushed it aside.

"We need to talk."

"What about Jazz darling? I've been neglecting you haven't I?" No one understood how tiring it was to coordinate a Celaphopodian invasion of Earth. Sure, it looked like he gazed out to sea for hours each day, but really he was working hard, fine

tuning the minds of his minions. At the end of the day, he valued the time he spent with his adopted family. It was unfortunate Jazz was so irritated lately.

He moved to fondle Jazz's breasts. He liked the way they bounced, but Jazz caught his hand and squeezed it hard.

"Ow! You're really not yourself these days Jazz... Are you pregnant?"

"No. I'm not fucking pregnant. Look, I don't mind being your bitch. Sometimes it's fun and you've got this whole weird cult thing going. I can really see the potential..."

"But..." Gilligan didn't wait for an answer. He used his mind control to sooth Jazz, turn her around, and nibble on her ear. A little attention was all she needed.

Taz broke free. "I can see where this is headed. You're Gilligan. Kim was calling herself Mary Ann before she left. Moon goes by Thurston Haole these days and everyone is just calling Star the billionaire's wife."

"And, you're my Jazz."

"No. Fuck that. I want a cool name. I want a name that lets everybody on the fucking beach know where I stand in the organization."

"You're my wife. You're second in command around here. You're Jazz."

"No. Not anymore. From now on I'm the Professor."

"The Professor?"

"Yeah." Taz straightened his shoulders and stood tall. "The Professor. From now on, that's my name."

Gilligan gave him a quizzical look, "But the Professor was a guy?"

"I am a guy dude."

The world had gone blurry for Gilligan. He blinked his eyes as he looked at... "You're a guy?"

"Fuck dude." Taz unzipped his jeans showing off his goods. "I'm a fucking guy."

It slowly came together for Gilligan. Jazz wasn't his African queen. Jazz was some bald headed Korean... dude... "Why didn't you tell me?"

"What do you mean, why didn't I tell you?"

Gilligan was still trying to make sense of it. "So, you're a guy?"

"Yeah, I'm a guy... I'm the Professor."

Gilligan was blinking. Some shroud blocking his brain had just fallen away. Memories of a police officer, an ugly police officer, and an endless string of... He rushed back to the window afraid to look. "My harem... they're all guys."

Taz, the Professor was at a loss. How could you not notice that?

Gilligan stood at the window for a moment. He could recognize them. The tall brunette with long hair was a skinny balding man who was lazing naked on the beach. His twins were Samoan brothers. Between the two of them, they must have weighed more than a Volkswagen Beetle. The longhaired blonde was a local surfer dude. The list went on. All his coeds were really guys, but how?

The moment he heard the Woody Wood Pecker laugh in his head, he knew the answer.

"I'm going to kill that fucking dolphin," Gilligan cried as he ran down the stairs, out of the house, and into the surf.

The Professor watched him from the window. Gilligan was screaming bloody murder at a dolphin. The dolphin seemed to be enjoying himself. Every now and again the dolphin would butt into Gilligan playfully, while Gilligan lost himself in a rage of hysterics punching blindly at the ocean.

In the sun by the window the Professor felt a little dizzy. There was no way he should be able to hear Bryce... Gilligan over the roar of the waves, but his voice was coming in perfectly.

"I'm in charge here... Come back here you miserable dolphin... You can run, but you can't hide..."

And over it all, the voice of Woody Wood Pecker cried out loud and clear. “Ya-ha-na-ha, Ya-ha-na-ha, Ya-ha-na-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha.”

Taz shook his head trying to clear his thoughts. He reached a hand up to feel his ear. Was he growing blue lobes as well? He wasn't, not yet anyhow, but he was clearly losing his mind. Whatever had happened to Bryce to turn him into Gilligan was happening to him as well. That was Okay. He'd didn't mind losing his mind. He'd never had much of one anyhow, but if he was going to lose his mind, he was going to lose it as the Professor. How could Gilligan not know he was a fucking guy?

2.2.2

The Honeymoon Is Over

In the early days no one took the theology or dogma seriously. The Sick was a cult for the sake of being a cult. It was only after its numbers had grown, that the pretense of any religious beliefs developed.

Many newcomers to multilevel marketing and pyramid schemes believe The Product is what drives sales. Old hands know it is the promise of rising to the top of the organization that drives sales. The product itself is secondary.

In a successful pyramid scheme, the pyramid scheme itself is the only product being sold.

Prayer, blessing, and holy items such as water are all fine products, but the ultimate product is eternal salvation and everlasting life. There is no production cost. No returns. It scales to infinity and no one ever wants to collect the product in the first place.

When you start with the premise that you are an alien from another planet who is going to take over the world by setting up a scam religion, there's not much point in fine tuning the dogma.

The Sick: Drugs, Sex, and Celaphopods.

The tag line was created before anyone knew what a Celaphopod was.

Right there, it tells you the order of importance.

It begs the question: How big can an orgy get, before it falls apart?

Much is made of Bryce's old meth lab being impounded during the final raid on Lahina. What authorities do not often mention is the near total absence of any foreign pharmaceuticals in the blood samples of any of the arrested initiates. Even if you believe the Sick was nothing more than a front organization for a massive meth empire, one thing is clear. The inner circle did not consume their own product.

Blind faith and obedience are far more important than belief.

Gilligan raised quite the ruckus in the water. Running and shouting he had thrashed into the water. In a rage he had gone past the surf and into the deeper ocean.

Gilligan had never stood a chance against Flipper. On land a human would have destroyed a dolphin. In the ocean Gilligan was next to helpless. Flipper rammed into him with his nose. Gilligan was pummeled as Flipper's whole flock, herd, or whatever the fuck you call a gang of dolphins, took turns pounding the crap out of him.

On the shore the whole town watched. They heard the cries of Gilligan and Flipper and wondered. It was nothing new to watch Gilligan do something stupid, like try to take on a dolphin in

deep water. It wasn't anything new for there to be a hundred dolphins close to shore cavorting with humans. What was new was Gilligan getting his ass kicked. Gilligan was in charge. Everybody knew that. The birds sang his praises. Men and women, but mostly men lately, kneeled at his feet. All of reality was created for him to master and here he was getting bested by a mere fish.

It didn't make sense. Everyone who witnessed this event was already converted, already touched by the Sick virus. They could hear Gilligan and Flipper argue in their heads. This too wasn't anything new. The gist of the argument was simple to understand. Gilligan was going to kill Flipper for tricking him into having sex with an endless stream of men, just as soon as the stupid dolphin stood still long enough to let him. Gilligan was livid. He was out of control. Flipper and his flock enjoyed battering Gilligan's helpless body and a mere fifteen minutes after he had entered the water, a pair of dolphins swam Gilligan back to the beach bruised and bloodied with a festering rage growing in his heart waiting for a target.

Everyone was on the beach when Gilligan returned from the water. The Professor, Thurston Haole, his wife, Auntie, Sam, Ginger, a dozen locals, and a small crowd of men, his harem, all stood on the beach watching Gilligan.

Gilligan looked up from the edge of surf. Blood dripped from his nose. Bruises were starting to form around his legs and chest. He struggled to his feet and a handful of his 'harem' rushed to help him.

"Get the fuck off me." He shook his hands free and pushed them away. "You're fucking guys. We've got too many guys here... You," he said indicating half the men. Each of them knew instantly if they were being addressed or not. "Go get some girls."

Obediently the men he had indicated started to wander away. Some got into cars and drove off, others simply walked up Lahina Way, but they all went. They had been given a command. They

obeyed. They would not return until they had brought a girl, or two, or three with them.

“That’s more like it,” Gilligan observed. “This here... Lahina is the new Garden of Eden and in the Garden of Eden there were what ten, fifteen, twenty girls for every guy?”

Thurston Haole, a.k.a. Moon, hadn’t spent much time up at the bungalow otherwise he might have known to keep his mouth shut. He found himself saying, “Actually it was one guy and one girl. Adam and Eve.”

Gilligan held his hand out behind him and someone handed him a pair of sunglasses. Gilligan smiled at Thurston as he put them on, smoothed his hair down, and shook his lobes. Then he slapped Thurston across the face as hard as he could. “Now you’re going to argue theology with me?”

Gilligan slapped Thurston again. It felt natural to him. It was something his body enjoyed, like surfing or sex. “That felt good,” Gilligan remarked. Thurston hadn’t moved. “If I say there were fourteen girls in the Garden of Eden for every guy, then that’s the way it was. If I say... some... fucking... blue squid made the universe, then all you have to do is say ‘blue squid’ and everyone will be happy.”

Gilligan addressed the group. “This is a pathetic excuse for a cult. Things are going to change and they’re going to change right now.”

His eyes fell on his balding brunette with disgust. “What are you still doing here?”

“I uh... you didn’t...” The gathering knew the man was completing the sentence in his head. You didn’t tell me to go with the others, but you didn’t have to be keyed into the collective mind to see the worry on his face.

“Give me a hundred bucks.”

“Um, OK.”

“Now!”

The man pulled out his wallet and thrust all the cash he had into Gilligan's hands. Gilligan looked at it and let it blow away in the wind. "\$47, you're short."

"I could write a check. I have credit cards. Look, just take my car."

Gilligan shook his head. "He wants to pawn a rental off on me. Unbelievable." The sweat was growing on the worm's face. "You're gone." Gilligan dismissed him with a wave of his hand. The brunette, the worm, the guy from California who had made a small fortune in fiber optics, computers, a web site, or something... maybe biotech. Who knows? Who cares? He was rich. He had money. A hundred dollars was nothing. He just didn't have it in his wallet and suddenly he had nothing. His connection with Si was severed.

Withdrawal from meth really isn't so bad. Sure, you sleep a lot and all you really want is more meth, but pain wise it's not so bad. Heroin is a lot worse. Kicking heroin is like... well... it's like swimming into the ocean to play with your friends the dolphins and then getting attacked by them. It's like getting kicked in the gut over and over again, puking up your entire being, and all the while your girlfriend is yelling at you that she's going to leave you if you don't get your act together. Then, after a while, you can see the bright light at the end of the tunnel. The pain isn't so bad, but that's when you suddenly realize your girlfriend is gone. She's taken a plane to the mainland. She's busy sleeping with every FBI agent she can coax into bed in the hopes that someday they'll raid your little operation, and more than words can say, she hates your guts.

When you're on it, heroin is everything. It's that romance with the most beautiful girl in the world, and when it's over you have nothing, nada, zip. Unhappy doesn't describe it. Lost in an eternal black hole of empty bleak desolation comes close. There is nothing. You want to know why heroin is so addictive, it's because at the bottom of the pit, the only thing that shines even the

remotest bit like happiness or something to live for is another hit of heroin, nothing else matters. Nothing.

With not so much as a snap of his fingers, Gilligan withdrew his presence from the worm. All the comfort, happiness, and joy the man had been feeling on the beach suddenly disappeared. Those around him no longer saw him. They didn't acknowledge his presence. He could no longer hear the conversation. Gilligan had ostracized him from the group mind. The man was entirely and utterly alone. The worm stumbled off in a haze, in search of redemption, in search of \$100 cash. No one paid him any mind. It was as if he didn't exist.

Gilligan was continuing, "Right here. Right now. We get this cult thing off the ground." He returned his attention to Thurston Haole. "How much have we made today?"

"Nothing. The beach is free. You said yourself..."

Gilligan slapped him again. Thurston's face went flying. "We're not making any money? This is ridiculous. No wonder no one is taking us seriously." Gilligan put his arm around Thurston and directed his attention towards the worm. "You see that guy over there wandering up towards the highway? When he gets to the top, he probably won't even notice the traffic he's so out of it. He'll probably just get hit by a car. Now that would be a shame, because all he really wants to do is come up with a \$100 in cash. If you reach down into his mind, the only thing, the absolutely only thing he wants is to come up with \$100 so he can give it to me. He'd probably give you his car, a check for \$500, or whatever for a mere \$100 in cash." He paused looking at Thurston. "I'm sure you have a \$100 in cash, why don't you see if you can work out a deal with him."

Gilligan rubbed his fingers together savoring the sting in his palm from where he had slapped Thurston. "That felt good... Really good. Ginger, you and the Professor are going to go out to the club tonight and handpick a few girls." Gilligan looked at

Ginger as he said this and instantly she understood. “You might want to bring back a few of the dancers you always wanted to hear scream.”

“Yes, daddy,” Ginger eagerly agreed. “A whole car full.”

Gilligan was pleased. He addressed the group again. “See, that’s how you do it. I say jump and you jump. You don’t tell me there was only one chick in the Garden of Fucking Eden. You don’t tell me about how there isn’t an ATM machine for miles around... That reminds me, we need to get an ATM machine down here... And for Si’s sake, you don’t go trying to pass yourself off as a girl if you’re a...” He was walking through the crowd now. He stopped in front of the twins, blonde, 500lb, Samoan Twins.

“You two,” he said pointing to the twins. “Security. I want one of you by my side at all times. No. Not just one... Six. Six of you big hulking guys walking behind me at all times. You guys are on security.”

The twins looked at each other. They didn’t ask how, why, or complain. They had a function, security. One of them stepped behind Gilligan, the other lumbered off. Soon, six large behemoths, the envy of any Sumo club would walk behind Gilligan and wait for him in outer chambers. Other groups of large Sumo wrestling looking men would set up roadblocks. One group would place a picnic table in the middle of Lahina Way up by the highway. Before anyone could drive into Lahina, they would have to get out of the way, and they didn’t always get out of the way. At the entrance to the dirt road on the other side of town another roadblock would be set up. Fallen trees would block the road and at the entrance, in the shade, a group of lookouts could always be found eating, drinking, singing songs, and talking story. No one would ever get past that point without Gilligan’s explicit approval. In the jungle surrounding Lahina, roving bands of native Hawaiians and Polynesians would set up camp. It was mostly for show, but then the security you see usually is.

Gilligan was starting to feel pretty good now. Every once in a while one of the members of the group would walk off. They had suddenly found their mission and were intent on fulfilling it. There was rice and food to bring to town, friends and family to call, real estate to buy and recondition, and the other mundane logistical tasks involved in keeping an up and coming cult running smoothly.

As this was going on unspoken, the worm knelt at Gilligan's feet as he curled Gilligan's fingers around a wad of twenties. Gilligan looked at it with distaste. "\$100? That was the old price."

"What?" the worm asked pathetically. "OK. Sure. More, but a check, OK. Please?"

Gilligan ignored him. He was concentrating on Thurston.

"A check for \$500," Thurston said proudly as he displayed the check. "That's a pretty good..." but his voice trailed off as he saw the change in Gilligan and closed his eyes waiting for the blow.

Gilligan had intended to slap him again, but he figured that could wait till later. Thurston knew his place, he just needed to be taught. "\$500 isn't much. If all we're going to make is \$500, we might as well go back to selling drugs."

"Are we going back to selling drugs?"

Gilligan left the question hang unanswered. "I don't think \$500 is enough."

The worm crawled on his knees over to where Gilligan was next to Thurston. "Please. Please. \$1,000... \$10,000." Gilligan didn't respond, the worm felt the communal embrace of Si receding again. "Take it all. Please. Anything. Everything. Let me stay."

"You're going to buy that house up by the highway and you're going to set up a telecommunications hub there," Gilligan informed him.

"Yes. Yes."

“Fill the place up with big computers...” and the conversation disappeared into the depths of Si. The man would buy the house, fill it with computers and workstations. He would bring in talent from the mainland -- herbal tea drinking, rice eating, computer code talking geeks, who would stay up in the house and punch out code and write computer programs. They would keep track of the membership roles, set up a web site, do that whole telemarketing thing, keep track of pledges, collect money, and all the other things that a good and proper communications hub should do for an up and coming cult. The garage would be filled with a big mainframe. Countless bits of data would be stored on site, across the street at another PR house, and off island. Every facet of every corner of an initiate’s life would be recorded, sifted through, and then utilized.

“For all that I get a name. Right?” the worm asked. You could never tell if he was pushing his luck or simply complying with Gilligan’s desires.

“Of course,” Gilligan said. “You’re the worm.”

It wasn’t much of a name, but it was a name. The kind of name that would be forgotten the moment the worm had disappeared into the shadows behind the hidden machinery of the cult. The worm, it would be a name that he grew into. Along with the usual activities of any respectable organization, the worm would also develop viruses, spy ware, and other malicious programs. When an initiate returned home from Lahina, they would open an email from the Sick or log onto the website. In doing so they would be downloading a program onto their computer that would allow the Sick to read the entire contents of their hard drive. The Sick would know everything the initiate typed into their computer, every web site they visited. They would know their passwords, their bank accounts, their balances, their hopes, and their dreams.

When the time came, the Sick would use this information to steal blindly from the initiates, but you can’t really call that which has been given freely theft... or can you? Either way, it makes no

difference. The worm set up an electronic presence, telephones, computers, and even paper mailings.

Gilligan could see the future unfolding. “Now this is what a cult is supposed to look like. Maybe we’ll get a little more respect.”

“Enforcement,” the Professor said. Gilligan was back to his old self, dazed, unfocused, and looking out to the sea. He lifted the sunglasses off his head and looked around a little confused.

“Enforcement,” the Professor repeated himself. “You need a psychotic arm of the cult that enforces the rules. You know prevents anyone from leaving, threatens them and their family with bodily harm.”

“All the really cool cults have them,” Ginger piped in. “You know, dark rooms, water dripping from the ceiling, maybe a rat or two, and some crazy enforcer types holding a syringe with a six inch long needle full of mind control drugs in front of the evil traitorous defectors face.”

“Oh, that would be so cool,” Gilligan agreed. “We could have like this blue vial of stuff. Maybe put in a mix of hallucinogens, maybe a little LSD, some Ecstasy, and a touch of heroin or meth, you know a nod to the old school, and just sort of allow them to get in touch with their inner Si. I always figured that betrayal and defection from the cult wouldn’t be a problem on account of me being ruler of all I survey...”

“But for it to be a real cult,” Thurston said carrying on the thought, “you have to worry about defection.”

“Et always someone close to your heart that betray you,” Auntie Lee agreed.

“We get the boys from the dock,” Sam offered. “Dey do the job right.”

“That chick,” the Professor countered. They all knew who he was talking about. The fourth horseman was a woman, an undercover police detective with DEA connections. She had

enjoyed interrogating Taz and Moon. She would work out perfectly. Her police connections might come in handy as well.

“Cagney,” Gilligan said. “I think her name was Cagney.”

“Or Lacey,” Ginger agreed as she stroked Gilligan’s face. “It matters if you get on her good side or not.”

“Good cop, bad cop, all rolled into one,” Thurston continued the joke.

“So we’ll pick her up on the way home?” the Professor said asking for guidance, but they all already knew it was a done deal.

“Good. Good,” Gilligan said. “I feel good about this.” He snapped his fingers. “Get me a board. I feel like going surfing... and some fish. Me and Flipper came to an understanding, we throw out a lot more food.”

As he was waiting for a board, Gilligan continued, “100% nothing less. If something needs doing, do it. If I say it, it is.” He trailed off as he gazed into the sea. “There’s more than one way to join the ocean,” and then added to Thurston, “You’re supposed to be a money hungry, greedy billionaire, who cares more about money than human life itself. Start acting like one.”

3.5.98

In Si we trust.

From the beginning, the Sick was a decoy, a false target, something to be misunderstood and ridiculed. We continue that tradition. What better way to be perceived as a cult in decline than to be a cult in decline?

If you hold a Primal Scream Personal Cleansing Session week after week, after a while your neighbors get used to the sound. In the end it doesn’t matter if they call the cops, because eventually even the police will get used to it, and the whole process will become routine.

“You guys got to keep it down,” Kimo says.

“Sorry.”

“Why do you do it? What’s the point anyhow?”

“You just scream as loud as you can. AHHHHH!”

“Ahhh?”

“Almost. Bring it up from the depths of your soul. ARGH!”

“YE-HAW!”

“AHHH! I do sort of feel better.”

“See. That’s it. AHHHH!”

“AHHHH!”

It’s a spiritual cleansing, a deep and profound emotional release. Then when you return to the dissident tied up to a chair in the back room, you can rip the duct tape off his mouth.

“Oww! Help! Hey, help. Come back!” he’ll call after the retreating police officer only to be drowned out by a collective, “AHHHH!” from the other ‘Primal Scream’ participants.

Then if he, she... it, because a dissident isn’t really anything but a thing to be enjoyed, consumed, or tortured anyhow. Then if it doesn’t make too much noise struggling to breath through a rancid, mildew laden rag, and if the blow to its kidney’s has helped it to focus its attention, it might hear Kimo chuckle. It might hear the sound of Kimo’s boots on the gravel as he gets back into his patrol car, and it might hear its last hope fade into the distance.

“It’s not really disturbing the peace until after 10PM,” you can inform it. “Want to scream some more or are you ready to be reasonable? Come back to Si. We miss you.”

“Yes, we miss you honey,” its wife might say as she digs her nails into its flesh and joins it in a heart felt, “AHHHH!”

It’s not unusual for recovering addicts to complain during withdrawal. “I never had this much trouble when I was using. I had a routine, but now,” that I’m no longer using, no longer hanging with the same crowd, going to the same places, spending my days and nights with a group of insane cult members on the beach, “my whole life is falling apart. I can’t sleep. I can’t eat. Nothing seems right. I don’t know where I put stuff. I can’t find

my car. The money I thought I had in my bank account has just disappeared. Everything is messed up. I have bills I never knew existed. My credit cards are maxed out. The bank is going to foreclose on my house and the power company is shutting off the lights. Nothing is fun. Nothing is interesting. I have no direction. I can't concentrate. All I do is stare out into space and worry. I'm always looking over my shoulder. I'm not the same person anymore. Worse, I'm all alone. My wife and kids won't speak to me. Everyone I knew, I knew in relation to" using drugs or that cult on the beach. "I can't hang out with them anymore or I'll just go back. Even my wife," girlfriend, boyfriend, "grew to love the person I had become," on drugs, in a midnight orgy, in a shared delusion. "I'm all alone. It's not worth it. I'm thinking of going back. I know there were problems, but I miss the way things were."

Don't worry. We'll take you back. It'll be like you never left.

3.5.97

One thing's for sure. If you're into S&M role playing and you forget your safe word, you're in for a world of hurt.

Or, if the psycho tormenting you forgets the safe word, that's even worse.

"What you want out?"

"Cookies and Cream."

"What are you talking about?"

"Cookies and Cream."

"You're such a kidder. Pralines... Rocky Road yourself... So, next week at six or should we just come by again and pick you up like we did this week?"

"Cookies and Cream!"

"Cookies and Cream!"

“Cookies and Cream!”

Truthfully, I draw the line at the front door. If you're not willing to make it to a Yr'goth's Chosen meeting on your own, then you're not in. It's simple. It's easy to understand. If you show up, you're in. If you don't, you're not.

Yr'goth's Chosen isn't the only group out there, so I spread the net wide when I describe current activities. I don't see the need to differentiate between Yr'goth's Chosen, The Divine Truth and Living Revelation of Gilligan, Survivor's of Atlantis, or any of the other groups. Often, I just sort of blend them together, but unlike the Divine Truth, you won't find any weapons at a Yr'goth's Chosen outpost. I mean, you think Yr'goth's Chosen is a little out there. The Divine Truth and Living Revelation of Gilligan has taken it to a whole new level. They're into that whole survivalist thing. Talk about delusional. Out in the foothills of Montana, they have a little enclave where they practice their cute little paramilitary maneuvers. I don't know if you've looked at the U.S. military lately, but they like to outfit their troops with things like tanks, helicopter gunships, air dominance fighters, and big old jet airplanes with howitzers sticking out of the bottom, which they like to call tactical weapons platforms. I'm not a military expert here, but I'm thinking no matter how many M-16s, AK-47s, or other little peashooters you have, it won't make a difference when you're up against tanks. Your average tank doesn't even bother to laugh at hand weapons. They just turn that big turret and unload a half dozen 50 pound shells, while they blanket the landscape with machinegun fire and antipersonnel explosives. It's not going to be some David and Goliath thing. It's going to be a turkey shoot with the good ole U.S. Armed Forces pounding the ever loving crap out of the Divine Truth.

All the same, I went to a month long retreat up at their compound once and I must say it was fun. I got to shoot some big old guns that are probably illegal, but that's not really what's going through your mind as the 50-caliber machinegun shells dance

around you. And the insane out of control role playing. I mean, we are talking serious interrogation practice. Let's just say, you do not want to get caught snooping around the Divine Truth's compound.

I don't tell you this just to point out that Yr'goth's Chosen is a much better organization than the Divine Truth, but to let you know that there are a lot of different post Sick groups out there and whenever I'm talking about something slightly less than ethical or simply downright illegal, I'm probably talking about the Divine Truth.

Having given you fair warning, I must admit the Divine Truth has the best historical library that exists covering the life of Gilligan and what he said and did over the course of his six years in Lahina. It's a wonderful resource. After you've been browsing though it for a while, say towards the end of the weekend, week, month, or whatever you've paid for, but before they will give you a certificate which says you are an authentic Seeker, they give you a test regarding what you have learned in their library. It's a simple test really, just one question:

“What story or detail of the life and times of Gilligan did you not find in our archives?”

The test is to answer the question and if what you answer is true, thorough, demonstrates an accurate knowledge of Gilligan's teaching, and includes an anecdote, angle, or factoid they've never come across before, they give you a certificate and add your story or bit of information to their archives. There's a reason it's called the Living Revelation.

If you can read between the lines, that means there is not only a lot of intergroup rivalry, but there is also a lot of misinformation out there. This is all by design. A fractured hierarchy with a bunch of openly hostile, divergent groups competing for a

shrinking follower base is exactly what you would expect to find in the wake of a collapsing psuedo religious power structure.

In such an environment, you might also expect to find a group, which specializes in taking an abstract, objective point of view allowing adherents to follow their own way, while staying faithful to the core Sick principles of capitalizing on any monetary opportunities which present themselves.

I'm not really sure what that last sentence means, but if you do and are interested, I'm sure we can come to some sort of agreement and sell a Yr'goth's Chosen franchise to you.

2.3.1

Here Now, The News – Part 1

Si allows each to serve as the spirit calls them. There was one who served by writing letters of protest to editors complaining about a Sick new cult that had taken over the local beach.

The flow of a story is like the patches of awareness through the course of a day. The author decides what bits to relate, highlight, and draw attention to, but the reader ultimately decides which words tell the true tale.

The presence of Chicken Skin or Goosebumps is a clear indications something is pleasing to Si... Laughter isn't such a bad indicator either.

“You have reached the automated flight reservation system. If you would...”

“Help.”

“I'm sorry. It sounded like you said you wanted flight information for Ykakastan. If this is correct say...”

“Assistance.”

“I’m having trouble understanding you, it sounded like you wanted to book a first class one way ticket to Ykakastan.”

“No. I want to talk to a live person.”

“I think you said you wanted a vegetarian meal on that one way flight to Ykakastan. If this is correct, say yes.”

“NO. I don’t want to go to Ykakastan.”

“It sounded like you wanted to cancel that flight to Ykakastan.”

“Correct. Just get me an operator.”

“Did you know Ykakastan is beautiful this time of year? The flowers are in bloom, the birds are singing Gilligan’s praises, and...”

“Help!”

“Why don’t you want to go to Ykakastan? It really is nice this time of year. Did I mention the flowers?”

“Are you a live person?”

“Yes...”

“Thank God. Your stupid computer wanted to send me to Ykakastan.”

“I’m sorry about that. We’ve been having problems with the automated service. What can I help you with?”

“One way, Kona to Cleveland, as soon as possible. I need to get out of here.”

“So, that’s one way Kona to Ykakastan... did you want to have a vegetarian meal on that flight?”

“Help!”

All roads lead to Si. All of them. Even the one you are on.

Through the course of his life, Gilligan gave numerous interviews to journalists. The following compilation is

excerpted and expanded from The Divine Truth and Living Revelation of Gilligan's archives.

"You'll need to kneel," Thurston directed the news reporter Janet Ono and her camera man, Jim Camino. Gilligan was standing on the balcony of the luxury house at 3 Lahina Way wearing a white robe and staring into the morning sun.

"Kneel," Thurston commanded. "You'd do it if you were filming the Pope. You'll do it if you want the interview."

Grudgingly Janet knelt. "They give you pillows in church."

"You too camera guy... Big Jim."

When she noticed he was looking at her for guidance, Janet told her cameraman to, "Kneel! I'm kneeling, you kneel."

Jim struggled with the camera and his heavy frame. When they were on their knees they waited. Little did they know that as they did this Gilligan crawled into their minds, evaluated what they were thinking, and plotted the interview's course. Without looking from the ocean, Gilligan spoke. "Pain, frustration, humiliation... or if you prefer humility."

Gilligan turned towards them. It appeared as though he was wearing dark sunglasses with blue fishing worms taped to them. He continued, "It's why you are kneeling. The harder you work for the interview, the more you will value it... the more you will learn." He turned to Thurston Haole. "They did make a donation, too?"

"Not much."

"Token \$1000?"

"Yep."

This brief exchange with Thurston over, Gilligan returned his attention to Janet Ono. "It's because we want the interview as much as you do." Gilligan put up his hand. "It's not time to rise yet. You're not angry enough."

"I'm getting there," Janet informed him.

"But you're not there yet. Do we have any sacramental wafers?"

The professor who was also in the room along with a dozen oversized security guards wearing white sarongs tossed Gilligan a bag of potato chips.

Gilligan struggled with the bag. Finally he ripped it open and some of the chips went flying. Absently he continued as he munched on chips. Finally he offered one to Janet. “Take eat, this is my body?”

She started to get up. Gilligan put his hand on her head preventing her assent. “Force and resistance. Desire and need.” Janet stopped struggling and remained on her knees. Gilligan posed for the camera with exaggerated movements. Finally he put out his hand. “Rise Janet Ono, have a chip. You won’t find any on the beach.”

“That’s what we’ve heard. One rule for the initiates and another for those higher in the hierarchy.”

“We’re a cult. It’s what they expect. You look like a Margarita person Janet... Professor, if you would do the honors.”

“You’ve done your research.”

“Sure, you like Margarita’s. You’re cameraman is more partial to beer,” as Gilligan said this, Thurston handed Jim a cold bottle. “We know that a \$1,000 isn’t the most you would have paid for an interview. I know you think we should be shut down, that you think we are a disgrace, a mockery to religion... You’re right of course.”

“You admit that you should be shut down?” This interview was going to be easier than she had anticipated.

“We’ll be shut down eventually. Cults always are. No, what I was saying is we’re a mockery. That’s the whole point. See, we’re not really a religion. I’m an alien from another planet sent to save the human race from certain destruction.”

“I think I need that Margarita.”

The Professor appeared with the drink.

“It’s the same old story really. An alien lands on Earth, befriends the locals, and then the repressive Earthling overlords get wind of the situation and come in with tanks...” Gilligan stopped

and looked around. "Sorry, I thought I heard rumbling in the distance."

"So the bottom line is you don't care if people think you are a joke."

"I've never really met very many atheists who didn't think hardcore Christianity wasn't a joke. Nonbelievers never take you seriously. Look, we should show you around."

"Are you catching this Jim?"

Jim didn't reply, he knew Janet had just asked for effect. They were standing in the driveway of 1 Lahina Way up by the highway filming a group of large, fat, well tanned men lounging under umbrellas. Picnic tables, lawn chairs, and a pair of sofas had been set up in the middle of the street. There was no way the men would accidentally get hit by a car coming down the road, because in front of them were three layers of parked cars. It was where Janet and Jim had left their equipment van.

"So 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, you have the road blocked," Janet said accusingly.

"This is our town. I'm in charge. No one enters or leaves without my authority," Gilligan haughtily explained.

"That's against the law."

"He's exaggerating," Thurston jumped in.

"No I'm not," Gilligan corrected him.

"Today is a festival," Thurston explained. "I believe today is the Lahina Cove's Block Party Association's monthly meeting. According to the permits, we can block off the road 12 hours before the meeting which lasts 24 hours and then we have 12 hours to clean up before we have to open the roads again."

Janet of course knew this. "And tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow is A Day with the Dolphins, then we have a Choral Reunion, a Fried Rice Bake Off, a Night Under the Stars, the Annual Kite Flying Contest, Lahina Surf Club, South Kona Snorkeling Society... Lahina is tied up for the next 3 years."

“So your organization has managed to turn a public access beach into it’s own club...”

“By carefully subverting the will and the intent of the law. Yes,” Thurston agreed.

Gilligan broke in again, “Like I said, I own this place.”

“It’s over a thousand different clubs, groups, and organizations that have come to realize that Lahina is the best place in Hawaii to hold their group’s functions.”

“The Sick has over a thousand different front organizations?” Janet repeated.

“Only a thousand?” Gilligan asked with alarm.

Ignoring Gilligan’s theatrics Thurston continued to explain the details, “Legally it’s a thousand different organizations. None are owned by or are subsidiaries of the Sick. The Sick is actually a very small organization.”

“How small?”

“Four members.”

“Four?” Gilligan was aghast. “No.” He started counting out people. “One, two, three, four, five... see five right there and then more over there... and down at the beach.”

“The Sick has four recognized members. It’s a corporation, a legal entity. It’s very influential, but it only has four official members.”

Gilligan wasn’t buying it. “I thought we had more.” Then he shrugged. There was a reason the Professor, Thurston, the worm, and others took care of the details. “Look, I wanted to show you something.” He knocked on the garage door of 1 Lahina.

As the door rose, row after row of filing cabinets decorated with blinking lights came into view. Off to one side was a folding coffee table and set on top of it was what was supposed to look like a bundle of dynamite wired to a plastic alarm clock.

“This is our computer center.”

The worm stood by the doorway and saluted. “All computer operations are up and functioning.”

Janet shook his hand and then looked at the filing cabinets. They were obviously just regular filing cabinets with flashing Christmas tree lights taped to the front. The whole display was of the level of construction you might expect from a third grader. It wasn't a very convincing mock up of a mainframe supercomputer. Janet reached for a drawer handle eager to expose the charade. "May I?"

The worm stood by his machinery. "It's state of the art. Over 25,000 mega-giga pixels of dynamic static D-Ram memory capable of 42,000,000 giga flops per second, wiring us into the future."

"So you're a modern up to date cult?" Janet asked as she pulled open a filing cabinet drawer revealing it's barren interior.

The worm shut the cabinet. "I'm sorry. I'm going to have to ask you not to open the drawers. It's advanced, hi-tech, cutting edge equipment... very sensitive to moisture and humidity."

"We're really impressed with the miniaturation of the computer components we've been able to achieve," Thurston pointed out. "It's really unbelievable."

"All cleverly disguised as empty filing cabinets with blinking Christmas lights taped to the front?"

"I'm pretty sure flashing lights are the foundation of computers," Gilligan explained as he put his hand on her shoulder. "If you look at any movie, the computers always have blinking lights. Without blinking lights, you don't have a state of the art computer system. You're a reporter. You should know this... but over here is what I really wanted to show you." He pointed to the rolls of red paper, wired with yarn to a baby's plastic toy alarm clock. "It's all set to go. When the Fed's come, it'll all disappear."

"Won't be anything left," the worm confirmed.

"Pretty clever," Janet agreed sarcastically.

Gilligan tossed the play dynamite into the air. "Of course, this is just for show. We've got over fifty kilo's of... What are we calling the stuff?"

“Paper mache.”

“Over fifty kilo’s of highly explosive paper mache rigged to go.”

“It’s all part of the alien technology Gilligan brought with him from outer space,” Thurston explained. “Oh, have you seen our website.”

“It’s actually quite impressive. You must have a real computer center somewhere.”

Gilligan looked at her bewildered. “Miniaturation.” He tossed the dynamite. “Rigged to go?”

“It’s a dispersed system, integrating small modular systems.” Thurston helped out. When he saw that she didn’t understand, he added, “We mostly use laptops... He wanted a big fancy computer center with flashing lights.” He shrugged. “He’s in charge. He gets what he wants.”

Gilligan snapped his fingers and one of the big, burly security guards lumbered over with an armful of skateboards. “Do you skate?”

“No,” Janet replied.

Gilligan stood on the board idling doing spins and toe stands. “I guess we’ll meet you at the bottom then.” To Thurston he added, “Don’t be giving the game away. We’re a secretive cult out to control the minds of the young and overthrow the world through...”

“Stupidity?” Janet finished for him.

“Exactly.” And with that Gilligan eased the board into the slope and careened down the hill. The Professor followed him on a board of his own and an honor guard of trotting Samoans brought up the rear on foot.

As Jim filmed Gilligan’s decent, Janet turned to Thurston. “Is he always like this?”

To which Thurston replied, “He must like you. He’s never shown any reporters the computer center before.”

2.3.2

Here Now, The News – Part 2

The main advantage of the Celaphopodian reproductive cycle is that they never see their children grow up and as such are never disappointed by them.

In many interviews Gilligan uses a banana as a prop pretending it's a phone. From the Sick's point of view, it's a subtle joke within a joke. Since they could communicate through Si, any phone, even a banana phone, is redundant.

Everyone knows you need a joint task force of highly trained agents backed up by a full division of tanks to take out aliens. A lone farmer with a shotgun is never enough.

Random lies, contradictory facts, and nonsensical anecdotes have a certain logic to them if you start with the assumption that knowledge is not only unimportant, but unattainable.

Janet, Jim, and Thurston stood on the shore watching Gilligan, the Professor, and a few others surf. The surfers delighted in weaving in between each other and seeing how close they could come together. When you share a communal mind, synchronized surfing, or synchronized anything it amazingly easy.

During this time a few of the beach goers handed money to Thurston, smiled, and posed for the camera. One girl said, "It's clothing optional and I'm opting out. Come down and see me." And then did an elaborate strip tease, which when you get right down to it was something since she had only been wearing a bikini in the first place.

"Running naked on the beach?" Janet observed.

"We have the right permits," Thurston replied.

"I couldn't help but notice you were being handed money."

“Newcomers often want to be acknowledged for their generosity. You may have noticed the barrels by the highway and in front of the Thai Shack. Donations are voluntary. The beach is free...”

“No it’s not!” Gilligan shouted from the surf. “The days of free love, running naked on the beach, that’s all over.”

As Gilligan said this, Jim tracked a group of naked frolickers heading for the surf with his camera.

Gilligan continued, “We’re a ruthless cult. Ruthless. Real bad asses... Oops, sorry. Bad butts.”

Thurston interpreted Gilligan’s statements for Janet, “Technically we can close the beach and charge for parking, admission, food, beverages, special events... We could even charge for restrooms, but we don’t. We like to see someone toss in a token amount of money at the entrance, but if all you got is a penny, that will buy your way in.”

Gilligan was incensed. “A penny! You’ve got to be joking.”

Thurston ignored him. “The only revenue the Sick makes is from the barrels. It’s voluntary. If you’re not together enough to come up with a penny, you’re probably not together enough to even make it down here, but if you want to show up, dance naked with the girls on the beach, the price of admission is one penny.”

“Or more,” Gilligan interrupted. “Let’s eat.”

On the way to the Thai Shack they passed a girl in the street who was handing out money. Gilligan and the others took the penny, nickel, or dime she offered and when they got to the barrel in front of the Thai Shack, they tossed it in. Halfway through their meal, when the girl ran out of money, she ran over to the barrel and got another handful out. As he passed, Thurston tossed the money he had collected on the beach into the barrel.

Auntie was behind the counter serving up pineapple fried rice to all comers. She had a big smile on her face. She had never been happier in all her life. Gilligan gave her a big hug hello. “This is

our secret weapon,” Gilligan explained. “Authentic home cooked food.”

They took their bowls of rice over to one of the tables and sat down, Gilligan, Janet, Thurston, and the Professor. On occasion seemingly random initiates would occupy the other seats at the table, but they were mostly good looking semi naked young girls.

When they were done with the rice, the Professor brought over some sake glasses full of a hot spicy tea.

Janet winced as she tasted hers and quickly reached for some water.

“Herbal infusion. It’s as close to anything intoxicating we get to,” Thurston explained.

Janet noticed no one else at the table was drinking any.

“It’s mostly hot peppers,” Thurston continued. “Butter, honey, some nutmeg, who knows what Auntie has put in it today. All legal stuff. After a hot meal and a long day of playing, it’s all you really need to kick you over the edge if you’re looking for a little extra mental stimulation, a little glow.”

“I notice not very many people? Followers?”

“We call them initiates.”

“Not many initiates are drinking any.”

Thurston got serious. “You know, as much as we like to play and fool around about nonsense stuff, at the bottom of it we do have a profound religious belief.”

“And that would be?” Janet prompted.

“That I’m in charge,” Gilligan broke in. “I’m the messiah, here to save the human race. You know... the alien love menace.”

“We believe in Si,” a dazzlingly beautiful coed said from across the table as she gazed into the camera lens. “We believe all life, all everything at its root is interconnected.” She licked her lips. “To love yourself you must love others.” She brought her fingers down suggestively and stroked the flesh between her cleavage as she licked spice tea off of her fingers. “I do so want to be loved.”

“Bravo!” Gilligan clapped his hands. “That was good. Totally unrehearsed, just a random initiate singing the praises of Si.”

The girl fluttered her eyes as she looked at Gilligan. “So, it was good? I didn’t come on too strong?”

“You’re perfect,” Gilligan assured her.

“Thanks,” she smiled and then with a wave she was out the door and running across the street.

“There does seem to be no end of eager young women here,” Janet observed.

Gilligan wrinkled his forehead. “We owe it all to Celaphopodian mind control... and Auntie’s good cooking. We have any ice cream left?”

As they were eating pohā berry ice cream, Thurston prompted Janet, “I’m sure you have some questions.”

Janet leapt at the opening observing, “You have track marks all over your arms and legs.”

Gilligan had taken off his robe to go surfing and ever since then, he had only been wearing oversized swim shorts and dark gummy-worm sunglasses. He looked at his arms. “I had a run in with a foul creature from the depths of space...”

“A Portuguese Man of War,” Thurston explained.

“It left marks, scars.”

“They look like track marks,” Janet insisted.

Gilligan shrugged. “Before I inhabited this body, its previous owner was a bit negligent and reckless.”

“And now?”

“Fried rice with the occasional potato chip.”

“No ice? No heroin?”

“Look around you. This is paradise. What’s the point? If you can’t be happy here, now, how can you ever be happy?”

“So you deny the Sick use drugs?”

“Sure, we deny it,” Thurston supplied.

“But do you believe it?” Gilligan asked. “Look, happiness or sadness is easy to achieve, you just decide which you want. You,” Gilligan said pointing to another young woman in line. “You’re gone. You’re out.”

“What? No. Please,” and then she just stood still and started to cry, to sob uncontrollably with a great degree of gusto and fervor. No one in the restaurant paid her any mind. Tears rolled down her face. Snot dripped from her nose. Her shoulders convulsed with the pain and sorrow.

Gilligan sat and waited.

“She’s just an actor,” Janet commented.

“Probably,” Gilligan agreed, “but let’s watch her all the same. You’ve got to admit she’s some actor.”

After a while Janet said, “Okay, that’s enough.”

“Why?” Gilligan asked. “She’s just an actor. It’s not real. Her suffering. Her sobs. She’s helpless.”

“Hypnosis?”

“Nope, mind control.”

“Brain washing?”

“Call it what you will. Come here my child.”

The girl blinked as if awakened from a dream. “Thank you.” She kneeled at Gilligan’s feet. The total and complete euphoria she felt was apparent in her eyes. “Please don’t make me go away. I’ll do anything.”

Gilligan idly ran his fingers through her hair. “You’ve got me for the next few years. Better enjoy it,” and with that he dismissed the girl.

“What happens in a few years?” Janet asked.

“The rapture. The party is over, but go back to the girl for a moment. It wasn’t drugs. Maybe brainwashing, maybe hypnosis, maybe her mind was sucked by an alien from another planet. Does it really matter? She went from the furthest depths of despair to the highest levels of exaltation in a matter of moments, right before your eyes. That’s what we offer... Happiness.”

“And the price?”

“Everything else. If you want to be happy, it helps if you’re not encumbered by all that other piddling stuff.”

“Like money or freedom.”

Gilligan only shrugged.

“How about the extradition proceedings against you?” Janet asked changing the subject. “You’re wanted on the mainland for dealing methamphetamines.”

Thurston answered. “The charges are being disputed. As you know, it is Gilligan’s contention that he is an alien from another planet that has eaten the brain of the person you knew as Bryce Canyon. It seems a little short sighted to hold Gilligan responsible for a crime he never committed.”

“It just seems like a desperate attempt to use any argument however ludicrous to escape a jail term.”

“It’s that too. I’m not a lawyer, so I don’t know the intricacies, but there is precedent in U.S. law.”

“I’ve read the summary briefing. Gilligan is claiming diplomatic immunity on the basis that he is an alien envoy.”

“Exactly,” Thurston agreed.

“How can you even start to believe that will work?”

“The basis is simple enough. Foreign dignitaries are immune from prosecution of petty laws. The existing charges are not significant. Dozens of foreign dignitaries are pardoned every year for similar offenses, there is no reason why this protection should not apply to a Celaphopod.”

“It’s ridiculous.”

“Probably, but that doesn’t mean it’s not legally valid.”

“It indicates a lack of respect for the law.”

Now it was Thurston’s turn to shrug. “You should really read the Illegal Alien Amnesty Act congress passed back in ‘84. The law was ostensibly intended to grant asylum to illegal workers from Mexico and China, but the Act includes a provision to include non-terrestrial aliens.”

“You’re kidding.”

“Nope. A senator from Nebraska insisted the clause be inserted. He said it was a form of protest, but protest or not, the law is the law.”

Gilligan had had enough of this. He went into kitchen and picked up a box of pig’s feet. His security guards and several onlookers grabbed boxes as well. He set the box down on the table. “No one believes I’m an alien. It’s not important. Eventually the extradition will go through and eventually we’ll all die. The only real question is which will happen first.”

Gilligan took his clothes off, as did everyone else in the room. “It’s time to feed the dolphins,” he explained. “They’re afraid of clothes.” He shrugged. “I know it’s just a poorly disguised excuse to try and get you naked, but if you want to feed the dolphins, it’s time to show us the goods.”

Janet smiled. She didn’t mind when Gilligan ran his hands through her hair. “It’s a blatant come on.”

“But it does help with the ratings. If there’s one thing the Sick understands, it’s the marketing appeal of hot girls running naked on the beach.”

The newscast that evening ended with a scene of Gilligan and Janet Ono tossing pickled pigs feet to a school of dolphins. Janet Ono was blurred out from the chest down, but if you went onto the Sick website or just asked Big Jim for a copy, you could see her in all her naked glory.

2.3.3

Kim & Eddie

Most people don’t realize it, but in large enough doses most herbs have therapeutic uses. Take nutmeg for instance. If you grind up two whole nutmeg seeds, boil them in water for 15 minutes, and drink the resulting tea, you will die. This is really most unfortunate, because if you did the same thing

with three seeds, you would have a very effective hallucinogenic elixir.

The only part of the body, which can differentiate between an intoxicant and a poison is the mind.

Like ancient ruins buried in sand, eventually western civilization will be buried under a pile of junk mail.

Cable TV is 300 Channels of digital mind control.

Protean bars are made from people.

One nation under Si.

Round the clock surveillance, wire taps, hacking into computers... You don't have to have ESP or be from another planet to convince someone else you can read their mind.

Being happy is simply a matter of being happy. It's a shame so many people decide being happy needs to be more complicated than that. Often folks reason they'll be happy if this or that happens and then when it does they are happy for a moment or two before they set a new and grander requirement to being happy.

Eddie couldn't help but be a little nervous. It was a big meeting, not just for his career, but hopefully his love life as well. He had never dated much, opting instead to follow his cultural heritage of spending long hours studying in the library. He was Japanese. It was a private joke. As a child he had thought his cultural heritage was being a Ninja or a Samurai. As he grew up, he realized the cultural heritage his parents expected him to follow was the one of the company man, a dependable chemist in a white lab coat with predictable, conservative opinions.

He had obediently followed his parent's desires, and so he had gone through high school, college, graduate school, and even post doc studies more or less single and alone with advanced genetic theory as his only companion. He thought back to the study groups. There had always been girls. Study alone? That would be unsociable, but none of the girls had ever sparked his interest.

In the end, all the studying had paid off financially and he had become the company man his parents had always wanted. He could have afforded a much better car than the luxury sedan he now drove. In truth, he would have preferred a nice beat up truck, but that would never do when he took his mom out for lunch. It was all about appearance. How could you be successful if you drove an old truck? But, he craved a beat up truck, a pair of dirty faded jeans, and an oil stained shirt... It was just a dream. He knew if he ever got the truck, he'd feel compelled to pound out the dents and if he ever got oil on his shirt, he'd change it immediately. Some things were too ingrained. The only way he could wear an oil stained shirt was if it was a novelty shirt that came with a pre-made fake oil stain. It was the way things were. It was the way he was. No sense fighting it. It was just a matter of time before he got married, moved out of his small one bedroom apartment, and bought one of those new Mc Mansions in the valley. It was his destiny.

Eddie hoped his destiny included Kim. That was his real hope. He couldn't help it. He knew this quiet dinner party was just a trial recruitment balloon, but Kim would be there again, and he prayed that she desired him for more than just his genetic knowledge.

He hadn't been able to stop thinking about Kim since he had first met her in person two weeks ago at an Ethics in Genetics Conference. They had talked for over an hour the first night and then again, off and on, over the course of the weekend. He had sat next to her during a lecture on... Concerns and Issues Relating to the Genetic Alterations of Foodstocks had been the name of the

lecture. He hadn't remembered much else about that hour except that he was sitting next to Kim Lee, how wonderful her hair smelled, and how much he longed to run his hands through her hair and...

At the end of the weekend she had said she liked his 'ideas on advanced applications.' At first he had thought she was teasing him. He didn't think he could take it if she teased him, but she wasn't. She had given him her business card and he had completed the ritual by giving her one of his own. "We should get together and talk some more," she had said with a smile and if there was one isolated moment in time Eddie could capture, bottle, and live over and over, it would be in that moment when he caught her eyes and realized that she wasn't teasing him and she really did want to see him again.

Eddie had hoped the next meeting would be at some nice, quiet, candlelit romantic table for two. Maybe an afternoon in the wine country, but Kim had invited him to Ash and Charlie's house. She had also said Dr. Beechum and Celeste, his wife, would be there.

Ashley, Charlie, and their permanent houseguest, Kim, lived in an older section of Palo Alto. The houses were small here, the yards often used as junkyards or workspaces, but it was safe, the neighbors were nice, and there was no crime.

Eddie drove down the narrow street slowly. It was a two way road, but cars were parked on both sides. There was barely enough room for one car to squeeze down the center. There was no way two cars could actually pass on the small street, and he didn't think he would find another one, so Eddie parked in the first empty spot he came to. He couldn't see the address, but he thought he had probably gotten lucky and found a space right in front of where he wanted to go. The yellow Porsche in the driveway must be Dr. Beechum's and deeper in he could see a big four door truck (nice) and a shiny pink Volkswagen Beetle (cute).

Eddie got out of his car and looked around. The front yard was overgrown. It was a tangle of weeds... No, not so much weeds. He could see the plan, the organization. It was a study of how much plant life you could get into a small space. The bushes and trees grew into each other. It looked overgrown, but that was by design.

As Eddie stood there, one of the neighbors waived to him with greasy hands from behind the hood of a car. Suddenly, Eddie felt very out of place in his business suit.

“Hi, Stan,” Eddie heard the voice of Kim from behind him.

“Evening. Looks like y’all got a fancy evening planned,” Stan said returning the greeting.

“A friendly dinner,” Kim responded and then greeting her guest she said, “Hi, Eddie.”

Kim was wearing a long white skirt with large pink flowers. It was tied at her waist with a pink ribbon. For a top she wore a white blouse and, of course, she had pink ribbons tied into her long flowing black hair. Eddie felt his heart stop. She looked beautiful.

Kim eyed Eddie for a moment pretending to be cross. “This is casual?”

“Right,” Eddie said slipping off his coat and loosening his tie. “Casual.”

It was close enough. Kim gave him a warm hug hello and let Eddie linger in the moment for a long time.

“Get a room,” Stan called from across the street.

Kim smiled.

Eddie blushed.

“Let’s go inside,” Kim said.

Past the fruit trees, herbs, and salad garden, down a small narrow path they came to the front door. It was a massive solid oak door with iron band reinforcing. The exterior walls were faced with stone and stucco. Inside, the entire house had been re-floored with expensive Koa wood as were many of the walls. Solid granite slabs were used as wall hangings. The bathroom was decorated

with a backlit luminescent orange onyx panel while the newly renovated kitchen had iridescent countertops with patches of blue mica that came to life with an inner glow and then disappeared as you walked past them. Interior decorating was one of Charlie's passions. The interior refurbishment had doubled the cost of the house. It was fantastic looking. The place screamed of money and of those who knew how to spend it.

Kim had led Eddie inside and introduced him to everyone. He already knew all of them, but he welcomed the ritual. It gave him a moment to relax, to take in the splendor.

Charlie, wearing a glamorous sequined dress, was busy working on feta spinach Hors D'oeuvres in the kitchen. Ash looked uncomfortable in dress slacks and a button down shirt. She pulled at her collar. "Can't seem to get used to it... Can I get you something to drink? Orange juice, lemonade... We pretty much have it all as long as it doesn't contain alcohol, caffeine, or that evil high fructose corn syrup."

"It's bad for you," came Charlie's response as she brought out the spinach rolls.

Ash shrugged. "Really, I think we must stock more fruit juices than most grocery stores. Go on, try to stump us."

"I could go for an ice cold cream soda," Eddie responded.

"We don't get much call for that, but you're going to have to try a lot harder than that if you want to stump us," Ashley said as she went to get his drink.

Dr. Beechum, wearing brown corduroys and a motley beige tan sweater, had been sitting on the couch with a cranberry cocktail in one hand and his newest wife, Celeste, wrapped in the other. He got up to shake Eddie's hand. "Welcome. Glad you could make it. This is my wife Celeste."

"It's a pleasure." Celeste had a post doc fencing fellowship at UCB, because if your husband is on the short list for the Noble Prize... Well, let's just say, she was an excellent fencing and dance instructor and the Berkeley campus has always been about a

diverse, well rounded education. And Celeste was well rounded in the right ways, if you know what I mean.

Celeste had shown up to the last dinner party that Charlie had thrown wearing ripped jeans and a UCB sweatshirt. Rather than make a scene about it, Charlie had simply made a mental note that along with helping Ash and Kim dress, she was also going to need to assist Celeste as well. With that in mind, Charlie had taken Celeste on a combination girls day out, shopping expedition, and together they had picked out the stunningly glamorous low cut copper dress that Celeste now wore.

“This house is so surprising,” Eddie said, cutting off Dr. Beechum. He could see that Dr. Beechum was getting that let’s get down to business and get this out of the way first look in his eyes.

“Thank you,” Charlie said wrapping her arm around Eddie and rescuing him from Dr. Beechum’s premature sales pitch. “Me and Ash redesigned it ourselves. When you recondition a house from top to bottom...”

“And spend a half million on it,” Ashley jumped in shaking her head. You could see her continue on with a silent, “Women!” in her head.

“It was a lot of money. We know it’s not ‘Green’ after you spend all that money, but look at the light wells and high wrap around windows that let in sunshine, yet keep the living room private.” She led him in front of a floor to ceiling piece of granite with a green and brown lattice running through it. “This is god’s art...” Sigh! “Isn’t it wonderful.”

“I’m really pleased with the granite,” Kim added. “I love you Charlie, but I can’t understand spending \$10,000 on a light fixture.”

“Amen to that,” Ash echoed.

“But a piece of stone like this,” Kim continued as she ran her hands over the granite, “is worth every penny.” She looked at Eddie. “It’s so real, so genuine... you get what you pay for.”

Charlie swiveled Eddie away from the wall and towards the back door as she called over her shoulder, “Can’t you see he doesn’t want to talk business yet? We’re going to go into the backyard and watch the sunset. Anybody who wants to join us can, but no business. That can wait until desert.” As she led Eddie outside, Charlie added conspiratorially, “They can’t help themselves. They just finished building this new research center and they need fresh blood.” Over her shoulder, she called back again teasingly, “They built a research center and they don’t even know what they want to research.” She turned her attention back to Eddie. “Can you imagine that? A whole research center and they don’t have the slightest idea what direction to take? They really are desperate for someone to tell them what to do.” She put her finger up on his lips. “Ah. Ah. We’re in the garden now. No business out here. It’s time to meditate and reflect as we watch the sun go down on why we are here... on our duty.”

Eddie’s mind was a whirl as he found a seat in the garden. It was a perfect Zen Garden in complete contrast to the front yard. Sparse, serene, and simple, you felt like you understood it, but then it was so simple. What was there to understand?

Full directorship of Beechum Industries’ new state of the art research center, it was too good to be true.

“You’re such a tease,” Ash whispered into Charlie’s ear as she massaged her back.

“I thought that’s why you liked me.”

Later Eddie would not be able to remember if it was real or just a fantasy he had had of Kim coming over to him, running her hands over his shoulders, and whispering into his ears. “So real, so genuine... God’s own art...” and then, “Si.”

2.3.4

Kim & Eddie

Though it is often theorized that Kim took to synthesizing methamphetamines in California, this is a red, or should I say pink, herring. If Kim synthesized anything, it would have been MDMA, better known as Ecstasy.

Of course, why this is theorized is not entirely clear. The only ones who realistically believe Kim was involved with drugs also think she was an alien with mind control powers, and if she was a Celaphopod, why would she need to synthesize Ecstasy in the first place?

It would be more plausible to believe that in their research, Kim and Dr. Beechum had figured out a way to bottle happiness, e.g. some sort of hormone cocktail.

But if you are going to believe that, why not take it a step further and believe that they had developed a microorganism, which could spit out Praxil, serotonin, or dopamine at will. You know some sort of life form that worked its way into the host's nerve fibers, released dopamine, and that Kim or Dr. Beechum could control remotely, and thereby control the host organism as well. You know, something like the Sick virus.

Isn't she pretty? Pretty in pink.

Dinner was to start with an herb salad from the garden, but first a toast. They each held a large shot glass that looked almost like a small lab beaker full of a thick pink liquid.

"Pink. Guess who mixed this up?" Ash said.

"You know you like it," Charlie rebutted.

"It's too sweet," and then remembering her manners Ashley added, "just like you, darling."

"That's better."

"To our new Director of Operations," Dr. Beechum said raising his glass. "So, you'll be starting Monday?"

Eddie didn't know what to say. It was all moving too fast for him. He didn't want to be rude, but he wasn't going to accept a

job offer without thinking through the career ramifications... or the romantic ramifications, if it came down to that.

While Eddie was stalling for time, Kim took it upon herself to amend the toast. "Here's to a nice evening and listening to a job proposal. Better?" she asked Eddie.

"I can drink to that. To a wonderful evening with world class company," Eddie agreed.

"Here. Here."

Eddie sipped the pink liquid. "What is this?"

"Mint, honey, a little beet juice added for color. I used to use red dye number evil, but no one would drink it."

"If you're going to start your dinner parties with a magical potion, the least you can do is make sure it's healthy."

"Think of it as one of those... They must have some pink liquid on Star Trek?"

"I'm not a Trekkie," Eddie replied.

"Star Wars?"

"Nope."

Celeste jumped in. "I thought..." She restarted. "The way I heard it you were. You had these wild ideas." She looked around. "Isn't that the whole point?"

Kim helped Eddie out. "With all of us sitting around a table, I don't think business is going to wait until dessert, so let's just get started. When we talked a few weeks ago you mentioned your ideas, the stuff from your youth."

"Science fiction, but I'm no Trekkie."

"The name isn't important. I remember you saying how you thought in 50-100 years at some point we could turn a man into a merman. Use some sort of controlled cancer to give him scales, graft skin between his fingers for webbing, and grow gills for him in a test tube."

Eddie looked around nervously. It was one thing to open up to a cute girl over a glass of wine, it was another to expose one's childish dreams and fantasies to a roomful of industry experts. "I was just explaining why I got into genetics and biology."

“We won’t bite,” Kim reassured him. “I liked your ideas. That’s why you’re here. We want someone who can dream big, go for the home run... Qualify it however you want, just tell them what you told me.” She put her hand on his arm. “I liked what you said. It’s why you’re here.”

Eddie took a breath, settled his thoughts, and took another sip of the sweet pink liquid. Honey, mint, and other flavors, it was very sweet. Sweet enough to cover up any bitter mind altering alkaloids... “No liquor in this?”

“It’s just herbs from the garden. Quit stalling. Follow your dreams.”

It was difficult for Eddie. He didn’t know what had possessed him to say such things weeks ago. He didn’t focus on the others at the table. It was like giving a speech in freshman English class. He just started and let the words carry him.

“As a child I didn’t have a lot of escapes. It was always studying, martial arts, more studying, school, more studying, family obligations, and more studying... The one thing I really looked forward to was the end of the day, right before I went to sleep, I could read whatever I wanted to. It didn’t have to be a textbook or a Japanese language lesson. It could be anything, just for fun. I started with adventure stories, but in the end the only adventure stories I wanted to read were the ones that took place on other planets, in outer space, and the future. It was easy to imagine myself on a space ship or a moon colony.”

“I still read science fiction,” Dr. Beechum reassured him.

Eddie looked at him. “If you read enough, sometimes what you read drives your desires. There was a lot of pressure to succeed. I dreamt of a future where I could just relax and unwind. I suppose for many it’s in the depths of space or on an alien world. I came to find my quiet place in a biology lab.” He looked around, meeting the eyes. “You know I really shouldn’t be embarrassed...”

Charlie cut him off before he could go any further. “Then don’t be. You went to college, stayed in school for twenty years to fulfill your parent’s expectations. There was a dream in the back of your head that kept you going late at night. Tell us about that dream.”

“There’s more than one way to go into the future. I’m Japanese. It’s like a law or something that I belonged to the Manga club, Japanese American society, and all that. Some folks get into computers, giant robots, or they become engineers at NASA because they dreamt of settling far off planets. Well, I saw the next generation as being genetics. Computers were, are, all the rage, but there’s more information on one string of DNA than... the compression ratio is unbelievable...” He trailed off. “What’s in this again?”

“It’s a simple herb salad, basil, thyme, a little dandelion, with olive oil, a touch of balsamic vinegar, and a twist of sea salt.”

“I think he meant the pink truth serum he’s drinking.”

“Ah, so that’s what it is,” Eddie said. “Just as long as I won’t be held accountable,” he continued. “So, what you are interested in is the conclusion of a lifetime of dreaming about an organic biotech future?”

Kim nodded.

Then let’s get started. “The most basic, fundamental change I think we’ll find someday is an improvement in chlorophyll. Right now chlorophyll is only 1% efficient. That means there is a lot of room for improvement both from catching the sun’s energy and turning it into sugar and then again at the other end when sugar is broken down and the energy is released. Think about what you could do with Ethanol if the efficiency of the basic ingredients could be doubled.”

“That’s it,” Kim urged him. “Go with the flow.”

“Now, I don’t know how we’ll do it, but there are efficiencies in the entire biological sector. Right now we grow trees that are round and cut them up into boards that are square. It’s got to be

possible to grow wood in square pieces, flat boards, or as I-beams. I'm convinced it's just a matter of time."

"Interesting," Ash said. "So instead of having to run lumber through a lumber mill we could just cut the trees down."

"And then use them directly," Dr. Beechum added. "I like that. If the bark was engineered properly it could be the finish. You could offer different color barks."

"And then if we added insect resistant chemicals to the tree's natural sap, the wood could come pretreated against rot."

"Or anything that we do now in a processing plant," Eddie finished excitedly. As they added their own thoughts, he didn't feel like his ideas were so crazy. It was a brain storming session. He could relate to that. "At some point 80-90-99% of the processing of wood could be done in the field, in the tree as it was growing. You know redwoods routinely slough off their top branches. They just fall to the forest floor. It's like entire trees breaking off and falling to the ground, thousands of board feet falling to the ground all at once. It's natural. It's routine. It's what redwoods do. I'm sure there must be some way to get them to slough off perfect 4x4's... It's not so much different than what we are already doing with engineered corn. Soon we'll be able to get corn to grow nearly anything as a secondary product. Right now we're doing it with Penicillin, because of the profit potential, but as the technology trickles down, it will come to the point where kernels of corn are nothing more than little balloons filled with Penicillin, Praxil, or high fructose corn syrup."

"All that high tech and you still want high fructose corn syrup?" Charlie bantered.

"I could go a step farther. Right now we consume candy bars..."

"Ahh, the devil's food," Charlie ribbed him.

"Granted," Eddie continued. "The devil's food processed beyond imagination and wrapped in a sheet of Mylar that will outlast us all. Why not start with a banana or some other fruit? It already comes in a peelable, biodegradable wrapper, and for that

added sugar kick, or whatever it is that people want, we could develop a banana that will have a column of caramel or peanut butter rising through the center.”

“I could see how you could solve the perishability problem as well,” Celeste added. “I mean, as long as I don’t have to go into the lab and figure out how to do it, you could you just have a piece of fruit with a hard shell and then when you break the stem or something it starts a chemical cascade that ripens the fruit on the spot.”

“That’s a great idea,” Dr. Beechum added. “All that metabolism happening at once and you could probably figure out a way to warm the food at the same time.”

They had moved on to the main course of mushrooms, eggplant, and carrots in a tomato sauce heavily spiced with oregano and other herbs.

“You’ve been beating around the bush, though,” Kim prompted Eddie once the food had been served.

“True. Plant biotech isn’t as sensitive a subject. If you can do it to plants, you can do it to animals, and humans too.” Eddie paused and waited to see if anyone was going to kill the subject. You never knew when someone was going to object to stem cell research or anything that interfered with the natural flow of human life. “At its core, cancer is nothing more than an aberrant growth. In fact, at some level you can view cancer as evolution in progress. Someday, somewhere, something is going to be born with a natural predisposition to develop a certain type of cancerous growth.”

“Nothing knew in that,” Dr. Beechum agreed.

“The cancer will most likely be non-beneficial, doing nothing but sucking resources from the host organism. If you are lucky, it won’t cause any ill effects, but given enough time, at some point some sort of cancer will develop that grows into a tumor that winds up being beneficial. Maybe the tumor will kick off some sort of hormone, be able to digest cellulose, absorb radiation from the host organisms blood stream, or something. Who knows what is

possible? In the end, as the chance of developing that specific cancer nears 100%, and the side effects of the cancer are deemed to be positive, the cancer won't be called cancer anymore, but relabeled as a new organ."

"You'd still have to get the rampant growth under control, but that's just a minor point."

"Exactly. The real interest in cancer research for me is that eventually cancer will evolve into the next generation of post birth organs. We won't call them cancer, but the mechanics for controlling those modifications will be similar to the mechanics for controlling cancer."

"Isn't that all way off in the distant future?" Ash asked.

"Sure, but computers were something far off in the distant future until someone figured out how to make a transistor and then miniaturize it by a factor of a million. Once we discover that key area of missing knowledge, a whole new universe will open up in a generation's time..." He trailed off. "Look at what computers have done to math, science, even entertainment... Nothing is the same."

"Computers have changed the whole concept of power and centralized control," Kim agreed.

After they had finished eating and the dishes were cleared, Kim asked Eddie, "If you could have any dessert, what would you want?"

Kim. A Kim Lee Sherbet, Kim Lee on Ice, a nice pink frosted double layer cake, the options were near endless. In the end Eddie replied, "Pecan pie, or I guess if anything, I'd go for a nice homemade mince meat pie."

As he said this, Charlie returned from the kitchen with a pecan pie in one hand and a mincemeat pie in the other. "You have a good nose there Eddie."

Kim put her hand on Eddie's leg under the table. "Put your two weeks notice in. It's a full directorship with more money than

you could ever possibly spend. Follow your dreams. Make your ideas become reality.”

Despite his earlier reservations, Eddie only had to consider the offer for a moment. “OK,” Eddie agreed as he leaned over and kissed Kim. “Is this how they work that brain washing in Lahina?”

Kim didn’t mind the reference. She didn’t hold a grudge against Bryce or her sister. “I learned a lot of things in Hawaii before I left.” She took Eddie’s hand and placed it on her own thigh under the table. “Most important of which was, if you give the people what they want, you don’t really don’t really have to brain wash them in the first place.”

3.5.96

The Orgy

When the police break into an orgy and yell freeze, they mean freeze. They don’t mean reach for your tight whites. They know you probably have a sub-orbital atomic nuke stashed in there. Just hold still. They have every intention of playing a sadistic game of twister with your bodies. Let them. If you can’t savor this moment, you probably don’t belong in an orgy.

In the end, the orgy is over, its last gasp has passed, when in your heart, all you want to do is make sure others give you as much as you have given them. The only way to prevent this is to give until it hurts and then give some more.

Some say the reason it has been traditional to do a shot of blue vermouth at the beginning of an orgy is to celebrate the old times. Others say the vermouth is to hide the taste of a viral booster, but old timers know it’s to kill the taste of what’s to come.

All this talk of blowjobs, so time for a blowjob. Imagine for a moment a large cock is in your mouth. Feel the salt oozing from the tip of the dick, the pre-cum flow. Taste it. Savor it. Feel the hands on the back of your head as his fingers grasp deep into your sweaty hair. Try to ready yourself for his thrust, but somehow always seem to fail. Stare into the distance as you hold your mouth open. Feel his slap on your face as he brings you back to the present and commands you to suck harder, squeeze, or move your hands. Hold his rigid cock in your hands. Feel the veins. Sense his need. He is on the edge and then with a final surge, he is further down your throat than you ever intended. Taste the acidic fluid in your mouth. All you want to do is spit, but you don't. You can't. You swallow.

Instead of grimacing, when he is done, you do your best to smile.

This is what you paid for.

Maybe next week it will be your turn.

Maybe.

Don't come looking to join my group. I don't really want you. If in the end you decide you are Yr'goth's Chosen, then send me a large check instead. An hour's walk on the beach costs \$10,000 these days. You don't even want to know how much a weekend visit costs.

Start your own group. It will be easier. It will be cheaper. You will be happier. I will be happier and Yr'goth will be happier. Trust me on this.

Once again, in one sense this is the end, so listen carefully. I so rarely tell the truth these days. Part of the goal has always been to fragment the existing religious power structure. You don't do that by starting a new religion with sixty million initiates. You do that by starting ten million separate religions with one, two, or six members each. Go

now. Spread the word. Live long. Cum hard. It will be all over very, very soon.

I know the whole thing with Celaphopods is hard to believe, but it's no more difficult to swallow than magic. The powers that be believe in magic, in pyramids on dollar bills, in god we trust, and in the magical powers of certain spoken words. They're not so much afraid of abracadabra as they are of free speech and the free minds that it fosters.

The reason politicians outlawed the public use of words like fuck, shit, and god damn fucking bastards, was because that was the only way they could keep their own citizens from calling them a bunch of fucking god damn useless ass wipes.

Still don't think words have power? When that cop pulls you over on the desert highway, go off on him. If that doesn't seem like such a bright idea, take a moment to savor the taste of blood in your mouth. Wonder whether your arm is broken from when you raised your hand to block the blow of the Billy club. Come to understand words, power, and your helpless place in the entire scheme of things.

Words have power.
Stories have power.
Sometimes you can never get the taste of out of your mouth.
That is the entire point.
Savor the taste.

Pain and desire are nature's way of letting you know you are still alive.

2.4.1

Kim & Eddie: In Si-Space

Nothing is as real as the real thing.

Ice water, it's pretty good stuff when you get right down to it. Kim reflected on this thought as she sipped water out of a crystalline goblet at a roadside café. It was Sunday morning. The traffic was light to nonexistent. It was sunny with only a slight breeze, which you had to really concentrate on to feel. Clouds drifted by, fluffy cumulous clouds on a blue sky. They reminded her of Hawaii, of Lahina.

She was wearing a pink and black checkered skirt tied with her signature pink ribbons. She had on a thin white blouse that was tinted, ever so slightly, pink. The blouse was accented with pink ribbons and, of course, she had long pink ribbons woven into her hair as well. She didn't typically wear her hair down these days, but today she had. She shook her head and enjoyed the feel of her hair drifting lazily in the breeze.

Eddie appeared behind her wearing his signature suit and carrying a briefcase. He rubbed her shoulders, let a hand caress her face, and twirled a pink ribbon gently.

Kim looked up at him from where she sat with obvious love and desire in her eyes. "Shall we go?"

In an instant the scene changed, the location shifted. This isn't some narrative technique. This is the nature of the place where they met. View it as a halo-deck if it makes the whole thing easier to understand for now. We call this aspect of reality Si-Space or sometimes just Si.

Eddie was sitting on a massive four post bed done up in pink sheets with gauze hanging from the ceiling. Pink candles burned on a night stand off to the side.

Kim looked around. "This is more like it." She grabbed Eddie by his tie and pushed him backwards, but he resisted.

“They say you’re an even better dancer than your sister. They say the real reason Kelly got so mad was because Bryce would have you and Kelly dance together, one on each of the tables at the Thai Shack and he would always end up looking at you rather than Kelly.”

“They?” Kim responded. “They say a lot of things. Some of them even say we are the same person, that Kelly is just my alter ego.”

“But you’re not.”

“No. We’re sisters.”

“And you dance?” Eddie asked again hopefully.

Kim smiled. “I’ll dance for you,” and she did. In her appealing schoolgirl outfit Kim danced around the bedroom. The walls dissolved as she approached and she found herself on that familiar beach in Hawaii. The stars were out. The moon shone bright and under it all, in the sand, in the surf, Kim danced. She danced for Eddie, she danced for Bryce, she danced for her sister, and for all who would watch.

When she was done, she returned to Eddie on the bed. Eddie was near bursting with desire. Kim seized the opportunity and as choreographed, she grabbed him by the necktie, pushed him prone, and straddled him.

As she reached for his belt, Eddie said, “I can’t do this.”

“You are so uptight,” Kim remarked as she waived her hands and the lights went out. “No matter, I like the idea of being the more sexually aggressive one.”

The scene turned to black. The author inserted a chapter break to create ambiguity.

If you listen real carefully through the darkness, you might be able to hear Kim’s voice whisper seductively, “I heard this rumor in school today... I want to see if they were telling the truth.”

Or, maybe you’ll just jump ahead to the next chapter.

2.4.2

Kim & Eddie: In Si-Space

Choose your illusion.

They were back at the café. “Sorry. I love you,” Eddie assured her. “I just can’t do it.”

Kim was more than a little annoyed. “I don’t see what the big deal is. All you have to do is lie back... I thought we had a deal.”

“Maybe we misunderstood each other.”

She narrowed her eyes. “Now you want to play me for a fool.”

“No. I’m serious. I love you. This is your moment to shine... Shine.”

She threw the napkin on the table. “This is ridiculous.” She waived her hand in the air and drew a hazy square. The square filled with a picture of...

“You’re naughty girl,” Eddie said with a smile as he tapped the imaginary TV screen refocusing the picture. On screen, Eddie and Kim were working in a lab trying to discover a way to prolong the Celaphopod life cycle beyond six years.

“We could be doing more than just working you know. You and me, all alone, night after night... think of all those kinky test tube fantasies you have... and the lubrication possibilities.”

Eddie shook his head. “You know for the prototypical virgin schoolgirl, you’re a bit more aggressive than I expected.”

“I never really thought I’d spend eternity as the Virgin Mary. I’d like to resign.”

“No can do.” Eddie looked around him. “You know this is probably really confusing to the readers.”

“That’s your problem.”

“Don’t be that way. Seriously this is your moment.”

“And I’m going to spend my moment deciding what to eat,” Kim said as she started to scan the menu in front of her.

“It won’t matter. I hear they bring you whatever they want.”

Kim stuck out her tongue.

“Well, I’ve got to explain it if you won’t.” Eddie waived his hands about. “This is Si-Space. You want to know why the Sick got so many believers and retained so many, it’s because of this little place.”

“It’s not like you guys own it. Anybody can get here.”

“Anything is possible. This is like the dream world. If you go far enough into Zen mediation...”

“Do enough drugs.”

“Or have a Celaphopod suck your brain,” Eddie gave Kim a knowing look before he resumed, “you can tap into this place. Anyone can... In the end it doesn’t matter if you believe. The point is some people believe. Some people believe in a place called Si-Space, or the ethereal or the astral, you know the sixth dimension, whatever... Even Kim believes in Si-Space.”

Kim shrugged. “I can’t make heads or tails of this menu.”

“We’re going to have hamburgers.”

“Really, what about that whole vegetarian thing?”

“This is Si-Space. Hamburger is just hamburger here. It appears out of nowhere on your plate or the grocery shelf. It never was a cow. If it makes you feel better, pretend it comes from the future and we developed some way to make a vegetable based ground beef.” Eddie looked at Kim. “So if you’re not sore?”

“What do you mean not sore? We offered you a great deal, directorship, an ungodly signing bonus, and more money per year than most folks make in a lifetime. Why are you turning it down?”

“I accepted the deal. That signing bonus is going to buy me and Kelly...”

“KELLY!” Kim threw her glass of water in Eddie’s face.

“WHAT THE HELL?”

Eddie licked his face and dabbed at the water with the soft cloth napkin. With a broad smile plastered on his face he said, “I really can’t get over how real that feels.”

“Don’t change the subject. You’re choosing Kelly over me? She’s a fucking slut.”

“She does have the advantage of still being alive... um, you die real soon in the narrative, really not much of a future... so I’m taking the signing bonus and running off to Lahina. I always regretted not going the first time.”

“Eddie, you’re a virgin. You can’t even kiss with the lights on. You didn’t move out of your mom’s house until you were thirty.”

“Twenty nine technically. It was a birthday present to myself for when I turned thirty.”

“We’re talking massive orgies on the beach. They are going to eat you alive.”

“I’m thinking I’ve got some cards up my sleeve. Besides I’ve come a long way, you should read...”

“You haven’t come as far as you think.” Kim paused to regroup her thoughts. “Fine. You go off with Kelly, it doesn’t mean you and I can’t work something out.”

“Kelly’s pretty jealous.”

Kim tossed the contents of her empty glass towards Eddie. Eddie made small movements to avoid the imaginary cascade as he snapped his fingers for a waiter to refill her water.

“You’re a real gentleman,” Kim observed.

“Si-Space is the next item on the agenda and then, who knows?” Eddie continued to talk, mainly for the reader’s benefit. “See, some people believe in Si-space. You don’t have to believe yourself, but to understand the Sick, you have to understand that some people believe. Now you can believe that Si exists in a person’s head and is similar to dream space. That interpretation would explain why menus are next to impossible to read and why even getting the littlest bit of information out of it like directions or a recipe is so hard. The next level of belief is that people can interact in Si-Space. Like in a moment Taz will join us.”

“Why Taz?”

“Taz and Bryce, just for fun... because I might owe Taz... a safety measure... Anyway, will Taz and Bryce really be here? Can

we really talk to them? Or is it just an illusion? If you believe in Si-Space at the second level, then they really are here and you can communicate with others at a distance, sort of like telepathy or clairvoyance. The third level is when you believe that Si-space taps into the spirit world and you can contact the souls of the dead.”

Kim put her hands up in a flourish. “Walla.”

“Or in the case of the Sick, the previous soul or person is recreated out of the remaining parts.”

“Since I’m a Celaphopod, I have five viable offspring, who when grouped together can reconstitute all of my past memories.”

“Kim here is a reconstituted compilation of her offspring’s memories.”

“You make that sound so clinical.”

“One need not believe. Plenty have. Plenty will. This place, Si-Space, exists as reality for many. If you don’t want to buy into Celaphopods, or the whole drug induced mind control thing doesn’t really explain it all for you, maybe you need to check out this little corner of reality.”

2.4.3

Kim & Eddie: In Si-Space

Breathe In – Breath Out

But, before you can breath in, you must breath out.

“Glad you could join us this afternoon,” Bryce said from behind a pair of dark sunglasses with gummy blue worms dangling from the sides. “Auntie must really like you, because she has prepared a rare delicacy for you.”

And with that Taz set down a silver covered platter in front of each of them. Bryce continued as Taz lifted the tops. “What we have here is genuine Parker Ranch grass fed beef on a homemade seven grain bun garnished with Waimea Tomatoes, grilled Maui

Onions, and a pickle from Toledo. You will find a tomato puree on the side along with some of the finest mustard seed relish, mixed with a touch of white vinegar. And what hamburger would be complete without a crisp leaf of red lettuce and a pile of golden freshly fried butter potatoes seasoned with Hawaiian sea salt?" He paused before he lifted Kim out her chair and gave her a giant hug. "It's been awhile. Good to see you... Being dead's not so bad as long as your friends remember you." He slapped Eddie on the back as Taz filled their water and set down two giant chocolate malts on the table.

"If there is anything else? Oh, I almost forgot." Bryce handed Eddie a brown paper bag overflowing with freshly baked rolls in exchange for the briefcase Eddie handed him.

Kim watched as Bryce gave the briefcase to Taz who opened it revealing a viscous looking 45 automatic and a small 5lb sledgehammer. He took the hammer out and let it fall into the palm of his hand testing its weight. Satisfied, he closed the briefcase and tossed it across the crowded café to a table where six men in orange prison jumpsuits sat.

Kim was feeling the back of her head. Taz asked her, "No hard feelings I hope... Not that I did it. I was framed. A simultaneous double murder 3,000 miles apart, how could I do that?"

"I suppose it's over. I don't know why I should forgive you. Not everyone thinks the murders were simultaneous you know."

"Think of it as my little present," Eddie added. "Your final moments will happen off screen. We all know Kim dies. No reason to draw it out. Whether it happened during a Celaphopod spawning ritual, as a random mugging, or something more planned and sinister is not really known, and not really important."

Bryce grabbed a glass of water from the couple sitting at the next table over who were completely oblivious to his presence.

"To old times," he said.

"To old times," Taz echoed with a glass of his own.

"To old times," Eddie agreed.

“You weren’t there,” Kim accused Eddie. “How can it be to old times?”

“Raise your glass Kim,” Bryce instructed.

Slowly Kim complied. “To old times.”

After the toast was done, Taz wandered off to the table with the six inmates. Kim followed him with her eyes.

“It’s one of the problems with Si-Space,” Eddie explained. I met Taz here and had a few conversations with him before I got a picture of him. “Go figure. He doesn’t look exactly like how I portrayed him.”

“I remember him as more of a cross between the two. The guy in the jumpsuit is too psychotic and the one who served us is a little too effeminate.”

Bryce was sitting on the table next to them. “It’s the whole thing of being perceived as how you wish to be perceived and becoming who you want to become.” Bryce unzipped his pants and let himself hang out. Kim wrinkled her nose. “The breeze,” Bryce directed her. “Feel the breeze,” and in response his member gave a little jerk. “You want out of this Kim? To break the pattern? How about a hand job for old times sake?”

“Ewww,” was all she could manage.

Kim noticed for the first time that a stunningly handsome man wearing the trademark Sick sunglasses with blue dangling worms and a breathtakingly beautiful blonde occupied the table Bryce was sitting on. Bryce took the glasses off of the man. The man made no move to resist and did not appear to even notice. When the sunglasses were gone, he slowly disappeared. Bryce handed the sunglasses to Eddie. “You’ll need these.” He turned his attention back to Kim. “Sure you don’t want to try a simple hand job? You never know where it could lead.”

Kim made a face. “No thanks.”

Bryce shrugged and grabbed the blonde by the hair. “Thanks for choosing me,” she said as her face disappeared into Bryce’s crotch. Bryce held her head as he instructed her. “Now, you’re

going to have to keep it down, because we're having an important conversation here."

"Um, hum," the girl murmured.

"I love this place," Bryce observed.

"So it's nothing more than a charade, an illusion?" Kim asked.

Bryce grabbed the girl's head and showed off her skill.

"Feels real to me."

"The Sick has always been about ambiguity," Eddie explained. "You know that. It's not going to end here. There was a party on the beach and where the beach begins and ends..."

"Where does the ocean begin and end?" Bryce helped out.

"Where does it begin? Where does it end? What is reality? If the water tastes real, if I can't in the moment differentiate from this glass of water from another glass of water..."

"This blowjob from another blowjob."

"In the end is there a difference?"

Kim was watching the girl. "You know it is a lot like the old days."

"Except for that," Bryce said casually indicating Taz, Taz, and the other five inmates. They were busy enjoying Si-Space in their own little way. You may wish to imagine a few screaming men and women, chairs breaking over their heads, a 45 being used for no discernable purpose other than to determine if it actually works.

"It's like watching TV," Kim observed.

"I've got to admit, it is a little unsettling."

"Having second thoughts about our deal?" Bryce asked Eddie.

"No," Eddie replied as he regained his composure and sipped his chocolate malt. Around him other diners continued with their meals. Off in the corner of the café where the Taz's were, a near riot was taking place, but even those sitting next to the mayhem

didn't seem to notice. "It always amazes me that given the choice of what to pursue, some chose violence."

"It will die out," Bryce assured him. "It's only fun in the resistance, in the reaction... see already one of Taz's inmate buddies has made friends and has sat down with a family."

Mom, dad, and three children welcomed the hardened criminal into their group. The monster of a man pulled out a bible as he sat down next to the little girl and read her verses. "You sure are perty," he said as he scooted his chair closer and shielded the family from stray debris and his other inmate friends.

The dad said, "Me and mom are going out of town next weekend, maybe uncle ..."

"Ape," the inmate said. "They call me Ape."

"Maybe Uncle Ape could baby-sit while we're out of town."

"He could stay in my room," the little girl eagerly suggested.

"That's a very generous idea," mom agreed as oblivious to the obvious danger and absurdity of the situation as she was to the chair flying past her in the air.

"They'll settle down eventually. From a Sick religious point of view, the optimum use of this place is to try on new selves. Like Eddie boy here, he's a little, um... restrained."

"If by restrained you mean a total anal retentive," Kim ribbed him.

"We would have made a great pair," Eddie agreed.

"So why not?" Kim asked a final time.

"Because it's simply not the way the story unfolds. It's not what happened."

"That's bullshit."

Eddie shrugged. "Those madmen will continue to rape, kill, and whatever else it is they are doing over there. If we are here when they arrive, they won't throw you down on the table and rape you Kim... It's never happened in the history of Si. It won't happen now."

“It could.”

“But not to the Virgin Mary.”

“See, he understands. That’s why he was chosen,” and then as an afterthought Bryce added, “If you make us look bad in your book, we’ll hunt you down.”

“You know that just means they’re going to hunt you down,” Mary Ann interpreted for Eddie.

Bryce looked hurt. “We’ll give him a running start...”

“That’s OK,” Eddie calmly responded as he sipped at his chocolate malt. “I’ll be going in as a CIDC operative... the CIDC operative that brought Lahina down...”

Mary Ann was at a loss. “What are you talking about?”

Eddie motioned them in closer for a secretive huddle. “I really can’t talk about it... all hush-hush...” He looked around conspiratorially. “Need to know only that sort of thing... It’s classified. I can’t go into the details.” Eddie knocked on his head with his knuckles as he leaned back out of the huddle. “I don’t really remember the details, but the CIDC brought Lahina down.”

“I think I would have heard about this,” Mary Ann protested, but Bryce backed Eddie up saying, “You weren’t there... it was very confusing... very mysterious.”

“Exactly,” Eddie agreed. “Anyhow, via a chain of events that is not entirely understood... or remembered, that CIDC agent wound up starting the one true successor organization to the Sick.”

Bryce nodded appreciatively, “So even if we hunt you down, we’re not going to kill you, because by implication you survive... I knew there was a reason we picked you.”

“Because he’s just as crazy as the rest of you,” Kim interjected, but she hadn’t been to Lahina in a long time. She didn’t know the rules anymore. The game had changed.

It was time for Bryce to go. All the same, he could teach an object lesson as he left. Without reason, he held up his crystalline water goblet and crushed it in his hands. One might reasonably expect glass shards to go digging deep into his hands, but this did

not occur. In fact, there was no noticeable damage to Bryce's hand at all.

Bryce took the girl who had been kneeling at his feet, seeking salvation in the depths of his loins, and threw her across the table where Kim and Eddie were seated.

"What are you doing?" Kim asked alarmed.

"Watch the walls of this reality dissolve," Bryce urged as he continued to enjoy the pleasures of the flesh. "Notice how the glass didn't cut my hands. Notice how you can't really share my moment of pleasure..." and with that he started to fade and dissolve.

Vision started to become blurry. Even more than before, the edge of reality became limited, constrained, inward looking.

Kim grabbed Eddie's hand, "But you're a genetic engineer. You're not some stupid C-I-D-C agent..." Her objections weren't based in reality, but we need not focus on that. It hardly matters. Rather, consider that until this moment neither Kim nor Mary Ann had heard of the CIDC. It was that secret of an organization! Oblivious to the importance of this revelation, Kim frantically continued. "You're not even a limousine driver. Kelly runs off with some idiot limousine driver with a metal plate in his head... Stay with me."

Eddie shook his head and put on the trademark Sick sunglasses Bryce had handed him earlier. "True. I'm not a limousine driver, but I'm also not a genetic engineer. Remember, I don't know even know what a mitochondria is and I wouldn't be able to spell DNA if it wasn't for spell check." He smiled and then continued, "I fooled you. I'll be able to fool Kelly."

Mary Ann jumped out of Kim's head. "No! We're Celaphopods. We can read minds. We can tell these things."

Eddie smirked from behind his glasses. "I'm Yr'goth's Chosen. How do you explain away mind control when mind control, telepathy, and a shared consciousness don't always seem to work? How do you explain Si and Si-Space when so few can

achieve it, or achieve it only under very limited and controlled conditions... essentially under brain washing conditions? How do you explain betrayal, undercover agents, and the final collapse if you are backed by an all knowing force?"

In a last desperate attempt, Mary Ann reached out with a pink lobed tentacle. Eddie did not resist. He felt her touch, the tingly sensation. He felt her presence in his mind and the emptiness she encountered.

"I told you. I'm Yr'goth's Chosen... immune to the lesser Celaphopods powers."

"A blank slate."

"An explanation for the void... the hope in the rapture." Eddie stood up. He felt the heft of the bag of rolls. "Now if you'll excuse me, I have a plane to catch."

He looked into Kim's eyes as the scene faded. "Don't be a stranger. Remember, you live on in all of us."

"I'll always love you."

Eddie whispered the last words as he returned to consciousness and the rumble of an airplane at 30,000' on its pan pacific flight.

In the darkened first class cabin of the jumbo jet, lying with her head in his lap, Kelly repeated the words Eddie has just spoken, "I'll always love you," in her own fashion. FBI, SS, DEA, ATF, IRS, and numerous others had let her down, but she had finally found her knight in shining armor from a secretive agency known only by the acronym CIDC. She didn't even bother to wonder what it stood for. The important thing was Bryce was going down, and she regarded it with some amusement... because someone else was coming up... which in turn meant she was going down as well...

Kelly was a one in a million girl. Eddie knew that. He also knew people were desperate to believe... in something, in anything... in Celaphopods, in Si, in the Sick. When you stopped

to think about it, it was amazing the sort of mental gymnastics people were willing to put their minds through in an effort to make some sense and order out of a fragmenting belief system. To keep the dream alive, they would believe in anything, no matter how ludicrous... which was a shame, because there were clear successor groups out there. Outfits like Yr'goth's Chosen that, for a small token fee, could help an initiate reach their full potential... or the CIDC... an agency so secretive, it was like a ghost on the edge of consciousness... a phantom echo of an illusion...

CIDC? Eddie wondered what the acronym stood for. He wondered if there would be any backup waiting for him in Lahina, but most of all, he wondered what the rolls were for. He did not spend long in these thoughts. Soon, very soon, he wondered why he was paying attention to anything, but Kelly and her lips.

He relaxed. He settled into the hum of the jet engines and let them work their magic through Kelly's mouth. At 30,000' he was as close to heaven as a person can ever get.

End Book IV

please see
www.Takosori.com
for more

The Sick: Drugs, Sex, and Celaphopods
By Eddie Takosori
Book 4 - The Fourth Tentacle: Animals

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Book 5 - The Fifth Tentacle: Celaphopods

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2.4.1 – 3.2.1

A Honey Moon

“You’re not going to write? It’s our honeymoon.”

“I’m just writing down story ideas.”

“Why do you hate them?”

“I don’t hate them... Not anymore... It’s just another in a long serious of failed romances... but that’s over now.”

“You got that big bonus. Maybe we should look at some real estate while we’re here.”

“Have some place particular in mind?”

“Values in Lahina have plummeted after they left, but I also saw an ad for a five acre spread further down south... It would be quiet... You could write there.”

“You’ve got to be kidding \$,\$\$\$,\$\$\$ for this?”

“It’s a mixed bag. The location is unbelievable. There’s a private waterfall on the property. You won’t find another one of those on the market on the Kona Coast and it has some notoriety...”

“It’s condemned. It says so on the door.”

“Sure, rip it down, you could build another kit house to match the existing for \$,\$\$\$”

“Really?”

“Really. The house isn’t worth anything. Never was. It’s the land. It’s the location. It’s the notoriety...”

“It’s a bargain honey, let’s just buy it.”

“I thought you wanted that five acre spread.”

“Let’s get both.”

“Before we put in an offer, you’ll have to sign acknowledgement that the seller has provided full disclosure... a notorious location, murder on the premises... neighbors with possible negative predispositions, and the building itself, a total write off. It’s saturated with meth. They’ll have to do a soils report...”

Truth is stranger than fiction.

To the Sick, there is no difference.

2.4.2

The Sermon in the Park

It is the unnoticed calamity of literature that once the story is written down it immediately begins to decay and become obsolete. Though in many ways less efficient, the spoken word tradition does not suffer from this malady.

The written word reinforces the concept that truth is rigid, static, and unchanging, that there is some final truth, after the last edit.

To tell a story is to change the story.

“I thought we were headed for Kona side,” Kelly said to Eddie as they walked down the street, “and why aren’t we taking a cab?”

“I can’t believe I’m really in Hawaii again.” He took a deep breath. “The air is so...”

“Crisp, fresh, clean... You know they take the measurements for the national air standard at south point. It’s the definition of clean air. What you’re breathing is pure air and nothing else.”

Eddie looked at the blue sky. Fluffy clouds were forming high overhead, perfect, picturesque clouds on a sky bluer than life. He spit out what he had read on the airplane, “And yet Hawaii leads the nation in asthma.”

“VOG,” Kelly answered. “Volcanic gasses.”

A diesel truck drove by just then filling the air with black sooty smoke as it changed gears putting forth a competing theory.

Kelly did not notice the irony. “Where are we going anyhow? I thought we’d get a ride from Taz or you’d have someone meet us.”

As if on cue, as if by some magic of literary tradition, their destination eased into view. “We’re going to the park for a

sermon.” He looked at Kelly and realized some explanation was in order. “The Sermon in the Park is one of the highlights of the Sick theological dogma. Gilligan, Bryce, or whoever only left Lahina once. He didn’t see much of the island.”

“How could you not travel around a little? Do a little sightseeing?”

“In theory Gilligan did all the sightseeing he wanted to do through the eyes of others. The Sermon in the Park is supposed to be proof of this activity... seeing through the eyes of others and more importantly talking through their mouths, directing their actions... You know in theory, this same sermon was given at hundreds of parks around the world at the same time. It’s quite the miracle.”

“It’s bullshit,” Kelly corrected him.

“Nonetheless, I always regretted not making the pilgrimage when Gilligan was still alive.”

Kelly looked at him. “When exactly is this taking place? I thought...”

Eddie put his finger to her lips and in a moment replaced it with his lips. “Time is an illusion, as are all things. Once you break through the illusion, you can do anything.”

“But we’re going to destroy the Sick? Bryce is going down?”

Eddie hefted the bag of rolls. “His hours are numbered.”

Now as much as Eddie loved Kelly’s golden earrings, tattoos... and well, breasts, ass, belly, toes, the way she smiled, the gleam of heaven in her eyes, the skip in her step, the freedom in her heart, the way the wind caught her hair, her graceful movements... We could go on and on... and from the look in Kelly’s eyes, we probably should...

Start with the fact that Kelly is THE Original Dream Girl. Not only is she Eddie’s dream girl, but right from the beginning she was both Taz and Bryce’s dream come true, and all along she has been the fantasy of most every Sick initiate. It isn’t hard to see

why. Take a moment to visualize her lithe young body as she runs across the beach towards you in her short cut off jeans, her breasts bouncing majestically up and down. Feel her arms wrap around you in a tight embrace, neither of you caring that the salty ocean water and sand will ruin your business suit. Her lips taste of honey. Her mouth is like a clear running spring. Her nose is never full... Sorry, but we are talking clinical perfection here as well as poetic beauty. Miss Lahina for Sick years running. For her to walk down the street is to be watched by every man on the street. For Kelly, to be is to be observed, memorized, fantasized... desired. I mean, even her shit smells sweet, and boy could we embarrass Eddie at this point if we went into that story...

The operative concept is that they were about to enter the park, The Park, full of thousands of the Sick faithful. It wouldn't do to have the Judas Kelly show up with her golden rings twinkling in the sun, so believe it or not Kelly was wearing a black slacks business suit outfit with her hair pulled back into a tight ponytail. Perhaps she had said in the hotel room, "I'll change into a bikini when you put on shorts... You look ridiculous walking along the beach in a business suit."

To which Eddie might have replied, "It's amazing. No matter what you put on, you just look naked, available, and ready... Want to go over some yearly projections Miss Lee? I think my stock is on the rise?"

As they walked into the park, they were playing a role. Decked out in their black suits like some agents from the CIDC off to battle the alien love menace, they strolled past the overflowing bleachers. Sunglasses and blue dangling worms got them onto the field, while a CIDC ID card and a secret handshake that even the guard didn't know let them into the inner circle.

"So that's how the handshake goes," the guard said impressed.

Eddie still clasping his hand slapped him on the back. "You're doing good work here, important work. Keeping the

faithful off of the inner field, terrific, important... did I say important... Yes, yes I did. It's important." As he guided Kelly through the checkpoint, Eddie called back. "And make sure none of those readers follow us."

With a smug look, the guard turned around. "You heard the man. No further. This is it."

But the readers would not be left behind. Soon the guard was overpowered and the readers had caught back up with Eddie and Kelly.

"What was that all about?" Kelly asked.

"The stands? All the people?"

"Yes."

"It's representative of all the people who have claimed to have been there, seen the Sermon in the Park in person."

"And..."

"And there were only a couple hundred people in the park at best. It wasn't the show of force some claim it was."

They were walking in a quiet city park on the Hilo coast. If one was silent, they could hear the calm ocean waves. It was a friendship park or a peace park. Somewhere there was a dedication plaque. It was like a giant Zen garden, perhaps the largest Japanese style park open to the public in the entire United States. It's in all the tourist guides, but it seems stopping by for some hand dipped chocolate cookies is more important...

"These cookies are good," Kelly exclaimed.

Eddie reached into the bag. This was the life, enjoying hand dipped chocolate shortbread cookies in a nice quiet park. He closed his eyes, took a deep breath...

"That's my spot," came the shrill cry of the old crone.

"You're in my spot."

Eddie and Kelly looked at the... old crone pretty much says it all.

“None of that lip boy,” the crone said as she stopped to fluff her hair. “I was a beauty in my time,” she continued as she pointed at Kelly. “I’d have given you a run for your money.” Licking her lips she reached out her hand questioningly. “Are those them hand dipped cookies?”

Kelly held out the box, which the crone grabbed. She was trying to decide whether to put the box in her coat pocket, cough on them, or just hug the box next to her fetid, grimy...

“I warned you about that lip boy. It’s a tax,” she said as she tossed the box of cookies into her shopping cart and muttered to herself, “Call me an old crone.” She pointed a dirty accusing finger at Eddie. “Lulu, the name is Lulu.” She looked him over. “I can see I’m going to need to help you. Lulu looked youthful as she... or it was a divine inspiration when Lulu?” She jabbed a hard bony finger into Eddie’s chest and spit bile on his suit from a toothless mouth. “Ok, that’s it,” she stammered. “You bad mouth the crone, you got to fork over the goodies.” She started poking around in the bag Eddie was carrying. She looked up at him. “Rolls?” She felt the fabric of his suit. “This is nice. What’s with the rolls?”

Eddie shrugged as he held out the bag. “Want one?”

“Nah,” the old... the wise woman of destitute means, but golden heart, and mind of purist clay. She eyed him. “Don’t try to write beyond your means boy. Try writing she looked like Auntie might have looked in her younger years or it was clear her agent had wronged her after she left a stunning film career...”

Eddie wasn’t paying attention.

“This stuff is golden,” she said.

“Enough of this banter. Sure you remind me of Auntie Lee if Auntie had somehow been raised by a pack of hound dogs...” She looked like she was going to attack him. “I was going to go with the Chihuahua that was raised by pit bulls...”

“Ooh, I like that.”

“I thought you would.”

Lulu gave Kelly another look over and grabbed her hand. “You made her an honest woman. Nice ring,” she added appraisingly.

Kelly was all giddy. “I know.” She did that cute knee bend curtsy thing that girls do as she held her hand in a way that made you wonder if she hadn’t spent some time of her life as a wedding ring model... or practicing to be one. “It’s our honeymoon,” she added with a squeal.

They had turned their backs on Eddie as THE OLD TOOTHLESS CRONE gave Kelly some words of advise. Well, that hadn’t worked. Eddie coughed... “Ah-hem.”

The beady eyed crone gave him a nasty look. “That’s the problem with kids today, always in a hurry.”

Kelly gave Eddie an exaggerated frown. “Write down a story note or something.”

“I’m just pointing out it’s going to start soon... Are you planning on giving up your shopping cart full of belongings as some sort of metaphoric example of the meaninglessness of material wealth?”

Lulu looked at Eddie like he was crazy.

“Do you want us to watch it for you?” Kelly offered.

“I’ll walk it over to the Korean Deli. They’ll watch it for me.” She sneered at Eddie in disgust. “Rolls... harrumph. I can do better than that.”

And with that she walked away into the obscurity of a chapter break, rehearsing the words she had spoken a thousand times before.

2.4.3

The Sermon in the Park

“I wonder what’s going on.”

Eddie and Kelly in their matching black suits fit right into the wedding party. It was a beautiful park with lovely manicured lawns, exotic trees, fishponds, rocks, and Japanese flavored garden houses. In the middle of the park, under a covered bridge a couple was getting married.

“Blah, blah, blah,” the preacher was saying. “Marriage is a sacred this and eternal that.” The couple had probably paid him way too much for what he was saying. You just knew he was going to stumble over the groom’s last name again. Takosori. How hard could it be? Just break it down into syllables Taco-sore-E. The groom gritted his teeth. Taco-sore-E. Taco-sore-E. Not Taco-Sorry. How hard was it?

Like I said, Eddie and Kelly fit right in. They couldn’t decide if they belonged on the groom’s side or bride’s side, so they stood off to the corner in the shade like tourists, like a couple out for a morning stroll in Hilo, wearing business suits and black sunglasses with blue fishing worms dangling from the side of their heads. It really isn’t as odd as it sounds. All around the park, similar groups were watching the wedding.

Like most weddings, the girls were getting teary and the guys were getting bored that was until the preacher man said, “If any person knows any reason why these two should not get married, let them speak now or forever hold their peace.”

A quiet hush fell over the crowd, as an expectant rush swept over the reader. Now was the moment. All eyes turned towards the group of homeless men who had been displaced by the wedding. They sat under a tree hoping the groomsman would thank them for not making a scene after it was all over.

“Frank, did he give you any money?”

“No, you Harry?”

“No.”

As the men were talking it over, trying to decide whether it was appropriate to take action or not, Lulu cried out near breathless. “I’m here. I’m here.”

She stopped at the edge of the wedding reception.

“I’m...” she hacked for a bit. She wheezed. “Let me catch my breath.”

The preacher, not really expecting anyone to take objection, had continued with the custom written vows the bride and... well, the bride had labored over for hours... “I will remember that I cherish you beyond...” blah, blah, blah.

Lulu had caught her breath. “I object!”

No one heard her. She charged through the wedding yelling, “False prophet! Infidel! Nonbeliever!” She grabbed the vows out of the preacher’s hands.”

The preacher went to grab his notes back, but then he heard the calls from Frank, Harry, Behemoth, Haven’t Bathed in a Week, Jail would be a Nice Change of Pace, and Random Violence who had stood up.

“Go Lulu,” they called.

“Let her speak.”

“Testify. Testify.”

Acknowledging their support Lulu replied, “Shut your traps.” She looked over the wedding vow notes. “Love... cherish... utter happiness... my flower of joy... cupid’s arrow.” She put a hand to her stomach. “I think I’m going to be Sick.” She looked at the bride. “You want him to love you forever?”

The bride didn’t say anything.

“Yes? No? It’s a question. Do you want him to love you forever?”

“Um, yes.”

“You don’t sound so sure.” She waived her off. “You’re up here. I’m going to assume you’re serious. Probably just nerves... Excuse me.” She walked down the steps and grabbed a cell phone away from the bride’s father. “Who are you talking to? What could be more important than... Let’s see. What side? Bride. Groom. What could be more important than your daughter’s wedding? What are you doing? Selling pork bellies? Ordering a

Pizza? Let's see who you're talking to." She put the phone to her ear. "Who is this? 911? I'll say there is an emergency. This guy's daughter is getting married and he wants to talk to you on the phone." She slammed the phone shut. "Call them back after the ceremony." She shook her head. "It's not like it's an emergency. It'll wait."

"Miss... Miss..." the preacher was trying to regain control.

"It's a free country," Harry cried.

"Let her talk," Frank backed him up.

"I don't think this is how it actually happened," Kelly observed.

"No?" Eddie seemed shocked. "Oh, well."

"I'm talking here," Lulu, a.k.a. the old crone, reminded everybody. "The point, is it's your daughter's wedding. Why are you talking on the phone?" She stopped to smile for the wedding photographer. When he was done, she lurched for the camera, but the photographer was too nimble. She looked around and noticed...

"Who was that guy anyhow?" Eddie stopped the narrative to ask Kelly.

"The one with the camera?"

"Yeah?"

"I thought he was from your side."

No matter, the guy with the camera viewed the crone through the view finder of his new high tech digital camera. The crone leapt for the camera, but he kept jumping back just out of reach, snapping pictures with a brilliant flash that was altogether redundant considering it was a sunny day.

"Why are you taking pictures Sonny? Can't you remember this?" She turned to look at the crowd. "I'm doing you all a favor you know." She ignored Sonny, a.k.a. the cameraman, and walked towards the podium. "I know it looks like I'm ruining your wedding, but you'll never forget this. Think of the stories." She turned to lurch at Sonny who was following her, clicking away on

his camera. “You won’t need pictures to remember this moment. Why? Because you’re alive. Feel the moment. Rejoice.” She indicated Sonny with her thumb as she addressed the crowd. “He’ll probably go down to Volcanoes later and he’ll get a thousand pictures, but he won’t be able to tell you the first thing about how it feels to hold lava rocks in your hand or the cutting bite of a steam vent... in three years all he’ll remember is memories of pictures...” She dismissed him with a hand. She took the bride in her arms. “This is your moment.” She looked the groom over. “He’s kind of cute. If I was younger... Look, you don’t need pictures to remember this moment, just breath deep.” She looked at the bride. “Might want to wait a bit for that breathing deep... I haven’t had a bath in a while.” She heard a police car door slam. “Just one cruiser.” She looked over at Eddie insulted. “Dozens and dozens. I’m dangerous. I’m out of control.”

Eddie shrugged.

She returned her attention to the bride. “You want a long marriage.” The crone nodded her head. The bride played along and mimicked her. “Then suck his dick. If he asks you to put pink ribbons in your hair and put on a plaid schoolgirls skirt, just do it... and you, you Sick disgusting pervert,” she said while poking the groom in the chest. “If you want her to do that, you’ll have to stare into her eyes for an hour a day, listen with complete attention at her spine tingling stories of waiting in line at the grocery store, and be pleasantly surprised at the twist ending when it is revealed, only at the very end, that they were out of toilet paper... but most of all you need to get dressed up every once in a while, wear a nice suit.” She looked the groom over. “Or, try flip flops and a pair of shorts.” She noticed the cops were walking across the field. “And flowers, bring her flowers. Now I got to go.”

As she left the podium she could be heard to mutter to herself, “More marriages would last if the bride would promise anal sex and the groom would promise not to ask for anal sex,” but she left these thought behind at the edge of the crowd.

Cops! Coppers! Pigs, bulls, the law, Smokey, the blue bandit: they had come for her.

“Go get ‘em Lulu,” Harry cried.

A fortnight of hot meals, a cozy bed, and free psychiatric assistance, here I come, Lulu thought. It probably was time to renew her prescription, take a pill, or something.

She shrugged. On with the show. She ran at the cops. “She’s got a gun,” she yelled as she pulled out a half eaten box of hand dipped chocolate cookies from her coat pocket. “Look out! She’s got a gun! She’s got a gun!”

Gilligan and Taz regarded the crone. They looked good in their newly pressed police uniforms. In unison they pulled their revolvers and blasted a thousand holes into her head.

Gilligan shrugged. “After a while you get bored with the sex and a little violence spices things up.”

Kelly looked at Eddie. “OK, I know I’ve not been doing the research you have on this cult, but there is no way that is how it went down.”

Eddie shrugged. “Stories change. It’s a little more dramatic this way. We have the messiah, cut down for preaching the good word.”

“Of endless blowjobs, anal sex...”

“And listening with enrapture to tales of shopping daring do... The important thing is that in three days she’ll come to in a psych ward and she will be reborn. She who was dead has risen.”

“But, she doesn’t have a head left.

“I’m pretty sure the cops used mace.”

For their part, Gilligan and Taz started shooting idly into the crowd.

“I like this better than the café,” Taz said. “They’re running.”

“More of a challenge,” Gilligan agreed. “Just so we’re on the same page, it’s 1 point for a man, 2 for a girl, 5 for a child, 10 for a homeless dude, and 100 for any idiot wearing blue worms...”

“Double if they’re wearing black suits,” Taz countered.

“Time to go,” Eddie said grabbing Kelly’s hand.

2.4.4

Sermon in the Park

In a stressful situation, in the fear of the moment, the mind disappears. When your mind is empty and devoid, only then can you encounter truth.

Hot and sweaty, Eddie and Kelly ran dodging bullets. It felt like Gilligan and Taz had decided to hunt them down specifically. Chunks of bark flew off of trees as bullets danced around them.

Eddie held tightly onto Kelly’s hand. He could not lose her now. The old crone hadn’t mentioned it, but if you wanted a good wedding vow, it would be, “Even when the bullets are flying, I will stand by your side,” or, “I will give up my seat on the lifeboat for you.” Love is knowing it’s not a choice, but simply a thing that is. Eddie could not have left Kelly behind, nor for her part could Kelly have left Eddie.

It is in these moments that a test is given. The devil by whatever name you wish to give him lets your mind consider that you could run faster alone, that Gilligan was really hunting the other, or... whatever. Betrayal in the moment, sacrificing the other under any conditions no matter how extreme, this is the crack into which unhappiness, separation, isolation, and divorce grows.

We may not be playing by the rules you are used to. All the same, we will not apologize for any abrupt, unexplained transitions.

Eddie and Kelly stopped short. They were back in the same freedom park in Hilo. They were hot and sweaty. Kelly was

pretty sure at this point that dressing up in a business suit to coerce Eddie into wearing shorts was a mistake. She was dying. They found a spot of shade and thankfully discovered that somewhere along the way they had stopped at a small grocery store where they had bought sandwiches and much, much more importantly, ice cold water.

Kelly held the bottle to her face. She pressed it against her chest. Eddie took off his jacket and loosened his tie.

A few yards away under a podium a man wearing an orange monk's outfit sat in a meditation pose. He was surrounded by a dozen similarly dressed initiates and another score or so of civilians in shorts and tourist garb who had seen the leaflets scattered about town.

"This is the Sermon in the Park?" Kelly whispered.

"Trust me, you'll know when it starts." After a moment Eddie added, "Don't you think it is odd that a group of Buddhist monks would wear dark sunglasses with the trademark blue dangling worms of the Sick?"

The monk under the podium did not open his eyes. "Breathe out," he said in a loud calm voice. "Expel it all. Empty your lungs. The first mistake many beginners make is to start by taking a deep breath. Before you can breathe in, you must breathe out. Rid yourself of all that you have, all that you are. When there is nothing remaining, all that is left is the truth..."

He was continuing to talk, but what he said was complete and utter gibberish. OK. Maybe it wasn't gibberish, but it wasn't divine inspiration. These monks had left Lahina with instructions to set up a new mission in Hilo. They had intended to purchase and refurbish an old Buddhist temple, but the deal had fallen through. They were waiting for further instructions from Lahina.

In the meantime Lulu's frustration was growing. She stood by herself a little way off. She could have joined the other homeless men in the park, but she had gotten into a fight with

Harry about the duties of a man and a woman and what a lady, even a bag lady, expected out of a gentleman caller.

“A full container of food,” she called out loud. “You don’t bring a half eaten meal. Find two, three, or four half eaten ones, pour them all into one container, and then you have a feast. It looks like you saved your dinner until you were with the one you cared for. Not like you ate your supper, and oh, by the way, I have leftovers.” A little effort was all that was required.

“Ummmm...haaaaaaa,” the man on the podium was going. It was gibberish. Lulu could tell. She had the ability to see things others could not. It was gift. It was a curse. She hadn’t noticed it when she was younger, but as she grew up, it became obvious. She was holy. She was destined for greatness.

She looked at her shadow in the morning sun. Around her head there was a halo. She walked over to where the monk was, just to be sure, and looked at the shadow of his head. She shook her head. “No halo.” She shook her head again. “It’s just gibberish. Breath in, breath out... What’s special about that? I can do that.”

“Join us,” the monk said.

“Join you. What rubbish.” She flipped at the monks blue worms. “You’re Sick.”

“Yes. Join us. Be one with the eternal ocean.”

“You couldn’t find the ocean if you booked a discount flight to Hawaii.”

“You have anger, let it go.”

“You’re in my spot. I left my cart right here so it would be obvious and you moved it. See,” she pointed. “You moved it. I just went to get some Korean food. Now get out of my spot.”

“The world is free. Ownership is illusion.”

“Fine, you’re not going to move, then scoot over,” and with that the crone sat down beside the envoy.

“Let’s take a moment to reflect on this moment,” the monk said. “We are given this moment and only this moment. What is this moment?”

“Burnt noodles,” Lulu responded. “I hate it when they give me burnt noodles.” She looked at the monk. “It’s not the only noodle I have to deal with today.”

“Accept the offering of this moment. It is the universe’s gift to you.”

Lulu put her food away and carefully mimicked the monks pose. Her knees cracked as she moved them. I’m getting old she thought. “Sigh!”

The monks looked at her.

“Sigh! Aright. Sigh! Sigh! I’m getting old. I won’t be here much longer you know. This is my spot. My little rock. I don’t ask for much.”

A plane flew overhead. Lulu followed it with her eyes and noticed the monks were watching the plane as well. “That’s a good idea. Get on a plane. Go back to Kansas, Nebraska, or wherever it is you are from. There must be millions of people you can bore there with this crap. Breath in – Breath out. What nonsense.”

The monk started to say something. She slapped him on the back of his baldhead. “Don’t be interrupting me. Right. Right. Breath in, breath out has been done. Let’s switch it up and go with breath out, breath in. What crap.” She shook her head. She noticed his glasses and took them off of his head. “It’s my spot. It’s a tax. A tithe... You don’t have any rice or anything on you? Maybe a hamburger?”

She played with her head and watched the worms dangle. “Hey this is pretty fun.” She twittered her fingers and resumed the posture. “Ohm. Ohm. Ohmmm my god this is boring.” She opened her eyes. “Do you guys pay him for this? OK... let me channel Yiggy for you...”

“Breath in... Breath out... Ohm...” In a mocking voice she said, “Consumerism is bad... Materialism is a dead end... Ohm... In five, ten, sixteen years it won’t matter we’ll all be dead... You guys are the Blue Squid guys aren’t you?”

Many of the initiates smiled and nodded, even the master was listening. Crazy, random, it made no difference. The words were close enough. They might as well be divine truth. Even if Gilligan wasn't directing her words, in the end, you knew he'd say he had. They were to listen, to learn, to obey. That was the way.

"A blue squid made the universe, of all the ridiculous things... Why not pink? It is such a warmer, friendlier color... And you catch bigger fish with pink lures you know." She fell silent and recalled what the voices had been telling her. What was she supposed to tell these idiots? There was something. Yiggy had made it clear. She would be his mouthpiece, but what did he want her to say?

She felt herself floating up, backwards, and then she splashed down into the watery ocean, past the depths. She felt the tentacles wrap around her and a thousand miles from the surface, she fell into Yiggy's embrace.

"The time is at hand to forget Lahina, to leave the rock. Go back from whence you came. The party is over. The end is near. If you can remember these words, take heed. Those who forget and forsake my name will perish. Those who remember shall rule."

Lulu opened her eyes. She was back in the park. It wasn't much. Yiggy wasn't big on small talk and try to get anything out of him. You could walk around in a rainstorm for hours and you knew he knew which storefronts were dry, safe, and welcoming, but he would never tell you.

"Tell us more."

They were never satisfied.

"What can we do? Where shall we go?"

Hadn't she just told them? "I think it's pretty clear. It's time to go home. The party is over." She looked over at Eddie. "I mean for Si's sake, look around you. The feds are all over this place. They're moving in. You're done for. Run while you can. Go home. Forget you were here. It's done. It's over."

"We're not ready for it to end."

“Tough. Anyone can see the lawsuit against Beechum isn’t going to go through.” She’d read the papers. She knew the story. “Everybody knows all you guys do on the beach is have wild sex with each other and do drugs, both of which happen to be against the law... Look. It’s like you don’t even read your own pamphlets. That genetic engineered stuff they’ve been working on is going to spread the virus to everyone.” She looked at her noodles. “Engineered wheat, corn. It’s everywhere. They’re messing with the roots of what it means to be human. They’re messing with dangerous stuff.”

She took out a handkerchief and sneezed. She looked into it and showed it to the crowd. “I think I just gave birth to a green alien brain worm.”

A dozen cop cars pulled onto the grass. “They’re coming for you. Run! Run!” she shouted but no one moved. She suddenly realized she was the only one wearing blue worm sunglasses and that these were Buddhist monks, not a Sick envoy. The old monk was smiling at her.

“It is all an illusion,” he assured her.

“They’re coming for me aren’t they?” she asked meekly.

“Not you?”

He shrugged as he caressed her face.

“Is Yiggy real?” she asked.

“As real as you or I.”

Kelly shook her head. “It seems a bit anticlimactic.”

Eddie agreed. “Hence the stadium. Over the years it got built up. She made the papers. She predicted the end of the Sick and she got a lot of the details right...” He shrugged. “It was an odd day. The next day in papers all around the country a similar story would be told. Marriages, family reunions, religious festivals, all interrupted by street people spouting the words of the Sick. Some say it was the last straw...”

“How’s that?”

“It’s one thing to be a nutty cult. It’s another to be a cultural force capable of influencing the masses... or as they say. Nobody likes a miracle worker.”

2.5.0

Hawaii 5.0

Da-da-na-na-na-na! Da-da-na-na-na!

Hilo, population 50,000. Kona, population 75,000.
The rest of the island combined, population 50,000. Some suburbs have more people in them than the entire island of Hawaii.

The Big Island isn’t so big.

Common sense isn’t so common.

The more bored you are, the longer life seems.
Geniuses are usually bored in school. That’s why they are so smart, they spent so much time in school.

God,
We applaud Jesus’ marketing efforts in Sermon on the Mount, but despite his good words, we still have an excess inventory of meek, downtrodden, diseased, and sick.

It doesn’t seem like we can move these items.

St. Peter

St. Peter
Maybe Jesus should take a flyer from Gilligan’s game book. He’s got Sick flying off the shelves. Now don’t give me any more excuses. Move that inventory!

God – Goddamn It!

Fatwa – Smatwa.

Perhaps the only thing stupider than wearing blue worms as a sign of religious fervor is to strap dynamite around yourself and blow yourself into a billion pieces. I'm no psychological expert, but I'm pretty sure if your son, daughter, mother, father, friend, or relative is blown to a billion pieces by a suicide bomber, the one thought that is going through your mind as you grieve is, "Gee, I wonder what religion the suicide bomber was? Blown to a billion pieces for no discernable reason, and no purposeful effect... I'm going to have to look into that religion... maybe I'll convert."

It's a scientific fact. The only thing more effective than house to house missionaries in converting people is house to house missionaries that blow themselves up when they ring the doorbell.

No, wait. I've given it some more thought. Suicide bombers that go to their own synagogue, church, temple, or whatever and blow themselves and their entire congregation to kingdom come...

You can see how it got started. First Jesus got himself crucified and from there it was a marketing arms race.

"Them blasted Christians and their martyrs... crosses, lions, drawn and quartering... What are we going to do?"

"It's hopeless. Every Sunday everybody goes off to Calvary Hill to watch another crucifixion."

"Oh, I know what we'll do. We'll blow ourselves up."

"Hah!"

"Let them top that."

And you wonder why the old ways are dying out.

Anyone who has stared into the face of an angry mob knows that human beings are stupid herd animals incapable of independent thought. The only choice you get to make is whether the herd you follow is happy, friendly, and loving or angry, petty, and mean.

“Tell me again. Why we are on a tour bus?” Kelly asked.

“To see the island,” Eddie responded jovially. “I don’t want to wind up being here for six years and never see the place.”

“But why a tour bus? Why not rent a car?”

“It’s less conspicuous this way.”

“You’re wearing a business suit on a bus full of tourists dressed in shorts and aloha shirts... You don’t think that’s a little conspicuous?”

Eddie put the bag of bread in the overhead compartment as he explained, “It’s air conditioned. They stop at all the big name destinations, and somebody else drives.”

“But you only get to stay at the spots for a few minutes. Someone else dictates the flow of your day.”

“I’ve never been on one of these tours. Let’s see how it goes.”

The waterfall from years past was the first stop. In the humid heat, in a single file line behind a hundred others, they crowded through the rain forest. Kelly pointed out the balboa tree that she and Bryce had stood under so long ago, and then they took their three seconds viewing the waterfall before it was time to move on.

“Drive for thirty minutes to see the next stop for three seconds? I don’t think so.” Kelly whipped out her cell phone.

“Go, back to the bus. Get our stuff.”

“Who are you calling? I thought the Sick were against cell phones?”

“I’m calling Taz... the Professor I guess now. You want to see Hawaii, the Professor is the way to go. As to the phone, I’m

the designated Judas remember. One of the fringe benefits is I don't have to pay attention to a single edict."

When Eddie got up to the parking lot, the Professor was already waiting for him cracking his knuckles. Eddie looked around nervously.

"Bryce isn't here," the Professor assured him.

"Then just you and me?" Eddie asked.

"And Kelly, eventually Cagney will join us..." the Professor was working it out into the future, counting to six. "We should include Ginger for old times sake... She's a real player and that leaves one for variety, to mix it up." He jumped up and sat on the hood of the car in his black jeans, green flip flops, and his twenty-five silver piercings. I know you remember. Thirteen reaching for heaven with two hang by on either side, two on the ears, two on the nipples, three in the eyebrow, and three in the nose. Just for nostalgic sake, I'll remind you that he is a skinny, wiry, clean shaven, bald, Korean, want to be bad ass covered in swirling tattoos. The only real difference between Taz and the Professor is the Professor also had on a pair of sunglasses with blue fishing worms attached to the sides. "You're stuff's already in the trunk," he told Eddie as he cracked his knuckles menacingly. "You know we've got a little initiation ceremony in this little club of ours."

"I know."

"We don't turn off the lights... or pull our punches."

Eddie looked away and talked nervously. "You know, maybe we can work something out, quietly off screen..."

As Eddie approached, the Professor stood up laughing and said, "You're going to be my... oomph..."

The Professor gasped, clutched his balls, and fell to the pavement in agony.

"Shit dude, this is my narrative," Eddie explained as he lowered his knee back down and looked around embracing the universe. "The universe loves me. I can do anything. Can't you

hear the birds singing my praises? Don't ever forget you're here by my invitation."

"I see you and Taz have met," Kelly cried out happily as she rushed to help the Professor up and dust him off. After she had hugged him hello she added, "You know I go for the crazy types. I married him." She winked at Eddie. "He's wearing a suit in this heat. He's crazy. He's not normal."

Eddie straightened his glasses.

The Professor shook off Kelly's arm. "The next stop is the lava fields. Time to put up or shut up."

"No problemo," Eddie smiled as he helped Kelly into the back of the car. "Sounds like its time for another one of those ambiguous chapter breaks to cover my trail and keep people guessing."

2.5.1

Hawaii 5.1

In the last days of the Sick, new dogma was released almost daily. It was clear there was no longer anyone at the helm.

As always, there is an alternate theory. In the final days there were finally enough converts and infected initiates to really get Si-Space going. Gilligan had achieved his goal. A critical point had been reached. Si had become a reality.

Welcome to the next evolution of man my friends.

In the middle of a lava field in the middle of nowhere, Taz's Yellow Taxi stands alone. The Professor comes out from behind a mound of lava rock zipping up his pants. "It's a cheap chapter break, if you ask me," he says complainingly knowing nothing about the mastery of narrative or careful publicity grooming.

Kelly emerges behind him, her long black hair flowing over her suit. She has found a black fedora and has added it to her ensemble.

Eddie emerges and straightens his tie. He has on a gangster hat as well. He talks as if continuing a conversation that has been going on for some time. "So, ah-ha is the rocky jagged stuff and pa-hoi-hoi is the smooth looking stuff." And then after a pause, "So where to next?"

"This is bullshit," Taz stammers. "You can't just walk behind a rock and call it done."

Can't I?

"I can see you got that bad taste in your mouth again Taz," Kelly jumped in.

"It's the Professor," Taz glared.

"Taz, Professor, no one really cares," Eddie explained. "The Professor is the name for the Sick's second in charge. The Sick is done. It's over, Taz."

"Fuck that. I'm second in charge. If anything ever happens to Gilligan, I take over."

"Not likely, you're a loose canon... besides it's done... There's a new game in town. It's called Yr'goth's Chosen. Did we ever mention our little club has an initiation ritual?"

"Fuck that."

"Fuck this. Fuck that. Something like that," Kelly agreed.

"No, Suck this," Taz said unzipping his pants.

"OK," Kelly agreed and walked over.

"Him too."

"Sure, sure," Eddy agreed as he kneeled down in front of Taz, er the Professor as both Kelly and Eddie grabbed a piece of lava rock and brought it down on Taz's toes.

Taz fell in quivering pain. As Eddie stood over him, ready to kick him in the balls again with his Italian loafers Gilligan called out as he emerged onto the scene, "You can do lots of stuff with the story, but you can't do this." He was walking over the lava,

hovering an inch above it's surface wearing a white towel sarong. "The Sick precedes Yr' goth. You know the rules. You have to bow down to the previous regime, build on the story. You can't rip it apart."

Eddie listened to Gilligan and then he kicked Taz in the balls just for the hell of it. He looked at Kelly.

"It's OK honey. Just do what you have to do," she reassured him.

"There's no other way," Eddie said looking frantically for an escape.

"Maybe you're just not Sick material," Gilligan said and then he smiled. "Oh, I almost forgot." He wrinkled his forehead. "You don't really have a choice."

Eddie found his feet moving. Even against his will, he walked towards Gilligan and kneeled at his feet.

Gilligan flung the towel aside and guided Eddie. Eddie tasted Gilligan in his mouth. Once he got started, it was easier than he had imagined it would be.

"That's the way to do it," Gilligan assured him.

Taz got to his feet. "When you're done, I've got his ass. He's got some payback coming."

"Ummm, oh-hay," Eddie said to no one in particular.

It is part of the story. It is part of the legend. It is the way things are, were, and ever shall be. Before you breathe in, you must first breath out. Before you rule, you must first kneel.

With great globs of slobber, Eddie wrapped his hands around Gilligans cock and stroked him. As only a guy can, he sensed where Gilligan was. He anticipated Gilligan's climax and as he came, Eddie squeezed.

He pummeled unmercifully into Gilligan's nuts with his fist, landing blow after blow. Great globs of cum shot over his head and into his face as he hammered away on Gilligan.

Gilligan blacked out. He fell hard onto the floor of the lava field hitting his head.

Eddie stood up, wiped the cum off his face and regarded Taz. “There’s your fucking blowjob... anytime you want one.” He walked to the trunk of the car and opened the briefcase he had tossed to Taz at the café. He pulled out the revolver and tossed it to Taz again. “You got any doubts about who is running this show?”

Taz regarded the gun. He’d been in this situation before. “You’re not even real. How can you be here?”

Kelly put her arms on Taz’s shoulders to sooth him. “Get in the car Taz. Drive us around.”

“If you can kill him,” Eddie continued, “then it just means it was time for him to die.”

Taz, the Professor, that was his name. He shook his head and looked around. He was alone. A 45 was in one hand and a bottle of beer in the other. He chugged the bottle and then tossed it into the air. He casually shot the bottle with the 45. He looked around again. The field was full of shattered glass. He had been doing this for a long time. He went to his car, pulled the mirror off of his windshield, and cut a line of meth. He snorted it. Six years was too long to be someone’s bitch. He reloaded the 45 and tossed it onto the passenger seat next to him. Then he reached under his own seat and pulled out the 5lb sledgehammer he kept there.

The dolphins didn’t care who they ate. It was time to see if Gilligan was as all fired clever as he thought he was.

2.5.2

A Hawaiian Expose

“All those stories and not once do they mention Bryce giving Taz a blow job.”

“How about a reach around or something?”

“You’ll be his bitch forever.”

“OK. Sure. Bryce... or Gilligan must have blown you once or twice... but how many thousand times did you blow him? It’s time for some payback. He’s earned it.”

“He’s always saying how he owes you an ass kicking... Bring it to him. See what he’s got.”

Taz drove madly around the island. He didn’t see the scenery. He didn’t notice the other cars, yellow lines, or traffic lights.

He didn’t know he had passengers in the back. He didn’t notice them making out or rolling around on the seat. When he pulled into the familiar tourist destinations, he didn’t know it was for their benefit. He was at the breaking point. In a rage he drove on.

Hawaii is fantastic. I mean, sure, I know the airline companies just drop you off in the middle of the pacific, but the time you’ll have... You have to get a rental car or a car with a private driver who knows the island. That’s the only way to go... but to start, Hawaii. You’ve got to mention the people, friendly, kind, open, ready to offer directions, recommend a place to eat, or just chat. Over the course of our honeymoon we had several conversations with separatists who wanted to succeed from the union, real estate investors, surfers, cowboys... can you believe it cowboys in Hawaii, displaced Californians, and a whole slew of interesting, diverse, and alive people.

One thing I noticed was that every town, no matter how small, has a church in it. They like to say, “The missionaries came to do good, and they did quiet well for themselves,” but it’s not just Christian churches. There’s Buddhist temples of all denominations and then the more obscure sects... and cults.

The architecture is a wide assortment with a lot of Japanese and Asian influence. Of course, modern suburban housing is starting to dominate, but it's not difficult to ride into the country and spot old plantation style houses with their tin roofs.

The most amazing aspect though remains the diverse climate. They say it snows on top of Mauna Kea, but we didn't see any. If you discount glaciers, Hawaii is said to have every other major type of ecosystem there is: desert, tundra, reef, shallow ocean, deepwater ocean, forest, and rainforest to name just a few. I forget the rest. The names don't really give the diversity justice. In a trip around the island you can expect to travel through mountains that remind you of New Zealand or grasslands similar to the Falklands, Argentina, and even California. There are forests of a dozen different varieties complete with waterfalls and if you've never been to the tropics, a whole new complement of flora and fauna, the likes of which you've never seen before, awaits you. It's a little surreal, like suddenly finding yourself in a Dr. Seuss book with a weird tree around every corner, a rainbow at sunrise and sunset, and clouds... the bluest skies you will ever see.

Let me take you on a particular one half hour drive I happened to like... one half hour, fifteen miles, one of many on the island. You start in a thick cypress forest. The forest gives way to a wet foggy grassland reminiscent of Ireland complete with golf course and cows. As you enter a town the forest starts again, but it is much more southern, oak wood looking. You may notice the sides of telephone poles are covered in a mossy slime. It's that wet. The city center, marked by the town's one stop sign, is at the water line. The other side of town is grasslands. A sparse ohia forest starts up and then disappears and for the next ten miles if you look into the hills you can see a line where the grass turns from green to brown in a matter of feet. It's the water line and I do not exaggerate. There is literally a line you can see on the side of the hill separating the wet side from the dry side. Clouds cover the wet side and the grass is green while mere feet away the grass is a crispy brown from the nonstop sunshine and lack of rain. Driving

downhill into the dry side, the land gives way to a cactus filled, grasslands that eventually leads into another ohia forest by the coast, the beach, the reefs, and then finally the deep ocean proper. It's not a long drive time wise. I've just described a 15 mile stretch that takes a mere half hour to drive. We were there for two weeks and every day I was amazed by something new, not just a little thing, but by a giant, "Oh, My God!" where did this come from type surprise.

Being a landowner now, I have a certain vested interest in pumping up the values and encouraging tourism, so just a quick rundown of what you can do on your two week honeymoon in Hawaii, if you are so inclined. You can take a helicopter tour, drive up 13,000' on a public access road to the tippy top of one of the worlds highest mountain and play in 70mph winds next to billion dollar observatories, rent a fishing boat for the afternoon, if the season is right watch whales, ride horses on the beach, hike in lava fields, see a real live volcano, take in a massive amount of culture, eat at world class restaurants or little local holes in the wall that have amazingly fresh fish, and, of course, you can laze on some of the world's best beaches to your heart's content and simply enjoy the cool ocean breeze and the warm sunshine.

Okay, maybe it's not a complete list, but what would a book about Hawaii be like without the perfunctory sales pitch?

- - -

"I thought you promised you'd go into the water," Kelly frowned at Eddie who was still wearing his business suit. "You look like a limousine driver."

"Maybe, I am... Where would madam..." but he didn't get any further. Kelly started unbuttoning his belt. "What are you doing?"

"Take it off."

"You are a feisty one." They wrestled. They fell. He tickled her. She grabbed his hair.

“What are you doing?”

She threw his head back into the grassy lawn of the rest stop. She walked away.

A first fight? Kelly was mad. Eddie was mad. His first impulse had been to hit her after she had thrown his head back into the ground. Even now he fought the impulse to slap her, but... she looked stunning, breathtaking. She was, is, and shall remain Kelly, the woman he loved.

The thin summer dress blew in the breeze. Under it, she was naked. She was a naughty girl.

Eddie fought down his anger. He tried to hug her, to sooth her. It did not work. Fine, he thought, as he lifted her up and carried her down the rocky shore towards the ocean. “You want to go into the water... Your wish is my command.”

She clutched at him. “Not here. Not now. Down at the beach where it’s sandy.” And finally, “This is a good dress.”

“This is a good suit,” Eddie said as he negotiated the slippery rocks.

“It’s dangerous. Be careful,” Kelly pleaded as she clutched at Eddie.

“You’re not afraid of the water, are you...”

She did not answer his question as she held him tight, but only replied, “Be careful...”

- - -

“That’s pretty clever,” Taz observed. “It’s fucking the PROFESSOR!” he yelled in rage as he clenched his hands. After he had regained his composure, he added, “You two think you’re so clever.”

He popped the hood. He waived his hand around indicating the rainforest. “This is the next stop. The real Hawaii away from it all.” A mosquito found Taz... the Professor swatted at it. “I notice you’re not swatting at the fucking things.”

“You never did get another girlfriend, did you Taz?” Kelly remarked.

Taz pulled himself out from under the car where he had just pulled the drain plug on the oil pan. Oil seeped into the rainforest floor. He opened the trunk and got out a jack. He started working on the brakes.

“This is a real forest,” Eddie said to no one in particular. “I think the birds are calling my name... Ed-de... Ed-de.”

Taz spit. “Coqui. They are saying their own name, little egotistical fuckers. Coqui. Coqui.” Taz regarded the forest, before he yelled, “Shut UP! SHUT UP! You fucking Faggots.” He threw the wrench at the brake he was working on and it bounced back and hit him in the face. He tasted the blood.

He grabbed a crowbar out of the trunk and held it menacingly as he confronted Eddie. “You owe me. I’m second in charge. It’s the way the game is played. You want in. You got to play by the rules, no matter how clever you are.”

He waved the crowbar in the air as he approached Eddie. He took a few trial swings and then he lunged. Eddie’s twenty odd years of Samurai, Ninja, Japanese Heritage training paid off. He sidestepped the blow and let Taz... Taz go flailing into the soft rainforest floor.

“Your problem is,” Eddie remarked to Taz, “that after so many years of hanging out with Bryce, you’re used to losing. For you, to fight is to lose. It’s time to give it up.”

Eddie picked up the crowbar and tossed it idly into the trunk. After closing the lid, he leaned against the trunk and let Kelly kiss him. Don’t ask me where the dress she was wearing came from. Perhaps it was one of Jazz’s. “Every day is a test. Every night is an adventure.” He spoke the words of dogma softly to his bride.

She unzipped his slacks and let him enter her as they leaned against the trunk.

“It’s my turn,” the Professor insisted.

Eddie and Kelly ignored him. There are rules to the game. It's a pyramid scheme. A few start at the top. Some after years rise a little in the organization, but for most, night after night...

"Fuck the lecture," the Professor said as he approached unbuttoning his jeans. "The only real question is which one," but he knew he didn't have a choice... Kelly's ass was moving up and down in a hypnotic rhythm.

Kelly bit her lip.

"You like that?" Eddie inquired as he looked into her eyes.

She met his gaze, embarrassed, unsure, like a little girl. She nodded. "Yes. Yes I do," and then she kissed him.

- - -

There are millions of archetypical looks. Here in the ocean, it aids in identification. It is a flag, a call sign, but then too, looks can be deceiving.

Both Eddie and Kelly were wearing the Sick's trademarked dark sunglasses with dangling blue worms, while they also wore the Yr'goth's Chosen sub-clan identification by way of black suits, white shirts, and dark black hats.

Kelly put her foot up on the trunk next to Taz as she tied her shoelace. Eddie reached into the back seat and grabbed the bag of rolls. He took Kelly's hand and together they walked down the road leaving Taz to his repairs.

Had they looked back, they would have seen Taz beating off into a hubcap with a crowbar wedged up his ass. They didn't need to look back to know this.

They had tipped their hat to the past, to history, to the way things were. They were not afraid. No fear. It's a good way to break a leg if you're traveling in a realm where bones break, but in another realm... it is the only way to fly.

I've said it before. The Sick do not exist. Hawaii does not exist. And, by extension a little town on the edge of the ocean called Lahina does not exist... at least not in the way time and

reason exist... It's a place where words on a page have little meaning, but the edge of reality can be seen out of the corner of your eye. It is a place where failure breeds failure, success breeds success, dolphins talk to men, and birds know your name... It is a place Bryce Canyon found long ago. He was not the first to discover it. He will not be the last... or it was a place the Celaphopods created... or brought with them, their gift to humanity, a place of nonsense, contradiction, horror and pleasure.

Close your eyes. Look inside. Eddie and Kelly are returning to Lahina. If you know the way, come and join them.

2.5.3

The Road to Lahina – Part 2

Everybody should write a messiah story with themselves starring in the leading role. With any luck you can make it autobiographical.

How do you explain a mystery, when it's still a mystery?

If you can explain a miracle, is it really a miracle?

Blessed are the stupid, for they will see god's hand in everything.

Any police chief will tell you, the real problem with closing down the well known drug, gambling, or prostitution district in town isn't in closing it down. The problem is, once you close it down, you no longer know where the drug, gambling, or prostitution district is. It spreads out. What was once isolated, becomes fragmented and diverse. Where there was one, there are now many.

The way to Lahina is easy, just follow the coral markings by the side of the road.

The burning bush is a tree by the side of the road bursting forth with flowers like fireworks on the Fourth of July.

Mongoosees are squirrels that know where they are going.

We're just trying to raise awareness... get some grassroots support. Once we have a structure in place, we'll decide what we stand for and itemize priorities...

Drugs, Sex, and Rock and Roll was already taken.

Don't ask me why they were walking through a lava field. Sometimes that's just the way it goes. Kelly was sweating in the suit. "Why are we wearing business suits again?"

"It's a disguise. It's a look. You know, our clan association." Eddie looked at her. "You know this."

Kelly smiled. "I just like hearing you say it."

What he didn't say was that in a different time, a different place it would be part of one of the many games they would play. I hope we have established Kelly was, is a bit twisted. Being forced to wear a hot business suit in a tropical climate... there is more than one way to play the S&M game. You figure out the details. You figure out the rules.

Not too far ahead through the wavy lines of heat, they could see the check point manned as always by six large Sumo warrior looking men.

But before the checkpoint, sitting on a rock by the side of the path was a young man in jeans and a t-shirt. "Hey, I've been waiting for you," he said as he levitated in front of the them.

Eddie tossed him a roll. "Hungry?"

The boy brushed the roll aside. "I hear you're a fighter, you're the man to beat. Let's fight." He showed off his ninja moves straight out of a video game.

"You've got talent," Eddie had to concede.

"Very smooth," Kelly agreed.

"Let's fight for the girl," the lad said eagerly.

Eddie shrugged. "That's between you and the girl." He looked the kid over. He was thirteen, fourteen at best. "You haven't been here long."

"Long enough."

"Why didn't you dress up as a monster?"

"Or a troll?" Kelly baited him.

"Or stupid black suits?" the kid countered. He did a back flip effortlessly, as he came down with a loud, "Hi-YA!"

"You two play," Kelly offered.

Eddie shook his head. "Some other time kid. You want to fight, find Taz. Find him and his Ape prison friends. They're always up for a riot."

Eddie took Kelly's hand and continued to walk as she offered the boy some reasonable advice. "Why don't you try the guards at the check point?"

The punk ignored her suggestion. "I'm calling you out fag boy."

Eddie put down the bag of rolls. "You want to fight. Fine. Let's have it out." He put up his hand as the boy was about to launch himself into a flying kick. "Let me take off my jacket."

The boy eyed him suspiciously. "No stalling."

"No stalling," Eddie agreed. Once his jacket was off, Eddie motioned the boy forward with his hands. The boy ran. He kicked up dust, launched himself into the air at Eddie, and went right through him.

"What the hell?"

"Bye," Eddie said. He put his jacket back on as the boy began to dissolve. "No fear. There's a reason. I don't have to deal with you and your stupid desire to fight."

“You’d rather suck on Taz’s dick.”

Eddie shrugged. “If you want to cross the river Styx and remember what you saw, you need to ride on Sharon’s barge. If you want to leave the realms of hell, you have to get by Cerberus the three headed dog, and if you want to join the party in Lahina...” He touched the Sick glasses. “You’ve got to appease Gilligan and the Professor.” He paused. “It’s a Sick game. It’s got Sick rules.”

They walked past the checkpoint. There was no incident. They walked down the red dirt road leading to the beach from 33 Lahina. They could hear the ocean. They could hear the birds singing Gilligan’s praises. They were almost home.

2.5.4

The Road to Lahina – Part 1

Much to do is made about the ancient practice of testing witches by seeing if they float in water or confess under torture. What is perhaps less known is that the most damning evidence that could be brought to bear against a potential witch was if another person, say a respected clergyman or town elder, would testify that they’d had a dream where the suspected witch had been seen flying, casting a spell, or cavorting with devils (i.e. having an orgy). It does sort of lead you to wonder if the wrong people weren’t getting burned at the stake.

If you are of the mind, you can explain nearly every mystical occurrence, miracle, or act of god away by attributing the occurrence to the stupidity of others and/or their inability to differentiate between the waking world and the world of dreams.

Even now your mind dreams. Can you see its dreams?

To say humans use 10% of their brain capacity is a misnomer, it is more accurate to say they only see or understand 10% of what goes on in their own minds.

“You didn’t really start here. It paints a lopsided picture.”

“No one wants to read a story about a druggie who flew to Hawaii, partied for six years before he was arrested for living in a house he didn’t own, and was then extradited back to California for outstanding drug related charges... Truth is relative. Plenty of meth heads burn their lives out on the beaches of Hawaii... It’s not a story. It’s not a legend. The legend is the one who made it. Not the thousands who didn’t.”

- - -

Hell: a swarming pile of naked fetid bodies. They are not nice people in hell. You know you are not a nice person. You have tried, you pretend, but in your heart you are not nice. You belong in hell. You know this. You accept this.

Every night you find yourself in hell, in a swarming mass of naked bodies. It is not pleasant. Big, large, mean men do things to you. They make you do things for them.

You wake with an ache in your ass. You can call it constipation if it makes you feel better.

You wake with your pillow covered in mucous. You can call it drool if it makes you feel better.

You wake in the middle of the night and stay up for long hours not wishing to return to sleep, but eventually you do. The dreams grow worse. You are on the bottom of a pile of sweaty, swarming limbs. Men seek out your mouth and ass with their dicks. You try to shut out the memory, but you remember.

Remembering is the first step. You find solace in Zen... and others, but mostly by things you call Zen. You learn to breathe. You learn to relax. You learn to accept. You learn to remember.

And, most of all you learn that it does not matter, it is not real... nothing is.

You lay at the bottom of a pile of swarming bodies, mostly men. They seek you out. You ignore them. They are not real, nothing is.

You stand in the sea of flesh. One stands next to you. You idly jerk him off as you make your way towards a distant girl.

He laughs at you. "She's probably just a guy anyhow," he says telling you a secret.

"He's lying," a girl says as she grabs your dick from behind and proceeds to suck.

You wake up. You remember. You are on your way.

"It's water," he says. You are in the bathroom of the bungalow overlooking the ocean. A swarming mass of bodies fills the house. You are dreaming.

"You're not dreaming," he says as he hits the back of your head. He slaps your face. "Pain. Humiliation." He shakes his head. "Sucking on guys cocks, you know that so well. Tell me, what does water taste like? What does it feel like? Pour it on the ground. How does it splash?"

He washes his hands with soap and water. He plays with the soap and blows bubbles in his hands. The bubbles... How are the bubbles? "Every day is a test," he says. "Every night is an adventure." He scratches his head and calls out, "I forget is it day is a test and night is an adventure or night is the test and day is the adventure."

"Both," comes the reply.

"You can't be alive one minute and dead the next. It's all or nothing." He smiles. "Choose life, dude."

- - -

"Is that more to your liking?"

"It's closer to the truth... and then what?"

“And then you leave the pile. You go off. You do... In the night, in the day, you find a girl. She’s the same in both places.”

“You find Lahina.”

“You find paradise.”

“Then what?”

“Then you do what religions have done for thousands of years. You try to make money off the entire thing.”

“Doesn’t that make it seem cheap, fake...”

“Like it’s all an illusion anyhow?”

2.5.5

Loaves and Fishes - 1

Did Jesus synthesize fish and bread out of thin air? Some say he did. It was a miracle. Others hold that it was traditional to have a picnic lunch after a prophet lectured. If you hold this point of view, the miracle of the loaves and fishes reduces to a giant potluck lunch. This is really no less miraculous. Can you imagine having a church potluck where everybody, I mean everybody, brings either bread or dried fish... How weird would that be?

Some say what was really the miracle was that all those folks had trod a half day’s march into desert and they hadn’t bothered to pack a bottle of water, a wine skin, or a six pack of beer. I mean really, imagine this; you live next to a desert, rock scrub, lava field, beach, city park, or what not and you decide to spend the day there, but before you go you don’t so much as grab a bottle of water out of the fridge. Into the arid wastes without so much as a back up bottle of water, loaf of bread, or dried fish... now that’s faith.

After 2,000 years of retelling by folks who have a vested interest in the story (i.e. people who live off of the money you throw in the offering tray), it’s not too much of a

stretch of the imagination to believe some of the details have been skewed, twisted, or subverted to paint a specific carefully choreographed picture.

The Sick don't see the need to wait 2,000 years to subvert the truth... or turn a profit.

Si-Space, Lahina, a dream world... the analogy of a computer chat room may also be helpful. Things are not always what they may seem. Personas are easy to discard.

Walking, ever walking. Some folks could drive, some had mastered horseback riding. Ivory... Eve, Ginger, and her minions were always up for riding horses, but Eddie had never gotten the knack. He would have liked to experience being a buffalo in a stampede, but now was not the time for such thoughts. Eddie looked around.

A praying mantis had settled onto Kelly's hat as it hopefully eyed the birds flying around calling Bryce's name; "Can-Yun. Can-Yun." The birds wore their feathers in a playful array reminiscent of a red Mohawk.

Eddie paused while a trio of Geckos strapped surfboards to the side of his shoe and hoped on for the ride down.

"Thanks ya Eddies," they said.

The path from 33 Lahina was an old dirt road with most of the surroundings blocked from view by a thick rainforest. As they came to the bottom of the hill, Lahina proper came into sight.

It was a bright sunny day. Puffy clouds floated directly overhead, a rainbow faced leeward up the hill, but down the coast storm clouds were brewing... If you wanted to overlay geographies, you might notice that a stationary shelf cloud with an imminent tornado had settled over the area thus far described as a five acre place a half mile down a private driveway. Some would tell you that it was indicative of a coming storm, others simply held the opinion Bryce liked the storm clouds. He had grown up

with them on the mainland, and so when he had created this place, he had included them.

This was Bryce's, Gilligan's domain. This was Lahina.

On the beach hundreds of healthy, well tanned, muscular men and women, boys and girls of all ages danced, frolicked, and played. Some did gymnastics on the beach, some juggled, some surfed, one of the more adventurous was doing trick riding on a mountain bike in the waves... It is easier than it sounds. Walking on water is easier than it sounds. If you are looking for a test, a thing of seeming ease, but great difficulty, walk into the surf and let the waves wash over your head. The change in horizon from above water to below water and back again is hard to sustain for any length of time... or at least I have found it to be.

Eddie and Kelly walked down the beach. They smiled at all, and waived often, but they did not stop to talk. At the end of a string of folding tables, Eddie dumped the rolls onto a pile of bread. Perhaps at the bottom of the pile there was a bowl or a 55 gallon drum, but it made no difference. The rolls were for show, a custom. On the other side of the table a similar pile of dried fish was growing. Eddie reached into the bottom of the bag and pulled out a steaming pan of lasagna.

It had been a while since they had last spoken. "So, you're the expert now. What's the deal with the bread and fish?" Kelly asked.

"Symbolic to be sure," Eddie answered. "Now it's just a custom."

"Et polite to bring something," one of the Geckos said as the three of them forgot about surfing and jumped onto the improbably long pot luck buffet table and started eating at random. They were not the only creatures availing themselves of a free meal. Other animals, mostly birds and mongooses with the occasional frog or turtle helped themselves.

Eddie continued, "first of all it's a code. If you're looking for fish, you bring bread."

Ivory of the Ginger, Eve clan showed up then and slapped down a still wiggling tuna fish on top of somebody's fruit salad. "Or if you're looking for bread, you bring fish."

"Hi, Ivory," Kelly and Eddie greeted her as they went down the table. Eddie started putting a wild assortment of food on a plate, but Kelly was more particular. She was looking for something specific.

Ivory had come around the table to be on the same side as them. Looks, age, sex, nationality, and even species... these can all be deceiving. Ivory appeared to be a young girl, a real young girl. As if reading his thoughts Ivory said, "today's my birthday Eddie. I'm 18." She winked. "I heard you were writing a book." She pulled down on her miniskirt with well practiced innocence as she gave him a hopeful look. "I want to play."

Eddie looked around the beach and swept his hand in an encompassing gesture. "There must be fifty Eve's here... I don't even want to guess how many Gilligan's have shown up."

"I'm the real McCoy," Ivory assured him. She opened her lunch box and poured a yellow liquid out of her thermos into the little plastic cup. "I made lemonade just for you Eddie."

She held the plastic cup out. Kelly took it, sniffed it, and handed it to Eddie. Ivory watched this. "Don't you trust me?" and then after a moment she added, "Don't you trust Lahina?"

"It's just a precaution." He kissed Kelly. "My darling would never give me anything harmful." He swirled the juice and tasted it. It was cool and crisp. It had a little bite; not too much sugar. Eddie looked at the sky. It had turned jagged, like a woven tapestry in a zigzag pattern. The light diffused through it unevenly. The corners of the zig were bright, spraying colors out, while at the zag, the colors were muted and held inward.

"Look at the water," Ivory suggested.

Eddie brought his gaze down to the water and the surfers. The surface of the water had disappeared. All that was left was a slight ghostly outline. Men and women surfed on air. He could see the sandy ocean bottom recede into the distance. On its bottom

he saw conch shells, corals, waiving seaweed, starfish, and the occasional stingray, shark, or dolphin seemingly suspended in midair.

He looked at the buffet table. Many of the food dishes appeared insubstantial including Ivory's lemonade. "This will make it easier," he said as he went down the line and ignored the insubstantial food and loaded up on the rest.

"So, can I play?" Ivory pleaded as she tagged along.

"How do I know you're not an imposter? Not some 37 year old plumber from Des Moines?"

Ivory looked hurt. She looked at Kelly. "He's mean."

"I was going to give him a hand job later at the cove. Want me to show you some pointers?"

Ivory pretended to look eager. "I want to play Eddie."

Eddie looked at Kelly. She took Ivory's hand and put it into his. "She's OK. If this thing pans out, I'm going to go shopping or something. I don't really see the need... the point."

Eddie massaged her Passionate Wahine tattoo through her slacks. "I've heard rumors to the contrary."

Ivory ignored this exchange. She burst out in eager excitement. "So, I get to play!"

"We'll see," Eddie said sedately as his eyes finally lit upon the food item he was searching for, cookies and cream, a cheesecake. He had expected ice cream, but it was close enough.

"Cookies and cream," he said, but Kelly had spotted it as well. She cut a big piece and put it on her otherwise empty plate as Eddie fiddled with his sunglasses and removed the effect Ivory's lemonade had caused. They exchanged plates then.

"I still don't get it," Ivory inquired.

Eddie shrugged. "Giving Gilligan a blowjob to get in here doesn't make a heck of a lot of sense when you analyze it... The basic rules are there and then you add your own. It's just a layer of protection." He trailed off. "It doesn't have to make sense. It just has to... Be."

"By force of will," Kelly explained.

2.5.6

Loaves and Fishes - 2

If your body is a temple, what does that make your mind?

Lahina doesn't always look the same. Sometimes the rainbows turn white or swirling funnel clouds form off shore.

They've rebuilt the houses on the beach now. You can go into them and get any sort of spa treatment you want, rock massage, sea weed facials, rest in a hot tub, or spend the night in a smoke filled sweat lodge.

"You were explaining about the loaves and fishes," Kelly reminded Eddie, but he was checking out a young missionary looking lad in black pants, white shirt, and tie of about eighteen. The only thing odd about the get up was the Sick blue dangling sunglasses he was wearing.

"Cookies and Cream," the boy said.

"I was expecting ice cream," Eddie commented before he shrugged and waived his hand. "One hour on the beach, for \$10,000 cash American... It's your hour, what do you want?"

"I want in." He brought his wife, girlfriend, whatever, forward. She looked like a highly fuckable, virgin missionary out to spread the word of... Si in her white dress and Sick sunglasses. She repeated what the boy had said. "We want in."

"Why?" Ivory asked.

"It's the next step right?"

Eddie reached for the kid's briefcase. "Do you have names?"

"Mark."

"Abigail."

"Abigail?"

"Abigail."

Eddie shrugged. He opened the briefcase, which contained ice cream and chocolate syrup. Kelly added generous portions of both to the plate of cookies and cream cheesecake. When she was done, Eddie tossed the briefcase back to Mark.

“We don’t really keep track of time,” Eddie informed him. “You get as long as you can keep up. It’s a simple test. If you can keep up, we think about it... If you can’t, then that’s it... You fail.”

“What if they aren’t the right people?” Ivory asked.

Eddie shrugged. He shrugged a lot. “Then someone is out \$10,000.” They started to walk. Eddie pointed to a very Jesus looking man standing by the side of the surf. “He’s an old timer, traditional. Things change. This here is a potluck buffet now, because if you know there’s going to be a party, it makes sense to bring something.” He paused. “The very first time, Gilligan was hanging out on the beach and some of his guests suggested going to the Thai Shack to get a snack, but he didn’t feel like leaving. The story goes he got Flipper to bring him a tuna from the sea and Auntie to bring him a loaf of bread. They sat there on the beach and had a picnic.” He paused again. “I suppose you might want to pad it out a little. Bottom line, fish and bread... If you’re a nonbeliever you can picture Flipper as being like a befriended wild animal and he brought Gilligan a fish like a cat might bring his owner a dead mouse as a token of affection... It’s pretty miraculous even at that level. I mean how many people befriend a dolphin, let alone teach said dolphin to bring them the makings of sashimi on demand.”

“I heard it was a joke,” Abigail offered.

“That’s another theory.” As an aside Eddie acknowledged, “it wouldn’t be very much like the Sick to have only one version. Another version is that Gilligan had let it be known that he needed a miracle, something to convince the heathens, and so word went around the beach that the next day everybody should show up with bread and fish. Sort of a mockery of the bible story... Yet another version is that it wasn’t planned and it just happened.

Spontaneously a thousand faithful showed up on the beach with bread and fish and all of them were surprised to see that everybody else had brought the same thing.”

It was time to change the subject to move on. “So, no problem getting through the guards?”

“None,” Abigail assured him. “Just spread your arms like you said and do a trust fall. They caught us and in we went.”

“What’s that all about?” Mark asked.

“If you resist, it can get very interesting. They match your resistance and raise you one,” Kelly explained.

“Oh,” Mark said like he understood. After a moment he added, “Why doesn’t Ginger have glasses on?”

“Because they look stupid,” Ivory replied as she opened her lunch pail and showed them the glasses tucked away.

“Aren’t they required?”

“You can get around anything if you know the right person,” Ivory indicated. “I know Ginger. She’s a Celaphopod you know,” she said this with haughty self importance. When nobody seemed impressed she added, “I’ve got two dads,” and then, “I get to come along, Right Eddie?” She played in the sand with her feet as she tried to look demure and innocent. “I’ve never done this before you know.”

Kelly wrapped Mark and Abigail’s arms around Eddie’s waist. Then Kelly gave Ivory a long twirling hug goodbye accented with a sparkling kiss, before she added Ivory to the end of the chain next to Mark.

“You’re not coming with then?” Eddie asked Kelly.

“No. I’ll meet up with you later. Maybe at the cove?”

“Or, the Squid Palace.”

“Either.” She kissed him goodbye.

“So, you’re really going to let me tag along,” Ivory added excitedly as she squeezed Mark. “This is so exciting. I can hardly wait.”

It was, of course, a show. Ivory, Eve, Ginger, the one, the only, has done her bit for the Yr’goth’s Chosen initiation from day

one. The group started down the beach, reminiscent of a scene from The Wizard of Oz. For the first few steps, a shaggy Irish Setter wearing sunglasses trotted along matching their stride.

“You’re next, you know,” Eddie advised the dog, but it had already happened, otherwise the dog wouldn’t be there. It was one of the many ways you could tell that time flowed differently in this place.

2.5.7

Yr’goth’s Chosen – 1

You do not choose Yr’goth, he chooses you.

Feel the ground pushing up on your feet.
Feel the weight of the sky on your head.

Fear kills the mind. Run into the fear and embrace it.

“You realize of course, Si-Space doesn’t exist,” and that anybody who would say such a thing doesn’t know the way... or has other uses for your mind.

It doesn’t have to exist. For it to be effective bait all that is required is the allure, the promise... the potential.

Eddie, Ivory, Mark, and Abigail; the group walked up the paved road out of Lahina to the highway and then continued down the road until the way was blocked by a wall of hardened lava. Someone had set up a large flowered memorial here. The group climbed up the lava and followed the path marked by leis and flowers into the rocky waste.

You could look at the lava as symbolic of fresh earth, of newly made land, of Pele’s presence, or you could just look at it as the way Hawaii is and hence what Gilligan saw.

Start with a view of desolate black rock. Uneven, sharp, brittle; this is lava. It cuts your hands and knees if you fall. It is hot, arid, and dry. In the cracks there is life, but it is not obvious at first glance.

As they walked over this uninviting terrain, their destination slowly rose into view. In the real world it is a trailer park plunked down in the middle of a recent lava flow. Ten, twenty, thirty years ago, the lava flowed through here and after it cooled, they put in the trailer park. It's cheap land, but even then you don't own it. It starts as a 99 year lease and as time goes by, the lease gets shorter and shorter. It's a desolate lonely place to live, or to visit in order to make a drug deal... It's even more desolate in Si-Space. It looks like a ghost town from a two bit western. In Si-Space the air is even hotter, drier, and dustier, than in real life. All the buildings are run down and decrepit. I always wondered how big the rats would be, if you showed up when it was dark out.

On the split rail porch of a dilapidated shack, two men sat cross legged. They were dirty, thin, and emaciated; quite disgusting really. They both also happened to be in the last stages of AIDs complicated by a severe meth addiction.

"Bryce and Taz," Eddie explained.

The pair did not look up as the group walked past them into the wood plank building. Instead they loaded up a syringe and shared its contents.

Cagney was inside. If you prefer to think of her as a dominatrix in leather, latex, high heels, and a whip, knock yourself out, but she's not. She is ex-police, DEA. She wore black combat fatigues, heavy black boots, a white t-shirt, and whatever assortment of leather armbands, bandana's or other accessories, complete the picture for you. Often she has dirt or grease stains across her face and forehead, but for the life of me, I can't figure out why they would be there.

Inside the room there were two wooden chairs.

“Have a seat,” Cagney said to the pair of recruits, Mark and Abigail.

They sat down. Their eyes got used to the darkness of the room. The only light came from the occasional narrow ray of sunlight that leaked through the wooden slats that made up the walls and ceiling. The only sound came from Bryce and Taz slowly shuffling around on the porch. The rest of the trailer park had disappeared. The rest of Si had disappeared. This is an isolated spot. Not easily found. Not easily left.

“You know the rules?” Cagney asked, but it was a rhetorical question. “All you have to do is stay with us.”

The pair nodded.

“Good,” she said...

... and at this point, if you're not really into hyper violent S&M torture, you might think seriously about jumping ahead. It's not really so graphic... well, maybe it is. I'm just giving you a heads up and giving you an out. It's your choice.

“This is the meeting of the informants, the FBI, SS, CIDC...” Eddie trailed off.

“And you two are the back up?” Cagney asked.

“Yes,” Mark answered.

“Did they give you the password?”

“Not yet, they didn't,” Eddie replied. “I'm sure they know it. It's only a formality.”

“Let's hear them say it all the same,” Cagney smiled.

“Sometimes people forget.”

“One, two, three, four, five, Sick,” Mark offered.

“That's got to be about the stupidest pass word I've ever heard,” Cagney observed.

Suddenly ropes appeared around the initiates' arms tying them to the chairs. “And it just so happens to be wrong,” Eddie informed them.

The problem at this point, as you may well be aware, is how do you buildup a good level of fear, when everyone knows it's all just a game? Easy. You forget it's a game.

"They don't look scared," Ivory observed. "I thought we were going to scare them or something. You know see if they could stay with us even on the verge of having a heart attack or something."

"You want to hit them?" Eddie asked.

Ivory gave them both a testing slap across the face. "It doesn't seem like much fun."

"What's this all about?" Mark asked playing along. "We gave you the code. We're your backup."

"Got to love a dedicated player," Eddie said returning his attention to the couple. "See, you're not really mixed up enough yet. Do you know the story?"

"What story?"

Eddie produced a chair and sat on it backwards in front of the couple. "See, Gilligan went down. It's old news. A big multi-organizational raid... like I said, old news... It was an inside job, double agents, paid informants... some say Taz was in on it."

At which point Taz and Bryce entered the room, bringing a brief shaft of brilliant sunlight in with them before they closed the door. "But I wasn't," Taz assured them.

"And that final assault, it wasn't the first time someone tried to infiltrate our organization," Bryce had taken over. "See, that final raid was the last straw. They had lost so many agents before..." Bryce smiled as he opened Mark's briefcase. He dumped out a pile of money. He opened it again and dumped out another pile of money. He opened it a final time and showed them a briefcase full of assorted drugs. "Money is sort of worthless here," he observed, "but drugs... drugs work."

Taz had started loading up another syringe.

"See, your problem isn't that you forgot the code... You know the code... Maybe your problem is you're one of those agents that got fed to Flipper."

Taz had loaded up the syringe, so Bryce stopped talking as he enjoyed another hit. Eddie took over the explanation again. “Or, maybe, just maybe, we don’t need another member of the inner circle... \$10,000 isn’t that much.”

Taz lit a joint with a wad of \$100’s from the floor for emphasis, while in disgust Cagney spilled the rest of the drugs out of the briefcase into a waste can.

She set up a table in front of Mark and Abigail and opened the briefcase again to reveal a set of torturous looking devices. “Thing is, we don’t really need another player. A group is six. We already have seven in this room alone. At the very least, one of you is going to have to go.” She punched Mark in the gut with all her might. She looked at Abigail, “You’re Sister Jesus Fucking Mary Still a Virgin at 25 aren’t you?” She didn’t wait for an answer. Instead she punched Mark again, and again, and again.

It was time for a hit again. Bryce looked around. He knew the drugs were in the wastebasket, but he had pride. He took a potato peeler out of the briefcase and sliced off a bit of Mark’s nose.

Cagney pushed him out of the way. “You might be a organizational genius, but you know shit about torture.” She took a garden shear out of the briefcase and without ceremony cut off one of Abigail’s thumbs.

Abigail gasped as blood shot everywhere.

Ivory puked.

“Good control,” Cagney observed in appreciation of Abigail as she ignored Ivory. She tossed the thumb to Bryce as she turned to Mark. “Just so you can look forward to it, we’re going to cut off your dick an inch at a time.”

Bryce took Abigail’s thumb and loaded it into a pipe. He lit a blowtorch and smoked the appendage. Despite herself Abigail let out a blood curdling scream.

Mark tried to remain calm and serene. All of his attention went into maintaining a slow, even rate of breath.

“Good boy,” Eddie patted him on the head.

Ivory had soiled her dress. She wiped puke off of her mouth. She looked around. “Stop. You can’t do this.” She leapt for the ropes to untie Mark.

Eddie slapped her and tossed her in a corner.

Taz moved into the corner and smiled at Ivory. He held her face up and punched her repeatedly. Then he started raping her in that special way only Taz can manage.

As Taz sodomized a screaming Ivory in the corner, Eddie took up the plate of cookies and cream cheesecake and started to eat. “This is pretty good stuff.” As Cagney cut off another one of Abigail’s fingers, he said, “I bet you have questions. An inquiring mind, curiosity... it killed the cat you know.”

Bryce lit up the pipe again and Abigail screamed bloody murder. Ivory joined her and Taz told her to shut up by banging her face into the wall as he continued his lesson in savagery.

“See,” Eddie said. “Time is all messed up here. Maybe you’re some of those early agents... but I know you’re thinking you’re not. You’re thinking this is just an initiation.” He looked at Mark struggling to keep his breath even. “Maybe? Maybe if you can take this for the next... hour? No, I think we settled on the rest of the night.” He smiled an evil grin. “The real question you have to ask yourself at this juncture; Mark, Abigail; is not if this is real. It is. The question at hand is can you wake up. You’ve practiced so long staying in Si... I wonder if you know how to leave?”

2.5.8

Yr’goth’s Chosen – 2

Some hold that the violence is a metaphor, that there is more than one way to beat a person up or pour salt into an old wound. They even go so far as to say that the initiation is just watching clips from your life and defending and/or accepting your actions... don’t count on it.

More realistic is the possibility that the torturer and the torturee are both one and the same. When you lose the ability to inflict pain on yourself... then, and only then, may you advance.

Time was getting short. Gilligan wondered why the Fed's hadn't move in. He decided the reason was he hadn't pushed them far enough. He wondered if killing their agents would give them the push they needed.

After all, you can't really have a messiah story unless someone dies, preferable painfully... If you plan it right, that person can be someone unimportant... or already in the final stages of a fatal disease.

Taz threw Ivory into Abigail's lap.

"Please," Ivory begged. "Please wake up. I bound myself to you. I thought you knew what you were doing. Just wake up."

"Shut up," Taz said as he pulled on Ivory's hair so he'd get a good shot at her head with his fist. As he punched Ivory, he hit Abigail in the face as well, knocking a few teeth loose. "Wake up and I'll fucking kill you bitch," he hissed as he resumed his pleasure with Ivory. "I know where you live." He punched Ivory in the ass a half dozen times. "I know lots of shit you never dreamed of."

Cagney clipped off one of Abigail's toes. You wouldn't think she would find the energy to scream after all this time, but Abigail was a real howler.

Eddie munched on cheesecake.

Bryce smoked Abigail's toe. Mid puff he felt the urge to speak. "It started with the realization that doing drugs was akin to eating my soul." He saw this wasn't very clear. "Every time you do a bit of drugs, what you're really doing is consuming a bit of your soul. It's why it feels so good the first time and slowly it gets to be less and less enjoyable. As time goes by there's less of you

left to enjoy what you're smoking." He took a long drag. Abigail screamed. "I pondered on this for a while and after a bit, I came to the only logical conclusion. Why smoke your own soul when you can smoke somebody else's?"

Eddie sat down at Mark's feet. "You know you're in pretty good shape. You've got all your fingers and toes left." He held a pair of shears up. "You could always forsake Abigail here. Normally, I would make the offer to the girl, but she's kind of messed up."

"Don't do it," Ivory pleaded. "It's a dead end. They'll just eat you both..." The blows Taz landed to the back of her head seemed to quiet her down, or at least remove any meaning from the sounds she made.

"Take her back into the corner," Bryce instructed Taz. "Can't you see we're trying to make a deal?" He grabbed the shears from Eddie and cut off one of Mark's toes. Mark concentrated on his breathing. "Oh, that's not the bad part," Bryce explained. "The bad part is when I do this." He took the toe and attached it to Abigail's foot. A flood of relief flowed through her body while Mark couldn't help but scream as he felt his life and all he knew himself to be drain away.

They hadn't given in. Silly initiates. Bryce, Cagney, and Eddie tried to play them off of each other trading little pieces of their soul's saying, "If one of you gives in, we can just restore the other."

From the corner Taz said, "we have the technology. We can rebuild you, bigger, better, stronger."

"Something like that," Bryce agreed as he sliced off an ear. He sat against the two of them and stared off into space. "Tell us about our two contestants today."

Cagney produced a file. She read off particulars from Mark and Abigail's life. Where they lived. What they did. How much money they had. How they had come up with \$10,000, and in a pinch how much more they could likely come up with. At the end,

she said, "\$100,000 from the girl, \$150,000 from the guy." She hit Mark where his ear had been. "You call that equality, asshole."

Bryce ignored her final comments. "That's the payoff amount. How much you're going to pay us at the end of tonight."

"We don't have that much," Mark protested.

"You have credit cards, friends..." Eddie explained. "Look, we're a crazy cult out for blood. You came up with \$10,000. Why the fuck did you send us \$10,000 if you weren't willing to pony up more?"

Cagney had been setting up a movie projector.

"Haven't we moved into the next century?" Bryce asked.

"I like the feel," Cagney calmly replied. For the next while she showed films of Mark and Abigail's life. Their deepest darkest secrets flickered in a 24" square on the side of an uneven wood wall.

"Come on," Taz protested. "You can't see shit."

"It's enough," Cagney kept her ground. "This is Mark daydreaming about another girl. He's set up a new bank account for when he leaves Abigail."

"That was a long time ago," Mark protested.

"The account is still there," Cagney corrected him.

"Here you are flirting with a girl in an elevator, asking her for her phone number."

"I never called her... AHHHH!"

"What we need is less commentary from the peanut gallery," Bryce explained as he held a match to a pipe containing a hunk of Mark's unmentionables.

The projector rolled on. Information was presented. A cross time narrative medley was set up. Future initiates, fish bait from long ago, or federal agents... It's all the same. It's all slightly different. It plays close enough that the edit isn't much different any way you play it. As always imagine it as you will. I'm sure you already know the truth, much better than I could ever tell.

2.5.9

Yr' goth's Chosen – 3

If you can withstand the most extreme unpleasantness, horror, or even torture without reaction, without so much as batting an eye... then you can probably withstand an evening with your wife's parents without grimacing too much.

Morals, ethics, sin, theology, being a nice guy... fears... preservation of wealth, reputation, or life... Everyone makes their own cage, their own chains that bind them. Escape is simply a matter of walking towards the fear and greeting it with a warm embrace.

When they get out of the car and start walking your way with baseball bats, run. The time for negotiating or talking your way out has long since passed.

An alien, a demon from the depths, or the living personification of the inhumanity of man towards man; when it's eating your face, you don't pause to consider the subtleties.

How does the scene end?

There are multiple versions. There are multiple paths. To make it all confusing, at some point the test is to leave, to wake up and go back to the place called reality, the waking world. Let's look at some possibilities.

Eddie has grown tired of the game. He would have thought torturing someone would be more fun. In an abandoned shack, per Gilligan's orders, he takes out a samurai sword and chops his victims into fish food.

Early on in the game, Mark cries out in a steady stream;
“Cookies and Cream.”

“Cookies and Cream.”

“Cookies and Cream.”

“Cookies and Cream.”

“For the love of god. Cookies and Cream.”

Eddie ignores him as he closes a bolt cutter around Mark’s cock.

Mark sells out Abigail.

Abigail sells out Mark.

They both are rejected. Yr’goth only chooses couples.

Or, far more likely...

Ivory, bruised and bleeding, cowered in the corner hoping no one remembered she was there.

Cagney smiled as she cracked her knuckles in appreciation of a job well done. There was a reason she became the leader of the Sick’s terror enforcement wing.

Bryce and Taz lay on the blood soaked floor in a drugged out stupor.

Aside from a few missing appendages, Mark and Abigail were tied to chairs, as before.

Eddie had finished eating the cheesecake. It was very tasty.

“I’m impressed,” Eddie said regarding his guests. “I mean you didn’t turn on each other. You’re still here... or at least you think both of you are still here. You never really know.” He paused. “This is the time when the arch villain tells the captured heroes all of his plans.”

“I’m too tired,” Bryce said out of the side of his mouth from where he lay face down on the floor.

Ivory looked up from the corner. “This all had a point?”

“Of course it had a point.” Eddie lifted Ivory up and dusted her off. Her bruises disappeared. He twirled Ivory around in an embrace as he kissed her. In a flash of sparking light to accent the transformation, she morphed back into Kelly, her true form.

“I still don’t understand why you want to be on the receiving end,” Eddie inquired.

“I just like it.” She smiled at him. “Good for you I do,” and then she turned to their guests. “Nice job guys.”

Mark and Abigail smiled. “So we’re in?”

Eddie shrugged. “You don’t choose Yr’goth, he chooses you. You’ll either remember this or you won’t. You’ll either send us a quarter million, set up your own cell, or use the money on some task for Yr’goth. You might not know which path you follow. Maybe you’ll look at your bank statements and see numbers that aren’t really there.”

“Or, maybe we’ll send you fake bank statements and the real ones will come to us,” Kelly finished for him.

“That doesn’t explain anything,” Bryce said. He looked around, didn’t see any other option, so he cut off one of Taz’s toes.

“Hey,” Taz cried, but quieted down after Bryce took a drag and handed him the rest of the pipe to smoke.

“This place,” Bryce continued as he waived his hands and looked around. “Maybe it doesn’t exist. Lord... I mean, Si knows, my mind is fried.” He grabbed the wire cutters.

Taz curled in his feet. “Don’t even think about it.”

Bryce cut off one of Mark’s nipples. After a pause he added both of Abigail’s nipples to the pipe bowl as well. “So, maybe this place doesn’t exist.” He lit the pipe. Both Mark and Abigail gasped, “but the pain sure does seem real enough. Doesn’t it? So maybe it does exist.” He looked around again as he ignored Taz’s grasping hands and hogged the pipe. “A place like this must take a lot of energy... faith... souls... something.” He winked at them as he smoked and watched them gasp. “Probably takes more than one sacrifice every 2,000 years to keep it going.” He paused. “Or aliens, advanced alien technology will account for nearly anything.” He waived it off and then slapped Taz’s head. “Something sucked my mind.”

Bryce stood up. “You see, not everyone can play the game. For there to be rich people you need poor people. Rich is a relative

term. If someone else is doing your hair, manicuring your..." he paused as he grabbed a samurai sword from Eddie. "You've read all this in his book, right?"

They nodded.

"I would leave if I were you then. Come to the Squid Palace if you can remember anything, if you can find the way. Tell the guards at the door to let you in... Cagney will recognize you." He held the sword like it was a baseball bat and lined it up with their heads. "Who am I kidding? I can't do this." He looked into their eyes. "Are you still there?" He tossed the sword to Eddie. "You know I can't tell."

Eddie took the sword and twirled it. "It's not a joke. If you don't leave, there won't be anything left," and without any further ado, he sliced off the top inch of their skulls.

"Now it's party time," Taz said as he slid piping down their throats, brought a blow torch to their heads, and sucked down like they were giant bongos. He took in a lungful and immediately started hacking. In disappointment he said, "they're gone."

Kelly looked around at the blood strewn shack. "How the hell did this ever get started?"

Bryce tried to look innocent. "Who me? I blame the feds... Why I would have gotten away with it too, if it wasn't for those meddling kids."

"Come on Taz do Scooby," Kelly pleaded as the scene faded away and the narrator reminded all would be aspirants the price of failure. Somebody has to maintain Si-space, do the dirty work, stack boxes, drive trucks, and grow crops in the realm of dreams... but then maybe that's how you are already spending your nights.

Wealth requires poverty. Freedom requires slavery.

Don't ask me why the game is played this way. I didn't make the rules.

2.5.10

The Squid Palace - 1

In a place where time has no meaning ‘the old days’ is a meaningless phrase used to describe an illusionary idea.

While it is true the Sermon in the Park and the Miracle of Loaves and Fishes both happen long ago, they also occurred last night and, weather permitting, are scheduled again for tonight, tomorrow night, and every night in the foreseeable future.

Si-Space doesn’t have to exist at night in bed, but to be sure, that is the closest analogy for the non-initiate.

The first rule of law is survival, survival at any price.

The first and foremost obligation of a government (or any controlling power structure) is to stay in charge.

Ethics do not constrain the natural world. If you would not do something because it is unethical or immoral, you will forever be at a disadvantage against the forces that would do such a thing.

Survival of the fittest is the story of the stronger force without regard to the ethics involved. Plants can’t possibly view parasitic herbivores as ethical, nor is the lamb a great fan of the lion.

There is a rumor floating around that Yr’goth’s Chosen is an offshoot of Cagney’s work. What better way to weed out ambitious undesirables, than to entice them with a false promise of power?

Many will try, few will pass; for my money you are better off simply enjoying Lahina. What more could you want at the end of a long hard night then to wade into the

warm waters of the cove with a beautiful girl on either arm and have one teach the other with loving care for the millionth time, as if it was the first, how to give a stellar hand job... blow job or whatever thing your Sick twisted imagination can come up with?

Kim who was Mary Ann sat at a roadside café. A dozen empty plates were scattered across the table. She was currently digging into an oversized lobster.

Eddie who was Eddie walked up behind her and covered her eyes. "Guess who?" he asked as he held a large, blooming pink rose in front of her.

"Eddie?" She wiped butter from her face as she turned around. "You came back?"

"Yeah... I felt bad about how it went last time. We have unfinished business."

"Really! So, you're going to come work for us?" she asked excitedly as she stood up and gave him a hug.

Eddie wrapped his arms around her and as they twirled together the scenery of the roadside café dissolved and reformed itself as Kim's bedroom with its giant four post bed.

He started to unbutton her blouse.

"You're just playing with me. This is some kind of trick," she protested.

Eddie shrugged as he let go of her. "Sure, it's a trick, but," he smiled, "you'll like this trick... Now get undressed."

Moments later Kim stood before him in nothing... but panties and a bra. After all the action in the story, it might seem a little anticlimactic to watch Kim stand there, hands covering her belly, looking a little shy, as she slowly gets cold. If that's the case, then perhaps we need to reframe it a bit and point out that for Eddie, standing in that room was a lot like standing next to his wife's cute little sister... and if you think back, his first virgin love.

Eddie peeled his eyes away and popped open his briefcase. "Want to go for some twisted role playing?" he asked.

When she didn't answer he took a dark suit out of the briefcase and laid it on the bed. "Dark pants, white shirt, black jacket, a hat," he reached into the briefcase again, "a pair of Sick sunglasses." He waived them about so the worms shook, "and, a nice pink necktie to complete the ensemble."

She didn't understand. "What's with this?"

"Just put it on... for old times sake... don't you trust me?"

"No," but she started to put the outfit on anyhow.

Kim could tie a tie, but it was a good excuse for an embrace and Eddie didn't mind. He wrapped his arms around her as he smelled her hair and tied a perfect knot. He let his hands linger around her... maybe a little too long. She grabbed the hat.

"I'm not Sick you know," she thought about it. "How could you not know?"

He ignored her as he slipped the glasses on her face.

"Everything looks the same... maybe only a little darker."

Eddie turned her around. "You look good." He loosed the tie a little and adjusted the shirt. "You OK barefoot or do you prefer heels?"

"How about something sensible?"

He shook his head. "What and destroy the look?" He slipped a pair of high heels on her feet. "There you go." He had Kim look in a mirror.

"I look just like Kelly."

Eddie started to nibble on Kim's ear as he patted her ass right where Kelly's Passionate Wahine tattoo would be. He whispered into her ear. "You know the story... \$10,000 for an hour on the beach?"

"Yes."

"Think of the suit as diplomatic immunity. No one can see who's in it. You can go anywhere I can go... You can get past the guards." Eddie brought his hand up and fondled her breast through the fabric as he squeezed her ass. "Of course, you have to act the

part... How many Kelly's do you think were on the beach last night anyway... one, two, five, ten?"

It didn't take long for Kim to decide. She turned around and kissed Eddie. The scene dissolved, the bedroom melted; Eddie and Kim found themselves at the first checkpoint.

2.5.11

The Squid Palace - 2

Every morning when we wake up we decide what clothes to wear, what attitude to take, and what person to be.

If you're not happy with your life, maybe you're waking up as the wrong person.

"Where exactly are we going?" Kim who was really Mary Ann and who looked like Kelly asked.

"The Squid Palace," Eddie who was Eddie answered.

"You can get me in there?"

"Let's find out." They were at the bottom of the dirt road, the back way into Lahina. "Check out the guards. They're really dolphins."

"Dolphins?"

As they approached Eddie took out a wallet and flashed a badge. "CIDC."

The guard waived him through. "I recognize you."

Kim looked at the guard.

"You too. If you're with him, you're OK to pass."

Kim didn't move on though. She looked at the guard. She felt his arm. It was smooth and slippery. She gave him a good pat, which he seemed to like, so she rubbed his belly. Another guard moved in and so she took the obvious course of action and rubbed his nose.

As they walked away, she thought she heard them squeal.

“I hear dogs will replace them eventually,” Eddie commented.

When Kim did not respond, he drifted off into his own thoughts, his own observations of the world around him. He thought about her patting the dolphins. Maybe there were easier ways into Lahina. He didn’t like to admit it, but maybe psychotic, dark sexual, homoerotic games weren’t a requirement for entry. He knew some said everyone made their own rules here, but he knew that couldn’t be true. Certainly a person made some rules for themselves, and these could be anything...

It was a loop. He would get lost in it and find himself at sea far away from Lahina. He let the thought drift away.

Around him a celebration was taking place. It was after all Lahina. By the shore a dozen bonfires were lit. Different groups surrounded each one. Around some people danced, around others they sang, blew off fire works, discussed religion, philosophy, ate, etc. Some of the bonfires were clan associations... and some were just bonfires. If they are on the beach, they are open to all. That’s why they’re there.

Kim guided him towards the buffet table where she found a basket and filled it with sushi, sashimi, and other raw fish. They walked down a path lit by tiki torches and paused while a long snaking Chinese dragon powered by at least twenty dancers passed them by.

Eventually Kim found the nerve to stop in front of a withering mass of swarming flesh. Eddie knew that she would. It had just been a matter of time. As they watched, the pile of limbs pulsed and throbbed. In rhythm the participants hummed and shouted. It set up a reverberating sound wave that you didn’t just hear, you felt.

As the participants noticed they were being watched, some disappeared into the core, while others emerged to the surface or even broke off and let it been seen in explicit detail what they were doing.

“So, this is the pulsing heart of Lahina,” Kim observed.

“The beat goes on,” Eddie agreed with uncharacteristic flippancy.

After a while Kim started the conversation again. “You’ve done a lot of research on the Sixth... the Celaphopods... you might know more than I do.”

“You’re a Celaphopod...”

“A dead, reconstructed Celaphopod... I don’t even know the names of my children.” After a moment she added, “I’d probably say that even if I did know, but I don’t... Your guess of Dr. Beechum is as good as any other... For all I know you’re one of my children Eddie.” She smiled at him and then returned her gaze to the bonfire.

“And?”

“And... Give me the run down... the short version... Where are the Celaphopods.”

Eddie knew this forward and backward. “Celli showed up and split into six pieces, hence the Sixth. Dogma says the last part died, so that leaves five. The first of those, Si, went back to the home planet... Maybe he was somehow sacrificed to set up this space... Maybe that’s the role of the sixth part... Either way they are out of the picture. For Earth the first Celaphopod of any note is Gilligan. He put all this together.” Eddie waived his hands about and looked up at the brilliant stars. He watched a multicolored meteor shoot through the sky. “The party on the beach, Lahina. He started a cult as a decoy, as a joke.” He shrugged. “You know a weird cult that believed their leader was an alien. The whole world laughed at them, but, ha, ha, jokes on you, the leader really was an alien pretending to be a stupid human pretending to be and alien.” He paused as the line of reasoning unwound in his head. “The odds on bet is that his descendents live in the Professor, Ginger, Thurston Haole, his wife, and Sam Lee. Taz is in jail. Ginger is probably still in Hawaii. Moon and Star headed for South America and Sam is in the Orient. They are bait. If the Earth powers are going to go after anything, they are the targets.

The next Celaphopod was Flipper. He lived in the sea. His offspring went into a dolphin and four new types of sea creatures... maybe some of them climbed to shore and made their way into dogs and cats. Dogs and cats have always been on the short list.”

He paused. Kim nudged him forward, “and Yr’goth?”

“The crazy guy lost at the beginning... You know it matters when you hear the tale and from what angle. He was lost at sea, went crazy, dropped to the bottom, but...” He smiled. “Certainly the Yr’goth’s Chosen dogma is that he is, was, and shall ever be the true ruler of the Celaphopods; that safe at the bottom of the ocean, he worked his magic...” He paused. “When the Celaphopods finally reconnect with their home planet, the folks back on Si may be in for a surprise... Celaphopods ridicule evolution... You’ll note Yr’goth is never said to have any children. The dogma is he’s supposed to have found a way to beat the system, to evolve. If a Celaphopod were to put all their being into a single appendage, they would in a sense be immortal.” He looked at Kim for confirmation. “It really wouldn’t be that hard.”

“It’s more or less what Celli’s ancestor’s had been doing for Sixth to the Sixth generations.”

“Exactly... then throw a little evolution on that, rework it so a Celaphopod could have as many appendages... or tentacles as they wanted, could slough off appendages at will, and include whatever duplicate memories they wanted in each one, and... you’ve got a whole new kind of Celaphopod... the next generation.”

“Like the giant redwoods, but instead of letting harvestable timber breaking off from the top, change it so fully viable full grown trees break free?”

“Yes... Like that. Yr’goth is coming,” Eddie said with the conviction of a true believer. After a bit he added, “you’re Mary Ann... so what’s the story on your end... spread the wealth.”

“Well, I don’t know who my kids are... or,” she smiled as she repeated herself. Eddie liked her smile. “Or, I’m just not

going to tell you. Odds on guess is that they are Dr. Beechum, maybe his wife, Ash, Charlie, and the guy who took the directorship offer... shame it wasn't you."

"Nope, wasn't me... I've got another role to play."

"On the surface my," Mary Ann's, "role was to be a second vector into the human population. When you get down to it and look it over, too many of the Celaphopods are said to reside in the USA. What about Europe and Africa? Sam is off in Asia, but most of humanity lives in Asia and Africa... You got to assume somebody's information is wrong and that there is at least one Celaphopod in each of Africa, China, and India... it's not really critical. It's just a detail.

"What I did was work on genetics. Gilligan's strain spread by sex and Mary Ann's by touch or breath... Through the wonders of chemistry we expanded that vector to include transmission thru genetically altered corn, food additives, specially prepared drinks, which we have agents serve in bars and restaurants; and send out as free samples in the mail... It's not just food samples but shampoo, hand lotion, perfume... Viruses are small... I'm proud of the work we've done in getting the population to drink bottled water and put in specially designed water filters into their houses. We've tainted the drinking water supply of most large metropolitan areas... Ironically," she paused to enjoy the moment. "Ironically, when a child is immunized, they also get a live version of M.A.-2.3... You know how Yr'goth is supposed to rise from the depths?"

"Yes."

"At about the same time our pollen program will kick in. The entire Earth's atmosphere will be infused with small pollen particles carrying the Sick virus."

"And yet, we can't seem to break thru to someone wearing headphones..."

"Or garlic... I don't know why. Garlic is a real problem."

Kim put her arm around Eddie and squeezed his ass like Kelly might as she started walking them up the road. "You know

all that talk about mermen? To make matters all the more confusing, we know how to graft blue... or pink lobes onto human skin... I'm playing Kelly so you should kiss me now," she prompted Eddie.

What could he do, but comply.

She held him closely as she continued. "We can graft Celaphopod looking lobes onto any and all comers... Rumor is that's how Bryce really got his lobes." She kissed him again, because she could, and grasped a little too un-Mary Ann like at the front of his slacks as she added, "the lobes are probably toxic... You know, they kill you within six years or something."

Eddie smiled. "You're good at this game."

"I've been playing for a long time."

And with that they fell into another long passionate kiss... to keep their cover up. You have to maintain appearances. Sure, maybe they kissed to long. Maybe Kim groped a little too intensely at Eddie's crotch or reached too deeply into his pants pockets, but during these deep under cover, top secret operations, you can never be too careful about maintaining your identity and sticking to protocol. Let's just say they kissed for a long time. You might just want to skip ahead, but if it was my choice, I'd spend a moment or two squeezing Kim's ass while she'll let you and wondering if that whole Kim Is Off Limits Rule wasn't just another misleading rumor.

2.5.12

The Squid Palace - 3

Good cooking is the key to a man's heart.

But only a woman would say that.

At the door to 3 Lahina, the Squid Palace, Kim squeezed Eddie's butt and walked ahead. She handed the basket of fish to the dolphin guards and they happily waived her through. They

ignored Eddie as he approached. He was a little disappointed he didn't even have to flash his badge.

Cagney however had stopped Kim inside the front door. "Suit or not, I need to see some ID."

"She's with me," Eddie said as he flashed his badge.

"You know," Cagney said as she addressed Kim, who she saw as a suit and so assumed was Kelly (but who actually was Mary Ann). "Not everybody has forgotten... or forgiven. I'd stay close to your husband if I were you."

Excellent, Kim thought. Even Cagney thought she was Kelly, but still why would Cagney hold a grudge? "Kelly was just doing her job, the designated Judas."

"That would be your story," Cagney said with a drop of bitterness that she really didn't feel and then let the past go. She cracked her knuckles. "You and me should play alone sometime, just to show there's no hard feelings." She noticed Eddie's look and protective stance and decided better of it. "A couple of missionaries were by earlier looking for you."

Eddie shrugged. "Looks like they made it."

"So it does," Cagney agreed before she dismissed them. "Run along now you two. I've got a door to watch."

Kim held close to Eddie as they walked into a grand entry hall and whispered excitedly into his ear. "She thought I was Kelly."

"They all will. Just play the role. Trust in the power of a uniform."

They had stopped under a large crystal chandelier that draped from the ceiling far above. A curving staircase circled around to a second floor... and a third... and a fourth...

"It's bigger than I imagined."

"It's big," Eddie agreed. "Let's take a walk."

Eddie noticed a banana peel on the ground. It was brown and slimy looking. It looked like a...

"This way," Eddie said taking a corridor under the stairs. "Squids are everywhere if you know what to look for."

They passed by a row of Aloe Vera plants. “Squid art,” Eddie explained. They walked by a cubist painting of a multi-tentacled creature and a giant glass sculpture of an octopus. “Gifts,” Eddie said elaborating. “You can spend a long time looking at art here if that’s your desire.”

He paused by a doorway. Together they poked their heads around the corner and peered into a candle lit room devoid of furniture. Bryce (Gilligan) a very healthy looking man of about 25 wearing a white robe stood at the balcony staring out to sea. He turned. He looked directly at Eddie and Kim and then he looked at each of the occupants of the room; Taz (the Professor), a healthy looking Asian in a white trimmed black karate outfit; Eve (Ginger) an amazingly well fit lady with a touch of gray in her hair wearing a light, see through, gauze dress; Moon Shadow (Thurston Haole) a gray haired hippie wearing expedition shorts and a linen shirt; Star (his wife) a barefooted gray haired petite lady in a simple beige dress; and Sam Lee (Sam Lee) in a business suit.

They did not talk. Gilligan lay down in the center of the room. Each of the other occupants lay down with their heads resting against Gilligan’s. They were like the spokes of a wheel with their heads at the center and their feet pointing outwards.

There was no sound. No climatic music. Without ceremony the lobes on the side of Gilligan’s head stretched out. Long tendrils sought the eye sockets of those around him. They broke off and entered their victims, one to each of the five. The process took seconds. Gilligan was dead, his brain a hollowed out core. One by one the participants walked out the door past Eddie and Kim. They did not notice them.

Taz was last. He turned the aquarium light on, grabbed a hammer that was next to the tank, and broke the glass. He fished Celli out of the water and tossed the octopus onto Bryce’s head. Taz dropped the hammer and left the room. The octopus crawled into Bryce’s skull and started eating.

Kim stared into the room. “Is that real?”

“Is anything real?” Eddie responded simply as he led her down the hall. They stopped at the next door. It was the same room. A less healthy looking Bryce was standing at the Balcony alone in an otherwise empty room.

Taz pushed past Eddie and Kim as he squeezed into the room. Taz was bone thin. He looked like hell. He held a hammer in his hands. He walked behind Bryce and without ceremony hit him in the head as hard as he could. Bryce, Gilligan, fell dead. Taz threw the hammer at the aquarium breaking the glass, fished Celli out, threw him on top of Gilligan, and walked out of the room.

“Sometimes he says, ‘Now I’m in charge’ or ‘That’s what happens when a squid eats your brain,’ but Taz wasn’t really much of a talker.”

“Which is real?” Kim asked.

Eddie shrugged. “Both. Neither.”

“But, this is deep in the heart of the Sixth’s power base. This is Gilligan’s Squid palace. What’s the point of deception?”

Eddie guided her as they walked along. “Well, the first version is easy enough to explain. That’s straight Sick dogma. The second is the point of view of many nonbelievers... who from a believer’s point of view power this place... so it only makes sense they get their say as well.” He guided her to another door. “Perhaps the real explanation is that in the end we believe truth must come from within and not from the external world, even if that external world, is this one.”

The time for conversation had ended. They had come to another door. This one they walked through.

2.5.13

The Squid Palace - 4

Those who say Si-Space is malleable and unknowable lie. The true, definitive world is easy to see for any who

open their eyes... And, if you put forth the effort, it is not difficult to surround oneself with others similarly sighted.

Even in cults there are the fringe believers: a cult within a cult, if you will.

It has not gone unnoticed that it is easy to go into the past in Si-Space, but not into the future. It has been held that this is just a limitation of belief. It is perhaps ironic, even with this in mind, how few believe you can see the future.

The murmurs and muffled sounds they had heard from the hallway stopped immediately as they walked through the door. Kim would have stopped in her tracks, but Eddie was behind her and he kept on walking, pushing her into the room. It was a crowded room; full of old timers, the faithful, and the inner circle.

Kim noticed Bryce sitting on the floor leaning against a wall with one arm around Taz and another around a six year jail term waiting to happen, in a word jailbait. Kim could feel Bryce's eyes bore into her. He did not smile the smile Kim remembered from long ago, instead he moved his hands ever so slightly. Jailbait took the cue and started to kiss Bryce on the mouth, neck, chest, and ever downwards.

Taz launched to his feet. "This is a private conversation," he growled as he approached menacingly. "You're not welcome here."

"What a good boy!" Eddie mocked Taz. "Oh yes you are. Oh yes you are. Who's a good boy?"

Taz growled.

Eddie looked at Moon Shadow who was sitting on the room's only couch next to Star. "Can't he tell friend from foe?" He lifted his briefcase. "Are we doing business or not?"

Moon Shadow dismissed Taz with a wave of his hand.

Before he rejoined Bryce, Taz growled, "all you fucking suits look the same to me."

Eddie led Kim over to Moon Shadow where he put his briefcase on the coffee table. Moon Shadow opened it, closed it, turned it over, and handed it back to Eddie. “Where are you from anyway?” Moon asked out of curiosity. Neither of them knew what was in the briefcases, or what had been exchanged. Long ago it may have been drugs, money, documents, information, genetic samples, or maybe this was just a newly added layer. One never knew.

Eddie ignored Moon’s question. It wasn’t important. “What I never understood is why you’re not second in command?”

Taz growled from across the room.

Bryce calmed him. “Because Taz is loyal... I’d trust him with my life. All Moon cares about is money and what’s in that briefcase. It’s why we’re going to call him Thurston Haole... you know, the billionaire.”

“I’m the Professor,” Taz growled.

Jailbait didn’t look up as she continued her ministrations. She didn’t ask what her role was. She already knew, as did everyone else in the room.

Bryce looked over at Moon and then Eddie and Kim. In theory he saw two stooges from Seed Death, Inc., but you never know. Bryce always was very perceptive. If he saw through the disguise, he didn’t say anything. He returned to the dozens sitting on the floor in front of him and standing around the walls. “Any other ideas?”

Auntie spoke up, “marriages. You arrange marriage, people be happy, thankful.”

Moon’s mind was no longer on Eddie or the transaction. He added, “all the big time cults do it. Get a group of a hundred desperate men and women and you just go down the line and link hands. He’s for you. She’s for you. There it is and they’re linked for life.”

“Or, until they drop out of the cult,” Star added.

“It’s a start,” Bryce said looking for more.

A voice from the floor, who spoke without looking up, cried out. "If you really want to make a mockery of it, match them up so it's the worst fucking possible union... Take two straight guys and link them... Take a lesbian and a gay guy... You know, figure out who in the group they'd least want to marry and then marry them to that person."

Bryce smiled. "I like that idea. OK next."

Voices called out from the floor, the pit.

"I say we start a rumor pink flamingos are everywhere."

"We should maintain Hawaii is a corporate fiction... that it doesn't exist."

"Take it a step further. Air travel doesn't exist, space travel doesn't exist, and men never walked on the moon... You know as an ironic counter belief to aliens."

"What is this place?" Kim quietly asked Eddie.

"Q & A. A brainstorm session," he whispered back.

"Look!" Taz growled. "We're trying to create a cult here."

Bryce took over. "Our guests are probably bored..."

A near naked Janet Ono who had always wanted to be a news reporter didn't need any prompting. Suits from out of town, they were probably important. She jumped at the chance and in a flash was across the room. "What can we do to make your stay more enjoyable?" She asked this as she held Kim's hand low across her abdomen and proceeded to suck on her fingers. "Anything?" She lowered Kim's hand further.

Kim didn't know what to do. She was rescued by Star. "Maybe you just want to rest after your flight? Get your bearings? Maybe some water, orange juice?" She led them to the kitchen wet bar area that was attached to the main room.

The voices continued coming from the pit.

"How about a Jonestown thing? The faithful commit suicide or something."

"No," was Bryce's simple response.

"Why are you really suing Beechum Industries?"

“10% is our right... it’s Si’s right,” Bryce replied. The pit continued the conversation on it’s own.

“If it’s our right, shouldn’t it be 50%?”

“Or 100%?”

“If you give 100%, how do how do you live?” another voice asked.

Bryce explained. “You are to give 100%. Suppose you,” Bryce pointed to one of the faithful and in that gesture assigned the task. “Suppose you decided it was important to make sunglasses available to every visitor to Hawaii. You know, go down to the airport and give away sunglasses... maybe imprint on the side, Courtesy of The Sixth Church.”

“Or weld fishing worms to them.”

“Hey, that would be great... everyone’s a Celaphopod then.”

“I’ll leave it to you,” Bryce said as he continued. “If this person knew his calling was to distribute sunglasses, there would be many ways to do it. One of them would be to pay someone else... If you paid someone else, that person would make a profit on the transaction. Why not pay yourself instead and use what you would have lost to the vendor’s profit for your own benefit? The important thing is getting out the sunglasses, not whether or not you have a perverse addiction to ground flesh and therefore need to divert some funds for the occasional hamburger in order to maintain your personal happiness and usefulness to the organization.”

“Is any of this true?” Kim asked.

“At some point, at some time,” Eddie assured her.

Star was squeezing the oranges by hand. “It’s mostly just talk. Think of it as a web forum if it makes it easier, a never ending brainstorming group. A lot of ideas are thrown up. If you want to get an answer to dogma, you can come here, but the answer changes from day to day, moment to moment. Bryce was never about clarity.” She handed Kim a glass of juice and then started on Eddie’s. “They get pretty deep into philosophy on occasion. A while back Bryce went into the Vampire-Revenant

nature of Christ... Some of it's just to rattle people's cages. The discussions I like best are when they try to figure out new ways of seeing the truth. Bryce saw the ocean in a balboa tree and the endless circle of life and water in a waterfall. If everything is interconnected, you should be able to see the truth in anything, but some things are easier to see in than others.

Janet jumped in. "Like the vine covered trees on the Pali. At the fence line they cut right through the jungle. You can see the forest in cross section. The vines twist and turn, like the reaching, searching tendrils of..."

"Of a thousand organic objects," Star said, finishing Janet's thought. "Clouds, tea leaves, waves on the ocean..."

A new voice broke into the conversation. "Or the sun breaking through the edge of a fog bank. It's like time lapse photography all speeded up..." the man in a suit's voice drifted off.

"Nature will weird you out, that's for sure," Star agreed. "Two more juices?"

"We have business." It was the two initiates, new to the suits, new to the ways of the Chosen.

Star departed as the lad asked, "So, what do we do now? How do we contact you?"

Janet was going to drift off as well, but Eddie called out after her. "I think I found you a pair interested in a little R & R. Why don't you organize a little welcoming party for them in one of the rooms?"

Janet was eager to comply.

"But the next step?" the lad or was it his wife resisted.

"Go with the flow. You've got a briefcase. It's your inbox. If there's ever an action item that needs doing, you'll find it there."

The lad had something else to say, but Eddie didn't listen and the voice faded into the distance along with Janet. He made a mental note to write the couple a memo and invite them to a \$50,000 weekend retreat and as he thought about this, it was done.

Eddie and Kim were alone in the kitchen. A voice from the pit was discussing the possibilities of Si-Space. “The voyeuristic possibilities are endless. Not only could you watch someone else have sex, you could feel them having sex.”

“Or you could feel both partners having sex.”

“Think of the dynamic love feedback loop that could get started with that. I love you. I love you more. I love you more.”

“I think I’m going to be sick,” someone joked.

Another voice joined the fun, “I’m going to be sicker.”

“No, I’m sicker.”

“Sounds like a contest,” Bryce observed, ordered, and commanded as he faded into the unknown.

It was time to move on. Eddie led Kim out the door and down the hall. “So you’re going to blame the hyper violence on that?”

“No.” Eddie stopped in the hall. “Do you want to break free? Do you find yourself living a life, playing a role that you no longer want? Do you want to spend eternity as a virgin or is that not sounding so hot anymore?”

Kim avoided the question. “Sex and violence are two different things.”

Eddie shrugged. “It’s a cop out. That’s like saying breathing and a heart beat are two different things.”

“Only you... or Kelly would say that.”

They walked down the hall passing numerous doors, some open, some closed. Inside there were gatherings of various natures. Gilligan gave lectures in some. Taz was beating someone up in another. Thurston Haole negotiated business in one and in yet another Auntie sat quietly with a couple providing marriage counseling.

“We could spend a long time in here. Some rooms are better than others,” Eddie said as he led her onto the main staircase, which they proceeded to climb. “That’s a normative, opinionated statement. Things are. One thing really isn’t better than the other.”

“That’s dogma.”

“That it is.” He paused on the staircase to kiss Kim. After they were done he asked, “Nice?”

“Yes,” she smiled, her eyes a little glazed over. Eddie could tell this even behind the glasses.

He turned her around, leaned her over the stair railing, and had her look far below. “Didn’t realize we had climbed so high, did you?” he asked, but instead of waiting for an answer he hit her where the Passionate Wahine tattoo would be.

She gasped. He hit her again. She struggled. He hit her a half dozen times more and then let her go. She looked at him with rage in her eyes.

“You want to know about violence?”

She raged at him with her eyes. He slapped her, hard.

“Are you interested or not?”

When she didn’t answer he slapped her again, hard. Her glasses went flying off over the railing. She listened for their landing at the bottom. It was a long fall.

When they hit bottom, Eddie slapped her again, waiting for an answer.

“Yes,” she finally said. “Explain this stupidly to me.”

He flipped her around again so she looked down over the banister. He punched her ass for the hell of it. “I like it,” he said as if that explained it all and then punched her again. “The power, the control, the knowledge that fucking Kim... no, not Kim, fucking Mary Ann is right here letting me... letting me mind you punch her ass. I get off on that.”

“You’re Sick.”

“No. Listen. Understand. Beyond that there’s another reason. There is this, this place. If you take away the illusion, if you take away what isn’t here, then there’s not much at all... Probably nothing.” He hit her. “Now think about the real world. The same problem applied. My fist has associations with it, pain, slapping, violence... but the fist just is... the associations are illusions.”

He punched her again. “If you take away the illusions, there isn’t much left.”

“That’s crap.”

“That’s dogma.”

He turned her around and kissed the tears from her eyes.

“Pleasure and pain are in the eyes of the beholder.”

“You’re not telling me shit.” She was going to slap him, but he caught her hand.

“It’s not isolated to the Sick, many of your cults believe this. Turn the cheek, offer your oppressor the other one.”

“It was intended to force the oppressor to treat the victim as a human.”

“Maybe? Maybe they got it backwards. At some point, it’s in the victim’s best interest not to treat the oppressor as a human, to regard the oppressor as a demon, as pure malignant evil.”

“But, you don’t believe that, I can tell.”

“Survival is the first order. Freedom is the second... maybe the order is reversed. If you can’t hit the Virgin Mary, if you can’t ask the boss for a raise, if you can’t quit your job, ask your wife for a blow job, or whatever... you’re fucked... you’re wrapped in chains. For Si’s sake if you freak out in the depths of the delusion, in the depths of Si-space when you suddenly realize the girl you’ve been fucking is really a guy who turns you around and starts fucking your ass... if that traumatizes you, not only is it going to happen again, but you’re not ever going to get to the good part again with the girl in the future... Let it go. This too shall pass.” He paused. “It’s about a lack of judgments. It’s about freedom”

“You can’t deny evil, turn your back and say it doesn’t exist.”

“Evil is a natural result of survival. In a finite world with finite resources... even Si-Space is finite if you measure it certain ways... so many souls, so many this... in a finite world, only so many exist. If you’re being stamped out, starved, massacred, subjected to the rule and limitations of an alien power... you’re aware of evil.”

“So why add to it?”

“That’s one way of looking at it. Another is to say evil, Dukkha, shit... happens. You can either be in control of it, accept responsibility for your actions, or forever be the slave of others.”

Eddie produced another pair of sunglasses for Kim. He indicated Si-Space, the area around them. “A person can go down any path they want here, explore any corner of experience. Why limit yourself? The idea is to free your mind, so when you are presented with a dilemma you can choose the best course of action and are able to follow it. If you can’t tell your wife, boss, or even your god to fuck off... you’re in a one way power dynamic.” He looked at her. “You want to go up these stairs don’t you... climb the stairway to heaven?” He tapped the side of her face. “You’d probably let me do whatever I wanted to get up these stairs, wouldn’t you?”

Kim didn’t answer.

Eddie smiled as caressed her face where he had slapped her. “Be aware of your desire. It too binds you...” He shrugged, “but I’m a nice guy.” He grabbed her hand and led her on. Without looking back he added, “if you’re in the mood, you can thank me later.”

2.5.14

The Squid Palace - 5

If you don’t have what it takes to smack the Virgin Mary around on the stairway to heaven... Maybe you don’t have what it take to climb the stairs in the first place.

Constrained by yourself, your god... How can a suppressed and oppressed being ever reach it’s highest potential?

As above, so below... As in Si, so in life.

Never trust anybody who writes about themselves in the third person.

Never trust anybody who quotes themselves.

Especially if they are quoting themselves in the same book from which the quote originates.

Shit, let's face it, you just can't trust that Eddie character.

Just when you think you start to know someone, they go and change their name... or worse, who they are.

At the top of the staircase, Eddie paused. "This is one of my favorite rooms in the Squid Palace. You know if you have a resource like Si you might as well utilize it for fun. It's not just a place to trade data. It's not clear if they play, have fiction, or understand humor back on the Celaphopods home world. Celli never gave any indication that they did, but maybe he wasn't of a high enough caste to experience any of this."

Without any further explanation, Eddie led Kim into the final room. It was the same room as before. The great room with an attached kitchen and a fish tank covering one wall, but this version of the room had more furniture.

You're my guests on this adventure and it would be rude not to introduce you. So let me go down the line.

Eddie who was Eddie walked into the room with Kim, who looked like Kelly, but who was really Mary Ann.

Bryce who looked like an idealized Indian guru, think Gandhi, was on the balcony staring out to sea. A clean cut Taz was flirting on the couch with a man in a business suit. In front of them an octopus slithered slowly across a coffee table from a glass jar towards a ceramic vase. At the bottom of the vase of water was a small, very small piece of bait. When the octopus got to one

container, a young girl sitting on the floor, dropped a bit of food in the other, and the octopus retraced its path.

The main room was full, but that is not where Eddie was headed. In the kitchen, Eve who is the Celaphopod Ginger and who is an amazingly fit, sexy, and energetic older gal with gray hair was mixing up a batch of pureed seaweed for a blue starfish, who was Gilligan. Watching Ginger with apparent eagerness and interest was an Ivory, a young lithe girl, who was in actuality Kelly in disguise, pretending to be one of Ginger's new converts. Eddie knew this, so I pass the information on to you; to give you an idea of the sort of miss-mash, twisted, trails you can pursue.

Gilligan, the Celaphopod, the blue six inch starfish was on the counter next to the mixer. He eyed Eddie suspiciously. "The man's here," he said by way of greeting. "Hurry up with that drink, before he tries to shut us down."

Kim put her hand out to touch the small starfish. "Hi, Gilligan."

He looked her over and nestled against her hand. While she wasn't concentrating he started humping her fingers. She pulled her hand away. "Come on," he protested. "For old time's sake."

Ginger placed a tumbler of seaweed juice on the counter next to Gilligan. She stroked his head, arms, legs, and tail.

"It's not a tail, baby," Gilligan protested. "I'm all man."

"Or Celaphopod," Ginger corrected him.

He shook her off and produced a flask that was almost as tall as he was. He poured the contents into the tumbler and raised his glass. "To me," he said as he downed the glass and pushed the empty towards Ginger. "Fill me up." He noticed Kelly/Ivory as if for the first time. "You and me baby. I can take you places."

Kelly giggled as only Ivory can.

Gilligan considered her for a moment and then returned his attention to Kim. "I always regretted sending you to the mainland. We could have partied... Hey want to hear a joke?" He didn't wait for an answer. "There's this drunk see..."

“Was his name Gilligan?” Ginger teased as she put another tumbler of seaweed juice in front of Gilligan.

He eyed her. “I’ll tell the jokes if you don’t mind.” He returned his attention to Kim. “The drunk, he walked into a bar. He didn’t have any money, but he did have a tiny piano, which he set on the bar.” As he said this Gilligan took out a little piano. “Out of the drunk’s pocket flew a canary, which sat on the piano and a mouse, which scampered forth and started to play.” As he said this, it happened. When they got to the piano, the mouse played and the canary sang. It was a playful dirge about a mouse who drinks up the spilled beer on a tavern floor after it is closed for the night calling out drunken challenges to a cat. At the completion of the song, everyone clapped.

Gilligan continued with his story. “The bartender saw right away the potential the mouse and canary had, so he offered the drunk free drinks for the rest of his life for the pair. It didn’t take long for the drunk to accept the deal, but while he was sipping on his first drink, the drunk started to feel guilty, and it wasn’t long before he waived the bartender back over. ‘I feel bad,’ the drunk said. ‘I’ve got to confess. It’s not what it looks like. The canary really doesn’t sing... the mouse,’ he explained. ‘He’s a ventriloquist.’”

After a moment Gilligan added, “it’s a joke. You’re supposed to laugh now.”

“And a good joke it is,” Ginger soothed him. “I think our friends are more in the mood for business, some final thoughts, maybe some seaweed juice,” she offered.

Kim accepted the drink. “It’s sweet,” she said appreciatively.

“Business, eh?” Gilligan thought for a moment. “You know, I hear some of the competition is offering 14 virgins... We can go one better. How about 15?” He considered it for a moment again. “I can’t really vouch for that whole virgin thing, but it’s probably overrated.” Gilligan climbed over Ginger to get to Kelly. “This one’s new.” He grabbed Kelly’s hand and led her back to Eddie. “Here you go. Here’s one... Let me work on the others.” He eyed

Kim. “You’re a chick.” He asked hopefully, “You a lesbo?” Seeing her reaction, he twisted his face up. “Girls are always harder. What are you interested in?”

“Solving world hunger for one,” Kim offered.

“What? Where did you get this one?” He eyed her again. “You remind me of somebody.”

“All those suits look the same to me,” Kelly chimed in and then in a better approximation of her role added, “it’s not so much the suit, as what’s inside that I find of interest.” She then ran her hand down the inside of Eddie’s coat as she held his hand close to her heart.

Gilligan had forgotten where he was. “World hunger...”

“The whole anti-tech thing,” Kim expanded. “Why not embrace technology?”

Gilligan looked around. “I don’t think this is the philosophy room.”

Ginger stroked his belly. “Sure it is. Answer the girl’s question.”

Gilligan put on a towel as he set up a massage table on the counter. He lay down on the table. “I’m feeling a little tense.”

Ginger massaged Gilligan with her fingers. After a moment she took hold of Mary Ann’s hands and guided her movements as she had her help. “About technology,” Ginger prompted him.

“How much technology do you need to give a massage? At some point you reach a limit. The world is a finite place with finite sunshine, finite space... only so much of this or that. Most technology doesn’t add to life, to pleasure.” Gilligan indicated a spot on his shoulder. “What technology is good for is winning a war, protecting your women, children, and food from others. There’s not much other point to it.”

“How about health care and quality of life?”

“Everybody dies... some sooner than later.” He flipped over facing the ceiling. “Death isn’t so bad if you plan it right... Now don’t be shy with those hands.”

Gilligan seemed to be enjoying himself under the towel. “Now that’s how a massage is supposed to go.” He met Kim’s gaze. “With mind control war is a thing of the past and so much of the need for technology dissipates. How long a person lives... 50, 60, or 100 years is relative, just a matter of expectation. Most of life is spent escaping it, trying not to be bored anyway. If twenty was perceived as old age, no one would mind dying at twenty... anymore than anyone minds dying at 100... or... any... other... age...”

Gilligan held his breath and focused his eyes on infinity, as his arms shot out and went rigid spilling his drink all over the towel and Mary Ann’s hands. Then all the stress and strain of being a post life imaginary Celaphopod assemblage left him as he relaxed. His limbs went limp. After a moment he lazily pushed his tumbler towards Ginger. “I’m going to need another round.”

“Freedom to do anything,” Eddie whispered enticingly into Kim’s ear as she wiped the seaweed juice off her fingers.

“Let’s get this party started,” Gilligan called out lazily from the counter. “The Pod is in the house.”

“What about the last guy?” Kim asked. “Yr’goth?”

Gilligan regarded her. The name seemed to get his dander up. “Gone. Crazy. Disappeared to the bottom of the ocean never to be heard from again. I’m in charge here.” He looked around to make sure no one was going to dispute the claim. He returned his attention to her for a moment. “All we have is this... this moment,” and then he was done talking. He waived her off as he walked to the edge of the counter and called into the room. “Hey! I’m from another planet. Who wants to make it with a Celaphopod?”

Taz picked the octopus up from the table and let it slither on his shoulder as he kissed the man sitting next to him on the couch.

“Hot damn! I’m out of here,” Gilligan called as he raced across the room to join them.

Eddie gave Kim’s butt a pat. “Let’s go.”

“Hey, what about me. I want to come,” Kelly who looked like Ivory said as she locked hands with Eddie and Kim.

“What about your wife?” Kim asked.

“I’m sure she’ll understand,” Eddie assured her as he squeezed Kelly’s ass and led them both to a room down the hall.

Under a blanket, off screen... or you can imagine Mary Ann followed dogma and backed out. The choice is yours.

I prefer to believe if Kim had to do it over she would have joined Kelly... and her man. Walked into the surf, joined in the fun, and let need and desire guide her hand.

After all, if your dreams don’t come true here today, right now, when will they ever come true?

3.0.0

Post Script - The End

We were unable to reach the CIDC for comment. We may only assume that if the CIDC had been reached, as is their tradition, they would have been unable to either confirm or deny the CIDC’s part in the raid on Lahina, Eddie’s affiliation with said organization, or in fact even if said organization exists in the first place.

It has been stated that since Eddie has at times claimed to be a CIDC operative, there is no way that he could ever have been one. The logic goes that since CIDC operatives and the agency itself are so secretive, CIDC operatives never claim to be operatives. In fact, the agency is so secretive that many operatives don’t even know that they are operatives in the first place. Anybody familiar with secret organizations will immediately recognize from this that claiming membership in the CIDC (a organization whose members never claim membership) is therefore the perfect cover for a CIDC field operative.

There is no definitive information linking the CIDC with the fall of Lahina. I can give you no better evidence than this to support the assertion that the CIDC was responsible for masterminding the final raid, which shut down the Sick... and spread the Sixth to the farthest corners of the Earth.

Lahina, which can be thought of as having been one giant Sick compound, was ultimately raided by an integrated law enforcement task force. A fully functioning meth lab capable of producing an estimated 20-30 kilograms of methamphetamines a day was confiscated at 33 Lahina Way. Gilligan was found dead with a massive head injury at 3 Lahina Way. The inner circle was nowhere to be found. Dozens of the upper level faithful were arrested. Though charges included manufacturing, distribution, and possession of narcotics; murder, rape, kidnapping, assault, extortion, and blackmail; the typical sentence was plea bargained down to under six years owing to a lack of evidence tying any specific person to any specific charge. There were a few notable exceptions, the chief of which is Taz. He is serving two back to back life terms for murder. Of the thousands of rank and file initiates arrested on the beach, less than five hundred were ever prosecuted and of these the typical penalty was a \$250 ticket for disturbing the peace or public nudity. Not a single person arrested that day was successfully prosecuted on a drug related charge.

The Sick no longer exists as a formal organization. There is no clear successor group although there are dozens of splinter groups, Yr'goth's Chosen being one of many. None have a formal tie to the Sick and none are recognized by the others as being ascendant.

Bryce arrived in Hawaii more than thirteen years ago. Lahina was raided and shut down more than six years ago. Do the math. Gilligan's and Mary Ann's children should have all died by

now, but Dr. Beechum, Taz, and all the other likely candidates are either alive or on the run, whereabouts unknown.

This does not prevent alternate theories from forming... There is no shortage of fatalities caused by massive trauma to the head. A cursory review of the available data (death certificates, coroners reports, etc.) yields several promising candidates, but when the lives of those involved are investigated, they do not fit the profile... nor do the causes of death; automobile and work related accidents... brain embolisms in a nursing home. In short, results comfortably within the range of statistical expectation... And more importantly, results which do not fit well into the traditional Sick dogma.

This lack of a documented second generation is an obvious hole in the Sick world view. Nonbelievers interpret this as proof that the Sick were a bunch of idiots. A misguided few believe the raid caused the Sixth's plans to go awry and that they now exist below the radar struggling to recover from the loss.

True believers know the Sixth's return to the forefront of human consciousness is but mere days away... weeks tops... months if they run into unsuspected snags... OK. Maybe a year or two as they iron out the finer points... decades at best... which, as any Sick knows, means and day now...

When the Celaphopods surface again, as they are sure to do, it will be for keeps, but by then it will be too late. Don't find yourself on the wrong end of a brain sucking alien. Take action now. Drop by the Squid Palace in Lahina to get your marching orders.

If you have forgotten the way, for a mere \$10,000 I will be happy to walk with you for an hour on the beach... tell you what I know... share the latest news... because Kelly has expensive tastes... and so do I.

3.0.1

Keeping it Alive... Even after the End

Anyone who has ever watched the Wizard of Oz should understand the concept. Enlightenment is the state of mind you reach at the end of the road, when you are no longer seeking enlightenment. In the words of the master, “Enlightenment... there’s nothing to get.”

If you spend money on enlightenment, you’re not buying enlightenment.

Being enlightened is easy; you simply wake up one day, decide to be enlightened, and then do whatever it is that an enlightened person in your situation would do. Since you’re now enlightened, you’ll know the answer.

It really is that easy. If you want to make it more complicated, try adding snapping your fingers. SNAP! OK. Now, you’re enlightened.

If that doesn’t work for you, go for the \$10,000 walk on the beach route. At least that way your wallet will be sure to be en-lightened.

Ha. Ha. Ha.

See, I’m laughing all the way to the bank.

please see
www.Takosori.com
for more

The Sick: Drugs, Sex, and Celaphopods
By Eddie Takosori

Book 5 - The Fifth Tentacle: Celaphopods

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The Sick: Drugs, Sex, and Celaphopods By Eddie Takosori Book 5 - The Fifth Tentacle: Celaphopods

The Sick: Drugs, Sex, and Celaphopods

By Eddie Takosori

Book VI - The Sick Tentacle: Si

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The Sick: Drugs, Sex, and Celaphopods

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Book VI - The Sick Tentacle: Si

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Sigh – It's almost over – So sad

0.0.0

Fucking the Mind

Masturbation is a failure from an evolutionary, genetic point of view. If not released, sexual pressure, need, and desire will drive men, especially young men, to take great risks in order to

achieve sexual gratification. Stop for a moment and consider the social rules and boundaries that are being broken when a boy first brings hand to dick. If masturbation was not an option, if it did not work, to what extent might young men go to release the pressure?

Consider then that masturbation works. Consider that sex is not the only need a human has. A human needs food and social interaction as well... the list might go on. If the sexual system can be cheated, can be gamed, if you will; then isn't it possible these other systems can be fooled as well.

In a nutshell, I put it to you that the stronger, sharper, more focused the mind, the harder it is to fool, and the more satisfying, lifelike, and real the resulting deception becomes.

0.0.1

A Mind Fuck Novel.

Looking for clarity of plot in the final pages of a novel is a lot like looking for the meaning of life in your final hours. If you haven't already found it, if you haven't enjoyed the ride, maybe you've wasted your time.

In the end this is literature, a book. Not great literature that the civilizations will look back on in a thousand years... but a guy can dream. No. More realistic, it's a base story that has pandered to the lowest instincts. If it's been raw, in a word hit a nerve, or touched on a festering sore, then I consider it a success.

If you are urged to protest it, decry its heresy, then by all means do so, just make sure you spell my name correctly on your protest signs and buy a hundred copies for your reading group; because if you're going to protest it, let's at least read it first and try to understand the difference between heresy and ... not giving a god damn fuck about... um ... having an apposing theological/philosophical viewpoint.

Anyway, an explanation, some clarity, closure, and if you will indulge my ego, a set up for the ever hopeful sequel. You see, in the beginning, in the end, I am a writer. I write. If I have not

made it clear to this point, let me reiterate, it is a writer's job to weave a convincing reality out of lies.

For most; at the start you did not believe in mind sucking aliens from another planet. You did not believe in Si. Granted, in all likelihood you had not heard of Si. Along the way you may have picked up the misguided notion that Si is an aberration of Psi, but that was never the case.

What was the case?

I married a wonderful, beautiful girl, who for all the world is more like Kim than Kelly, but since she said, "I will kill you if you ever write me into one of those stupid stories of yours," I obviously can't use her for the romantic lead. Now, her slutty sister, is an entirely different story...

Anyway, there we were on our honeymoon in Hawaii. She grew up here you know. The place is paradise and we got wind of a little cliff side house for sale. Nothing fancy, but dirt cheap owing to... Well, you know that story.

The real estate agent showed it to us. "Why don't you spend the night? See if you like it." He might have added to me on the side, "give it a spin if you know what I mean," but really he was covering his bets. The place has a history, a certain notoriety. Some might consider it haunted.

Without knowing the stories, we decided to hang out for a while. We watched the sunset together. We went down to the restaurant by the beach and had a plate lunch. We went to the small grocery store next door and bought a box of tea candles, twenty five of them. What the heck? We lit them all. 9PM, became 10PM, became 11PM, and even later. We decided to stay the night. I brought in the suitcases.

Kelly, my wife, who doesn't appear anywhere in this story, because I am a man of my word and would never lie, to anyone, about anything, under any circumstances, made up a bed on the floor for us out of beach towels; a simple bed, very Japanese, very romantic.

I stared out at the ocean while she did this. I watched the moon play on the waves. It is a mesmerizing sight. We've been through this. Like static, like random dots, it appears to have meaning just on the edge of consciousness. I must admit I was ready to turn around, and leave my musing for the night when my wife fired up "The Tentacle," a big purple swirling dildo.

I am, was, will forever be less experienced than my wife... a little restrained. I confess it is true. Late that night, I was still wearing a tie. Such is who I am.

When I heard the tentacle's buzz, I could not bring myself to turn around. I knew what she was doing. I did not object. I knew she would include me. I just could not turn around.

Nor could I continue to concentrate on the ocean or lose myself in its mystery. I waited. She waited. It was a game. In time, I would turn around. In time I would watch her. In time, I would fire up the tentacle myself... and I would add other toys... and games... to our play, but that night I stood and waited.

She came to me as I knew she would. She stood behind me, the tentacle drilling a small circle in the small of my back. She said such words in my ear that made me blush and hunger for her. She knew me. She knew my... shame... but she married me nonetheless. She loved me for who I was and who I became.

She loosened my pants and let them fall around my ankles. There was no doubt of my interest. She reached down. I rose to meet her, but I had lost track of her hands... the tentacle!

I rose from my feet as my mind shot through my skull. To escape was all I knew. My need lifted me high into the air. I jumped. I squirmed. And yet the swirling hands, fingers, and tentacles found me. She would not let me escape. I tripped over my pants and lost my balance. I came crashing to floor. The old rotted planks splintered around me. I slid down the side of the cliff and rolled over the edge. Thru the air I flailed as the waves rose to meet me and then I splashed down.

0.0.2

Fucking Novel

I was not being held by my beautiful wife, but a demon from the deep. He clutched me with his tentacles in such places I dare not mention. He had me by the short and curlies as they say, by the balls, and so much more.

Startled at first, I dared not move. As soon as I realized he would not let me go, I struggled, but down and down I plummeted into the depths.

Far away I could hear my wife's laughter. "Breath... Ha, Ha, Ha... You're going to have to breath... Ha, Ha... You're turning red... Ha, Ha..."

The vicious beast had stolen my wife from me. I struggled, but it was useless. While I was looking away, my feet had been bound. Soon my arms were tied in a mass of ropey vines and the beast led me down to his lair.

I saw that the beast, the demon, which held me was black, purple, and slimy. Bands of yellow and orange crossed its dark skin. I looked above me and saw only black. He held me, floating in the water above him. He was a squat, multi-tentacled beast with feelers stretching out for miles in all directions

He sent probes into my mind. He sensed my fear, my need to breath. He sent tubes down my throat as he clouded my mind with an illusion.

Before me sat a blue starfish on an oversized couch. He was facing a small view port. No. It wasn't a view port. It was a TV, a small 15" black and white TV. I noticed he didn't have cable. The reception wasn't too good either.

The TV was propped against a hollowed out asteroid. Instantly I knew this was his space ship. He had come from another world. The TV flickered an advertisement for skin cream.

The monster spoke. "Look. I don't have a lot of time, so here's the deal. I let you go back up there, finish whatever manner of nonsense you are engaged in with that girl creature, and you

write a book.” He paused. “You do want to go back up there, don’t you?”

“Yes,” I bubbled. “I mean I think so.”

I looked around. It was all a little surreal. I was having a hard time getting my bearings. To help me concentrate he squeezed my balls. “Yes!” I said with enthusiasm.

He regarded me as he squeezed again. “Like that?”

“Look, I don’t want any freaky sex with any tentacled monster,” I cried.

“Should have thought about that before you married the girl.” He dismissed the thought. “It’s a simple deal. I’m a Celaphopod from another planet. You’ve probably heard of the Sick.”

I hadn’t.

“I’ve been getting a lot of that lately.” He looked back at the TV. Satisfied it was only a shampoo commercial he continued. “I need better PR. That’s your job. Write a book. OK?”

“OK,” I said.

He waived me away. The tentacles started taking me back to the surface.

“Um,” I had to ask. “What type of book?”

He was torn between his conversation with me and the TV. I could hear the theme music for Gilligan’s Island starting. “It’s just a book. Write a best seller...”

I had been searching for a plot, a story line for years.

“About the Sick, about me Yr’goth.” He pulled himself away from the show. “It’s Yr’goth. Y-R that thingy G-O-T-H.” He shook his blue tentacle at me. “You better get it right. Yr’goth. Not You’rGoth and not Yrg’oth.” He stood up to his full 6”. “Spell it wrong and I’ll waste your ass.”

Yr’goth, I said in my mind. “OK, I’ve got a name. Where do I start?”

He gave me an evil look.

I was quiet. I watched the TV with him for a moment. After a bit I said, “Gilligan’s Island. Great show. Isn’t this the episode where Gilligan...”

A tentacle had wrapped itself around my throat. The starfish climbed over to where I was and poked me in the chest. “I don’t get much entertainment down here. Don’t be ruining the surprise.” He returned to his seat. “They build the tension every episode. Do they get off the island this time or not?”

He didn’t look like he wanted to talk, so we just watched. Gilligan did something stupid. The Professor made something improbable, while the Billionaire spent money. At the commercial break, it was still unclear whether they were going to get off the island or not this episode.

Yr’goth returned his attention to me. “You’re a writer, just write.” It was clear I had no idea where to begin. “Just start at the beginning... Look, I’ll guide your hand, once you get started it will be no problem.”

“Like some sort of divine revelation?”

I had touched a sore spot. “Those assholes in Montana are so dead. Divine fucking reveal this,” he said as he dropped his pants and mooned a passing stingray.

“Um, OK. Still it might be nice to know a little about where I was heading as I wrote.”

His attention was back to the TV. “Fine. You don’t want to watch the show, fine.” After a moment he added, “you know if you’re going to write a novel about the Sick, Gilligan, and Lahina, you just might want to watch an episode or two.” He reconsidered. “It’s probably a bad idea... just wing it. No one will care.”

The show was starting again. I recognized the...

“Don’t even fucking think it,” he warned me. “Look, this isn’t going to work. I’m used to watching TV alone without any interruptions.”

“But, the book, the beginning, the ending... all that stuff in between.”

But, he was gone. I was back to the mean looking black tentacled dude, with orange and yellow Day-Glo stripes across his body. I tried to make small talk. “I would have guessed, he... Yr’goth,” I tried the name out. “You? A demon from the depths?”

Outer space my mind corrected me.
“Right, outer space. A...”
Celaphopod the word came into my head.
“So, you’ll help me?” I asked.
In response he squeezed my nards.
“Right, heaven...”
He squeezed again.
“Si, helps those who help themselves... and I start...”
In the beginning
“Good. Catchy. And I lead up to?”
Spasms of anger shook through his multi-tentacled body as if to say, do I have to do everything myself. I shut up. After a moment, I realized he had forgotten me and his tentacles were swaying to the beat of Gilligan’s theme song. I could wait. When you got used to the crushing weight, the tentacles, and the utter unbelievably of it all, it was kind of cool.
I swirled the water around me and waived to a passing eel as I waited for the next commercial break.

0.0.3 A Novel Fuck

To know it all! Knowledge pierced my mind. To remember the thoughts coursing through Yr’goth’s mind for but a moment... Before he could put on the blinders, I saw through my guest’s eyes, my wife’s eyes, bird’s eyes, a monster out at sea... and so much more, but I will not bore you with those details...

“This is the end of the story,” Yr’goth said. “Pay attention.”

We had left our guests behind in a candle lit room. There were four guests, two couples. Sometimes our guests would come down to the beach with us to watch this ritual. Sometimes they would not. Tonight they did not... a small detail that is probably unreliable.

I must admit I was excited. This had become a tradition, a habit, and at the end me and my wife Kelly would make love, or at least have sex.

I was her as well, and I could tell that it was more than just sex for her. It was making love. I felt her feet walking on the sand as if they were my own. I felt her kiss me. When I remember this, it is hard not to remember it as me kissing myself, but it was not. It was my loving wife kissing me. She tasted her lover. She felt for his tongue, squeezed his ass, and let her hand linger in his as she smiled and walked alone into the surf.

She was scared. She couldn't help, but be scared. It was the ocean past sunset. The water was as dark as ink and cold. Not cold like water gets on the California coast or in a mountain stream, but the sort of cold things get when you are used to everything being a constant 80-85. It was 70. It was cold.

A breeze blew. I was Kelly, isolated and alone in the water, the dark foreboding water. I splashed the water with my hands trying to gain some assurance. After all these years, you would think it would get easier. As the water reached my waist, I turned to look at my husband, Eddie. He stood by the shore. He was distractedly looking at the clouds. I waited until he noticed I was standing still, till he noticed my piercings glittering in the moonlight. I wondered if he could see my need. I wondered if he knew how much I too enjoyed this game, scared though I was. I cupped my breasts for him and he idly waived me off. He spoke over the waves, but I did not hear him. I could guess the gist of what he had said. "Go on."

I walked in the sandy water. It was a calm stretch of ocean. We had settled on the five acre place. It was a good choice. Some idiots from Montana had bought 33 Lahina... false prophets, random lies... You had to laugh. They had paid off a building inspector so they didn't have to rebuild the house. A year later the police raided them during some sick moonlit orgy. They pulled up saturated floorboards... possession of methamphetamines...

The water had reached my breasts. As much as I desired, I could not escape into my head. I was here in the water. I walked slowly. I would not let the ocean see my fear. Still standing, I came to the edge of the breakers and as a wave approached, I took a deep breath and dove under.

The ocean drops off quickly. It goes down to the depths. Past the breakers live the sharks, eels, and octopuses... I hate octopuses... They give me the creeps, but it's not just the slimy tentacled creatures... Who knows what lives down there in the depths... but I dove. I swam down deep, feeling the sandy ocean floor with my hands.

Embrace the fear. Run into the fear. I remembered the words and I remembered what really gave me the power to do this. Someday I knew Yr'goth would claim me as his vessel. I was scared of this moment and longed for it as well... as a virgin bride might anticipate her wedding night.

So for Yr'goth, to show him I was willing, and for Eddie, to show him I loved him, that I would obey him, I dove deep. I should have known, but I did not when the first tentacle wrapped around my leg. I jerked and curled into a ball, but the tentacle pulled. More tentacles wrapped around my other leg and arms, spreading me wide.

Yr'goth did not carry me down into the depths. I had always assumed that he would, but he did not. Tentacles reached into my nose, mouth, and ears. They probed into my eyes. They invaded my vagina and my anus. I could feel that special probe feeling testingly at the back of my spine. My time had come.

I was elated. I was afraid. Yr'goth was real. He had chosen me, but the lies were so rampant. Would I now die? Was it time for me to join the ocean?

Yr'goth joined with me then. He showed me his mind and I cowered, such was the greatness of his being. I was not comforted by him. He fed off of my fear. He enjoyed it, but in a moment it was gone. As was Yr'goth...

Gone. It's not the right word. He was there. I was there. We were the same. The tentacles had broken off, but they had not left my body. I swam to the surface and broke through gasping for breath. I took in the night sky as if for the first time. I scanned the darkened shore for my husband, in a word, my prey and then I returned my vision to the night sky... as if for the first time... words fail, but that is the thought, the sensation.

I swam through the breakers slowly. I could feel the dozens of tendrils that emanated from my hands and feet forming paddles to help me. I felt the tendrils that had broken off in my eyes, ears, and mouth reforming themselves, melding themselves to me, melding me to Yr'goth, the ocean. Most of all I noticed the tendrils which had entered my vagina and anus. I had a need, a desire.

I was past the breakers and stood in the surf. I walked through the water. My wet hair obscured my new tendrils, lobes, and appendages, but it did not matter.

Eddie, sweet Eddie; he looked at me, searching for his favorite piercing with his eyes.

I knew this. It was not a guess. It was pure knowledge. I knew what he wanted. I could sense his desire.

I sent out a thousand tendrils and wrapped them around his arms and legs. It shocked him. I understood how Yr'goth had felt. I fed on his fear. I did not reassure him, but for his part he did not try to escape. He stood, shaking in terror.

I approached him and let him see me. I was his beloved Kelly. This I knew. As before, I showed him a body of feminine perfection, generous breasts, full hips, five tattoos - the one on the back ever growing, thirty two small gold hoop piercings, and long black hair that trailed to my waist.

He was not looking at this. He was concentrating on my hands, which had turned into a mass of thirty two, I realized suddenly, thirty two appendages. I had tendrils instead of fingers and toes. I knew they were green, but in the light, they showed as

black. From my ears dangled not three, but six lobes on either side.

He looked into my eyes, to see if I was there. It was hard for him to look past the tendrils leaking out of my eye sockets. I smiled and showed him a mouth full of a thousand small waiving stalks.

I ignored him as he talked. He babbled. Silly man.

I kneeled before him. Hadn't he been hoping for a blowjob?

I sent out a thousand tendrils and pierced every orifice as before. I worked my mouth to show him such pleasure. I sensed him mind, his acceptance. I caught his thought, it wasn't such a bad way to go. As I had savored his fear, I now savored his enjoyment.

Minutes... hours later as I drank down all he had to offer, I finally allowed him to feel Yr'goth... the ocean.

We lay there then. Me and Kelly, Eddie and Me, Yr'goth and the rest, and we looked at the sky as if for the first time... Words fail, so we did not use them.

After a while Eddie waived a testing tendril in the air, "we should start with our guests.

"I can feel my need growing," Kelly agreed.

It was time to do Yr'goth's bidding.

0.0.4

No Fucking Way!

It is only fair to back up a step and to say that as I knew I was being transformed, as I felt the tentacles growing in my fingers, head, and elsewhere...

As I, Eddie, neared the moment, I returned to the bungalow at 33 Lahina. I returned to my wife riding me and her deviant desires. I exploded into her.

Really. If you are going to have a divine mystical moment with a demon from the depths of the ocean, the least you can do

when the vision is over is have the most intense orgasm of your entire life.

“Oh my god! How much did you cum?” she asked as she felt her belly. Suddenly I was very happy she was on the pill. It would have been very creepy to have a child nine months later.

I did not speak much. My thoughts were of the vision, of the book I was to write, of the five acre place down the road, and this place. I suddenly recognized it in the sort of flash I would learn to accept. I suddenly recognized the bungalow as the place of my dreams, the place of a thousand swarming bodies.

We kissed. We cuddled. Kelly untied me and went to sleep. I could not. Hours later I woke her. I put on the swim trunks and the flip flops she had been badgering me to wear. “Let’s go for a swim,” I said.

“What time is it?” She rubbed her eyes. “It’s the middle of the night.”

“It’s time for a swim,” I repeated and led her down the long dirt road to the beach.

Kelly has never liked the ocean. She likes it even less at night, but I reminded her that I was wearing the shorts she had wanted me to wear and she owed me.

As we walked into the surf, portions of my conversation with Yr’goth that I had not previously remember floated into my mind.

“You know,” Yr’goth had said. “Gilligan’s Island is a classic. It’s got everything you could ever want in a TV show. Much better than that I Dream of Jeannie... stupid show. About the only thing that would make Gilligan’s Island better is if Mary Ann had given Gilligan the occasional hand job on the beach.”

Hesitantly, I repeated these thoughts to Kelly, leaving out any reference to Yr’goth. In the surf, she spread my seed to the ocean. I wondered what the sea would make of this genetic material. I shrugged. It wasn’t my problem.

I led Kelly back to the picnic tables by the public parking lot. The place was deserted... or close enough. I lay her on the table and I kissed her all over. When I got to the parts I liked to kiss

best, I told her; “I think I have the story idea I’ve been looking for.”

“Ummm, ahh, really?” she said, her mind was elsewhere.

In between kisses and my probing tongue I told her, “I’m thinking brain sucking aliens that land in the sea... they come out of the ocean and take over the planet.”

“Yeah... like that,” and then after a bit, “it’s been done... beside if the aliens take over the planet how are you going to write a sequel... start a series?”

She had listened to me when I had told her my dreams. I thought about this... “There are always complications.” I licked left. “Infighting among the aliens leading to diverse groups.” I licked right. “Remnant human enclaves fighting the good fight.” I licked in the center. “And then there are those who are immune... for whatever reason.” I moved in for the finale and sucked hard as I swirled my tongue.

“Yeah... Yeah... that’s good.”

I caressed her leg and stroked one of her rings. “I also thought about maybe writing about that cult that was around here... the Sick... you’re from around here... what do you know? Didn’t you have some relation?”

She laughed. “You’re tickling me. Go back to what you were doing before.”

“About the Sick,” I reminded her.

“It was all a joke, a game.” Then she thought about it. “You know it would be easy to write about them... as I understand it their stories included certain set themes, but after that it’s just made up stuff... B.S.” She laughed. “You’d be good at that.”

“Just take the basic elements and swirl them up a little?” I asked as I accented the thought with movements of my tongue to match.

“Yeah... that’s it... just swirl it around... mix it up... when they think you’re going to go left, go right. When they think you’re going to go right, put it straight down the middle... oh yes, just drive the point home.”

“Yes?”

“Yes my love.”

4.0.0

Un-Fucking Real

As you might have gathered, we bought the five acre place. Someday we hope to retire there, but in the meantime, we use it as a vacation home, a spiritual retreat. Sometimes we invite guests along.

Perhaps unsurprisingly, as I got into the project the philosophy of the Sick started to make sense. I remembered my dreams more, started to interact in them, control them, and Kelly remembered more of her younger years and joined me in that space.

Maybe she lied. Maybe I lied.

In the end, it doesn't matter. Reality is what people agree on.

Nothing more.

Nothing less.

4.0.1

Fucking Un-Real

I do not exist. Kelly does not exist. And you my friend, as you know yourself to be, you do not exist. You may think Hawaii exists, but it does not. Certainly Lahina does not exist, not on the Big Island, and certainly not on Maui.

There is a cove though, where the waves are 50' tall if you want to surf and a rolling 24" if you are more partial to wading. The sun shines bright. There is always a rainbow. If you blink your eyes, the moon glows and the stars shine in a million luminescent colors. It is always warm, the weather pleasant, and a cool breeze blows in from the sea.

The people are friendly, inviting, and eager to please. They are always having a festival of some kind be it Build Your Own

Kite Day, Shore Break Fishing Tournament, Synchronized Surfing Championships, or simply another Beauty Pageant... clothing optional. And the food, don't get me started on the food...

There is a place. There is Lahina. If you look hard enough, you will find it. It is real. That is why you can feel its beckoning call in your heart.

When you find the time, head the call.

Come join us.

We will be waiting...

But don't wait too long. Some day they are going to stop playing Gilligan's Island reruns on TV and when they do, the world is going to be a much different place.

#

The only thing more damaging to your heart, mind, and soul then reading a Sick novel, is writing a Sick novel.

END

#

Cover:

The Sick: Drugs, Sex, and Celaphopods

After the lawsuits, lawyer's fees, and endless battles with the IRS, starting a religion isn't as lucrative as you'd think. If you really want fame, fortune, and babes, what you need to do is write science fiction.

Ghostwritten by Eddie Takosori on behalf of Yr'goth's Chosen

About the Author:

Eddie Takosori moved to the Bay Area from Hawaii in the sixth grade. He attended UCB briefly before realizing that his true calling in life was working odd jobs for minimum wage. He currently lives in Palo Alto with “the most beautiful girl in the world.” Should she ever read this novel, he would like to remind her that all characters in this book are fictional and any resemblance to any living person is entirely coincidental and totally, totally dude, unintentional.

please see
www.Takosori.com
for more

The Sick: Drugs, Sex, and Celaphopods By Eddie Takosori Book VI - The Sick Tentacle: Si

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Originally posted at:
www.Takosori.com

And that's where the rest of Eddie Takosori's stories may be found.

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By Eddie Takosori
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