

## Six Short Stories by JM AVRIL

### ECOLOGY AND THE ALIENS ARE NOT HAPPY

I'm Jack. I'm a journalist and I had to get a story about this UFO conference and I got my story. Mind you, my sanity is pretty weak. The carnage that took place. The slaughter. The countless disintegrated bodies. Why did they spare me? To give a final warning to mankind to never mention the aliens in an unfriendly way? Did they get upset about what the woman with the voice sounding like Boy George was talking about? Do they really care for the Earth? Did they get pissed off being called ugly? Did they feel threatened with all this talk of cataclysm and the like? Are they in competition with the dwarves about who is in charge of protecting the Earth? Anyway, when the alien-orchestrated mass killing was over, I was the only one left. Except the woman. I think she was taken but I'm not too sure. The aliens were nowhere to be seen in the town hall and I left for my flat. I haven't shown my story to my editor yet. I'm not sure she'll be pleased. But then there will be talk of the mass slaughter. But perhaps the police will be after me. And maybe the NSA. Come on guys. You don't really believe I've killed 300 persons. Sorry buddy, but the government will have to admit the aliens are here and they mean business. Wow. There's bound to be chat shows and money coming. Hey yeah! They're gonna make a film about it. I'm gonna write a book and get famous. Yeah buddy. California, I'm coming! But let's get on with the story. So I went to that UFO conference in the town hall. It's a big town hall. Plenty of people. Hippie-looking, yuppie-looking, weirdo-looking, magazines, books, videos, DVDs, badges, posters. Plenty of merchandise and plenty of nonsense. So much for a story to write. Anyway, a few speakers spoke and that was it: crop circles, the face on Mars, UFO abductees, an unknown planet past Pluto which would be an alien base, etc. And then this woman, mid-forties, in a military uniform with long black hair and the voice sounding like Boy George started talking. She was the first woman speaker. The rest, so far, were all male. A bit of 'fair sex' would be all right. Sorry ladies Sorry boss. Don't mean to be sexist. I'm a guy after all and a guy is a guy. I'm digressing. So she started to speak something like what follows.

'Is there not something suspicious about the 'claim' of the UFO aliens to be concerned by our environment? How can ugly demons have the pretence to feel concerned by Our Mother and Lady Gaia? We see so much of environmentalist concerns among circles which deal with crop circles and UFOs. It raises some questions. The preservation of nature on this planet is amounting to preserving Beauty, for, surely, forest and naked mountains are more beautiful than industrial estates and nuclear power stations. The only 'ugly' aliens who have the right to have a say about our environment's health are the dwarfs, if it is possible to find among the mass of various aliens some who are 'modern' expressions of the traditional dwarfs, representations of the earth element. There seems to be some credit to that in that there are those reports on 'intra-terrestrials.' However, a certain amount of them parody the myths of Agartha and Shamballah, hidden secret cities symbolising the occultation of the Primordial Spiritual Centre where the Lord of the World (not to be confused with the Prince of this world) rules upon the wyrd of many. So these intra-terrestrial would have more chance to be subversive demons from either the repugnant bowels of the earth or Gog and Magog accursed regions. Then what's the point of aliens and their related supporters campaigning for ecology, vegetarianism and looking after the earth? The answer is simple. They want to avoid the nuclear purification which should inaugurate the Age of Aquarius. In fact, most ecologists support this

doomed civilisation, and however they try to protect the earth's physical vestment, they still support 'non-material' ugliness such as all our modern aberrant liberal attitudes: sexual deviations, alcoholic and drug pollution, levelling down policies, cigarettes smoke in some cases, rave music. What's the sincerity in defending animals against vivisection, whilst at the same time smoking fags—and thus contributing to the extinction of trees—and enjoying sound and visual pollution such as 'jungle techno' and *Natural-Born Killers*?

The fact is that the purification before Aquarius won't be only physical but psychic, psychic as well. So of course the demons which infest this planet now don't want to die or be relegated again to the outer darkness, for they know the bomb, made of uranium and plutonium, lets go an EXPLOSION OF LIGHT when it blows up. So one might suspect some destructive angels 'incarnated' in the bomb as opposed to a demoniacal origin of the atom bomb. Moreover, uranium relates to Uranus the ruler of Aquarius and plutonium to Pluto the ruler of Scorpio; both star-signs are fixed and we remind you that the New Aeon will be based on an axis Aquarius/Leo with the two other fixed star signs playing a complementary role. In Hinduism, Shiva and Kali destroys a decadent world through fire to make room for a cleansed landscape. And the destruction isn't only operated on the physical planes but in the subtle spheres of Samsara too. So one might indeed see why coward demons and their human agents seek to stop the bomb while avoiding killing modern civilisation; they want to save their little lives and sincerely or hypocritically try to please Our Mother and Lady Gaia.

Ecology pushed to its on-the-edge conclusion is that Our Mother and Lady Gaia will destroy most products of modern civilisation when it becomes too unbearable for her to 'sustain' it. The destruction implies also that most city-dwellers will be terminated for the destruction will be all-of-a-sudden. One can admit too that Gaia consciousness is actually manipulating scientists and governments to pursue making bombs, with the influences of other invisible factors.

At the same time, it doesn't mean one has got to enjoy oneself into pollution. To show respect for Gaia is better for one's karma than to disfigure her. Also, genuine and lucid environmentalist actions do contribute to raise the vibrational level and thus counter the heavier-getting vibrations. Not only Gaia is concerned but the gods also for Nature is the vestment of Shiva and that means a lot to us.

Whether a Kingdom or tribal conditions (or both) will take place after the conflagration doesn't leave any room for interfering aliens ...'

And that's where it really got interesting. All of a sudden this light exploded. And the greys, the lizards, the tall blond silver guys, the tiny wasp-looking green bunch, and some others. They were all there. A silence. How long it went on I can't tell. I don't know if someone screamed MY GOD or whatever but the aliens started beaming people. I mean, they laser-beamed or whatever and they disintegrated everybody. The scene reminded me of *HellRaiser III* with the cenobytes killing the people on the dance floor, except that here laser beams were used. All around me people disintegrated into smoke and body parts. And I headed quickly to the stage and I would swear I saw that woman assaulted by three or four aliens trying to do whatever the hell they tried to do. It was real fast. They seemed to want to take her. I didn't check it out. That's for the cops to do. And that was it. Nothing but those body parts scattered and the like. Don't know how long I stayed in the town hall. I was, and still am, pretty shaken. So I just left and went to my apartment. Got some whisky and tried to get my thoughts in order. So that's about it for the draft. Hey! What's that light? Shit! They're after me ...

## ODD

It was quiet in the garden; too quiet. For a start, the grass did not move. I mean the weeds appeared as if they were made of plastic. I approached the grass and touched it. No... it was proper weeds. But then, returning to my position of observation, I could again ascertain that it definitely was too tranquil. As I was scrutinizing the garden, I noticed that it was an ordinary garden. I signify to say that it possessed grass, flowers, trees and shrubs. But my mental inspection of it did not deter me to sense that the quality of quietness dominating the garden had something unnatural about it.

I attempted to probe further into this mysterious matter and, from where I was standing, I could distinguish an animal form in a not too distant field. I produced my binoculars and realized I was looking at a dog. It was a Cocker Spaniel and it did not move. I do not signify to tell that it was there, lying quietly and watching over the area surveyed by its field of vision. No, it just simply did not carry out any movement. Perhaps this animal was actually a plastic representation of that particular type of dog and that would indeed supply a reasonable motive for my initial shock at seeing this animal, still and immobile like a statue. However, one thing left my thought slightly uncomfortable with my perception of the animal. It looked too much like a living beast if it would have been purely composed of plastic. What I am attempting to describe is that the likeness of it being a Cocker Spaniel just looked too natural. This creature appeared to be not artificial at all, but a normal biological product of a biological union. The best manner in which I could utter my thought was that the dog appeared to my cognitive faculty as if it was frozen like in a photograph, except that it was there in the flesh, as I was by now convinced that the beast was not made of plastic. I excluded the notion it might have been stuffed, as animal bodies treated in this manner tend to exhibit that peculiarity which distinguishes them from the artificial likeness of an animal and its living counterpart.

I could also reassure myself that the animal was not demised as its eyes were fixed on that larch tree. And then my attention was transported to that specimen of the vegetable realm. The plant was a tall type, its trunk appearing somewhat thin when compared with the exuberant blossoming of leaves that made up the tree's hair, if I may be pardoned for using so fanciful an analogy. This larch tree possessed a hypnotic quality and it started to grasp a substantial amount of my entire awareness. It was exercising over me a commanding grip and the pull was stronger than my enfeebled will. And I was forcibly contemplating the living object, the notion arrived in my mind, after a period of time I could not quantify, of a black remote control like those used to operate a television apparatus.

So here was I, immobile like the dog and staring fixedly at the tree, while the visualization of a black, deep black, pitch black remote control took over perhaps a third of or maybe half of my awareness to the point where it actively entered into an open competition with the other sections of my mind dealing with a larch tree. How many long minutes passed, while two objects were the only topics present in my consciousness? I cannot tell! Nor can I offer any explanation as to why this bizarre scenario was taking place. And as if this was not sufficient, a third party emerged into the meanders of my mind. At first it was just a little dot, but it then magnified into the likeness of a cuddly teddy bear, beige in color and this was a grave offense to my taste as I find this color particularly detestable.

So, three objects were inhabiting my mind: an earthly larch tree, a visualized pitch black remote control and now this thought of a horrid teddy beige, horrid as the color disgracing the toy was beige and, as I just mentioned a little earlier, I find this texture especially revolting. And then, in my internal territory, commenced a most extraordinary phenomenon. The remote control was advancing towards the bear, slowly but definitely and when the electronic device touched the cuddly toy, it transmitted its blackness to the object and removed the detestable beige. But my ordeal did not terminate then, as the black teddy bear disappeared into the remote control that, then, distanced itself away from the range of my inner perception into the deep recesses of my psyche to be replaced, how odd it all is, by this most peculiar visualization: a fried egg.

The larch tree was still somewhere in my perception and awareness of things, seemingly indifferent to the unusual behavior of the two previously visualized objects. The fried egg, on the other hand, was not still. Its yellow was obscene. Why I use this particular adjective to describe both a color and a component of a fried egg, I do not know. But I remain adamant that my cognitive faculties were alerted by the subtle quality emanating from the yellow of the fried egg. And it was obscene. Could I use the words 'perverted', 'altered', 'distorted', 're-arranged'? My answer would be a firm 'no'. The only formulation retained by my mind is that of obscenity. And then I could notice that the white of the egg was bubbling like hot lava, but no smoke was perceived by my inner eye, only the surreal, or unreal, item that the predominant focus of my inner eye: a fried egg which constitutive parts were behaving in a very abnormal manner; first, the yellow portion was obscene, and I cannot venture into any other descriptions; secondly, the white component was, as said, bubbling like hot lava or boiling water but no smoke or vapor could be sighted while the unnerving phenomenon took place.

And all of a sudden, the visualization vanished as normal perception of things resumed its predominance. The dog barked and ran away before coming back to its former position and moving in anti-clockwise fashion, tail between the legs, for a short period before finally collapsing exhausted on the soil, emitting pitiful noises. The garden has lost its quality of frozen tranquility as the grass was now moving under the effect produced by a seemingly sudden fresh breeze. I remained disoriented for a bit. And since that time, I have been wondering about the nature of forbidden time travel and inter-dimensional promiscuity. Are we now observed by unknown agencies of a surreal that occupy themselves in conducting highly dangerous experiments of a secret science upon our humbled selves? Are we the product of a delirious mind dreaming about perverted items in a distorted universe? Who knows? The mystery deepens further as I have lately started some reverie about red pens made in China journeying across the vast expanse of a violet sky lost in a banal solar system somewhere in the Milky Way...

## THE FATHER DIES

The father is not lighting the fire for the fuel is missing from its components which are a total of six: allusion, diffusion, smartness, sentiment, crowning and love. The combination of the six would allow for the coming of the light in its immensity. But the fuel is lacking and therefore the fire will remain a potentiality and nothing else. The father walks towards his grave which he has dug for himself, for his mortal coil. He wishes to be interred with all his belongings. The burial would be a duplicate of an Egyptian one. The reason for this is unknown; the motivation remains hidden in the recesses of the father's mind. The father takes the dagger and ends his life. The body falls and now is a corpse.

It is strange but the father's plan won't be fulfilled. Nobody is there to bury the cadaver in its grave and the decomposition will take place outdoors, not under the surface of the earth. Time goes on and the dead body decays. It is fuel for other life-forms. A century passes and a megalopolis is now occupying the place where the father killed himself. And the spot where the self-immolation took place is the exact centre of the megalopolis.

It was a sacrifice that unburdened the world of the meaningful coinciding of a destiny, and that was the birth of the huge city. How long will it last? Nobody knows, as far as we can assess. There is nothing original about the megalopolis. It is like so many on the surface of this planet. The artificial world is spreading and the increase of artificialness implies a break from the workings of a certain kind of consciousness. That sort of awareness may be eclipsed, but it won't disappear, whereas the wits of the megalopolis won't last.

Take off the plug and the machine stops.

That will suffice for today.

## **A MEGALOPOLIS CAN DIE**

The megalopolis will be a ghost in a future soon to come. That nearness is relative. 200 or 300 years are almost nothing compared with 10,000 years. 10,000 years are a drop in the ocean compared with a million years. We could go on like that for a while. Suffice to say that the core of our megalopolis is where the father is buried, and this spot is a monument to the victory of the nation over another country.

That celebration of military triumph engenders its set of illusions that plunge the population in a sweet dream that maintains their happiness and they don't rebel. The powers that be are glad and everyone is satisfied. But totality is impossible for the human race or a country and there are voices of dissent.

These voices of discontent raise their protests and foment disagreements. The consensus is threatened and the megalopolis reacts via oppression and repression. But the discord is here to stay until the dissent turns into a civil war and the megalopolis implodes.

This is one way in which cities and countries can go down the drain. History is full of dead empires, of vanished cities and of lost states. Ghosts haunt the collective mentality, be it conscious and/or unconscious. Signs multiply and the anxiety reaches a crescendo. When you reach the top, then you start to go down.

That will suffice for today.

## **THE SOURCE IS COLD**

The source is cold. The weather may be warm, global warming being the rule, yet it is psychologically or spiritually cold. Gigantic phallus made of concrete, metal and glass; metal cars moving on tarmac; plastic computers reflecting an artificial image of what one would call reality.

The source is cold. The warmth of folks is only superficial, for deep within lies the freezing climate of fear and loneliness. The human desert is made of great multitudes. The togetherness of the crowd is only a gathering of bodies. The togetherness is mental and that can be good as well as bad. It's whether one likes Woodstock or Nuremberg or football, American and European.

But the togetherness of mobs and crowds is transitory unlike the collectiveness of Buddhist monks and nuns sharing at least a degree of serenity in a world running towards global disaster, and the cold technology won't alleviate the troubles but more than likely augment them.

And the coldness persists though it won't last, just as the terrible winters of World War 2 didn't last.

That will suffice for today.

## **ANGER**

Wherever I go, anger is following me and eating and killing me, reinforcing my egocentric separation from the whole and all I have left is tiredness.

Why can't I seem to get rid of anger? Why is anger my curse? My willpower seems weak and powerless to do anything to fight against anger.

Do I put myself in situations which bring about anger within me? Or is all this part of God's plan to further the evolution of the Universe?

If so, then I don't know if I can carry on with this anger, which could lead me to hell if I let it take over, for the sense of separation is strengthened whenever rage seethes within me.

I wish I could feel love and forgiveness instead of this constant ire.

Holy Presence, help me to control this rage and don't let me be devoured by it.

That will suffice for today.