

**What I am about to tell you is a unique story.
The pieces were there to see for anyone and to be picked up.
But no one did.**

The Bold Truth.

**But it was already history before I accomplish it.
If you are interested, this story is for you.**

Special thanks to Jane Alexandra Maria Louise Sigrid Emerntia

THE COMMENSURATE AXIOMATIC METAMORPHOSE

Or proportional change in the self-evident truth alongside matters shape

Prologue

On the stairs to the gate I stopped a last time to check out my uniform. A last touch and then I was ready to enter the royal castle. The ceremonial uniform is different from the ordinary one. The pants are all white with a heel strap to stretch them and the jacket is red with golden side ribbons and buttons. I look really sharp with my gloves and the white patrol helmet. My shoes only needed dusting, they are made of the same material as the control panel on our flying patrol units and never wear out the shine. As I entered the gate, I bowed my head to the guards, laid my hand on the visitor registration board and went through our entrance. On the flights up to the reception my thoughts went back to yesterday when our King came to my house. He was calling my name while going around to my back yard. He always does that, respectful as he is. He took a chair and sat down beside my hammock where I rested and just started to shoot the breeze with me. I was exhausted from my yard work and had to pay attention so I would not fall down. We were talking about city planning, the latest

game our team had in the stellar league, social rumors etc. We had a couple of huzzbuzz. That is the name of my own drink. The recipe is simple, 9/10 moonshine and 1/10 dark soda. Until he was about to leave I thought it was just a social visit. He was walking down my brick path surrounded by my newly planted tropical plants and turned around. He asked me if I could make it to the counselors meeting tomorrow. Every time guards attend to those meetings we have to wear full parade uniform. I never miss an opportunity to wear my parade uniform.

” Sure, I will be honored to.” I said. I did not know what was waiting for me.

At the secretariat I was told to wait with the other guards until further notice. I walked over to our post and saw that all eight chairs were taken, except for the one closest to the door leading in to the office room. The well groomed patrol where all familiar faces to me. Michael was there, an excellent soldier, and the best fencing swordsman and athlete around. He always had a smile on his face, a really funny guy with a lot of stuff in his department of worthless knowledge. Then there were the two brothers from the Lorien family. They have been governing the upper sector since the beginning a long time tradition you might say. Both Kolchak and Lupine have had the best teacher in their system in both defense and attack sports and carry their inheriting with grace. Heimi, Muar and Brouhad were with me on the last two assignments. We kicked some butt on one of the newest colonies. Since we were the only ones left on the duty list with the required experience and accountability we had to sign on. But as usual we straightened things out. Our way of scanning for opportunity together is really synchronized. We were awesome. In the chair next to me sat Eihmon. He is the most charismatic person in our entire platoon. There is nothing known in electronic engineering, nuclear and plasma physics or dimensional navigation that he does not know about. If there were anything it would not be worth knowing. As I sat down beside him he slapped me on my shoulder and asked me about life. He likes simple small talk. The door opened and our ruler called us in to the meeting room. Actually it is an enormous wing in the upper castle where all decisions are made. We all walked in and took our places along the green marble wall. The sun was reflecting its shine in the black stone floor. Two of the twenty windows that reached from the floor to the ceiling, on the opposite wall, had its green velvet curtains apart. The other strong light was above the giant conference table. It shone only on the table's surface and not on the attending members. It also made it a calm and serious atmosphere. The issues were discussed among the cabinet members until united decisions were made. The meeting went along as any other day at the office you might say until it was time for the last subject on the agenda. The lights went off and the hologram came to life. First we all watched the information closely. It was from some remote place we had never seen before. The inhabitants were extremely primitive even though they were accomplished in some basic technical mechanics and electronic instruments. If they ever had heard of the spiritual dimensional laws, they surely did not act like they did. After the audio translation finished the introduction of the interception by our outer long scanners, we all just stared at the hologram with horror and our chins dropped...

We all know what has to be done. A courier has to be sent over there for participation to make the opening for our intervention. Our King reached my mind and senses, that's was when I understood why he called me to this meeting. I slowly looked around among my friends. They were all looking down with sadly bowed heads, as well as the cabinet members. This was an impossible task... As I stood up and looked straight ahead I volunteered.

First chapter

Outside Warsaw in December 1984

I slowly came to my senses and felt my heavy liquor filled body ache. My brain was touching my skull everywhere in my head. Like a pumped up balloon with nowhere to go. It started to hurt with every pulse beat. My lips where dry and sticky as well as my mouth, it tasted like wrestler's pants. Then I open my eyelids slowly and saw a pink flaked ceiling. My eyes walked around the faded white walls in the room. There were no pictures, just stains. I fought the gravitation with a grunt and sat up in my bed. I looked around the room slowly, while my pupils got synchronized. The simple furniture and interior could be from any century except for the little square worn out rug in the middle of the floor. Its knots where definitely from an early industrial machine with mid European design. I looked out through the window and saw... several big hogs poking around in the frozen dirt. There was no sign of utility poles, or other civilized landmarks. For a tenth of a second my chest cramped and instantly cold sweat entered the pours in my forehead. Where am I...? That woke me up all right! I was behind the Iron curtain as a citizen from the kingdom of Sweden. I left Scandinavia with a cul-de-sac track in the computer records. The Polish embassy and the custom in Copenhagen's ferry terminal were the last to process my legitimate passport. I was probably the first financial thief that fled behind the Iron curtain, instead of to the sunny Mediterranean. I would have a "stolen" passport waiting for me once I arrived in Berlin. It was actually my own that I could not find in the attic and therefore had to require a new one. That was my story to the officials. This would take me out of Eastern Europe and entering the West as non-existent. But for now I was an ordinary tourist, so I better get a grip on myself and stop boozing around anymore. Especially now, because I left Sweden accusing the Swedish Prime Minister of hostile activities towards the nation by filing and signing a complaint at the Department of Justice. I had facts only an insider could have known about him, and therefore I needed to be erased to get the Interpol (International Police co-operation Organization) off my back so I could continue my mission. When I stood up from my bed I had to side step to prevent from falling. I opened my suitcase and dug around for my soap and shampoo. The only time I speak Japanese is when I take a cold shower.

It sounds like a medieval warlord in close combat. But now was the time for all the Asian language at the same time. Oh boy! At the reception I was told that hotel George was 20 kilometers outside Warsaw's city limits. I asked the clerk for a taxi and he said that it would take about forty minutes to arrive. This gave me plenty of time for a breakfast with strong coffee. When I asked for a second run through the brewer the waitress looked and evaluated me. Her thoughts will remain unraveled. Even though I shaved, I was looking like a mummy with hollow eyes. The few other guests in the restaurant were not here to observe me, my inner scanning told me so. That meant that I lost the people that were waiting to tailgating me from the ferry terminal in Swinoujscie.

Daniel Fortesque 1 – Earthly Resources 0.

On the sea journey over to Poland I spent most of my time at a window table in the upper cocktail lounge. It was crowded with Christmas shoppers who planned to buy the upper shelves in the tax-free store once we were out on international water. To get by the custom back in Copenhagen with the illegal ration was another story. All amateur smugglers think that they are invincible with their large bags. The dance floors were crowded with well-dressed couples swinging to the four-piece band that played romantic tunes. All the waitresses where dressed for the holiday in red shirts and green pants and were busy swarming around the tables. It was a pleasant atmosphere, with soft matching pastel colors on walls, carpet and furniture that would please any restaurant manager. A perfect place for someone who thinks calories tastes better than vitamins. I was still working on my Buddha building and it fit right in. From my window I could see the full moon reflecting its silver rays on the calm Baltic Sea outside. After I finished my entrée a man in his mid-thirties was shown to my table by the host. He was wearing a tanned three-piece suit with a miserable tie. The unpolished shoes confirmed that he was not used to this fashion. We greeted each other politely and started with small talk in English. During the main course he carefully avoided drinking too much wine and snaps, I did not. At the end of the meal he was steering the conversation slowly to government and politics. He was like a mouse walking around a bowl of warm food waiting for it to cool down. Then, while forking down the last vegetables, he said:

”A country needs a government, even if it is a bad one.”

My sensors were alerted, as he gave himself away. There was no detour in the conversation that had opened a door for his statement. This raised my suspicion because Interpol had me followed with so much effort, that they would not interrupt my pace. When they have fragments of information, they start to see the whole picture even if there is not any. They are just like police anywhere I guess. I would now become the cat toying with the mouse. I shuffled my intellectual cards and randomly gave him lines to decode. It is needless to mention that I was enjoying myself now. I kept ordering more wine while he was listening intensely with big eyeballs. I had to bite my tongue several times, preventing me from smiling big time. We both had ice cream for dessert with coffee and cognac. That was when I started to explain to him what it is all about. He was humming and nodding to me, careful not to interrupt me and possibly have me change the subject. When he left me after midnight he was

baffled and did not notice that he was still wearing the napkin as a bib. I put on a great smile, lit up my stogie and toasted to the Christmas spirit. I remembered the last words from my commander in the teleport room just before I was entering my body for the second time.

” If you can't dazzle them with brilliance, baffle them with bullshit.”

Across from the ferry terminal in Swinoujscie is the train station and all passengers were walking like lemmings towards it. Most of them aiming for the cafeteria were they would wait for their return to Copenhagen at 11.00. I continued with a few others to the ticket clerk for the train trip to Warsaw. I booked an eight-person compartment and paid with US dollars, which made the clerk very happy. He could now exchange these bills into a month's salary of profit on the black market. He showed me his gratitude by pointing with his pen at the very bottom of the chart, before writing down the ticket number. They booked the reservations from the top, which obviously meant I would have the compartment for myself most of the journey. My suitcase had wheels on one bottom with a lifting rod in the other upper end. It was green and very chic. I was rolling down from the station building towards the five open tracks to select my train. My sensors were working on full capacity and pinpointed three men in casual clothes. No one had a haircut for at least eight weeks, so they were most likely vice-officers with good street training. They entered the train to Warsaw with me but several cars away from me on both sides. My reputation preceded me again. They would not leave an opportunity for me to get away. Well, it was a twelve-hour trip, so there was plenty of time to think. I did not bring any particular accessories to change my appearance with, my skills and instincts were enough. I passed several commuters busy with their books and newspapers on the way to my compartment. When I got in there, I pulled the curtains together to shield me off from the corridor. I unpacked and picked up a bottle of Ballantine and placed it on the window table. I then filled my genuine whiskey glass and started to play George Benson on the tape recorder while snapping my fingers and tapping my toes. Life was good. The train started its unmerciful squeaks and rolled out slowly from the station. It switched to the main track after a quarter of a kilometer and started to open the throttle. The dull suburbs with its ugly gray concrete shoeboxes for houses were flying by as the speed increased. Soon the scenario switched to the countryside with its fields and forest. I heard two fast knocks on the door and the conductor, in his early twenties open the door and asked for the ticket. I had it in my chest pocket and gave it to him. He punched a hole through it and left, closing the door behind him. Blue skies over the winter landscape and whiskey in my glass made me start to whistle to the music. After we left the next station there was a knock again on the door and the conductor entered. He started to point at my luggage while babbling in Polish. I picked up the word ”extra ” and figured that he did not want more money for the luggage, he wanted some whiskey. I finished my glass, poured him a generous one and handed it over to him. He sat down on the couch and quietly finished his rare drink, probably thanking several saints too. He nodded several times and left my compartment again. After a few stops along the track at some remote towns with a lot of w-y and z's in their name, my bottle turned dry. The new conductor must have seen my new bottle

standing in the window, for he turned up just after the exchange along with all six colleges. I handed over the bottle and they passed it around, moderately filling their own glasses that they had brought with them. We enjoyed ourselves talking in poor English. The door open and the head conductor, with a lot of stripes on his uniform, came in. The other young conductors turned pale instantly. I poured a stiff drink and quickly handed it over to the elderly officer to save the situation. He gestured to the others to sit down again and started carefully to sip on his own drink. Their conversation was limping. The tune "Broadway" started to play on my tape recorder and that lightened up the spirits a little bit. They started to collect matches and gave them to the conductor of my car. He held them hidden in his hand except for the very phosphorus top. Then they all picked one match and the one with the shortest match left the compartment, closing the curtains and the door behind him carefully. I poured a new round for the boys and their captain while George Benson played another awesome tune. The fellow came back with four domestic vodka bottles and then we started some serious drinking. It was now dark outside and some sporadic streetlights flashed by the window. The reflections in the window with conductors drinking with me, brought me back to the reality waiting for me at the Warsaw Grand Station. It was now 18.45 and we were scheduled to arrive at 22.15. This gave me more than three hours to figure something out to dodge the other three passengers that were assigned to shadow me. As well as their co-workers who undoubtedly were waiting to release them in Warsaw with cars, walkie-talkie and what not. Liquor is one of my best friends, and this time it was a lifesaver. Nothing binds strangers together like a good bottle of liquor. So here I had some allied friends not knowing anything about my whereabouts. It would be easy to improvise in a busy train station, with the conductors as helpers. Right on! When the train started to slow down to stop at the next station, they all left, bowing and leaving the last half-filled bottle for me to enjoy. Now it was less than fifteen minutes to Warsaw Grand Station, so I started to pack down what was left of the party. I strapped the tape recorder around my shoulder and open the doors to look out in the corridor. It was empty to my great relief. I took my suitcase and quickly headed for the nearest end of the car. The corridor turns there giving away space for the toilet which I had to visit a dozen times during the journey. I sat down my suitcase on the bridge connection between the cars and hid myself in there as much as possible. While standing there listening to the wheels passes the rail couplers in the characteristic monotone rhythm, I sobered up a little bit, enough to get my balance in order. I felt the train switching between tracks, as we entered the Warsaw Grand Station, and said to myself – Daniel Fortesque here you go again. I started to look around both sides of the track as we came to a stop, thinking that now is the time to make my move. That was when the grateful conductor came to my rescue. I started to explain in broken Polish, that a bad woman was waiting for me with her brothers at the ramp. I put on my most pleading look and he immediately saw my desperation. With his perception, he opened the opposite door and followed me down to the tracks. Across the other track just five meters away was another train. With his passkey he opened the door to the other train. The door glided apart and I threw in my luggage and climbed up in to the floor. It turned out to be a suburb express train for commuters. There were just a few people sitting in the other end of

the compartment and nobody paid any attention to us. While lying on my knees I turned over and thanked the conductor. He shook my hand, smiled and said:

” No problem.”

He then closed the door and went back to his train. I stood up and quickly seated myself between two windows in the open metro car and leaned towards the wall so nobody from the other train could see me. At that moment the train started to move. I said to myself - This was so smooth, man, you have the force with you all the way. Dressed in my black beret and a green tweed sports jacket along with blue slacks pants I looked like an officer returning back home from service. I put my gloves in my pockets because they were too expensive for Polish standards and my suitcase in front of me to hide my shoes which also were too fancy. This train had weaker shocks and bounced back and forth allowing no one to get a catnap, a very typical metro train. After four minutes it came to a stop and the slide doors opened. Nobody entered the train, so I was safe. The secret police had not predicted this move, since they believed I did not know that I was followed. They think they were smooth operators. I could see the officer responsible for this operation getting his butt chewed by some red faced top brass screaming at him. The poor fellow just trying to do his job while a ton of bricks just landed on his shoulders. Well, I better get a few more stations between them and me. So I calmed myself down and let my blood pressure go down. The buzz sneaked in and I became very calm, almost numb. The last twelve hours had been very wet. We passed three more stations within fifteen minutes. I thought that by now they had alerted extra manpower and mobile units. So it was time to leave the train.

At the next stop I stood by the door and waited for everybody that got off this station to start walking to the exit, so nobody would see my chic suitcase and me. As I walked down the ramp towards the ticket booth I saw, to my relief, that it was empty. In case there would be any inquiry along this route, I would not be given away. That was so cool. When I reached the street I quickly crossed it and went in between the houses. It was a big development, poorly lighted up, so I walk down the path like a shadow. Then it started to snow again which made me happy as a clam in tide water. For every step I took, I got further away from the heat, leaving cold covered tracks behind me. The snow has a tendency to make it quiet and there was no traffic around. My squeaking footsteps were the only noise that broke the silence. The high alcohol level in my blood made my walk fluid. After a few kilometers in the suburbs, I ran into a tavern that had a cab parked outside. I knocked on the window and the sleepy driver looked up. I showed him some US Dollars and he instantly climbed out and took care of my luggage. You never see capitalism working so good as in a communist country. Talk about controversies. Well, I seated myself in the back and said:

” Polskie hotel.”

He nodded and drove off. If the cab company were questioned, there would not be any fare from a train station or close by. My training is still paying off. We were driving away from the city on to country roads, as I anticipated. I hoped I did not tempt him to try something with my dollar bills and me. When the seventh accordion tune faded on the radio, we came to a hotel along the deserted country road and the chauffeur pulled over. I gave him fifteen dollars and he seriously nodded and thanked me. While I was

still struggling, trying to get out from the car, he had already got my suitcase and offered an arm to rescue me. I gave him another five dollars and gestured that he should help me book a room. So we went through the front door into the lobby, where everything was in orange colors. Now, that is both poor and tasteless I thought. It suited me just fine. The cab driver started to talk to the night clerk, while holding on to me. She looked over to me several times, which made me wonder what excuse he made up. I pulled up a twenty-dollar bill and looked at her. She took it, while handing me a key with the other hand. The driver let me go of my arm and I bowed and started wiggling up the stairs. No receipt, no name and a happy night clerk. What a great combination. When I think about it, I am surprised that I found my room and manage to open up the door. So here I was at hotel George, incognito and a step ahead of the security police who were looking for me all over the map.

Second chapter

The Second Death

So now I needed to contact the man who would perform my disappearance. I met the Polish surgeon in the cocktail lounge of one of the most exclusive restaurants in Copenhagen. It was a warm summer night in 1983. We happened to be sitting beside each other in the bar and came to discuss the different methods of transplantation and the doubtful benefit of having an operation in countries with hard-inflated currency. I collect funny stories and love the ones from Eastern Europe. I told him a few and he gladly told me most of his jokes. We had a ball that evening. He gave me his card and told me to see him if I ever visit the east European countries. Since I lived across the strait in Sweden, I always took the ferries over to enjoy the Danish hospitality whenever I could. The beautiful harbor with the famous mermaid watching over the seamen always got me in the right mood, on top of a delicious meal from the ferry restaurant. On this special occasion I needed to get out of my life, for the moment, because of the monitoring of me through the Swedish television. My name was never mentioned, nor was my picture shown, except for the first or second time maybe. This had been going on for years and had now reached its crescendo. They made a clown out of me. I guess they needed one since imbeciles are easy to entertain and are afraid of the great unknown as well.

It started in November 1981. I had turned myself in to the Belgium police in a remote village where the deputies are playing with the office equipment skillfully. I told them that I was a fugitive and gave up now. I had made myself wanted for fraud in Sweden as well as appearing on the Interpols wanted list, just in case it was of interest for my mission to have some official channels acknowledge me. Then they

locked me up after standard booking procedure in their holding cell. Which were very clean, not many crimes in that county. The very same evening I was sitting in front of an employee from the Belgium justice department. They were anxious to get rid of me from their jurisdiction all right. The next day I was transported to an overcrowded penitentiary with a strange traveling companion. He was not bright either. This was an insult to me that they could not prevent, since he was just another agent from the top of their training list. Well, I had a home now for the next couple of days with free food and books to read. Sometimes I cannot help myself from taking advantage of a funny situation. It came when I was escorted in a transportation van to the airport for the deportation. The two officers in the front discovered that my passport was missing among their papers and had to go back to the prison for it. I told them that I had another one in my suitcase behind the fabric. This was true, but they looked at each other, ignored me and turned the van around. We went back to the prison in high speed without any conversation at all.

When I landed at Stockholm's international airport there were two grumpy looking civilian police officers standing in attention and waiting for me by the aircraft's exit door to escort me. I was told to remain seated until everybody had left the airplane by the pretty stewardess. She had tried to be really nice to me during the flight too but my situation made it impossible for me to ask her for a date. The compartment got cleared out and I started to walk to the exit, when the taller one of them said:

" Daniel Fortesque, please follow us this way."

We walked quickly through the corridors up to the custom terminal and passed all of the other passengers that stood in line waiting to be processed. I handed over my passport to the customs officer in the booth. He flipped over the pages without looking down and handed it back to me. That tells you clearly that you are expected. My escort took me to the combined police and custom office in the main building. The interrogation room was a room just behind the security desk and had a big computer on the counter. The two officers watched me take a seat in front of the counter there and left. A few minutes later a relaxed middle age man, in a sloppy uniform, came in and sat down by the computer. It was probably on line, with most databases of importance, as well as Interpol's network. He confirmed my name and social number, entered the data and said after a minute that I did not exist in the data system. I asked him calmly if he would be so kind and try again. He did so and the same result came up again. So he told me that I was free to go and left the room. I did not bother to go around and look at the screen or try the data processing on my own. When I walked out and entered the main terminal floor I decided to hitchhike on the highway instead of looking for a lift at the airport. The walls there seemed to laugh at me.

The cab had arrived to hotel George and I was informed about it in the restaurant. I paid for my coffee and took my luggage and left. I showed the business card to the cab driver, took a seat in the back, and pulled down my barrette to pretend to take a nap. He took the hint and did not try to make conversation with me. No talk from me at all, so far so good. No foreigner to report in to the dispatcher. Back at the

hotel I found a map in the phone book and discovered that the address of the surgeon was on the other side of Warsaw. I did not bother to call Mr. Koblinsky from the hotel, merely of precaution. I just had to take a chance, as I had many times before and go over there. So we most likely have to pass through the civic center. And so we did. It was busy time for traffic and there were thousands of commuter's running back and forth dodging the light rail cars in their bulky winter clothes. It had not change since the last time I was here, before the mission started. Taking a nap in a back seat of a cab could raise some eyebrows among those who were looking for me. But as they say in America - "No guts, no glory". We entered a fashionable suburb with large homes. I calmed down and straightened myself up. The cab driver was fully occupied listening to the Top Ten accordion countdowns on the radio, so I had a chance to do a little sightseeing. The cab came to a stop in front of a mansion with a wide shoveled driveway. Even though it was winter, you could tell that their gardens were beautiful in the summer time. To do your own landscaping is truly one of life's greatest satisfactions. Those who cannot get any satisfaction are probably listening to the Rolling Stones too much. At the hotel I had to change some currency and now paid the driver 655 Zloty plus 40 in tip. It was not considered too cheap for a normal fare and it kept me in a low profile as well. I did not want him to wait for me either because of language difficulties and a specific address as well. I took my suitcase and started to walk up the driveway to the brown stone house. It was a two-story house with a lot of windows and heavy curtains. To my great relief, I saw several rooms with lights on and a red Polonia outside the garage. It is actually a French Renault 12 built in Poland on license. I walked up the five stairs to the porch, sat down my luggage and knocked on the door. Thoughts went through my head once more about my situation. I speculated over it and was convinced what to do and what to say. I collected myself and the big front door opened up slowly with a Dracula type squeak. And there was Mr. Koblinsky in his smoking robe with morning slippers and big pipe, smoldering, standing quiet and staring. He then recognized me with a big smile. "Welcome in, how nice of you to come and see me, I am really pleased." He said. I went in with my luggage wheels in landing position and he closed the door behind me.

"I was just in the neighborhood with your card in my pocket. I hope I am not coming at an inconvenient moment." I said with some faked honesty, because a lot was riding on this meeting.

"Of course not, how can you think that? I hope you have some time to stay here with my family and me. Don't disappoint me now." he said, with his index finger circling around in the air. My astral body raised its right knee, tighten the right fist in the air, and said between clenched teeth: Yes !

The days seemed to wander of quickly in his family's company. His wife was a tall slender woman with long hazelnut brown hair. She was a piano teacher and played works from Chopin and Mozart for us. It was very entertaining. His son Janosh was a bright engineer student at the University of Warsaw. Janosh was a humble young man, with a witty sense of humor. The kind I like, so we were getting along really good. We had a large traditional Christmas dinner every day. Most of the delicious

appetizers were made by Mrs. Koblinsky from the harvest in the garden of their summer house. The cigars I brought from the ferry's tax-free shop were not bad either. It matched the flavor of the cognacs we had after every meal. We were enjoying ourselves with laughter and had a great time talking about everything. Since I was not in a hurry, I took this visit as a well-earned vacation with an in-built sightseeing. His house was a little museum in itself too full of books, pictures, small statues etc. I got a big history lesson to remember. Most of the ones I had in school I slept through, so there was a gap to fill. When you entered east Europe you pay a certain amount of money per day for the visa. I had paid for a two-week visit and one was gone now. Time for action and the secret police had not given up for sure. The only thing they can do is to keep looking for me. I calculated on that.

My plan had worked out just fine and dandy. The official Christmas shopping started the fourth Sunday before Christmas in Scandinavia with what is called "Skylt Sondag", which means window shopping. All shop and boutiques have something funny going on in their shopping window. Like a toy train going around carrying items from the shelves. There are dogs wagging their wooden tails against the window, elves and snowmen moving up and down and so forth. The streets are like a giant fair ground with candy vendors and lottery shacks mixed with carnival attractions. Everybody is strolling around in every city that day taking time to enjoy themselves with their kids in a slow pace. It is very nice. And the traditional "Smorgasbords" are lined up in every hotel and restaurant with yumminess and goodies. From there on the shop madness starts. This is where I melted in with my check fraud. I had a friend with a Plymouth Valiant, a small American sedan driving me around to every post office in the south of the Kingdom of Sweden. The limit starts at 200 Kronor for credit control on checks. So I wrote checks for 170 Kronor in cash and 10 Kronor in donation to the World Wildlife Foundation. They got a lot of donations that week and I got a lot of cash. The way it should go one day I thought. The day I ran out of the checks that I had, I ended up with 17.000 Kronor which was about 180 month's salary in Polish currency.

After I told Mr. Koblinsky most of the truth, we made a financial agreement for expenses to help me. I checked in to a large hotel in Warsaw, The Forum, they would make a note of my passport number in their record. All of a sudden I had surfaced for the police to find me again. My suitcase would be searched for sure, so no money there, just the clothes. I spent the evening in the hotel cocktail lounge talking to the other tourists and being very ordinary. That night nobody from the police force dared to sit close to me. They were too astonished to even push forward a female undercover officer. The next morning I hauled down my luggage from my window to the back alley where Mr. Koblinsky was waiting in his red Polonia. I made marks on the door with my pocketknife and left the hotel without returning the key to the front desk. I walked around the downtown shopping center most of the morning. I bought a souvenir here and there and counted seven officers in civilian clothes with major looks of concern on their faces. I could understand that, being away from surveillance and all for a week. One of the nearest intersections to the hospital where

Mr. Koblinsky worked we had arranged for my accident. Armed with chicken blood in a plastic bag I walked out in front of a car that Janosh, Mr. Koblinsky's son drove in slow speed. I bounced around like dice on a crap table and landed on my butt. Some blood in my face and a broken ass looked real. So I just had to whine a little bit to make it look authentic. Janosh helped me up and held me while I was limping back to the car for everyone to see. He drove me to the hospital were Mr. Koblinsky was waiting. He made a dramatic act in the surgery emergency hall by telling the nurses to go and get drugs other major equipment. He was saying I had severe internal bleeding ! We quickly installed the little gizmo that Janosh had made for the occasion. It made the heart beat machines curves disappear in to a flat line exactly as if you were dead. So now I became history in all the paperwork. Now I am a tourist with only a hotel key to a robbed hotel suite, without any trace, except for the passport number in the front desk computer. That would be reported to Interpols head office and forward to the Swedish authorities. It was a little bit spooky lying underneath the white sheet that covered my body. I was rocking around while the funeral van was taking me to be cremated. That was another error in the paper mill. Now there was nobody to go with the report about my death... We came to stop in Konin town, 170 kilometers west of Warsaw. The drivers came around and open the back door for me. One of them took my suitcase and sat it down on the sidewalk. " Good luck to you." He said and closed the door. We shook hands and he went back in to his driver seat, started up and drove off. I walked over the street in to the train station. I study the time chart and saw that I only needed to wait 15 minutes for the westbound train to West Berlin to arrive. Mr.Koblinsky was a good organizer in every aspect. My ticket in first class was purchased totally incognito, via a tourist bureau in Warsaw three days earlier. There were plenty of empty benches in the waiting hall. I sat down by myself with a polish newspaper next to me. I brought it with me to my compartment so I could shield off myself if someone wanted to talk to me. But I spent most of my journey in the club car. The Polish border control just needed to see that my polish visa stamps were not outdated. Since we were not stopping in East Germany there was no need for official involvement from the East German custom, they just looked around. My passport number did not match any on their searching list anyhow. The police themselves had removed it. Dead men do not travel.

Third chapter

Bright Times Big Times

Here I was, in diesel fumes and neon lights. West Berlin was a relief to see after being in the bad illuminated east with its 86 octane gasoline. At the train station I looked up from the phone book a little bed & breakfast hotel in down town and called

them. They had a room available and only ten minutes' walk from Bahnhof Zoo. That is the name of the station where I was. Not so much because of the punks hanging out there but because the city's zoo garden nearby. It could fool anybody though. I left the train station and started to walk towards Tauentzienstrasse. The traffic noise from the Mercedes and BMW's was like jingle bells in my ears. New Year was just two days away and the 10-meter wide sidewalks were all loaded. The shopping madness had not wound down yet. I lit up a cigar and did my own window-shopping. Gees, so much stuff we have that they do not have back in east Europe. Life styles both want but only west had. But most strangely, 'the spiritual dimensional laws', was not included in either wish...? It is like eating from the tree of knowledge without sense. After passing the big opened plaza at Europa Center, I came to the address of the hotel at Breitscheidstrasse. It was a regular six floor family house made of brick stone with a five-step entrance, only three blocks away from the main street Kurfurstendammstrasse. On the second floor the door to the right was the hotel. I rang and after a minute an old lady with coke bottle glasses opened the door. "Herr Fortesque?" She asked. "Ja, mein Frau." I said.

I then walked in as she gestured to do so. It must be a very generous apartment with a long hallway once that made this twelve room establishment with a large breakfast room too. I filled out the guest book as a traveler from Zurich since I speak German a little bit slow as they do in Switzerland. They do that up in the Alps you know. I was never questioned after that, the lie worked. But as a new non-existent citizen I let this little untruthful incident pass my spotless conscience...

I booked a table at a large restaurant to celebrate the New Year. Equipped with a big nose, a rented black tuxedo and a paper hat I kicked away 1984. The year of the frightening novel written by H.G. Wells was over. I was dancing and waltzing with lovely women in gowns and enjoy myself bringing in the 1985. January is a slow month in every aspect. Most people are broke after the holidays but the nightlife in Berlin did not suffer. That was where I hang out. I spent a few hours every evening by the TV in the breakfast room before I went out. The owner's wiener dog "Graf" started to like me as we spend time together. And that melted the old lady's heart. She said to me at the breakfast table one morning in the third week of January, that if I was going to stay a lot longer I could use one of her children's apartments. Right on. So I moved to Pestalozzistrasse in Charlottenburg. A very nice part of central Berlin, just two subway stops from Bahnhof Zoo. The apartment had two large rooms, the living room with green wallpaper, two brown couches and a black/white TV and the bedroom had a king-size bed. The kitchen was fully equipped with toaster and everything. Here was my sanctuary to wait for the springtime. I had to give the slow bureaucrats a chance to erase me.

The key that opened the gate door towards the street was a special one. It had the actual look bend in both ends. You opened the gate, pushed the key through the lock, and looked the gate again from the inside, a special patent from a local locksmith. I had time to reflect over my situation in Berlin. Every day I took the "U-bahn", that is

the subway, to different museums, monuments, parks etc. I saw more of Berlin than the Berliners did themselves and inhaled the thick fog from centuries of European history. They made a song of it called "Berliner Luft". Some people call waltz music sound pollution and nutty. But I love it. What speaks against my case is that I love bagpipes too. My thoughts were circling around my missions procedure and future action. The call to enter in symbiosis with my terrestrial body was made for me when I was scheduled for a minor operation to remove a cyst in my back 1980. That was the first time I died.

The only thing I saw was the light boxes in the ceiling passing by. Two nurses moved my bed from my room to the elevator. I was comfortably numb by medicine and did not have any resist or regrets in my system. The chemical composition was in order. It was in early November, just a little bit longer than a year after the election night 1979. I was at that time in Stockholm for interviewing politicians about what their thought of my poetry book. I would later try to print it in a rented print shop. In the evening of the election day I had the socialist party left to visit. They were located outside Stockholm in their own indoctrination camp. When I arrived in the cab I saw that the building was red, I was not surprised. I walked in and asked if there was a parliament member that would have a couple of minutes for an interview. "Yes, let me see if I can get someone for you, sir." said the receptionist. I had figured out that the only day in between elections (36 months) is the actual election night, that any parliamentarian Freud-Darwinist has time over for the average "little man". All 146 of parliamentarian were coming out plus the rest of the soirée. First I was overwhelmed of the interest but it showed to be a bomb threat. Within minutes the police and broadcast crews were on the location. The police did more to calming down the crowd than investigate the treat. Sweden is like Europe's cousin from the back woods. Naive, dumb and innocent so nobody took the treat seriously in this duck pond. It probably was some kids that let the socialists leave their catered food and their convenience by making a prank phone joke. I eavesdropped on some policemen and learned that the phone treat was traced outside Stockholm's area code without any further trace. There was not much they could do than evacuate the party members and start searching for a bomb. I had not got my interview yet so I climbed onboard on of the buses that would escort the elite to their penthouse office in down town. I presented me as a free-lance journalist and got away with it even as I was dressed in a blue velvet jacket and a gray Mickey Mouse college shirt. I had my tape recorder and the script for my book in a blue shoulder bag made of plastic and did not looked like a pro what so ever. This was the poem in my book I would ask them to read and then give any comments too:

*Once in Persia lived a king
Who upon his signet ring
Gave a magnum true and wise
Which if held before the eyes
Gave him courage at a glance
Fit for any charge or chance*

*Solemn words and this are they
Even this would pass away*

*Trains of camels through the sand
Brought him gems from Sacarahm
Galley of ships through outs the seas
Brought him gems to match with these
But he counted not his gain
Fortune of the mine or main
" What is wealth ? " the king would say
Even this would pass away*

*At the zenith of his sport
In the revel of his court
When the palms of all his guests
Would burn with clapping at his guest
When he amiss his fix and wine
Would cry " Oh loving friend of mine "
Pleasures come but none to stay
Even this would pass away*

*Once upon a battle field
An enemy javelin pierced his shield
Soldiers in loud lament
Bore him bleeding to his tent
Crying out from his torture side
" Pain is hard to bare ", he cried
But with patience day by day
Even this would pass away*

*Towering in the public square
Twenty cubic in the air
Rose his statue made of stone
Then the king disguised and unknown
Would look upon his sculpture name
Wondering meekly what is fame
Fame is but a slow decay
Even this would pass away*

*" Struck with palsy sere and old.
Standing at the gate of gold. "
Said the king with dying breath
" Life is done but what is death. "
Then in answer to the king*

*A morning sunbeam struck his ring
Faded by a heavenly ray
Even this will pass away*

On the ride in to town I was eavesdropping again. This time to one of the parliamentarian Big Dog's who were talking beside me. I was sitting in the very back of the buss up against the window to hide my college shirt and shoulder bag. He was bragging to his college about what he did earlier that day, which was a lot. During the half an hour bus ride in to town were we all listening to the radio station that broadcast the election. It was a very intense race and even so far between the two blocks. The first news about the bomb treats incident that we just experienced was aired and it got everybody tense especially when our bus had parliamentarian guests from Africa. They were there to witness a democratic society in action and could be the targets. When we stopped at the head office a riot proof path was made by policemen on both sides of the sidewalk, linked in arm chain between the bus and the building. They looked a little bit silly since the streets were deserted. Now was not a good time to stop and start to explain my business, so I just kept on walking. The Secret Service man outside the entrance looked away when I walked by. With the theme music to James Bond it would be just like a Hollywood spy action movie. I went up in the crowded elevator and entered in to the wolf den. After watching the election on TV for a while whit the whole country upset, shaken but not stirred. I started to look for a "victim" to interview. I melted in to the reporter's crowd on sight that was in a hyper tense and all over the heroes that survived the bomb treat. I strolled around watching the free press at work. After midnight the election was still even between the two blocks and the nation had to wait for the final result to the next day. The mailed in voting slips would be counted during the following Monday. So the electricity in the air was gone for the night.

Everybody in Sweden is involved in politics at least a week or two before every election. What no one, I repeat, *no one* had predicted was that the 350 chairs in the parliament could be divided in two even blocks. But if this one would turn out 175 chairs for each block, the stupidity would glow in every citizen's face. So now I needed my final interview before the night is over and was able to catch the Big Dog from the bus alone in the office stairs and took him aside. Since I was innocent I could as well take the blame for the treat to make him take me seriously and listen. Sometimes I get crazy ideas, so what. It was time to get synchronized and I know that after this move my social life would end in this police state and my mission would start. For twenty minutes I poured over him some very good ideas, the opposite of his own. I left him without looking back. I took the rest of the stairs down to the ground floor and got outside the building. I knew now I was a marked man for life and walked slowly down the deserted and well-illuminated street.

On the side table law a rack of scalpels and forceps. The Salvation Army Weapon Depot was ready for me. I thought of our both relives, the socialistic state ultimate revenge by execute me and mine to get to the darker land and start my secret

mission. Now I had to concentrate on empty my mind. An adult mind can travel in weightlessness and make reason based on learned experience. No time/place-based knowledge is necessary, just common sense with the spiritual dimensional laws. As we enter this world in infant stage we have to learn evaluation and to integrate with the surrounding environment. Our experience is hidden, a path must be learned again to walk back on. But to enter back again in to the mortal world in a trained adult body is different. You see, you remember the path. I felt a needle and I fell in to the darker land...I fought the gravitation with a grunt and sat up in my bed. I looked around the room slowly while my pupils got synchronized. Where am I ? Then I heard a 200-decibel icicle scream. That woke me up all right...! It was the nurse in the autopsy room steering at me with a cramped face. Poor girl but they always do that though.

Every morning in my apartment on Pestalozzi strasse I had my routine laid out. After breakfast I rolled a dice game called Yatzy then did some painting with oil on canvas. If I can survive on painting only, I do not need to worry about being poor and without resources (Why do not children learn that in school ?). I sold paintings at the size of postcards for about 175 Mark a piece in frame stores. This was almost a week's salary for a regular job. For lunch I usually went to a small tavern somewhere in one Berlin's suburbs and then went home to watch for my passport to arrive in the mail. One Thursday in February it came. Thanks again to all of you hard working post men around the world. My buddy in Sweden mailed it to me after I had called him. It was already wrapped up inside a white envelope that he held for me. I stopped speculate and started to plan for my mission procedure and future action. Now it was time to challenge the inhibitors and take them for their ride of their life. And they would not have a clue about it either...!! First I had to travel through East Germany on my "stolen" passport and go to a harbor in West. From there I had to decide if my journey was going to be on a ship bound for America. Or returning to Sweden and taking the Jackasses by their horns and drive them into the dirt. Somehow I knew that it would be the latter. I waited for the spring with cherry trees in blossom on Berlin's boulevards and went to a truck stop get my ride to West. Within the first hour I met a Dutch man in a black 18-wheel rig. We started of really good with humor and laughter, which was like harp music for my nerve systems. We had a three-hour ride on the transit highway before the border. Like Checkpoint Charlie in Berlin but 300-meter wide and mowed grass strip. It gives anyone the creeps. The Iron curtain spread out to the horizon on both sides of the road. It was fertilized with land mines and bob-wire surrounding every guard post with soldiers in gray and black uniforms. They were the most faithful ones and too scared or stupid to escape. Not exactly someone you would like to explain to about your stolen passport. The driver and I continue to talk and he poured thermos coffee for us while the passports were processed. Without any problems or delay our passport was returned, he pulled in the first gear and floored the gas pedal. I pulled up some tapes and plugged in rock'n'roll to the tape recorder. We were bobbing heads like a head bangers ball for the rest of the journey. He dropped me of in Bremen-Haven, one of the biggest harbors in Europe. I did not find a ship with in the perimeter that weekend. So I had to go to Scandinavia again, what a drag. Since my favorite country in Europe is Holland, I decide to take some

time there to do the finish polishing of the return. I wanted to be smooth, really smooth. Because I could not enter into the Swedish south borders whatever it would be a harbor or an airport. Every custom officer knows my face and I would not bother with coming in disguise. I am too good for that.

Interlude

But let me first explain something to you. The circumstances after running my mouth to Big Dog was peculiar, to say the least. The police state could not put out a warrant for me based on the phone voice of the bomb treat. They did not have my voice recorded. So they invented a warrant based on drugs. It fitted in on my profile as a confused nut case, made up by the socialist party members and their police force. They were so sure that it was me that made the bomb treat, so they made this case praxis. If I was convicted based on voice comparison the police could place phone bugs without asking a judge for a warrant. It would help them tremendously since it was only 10-15 cases a year they were allowed to do so. So you understand they would go pretty far to get this case closed. They had to follow the law, it was not KGB style yet. Even if a law passed by the parliament 1974, said that the top 5000 state employees were allowed to enforce a search warrant, *even* if there was *no* suspicion or evidence...?

Two cops in civilian clothes came one day knocking on my door and took me to the interrogation cell at the top of the police building. They now had six days to proof if it were my voice recorded on the election night for the bomb treat. That I was in the middle of Stockholm and the treat came outside the area code did not matter. They were sure only they had that information. They held me for nine days without a lawyer, after that they made me sign in to the police station twice a day as a precaution and also withheld my passport. Since then I always had two. And oh boy, did I ever make the headlines or what. The local newspaper and party friendly too, used half a page to enlighten the public about me, the confused artist...!! And if I even left the county the police would put out a warrant. A businessman that fooled the state for 10 million dollar in oil business had only to report to the police twice a week. That gives you a perspective. This was going on for months during the "ongoing investigation". So I could not keep a job because of the sign up that had to be precisely at 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. Now I was in the hands of the welfare state, their state. My case was stalled at the welfare office too, so I never got any money for rent or food. When I insisted on action they said I was ...confused. They were just waiting for me to commit a crime. So I would match their profile of me as a loony. But friends gave me small jobs here and there so I survived with a roof over my head.

You can guess my surprise when I saw on the TV news that the *entire* Swedish parliament was behind a proposition to the European Community to investigate the "drop box" companies in the Switzerland bank vaults. If they could not count for the money in the country where the corporate head office was the money would be beneficial in a large perspective. I had specified that in my conversation with Big Dog, but it was not mentioned in any news broadcast. An old political trick - Keep good ideas outvoted and claim them as your own years later. After four months of holding out the net and waiting for me to fall in to their trap they finally settled with me in court and I was free to go. But I would not have a hassle free future what so ever. They would take every chance, even to exterminate me since I had screwed up their glorious election and told them how vulnerable their system where. To walk on hot coal would be a relief, so I sold my home and bought a car to cruise around Europe with. But the surprises were not over yet.

The first day in May is a holiday dedicated to the working class people. So all the elite of the social party is marching around the country and firing up people. This year they were agitating for a general strike and banging the audience in their head with mumbo jumbo slogans. They were actually capable of closing down the entire country for two weeks, thanks to all the stupid voters. For a minimum wage of...8 ore (1 cent/hour). The strike funds is not counted for in the gross national product (GNP) because it is union money looked up in the socialist party's bankbook. But when a strike occur the money enter the market via aid to union members. So the country actually earns money during a general strike...??..! I had told Big Dog that the union funds could be used for the youth, but what do I know. It is amazing how reptile brains can twist around good advice for their own purpose. I was the very last person to leave the country before the general strike. Alone on the ferry to Denmark with only the crew onboard I looked back and said to myself - Dear Lord have mercy on them.

Later that year I had to get back to Sweden for a minor surgery. It is almost free in a socialistic state, one of few benefits there is and I could not afford one either in another country. So the chance to procedure to erase me went in to progress, I took that for granted. Anyhow, I was able to get a check book account in a bank with a minor credit before I checked in at the hospital. If I committed fraud, there would be a conflict in the system that I could use as a backup to strike back. Dead men do not shop on credit. But so I did, overdraw a lot in restaurants with friends and painted the city red. Then I later went to Belgium to surrender to in a country station where the police officers playing with the office supplies skillfully.

The surgery was schedule early in November 1981. I arrived to the hospital with candy and plastic model kits to be busy with. I know that I would be heading for a long deep journey while under sedation and needed something to do during the recovery. I did not know how long it would be and how tired I would be after my dimensional journey into the purgatory to meet up with my platoon. The pull of my spirit was so strong that I was declared dead on the surgery table and shipped over to the morgue. The wake up there is always interesting. Since the scalpel did not work

for the police state maybe an official whipping post would be showing my face in the media and make up a story for the public to participate in and a general agreement not to mention anything to me. Now, I'm in tune with space vibes so I know what to expect before I returned from the Belgium penitentiary as a non-existing alien. Idiots are so easy to entertain. This fact was probably the foundation for a French Prime Minister that said that Sweden is the easiest country in the world to rule.... It takes more than 8 million people to defeat me. I had them in the sack!

This was their ultimate move and I just had to ride out the storm at any cost to open for our interception. Imagine the silence that suddenly occurred when I entered a local bus or a restaurant etc. Strangers avoiding me on the streets and in the shopping malls. Or when I was out doing pub hopping on Saturday nights and crowds looking at me with sadness - Oh, he has been drinking. To my surprise they all manage to keep the social doors locked.

One funny incident I remember was in the winter of 1982. I visit some friends and a friend of a friend showed up. He looked like the big tall burglar in Walt Disney's animated - Pongo and the 101 Dalmatians and offered me to give a ride home in his stolen car that was loaded with stolen car stereos, watches, TV's etc. We were stopped by a sting operation in the city and the dude turned pale after giving the police officer his driver license and my ID card. Sweating bullets under his knitted commando cap he saw years in penitentiary coming, but I told him not to worry. He just looked at my victorious smile when the police officer handed over our ID's a minute later and wished us a pleasant evening. We drove away quickly and I told him I was on a secret mission, the police force had order from the top not to interfere with me, I was beyond salvage. He did not know what to believe. He lit up a cigarette and we drove in silence listening to the radio.

I entered the paranoia never before witness in the history of man. After three years of this silliness I decided to disappear electronically and returning back from behind the Iron curtain where there is no way out from to collect the complain that I would have filed earlier to the Justice Department claiming that the Prime Minister was a traitor. You bet I wanted to be smooth and slick. This is a path for an equilibrist.

I was staying with some really good friends at their house outside Rotterdam. They came from a genuine bricklayer family with nine children, all bricklayers. So I helped out on different job sites at day raiding their refrigerators at night and played some serious chess games using a game clock set for seven minutes. You make a couple of games in an hour while fueling up with genuine Dutch beer. Then we had some quality times in the local pubs. The chess games gave me ideas for my return so I went to the main library in Den Haag to investigate the legal relationship between Sweden and the Netherlands. Dutch is a mixture of German, Scandinavian and English plus lingual inventions of their own. Since I am well acquainted in these languages it was not so hard for me to go through the labyrinth of paragraphs. The

hardest part was to have to travel on buses and light rail trains because the books belonged to the reference section. After several visits I found what I was looking for. I was dancing at the feet of my Lord. Life is good.

Fourth chapter

The Revive Revival

Schiphol is the international airport for Amsterdam and the closest city is Aalsmeer. They have only one small police station there. I entered there and asked to see the captain on duty. His chin dropped when I said that I was asking for political asylum. Sweden is a neutral country not belonging to NATO or the Warsaw pact, so that made my request even more foolish. But they had to ask/investigate about my whereabouts. I had no relatives in any country or money for that matter (I hid that in my shoes). So my case became business for the bilateral relationship between Sweden and The Netherlands. I was looked up and had two civilian police officers the next morning escorting me in a white BMW to the airport with documents from the Justice Department. Nuts have their own fast lane in bureaucracy, especially ones being deported. So when I saw the airplanes at the runways thru the car windows I said in fluently Dutch to the policemen that the next time I wanted to fly for free, I would come back to Holland. I then lit a cigar and relaxed lounged me in the back seat. Big times were ahead of me...

Busy with cognac and cigars I enjoyed myself in the Dutch airline KLM's business class. Looking over Scandinavia in midair, I gave my regards to the Dutch deportation department. They were classy and treated its clients with style. First I had a continental breakfast and a shower in the holding cell.

I was then putting on my white pinstripe suite for the occasion. I wore it in Berlin with white gloves and a red carnation to celebrate my birthday, to go with my blue cashmere overcoat just hanging on my shoulders and a loose white silk scarf. The girls were actually whistling after me...

Now the other travelers in the transit hall were staring at me when I was not looking in their direction. Was it my nice suites maybe or because of my bodyguards escorting me pass them in the transit hall, who was I? A famous rock star, financial genius or what? I could feel the questions circling me like big fat flies. When we were schedule to land in Gothenburg at 10.55 and I would go out through the sliding glass doors at the main building with a dip-walk. I could hardly wait! Going through the custom with my rolling luggage went smooth. I made sure of having only the legal ration of firewater that I purchased on the flight. And out through the doors I went. My ass was shaking, my dick swinging and I was smoking...!! I took a cab to the train station and

felt incognito as a skeleton hidden inside a fat person. The Dutch police did not contact the Swedish embassy because I was a domestic case thanks to the clause " Political Asylum ". I had told them of the harassment that was so unbelievable and unreal; I could hear my own voice sounding like a lunatic's. So the documents for handling my case from the Justice Department in Den Haag arrived in the speed of Mach 3. No hesitation there and very predicable too.

The train to Stockholm left ten minutes later and I seated myself in the restaurant car with two newspapers and started my eating ritual. Four hours later in Stockholm my dancing on their noses would begin. The afternoon sun gave its glaze over the roofs of Stockholm. On both sides of the train bridge was the rush hour traffic in its multiply of colors. I was back. I walked in to the Department of Justice while wondering why Sweden had one. At the reception desk a bureaucrat gave directions to the archive and I started to walk up the stairs in this impressive house of hypocrites. I asked desk clerk for the file number of me suing the Prime Minister of hostile activities towards the nation. I got the complaint form back stamped with " No further handling " in black ink. Now it is my time to boogie and get down.

It was Anno Domini 1985 in Lucifer Diabolus domain. No pity in the naked city were nobody cares. If I showed up now I would see a lot of paralyzed eyes as of one having a bowl of staring soup.

This reminded me of a hilarious moment 10 years earlier on a city bus in Akron, Ohio. It was a sunny afternoon and just about 8-10 passengers enjoying the ride with me when this elderly, intoxicated gentleman boarded the bus. He was wearing a black baseball cap backwards, black shades with rainbow reflections, a brown overcoat and green platform shoes. He took a seat just across from the driver and pulled up a perfume bottle after looking in all his pockets twice. You know the old ones with a little balloon to press on. He squeezed perfume on himself until a mist appeared in the front of the bus. The driver said in an Italian/Brooklyn dialect that he should quit or else get thrown off the bus. And then the open conversation started. " Why are you on the booze Willie ? You should get a job and sharpen up a bit. " said the bus driver.

" I've tried and tried you know...Obstacles always pouring down on me. " said the slurring gentleman and laughed a little bit while taking up a beer.

" Don't you open it in here Willie. I'm throwing you off, watch it ! " said the bus driver.

" No slack today Tony ?" said the thirsty passenger and the beer can went down the same way it came up from. He continued:

" But seriously Tony, I'm telling you, I once wanted to be a psychiatrist."

And the whole bus started to laugh uncontrollably as we all looked at each other. In the aftermath of giggling for at least two blocks, the elderly man crossed his arms over his chest and said with a convincing voice:

" I would just sit there and psyche them out. What do you think of that Tony ? ".

Tears of laughter appeared on everyone. At that moment I knew that in the future it would be exactly what I had to do. So I laughed the most in the bus to this situation...

My first campsite was to stay with a nice couple that had moved up to Stockholm, I know them from the seventies back in my hometown. Cherry, she was a wizard in the kitchen with a vegetarian menu from all the corners of the earth. And Lars was a ship carpenter. He just opened up his own business and needed all the help he could get. We were a four men crew building the interior in a 42 foot sailboat and I got one of my favorite wisdom words from the other team in the hangar. They were only two carpenters and working on the same boat as we but 4-5 days ahead of us. So about half way through the project I walked up the ladder and stepped into the other boat. It did not take much looking around to see they were only putting in screws in every second hole in the hinges on the bridge table, only polishing the front of the drawers, squirting some caulking here and there and so forth. I pointed out this to them and one of them said to me:

"You can't get everything for 300.000."

I just love that expression; it goes so handy a lot of times in the daily life.

Springtime arrived and I had picked up some vibes around subways, banks etc. when people stood in line and waited. Homo Technocrat had time to see and think then. I did not need my "synchronizer" to pick up those paralyzed eyes and tranquilizer like behavior around me. I took the train southbound to my childhood domains and got an apartment next to a water tower with the shape as a flying saucer with windows and everything. It was a restaurant on top there with an awesome view. Going space trucking is what my friends and I call it after a good meal up there.

So my set-up time came gradually for the swim up s--t creek. I met a genuine country girl that I moved in with and started to save money to buy a business of my own. We had a lot of fun and rumors did not reach us. I tried to be funny by making a bumper sticker for her car. It was with red letters on white background and read: "An obeying woman is a happy woman". Love is sweet and silly, is it not, but for that sticker was I grounded for a week near the kitchen zinc, plus doing all the laundry as well as the janitorial duties too.

The top of the cream for my mission value would be to depend on income only based on sale and not as now, a helper for friends businesses and general short time employment. I would look everyone in their eyes, whatever they remember me or not, get a check out of their hand. Talking about circling your competition while racing them. So I elbowed myself in to a deal after several months of hassling. It was a 2-meter long diode display sitting on several waiting terminal walls around ferry- and airport terminals showing rolling text messages about special sale and rebates. I expanded the system to all terminals in the south and worked with my slogan - Advertisement in the speed of light for a waiting audience. Pretty good huh! I visit almost every business twice in several cities and licking my thumb while counting the doe. From the top of the cream I slide on a banana peel into satellite TV and my eyes

where beaming on VHF. I just needed the cake dough now to be literally a totally baked fruitcake on my own (Oh boy, am I funny or what). Cable TV was a new and a well-awaited media for the Scandinavian people. The year I entered this industry there was only about 40ish 30-second advertisement spots made especially for TV. The next year 1988, more than 500 spots were made and I was surfing right in-between there. I had now one of the best sales job in Europe and I was really interested in the graphic possibilities too, not only for my mission's outcome but also for the fantasy stimulation in the edit studio. The wizards in there are called producers, amazing with their fingers, flying around the keyboard like dragonfly wings making pictures shifting in a cascade of colors and shape. Pure magic. I sold in and arrange weekend programs but never appeared in front of the camera for the entire Europe to see. It was enough for me that the opportunity was there. Almost a year later the private owner for the channel put the lid on the transmitter and I went back to my office. Gone were the lightning business and gone where the connections and the network but I had accomplished more than humanly possible. It was time for a bottle of whiskey. I have that when I celebrate something and are usually by myself in this material world.

When I entered the 90's I found myself in a new big office as a magazine publisher for industrial news and was doing business over phone. So now I did not have to hassle face to face anymore. Daniel Fortesque one - Meantown nil.

An old saying for when somebody does something stupid and get hurt at the same time is - Some people punish God instantly. I thought of that when all the banks in Sweden went bankrupt between January and April 1990... A real estate holding company named The Key Inc. opened up the door for a domino effect of over inflated loans that were the whole nation's financial foundation. Who says the destiny does not have timing and a sense of humor ?

I fought for as long as I could on the phone. But the industry in general was crippled and their advertisement accounts were being shifted over to miscellanies emergencies. My company was doomed to a slow but steady bankruptcy so my downhill had begun from culmination, the highest point that lasted for more than a decade since I returned from Holland as a dissident. My office and home were in the most famous and prestige filled building by the dock in downtown. The opposite would be in a shelter on welfare. I know that one day it would go even further with me so that I would truly live a life of a zombie, as in the footsteps of Boris Karloff. I sort of identify myself with Frankenstein's monster, getting the sparks from above and all. It fits in quiet good on my situation and also like Marty Feldman in Mel Brooks Frankenstein movie, which gets the brain labeled Abby Norm (abnormal) from the laboratories. It is very funny...really. So the pattern came together clearly piece by piece. My mother died 1992 and I became alone now without any loyal family bonds or obligations. When I buried her ashes in her favorite forest could I feel the warm winds of the future whisk onto my face. She was greeting me from the future I belonged to.

A year later had all the obstacles varnished and ahead of me laid my final journey on my mission. This December, my last in Scandinavia, I came to think of the one in 1984 when I shopped around with checks preparing for my escape to go behind the Iron curtain. Like a fly in a hornet's nest of shopping madness. This time I manage to gather money for a charter trip to the Grand Canary Islands by selling off most of my belongings. Traveling light is the only way to fly. To my closest friends I said that I was going to the annual druid convention to participate in the herb-throwing contest. They thought I was kidding of course, as usually (but the islands southwest of Barbados are the third biggest herb exporter in the world). Anyhow, I arrived to this group of islands west of Africa just before Christmas with two large suitcases and two small ones. With me had I a dear friend who also needed a vacation. We enjoy ourselves by the poolside with crosswords and gin/tonic in the African sun. I had bought a card good for ten treatments at a tanning salon back in Sweden and had a pink fried skin as a base layer for upcoming sunbathing. I was ready for tropical life just like in the beverage commercials. Goodbye freezing hell - Hello hot paradise.

My friend took the charter flight back home to the cold and I flew to Las Palmas on the main island to hitchhike over the Atlantic Ocean. The trade winds are most efficient in the wintertime and many boats from all over Europe were in the marinas to sail with these winds. I got a job as a chef on a...motor vessel. It was 135 feet of luxury with three decks and dark tinted windows. A little help with luck to go in style did not hurt. Thanks again guys. After we almost cleaned out most of the deli department in a supermarket and fueled up with 30.000 liter of diesel were we ready for the journey over the big pond. There were three double flashes across the horizon in the evening haze behind us as we left Puerto Del la Luz (the harbor of light) in Las Palmas. It was very poetic, believe me.

For the last 65 hours have we been steering the yacht by hand and taking shifts around the clock. The oil pressure support to the auto steering broke down at longitude 48.3 and latitude 21.8. So I got a little bit of old days sailing too. Staying behind the big steering wheel, spin it around was a huge feeling and looking ahead to the horizon with only water and sky. The first view on earth is not far away yet billions of years old. On my third day shift saw I land. Barbados came out from the fog bank slowly. It was a great moment after sailing for almost two weeks. Even if we cheated with satellite navigation could I feel the joy they felt in the great old explorer era. With only poor maps and stars to navigate after sailing for weeks and months before finally seeing land. We all kissed the dirty dock to the accompaniment of a steel drum band. Yah mon, the Islands in the Sun! The band played there every day for the tourists pouring out like lemmings of the cruise ships moored in the deep-water harbor of Bridgetown. We spend a couple of days of cleaning and painting for the final destination to the owner in Venezuela. Since I do not speak any Spanish I signed off the ship and moved in to a little hotel in the city bay. It was located on top of an ordinary restaurant and it became my first contact with the third world. Even if you scrubbed the house it would still looked beaten up. I swam in the most marvelous water imaginable, strolled around Bridgetown's dinky houses and saw yuppies with

clothes from the finest fashion magazines. It swooshed in the air when they passed me. My first week in the Caribbean was a tremendous chill-out for me, a soft jazz atmosphere right on the money. Gone was the home land that thrives on memories of great glorified old days. The weather here was absolutely right too. The sun was just like me, stronger than he appears and the ocean breeze made it barbell. The reggae would hit me later like a freight train when I integrated with the climate. I just know it. (I had spoken to Hailie Selasse on the phone about it, " Him say, ya be cool mon.")

I walked back to the deep-water harbor again after 5 days to see if the ship was still there. But the harbor was empty except for an old fishing boat with laundry hanging between the mast and the wheelhouse. The kind of boats with the typical " thunk a thunk a thunk " sound and bobbing around in the North Sea. I walked over to the other side where the fisher boat were moored and two dogs with wagging tails came running to greet me. With such friendly dogs the owners could not be so bad I thought and yelled hello twice. It showed out to be a nice English couple and a Scottish motorman that could use some help in the kitchen and on deck. We shook hands on that and the next day I called for a cab and said goodbye to Barbados that had impressed me so much. I never saw an island in the sun where there was no sorrow, or a Concord for that matter, back in Europe. But here I saw one from British Airways coming in for landing over the bay I was swimming in. Life was good here. I signed on to the ship crew as a Swedish chef, not much different from the one in the Muppet Show. They were waiting for some engine parts and that gave us a couple of days to get accustomed to each other. We had great fun and my life was without sorrow. The piston parts arrived with jet mail and the boat came to life again. We were shopping food, motor oil and toilet paper for the journey. Never live port without it. First assignment would be to tow a floating crane to Saint Lucia and then 7000 bottles of wine to Grenada. " Ya mon da way t' go " I said to myself. The boat was rocking in a steady pace of 5 knots. The same speed as jogging and we were sailing towards the moon, so its reflections became a silver beam creek in the dark universe. The horizon was not there so we appeared to be floating between billion light years of distant worlds and homes. That is how it is to cruise in our Vectors, the smallest flying units in our galaxy fleet. The only different is the bobbing and the hollow pipe sound here with its " thunk a thunk ". It is replaced with waltz music and beverage on our units.

An old saying in latin is " Navigare Est Necessarius. Vivo Vixi Victum Neque Nec." - To sail is necessary. To live is not.

We passed several small palm tree filled islands every month until we hit Saint Martin. The first island I saw that lived in the later part of the twenty-century. So my black cat Emma and me signed of and took a bus to the colorful town Philipsburg. After a month in a nice locally owned hotel I got a job for a water company. You know the ones with big blue bottles standing on a cooler. So I decide to stay at the hotel in down town by the beach. It was only a twenty-minute walk to my job, very convenient and I came to love this little town so full of colors in pink, mint green, yellow and fat American tourist in red lobster tan. Philipsburg was located in a bay

with sapphire green water and diving pelican's splashing between the anchored sailboats. At day so vital and busy and at night so quiet, illuminated only by casinos and shopping windows. I spend almost every evening in a chair poled down in the water watching the sun set and Emma playing with the waves that flooded over my feet. Puerto Rico rum made the evenings it to a night of limbo time on the silver white beach. I made a career move up to salesman/account manager for the local airline Windward Air. Their in-flight magazine needed advertisement and I went all over the 55-sqkm island. I had a rented car paid for by the company and drove 2000 km in ten weeks. Reggae times - Irie - were on the wallpaper now. I now had been almost eighteen months in paradise-like Caribbean when my first real hurricane season appeared. The south of the Caribbean Sea is not as infested with hurricanes as the upper Windward Islands are as the name indicates. Miraculously have Saint Marten not had a direct hit for thirty-two years. But hurricane Louis was hovering over the island for seven hours. The eye probably saw that the island had been spared for so long now. When the storm was over, with wind gust over 320 km/h, all beaches were rearrange and dunes gone. I wondered how the little birds survived. But since they were here before the hurricane they survived all storms since the time of the mother continent Pangaea. They are true miracle of nature and they will still be here tomorrow. If humans do not extinguish them that is, keeps you wondering about the origin, doesn't it ? Anyhow, the island looked like it got hit by a giant lawnmower. There was not a single leaf left to see and the upcoming tourist season was blown away too. The second hurricane Marilyn arrived ten days later and took care of what was left standing. This reminded me of my favorite Chinese expression, describing my whereabouts: It rains on the one that is already wet.

My options where limited to one choice, which made it a walk in the park to figure out. American Airlines had temporary set up a very generous emergency discount for those who needed to reach the main land, the American continent. All the banks would only allow one withdrawal up to 500.00 US, for every account holder, because of the Marshall Law. So I gave my cat a shot at the veterinarian and drove off to the airport. We were going to America together.

It struck me on my way to New York that our first landing in Puerto Rico required me to enter the USA through custom and handling, while my visa and passport were stamped as well. Very interesting, I can later say that I have never been in America, although I was there twice...! The felling of rolling down the escalators in Kennedy Airport through the domestic terminal made me put on my shades, even if it was nighttime. I just wanted to look cool like a mob hit man in a movie. My cat cage of course took away the effect but I entered the Big Apple with style anyhow. It is amazing how the luxurious feeling of a white limousine gets bigger on freeways when you look out through the tainted window to see average cars in dull colors. Well, I would not have any problems, whatsoever, to adjust to this way of traveling. The reality check would be different though. All the commotion that was isolating me in Scandinavia had of course alerted the Yanks to participate in the stakeout my country had hung on me. This would be an excellent opportunity to study a random

victim in the field (CIA spy talks). They were intensely checking me out by changing different cabs, sidewalks etc. It is better to observe one whole day than fragments of a week, so of course they were slick, clever and self-impressed. Since they want their nose in everything they should be prepared by now. I was in their back yard and had a victorious smile on my face. As Cesar Augustus said: Veni Vidi Vici . One thing that struck me was a light bulb sign a block or so away from Time Square. It showed the national debt per person in the United States. The last three squares were a constant light without flickering. " Time really is money " ... It was up to over \$ 62.000.00. It felt like I saw the hidden truth. Nobody else was looking up to the sign. They were just too busy being busy. There was a religious and universal symbol here. I made a note in my memory for the report home.

I was hoping to wire money from my Caribbean bank account but I got no for an answer everywhere on Park Avenue's banks and had to stick with that answer just like in the old days... Some things never change, huh. I took daily walks in the sound- and light polluted downtown Manhattan. I wore my silver white jacket with a short waist in the pubs and park taverns. The yuppies where clocking me hard. I had one of the hottest jackets that autumn. " I made it here, I can make it anywhere " as the slogan says. My second choice in a week was an easy one too. You do not run out of money in New York. I had to move because of the economical down fall of mine and I could not relax either. Several trained people had been watching me closely ever since I got here so I had to be aware and decide quickly about opportunities to hide my intentions. My final leg of my mission had to be slick. Even if I have to kick some ass to show these turkeys what they really are up against. So I packed my luggage for a long walk about. I had money enough for a ticket to Washington DC, so I took a yellow cab with a driver in a blue turban. A day earlier I had picked up a schedule at the Grand Central Station and now went to the same window and asked the teller for a one way ticket to DC. The very helpful employee of AmTrack told me that the train left from Penn Station at Pennsylvania Avenue. That is five blocks away. " The subway down there to the left will take you right to it sir." said the teller. While going down the stone floor of the famous Grand Central Station it happened, my trolley lost one wheel. Now what? I had to carry half my six-piece luggage ten meters, go back and pick up the rest and so on. Why did it not say where the departure station was on the schedule ? My suit was soaking wet from the heat and I was steaming like a sauna from all the legwork. So on top of that, I cursed heavily down in the dirty, smoking, subway environment. Luckily the cherubs and gargoyles did not hear me, otherwise all trains would derail and the Earth would swallow the train station. Later, I chilled-out on the train to DC. After the arrival to the DC Union Station I got a ride by a helpful AmTrack employee on his ramp cart to the taxi stand. So they did not deserve to be vaporized after all.

My last change was enough for a cab ride to an ordinary hotel in down town. I left my passport as security at the front desk. Got a key to room 520, unpacked my necessities and let Emma out from the cat cage. We both took a deep breath and exhaled. Well, so close to the President, I thought, that I should let him know where I am and drop

him a note. It was too cold to walk around in a toga and a pyramid hat made of aluminum foil, wearing a sign saying that the end is near. So I took Emma in the leash with the envelope in the inside pocket of my jacket and went for a walk in the Mall Park on this the sunny October day. Like all other tourists, I strolled around the White House too and when opportunity was given I snaked my way up against the iron fence and then tossed in the letter as far as I could on the grass, without any drastic move for any camera to detect. It was addressed to the "Manager of the White House staff" and the sender was Homeboy Himself. This is how the poem came out:

*Northern Kingdom was me hom
Lots of people livin thee
But no rap to me
So me cal Hailie Selasse
Him Say
Com ya nowh downn t' Afriica mon
Them tribe's hav som Irie vides
Get astral projection in t' harbor of lit
An t' boat Maru is our confidence
Wil take ya over big big waters mon
To islands in t' sun
Them boys hav som serious parti tajm
So yo get som sand in ya shoes
an drink som beers to mon
Me say
Yes I
Cool cool mon
Limbo tajm in paradiz
Alrit mon
Him say
Wind wil tel yo mon
When to go to Babylon
an se t' papermon
Mountain of tajm
wil be a stone in ya hand*

I started to walk again, and as soon as I found an asphalt path leading away from the big green iron fence, I turned with Emma in my arms. I had delivered my note to the establishment now. So I let the president be a good and productive host to the leaders of 49 worldwide states. I am sure they all admire each other and enjoying themselves with dinner in the garden. In the shadow of power, it is always a sunny adrenaline rush. Security, on the other hand, would have a lot of genuine laughter reading my letter. But the first Lady was probably furious and steaming over the ignorance. No sense of humor there. Daniel Fortesque one - Modern democracy nil.

Fifth chapter

A New World America

I was standing in the junction between E Street and 11:th and looked at an apple on the sidewalk, green and fresh. Somebody put it there to see if I would pick it up. So this is how it is going to be from now on, trying to nail me with temptations in the sea of misery. Well, I will get the last screw. I had Emma in the cat cage and a toothbrush in my pocket. I was now not much more than an ant on the third rock from the sun, you could say. I started to walk towards the nearest subway station. When there was no eye in my direction I jumped over the gate and walked down to the tracks. I decide to take the orange line because it went furthest away from the city. Well, we managed it in the Caribbean so we can manage it here, no sweat. In complicated situations you just have to move your legs, that is all there is to it. The same evening I entered a community shelter in Fairfax.

There was one bed available and I signed in as a cat owner. But since pets where not allowed, I had to take Emma the next day to the animal shelter in a veterinarian hospital close by. That was the last time I saw my traveling companion. He was put to sleep because of the rising bill, even though my address and phone number to the shelter was notified. But I guess that is the homeless people's dilemma, no one bothers to reaches out to them. I spend all my money I had that day on a memorial ceremony for him with a biscuit and coffee in a tavern. The first month went by nicely for me at the shelter. There was lots of food and money to earn. I sold printed newspaper donated by a printer for the homeless to sell. The name was " Street Smart " and went for a dollar per copy. It was printed so on the front page, for us to keep. I had no problem identifying with that name of the paper either. I believed in the product (salesmen's rule #1) and sold it to store owners with more than 100% profit (tip was extra). On weekends I went to different shopping malls for window-shopping. Quite different from the tiny stores in the Caribbean, I tell you. The first month I counted to twenty-two people who believed they were invincible and " checked me out " for whatever purpose they had. It was not any particular intelligent move but I did not expect any other either. After so long a time to study and laying out hooks for me a simple " Hello " would not do anymore. It would break the chess game. They are now almost down to the last card for them to play and stretching it so I was in for the long haul.

My passport that was held as collateral at the hotel, it had a two-month visa that gave me an official period to move within. So on Veterans Day the President would hold a speech at the Unknown Soldiers Grave at Arlington cemetery. I put on my nicest donated clothes on, went there... and missed him. His next performance

that day was at the Mall Park by the high obelisk. He would then lock himself up again behind the big green iron fence in his White House for a long time. A souvenir vendor told me the President would hold his second speech at the black stone wall with inscriptions of lost soldiers in combat. That was usually the annual procedure. So I walked over there, and had to dodge in the crowd. There was a podium there with five persons and six chairs, with several TV crews nesting, so I waited... and missed him again. He was somewhere else and it started to rain a little bit, so my favorite Chinese expression proved itself again. I know now it had to be a long time for me with the motley crew before the next move.

I manage to get a job as a helper for a handyman, I learn much about home improvement, as well as new words for tools and that was tricky. We usually tore up something damaged by water or old age and I was told to go and get a "Szixylz" or something in the truck. I had to guess what tool to bring and two out of three times I guessed right. The third time I had to go back to the pick-up truck with a cloud of cursing cowboy slang hovering above me. It made Jeopardy look like a child's game. So anyhow, I was making some money and around Christmas time I moved in to a house with a fellow homeless buddy. He was a painter from Miami. To be able to get a better job he lends me his social security card and I became a waiter at the nearby Italian Pizza restaurant. The first week a gentleman with a white shirt, red tie and a dark blue suit came to eat lunch. He had a well-trimmed haircut, good manicure and visible gold accessories like a man who gives orders and does not carry them out. He was trying to ignore everything except his food, as most hungry customers do. But he was studying me between the bites with a tired look on his face. Well, even office workers from Langley have to eat. I could surprise him with a comment but decide not to. Never change a winning formula. In the past I held on to my horses to keep the distance and gave myself some breathing room. If interesting behavior appears, it is cause for a closer study and I was determined to keep the level to match a fifth of my capacity, making it a close race, without using my mental gifts. It especially showed in the old days when I was hitchhiking. I got by with only my thumb (1/5)... I went where I pleased.

I was now waiting for a lame move from the Department of National Security. They took their time, even though they had ants in their pants. I was an unknown alien in their country, dancing on their noses. Seduction is a strong weapon to conquer a dissident with so they placed a bimbo outside my house with four kids one morning. Like a mom taking the brats to pre-school. The more innocent they acted the more sincere they would be. I turned around halfway down the front yard that led to the sidewalk and went back in, checking my pockets like I forgot something. I went out again when they left and headed for the Metro. I took the crawl-way across the freeway and climbed over a fence on an exit ramp. When I was walking to the Metro station I passed a sign at the parking lot saying "Kiss and ride". That expression fits any mood swings and my spirit was dark and focused now. I shall show them, I shall tap my finger on the table I said to myself. I was doing it my way (quote from the late Frank Sinatra). I paid for a ticket within the zone and walked down to the ramp. I

switched on my sensors to pinpoint the " watchers " among the commuters. The train rolled in, stopped and opened the doors with a hydraulic " phoosh ". I took a seat close to the sliding doors and pretended to admire the view. The operator announced the next station on the Orange line and the Metro train picked up speed again. We were still above the ground. I was following an object rushing by outside by turning my head. I noticed that there were three of them in my car and one in both sidecars, almost like the Interpol in Poland. Now they were curious, no doubt. When we arrived seventeen minutes later at the first junction for several lines, I waited for the on-coming commuters to take a seat and when everybody was sitting down stood I up and left quickly out through the door. I looked back as I was walking away. If someone were heading for the doors now, they would expose themselves too obviously. I did not wave goodbye to them as the train left even though my right arm went in a spasm. I went down to the lower tracks as fast as I could without standing out in the crowd and went back up again on the next escalator. I know from the timetable that a Blue train should arrive next minute. It did and I sneaked onboard like a predator. This move was unexpected for them. They thought I was walking on shaky legs and wanted to see that. Just for an endorphin kick maybe believing that I would not be up to something (?). That is how stupid they are. I took off my jacket and pretended to tighten my shoestrings at the next station with my gifted sensors on scanning for brain waves activated to my appearance. To my surprise there was none. They were not organized enough to cover the next station in the same direction for the both lines. To my surprise I had passed through their web. When I am surprised it says a lot after more than 185 months of harassment...! I stepped out at a downtown station in DC and went through its shopping complex. A block away was the Freedom Plaza where I entered. Inside the main complex, one escalator up was a hotel. In that lobby had I been resting on several occasions, so it was almost like an oasis to me. So by now I was sure the command -" Search every place he's been to" - would go out. So to wait for that I took one of the newspapers that lay around and started to read the classified job section. After fifty-five minutes a man in his mid-thirties with well-cut black hair and wearing a dark suite, took a seat across from me. He almost smiled. After two minutes another person came up to him pretending to be a hotel guest that recognized him, so he would look like an out of town dude. Oh boy, what a bunch of amateurs. They thought they were good hunters and did not see that this was only a demonstration from my part. I go where I please... I tossed the newspaper on the table towards them and went for a slow homebound walk. Soon, soon, my mission will be over.

Spring 1996 came fast and the beautiful Northern Virginia was in blossom. I had moved in to a room of my own since my buddy from Miami dried up the neighborhood and went back home. I now lived in a cul-de-sac surrounded by a cemetery and a 9-hole golf course. I literally am handicapped dead beat now who bogeyed down like a swaying birdie and teeing off and putting under par. At work I had become one of the cornerstones on the staff. Slinging dough with three toppings and draft beer was the name of the game. To make some extra dough for vacation, I took a job on Saturday nights at a Mexican restaurant. I was handling the whole

restaurant with twenty-two tables by myself and a very slow credit card processor as the only helper. People were frustrated from up to ten minutes of waiting also while I had to buzz tables as a major priority. A clean hell you might say, but thanks to a free Drink Mix Ltd, who made the mix ready Margaritas, my shift was always saved.

A day's journey from Fairfax in Northern Virginia was where the summer Olympics in Atlanta were held. I thought of going there but I decided not to. Maybe something would happen there that I would be blamed for. Like when the Swedish Prime minister was shot on an open street in Stockholm 1986 and the special vice unit ran out of leads they called me on the phone for questioning while I was living with my girlfriend and the phone was in her name, so go figure. A bomb did go off at the Olympic Square but it was not time yet for me to get in trouble. I smarten up as my mileage increases huh. What was admirable though was the determination of the spectators to not get their event ruined by a terrorist act. Right on cowboys.

My go-signal came two months later. I had found a guy at the restaurant that was willing to take over my rented room so the house owner would not be left stranded. I just owe him that. The opportunity started with a Saturday afternoon Pub hopping in DC and I happened to pass by 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue where a gang of guys was playing street hockey. Roller skates on the closed off street in front of the White House were something I could not resist. I went over there just when a game was over and they had broken up the teams. I asked the only goalie if I could use his gloves and make some moves. That was OK and I blocked the slap shots like I belonged in the hood. The next three and a half-hour I only let in five goals. I made the guys say "Huge save man" many times. My sweatiest time that year but oh boy so much fun. Afterwards I got the goalie's phone number. He wanted to play offensive more so I could take his place in the goal and use his equipment.

I called him on Tuesday the following week to hear what was going on. Friday, he said, will we get together if it's not raining. The listening tape recorder tapping the line would relay this information to its master. It been hooked-up out of curiosity and also because I was dumb enough not to suspect a phone tap it just might work. The last three weeks I had been preparing my mission's final move. I went to the city the following day and walked around randomly ended up at the office buildings of the one hundred Senate members. As a visitor inside I noticed the many bike couriers propelling around. To be one I needed a map over the room directions, so I peeled one off in an elevator and later that week I bought a black bicycle helmet, bicycle racing tights and sports gloves. For the techie look I had already got a beeper that I found in a booth at the restaurant. They all had an archive box for mail storage so I bought one that looked like that but was a thermos box for food. Finally I bought one hundred envelopes and address stickers. I was ready now. I even had a pair of bad shades to put on my forehead. I got busy with my electric typewriter from the pawn shop and was hammering down the keys like a twenty-second bull ride. Yhhiiiihaa...

On that Friday I had arranged a shift swap with a work mate so that my shift ended after lunch. I went home as usual and I changed my clothes. I looked now like I was going to play street hockey with ragged jeans and tennis shoes. But underneath I had a professional bicycle courier's outfit. With me I had a lunch box for cool beverages (envelopes) and a small backpack (with bike helmet). I called for another cab and headed for the nearest Metro station. I did not get off at McPherson Square, which was the nearest station to the White House where the street hockey game would be but proceeded to the Congress station – Capitol South. The big white building with a dome at the end of a boulevard you so often see in the movies. I walked rapidly to the Senate office buildings located just beside it. I passed the security X-ray stations and took the elevator down to the culvert where the restroom was located, to change my appearance. And out walked a bicycle courier with helmet and all. I only had ninety minutes before the public closing time, so I had to move fast. From my authentic archive box I pulled up envelopes to fifty-three secretaries throughout the floors. No snail mail here. I felt like a ton of bricks was lifted off my shoulders for every door I walked through. That is how "Hallelujah" feels like in the material world. "Public visiting hours is over so please leave the building." said a voice in the buildings speaker system. I worked my way down and was now on the third floor. From there I looked down at the atrium and saw a guy on ground floor from internal mail empty mail drops. I walked down the nearest stairs and walked up to him. I asked as a mailman to another if he could take the rest of my mail and *make my day*. (Quote from Inspector Harry Callahan / San Francisco Police Department) "Sure thing". he said and smiled. I smiled back. This was just great, having internal mail deliver the ax chop. Not that my letter was of any particular content or rich on issues just an old fashion knuckle sandwich. I had made history finally and left behind me and my commander takes over from here. It was Friday the thirteenth too, believe it or not !

I walked in to the restroom situated by one of the exits and reappeared as a street punk. The security guard did not even look up when I dip-walked out through the revolving door like a rap singer from Bronx. But the video camera saw me. I smile at it and out through the door I went. My ass was shaking, my dick swinging and I was smoking hot...!! The forecasted afternoon showers were gone now and the sun shined on all of us but I felt a few extra rays. After passing the office staff's parking lot I came to a little side street and a cab came rolling down. I had been in there for almost two hours so my advantage was gone now. I let their undercover wheels pass me by. But I waved down another cab a few blocks later. I told the driver to go to the nearest post office in a hurry because I had mail to several newspapers and TV stations to drop. We were dodging around the rush hour traffic in the fast lane. He told me in a confidence tone that he had several diplomas in Kamikaze drag racing so there was no need for me to turn pale with a frozen expression on my face. It was almost closing time now for priority mail so I promised an extra ten bucks if we made it and that burned some rubber. Daniel Fortesque one - Powerful politics nil.

The following week was a vacation for me literally. I had asked for this week off and was granted that. I was entertaining myself at home with high-class gourmet cooking and drinking expensive liquor. I did not go out. I stayed home and had my own orgy. It was Karaoke time and air-guitar all day long.

To my surprise had one of my letters arrived personally to a TV host in New York. I know that because of the odd beginning on the Tuesday show. The host was a little bit sober too. I did not expect any response from journalists on big newspapers. They get so many weird approaches every day that my letter would drown in it. So I could now also have a final underlined word in my report. It was now time to get in the trouble I had expected at my arrival. Even though this was not what I had anticipated, like most outcomes the last sixteen years. But I had shown that improvise have its own pattern and obvious purpose could be hidden. So found myself returning to the Big Apple on the same train as came on a year ago but this time I was wearing a white shirt a dark blue tie and slacks. The executive black shoes made me almost hovering on the sidewalk as I held my backpack and jacket under my left arm. My eyes made everybody passing aware that they should not bother to consider snatching it. Walking down on Broadway's sound-, light- and air polluted sidewalks I was as normal as I could be among the other colorful visitors. In the tourist friendly weather I started humming on Motown tunes. My fingers were snapping and it became Miller Time. I went to a little restaurant in the park by the Manhattan Library and enjoyed the afternoon in the outdoor smoking section. Life is good.

The next day a got in a yellow cab and headed to the TV station. In my letter I had suggested a lunch together at a famous restaurant nearby. My table I booked was waiting for me. As I waited for service a couple of the TV hosts co-worker showed up and left quickly after they saw that the table for Sir Fortesque was occupied. Famous people have to be precocious. I understand that. But my dinner guest did not show up. If they expected me to make an entry stunt and propeller my way up to his office they were wrong. After a letter like that, no requirement or involvement from my part is necessary. Not because of any ego trip but because of the receivers respect for the unknown or the lack of it in this case. I consumed my chocolate cake for desert and the coffee with brandy in it. Puffed on my cigar, finish reading the New York Post and gave a generous tip. I walked out to Broadway and looked up around the skyscrapers. I was off duty now and exhaled.

I was back home again and started to work in the restaurant following week, business as usual. The second day the guy that I tried to get hooked up to rent my room worked his shift in the kitchen. He was finally interested to move in. What he did not know was that he would inherit my clothes, TV and furniture. I prepared myself now get out of trouble. I wanted to live without being watched by losers and the time was right for my long time vacation to begin. I had found a W2-form for the taxes with a social security number on it in the attic at the house I lived in before with the Miami dud. It was in a case with an old checkbook for the same person. His last name was Cruz, so now I had some Hispanic ancestors. And plenty of credit cards

too. VISA Platinum numbers from receipt I picked out at the restaurant from rich customers. I selected like the Big Bad Wolf would in a pig farm. I was in hog heaven...

To get out from this squirrel wheel I have to cross the line into " lawless territory and denied recognition by any government and beyond salvage "

(... Now I got carried away a little bit. Can't help myself sometimes...). Simply put it, I had to steal and hide under taken name. Gratifying trouble for a thief you might say, not too bad. It was now all prepared for total disappearing from my home situation and work. I could not use a phone of course. So I would write to my manager and explain about an emergency take-off for relatives in need. (...!)

It was time to get down. I bought a belt purse for my necessity. It was actually a small bag. Since I was going south I bought one with Dallas Cowboys Football logo on in a sports store. Camouflage to the smallest detail. The next day I had a double shift. I was working through lunch and had two hours off before the five o'clock to midnight beat. I was planning on jumping in to one of the roll-up doors on the brewery truck and close it. Being invincible and close to beer is a nice combination, just like I feel after a couple of six packs. First I am getting beautiful, then rich, then ten feet tall and finally bulletproof. The last stage is being invincible before the brain blacks-out. The semi-trucks stopped behind the restaurant once a week to change beer kegs and I could sneak on for a ride to the next delivery stop. That would give me a couple of hour's advantage before anyone would know what was going on. I had to calculate with heavy surveillance at all the time now because my psychological profile was pointing to desperation and helplessness. They had that figured out. I was sure of that. Imbeciles are so easy to predict.

A friend came to my rescue. He worked at the restaurant too and we always did high-five when we met. But this day he was off work and just stopped by for lunch. A friend in need is a friend indeed. I almost saw a halo above him. After he finished his meal I asked him very casual if he could drive me to the mall. I had minor shopping to do and only had my working clothes on so there was no need for suspicion either from my personal surveillance team. During the drive to the mall we made plans for the weekend and I almost got a tear in my eyes for his friendship. He did not know what kind of favor he did to me at the moment. After I said goodbye casually again to him I crossed the big shopping mall at Tyson Square, called a cab from the gas station in the back. To eliminate visual discovery I hide myself in the men's room. I was sure of that the phone here and the cab company's switchboard were not tampered with yet. After 8 minutes I saw the cab pull up from the cracked door and went quickly in to the back seat. I said to the driver that I wanted to go to a specific Chinese restaurant twenty minutes' drive away. I had winged it by looking it up in the yellow pages. I know the area and the restaurant was empty as I expected. I seated myself across from the entrance and waited for my favorite dish mushrooms with bamboo shoots. I ordered desert to stretch the time to see if I was followed. And so I was. A young couple came in and the woman started to look and admire the moldings in the ceiling. Nobody does

that unless they are nervous. So the only possibly clue left was that I had a bugged indicator inside my watch. They trusted their high tech signal and I of course did not know about that. Are they not slick or what. Improvise would be the next step. I felt like a shark in the backwaters of a school of fish. I asked the waiter to order a cab for me and went to the restroom that was in the back along with the pay phone. From there I called another cab company and ordered a ride from the business plaza across the street. I then went back and paid for my meal. The cab arrived at the restaurant, I ordered the address to my work and the driver punched it in his computer. I was detectable again. But after a few blocks I said to the driver that I forgot my wallet and we had to go back to the restaurant. If you are followed and leave a place the observers would not stay there any longer. The surveillance team would by now take up the pursuit on the signal from my watch. So my switch of cabs was therefore undetected and the address was still accurate in the first cab's dispatcher switchboard. The driver would punch in his vacancy in the same zone, just as if he had dropped me off. It would make the computer chips work for me for once. There is now also a conflict thru the information about my cab fare indicating one thing and the transmitter in my watch another. Both have to be checked out but that would give me vital minutes ahead to get rid of the watch before traveling further. I was on my way now in the opposite direction heading to the Vienna Metro station. It has two entrances with buses and cabs on both sides, ideal transit for my escape. The traffic was smooth and I arrived after ten minutes to the east side of the station. I paid the driver and quickly zigzagged myself through the crowd of commuters to the row of phone booths by the entrance gate. I left my watch on the little sideboard by the phone so anyone could see it and hopefully it would very soon be picked up for a journey on a Metro train. While I was heading in another direction with a cab parked on the other side of the station and just two minutes after I arrived too. I was now invincible again...

The same evening I was driving in a small car on the southbound Interstate highway 81. It was a red Ford Fiesta, ten years old and very discrete. With dull paint and a few dents here and there. The owner was a lady working as a pizza delivery driver and she had left her keys in the ignition while going inside for new orders. Just that careless opportunity I had looked for in the huge shopping malls parking lot. Well, she would soon get her car back again and it was for a good cause too. I got green light all the way to the highway after the snatch. After four hours of driving I stopped at a small motel up in the Smoky Mountains and for the first night in freedom since the seventies...! I had pizza delivered inspired by the moment of course and a six-pack beer to prepare me for a nice reunion with the Sandman. I passed out after two hours of watching HBO with a great peacefully smile on my face. The next morning when I walked to the car I felt the air, it was cool and crisp. The fog lay like a silk scarf around this geographic so I saw the explanation for the name Smoky Mountains. The curved road looked like a snake in the morning sun. The drive was beautiful and without almost any traffic. I enjoy myself tremendously even though I only could get country & western stations on the radio. But it matched the view so I put up with it. The miles were spinning around on the dashboard throughout the day as I kept the

speed limit. Without documents I had to be extra careful. But you can never be too careful and I did not know what kind of surprise that was waiting for me down the road that day...

It happened at a gas station in Birmingham Alabama. After I had fueled up I went in to pay and also to visit the restroom. When I came out again to the car, another person was sitting in the front passenger seat. It got me really surprised. I started to walk towards the car and when I saw whom it was I almost flipped over. It was Eihmon from my platoon. I was...(?)... I could not...(?) Waoow ! I went in to the driver seat and just stared at him. He smiled at me and said:

” Well, what a nice ride you got. You improved, must be on vacation Daniel my man” I looked at Eihmon and started to make a comment but then we just started to laugh together. A friend like that does not exist in the mortal world. We were eternal friends and now he had step out of duty risking a lot to see me. He pulled up a beer from his pocket and started to zip on it while I was driving thru the city. After some small talk I asked him:

” So how is life in the fleet this days.”

” Boring, they just hovering in the oceans, collecting and processing data from this planet. Are they not ready to intercept yet ? ” he asked.

” I should think so. I just finished my mission.” I replied.

” With brilliance too I may add.” he said and continued:

” We all know that since you been monitored back home by linked transmissions.”

” Just like the inhabitants been monitor me with a microphone up my ---.” I let some steam go off and Eihmon understood that very well. He was drinking quietly until we got back on the southbound highway 79 then he said:

” Isn't there any descent music on this radio. How can you drive with these loony tunes ? ”

He then started to turn the dial and found a rock station. A tune faded out and the next one came on. It was AC/DC playing Highway to Hell. Just when the refrain started did two guys in a pick-up truck pass us with a huge south state flag flapping from a pole. They looked like actors from the movie Conan the Barbarian but with more tattoos and leather gear. This is how it looks like when you are on the highway to hell and through Ku Klux Klan territory as well. But we never saw cone headed men in togas.

” So, what's up. Where are you going from here then ? ” asked Eihmon.

” Well. A man gotta' to do what a man gotta' to do.” I actually said that corny line and continued:

” Since I got away from them so easily they will probably looking for me all over Northern Virginia, DC and Maryland soon. Thinking I'm hiding out with the homeless people sleeping under a bridge or something. So I think I'll let them sweat it out for a couple of months. That might teach them something, exposing helplessness even with all their high tech stuff.

” Oioioij.” Said Eihmon with a surprised smile and raised eye brow.

” The old bad tooth is showing again huh.” He giggled and I looked over at him and nodded twice.

” They can't expose me in the media here as they did over in Scandinavia. It would really look foolish now on their part to admit that they lost my tracks. And now I have a name and a number to live under too. A low class restaurant would accept my excuse about how I got my Hispanic name from my Portuguese grandfather. Theatrics performance is a specialty of mine ya' know You'll watch me now Eihmom.”

” Yeah I'll do that Daniel but be flexible in your time management memo ol' buddy.”

I could see the logic in that but I did not think at the moment that I needed to reflect on it so much. Instead we started to talk about old missions and compare them with this one. The scenery changed with the suns falling and we were cruising on the long bridge crossing the Louisiana bay with the headlights on. It was now dark and I steered towards the neon lights on Bourbon Street in down town New Orleans. Somehow I know that Eihmon needed to go back soon to his duties. So a couple of pitchers over a Cajun meal would hit the spot. During the dinner he did not asked if I would go back with him. He knows I say so if I would. He suspected I wanted to ride them all to the ground now and admired me for that. That became our mutual secret. Our friendship vibes speeded up a little bit before the nostalgic moment of ”goodbye for now” and we both felt the distance to our home. At closing time he stood up and left me with flamboyance jests and walking away like a penguin, imitating some tourists in front of him. I smiled and lit up my cigar promising myself I will be one of those that closing up this century, yes even this millennium. Daniel Fortesque one - Little devils nil.

Sixth chapter

Faster than the shadow

The city of Corpus Christie looked like an anthill in the plain of the Texas coast. An old but beautiful bow bridge was reaching the town over the bay like a flap bridge over water graves of the medieval castles. This beach recreation spot for the domestic tourism was my chosen destination of my plan to lay low. With a lot of expectations drove I over the bridge, saw the small civic center in the morning sun with just a few skyscrapers and weasel my way in there. The local atmosphere was colorful among the bank buildings and I saw two donkeys with a man in a big sombrero. That made me hungry for Mexican food. I stopped at a little plaza with palm trees and several gift shops with a big sign in the middle. Mama Rosita's Tavern, which sounded like a place with genuine food. I went in through the pink door and had my order placed. Patient has its award. After several refills of coffee I could finally wolf down a three men breakfast. I had not felt so good since I was breast fed by three women while my mother was on the phone. They all gave birth together the same week and kept seeing each other after leaving the hospital. After asking some gringos by the pool table were

the tourist trap was. I headed out to my vehicle and drove south with all the windows down on the palm tree covered boulevards. With the warm wind in my hair I cruised out of the city to pass over another bridge to Mustang Beach, an extension of the long and narrow Padre Island that cover most of the coast down to Mexico. Port Aransas was a picturesque little harbor of fishing boats for both commercial and recreation and surrounded by fresh fish restaurants all with awesome marina interior. I parked the car and got out saying to myself - Now here is a great job opportunity, right on Daniel. So within four days I had a job as a waiter in a Mexican restaurant while waiting for interviews in fancier restaurants. I had learned all the Spanish names for the dishes at the restaurant in Fairfax/Virginia where I had worked a few months earlier. I could even lisp now so the pronunciation was perfect and my camouflage tent was assembled. I spend my nights in the parking lot outside a bigger motel. I was now down to my last dollar bills. The little car did not provide much of comfort but like the turtle I too had a roof over my head. I had found an apartment to move in to when my first paycheck would come. So sleeping in the car was more bearable now and I took my morning showers at the facilities under the motel were the beach was. Very convenient and free of charge too. Everything went smooth and I enjoyed my life. I felt the sweet taste of freedom and the crisp smell of independence. The last day before my paycheck I signed the tenant contract and went to the bigger super markets to plan my shopping for my new home, door mats and everything. But suddenly a police car appeared in the parking lot and crushed my dreams the same evening....

The officer asked for my driver license, I gave him my Swedish identification card and told him it was an international driver license. He went back to his car to check it out. The car was of course reported stolen in Virginia but most likely not on the nationwide data bank yet. He came back with the ID and wished me a pleasant evening. It could be that he saw the stickers on my back window of US Veteran Marine Corps and Support your Local Police. Or maybe he decided not to bother me because I was not wanted in Texas. But most likely my ID card's information was tagged with "Report location but do not interfere" in the computer system. So I was discovered... Fff...%Ssa\..>*!!!*<..~... I had now less than two hours to change vehicle but that would not improve the situation or the perspective. I had put everything on one card and proved I could get away any time I wanted. There was no need to push the issue any further now when I had surfaced for the National Security Agency. I just had to bite into the bad apple and I remembered Eihmon saying something about being flexible in my agenda... My commander had most likely manipulated the police officer to seek me out. They homeboys were probably sucking their thumbs in panic and sweating bullets in searching for me back in DC Metropolitan. So on behalf on their incompetence I have to give in. Vacation was over. I should have gone back with Eihmon...

After my shift the next day I cashed my check and went to a fancy restaurant for my last meal as incognito. After a delicious meal of food with French names and a cigar to digest with I went out to my car and I drove down to the Corpus Christie Marina and parked there. There was only one way down there on a pier, so I could watch

them coming. I wanted to make sure to be able to leave a message to them - that I think they can go home and play with their hemorrhoids. And they showed up but they send out the Three Stooges. First they read my rights from a paper note (Did they not learn that at the police academy ?). And secondly they looked my vehicles with the key inside. So on the " crime scene " there were now four police cars (One extra showed up), one lab van, a tow truck and a locksmith. What a circus that was. I was hauled to the station and looked up with fifteen others in a concrete room. But that was not the end of the Vaudeville show. An officer that looked like the toughest linebacker in NFL history, Dick Butkes, brought me out and took me to his office. We sat down and he started the investigation with a broad smile to light me up.

" What were you doing in that car ? " He asked me.

" I like to have a lawyer here with me." I replied.

He pushed the file envelope aside and said:

" Well, just tell me what happened and where you are from."

" I like to have a lawyer here with me." I replied.

He wrinkled his eye brows and drilled his eye in me and said:

" So you want to play hard ball, huh ! "

" I like to have a lawyer here with me." I replied.

" You will not see the judge without any statement. So if you want to sleep on the concrete floor, it is fine with me." he said and took me back to the cell. Two days later a young woman in uniform came for me. We went to the booking room and sat down. She showed me a simple inquiry form and explained that if I only told her " my name and rank " (sort of), it would benefit my procedure. She had a desperate undertone in her voice. I guess it was not legal to hold me for a longer period of time without any conviction.

" I like to have a lawyer here with me." I replied.

" It is not possible at this moment. First you have to fill in this form." she said.

So I did. The next day when I passed seventy hours in the hole I was brought in front of the judge with a few others. And when my turn came up the judge told me that the case with the stolen car was not brought up for charge and the case was dismissed but I have to see the Immigration office for clarification.

A gentle elderly officer from the US Immigration came to pick me up and drove me over to his office in northern Corpus Christi. When he signed out for me we had to wait for the rest of my money to be released with me. The amount did not add up correctly. So he started some small talk with me. I got all my money and soon were we in his truck pulling out from the police station. I saw the city through a heavy wrought iron like the eyes of a big fly. At the Immigration the door was open to the garage and I could just walk away. But I did not and the Immigration officer noticed that. In the restroom I shaved and washed my face to be presentable, I was ready for confrontation with the anxious agents. I was seated in the main room with the head officer and he started to make phone calls to check up on my birth certificate. I claimed I was born in Oregon but raised overseas. A legal US citizen, it is called justice of the soil. My only identification was my Swedish ID and I said that the rest of my gear was lost in a storm and my friends brought me safely to Corpus Christi in

their sailboat. They called the Department of Records in Eugene/Oregon but they were switching from paper file archives to computers. So the whole office was in a mess. So unless paying someone specially to find my papers we just had to wait a few weeks. It occurred to me that any state capitol would say that since the phone line was intercepted. But the immigration officers said that I looked so nice and decent that they would let me go and much worse cases had been let through the US border. I was walking back to town with a bag of clothes and some money. A million eyes will watch me from now on. They had underestimated me after sixteen years and I had the whole nine-yard in front of me and it started with this long walk back to town on this boulevard. So I took the opportunity to think things over with my head stuck in a cloud of thunder. Back in town I went to the Greyhound bus station and bought a ticket to the closest station to the Mexican border. The next bus to Brownsville was schedule to leave two hours later so I went back to Mama Rosita's Tavern to fork down some burritos. Food and sleep is essential for a field agent's success and I have had a lot of sleep in the joint already.

The bus ride along the Texas coast went smooth. I sat next to a genuine cowboy, Billy Bob was his name. He was dressed in blue jeans pants and jacket with hat and all. We had a nice conversation in the southern drawl for a couple of hours about rodeos, the old Wild West and stuff. We arrived to Rio Grande after dark. I stepped of the bus and saw a huge light-up flag swaying and I looked at it for a moment while generated power from it. I became charge up again like the Hulk. The Stars and Stripes is a beautiful symbol. So here I was finally in John Wayne country. I said goodbye to my cowboy friend and started to walk on the abandoned city streets. To save money I had to sleep in an alley but the police cars were patrolling everywhere because of the border with illegal immigrants. So I slept on a roof where no one could see me. The next morning I went to the main street to get some breakfast. With a stuffed stomach I walked over to the Brownsville Collage campus and the library there. I fell asleep in a big chair with a big atlas in my lap. The northeastern Mexico was folded up but not too obvious. I had also asked the clerk for a railroad map over the territory. That is two clues. When I woke up it would be time for rascal tricks.

On my trip down we passed Harlingen on route 77 and I noticed a big railroad junction with a lot of commotion going on. So I bought a bus ticket back to Harlingen and took the thirty-minute ride from Brownsville with the evening Greyhound bus bound for Houston. I relaxed in my seat, taking valuable rest. Last night was not so comfortable. Before I left the bus I censored a watcher in the front. Confirmation for that I had them on the hook again! I made sure that it was easy to spot me as I left the bus station walking a few blocks to the railroad tracks. The closest track to the highway was the main one and I waited under a street light for the next train to come. Since it is going through the town the train would have a pretty slow pace, enough to run up against and jump on to. After about an hour it came, the big noisy iron horse with its cyclone eye glowing in the dark. I walked rapidly over the street, climbed up between two train cars and waited. It was about three meters between the two tracks, so it was plenty of room to make the jump. And the nice part was that I was visible

for the passing cars. So when the train was passing and making me undetected from the street, I climbed down to the other side of the parked train car. Quickly crossing several tracks fast and heading for the reloading area. I found an open cargo car and jumped in there. There was several cardboard in there to rest on and I smiled to myself when I closed the door. I made myself lost for them again. Daniel Fortesque one - Texas Rangers nil.

It was amazing to me how comfortable a night sleep in a train car could be when you know you shake off the heat. I woke up after a dreamless night and to my surprise I was not stiff at all in my back. When I pulled the slide door away and looked outside it was a surrealistic feeling, almost as if I saw the morning sunrise for the first time. The boneheads would soon have checked out the south route the train that passed last night had and along with that get to the conclusion that I might jumped off somewhere along the way. It would be hard to track me down anyway. They would soon come back to search this area too. So I have to leave before some serious search with dogs on the loading area would begin. I picked up my backpack and jumped down on the gravel quietly. I bend down to see underneath to the other tracks if there were some early workers around that could spot me but the area was empty. So I walked rapidly towards the open field nearby and crossed it undetected. I walked quickly like a needy person on the way to the restroom and was out of the target area in less than two minutes. It was like walking on foam and life was good. It got better after I had breakfast at a nearby fast-food outlet. Next to it was a man sitting on a porch with tools spread out all around him. I stopped and asked if he needed some help. I sure needed some cover right now.

” Sure do partner. I'm fixing up this house for new tenants.” He said and continued: ” Help me with the sidings here and we can have a cup of coffee afterwards”.

He was a nice man with a couple of small homes that he rented out, a micro landlord you might say. Over the coffee were we talking about Caribbean and social life styles in America. He asked me about my situation and I told him the general part. So he invited me over to his house and to stay over for the night and watch baseball on TV. Truly southern hospitality and I got out of the way for the watchers too. The next day he drove me to a truck stop were I could get a ride. One way over there I got the feeling that I forgot something. I said goodbye and thanked him for putting a brick on my path. He wished me good luck and drove off. Inside by the coffee bar I remembered what I forgot. It was my mother's necklace, a cross she always wore. I had left it on the guestroom table before I tucked in last night. I could not leave without it. Mailing it later to me was out of the question. So now I would probably be spotted again because of the delay. I called my friend and he drove over to the gas station again with my gem. It struck me how things turned out. Maybe I should stop the watchers adrenaline rush. Be visible again and let them be happy. The force had told me to hold my horses, which considering my recent chronicle on this mission was a surprisingly move to me. But of course the Force is always the accurate one but I shall dance on their noses again though, show them who the slick one is. Yeah.

So now I have to watch the paint dry. Well, it's been like I painted hell red, so maybe I can put up with this too since I am riding with the Force. After all, nothing is too big for my shoulders to carry on this planet any more. On my way out of this starting with square one, the pace was set. I got a ride with a truck driver that had a white rig with the US Air Force logo on. I asked him if he was shipping secret airplanes. He laughed and said that his company had taken the patent on the logo and let the air force using it for free. I was thinking to myself - Only in America.

I kept on trucking through Texas and got to the Rocky Mountains and Denver a day later. The huge mountain comb stretched out behind Denver invitingly and I was going to get up there. But I had run out of money now and needed some cash right away for a bus ticket because I was tired of hitch hiking. The snow resorts were five hours drive away and over the highest point in the country. As so many times before I got a night's sleep at one of the Salvation Army Inn's and more would come. They hooked me up with a labor job for a day the next morning and let me select a few clothes to wear up in the mountains. You are coming in dull and gray and walking out fire and blood - A great motto they have on their flag. Long live the Army. Aspen looked the same since I was there the last time. A few stores were gone and several new ones had showed up. I got a job as carpenter's helper and another one renovating a café. The cafeteria with a backdoor called bacteria. Well, it gave me roof over my head. But the first night I had stayed in the church. The priest there had let build two rooms inside the church for wanderers, eight bunk beds in total with a shower facility. First priest I met that was made of the right stuff. Anyhow, I got a job as a waiter at the best hotel. But that was as far as I got before the season started. After thanksgiving day there is nothing available on lodging or work situations. So I was out of that place because of the lack of a social number. But before I left I paid back a ride to a bus driver, that had giving me one on credit. I don't want to be the one that convince a person that the world is not grateful. Before that day was over I would have seen the beautiful Rocky Mountains and reach the space land in Utah. The last part of the trip as hitchhiker was in darkness until I got over the hill to the valley where Las Vegas was, wrapped up in an incredible carpet of lights. My traveling companion was going to Fresno in California but I wanted to stay here for a while. So he let me off at the casinos by the state border between Nevada and California. There was a truck stop there he knew that had free showers for truck drivers and a TV room to snooze in. "You just tell them you are a team driver and waiting to be picked up for the next run." said the driver that drove me. We went in to a casino and, Oh Boy, thousands of slot machines were rattling and flashing. I notice that in this temple of sliders there are no windows or clocks...time seemed to standing still here and time is money...especially in a casino - a funny contradiction. Anyhow, my chauffeur took me to a restaurant and filled me up. Life is good. Even here I tried out the Salvation Army's facilities. I was almost as a traveling inspector from HQ...I stayed for a couple of weeks and worked as a telemarketer. Since I was shoplifting a pack of cigarettes every day just to provoke, the watchers had enough of it and set up a sting one day. Going to teach me something (it can't be manners, I know that). The one that should spot me and signal to the others inside the super market was a clumsy one. In

his eagerness he went down on one knee to tighten his shoelace in the middle of the driveway and car came up behind him and honked. And he was still on his pathetic knee while I went in to the store with a smile. Passing the gate and going toward aisle 4 I looked for other watchers. No one was there so maybe they were on to TV surveillance. I put a packet of Turkish tobacco in my bag while an employee helped a customer in the next aisle. The lady saw my obvious move, came over to me and said: "Can I help you sir?" "No." I answered "I saw you putting a pack of Turkish cigarettes in your bag." "Well, I don't need a big shopping car for a pack of cigarettes and a soda." I said and the lady turned around and left. She was not prepared for that answer (...?). I picked up a soda and paid for it. Daniel Fortesque one - Turkey butts nil.

I used the CB radio at the truck stop by the state border to get a ride with a truck to the coast. It was the gas station I first got to a few weeks ago. It was just before Christmas and I was tired of Las Vegas. Poverty sucks and in Las Vegas it is almost unbearable. I wanted to be in the rays of the warm sun not the neon lights and the watching agents were bugging me offensively too. I was not used to the airborne bacteria among the homeless of the Salvation Army Inn and caught a nasty cold. The first three days after the incubation I was afraid to cough because of the pain in my lungs. So under those circumstances on top of my own situation, you get...you get...hmm... *angry*, when a sissy looking at you and rooting in his nose to mock you. I rolled the dices and they chose a white Christmas later in my biography. So once again will I see the landscape from three meters height inside a Freightliner. A big 18-wheeler pulled it to the truck stop after fifteen minutes. That was my ride. A nice driver had responded to my call and was on his way home to Los Angeles for the holiday. He had the coffee thermos ready for us and after a few hours of funny and interesting conversation did we pass the dry lands and rolled in to Lala land. Where pink Poodle's in pink convertibles greeted us. The truck driver let me off in Long Beach and I thanked him dearly for putting another brick on my path. He drove home and I bought a few apples, a loaf of bread and a bottle of juice for my Christmas dinner by the great Pacific Ocean. I sat down by a bus stop and started to munch on an apple. There was several numbers on the pole so I figure it would take less than an hour before some bus transportation appeared. I figure it out right and got a ride to a transfer station with a light rail connection. Of course I had to go on them too, so "dingeling" and swoosh I went. After a smooth ride overlooking the night-light off the municipal I ended up south of the international airport (LAX) by the sea. I walked down from the station and found a small side street with the right name - Grand Street. I was planning for my night sleep and saw a light up little church. I went in to rest and listening to the mass. The atmosphere was peacefully with candlelight's, Jesus kit and all. After relaxing on a bench in the back I started to look around. Over the entrance there was a balcony for office space. That is where I will sneak up to. You would at least know that much about me now, right? I pulled out my blanket and camped out exhausted but happy and filled up. The awakening next morning was heavenly. The church was full to last seat and everybody was singing Christmas

hymns. I did not need a snooze button. I listen to the harmony and was grateful for participating in the Lords strange ways in his universe. I was also able to call to Sweden to greet my buddy's "A Merry Christmas" for free, thanks to an eighteen-digit number I was handed to by a homeless hustler in Vegas. The ways are mysterious indeed. The bright sunny morning was refreshing with its salty wind from the ocean. I walked north by the long curvy beach of LA. Enjoying myself in the moment for I had crossed two continents and one ocean by "foot" and reached the other side of the world. A journey to the furthest point filled with obstacles at the size of hippopotamus and a tail of snakes and weasels following me. Daniel Fortesque one - Wild Kingdom nil.

The second day I was walking up the coast I came to Malibu and had enough of exercise as I was sitting down and slurping in a bowl of soup at the local Asian restaurant. There is nothing such as a free lunch but I had one right now. It appeared after a conversation with me in half Mandarin saying "can I help you out" and a respond "no nessesajie seah". It was time again now to be street smart. I thanked the owner for the hospitality and walked determined over to the post office across the street and pleaded to the clerk to cash in my post stamps I had found in Las Vegas. Bambi eyes always helps. So with some change in my pocket I got on the bus to Ventura. Sitting comfortably in a new synthetic seat I started to speculate over things. It started to rain in the afternoon and the big windshield wipers on the bus had an urgent message for recommending indoor activities. Klaklossh...Klaklossh. It was not an inviting feeling but the sight outside was extraordinary. The rolling hills were green and agronomical untouched, virgin territory indeed. The old digger's Yahoo scream from the gold rush was still echoing in the valleys. I got off the bus in Santa Barbara with my ears still ringing from it. It was a really nice coast town with mountains in the background and fisher boats in the marina and all. The long main drag, State Street, was loaded with bars and taverns. It seemed to be a good hang out here. So I checked in my luggage at the Rescue Mission and took a stroll in this winter hibernating beach resort. Here were a lot of jobs for people with legit personal number. But I only got two days in a wood shop to help them clean up their mess. After two weeks my contract was due with the Rescue Mission so on day twelve I went to the railroad tracks for a third class seat in an open cargo car. Nothing passed the town this day. Otherwise it was a constant "dingelingeling" and red disco flash from the crossing signals. I went back to my upper bunk bed for the night. Now I am down to my last day and I needed to get out of this town without a suit of feathers and tar. I suspected that for a moment when the fire alarms went off during the evening supper at the mission. We were told to go out to the back yard and I somehow could feel cameras aiming at us.... Just a feeling and what a splendid way to humiliate me it would be. The next day something peculiar happened while I was reading a book and waited for the Freedom Train to come. But at the end of that day I had a smile on my face again, as usual. The first act was after a long hole in the train schedule. Finally a train came along and stopped in front of me, all the one hundred and sixteen cargo cars. The mysterious man that been sitting thirty meters from me showed me how simple it would be to jump up and take a seat on one of the open flatbed cars. It was

southbound and I just came from there. I was not turning back to Bimbo land. I just let the train start up and steam away. Later that day the second act appeared. A drunk, better read shit-faced, sailor came wiggling down the track. He even felt on the tracks big wood clamps. And he is coming up to me and doing karate moves ten centimeters in front of my nose. I was prepared to lay aside my principals if he touched me the slightest. He did not, but started to brag about his rank in the Navy Seal's. He was a major and a caricature for the little people too, now on noodle knees and fighting mosquito's in Japanese style... a one hundred and sixty-centimeter tall, half-baked tattooed hippie. He had been duged up from some woodwork. I was sure of that. He also talked beside his mouth. In his slurries attempt to communicate he mentioned that I had been sitting here for two days without any luck. How did he know that, you might ask yourself ? Well, what can I say.

” How about going and get a beer ? ” he said. And so we did.

Anyhow, the tool of the masterminds wiggled away and I took a disappointed man's stroll in town that afternoon, really slow and randomly looking in shopping windows. Then I came to Greyhound bus station and went in there to visit the bathroom. On my way out I caught the daily departure schedule and the northbound line to San Francisco left at ten twenty-five. Tomorrow it would be time for Operation Bullshit. In the evening I participated in the mandatory church service the mission had. Thinking how it is that the homeless are forced to a service before food handout and bedtime but they are the backbone of the worshipers. Hallelujah brothers. Get down! Well, the pulse of a nation is how they treat their poor fellow citizens. And the United States of America have done pretty good so far. Most impressive has the donations from the business community been and the so many volunteer workers helping out. God is watching you and He smiles. So to continue the story, let me tell you about the following day. After the breakfast with the motley crew, a bowl of corn flakes and doughnuts I went back to the railroad track and started to camp out again. But around 9.45 I made a lot of body language and started to pack my gear. With my head hanging down I started to walk uptown. I came around a street corner and there it was. My ride out of town, the Greyhound bus was even washed this morning too. Since the driver was not there I just climbed onboard and took a seat in the back. Let's improvise here now a little bit, I said to myself. The driver came and started to go down the seat rows and check the tickets. When he came up to me I handed over my Swedish ID. He asked me what this was for and I told him that my captain said to me over the phone that I should step on this bus because he had paid the ticket from the San Francisco terminal. We should sail after midnight and I was the chef onboard just doing some tourism down here on my week off. I looked sincere and wondered to myself where I got all this from. He was a nice service minded employee and he took me back to the office and the lady at the ticket counter. I repeated the story and the lady phoned the operator and got the number to the marina at Fisherman's wharf in San Francisco. She dialed it and to my great relief was there only an answer machine at the other end.

” Well, I suppose you can clear this up when you get there.” she said.

” Oh yes most definitely.” I answered and looked back at the bus driver. He waved with his hand to follow him and we went back to the bus. He took his seat and I took

mine. My astral body raised its right knee, tightens the right fist in the air and said between clenched teeth: Yes !

The fifteen-minute brake at the next station was nerve wrecking for the poor bus driver. Two state troopers were talking to him and he looked over to me several times. When they drove off he stared at me for a moment too. I was standing outside having a smoke and saw this scene. He did not say anything to me when I climbed on again but the feeling was there. We arrived to the bus station in down town San Francisco just before seven o'clock that evening. As soon the air brakes looked on with a high pressure fart, he walked me to the manager's office and watched me trying to call my captain (now that would be a long, very long distance call). The head manager said he would take over from here but the bus driver almost insisted to stay and watch me pay the twenty-seven dollar. Finally he left and the manager said to me that I should come back with the money. We were not to leave the harbor until after midnight anyhow. I did however arrive to San Francisco with flowers in my hair, if you count pollen that is. Daniel Fortesque one - Land crabs nil.

I spend the last month of 1996 in Berkeley at one of the homeless facilities. It was a very nice place, almost like a summer camp with massage therapist and art teacher visiting every week. There were clay, oil paint, glue and office supplies everywhere. Hand crafts to relax and mellowed out people. In a trailer at the back porch were there even five computers available for binary nerds and net surfers. My fictive multi-purpose resumes saw the light there.

I do not need to eat garlic any more. All the vampires/bloodsuckers would be gone. Imaginative ones of course, no one is that paranoid, unless you see them that is. The first ray of dawn and fresh air was created. I did not need to demonstratively wear a deep-breathing Band-Aid on my nose, you know the one all athletes have these days (I understand it was invented by a greedy person because the air is free). So with my resume in my hand I called up the convention center and booked me in as a reporter, they get in for free, for the next Internet exposition. For my daily bread I had now butter to go with it too. A temporary landscape work (hiring without any questions asked) provided me with that. You really earn your money in a profession like that. Your back and biceps tells you that every evening. The trick how to not get calluses is to hold on very hard to the shuffle shaft and especially the picker to prevent friction. I could not afford to lose the job by sitting on my bed in a donation station and nursing my wounds. When the hard is tough the tough is getting hard...or something lie that. Anyhow, with my second paycheck I rented a furnished room and with my third I became a lucky car owner. No more bus rides, I was Americanized to the last piston now. Look out !

The Internet Expo97 opening date came closer and I started to slowly form my plan. Since I can title myself as car owner now, I need a permanent address to complete a business card layout. Uniform Resource Location (URL) is your home in an alley linked to the information super highway. I'm going to buy me a new cyber home for less than \$ 200 where I can receive electronic checks in the electronic mail

at my electronic address. Everything is possible in America and it just got better by the baud. The whole Expo97 was a crescendo of colors, cozy interior and free peanuts to enjoy. The Enlighten Ones stood on podiums with name tags on their shirts and wearing microphone headsets. Very MTV and they had it all figured out too. The announcers, who did not have a clue about the reach beyond the dreams of the old generation of engineer's this exposition was, were working the crowd like salesmen for snake oil in the old Wild West. I saw the Internets in its crib. The ultimate connector and here I was among the first privileged spectators. Like the factory owner in the Star Trek movie - The Voyage Home - when Scottie, the star ship Enterprise chief engineer created transparent aluminum on his computer using the computer mouse as a microphone (that is really funny). In the same movie Dr. McCoy wondered how this people even got out of the twenty century. Oh boy, was that the quote of the film history or what.

Seventh chapter

Star conference

Movie directors have always puzzled me with their imagination to solve a scene that requires a difficult camera take and also using strange expressions when interviewed. On the other side of the entertainment industry is the studio owner's whom posses great gambling sense while bathing in money. This opposite poles is in an integrated sphere and I intend to hammer in a nail using the actor's vanity as a wedge. The right pressure spiced with advertisement would create some turbulence. The media hogs would love to write about that. For the only distributor with more than 2300 movie theatres in every US city, the American Movie Company would it be interesting to take the pulse of their supplier and predict a better out-come for the stockowners. That was my brief message to Mr. Stewart's secretary, the Chief Executive Officer of the American Movie Company. He was to attend at the movie star conference in the Los Angeles conference center. I hoped to see him over a drink at his hotel lobby. I was a too big fish for him to resist, or so I hoped.

We both had our hunting net ready when he joined me at the bar. We exchange curtsey and got two draft beers served to slowly zip on. I unwrapped my plan for him and pointed out the brilliance of it all with a flamboyant reach for my glass. I was quiet now; it was his turn to speak. So far he has only been nodding and humming.... He looked up to me with a Mona Lisa smile and said that he would leave an envelope for me to pick up at the front desk tomorrow.

” Of course I will nod from my seat for approval and I hope you have time someday to visit my office. So don't disappoint me now. ” he said with his index finger circling

around in the air. My astral body raised its right knee, tightens the right fist in the air, and said between clenched teeth: Yes !

I would go out through the sliding glass doors at the front desk with a dip-walk. I could hardly wait. I shook his hand, telling him how much I was looking forward to the event and out through the doors I went. My ass was shaking, my dick swinging and I was smoking...!! I started up my car and drove west on Santa Monica Boulevard to the Venice Beach. When I sat down at my window table at The Flying Pig and ordered pork chops, I felt incognito as a skeleton hidden inside a fat person. The Spin-doctor is back in the zone, unsinkable and caught up in the Internet. A voice behind me said:

” Maybe we shall name the operation Titanic ? ”... I turned around to the familiar voice.

The four security agent's assign to cover the lobby entrance took a break, as they were, once the crowd was inside the main hall and the doors were closed. All the important people of the film industry were seated. And soon the masters of ceremony will begin with a couple of jokes before officially open the conference. On the back of my beverage delivery jacket was a big Coca-Cola label and on my chest pocket I sewed a ribbon saying ” The Real Thing” with Pepsi's logo in between the words. Nobody will notice anything, which is why it was funny to have it there until I done my stunt. I was watching the agents from across the entrance hall. After a few minutes two of the agents went in to the bathroom across the hall. My wait was over; I started slowly rolling down the corridor with my loaded dolly. I squirt a tube of super-glue on the door lock to the men's room when I passed and placed a door mat there too. It was soaked with two hundred dollar worth of glue and I was down to two agents. I came to a stop at the beverage machine I had placed yesterday by the stairs. There are so many of them all over the facilities that nobody will take any notice of this one especially with a sign ”Out of order ” taped to it. It was my own walk-in closet, very convenient for a field operation. The two agents in the men's room started to scream and banging at the door as I calculated and the other two agents rushed over o investigate and stepped on the glued mat. Someone equipped with a pint-sized brain will bend over and try to loosen the shoes with a knee on the floor. That result would be a human origami without any chance to crawl away for help. I watched it happened as I opened the door to the soda machine and put my dolly in there and change jacket. I think I was whistling ” When the Saints go marching in...” while walking over to the doors, now free from bouncers. ” I want to be in that number...” and so I was when I opened one of the doors to the conference hall and waved to the two security agents on the floor. They just got the oral syndrome named after a mythology moose.

With a twisted cable stuck in to my ear anchored with chewing gum that disappeared inside my collar I had no problem sneaking my way in to the back stage. A few nods here and there with a dull face made the trick. The first speaker was the MGM's chairman Mr. Stevenson who would present up to date facts on an overhead easel board and the podium. He was on time and making his way through the back corridors when I got a visual contact. I throw my map away and made my move.

” Mr. Stevenson ? ”.

” Yes.” he said.

He was then forced to inhale my handkerchief soaked in Ether. After a couple of staccato he calm down and I quickly lifted him up and walked over to the second door behind us. It was the linen room. I laid him down and made a soft pillow of towels. He would not need a stiff neck on top of the oncoming headache. I took his ID card that was attached to his chest pocket and glued my photo over his. I then became Mr. Stevenson. I took his briefcase, got rid of the faked earplug and closed the door behind me. Sleeping Beauty would not disturb my plans for the next hour-an-half. The retailer that installed the soda machine did not see me because the order was placed over the phone and the delivery outfit was as well. I looked on my watch; I was two minutes ahead of my schedule. Fast Lane Daniel (FLD) was heading for the big stage.

The applause was loud when I enter the stage announced as Mr. Stevenson. I wore a professional dark suit, polished shoes and a discrete tie. My appearance was sharp as a butcher's knife. I sat down the briefcase by the table and put on a look like a slick investigator while the decibel decreased. I better start talking now before anyone realizes that I am thirty years to young to be Mr. Stevenson. I clipped on the wireless microphone to my tie and went over to the podium.

” Ladies and Gentlemen, thank you for coming here today. I am about to tell you now the story of your life.”

I looked over to Steven Spielberg, raising my eyebrows a few times and made my eyeballs bigger. I looked forward again and continued:

” Your collected experienced of your lives is gathered in an aura around you. It is a part of your body, the soul you might say. It shows the steps you climbed on the latter of universal evolution. Most people here on this planet have four or five colors. A very few have six. They are easily counted for in the book of history... I have ten... The ruler and ticket taker of this world, your morbid Lord are gone. I watched him die outside his estate in the land in between our worlds. He did a hell of a job indeed, because you still spinning without him... I came here to open a door for us to interfere... You don't know what you're doing and future generations will suffer from you behavior, so the nature will strike back on you for that and secure the balance. Only we can save you now... Eating of the apple from the three of knowledge, without commune sense and you think you are so cool you can afford to dip walk. You brought a new meaning to pathetic behavior by insulting the grater human race. It is time now to count the pilgrims in to the coral so the rest can follow their leader's faith.”

That should surprise them like an electric stun gun. I made an artistic moment of silent while taking up a candle light from my pocket. I light it up and put it on the podium. After looking at it for a little while I looked up and inhaled.

” In the movie Apocalypse now said Robert Duvall, one of the grates actor in our time, that Napalm smells like victory. He was almost right. It is actually wax.”

I had seen Mr. Duvall in his seat just after I entered the stage and looked over to him with a smile. Everybody participating from the movie industry agreed quietly and he was blushed with honor... I started to dig into my mind after a red tread in my opening and dove in to a sea of poetical accessories... I surfaced.

” Ants are the smallest you compare yourself with. But still, five of them are more than four elephants, a mathematical fact... You also call them primitive beings. The definition of primitive is an early stage of development and lack of perspective. But they have lived and worked hard for more than 60 million years (Families that stack together stick together). To them you are 0.00000003 in the fauna perspective. What you call Heaven is an older place with its eternal lifestyles, so where would you fit in ? ”.

That was pretty good. I continued like an arched cat ready to pound.

” Churches predict, and try to tell you how to reach heaven not knowing what it's like there. So what do they know ? I will later explain how the longer you live; the greater proportional change in the self-evident truth will increase by physical form...”

That was an awfully strong statement. I better get away from this thin ice. I bought some time by looking in my pockets, to snake me out of this fine mess I got myself in to (quote from Stan Laurel & Ollie Hardy). I slapped my astral body. No more slipping and sliding, I have to stay up on my legs from now on. No more Bambi on ice ...!!

” I've been exposed in the media by the country's controller I lived in, more than 200 months ago, because they didn't need any help from us... And also wanted to make me surrender, proving I wasn't capable to ride out the storm or standing tall without shaking in my boots. Now, that's a principal impossibility.

Mr. Jim Carrey just recently made the movie The Truman Story. The only different is instead of a huge dome it was a small country in my case and full of toothless old women. The war of nerves and guts between them and me proceeded without a single battle lost... for me. They don't even know I'm here now... Please let me do a little demonstration for you what kind of acting this chess game required. So for that I need a volunteer.”

I looked over the audience of actors and found the charming smile of Mr. Harrison Ford. We got eye contact and I beckoned to him to come up on the stage. At first he got a small mouth and wide eyes but then looked around and put on his winning smile again and left his seat. I bet his was thinking, ” Well, I'm a hero after all ” while climbing up to the stage. But... most likely, like everybody else, was wondering what this clown up there think he is going to teach us...

” Thank you Han Solo for being a puzzle piece in the Star Fleet Federation.” I said with a sincere smile while looking between his eyes. He did not get any eye contact from me and that throw him off guard a little.

” Pretend we are on a busy city sidewalk in Europe, about 6-8 meters wide and you doing some window-shopping. You have to look up too so you not bumping in to someone. Please Mr. Ford go over to the other side of this stage.”

And so he did. He turned around and looked at me.

” Walk towards me and pretend that you looking into windows on your left side.” His left side was facing the back drop curtain and I started to walk towards him on his right side so the audience would see clearer what I was going to do. I was 2 meter aside in a parallel walk. When we met I took a quick side step and shuffle my elbow in his side. He stopped and faced me with question marks all over his face like freckles.

” Now Mr. Ford, wouldn't you say this mean - Watch it, we know where you are. Wake up, don't keep your distance. We are in control of the situation...? ”

He just nodded and had nothing further to add.

” So please do as I did now and I will act on my behalf. ”

He walked over to the other side as I walked to his starting side on the other side of the stage. We started to walk towards each other and I did the window-shopping by looking at the curtains. When we were about to meet I looked away and he did the side step, swinging his elbow at my waist. I took a fast side step preventing his blow. He stumbled while I stepped back in my path again, turned around and looked at him.

” Now what kind of statement did I just make...turning my head away from you and all ? ”

I looked out over the audience to make them think this too. I met Jack Nickolson's astonished eyes; he was not wearing sunglasses surprisingly. He can maybe handle the truth without them. I then slowly looked back at Mr. Ford.

” Picture the clever ones sitting in their quarter, talking and planning. They just wanted to try another angle since the other ones didn't work. In this street bout they will have one agent in front of me, on behind and one across the street to study my moves, face expressions and body language.” I said.

I received a nodding from Mr. Ford.

” The first five times he was probably not even aware of our attempt, they thought, since I just dodged and didn't show any reactions. The next ten tries didn't result in any reaction on my behalf, or elbow hit for that matter. A statistically pattern started to show now but they were determent to get at least one hit in my side. Even they recognized the stupidity in failing now. It seemed impossible to them that I can scan out crowds and individual purpose... So the next three weeks they tried another twenty-two times to nail me. After eighty times that summer I stopped counting their attempts to bounce me. I then put on my loudest face expression for five seconds (Daniel Fortesque one - Stupid clowns nil).

They figure I must be so stupid not to notice their effort that they started to ask me what time it was everywhere I went. You see, confused persons have a time disorder. But me, oh no, I was never off more than twenty minutes no matter what time of the day it was... Didn't need any wristwatch there, time is on my side and I took their heat too well, not even a blister and without sun blocks. That was enough introductions about me. It is time to hit the actor's vanity now. I thanked Mr. Harrison Ford for his assistance and I waited for him to leave the stage before I smoothly would switch the subject. He was walking down shaken, not stirred.

” For instance, picture yourself (!!!) in a similar situation. For most of you in your daily life others are pursuing you. We can call them the Paparazzi, named after a crossing between a pizzeria and a Sicilian Don. They stick to you like glue, so they

can sell their pictures to magazines that *give the people what they want*... Right ? Wouldn't it be nice if Mr. Swartzenegger, Mr. Stallone and Mr. Snipe showed up in the publisher's office and holding him two feet above the floor. Convincing him, with toothpicks in the side of their mouths, that from now on is he buying from one resource only namely your selves. Articles without rumors and gossip then telling him that otherwise - "I'll be back." I hoped they got the suggestion. But I better explain the point as well to cover all bases.

"No distribution without your permission and the photo hunter's lost their trade."

Now the crowd started to soften up, the looks and nodding between them confirmed for me that I would have them falling like a blind roofer. Ya mon, lizzn t' Papa Bear nhow. I continued:

"The phrase - *give the people what they want* - in a business-like translation means that you got stupid customers to depend on for your production flow. A very weak market indeed. What if the customers got enlightened and wised up ? It will result in a powerless negotiation point for the managers with the stockholders. The very same day they have to lay down the pen and leave without bonuses. That resume would send anyone to a life on minimum wage."...

That has to sink in a little bit. So I started to root around in the briefcase to stretch the time a little bit. Because it was time now to ask permission from Mr. Stewart, the CEO for the American Movie Company. I looked in the direction I had from his seat number on his invitation card. Our eyes met and... he nodded slowly to me. I took out a plastic roll from my jacket and placed it on the overhead machine. When I pushed the button for the light, a letter was showed on the wall. The Chief Executive Officer of the American Movie Company had signed it. It had a colorful logo and the content was an answer to FLD Inc./, me, about an earlier request to buy stocks. The second part of the letter was about an offer to sell them to me. It would be brought up on the next board meeting.

"I'm going to show old movies for a year, many foreign ones with subtitles to give the moviegoers a chance to reflect over good and bad taste. The paperwork is already done. They will have guidance too after they have seen my introduction to every film as well. You see, at the end of the year they will appreciate theatre more. This gives you a thin line to survive on. If you produce more Hollywood crap like now to *give the people what they want*, you will see something else coming... Like men in suites bringing court order and taxes from IRS. No more movies anymore for stupid people who feed from violence and imitate it. Since my buddy's and I are from another galaxy you bet we can clone money, gold... and diamonds too. We are a girl's best friends."

I put on a broad smile on my face. There was not a single kin that was closed... I was looking at a drained aquarium. Now I have their fully attention. I wished I had a camera because my view was the most priceless and astonishing shot of the millennium, a true Kodak moment to preserve forever.

I had walked over to the easel board and stood there with a black marker in my hand. The overhead machine was switched off but the letter on transparent film was still on it. Mr. Stewart wanted to see who would reach for it first after I am leaving the stage.

This crowd is used to astronomical figures, so 1.000.000.000 was the first I wrote across the upper part of the paper. And then I turned around.

” You take a million here, a billion there and soon we'll be talking real money as the banker said. But let me first for a minute, demonstrate what a billion is. ”

I then started to draw small lines on the paper, four with a diagonal fifth one. After a minute I had drawn up 40 groups. I then faced the crowd.

” Now imagine these 200 lines as a light year each...After a week we have drawn up some serious distance don't you think. And then, to count to a billion will take another 114 months... ”

I then flipped over to a new page and made 9 circles randomly and with an ”A” inside one of them.

” Here I have collected the 9 galaxies with the brightest art forms and culture. They got the grove man. ”

I did a Travolta move and snapped my fingers. Like my old school teacher I then turned half way around towards the class and started to get down to business.

” The upper sector is called Lorien, they've been around since the beginning.

Most worlds there are living partially on a higher frequency than the material ones.

In thinner dimension of physic law that is... No need for vacuum cleaner on these

places. This galaxy right here represents the artistic ones. Their cities are the eye

candy of the universe and they speak to each other in rhyme too. Really funny guys I

might add. Pyramid builders colonize the next galaxy over here. They have the math

down to the ultimate zero and teach the rest of us about our own astronomy for better

navigation. Down here in these two galaxies live the little green people. They like to

travel or go sailing as we call it. They've been here too. They are looking for The

Great Green Giant... And found him here only pictured on canned vegetables. It

seems they have an endless search... The next 3 circles here represent what the cabinet

members back home call the new colonies. The inhibitors are of all sizes and skin

color, like here almost. We helped them overcome their obstacles. It took more than

magic to pursue them to join the light. It seems unbelievable for such an obvious

choice, but it's true. I was there and I know how blinding stubbornness can be, believe

me. ”

I looked again at Steven Spielberg who had even wider eyeballs now and nodded slowly at him twice with a tired stare.

” The last one of these 9 galaxies is called Haalooll by everybody. Because they have a red dwarf that make this sound Haalooll like a witty voice on a radio frequency. It's

pretty funny, don't you think ? The inhabitants claim they invented instant coffee,

whisky and androids. Beyond this, known to the greater mankind is 27 other worlds,

spread out all over the Universe. I don't need to explain all that to you now, I hope

you get the picture. ”

They were so quiet, that I did not think they got the joke about getting the picture.

I then wrote 142.000 light years on the third paper. I moved away so they all could see

it and continued to write astronomical numbers on the rest of all the papers until the

very last one, where I drew up this solar system with planets and all.

” And here we are, in a galaxy *far far away*. The distance could also be described mathematically as a line between point, I wrote a B and... (I flipped back to the

second paper with 9 circles/galaxies and the "A", then back again)... to us here at point B. So even if it's closer than a kilometer between both this points in a curved universe and I pierced all the papers. It is impossible by Tao, for Obi-Wan Kenobi's to overcome the distance totally. Unless ... called upon by physic laws. That is magnetism, particle concentration, gravitation and whatever a rocket scientist here struggles with. Even the astronaut's brain is included with all its chemistry and low voltage. It is attached to a psychic hot line that is integrated with other dimensions of physic laws in macro and micro universes. ET's phone you might say. "

I walked over to the table now and leaned on it and preparing myself to deliver the challenge, I entered a philosophic pose. Inhaled deeply and exhaled my lungs cautiously.

" We have received images of your lifestyle and obedience to Dart Vader here, for quite some time now. He has other names too but we recognize his work when we see it. It's not so difficult at all. Anyhow, he is cut off from his craft now. That's how far we operate. We then need an open challenge in order to conquer his offspring's and finish off the business. Someone who will represent us will then be beamed down here and take your brain farts until you cross the line from politeness to rudeness. And you will... In fact, it has been done already and no one in universe is shocked...

That's how predictable you are...Wouldn't it be nice to have some expert help available from a bright galaxy ? Hmm. Especially when almost all the resource s on this planet are burned out and you have nowhere to go either. Nature's balance will strike back at you with a hit you won't walk away from. "

I unwrapped from the philosophic pose and propelled myself over to the easel board again. I there flipped back the pages to the second one, turned around still pointing at the 9 circles and proclaimed.

" Since you can't confirm this by detecting us, it is a question for you whatever having spontaneously spirit combustion in the footsteps of Dart Vader or getting spontaneously combustion in the material world. Now, isn't that an easy choice...

Well, you will probably continue to gamble with your life. Thinking you would snake your way out by getting our sympathy and been lifted up from the manure you created and join the greater human family in a universe without sorrows. "

I started to flip the pages in fast forward motion to the last one. I then tore out the third dot from the sun, rolled it in to a little white ball and turned around. I held it in my outstretched left hand and said in a controlled voice.

" I heard a stand-up comedian once who said - But of course, there is intelligent life out there in space, that's why they haven't made contact with us. "... So, don't flatter yourselves thinking you're great company... Unless... You can climb back up again to the real deal, up here on the easel board using your spiritual gifts. You see, the gifts can be recalled and you will only have a bottomless hole behind you to turn to. "

I shot out the white ball with two fingers and watch the sitting ducks, uncomfortable in their seats as they were. Daniel is getting hang time now for the game-winning dunk, I thought to myself. Well, a mimic statement now would be to lower my arm slowly so the knife-twist in the wound will hurt a bit more. I could not resist that move...of course.

” The one from us up here (I tapped on the easel board) who walk this journey with you won't forget the missions purpose, relax or make a wrong choice. We are the entire same, graduate to the norm. Anyone called upon, would be a phylum terminator not stopping for anything in the way but is also merely a mirror of your own wrongdoing. Personally, I am in-between the X-axle and the Y-axle. I'm so normal I'm a norm. (Abby Norm in Mel Brooks Frankenstein) ”.

I could not help myself and made a Charlie Chaplin gesture, circling my right arm and bending my knees.

” Not too far to the left and not too far to the right...but right in the groove. ”

I was having my own Vaudeville freak show now in the limelight... I got hold of myself again and picked deliberately a few hair of my jacket.

” An undeserved chance has been delivered in your lap and you didn't even see it. Crocodile tears won't get you any forgiveness, neither would beg for mercy on your knees. The Laws choice has been delivered even if you wanted to be left alone... and you're on the wrong side of the fence *compadres*. Hasta la vista baby. ”

This statement did not need any body language to further underline it. They all know what was hanging in the air.

” Who do you think want's to associate with you guys...? If you drop in to a black bottomless hole, no one, I repeat no one; will make a single tear by missing you... You pity yourself and moaning about an injustice God. He doesn't exist because you can't ventilate your frustration correctly and your surrounding community is always unfair to you...And compared with... let's say 6-7000 years development from today's situation, a justice and peacefully estate. Things are really bad and unfair for you, isn't it ? Since you're not carrying a developed mind, you can't master your emotions either. And you're narrow-minded too, which doesn't help your case at all. A reflection of your anthropology is rock bottom. All angles in prehistoric behavior have been tried out, from dictatorship to feudalism, capitalism to communism...Why don't you want to try the last guideline ? The one that's gets you going and been working so far for the rest of us...for a long time ! ”

I was thinking of so many sarcasm's that they all passed by too quickly. But since I got my second wind now, I better let the faucet run. I switched on the overhead and let the letter from the American Movie Company glow like a sore thumb to them now.

The fear of a confirmed authentic bullet was electrifying. Right on, my mind was jumping of excitement - Frankenstein rules.

” Since most souls been sold once, they are yet for sale on the open market and being locked out from the big screen must be a killer for your vanity. So just write a check and it will be cashed in. Name your price (sounds like a TV show)...Well, too bad. It isn't that easy. You see, I'm so wealthy so I can afford to say anything... Checks are not tempting and neither are you, although even if you think any man has his price. ” That hurt a little bit to say that, like burning money, but it was worth it. I am, speaking for all of us though.

” Check this out duds.”

I removed the letter from the overhead bed and drew a line over the transparent film I replaced there instead.

” You can barely handle 10 years of a mediocre life but are still good at having opinions about eternal life's whereabouts. And even if so, why do you think you can have top access after poking around for only one mortal lifetime ? Not a very high thought of the rest of us. And by looking around, you surely don't pick up much either during your short visit here. This line here (I am pointing on the overhead bed) is the ticket, it also shows which conductor you let pierce the zones on your ride. ”

I then drew 15 small cross lines on the first long one and looked up slowly, as if to decide how much I shall relive. My fox behind my ear would come in handy now. Let's dribble.

” The first roll of dices on your path, like Monopoly, is having you set up with everything that's required to participate in a winning chance. That's the 1st cross line here where you start to collect experience and make choices. The 2nd one is the same. It's yet too early though for an evaluation. But after that, any time. If you badmouthed some people, did something stupid etc. You'll have to face the opposite, soon probably and finding yourself in your victim's position. You can also be given the opportunity to overcome obstacles by a good deed and getting an extra roll with the dices. As well as stepping back and learn the same lesson again. It's a team effort between you and your creator. And the generosity is on His side... You are still a citizen... It's just that you moving closer to downtown, the longer you try to walk in the path of the light... So one day you are big enough to master your destiny. One of the clues to that is to accept memories as facts lesson's you painfully learned. It would be like sitting in the pink car on a Monopoly board game and waiting for the next turn around GO and cash in the dough... If a door opens in your mind gallery and you see a...telephone. You shouldn't have to go back later on to that door to see if it's still a phone in there. Right ? The truth won't decay, just like the universe, it's always there.” It is so pitifully to have to explain elementary living, I could not sit still. My poetical accessories were ants now in my pants. I put the letter from Mr. Stewart back on the overhead bed before I switched it off and stood up.

” A quick walk through the episodes of life could be that you once will be a single mother of three brats, a bookkeeper, a soldier, a crafts man, a nun, a disable and so on. Wealth comes and goes for you to handle. You'll come young, of course and dies differently every time. As we enter this world in infant stage we have to learn evaluation and to integrate with the surrounding environment. The experience is hidden, a path must be learned again to walk back on. The quicker you learn that, the quicker you can pick up new skills. It doesn't matter...with in reasoning, from which side of a mountain you climbing. The one's that proclaiming otherwise haven't seen the view from the top...”

I met Clint Eastwood's eyes and I almost started to laugh. He was squinting badly, like in a duel from his Wild West movies and he was the only one in the audience with his mouth closed too.

” For instance, here in United States there is about 65% who is overweight of the population and most of them is sitting in front of the TV chewing on fast food... Caesar gave the ancient Romans bread and theatre at the Coliseum to control the crowd. The different is margin; at least we think it is so... I spoke recently to a spoiled American woman who told me about her wish for two dishwashers. One was

for the dirty dishes and one to take clean dishes from. No need for cabinets there... It's like homeowners with a nice garden but they all hate to raking leafs and shuffling snow. Everybody just wants the front side of the medallion. They don't want to be too far to the left and not too far to the right...but right in the groove. I'm I right or what. ” Now I had to hold back my voice so that I do not sound like I am explaining to a loony what weekday it is. Because the universal legacy has to have its own space even if these guys got caught with the hand in the cookie jar and do not deserve anything at all, what so ever.

” The main question isn't if I can answer all your questions but what do we do after I done that. I have the answer to that too. You see, I lived through it and your karma will not look pretty by being exposed to that challenge... When someone pulls a gun to your head and pulls the trigger at least have the decency to lie down and die. ”

Clint Eastwood's eyes were now barley squinting like a crack in a painted wall, the rest of the motley crew stared behind me into the empty space of the back drop. The silence was so loud a tone-deaf could hear it... I walked back to the chair and seated myself comfortably in it. I jiggle my hips, kicked off my shoes and put up my feet on the table. I wiggled my toes, they were happy to get out in the open. I poured myself a drink, in the courtesy glass by the water pitcher from a pocket flask I hauled up from the inside of my jacket's pocket. I leaned back and rocked a little bit on the chair while gulping down the drink in one zip... flushing it around for a real dental job. I looked around the audience slowly, enough to see everyone in the eyes. That took a few minutes. They were still sitting in silence with the same glaze stare as I had seen in Scandinavia. I took out a cigar from my jacket and carefully lighted it up. Another minute got by then I poured me a new and bigger drink this time and said in a very strong Scottish accent:

” I'll pour me another whiskey to swallow down.”

I took a zip from the glass and sat it down. I looked up again at the silent audience and then back at the glass. I then grabbed the bottle, looked at it and said:

” So that's why they're calling it Scotch.”

I kept on puffing on my cigar with Winston Churchill's V-sign written all over the smoke rings I made. Another minute got by when I broke the silence:

” How nice, I like it when the class is finally listening.... Since it can't get any worse anyhow, you just might as well hear it.... I am going to tell you what to do... Why you are going to do it... How to do it... How to keep it in that way... Where you are going from here... What's it all about... and how to stay focused.”

Riiiiing..waowaowaooo ... Riiiiing..waowaowaooo ... Riiiiing..waowaowaooo.

It was the fire alarm that I just sat off by calling * 27 from the tiny cell phone in my pocket to my beeper. The beeper was mounted inside the soda machine; its electric vibration ignited a mix of baking soda and battery acid that created a huge cloud of smoke just under a smoke detector too. I had scooped out that earlier on my recognition. The alarm brought the actors back to the reality and they started to panic a little bit, climbing over seats and all. 25 minutes had passed away since their life change. The self- admiration life on the silver screen is gone and it is burning all around them now. Or so they thought, it's like I got a script from an Ingmar Bergman movie - The Inferno.

In the commotion that now occurred, packed I up my things calmly and went out the back way of the stage. Mr. Stewart would now see a priceless reach for his letter on the overhead machine and I would get a priceless exodus. Out through the back door I went. My ass was shaking, my dick swinging and I was literally smoking...!! Yeah man. My escape with a local bus on a back street went smooth. Fire trucks and parametric vans were all over the front main entrance stirring up hysteria, they come from the station three blocks away. I watched it as I stepped up on bus 522 that was right on schedule. From my seat could I see some of my old watchers that had managed to track down my rented car from Los Angeles international airport, parked in the middle of the front parking lot. I had bribed the manager at the rent-a-car office to park my own car later that day at the end of this bus line's route. The sound of the sirens died out and the evening traffic became the only noise. I felt incognito as a skeleton hidden inside a fat person once again. I looked out the window and reflected over this strange journey episode. Loaded with thrills and promise off fire I left the stage...Pretty good huh. And I didn't reveal any pearls of wisdom either. It was the wrong barn for that.

I put the key in the door to my get-a-way car, fired up the V-8 engine and muscled out on Paramount Street. The final score was nailed and I drove off to the sun set with a great smile. Nah, it was more of a laugh really. You see, I was thinking of the handwritten note I left in a fireproof safe in the beverage machine, now smoked and melted. The note was addressed to Whom Ever and it read as follow:

You can kiss my behind.

Not too far to the left, not too far to the right but right in the groove.