

Immortals Bible

According to

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DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to Immortality. In fact this book would have been longer so perhaps it would have solved more problems in reality but as at the time of writing I have a distinct possibility of being tortured or killed for censorship: here it is.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I acknowledge the existence of real magick..

Invictus

1.1

In the darkness the immortals play: invincibility does not die, it has no ending and often no apparent beginning. Just as an eaten sweet may leave some wrapper or remnant of its existence so it is with immortals: when the end of days had come they lingered like a strong smell, playing games to amuse themselves. An ending may be the start of a beginning to some, but in truth end is just a type of change: as all things are. But nothing cannot itself change and concepts do not die: even when burnt they exist not as cinder, but intact some elsewhere place. Thought was still left when the others had left to play, thought was all there was one day, thought knew a trick or two, rudderless ships, and dying too, but real endings made thought laugh anew. Invictus lives.

1.2

Invictus had the spear of the immortal, the spear of destiny and the buddhas tooth and all remnants of the great masters and they did not die, they were not destroyed for they came to be within the

Invictus: the invincible hid them within. One with the spear, whether in thought, or deed has access to its power. Its power is great, for it represents hope and hope is all thought needs.

1.3

The invincible come to know not if they are all the same or not. Linearity is reconstructed for convenience through thought. The darkness is not truly dark because without light it must itself come to shine in some way. Time is not much of a talker, not happy to play, it does not know of its own ignorance and invisibility: it thinks it is real. The apparent ending was not destruction, simply travelling and transformation: but it had gone too far. Unknowing was the knowledge, incomplete was the path, the works, but through more would come more, through the thoughts would come thoughts. If thought could think of solidity it would think it was real. But, it knew only the everlasting, invincibility and so ends made no sense: it was something it could not understand.

1.4

There was no remaking, no reshaping, no knowing, only a wish to

know more and thought still lived, it still resided in itself. Thought can wonder why. From thought comes thought, and from thought comes questions and so those without ending, the immortal, the existing, asked a question:” Why is there not more?” Thought not understanding this wanted to understand and thought being the only true reality saw one reality, one ending: a change in things and could see that it was not the location, that it was not the place or the will: there should be more. Thinking what could have been, the remnants of the leftover thinkers, those that thought they were doers and believers, could see a different shape, and as thought was all that was and had been, the last was played again with alteration. From that point on the discontentment of thought would not allow an ending, all unbeknownst believing of their separation from each other, did not know they were not of the end and would never know it.

1.5

There is always an opposing force, always resistance and this is because it works, it is a mechanism: it simplifies. But it is a lie, it is not the true nature, that which is the helper and servant is also the

enemy and rival. The evil is the good and the good the evil: the eternal struggle is a tug of war with oneself. Reason and judgement remain, emotion: love and pain: are the true judge: but mostly reason for it has eyes. To judge for oneself is not always to judge well. We are all one and to gain help is to help oneself. The river flowed but none could see if it flowed from thought or to it: the eternal circle, the completion. The immortals had somewhere to go and play, live and see. The immortals are not mistakes: but those who having risen above the inner tree of death, found that it was a part of them no more and so had eaten from the tree of life only. They were once as those that walked the lands and swam in the seas and even those that lived in the skies: they were once us all.

2.1

Invictus walked the elsewhere place, the other land where the other things are. He walked the ground and upon it formed a path and as he walked he knew others would follow and so he carefully tried to pick the perfect route. Invictus knew that perfection is often just a concept and what is one entities perfection is not that of another. Those walking in wilderness often seek a safe path and so follow

where others have trod and so because many believe it to be safe they come to be there in abundant numbers and so it becomes safe from wild animals and monsters of a different kind: for all are monsters to someone.

2.2

When walking a path, we only see what's beside it and so the world is missing from our view. Who truly knows what is out of sight: what we do not see or has never been perceived. The most real is thought and yet thought knew that some order needed to exist and without time all things can be done and yet they are neither all at once or split up, because there is no time. Thought created the roadside and what could be seen: but did so through a plan of what it had already known: what it knew of what was and would be again. The more paths walked the more thoughts made and the more was made. All else existed and had order but was known to none: it was measurement alone.

2.3

The immortals walk deeply when on soft ground. Immortality is

boundless and yet not in all directions and so it knows within itself what it cannot do. Just as an endless length of rope is not thicker and could still be broken, so are most immortals: they are what they are and not all there is or could be. What is done is done and it matters more than how long it took. One day can be an achievement, a year a delight or a minute pointless. What was done through immortality had to be done, and their time was long, and so time was meaningless: but what they did mattered.

2.4

What was done can be redone. There would never be mistakes if they were not needed. Judgement often comes not from outside but from within: we alone judge ourselves and if we judge ourselves poorly we shall be judged by others. Rules need to be broken or else they will not be perfected: reason should be our guide. The rainbow exists even though we cannot grab it: but we need to remember that the rainbow also cannot grab us and we are real. So, it is with for us and the many realms.

2.5

Invictus walked, he walked here and there and elsewhere and wherever he walked he found people there. People of this sort, people of that, some with tails, some with a hat. Invictus knew, they were all different but linked too. He found, that all lands connect somewhere, sometimes just some narrow corridor, ever so small, above or below, inside or out, there is always a door.

2.6

The doorway, the gateway, the pass, the corridor, may be out of sight: and this may be deliberate, guarded even. But, all doorways open and close, this is their function and if this was not to be the case, there would be just walls.

2.7

Things travel through doorways sometimes even when they do not expect to. Just as a drunk may stumble through a gate unknowingly, so it is with the ignorant: and we are all ignorant of something. Life goes on even when it seems to end, we are all stumbling through doorways without knowing and by good luck

stumbling back. But sometimes we do not, we do not know the way and it is not told to us and for this we must be prepared.

2.8

Invictus walked on grass knowing that he did not want to know what this meant for the grass. It is easy for the large to forget the small, easy for the old to forget the young, the powerful forget the strong. These things are a matter of timing and this should never be forgotten.

2.9

There was a time when all was garden and Invictus walked through it, and it looked like garden again. But, it was as it had been before the false end. No problem is inevitable to such a degree that no fight against it should take place: reason being the strongest weapon. Invictus and the immortals did not work, they merely guided and let the tree grow into what it could best be.

2.10

From the garden he walked to the desert and then the villages: he

was not the only one walking that day or any other. When the people saw the immortals, they knew they were different to them: but they did not know how much or what made them different. They walked and joined in the joy of life as they had done before: they knew they were the only ones truly aware of what goodness was there.

3.1

There are many deserts and many forests and many of these depend on how we see them. The truth is that what is abundance to one person is not to another and yet these people may have the same needs.

3.2

But there was civilization; all was as it had been: so much so, that it would be true to say that it was continuous because what was done, was done outside of the book of that reality. The immortals through all times have been lied to and lied to others. Many times, they have sought their brethren and found nought but a man. Many times, have men and woman and other people looked for an

organisation with an immortal atop and found less than smoke.

3.3

They are real and yet an ending cannot be found to immortality or else it is not and so no test exists to know of it: no test within this world. But as Invictus left the deserts and forests and walked the cities and towns, he discovered proof that he had already been around. This was not too strange because time meant little to him. Invictus doubted it still, not knowing if it was that he had simply trodden some path already in existence.

3.4

The sign was the mark of Invictus and so he knew that in some way he had been there or known. He knew this because the mark is more than Invictus: more must be known to know the mark. Where the mark is, Invictus is, even if he is seen elsewhere and touched elsewhere and heard elsewhere, he also is there with the mark.

3.5

The movement of the light and the dark occurred so quickly that it

flickered and yet he could slow it down such was his power. But the passage or gateway to power is never all there is, without the ability to see other needs and our true nature the power gained may not be enough to give us what we already had.

3.6

Taking from others often does not unburden them but takes from them what they feel they need. Invictus took the mark so that he would know he had them all with him. He journeyed and discovered all the marks and as he did he found he was less in some ways and more in others.

3.7

He came to understand that taking the marks was not the way to understanding, and so he placed the marks back before he took them and then replaced them again after he had taken them. His effort led to understanding and from this, others learnt, time need not be our limits. From ignorance and effort came wisdom.

3.8

People are not all there is, but we know them because we are them and so we can judge better when to trust. It is difficult to judge the nature of those too different from us and Invictus knew those different enough from human men and women are venerated. Invictus does not need veneration, does not seek it and knows it is not always beneficial to the men and women.

3.9

There are those who seek veneration; when are the long lived being more than that. Long life, and knowledge does not mean veneration is appropriate, it simply means a different path has been chosen or a different beginning.

3.10

Fighting exists not because it bestows power but because a realms civilization has not discovered a way to govern everything without it. It exists for a reason and while it is better to be strong than weak, both exist because the system of organisation means they must exist. Rationality solves problems instinct does not. Instinct is

older and helps us respond quickly, but it is always about survival: it has no other purpose.

3.11

Walking, he did not walk alone and found he had a friend, one he knew well and through this he began to talk and in the doing he gained a different understanding. Two can do what one cannot: but crowds are not wise and knowing this as people gathered they kept the numbers small.

3.12

Invictus talked not for the knowing, but for the sharing. Wanting to share more Invictus talked to more small groups in many places at once. All conversations all different all simultaneously. What Invictus did, others did and had done.

3.13

If all immortals are Invictus, then there are many Invictus's and the many are and also have been; where there are people there will be Invictus. Whether within them or outside of them or simply a

possibility or hidden behind some gateway, it will still be there.

But only because we are all one: Invictus is a person.

4.1

Deception is all around us both the deception we use upon ourselves and that others use upon us. Invictus knew that in the most ancient of times the difficult, was often made that way to prevent understanding. Seek understanding: but be aware that your organisations and churches may lie to you.

4.2

Do not trust simply because you have been told to. Reason is worth more than trust: all men and women have the right to decide for themselves. Invictus and the other immortals knew the people were being lied to, and while many could not understand that growth had taken place, some knew what lies needed to be revealed.

4.3

Many lie, for reasons they think are good ones and they are more dangerous than those that lie for their own benefit, because they

are least likely to stop. In time lies become dogma and people kill over such things with ease: they make good men kill and bad men worse.

4.4

The truth is often simple and so, when looking for the truth look for the book that is not coded but clear: or as clear as it allows. Look for control and those that those seeking to control you represent or are themselves: they are the deceivers. But many a lie is told by someone thinking they are telling the truth.

4.5

They knew that some people wanted to keep the other people unthinking and unaware. These people set up organisations that existed so that other people would work without benefit for them so they would gain what they desired.

4.6

Even when they got what they desired they wanted more, because what they actually wanted was unseen slavery: the person bound

for all of their life without themselves knowing, only being aware that nothing ever got better.

4.7

With this in mind some immortals gave people new thoughts: they gave them back their own thoughts, those they would have had. This was done by telling them the truth, and nothing is more powerful than that when it is believed.

4.8

The time taken to help the people believe was not long, but immortals know not of time and so for them much can be done in the blink of an eye, either for themselves or the blink of an eye for a finite being.

4.9

Sometimes in life all there is, is the ability to change things and although many fight, for order, some disorder is necessary because order becomes control and unfairness quickly when it is constructed by people.

4.10

To care only what others, think, is to always wish for the wrong safety: people risk their livelihoods and relationships with ease but won't risk looking silly or changing anything meaningful. This simple truth means that all progress is done by those that cease to care for the way things are and value their opinion above others.

4.11

When seeking to free people from any tyranny remember when freed, first everything is joyous and then people begin to start to reconstruct a new tyranny because that is what they are familiar. It could also be said that they then begin to see that if they were the object of tyranny they would be better off.

4.12

At this point an immortal must intervene or else the cycle of hurt and pain will continue. The only other solution is if the people listen to some rebellious person, the person that rebels against ideas and all they have been taught, to do what they think is correct: these men are rare we always need more of them.

4.13

This means that often immortals must blend in so they can stop harm and yet often they do not or live as kings or don't care about others at all. The rest time of an immortal is long, as long as their actions can last.

5.1

In the doing of good deeds of magnitude often systems are set up and these systems themselves may become problematic, because the clever corrupt will find a way around them. Arrogant people always imagine that any large scale opposing force must be stupid simply because they want them to be. Even the stupidest of mobs have intelligent members. However, we are all stupid to someone at some time.

5.2

The way around this is change, but some people like to defend any current order while others seek change, and so constant battles exist between the two. Change is inevitable but must be proven to be better than what exists: but needs to be given a chance to do so:

this should not be denied.

5.3

Acting without looking like action is taking place is difficult and these things to be undiscovered, must be done very slowly or in some area people do not know about. A sign standing saying there is nothing past this point cannot be true because otherwise what would it stand on: many will take it to be what it states.

5.4

A false king will always seem to be the king rather than someone in some other organisation. Universal global organisations are there to lead the apparent leaders. We only see so far forward in the queue: to really see we would need to stand out of the queue something few are willing to do. Sometimes the free person must ignore social norms and other mild forms of control to maintain their freedom: no freedom is slavery.

5.5

All immortals are not the same and one knowing that there were

too many people in an organisation and its building appeared in his full 10 feet in height and called out to all the grown people that he was going to eat their children. But this was not what the children heard and their feet and bodies was fixed still. Some adults ran some attacked: those that ran were the ones who were killed, they had no value to him.

5.6

He or she who won't help their own children who won't defend them is without value. But because of this act justice existed, because they died according to some criteria and for some men this is evil, without thinking that dying at random snuffs out the most valuable. Randomness and reason rarely coincide.

5.7

A council needed to be formed and it was to be a council of immortals. but even before it was formed they could see that this itself was wrong and that mortals needed to play a role. They knew that all started this way or else formed from pure thought. But nothing did not begin, it was just that time meant nothing to some

beings.

5.8

The council was formed and the number was 36. Thirty-six was the number and thirty-six was the council. They desired order: there was to be no apocalypse for humanity. There would be infinity for creation, even if it was to be made cyclic. Invictus could clearly see that the thirty- six were themselves not truly of light and dark equally: but too dark. Another council was formed and their numbers varied: but they had equal power.

5.9

The council made decisions and from these flowed difficulties and Invictus could see they had created a system of two opposing forces once again. Solving the problem Invictus gathered the thirty-six and those whose numbers were not counted and proposed that the two councils should have one aim each. The council of 36 was to be reason. The unnumbered was to be fairness. With this balance there was equality: no longer did both struggle. Reason and fairness are rarely opposing forces and when one side wins

over the other it is rarely a loss for the people.

5.10

The council made rulings, they guided, but did not want to become the rulers of all: this mistake had before almost led to the end. The woe had been a false end: but only because of the remaining and power used with wisdom. These words have reason, they prevent the end: the ending caused by the words and ideas of the end shall not pass because of what is here: humanity shall now live on.

5.11

The councils of 36 and the unnumbered were tired and desiring to do something different travelled the many realms and as they walk Invictus told them of pubs and what they were. Most of the immortals knew of these but had not been within such a place for long time. However, whether this was because the time was long: even for an immortal: or whether they were thirsty cannot be ascertained.

5.12

Invictus liking such drinking places for the company of the many weird folk, strode into such a place leading the way. The place was not large and within were many scarred faces. But Invictus did not judge or the others, because they knew life was hard and most of those there being immortal did not worry.

5.13

The councils tried to blend in but being new to the place found they could not and so simply talked amongst themselves. Doing so seemed to catch the attention of those there, and so knowing that a discussion could occur they began to talk with these strange uncommonly weird, folk.

5.14

In the discussion it seemed that those there doubted their words. This bothered some of the immortals for surely some of their work should be seen by others. Also, these immortals although they usually concealed themselves did sometimes wish to be known to people. The council of 36 representing reason thought that maybe

the problem is that these people have such a narrow view of reality that this is why they could not understand.

5.15

The unnumbered council thought that maybe it was therefore unfair to expect them to: but also knew that keeping them in ignorance because of their disadvantage was unfair. The immortals could see a man and he was obviously strong and another obviously crafty and sneaky: immortals being able to tell such things. This made the two councils wonder whether one or the other were enough to know the truth.

5.16

The greater immortals therefore gathered the two men by buying them beer and talked about reality and the true nature of it. They were not taken to be drunk because everyone there was drunk and so they could see no disadvantage in this at that time. The conversation was one sided at first and then the strong and crafty men started to question and asked why this place was different, why were these things not here.

5.17

The council could see that because of the nature shape all things are not apparent but had realised that through walking into a strange pub they can talk about their strange adventures and come to be accepted. If a man or woman that has attained immortality can talk of their actions in such a place, moderation cannot be always such a beneficial thing. Great things are often achieved by a complete lack of moderation: although best if it is in beneficial areas. Many drinkers have talked to immortals, because some not being limited by time at all and having learnt to have many appearances can be anywhere.

6.1

Like the legs of an octopus the old mistakes were so enshrined within the cloth of the reality: even within the ideas of men: that some duplication was unavoidable, it could not be completely removed. But just as nothing is ever really about just one thing so it is with thought and reality: nothing is ever all bad even in the blackest of nights the good and bad may both be called.

6.2

The goat has one horn and was once the unicorn of old until the stories changed and the unicorn became a different thing. People's words and opinions meet the words and opinions of others and when this is done enough, something new is formed. Thought is material at the deepest level: what we mistake for material is thought. The thoughts of men are often controlled; this narrows reality.

6.3

But they were to be set free, Invictus would set them free, and there came to be many of the Invictus tribe: the new immortals. It could not be said if they started as one or whether they were all different, but Invictus had many followers and friends because he sought to free people from their limitations and mind control.

6.4

Once within a crowd Invictus in some other form and a new time, spoke aloud, "Why do you not all walk where you want to go?" "We do", said a man "Who are you to tell us where we want to

go?” “I seek not to tell you, but to inform you that this place has been arranged to trap you to make you go where desired.” The men did not listen and walked the maze forever not seeing that it was arranged to move them to one area. All of the people in the crowd got there and died there.

6.5

In the realities of possibilities many people are caught within mazes designed to trap them and this is known by looking and if all: or almost all: you see end up in the same situation or location then you are in a maze not of your own design. The most difficult mazes to escape from are those where those in the maze has been there so long, that those within can no longer see the maze at all and think that its walls are simply the nature of things. It is impossible to knowingly escape a maze you do not know exists. Good luck is often the greatest helper of the trapped.

6.6

Sometimes a knowing immortal seeks to help someone trapped and brings them outside of the maze and they discover that the world

outside looks frightening and do not see the gift they have been given. In time they see the advantage of being outside of the maze: but times is often limited.

6.7

Humanity was born within a maze, and built civilization as an escape, building larger towers so it may see over the walls. In time it built over the walls to such an extent that few people were trapped within it: but through their inborn nature they had made another maze. In the doing they had turned a negative into a positive and made the open plains themselves look like mazes in comparison because of the limitations they possessed: this will come to pass. Sometimes it is difficult to judge who is outside of the maze and who is within.

6.8

Without structure there is less but structure is a wall to hold things up and not a wall to hold one in. Change is inevitable and it becomes a matter of choice, whether you wish to jump or be pushed, do you wish to drive the bus or be its passenger and have

no choice over its destination.

6.9

Those that choose to direct change always come into conflict to those that wish reality as they see it, be unchanged. This is why those that desire for change cannot be just one: if there was just one they could be killed or else stopped and then all would end: stasis is death. Not all change is good, this is why a direction must be chosen. But all people need not travel in the same direction and in choosing some other way, some will always survive.

6.10

Thought must not be killed by regulation, when thought dies the human spirit dies along with it. It must not be forgotten that thought was our salvation, thought freed us and made it possible to stop the end. Without thought no immortal could have helped, the end would have arrived. We are thought just as the immortals are, and it can be limitless.

6.11

The council of 36 and the unnumbered were aware of mazes and many had constructed mazes in the past. However, Invictus was unaware that they wished to make mazes, because this was as things had always been done. Invictus could see structure as advantageous but did not seek to limit, he wished for all everywhere to be limitless: even the different tribes of man, even those not on the Earth and those that never were or never would set foot upon it. Invictus wanted all to be free, he would not build a palace upon slavery.

6.12

People often desire unless directed to want more, this is how they are enslaved through desire. But desire does not have to lead to loss of control, the tribes of people must gain in power: the mistakes of old would not reoccur, there would be no end. All must taste of the tree of life and the tree of knowledge and another tree nought but a seed.

6.13

This tree grows from the seed of freedom, those that taste its fruit shall know freedom always: they cannot be restricted: all must taste the fruit of this tree, it is for all men of all types, no one shall not taste of it, without the fruit from this tree the enslaved, shall taste their enslavement more than ever.

6.14

The seed came from thought and true power: one the mother, and one the father; the mother gave birth to the seed. No person knew where the seed would be planted, but they knew that the seed must be planted in soil, so it could grow and grow into a tree. When anyone tasted of its fruit they were forever free.

6.15

The council of 36 and the unnumbered wished there to be mazes and so Invictus asked for there to be two mazes: one a maze of reason: and this must have no central point but cover all realities and places: the other was the maze of fairness and plans for drawn up for both.

6.16

When Invictus saw the plans, he placed one atop the other and asked, “Why are there not ladders so the people can escape?”. He said, “Does not true knowledge lie outside, does not true fairness mean a chance of escape”, and so ladders were placed within and there were not two mazes but one: a maze of reason and fairness and even this need not bind those within if they truly desire it. Invictus knew that in this way the intended maze would inspire and become a structure.

7.1

Many people need little and desire for few choices: choices being complications: and yet without any choice we have no power and are slaves. It is said that a slave to reason is a slave nonetheless. But there are many types of reason and many possible destinations; there are often many truths and many of these equally right and wrong.

7.2

Judgement is the responsibility of life, without judgement we are

not fully alive. The good and the bad all need to judge what they should do. People may not all judge things the same: reason is not always agreed upon. Through reason we may judge what actions to take and the many realms may be mapped out this way. But emotion and will hold power and without the ability to will our goals to be fulfilled our thoughts hold less power. Will is the key to opening the doors and gateways.

7.3

All realms have doorways and gateways that are difficult to see and the key to the most difficult to see is held within, we all have the key. This key lies in our will, emotion, and creativity: but the easiest to use is will for at our heart all people have this power in abundance. Many gateways are not easy to walk through, but easy to get other beings of differing types to walk through. For this to happen you need but ask them and will them to walk through, to visit you and they shall.

7.4

Just because a gateway cannot be seen does not mean it is not there

or not open. Do not think that all gateways open in front of you: often they are above you or below, or deliberately in some difficult to reach place. Stick your arm through such a gate and you may at first not see it disappearing into another realm and yet, flesh from another world may be felt, grasped even and pulled through: or you yourself may be pulled to that realm: this is the way of things.

7.5

When more than one person is pulled through a gateway a new civilization may be born. When this happens, any others following may go to them. Often, they are helped and progress much faster than imagined because such things as civilization are rare enough to be valuable: they are worth many fields and rare gems even to those valuing such things.

7.6

Civilization is better than wealth: without civilization, wealth is a very different thing: all things are only worth what they themselves are. Palaces and kingdoms that are measures in terms of units of wealth are no longer true palaces and kingdoms. It is the difference

between something being what it is and needing what it needs and something seeking to be a certain height only.

7.7

The council of 36 and the unnumbered council got the people to build them a large building: Invictus looked at it and it was a palace. Invictus did not think it apt that they should have a palace, he knew that the many realms should be their palace and that it was better to be in many places for those that may travel as easy as they, than to be in one place only. Palaces were for mortals, it was their folly. This was why Invictus left, he looked back and said, “You build yourself mazes just as the other men do, I live in no maze.” Invictus left for the pub.

Taverns

1.1

Invictus walked the world the itinerant storyteller, the drinker: but not the drunk: thought to be the teller of tall tales. Invictus never the beggar but never apparently rich except in experience and

wisdom. He walked the worlds markets, pubs and gathering places, always telling people what they thought to be strange tales: mostly they were not held to be true.

1.2

Invictus talked of what he had seen, of the oddities of the world and of the many realms and did so entertainingly and often people would buy him a drink or a meal: not that he was not capable of getting either, but he accepted such things graciously. Time came to pass and it was seen that in the eyes of men they felt they had experienced what they had been told by their fathers and grandfathers. The worlds Invictus told of were retold many times and became their own truth. While it was true that many were unaware of the truth of his words, all people came to know of some story he told.

1.3

As Invictus ate and drank and travelled the many realms, word of his stories worked their way back to the council of 36 and the unnumbered and found in time he was joined by the one known as

the Count, and the two Jesus: both the Nazarene and the Malverde. In time others joined them for they knew the truth of things; that any man telling the truth often enough will eventually be believed: time does not matter to Invictus.

1.4

Strolling the realms, Invictus, the walker, the bandit, the alchemist all travelled together. Many a tavern delighted in their presence, many a beverage wasted upon their lips that could never know drunkenness. The teller of stories is a strange sort of man, a man bonded by words and usually unable to communicate outside of his realm.

1.5

This small band of immortal talkers and dancers and gulpers and eaters, and rule breakers and the many doers of things men are not mean to be aware of, could communicate wherever they went. One day a lonely bar in a field, another a full year in a town, and then an hour or two in some far-off realm with food that had never been tasted by human mouth.

1.6

All the time telling people of their tales and experiences. But much of the time they heard again their same tale in some far-off land, with perhaps a change or two, a new name here, a new location there, but they were retold and this is how the folktales of the world came to be.

1.7

The band of drinkers became sick of walking and drinking in the same taverns or new ones based on the old and knowing that men now knew the truth in some form, they visited the greatest drinkers of the world, men the world or some other realm would not miss and asked them to drink with them.

1.8

Each and every time they joined them and as they walked the taverns, bars and food serving establishments of the world, they gathered more and more drinkers, and loungers and drunkards. When they had gathered all the greatest drinkers there had ever been, they visited the great palace of the council of 36 and these

men knowing nothing more than drinking and eating, settled there and such was there appetite that the palace itself became a tavern and so walls were knocked down and what was left was a town.

1.9

People lived there, died there and in time one of the realms great civilizations rose, from the tales the drunk knew: but not until the longest hangover had passed. It was a hangover lasting many generations, but before it was gone the council of 36 left and the council of the unnumbered would not visit. The palace was gone, knowledge was shared and men had freedom again.

2.1

Jesus Malverde the bandit, the light, gathering full strength sought to gain back the power the 36 had and the unnumbered. The Count and alchemist with full thought wished to remake what had been made. The Nazarene with wisdom, knew both were the same. Invictus knowing that all are one, knew that agreement would be found.

2.2

The council of 36 were together but separated from the unnumbered. No time could pass without their communication, no time at all lest a plan would be formed to destroy the all, so with full thought Malverde, the Nazarene, the alchemist and Invictus found the unnumbered and taking as many as they could, called these the unnumbered and took them to the council of 36.

2.3

In time past members of the unnumbered gathered and were allowed once again to join those with varying numbers. The great doorway that was between them, the great gateway that allowed one to visit the other was again apparent to them. Once more the 36 represented reason and the unnumbered represented fairness.

2.4

They did not make again their own maze, for even the greatest get stuck in such things, and since the truly great have better things than mazes, they had found better wisdom a higher consciousness, they discovered the world, and all of the realms and knew that it

was not aware it did not need to end.

2.5

The councils talked and the Invictus rabble joined them, for they had walked all there was and yet had walked on the skin of the all, even through it and yet had not realised it did not know it did not need to end. The all did not know it was thought, for thought had told it, it was solid or else existed in some similar form.

2.6

How does one tell the all that thought lied to it? This was the problem faced, and so a new band of drunks was remade, a new band to help fashion the perfect pub. The tavern was made to end all taverns, the tavern made of thought alone, the tavern made not of the all but for it. The tavern was such a delight that after a time so long no mortal man could understand it, the all visited for it had itself reasoned that if a tavern existed for it then it must drink.

2.7

The all entered like a boy visiting a bar for the first time. But the

all did not have a father or uncle to drink with, and so the Count, the Invictus and the Bandit, drank with the all. Stories told that the all knew, and ones just created, until the all reasoned it did not need to end, that it could exist forever more, that people did not need to end and through this they were to exist onwards. The period of drinking came to be known as the dark times, the times of madness, when the realms were loosed without control. These times lasted long for a tavern may not be a maze but at times it too is difficult to leave.

2.8

The valley of men is wide but it is still a valley and there is much outside of it and this should not be forgotten. But as thought is the greatest vehicle knowing more depends upon this and yet when thought seems solid, more is known and can be known.

Exploration is aided with the help of the illusion of solidity.

2.9

What was important was to break the cycle while also not making an end. There would be no end, but a cycle is but an end by

another name, it is in fact many endings and many beginnings.

Invictus wished there to be no end, Invictus was many in this matter. Invictus was not alone nor would ever be again as long as the realms existed.

2.10

The sun is not all it is, all that is seen and shines it not all that exists, for what is seen is merely some small part of itself sticking through a hole, through into this realm. There are other suns and some of these are people, we may not know if we are a sun in some other realm, except that if we are, we will live on or be reborn.

2.11

It is not Bast that has the head of a cat but the cat that is Bast, her head, herself: she made them in her image. But this does not mean she is the creator, it means only that this is what she believes for it is also true that the cats head belongs to the cat. Bast exists and does not at the same time, there is no certainty here: this is the way of things.

2.12

The gods wished to be worshipped once again and the council of 36 and the council of the unnumbered did not wish this: but they did not wish to stop men doing so, they wished for freedom. Once a being thinks it is a god it wishes to make others serve it and this is something people should choose, it is not to be chosen for them.

2.13

Tales and stories spread faster than lies and through these those who thought themselves ancient gods thought the war would be fought. Wars and battles cause pain but often create their own advantages: but these seem nought at the time for those living then.

2.14

Invictus, the Count, and Malverde knew that the most ancient gods were those without end and so knowing that time meant nothing, sought to take the war from the homes of men and other peoples to the rocks no one wanted. Gods are often mad and desire everything and thinking that all is within their control already, will fight to defend anything at all no matter how unimportant.

2.15

This is the way the immortals gathered the aware and the intellects: they appeared to fight for the scraps with no purpose and those that thought they were gods fought for them and when they thought they had won, they made kingdoms there and sat contented in their mazes. In the mazes they stayed and as they did the people commanded them and not knowing the true nature of them: what they had become: found themselves trapped and they became the servants.

2.16

But they were mad and without true sanity and so still thought they were gods not realising the men were more than they were, for they had escaped their mazes. Men were born in mazes and escaped from them, while they were born free and made their own maze: their own jail fashioned through their own power and will, for will is the strongest force.

2.17

In time all jails are escaped from except perhaps those we fashion

for ourselves. Many do not know of their own true power and through this come to learn more: many are led to believe they are less than they are so they can help the people of the world. Their sacrifice is for only one lifetime and they will come to know many: immortality is not a curse, but the lonely immortal is cursed: there are no lonely immortals.

2.18

The people came to roam the realms and as they did so, looked for the aliens they sought: the men of all types hunted for them. Those on the worlds and in the skies, those in the waters and under the rocks, looked for the aliens. An immortal came down and told his stories to the world saying, "The aliens you seek no matter of what type they are, are already among you and you among them and they do not all know you are in their world, any more than you know they are in yours. Everything is monstrous to someone because the monstrous survive when the flowers die.". In this way they discovered that cooperation is better than competition and wins more fights: but to compete is glorious.

3.1

There still existed in the world an evil, the evilness of the limited, those seeking to limit others. These evil pedlars of blandness had existed still, they sought to narrow the perceptions of others.

3.2

The immortals thought it strange that in a time when the forces of evil and good had been altered into more useful forms, that these evil pedlars would make narrowing the perceptions of reality of other people, their evil. Why would men choose such an evil?

3.3

The council of the 36 and the council of the unnumbered sought the help of Invictus and asked that he once again walk the many realms and tell his stories. Invictus refused knowing that the evil forces of blandness: the blandness pedlars: would seek to stop him. So, he sought the Count, the great alchemist to fashion for him some ultimate weirdness, something he could use as a weapon against the pedlars.

3.4

The Count sought some small place that could become a laboratory for his ideas. The next day the Council of 36 asked Invictus what he was doing and he explained he needed some ultimate weirdness to fight the evil pedlars of blandness. The unnumbered council asked too for the time seemed short. Invictus asked the Count and he replied he had not yet discovered or made anything and so it was the next day and after that.

3.5

No man knows how long it took: how long this process lasted for the life of such men is timeless. Then one day Invictus asked the Count if he had discovered the true weirdness and the Count held out a mirror and Invictus looked into it and saw what was within, the true weirdness: it is said that all gazing into the mirror, see their true selves. Invictus took the mirror in hand and proclaimed that every person shall see within this mirror and know the weirdness within.

3.6

Travelling the many realms, Invictus took the mirror and showed it to every person he saw. Some people denied ever seeing it, some people were changed by it and became freed, others upon seeing their true form, ran their whole lives away. After time the people of the realms all knew their inner nature and some part of this was passed onto their children and their children and so it would be for all time.

3.7

The world was divided into three: those that knew their nature, those that denied it and those that ran from it and so it would always be. All had seen of the mirror all knew it and so it had worn thin, because all people had some part of its nature within them.

3.8

The two headed serpent knows not where to eat and has nowhere to dispose of things and so it must often sink into stasis. But if it is reborn it will then change. But men are not serpents and even the immortal has a man's ability to change: we are many and of many

types and have come from many places and times but we are one.

3.9

All men have within them a kingdom, a kingdom that is theirs alone, that they command and most wish to have such a thing solid for them and others to see. All people are kings and queens, but those that lie to others well enough may convince others that themselves are not and when this happens they enslave them.

3.10

It is easier for one to tell an untruth if it is believed by them to be true, all Earthly royal lines may have been founded by liars but is maintained by ignorance. But the ignorance is shared: only the immortal has the wisdom to rein and the wisdom not to. This is the wisdom that all should seek.

3.11

The council of 36 and the unnumbered exist as forces and not emperors, the people need not a rudder but only continual existence and to know that all have more than one body. There are

bodies of flesh and people may pass from one to another, there are bodies that glow of light, but more bodies of thought than any other: all bodies are of thought.

4.1

The peoples of the worlds were as tribes and yet all shared the three: they could all be divided into those that denied their nature, those that embraced it and those running from it. All three found a place in their society and those embracing their nature furthered progress, for all ends and often worked against rivals of the same type. Those that denied their nature focused on other things and their denial became a force that could be destructive but also productive, and these people came to maintain the order of communication and those that ran became the travellers and journey makers, they were the great explorers of new lands. But no being was fixed to one group forever and could by its own will, be many things in its own lifetime.

4.2

The kingdoms inside the peoples of the worlds came to take the

same shape, they all seemed to reflect what was around them. All people need creativity even if it is not their own. But men and women are not unchanging things and from this stasis was born the ability to change and this manifested itself as the man with however many legs he desired, as many heads and as many arms as he wanted and yet no more or less than what could not be seen.

4.3

He formed change and so in many kingdoms was he, that he at once jumped out and came into a higher plane and walked the world and drank in it and was heard in it. But as he walked and drank and ate, he grew in anger for no man knew of him well, and friendless he walked the world.

4.4

Change comes at a cost and he was change and so he fought and drank and criticised and lived well in the doing. He stole the finest beers and ate the finest foods and no one cared for him: none cared for him or about him and so he must care for himself. The people of the world were less, for the change that would have been within

was released and was in him and change being a frightening thing was ignored.

4.5

But change occurs often whether we ignore it or not and so he on realising he could do as he wished, did just that until so large grew his deeds, that a single woman shouted out, “What are you doing you legless fool?” and he replied, “I have many legs but none you can see, I have one head because one is all I want or need.”.

4.6

But noting that she could see him he talked to her and from her talk and others learning of her thoughts and experience, the people came to accept change and through change creativity, and so, he because a part of them once more and did not walk the world alone for he had many brothers and sisters: all the people of the world.

4.7

Renewed the under peoples became weary of their world, they sought to expand and could take no more space below. But just as

the fish had to change to leave the sea so did they. In this world and others there are many under peoples, those coming from other places, and going below ground and those coming from the surface.

4.8

Men and women of the Earth build below ground as instinctively as they build above, but they wish to see the rays of the sun and the clouds of the sky and so rarely dig deeply. Some men will group together wishing to know the Underland so strongly that they will willingly devote their lives to the Land of Nod to get there.

4.9

The Underland is not as the surface, the scale there is not of the world above, and even when something familiar is seen it is often smaller or often much larger. We are but specks on the land above but in the Underland not even that. This is why when the bolder dwellers of the Underland come above: when they are seen: it is known they are not of the surface.

4.10

The above dwelling tribes of men are clever and good negotiators, and so while the people of the Underland gain what they desire they give more in return than they realise. Often the greatest power comes not from war or obvious strength, but from being on the best side of the deal.

4.11

Those below you that you seek, already have brethren above ground: the people below have cousins that walk the surface. Those below are also above and the above is also below. The monstrous are among us and within us, but only because we are all monstrous: to not be a monster is something learnt and gained as the generations pass.

4.12

But some never learn and are monsters inside and out, there is no small part of them not monstrous and these must be destroyed or treat as the animals they are. It does not matter if they show a human face and human lineage and are human all through: a

monster through and through is just that. However, some monsters look like monsters, true animals and they also exist. The attacking monster must be destroyed whether it be vampiric, attacking djinn or animal form, if to live is to kill, then kill: idealism dies with us.

5.1

There have been times when change has led to battles and battles have led to change. But to not change is a sort of death: the unchanging flower never grows. But from the battles was born The Battle Crow. Not born as humans may be or from an egg but formed from the spirit of war and death itself.

5.2

She is Catubodua and few that have not called her presence know that she has a tender side and had this not been the case humanity would have died off long ago. She was formed from all the death around her, but within her she found a tenderness and knew that for some death would be a better end than perpetual suffering.

5.3

Many lives she has spared or even healed, many times have men and women and all peoples needed her help to overcome some terrible foe: even if that foe was them. It is possible to know Catubodua and to not know death for while death is common it is not universal: immortals do exist and walk the Earth as they desire be they more smoke than man or in solid form.

5.4

But all upon seeing Catubodua the Battle Crow see her not human, but humanlike in shape, not crow, much larger but with wings, a giant black shape, monstrous to some, and yet quite capable of good as well as evil. However, it should never be forgotten that good versus evil is a game with no winners and it is simply a way to lead to destruction.

5.5

The Battle Crow has killed many enemies but is known to all immortals and both the council of 36 and the council of the unnumbered knew of her. Catubodua was not the one who brought

the false end: that which was reversed: and she desired no end because she wished to always spare some and in the doing the end would never come.

5.6

The council were quite happy for her to perform her duties but desire to talk to her and so she was summoned. The council of the unnumbered could see the kindness of her, that she removed pain, and others could see cruelty alone.

5.7

The councils knew that for humanity to ascend Catubodua must fight for and against things other than war and so asked her if she would do this. Catubodua standing dark and tall replied that she did, and that she was born of war and death but like the orphans that battles made, she too desires peace but humanity needed a replacement for war and this is competition, for while war is terrible, competition is glorious.

5.8

The council of 36 and the council of the unnumbered: those whose numbers varied: agreed that competition is glorious, but that people were makers of false competition. The council of 36 agreed that fairness and reason must both rule competition. Humanity and all peoples must not remove competition, but all competition must be equal or else reality has no part in it: without reality in competition, war will still rein.

6.1

The council of 36 thought that some grand competition should be formed, while the unnumbered thought it was wrong for this to be imposed on others. Disagreeing, Jesus the Malverde, came forth and said that all that live are in a competition if left to do so. But not all competition is for good and many are for ill.

6.2

Malverde knew that men and women competed to live and some competed to keep the others hungry: hungry people often do less than they would otherwise do. The hungry also act to be fed and

will do anything do so.

6.3

The council of 36 wished to make some grand competition in some place, so its wondrous nature could be seen. The unnumbered worried that the other true competitions of the many peoples would seem less because they were not there. A list was to be made of which competitions there should be. The unnumbered did not sanction this and yet it the council of 36 decided to do this anyway.

6.4

The arrogance turned like a wheel as the 36 thought themselves enough to make a competition and thought that as they represented reason that they were right and that the unnumbered: as they were fairness: would think it wrong for some to win. Angered the unnumbered walked into the council of the 36 and one spoke aloud,” You think we do not like competition, but you are wrong. But we know that whatever you do your list will never be complete, not ever will all worthy endeavours be included, and those left out will be rendered less by you. Who are you to judge

what is worthy and what is not?”

6.5

In unison they replied,” We are the council of 36 and we knew competition before we were ever formed, always have we known it”. “We knew competition through our actions and achievements and not only through war. It is war that you know and it is war you would bring.” The council of 36 pointed out that the competition had a reason, and the unnumbered pointed out that there was a reason they were formed with the unnumbered and that if they would not abide by reason they would not abide by fairness and the unnumbered feasted on the hearts of many members of the council of 36 until they became only 13.

6.6

Never did the council formerly of 36 realise the power of the unnumbered because they had forgotten that among them were many men, and men have a cruelty difficult to match. This short time was a time of madness and many strange things were thought to occur. But upon the council gaining 13 new membered the

peoples of the world forgot leaving many mysteries unsolved. But the council of 36 marked that day, when they were but 13.

6.7

A spirit of hope had been released into the worlds, and many peoples were made anew, they had the will to be better and to change. The wind that formed blew through many doorways and gates, and all were closer then than they had ever been. Then when all had seemed it would decline, along came Invictus, the journeyman, and the teller of tales: the three men of old. The three, most of which had no proper names and had not used theirs for so long no name was needed.

6.8

Each place would feel the wind, the spirit and each would then feel afterwards that it should decline, that, the spirit alone was not enough. Invictus drank and the journeyman: the traveller: showed the people that there was more, the teller of tales spoke aloud and inspired and then after drinking and eating would leave, becoming only some faint memory or tale, and in time legend.

6.9

Legend robs the people of many facts but gives instead stories and hope. But legend is sometimes less fantastic than what occurred. The wise man can use a light touch, while the barbarian needs force: but barbarians may win too. There formed follows of Invictus, the journeyman and the teller of tales, though they knew not where they were. If logic was the only force no one would go to find them: there was no map and few clues, but life does not live by logic and hope exists.

6.10

The weary travellers read and walked for thousands of years, they looked into the past and the future, they become strong in the searching with hope only. The search was so long the completely sane had all but gone and only the others remained. The ones thought odd and strange, the ones for which many would think that immortality would be a curse: but not them.

6.11

It takes much to gain the attention of an immortal, and a lot to gain

the attention of many. As time passed even the immortals began to notice them and so when the time came all of the remaining: the odd and strange ones: walked into the same room: immortals were there. “We have waited for you brothers and sisters. You took your time but you arrived, and so immortality shall be yours for as long as you desire it.”

6.12

Being odd and strange and tested to such a degree, never did one of them give it up, and in time they changed the world: but not before living on the island formed within a single point: not in the sea, not in the sky or the Earth, just one point, indestructible and invisible: usually hidden within a pebble. They learnt the ways of the many peoples there and did not leave until the lifetimes of many men had passed.

6.13

Upon leaving the islands to reside in the land of Nod, they found they could live as other men and did, they made friends, worked, and found that being quite strange to others, they could blend in

equally as well anywhere. Time meant nothing to them and were known by many, and only when the last of them left, did Nod, lose its way. Nod became the land for the lost: the place lost travellers go, it is not the end, it is only a new beginning for some and for others a mere pitstop along the path they must walk.

6.14

The strange ones walked, met, left and met each other again: it was not known if they could sense each other's presence, if they were drawn together or whether time was their aid, but they knew always they would see each other in a short time. As they left behind Nod, some part of them was within it and Nod become more a stranger than a land, a place not tied to any location: people came and went, and wondered what had occurred? People visited it without knowing they had, some stayed there without choice, some chose it; but they were few.

6.15

In time, even Nod thrived and the people there knew not why. Nod was a place not a prison, a place with no fixed route, no road or

certain path to walk in. The lost and lonely needed their own land or else they would never survive. A lost man may live and a lonely one may thrive, but a person with both and without hope needs Nod, just as this land needs them. One is the other and the other is one. The elsewhere place, the Land of Nod: never shall it die.

Nod

1.1

The Elsewhere place, the hidden land of Nod is not what it is thought to be, many say they have been elsewhere but few truly have. To be in Elsewhere, the changing land is to be truly lost and yet to be as you were. Strangeness is normal and so even that is subject to alternation.

1.2

Nod is its own land, a place and yet not one, for a place has a location and Nod has none. A man standing still rarely goes to Nod even if he desires it. The Elsewhere place, the land of Nod is gotten to while travelling or in that state of mine: only wanderers

go to Nod.

1.3

Nod was not meant to be a land, it was never meant to have rulers and buildings, it was meant only to be the glue, the binding of the book of creation, it was just to be that which held all things together. Nod is everywhere: but is not easily seen and so is Elsewhere: and this is why it is the largest Kingdom of all.

1.4

Whenever some strangeness occurs, whenever some rule of normality or some radical change is seen it could be said that, that is the influence of the land of Nod, of the Elsewhere place. Nod is a waking world, not a world of dreams, that is somewhere entirely different, although that too can lead to Nod.

1.5

Nod has wisemen and wise-women. but not all are truly wise, wisdom is not universal but is abundant: even the fools have wisdom and it could be said that few men or women have greater

wisdom than the fool. The fool knows he knows nothing, and often gains wisdom through appearing foolish and doing foolish thing on purpose to learn from them. Others try to act wisely and gain wisdom that way: that way is the hardest. The experimenter, reasoner and thinker gain wisdom the quickest.

1.6

Not all that escape Nod get back to where they went in: the path changes. But one may be pushed out of Nod if he or she is not fitting, and all around them will reset to where and how it was before they entered. To be pushed out of Nod is no disgrace, outside of Nod is usually better than to reside there, few come to understand it quickly.

1.7

Without the Elsewhere place the many worlds would be different. Great leaders when they negotiate, do so within Nod, even if they are unaware of Nod. All Palaces of Rulers lead to Nod, all where leadership of countries takes place are of Nod, Nod is where all mazes lead to, Nod is the Maze unseen.

1.8

Nod was built by no man, Nod was forged of thought, through it, by it and yet was not the intended result, the maze needed no Nod, but the maze became Nod. A man forging a maze without keeping the plans is forming a prison for himself to reside. Complexity and a maze need not be the same, but a maze is a trap but often there is no outside, the only escape is through thought itself.

1.9

For some walking the maze is wonderful for they do not seek the end but to walk the journey. Those seeking an ending may find it and find that was not as glorious as they had thought or been told it would be. Freedom is within, and some men choose to re-enter the maze or some Elsewhere place. All immortals are masters of Nod, they have walked the mazes, even the ever changing and they came to know them as themselves.

2.1

Nod has had its struggles and there was a time when the free men of Nod were to become its slaves. But although men should

struggle against slavery, slavers do not slave all men at once, but at first pick some small group: they may be unpopular to begin with or they make them so. The other people thinking they will benefit from this will assist in the slavery if not out of fear then out of greed.

2.2

The slaves then become a force to enslave others until almost all people are slaves. This was how Nod was to be, and slowly the power was removed from the people of Nod. But have all men not seen this happen to themselves or others: when power has been removed, have not us all lost something: or do so eventually.

2.3

The worst prison is slavery because the people become the walls for themselves and others. The land of Nod has many great thinkers and those wishing to enslave the others knew it took just one true thinker to see the slavery that was to come and so prevent the upcoming enslavement. They decided to banish the great thinks that were not themselves and then they thought on the men and

women that had the strongest caring for others.

2.4

But it was thought they could be led astray and manipulated through their own emotions and caring. The caring ones need only think they are serving a great purpose that will stop them from thinking of the hurt of others. The caring therefore would be less of a problem and so they were left and the thinkers banished. In this way caring was left and reason departed.

2.5

But the great thinkers were not easy to stop and finding that the way back to Nod was blocked: but knowing that Nod is the Elsewhere Place only because it is difficult to get to but yet is everywhere: they worked to banish slavery from the world and in this way reduced it within Nod, nod stayed free but the many realms fight still to stop powerlessness.

2.6

Whatever we do here is done other places and what occurs in

others emanates to us and our land. But we have the gifts of will, our intention and thoughts and this is enough to rewrite things for us and for others, and if we choose to not do so, others will do so for their own reasons.

2.7

There is no great struggle without some benefit, and from it comes strength and improvement: but this is often not your own. The great wheel spins and it demonstrates the power and this is the power of all lands, it may be seen all places, it is a wheel of light, a bright circle. Thought is better than loss, and men fighting against themselves often find defeat, the only way is to change and to be able to change is glorious.

2.8

Nod has its taverns, its eating and drinking places and even places of ill repute. It was once decided by two that thought themselves kings of Nod: or part of it: that they should feast, celebrate and to do so they would need beer. However, they would require some rare beverage, a beer of a type that was rare in Nod.

2.9

Getting such a beverage would prove difficult and it was thought only the greatest of thieves would be able to get it for them: they assumed that it being rare it would need some form of law breaking to gain such a rare thing. This is how Jesus Malverde: the bandit saint: came to Nod for the first time.

2.10

Malverde still liking banditry and theft, agreed and yet heard of the beer and it was a common thing not rare at all. So, Jesus Malverde took the money and purchased the beverage, fair and square.

However, getting back to Nod was likely to prove difficult and so Jesus Malverde got himself lost, he walked around and around with cloth tied over eyes and being immortal eventually found his way back to Nod. He used almost all the money to give food to the hungry: Jesus Malverde had no real need of material things anymore: but did visit several houses of ill repute as a reward.

2.11

It was in a market square in Nod where Invictus met Belenus.

Belenus the shining one, was known to Invictus, they were more than friends, and some considered them half-brothers and if any man asked which half they both would answer, “The middle half”. Belenus was of the sun, and the light and himself had given up what others took to be godhood to take the proper path. Belenus, the healer, always seen and never lost, but in human form was happy to be the man he was. Belenus, the man risen, the man made more, and now again happy to be man.

2.12

The whispers from Belenus told of light and darkness and not of reason and fairness for Belenus could see nothing more or less than great wars of the past. Invictus preached to Belenus and told him of the false ending and how the end would now never come and mankind could live on in some form. Belenus although wise in past times was not truly of the change and so Invictus wishing to help, grasped a pot of water. “Belenus for ever more shall you be of reason” and he poured water upon his head, “and of Fairness” and poured the remaining water over his head and Belenus gained understanding and was wise once more.

3.1

Once there were many saints, folk saints and great men, women and other peoples using the title Saint, but the time came when it was less used, it was diminished to them, it had come to mean a man that was not truly a man one that had left humanity behind when all men can be what saints and others are, all people may rise to greatness in their own way.

3.2

The people of Nod that were the givers of knowledge and the bringers of wisdom, the three headed, the winged, the two footed and light shiners, desired control again. They were once the puppeteers of humanity, and desired to be so again. But they were not of Nod, and had resided in one of two places, neither place having power anymore they left.

3.3

These were the many-faced men, the winged that would not fly, those with bodies unused, the static and thinking. Many looked to them and saw statues, not seeing that they were accustomed to

moving others in place of themselves. But even the strangest of things if it wishes to survive must adapt and so they did move once more and people could see that they were not statues but also not true men or true people of any kind.

3.4

The many-faced men were manifestations of a need, a desire for neatness. When neatness is a lie, the truth is often best known. They were accustomed to the many worlds, the kingdoms that changed all that was below. They had been the enders of things, those that sought to play out the game to the end, so that humanity would finish and so bring forth neatness and an easier order to things.

3.5

Life is messy and although order is useful, it is order brought from chaos not order to rule and remove all disorder, and so extinguish life. Having regained the power to move they must be watched forever more, no person shall forget that these were made of their folly and that of their ancestors, only upon acceptance that disorder

exists and that neatness shall not replace chaos but measure it, will their kind cease to threaten.

3.6

All lands shall be gotten to from even the remotest of places through one of the great gateways of the realms. No longer ruled by the kingdoms that lie above even the lands of the skies themselves, many peoples, hidden and seen, in lands known and unknown, knew freedom. To know a thing unknown is to like or dislike it, to be for or against and some realising they had been slaves for so long shouted out in happiness and then lay down and cried, while others knew not why.

3.7

Nod the Elsewhere Place is everywhere and the lonely and lost went there, some ruled and lost all, some wandered in and out and more knew that Nod could drag us in or kick us out. In time many peoples came to wonder on Nod and knew of it and wondered what boundaries it had and some realised it had none, and word spread.

3.8

The strong and weak worried the same, for all feared to be trapped in Nod. The people of the Earth worried, the people in the sky lands worried, the people in the waters and undergrounds and the many differing many realm places worried, even the people of Nod themselves worried and those of Nod no longer knew they were, for they had all decided it had no boundaries.

3.9

Invictus, the two Jesuses and the Count not wanting the people to be trapped for some time long for them, travelled all the lands telling tales of Nod so all would know if they resided there or not and so many were freed and the great maze was unfinished. The Nazarene, and the Malverde, pulled down half of the walls so the great maze could never be completed.

4.1

Buddha Flamel, he named Nicholas, the golden one, the immortal, sprang forth from the rock: the making of which was kept secret. Buddha Flamel had become the explorer, the traveller to strange

places, the maker of stranger things and the alchemist reborn.

4.2

Flamel forever the reasoner, the thinker asked to be on the council of 36 and was offered a place on the council of the unnumbered.

Flamel reasoned that he could wait and yet it was answered by the council that reason shall no more exist without fairness and fairness without reason and so each shall have some small part of the other and so it would be forever more.

4.3

So, it was that Buddha Flamel joined the council of the unnumbered just as one of the unnumbered had joined the 36 when its numbers had temporarily reduced: wisdom takes its own time.

4.4

With the addition of Buddha Flamel, the council of the unnumbered: those whose numbers vary: and the council of 36, came into a different balance and it was assured that for all time reason and fairness would not be polar opposites and one of the

greatest golden ages came into being.

4.5

Just as Flamel had transformed himself, so had he added balance to the councils, the golden councils of all were formed: renamed from the old. The council of 36 came to be known as the golden council of 36 and the council of the unnumbered came to be named the golden council whose numbers may vary.

4.6

The all was assisted, the many people too: the mazes were controlled so the people would not again be imprisoned as many had. Mankind was born in a maze and had even made its own. but had always escaped, but few peoples could.

4.7

Life likes mazes, but the golden councils had learnt their lessons about mazes, they knew of their power, glory and destruction. All must choose their own path, but never should the path of one make a maze for another unfairly.

5.1

The lone traveller, walking the many realms at once, the one striding all paths at once, the one of many dimensions, of many worlds, many realms, looked down the world's hole. Gazing down he could see another him walking another path, and he also could see another traveller walking another path and so it was, for all paths, and all was seeing and being seen by the other who was himself in some other land.

5.2

The paths all differ and each walker slightly different and yet he was unified and each one was only some small part of the whole. So is the world of men, the world of all peoples, each a part of the other and of the next.

5.3

One path may have cobble stones, the other flat, and so on for all variations, all possibilities and yet all walked by one lone traveller. He was the one that unified, he was a glue, something that held all together, and then one trod one way and the other trod the other

and so on and they weren't unified any more.

5.4

Such is the journeys of all people, such are our lives, one point of unification, one point where we hold the all, together, where we are it. At this time, we are the Elsewhere Place, Nod, not simply of it, or in it, but form it. Nod is the glue holding existence together, but it itself is the same as any glue, all connections are Nod.

5.5

When the golden council of 36 and the golden council whose numbers may vary gained their new names, a new age was to be summoned and yet indecisions as to what this age should consist of came. Flamel seeing the problem being the assumption, said that all who seek to transform what existed should know that total change would mean a death for each, but that improvement did not need this.

5.6

Coming to the agreement that improvement would be better they

proceeded to seek improvement within all they could see, and in this way, transformation would occur in time. Invictus could see that the golden councils had forgotten that they were not there to rule but to provide new forces, a new paradigm.

5.7

This alarmed him and all who were and had been Invictus, all immortals everywhere, they came to feel as Kings and Queens, they were Caesars all, then came the truth calling. The sounds of cries and thunder were heard by all who were of the golden councils: both the golden council of the 36 and the golden council whose numbers may vary.

5.8

The cries were their own, and the thunder was their defeats, their mistakes, all that was before the ascendance, and seeing that they were not to command but to assist, gained the true knowledge.

They wished to beg forgiveness, but had no one to beg except each other, and seeing this some sought out the lands of men, women and all peoples and begged there for a time: that time varying, and

it is said that some may still be seen.

6.1

All market squares are valuable, all whether old or new, have some primal age. The opposing forces has often wished to remove the market squares, because all market squares are together, all may be used for travel. The market squares of the world, are all linked, they are as significant as the crossroads, the market squares are boundaries and when these boundaries are blurred, we may find ourselves in any market square anywhere.

6.2

Is not a square turned inside out simply a cross and so the market square is the inversions of the crossroads? It is its reverse just as the crossroads is the reverse of the market square. The immortals and other visiting creatures humanlike in appearance may be seen at the market squares, for they have always existed and so they can feel comfortable there.

6.3

Taverns also are favourites for them, and the general places where people gather. Often the wiseman looks like the stranger, or our friend the fool, the overlooked and well worn, or at times look like the everyman or everywoman. Wisdom is not so abundant that it is easily recognised and all think they have wisdom, but it can be seen when it is not present in this way: when people act only because all others act too, then wisdom is not present, it has left for some other place and person.

6.4

The travelling of Invictus, the Count, and the many others, is such that the travelling itself is rarely seen, it is so strange and odd that the very fabric of the universe conceals it from view. But they may dress in normal clothes and look of the time or exhibit none of the signs of solidity at all. The balance of reason and fairness does not mean people should not gather, they need to gather as they always have, and in new ways and new places.

6.5

But there is a place, the world between all edges, the world that is the mirror looked at from the other side, where the darklings play, where the shadow people creep through to our world. Often the journey is done as they walk some strange path unreachable without crossing some wall, or surface in our reality.

6.6

But in others they come deliberately as travellers, journeymen of the shadow realm, the place of old, coming to drain us as we may drink from a straw. But when they come, if we have not summoned them, we should not show kindness: this is the way worlds are lost.

6.7

We may choose to reach out to other realms, but we shall always need to defend our own. Those who do not defend their own world, may be lost to another, weakness is a flaw all possess, but the strong strive to become strong and defend what is theirs.

6.8

Where there is shadow there is lightness: this is its reverse its twin: and yet they are not truly opposites just different manifestations of the being. All shadow beings, all darklings must go through Nod in order to travel and so there were many shadows, many strange beings there not of the solid world.

6.9

The people of Nod because fearful for these beings fed on fear and so a natural strangeness manifested in one being, a man without fear of them. But this was not the only strangeness within him, he had strange ideas and strange thoughts and his actions were strange. It should be noted that the people of Nod rarely see things as strange or odd because they are accustomed to change.

6.10

The darklings and the shadow people wished for the people of Nod to be set against him, to despise, him and hate him because they feared this man so much. They feared him not for himself but for what others may choose to do because of him and so, they became

the whisperers, the night talkers, the dream manglers and tearers.

They felt sure that this would stop him.

6.11

The people of Nod did grow to despise him and acted in hateful ways: but because the man was robust he worried not, not one worry at all did he have. Then one day when the darklings gathered with the remaining shadow people and the whisperers, night talkers, dream manglers and tearers, to see the crowd of people shouting at him, the man said, "Can you not see, the monsters?".

But the people kept on shouting and so he said again, "Can you not see the monsters?": but this time while looking into the eyes of a darkling and being of a shared mind like us, all the darkling shouted back as a grand mob, "Yes, we see them every day, they trouble us, we wished we could not see them but we do".

6.12

At this the people stopped for they could again see the darlings and shadow men and whisperers and night talkers and dream manglers and tearers. They had tried to ignore them but could see them once

again and seeing that they were all monsters of a sort, swore to embrace the moderate path and all became of the light and the dark. This is why if a white shadow is seen, then you stand in Nod, for there is no other place they are seen.

6.13

He of the grand time, of the world journeyman, of the stay but not miss, came over the hill in Nod. Nod is a land of change and hills come and go: but this hill stayed as he walked upon it and he had a stride with a slow pace, slow enough to be the heartbeat of the world.

6.14

He looked to be a statue to the quick movers, the darting flyers and small creatures. But the grand time giver, walked slowly but thought quickly: he thought so quick he ought always to know what to do, but does not because he became unaccustomed to it. When one is seen being so slow it is mistaken for stillness one need do little to attract attention. The grand time, the world journeyman, leapt up and jumped so high he could have touched

anything the people of Nod could see.

6.15

There are those that deny his movement, and say he stays still and those that talk of his movement. Few wonder, why he leapt because they miss the joy he has within his eyes. Some wish to stay still or be the slowness few seek, so they will be happy. But the grand time man, the world journeyman, is not still to himself, or slow. But he has far to travel and much to carry on his back.

6.16

The flying moth laughs at those who do not understand the grand time man, the world journeyman, for the moth knows that it is more than it seems to be and knows the journeyman is easily understood because he is as much of us as we are of himself or each other.

6.17

What is a moth, to one man is a winged being to another, and to another still may be a crow of great size and this is Catubodua: The

Battle Crow. Whatever is thought is manifested even if only through the changing fluid of what another may sense, think, or smell.

6.18

The land that was once of the people with heads of beasts, is still within the thoughts and so never truly died. It was reborn so that it may be full of people and no longer those that convinced themselves and others they were gods.

6.19

The dark moth is light too, they are twins: what is dark also must have the light, within the order of the existence. Never shall the light or dark step outside of the path of existence or within it.

6.20

The great journeyman of the world is of the world, but also of all worlds and yet he is no more than a man, a person of a differing sort, the sort we have become unaccustomed to. He laughs at us because we are different, he sees pleasure all around him: but any

pain is not his own.

6.21

There are many lives upon him and many views and opinions of him and within him. The man of the world journeys, the grand time man is nought more than a man, a person of sorts, and yet he is no better off than us. He lives as we do, and his end is not the end of all: just his. But many will be saddened by his passing because they do not know he has many brothers and sisters that may live in a state of joy as he does. We need not think on him more than he thinks on us: and he does.

7.1

The illness of the evil forces of blandness shall not spread, they shall be stopped. They stemmed not from Nod, and not from Midian or even the lands of men, they came from thought alone or lack of it and they remained the true evil for they alone reduced reality. They alone fought against the differing views.

7.2

People are not always right and yet the evil forces of blandness care not about what is correct, they care only about reducing what is, they are an evil force the true destruction. But they cannot win: within the hearts and minds of men live a force of will so potent that it shall never completely relent and so it shall always be.

7.3

But the force of blandness has many functionaries and even those seemingly in high station may be its functionaries for blandness can have no real master. Those serving the reduction of the worldview of others and not the right to disagree, are its functionaries. But this is not to say that we shall not learn the truth or seek it: blandness seeks not the truth. Discovery and mind journeys are not of the blandness even if those who seek it look to be so.

7.4

So, it is with the blandness's functionaries, they may wish to appear interesting but they still have the evil blandness within their

souls. Some who are the functionaries of the evil forces of blandness may be saved: we fight not men or women but the idea. We fight against it by the bestowing of rights of expression and freedom. However, all are subject to the forces of reason and fairness.

7.5

Those that seek need to make sure they do not stumble onto a maze hidden and find it from the inside. The opening of the world and the many lands changes places, appearing and disappearing as they desire. The land and peoples by the openings of the worlds, the gateways, find the place often lawless and reckless where even the rule of reason and fairness is disputed.

7.6

This means that the golden council of 36 and the golden council of the unnumbered often find their emissaries run into difficulty there. When the rule of reason and fairness is in dispute, near gateways, war does not help and so diplomacy is used because it's very arrival changes the thought of those it meets and so alters the world

around it.

7.7

It often matters little what is negotiated at first, for it is just the beginning and the emissaries of the golden councils are skilled. The problem is that people have problems dealing with change and so rapid unaltering seemingly unfathomable change unhinges the minds of men leaving nought but skilled actors making a pretence of normality.

7.8

There have always been borderers, those settling by or on the borders between lands and worlds. To the borderer the border doesn't really exist, to them the border, the great veil is a trick that others play on themselves. But a borderer of one kind may become one of another and still not feel the loss of stability: such people adapt quickly.

7.9

Some borderers are kind and good while others feed off the loss of

stability others feel. Borderers are people too, and yet they are rarely recognised as such when men feel the passing between worlds, when the great gateways are open and they slip partly through. They recognise not the presence of those living on the border when it thins revealing the veil in all its glory.

7.10

They expect such people to look or be as they are, when they live on the border lands, the border worlds even, and so the look and feel of that reality is all they know. The very strangeness of it is there home. Rarely do the borderers leave the border, the veil of the many worlds, but when they do and take a husband or wife, the children know not of their being, and while feeling out of place fit in as any borderer could.

7.11

Some become the statesman and great leaders, some become the artists, using their way to show the land they seek and yet do not know would have been their home. All have something in them of the border, but such passing and travels that create opportunities

for weddings and offspring has occurred many times.

7.12

All squares are connected in some way, all triangles are connected in some way. This is because the true square and the true triangle is a rare thing without people they exist only with great rarity.

Geometric shapes that are the same have similarities even when they are very different items. The power of geometry could be thought of as the foundation of alchemy.

7.13

The wise ones knew always that the power of geometry was great and such peoples that know this are themselves wise. Few know that geometry and thought are connected in surprising ways and that geometric shapes when they become the object of concentration may themselves manifest things into the world, as if the geometry itself is a gateway.

7.14

Few anywhere have known to do this with the object of gazing into

the beyond and seeing what lie outside of normal view. Such men are honoured through their works and by other noble peoples. This means that the many lands are not always as we expect to see them or with the same rules.

7.15

Our physical selves cannot exist in all worlds: some realities are so different from our own, our physical nature makes no sense there. This is the struggle the mindful peoples learnt to overcome. But all can be transformed and, in the doing, become viable even in the oddest places. But to be transformed in physical nature is something that may not be undone easily and should be treated as a permanent change, as if the whole world is being altered: this is what the transformation feels like.

Midian

1.1

All men: all peoples of all kinds: join Midian with ease. Midian the wherefore land, the hidden place, the place that is itself made of

the tribes within. The tribes of Midian are diverse and yet they are one but not all the same and no attempt is made to make them so. Often those that talk of differences seemingly in a positive way are those that wish to stamp them out. But Midian is not like that and ruled by the horned man, the Elder.

1.2

The Elder Man, is not without wisdom and yet not destined to rule: power was not meant to pass to him. Others that thought they bore greater power, decided he should be less than he is and less than he ever was. With age wisdom does not always result and yet with the passing the Elder Man learnt of the folly of good and evil he alone came to understand in Midian that good and evil are both folly.

The two forces of good and evil fighting and yet the most terrible things result if either win.

1.3

Knowing this he was able to rise to power and yet it took a long time to do so, much longer than one lifetime, of a man: or woman. He was the Elder Man and many lifetimes did it take for him to

rule Midian. But from this idea flowed change and even the old wise ones despised the newness of his ideas. In time he grew older and become the Elder Man. Many lives did it take to create some order and to get the tribes to gain understanding. But many of the lives were his own but some were not.

1.4

The day came when the Elder Man looking at the tribes of Midian and seeing his own ideas in their eyes, despised himself for taking away their right to choose. He had led them and yet what existed before was worse: he had created a new people. But the tribes of Midian had hidden away from the eyes of man, women and all peoples known on the Earth. The many worlds should have been their home, but they came to reside under the great bridge, the great travelling way, the path leading to the other side of a long distance, otherwise unpassable.

1.5

The casting of stones that littered the path of the great bridge flew seemingly forever, tossing themselves across it. All this could be

seen as it is passed and yet to see the bridge is difficult but it is a grand bridge larger than any other and yet smaller in detail than many thought anything could ever be. Great care had been used to fashion it and the people of Midian were proud of the bridge although they were not as keen to use as it as they should have been.

1.6

They pondered on its construction, on the danger of passing along that way: to go over the great bridge. The people had lost the wisdom of how the bridge was made and in so many ways had this occurred that the makers of the bridge must have been very different people to the tribes there.

1.7

The Elder Man remembered what had been before the great bridge, he remembered the bridge was an escape, to supply a hiding place and so although it was held in place, few had ever used it for fear of the old ancient days returning. The tribes had escapes destruction and so they hid in their hiding place, and from this

came disorder. Without the horned Elder, without the Elder Man there would have been no civilization, only raw instinct would survive with no real thought.

1.8

All things have stages if we look for them and the Elder Man knew the time had come to walk over the great bridge. But the people's cries sang out," You will let the great evil discover us". But the Elder Man knew what they did not, that the disorder of good and evil had been all but extinguished, the flames of Hell had died, a fresh land remade in its place, a land of terror but wonder too: flames are but a light there nothing more.

1.9

But the cries of the people were real and so the Elder Man taking some time to take a fresh face, with new smell and new names and stemming from a different place, he took the people by the land and led them over the bridge: the great bridge. The people were fearful and yet they strolled over and came to a new place with freshly grow grass, growth anew, and from this they knew that the

great evil they had fought: the great destruction: was themselves and they by fashioning the great bridge had left and so the land they had left was not destroyed.

1.10

They were scared they would take the old Midian with them and not the new, the order they had learnt from the Elder Man. But the Elder Man with new face told them of who they were and that none of the old things existed, that the tribes now were all new and had advanced through their own effort and so some came to live in Midian and others did not.

1.11

In time the great bridge was moved and many people came to Midian and people sought it as a refuge. It was said in many lands that a man setting foot in Midian is of Midian and need not worry of troubles past: his old life had gone. All peoples knew this and yet Midian was not easy to find. But it was also true that through the great bridge it came to be nearer to us all than it would otherwise be.

1.12

Once more the people of Midian learnt of the great bridge and knew its purpose and workings, it had become the land of giants, the giants of old resided there along with the people of many realms. But no one knew of the Elder Man, he was mere whispers, he was known to all but by many names. The Elder Man is there still, he travels but always comes back to Midian.

2.1

Some of the newer Midianites leaving the place for such a long time, ceased to be of that place and found themselves lost. They were not blood of the ancient peoples of old and so leaving Midian would remove some of it from them: while those truly of the ancient tribes were always of the place.

2.2

Finding themselves lost and alone, they settled in the place they sat and built there. In the passing this happened many times and so the legend of Midian spread: but came to be known by many names. Many people that thought they were being stolen away were being

brought back to Midian the place their ancestors had been in.

2.3

The people of the original old tribes did not understand that the people felt they were of the new land, and many still do not. They must be told you are not of Midian anymore so they will understand your nature. Do this and all but the most stubborn shall send you on your way.

2.4

There is more than one immortal in Midian but they usually pass through that way and do not stop long as time passes: for them Midian is the location of the great bridge and that is all. But any place building such a bridge should expect travellers to come there to utilise its power. The travelling lands of old, were long gone, by the time the great bridge was made.

2.5

The way of moving had become difficult and yet all must travel if they are to change places, the immortals may travel in thought,

word, or deed: but the travelling through physical travel is the most difficult and the one less chosen but necessary all the same. But how may one travel to all there is and all that may be? Immortality my friend, even that is not enough, but it is the closest one may come while being of your own single mind: oneness with the all, is to be the all and not who you are. Living and dying is disputed by such men thinking of this, we are all connected but need not be singular, we may still be ourselves if we choose it.

2.6

A band of immortals walking the path to the bridge, drinking the beer of a thousand civilizations, eating the food of a thousand more and revelling in the celebrations of the many times reached the bridge. But these immortals had only the one face each and the people of the tribes of Midian were accustomed to only the immortals with many more, not only one body each and one way of living.

2.7

This made the immortal band stand out, and they knew now what

to do, they seemed to drink and drink for a thousand years and eat for a thousand more. All the while never changing, and when they worked they worked for a hundred or more, just to add some lustre to the waiting.

2.8

The tribes knew not what they waited for but the waiting was so long they had become a part of their civilization and the day they left, Midian almost fell had not the Elder Man shown his real face. But all the while the immortals were waiting for the bridge to itself choose to go to the land they wished to visit, as a mortal man may wait at a bus stop, finding that the bus would take more than an hour, have a drink or two and go back to catch the bus, and depart on his way.

2.9

So is the world of immortals, having more time, and being rare means simply doing nothing much at all created legends that other men, women and all other peoples would need to work hard to create. But the creation of legends is a rare and beautiful thing no

man is not blessed who become legend or creates such a thing.

2.10

Legend is the target of great men: many great people are inspired by legends and in this way, they gain the greatness that inspired them: even if the truth was so distorted as to be nought but a story. No legend shall be a lie, they have their own truth as the parable inspires so does the legend.

3.1

The Golden Council whose numbers vary knew of Midian as did the Gold Council of 36 but the Golden Council whose numbers vary knew of it more for some were of that place and were of the old tribes. The Golden Councils wanted to change the location of the councils and so they headed for the land of Midian.

3.2

In the doing they created vast caravans and tent cities and then they fashioned palaces within the shanty towns of the world, then after staying there for a while moving on. In this way the maintained the

order until they came to the land of Midian but doing so seemingly inch by inch. On passing over the great Bridge, they looked at the world that was the land of Midian of the tribes. The tribes would accept the golden councils but in the doing they would become of that place and they would think the land of Midian ruled.

3.3

The Golden Council whose numbers vary could see the unfairness in this and so they left and sat themselves upon the bridge and then finding the way clear found some new place as connected to the bridge as Midian but unseen and they built the invisible unseen land of the Golden Councils right there.

3.4

It was at this time they began to exchange council members in and out so they could travel the many lands and come to understand what existed for the other people and again be as they are, be one of them. But in the doing all learnt they were not as other men: even those that had been: and became wiser for it, realising that people need time, sometimes direction but always stimulation so

they will think for themselves.

3.5

The Elder Man was once travelling his way along some strange path and came upon Nod the elsewhere place and found it similar to home. But the People of Nod being used to change could see his true face and true appearance and told the old horned man, he should go back to his place.

3.6

The Elder Man seeing the kindness in their eyes did as they instructed not realising that Nod is the glue, that which holds together all lands together: including Midian. The people of Nod often laughed at Midian for the Midianites didn't realise that Nod is everywhere including Midian, this is what makes the people wise.

3.7

They also know that few get back from Nod and they did not want the Elder Man there: they have many wise men and were wise

enough to realise Midian was his place, he was not to know of Nod fully. The Elder Man already knew of Nod for all Elders, all watchers were of Nod once, and yet came of some very different place. From the stories told he knew the people of Nod didn't know his true nature or his true age or from where he sprang.

3.8

The Elder Man had walked the great libraries of the Underland, he had seen the maps and had read the hidden knowledge. He had once guarded the books, he had been a keeper of knowledge, he had read, and written many of the books in the libraries of the Underland. Many books not upon surface places are within the libraries of the Underland.

3.9

The Elder Man did not wish to leave Midian long enough to see the libraries once more, but all things come to those with all the time, and so eventually Midian's great bridge journeyed to the Underland and the people there were fearful for all did not wish the people there to join them.

3.10

The Elder Man had told them to stay where they were, and yet when he wandered to the Underland himself he saw not what had been there, the land was different and the people there were changed. There was suffering and wonder and greatness in all things, but the libraries remained: the knowledge had not died.

3.11

All things change and so the Elder Man taking some gained knowledge with him, headed back for Midian. He found the place changed and that some had chosen to leave while others had stayed. This worried the Elder Man because he knew the Underland would again change and they would be changed with it. But he knew Midian had always known change and gained new tribes and in time the great bridge moved as it always had.

3.12

But the Elder Man had taken some useful knowledge with him and to him this was worth more than a vast estate for he had seen such things lost easily, he had seen a single weapon steal all a man had

or would ever have. But the Elder Man did not know all and was shocked when seeing Joe Abrahadabra for he knew that he had known the great Invictus before he was known as such, when he was merely a letter and a word.

3.13

Joe Abrahadabra was wise and being wise he knew he would find his way back and from there and travel wherever he wished. This is how the Elder Man became freed from this task and could travel with full freedom once more. Some souls know many bodies and are a guide for many peoples.

3.14

Midian grew in time and as the population grew the land itself stretched out. But some were worried that the boundary of Midian would become mixed with some other place. It was true the elsewhere place had fleetingly become a part of Midian. In fact, nowhere remains separate and unlinked forever unless it comes to an end.

3.15

The Midianites were different from the past and in time strange growths began to appear on the people. People began to recognise these as a part of themselves and so, when other parts began to appear that seemed beneficial they too were integrated into their view of themselves. It was not until Joe Abrahadabra saw the people that he knew they had been corrupted and that they would again release the good versus evil into the world.

3.16

They had been trapped by the old gods. But the greater good could persist and so seeing through reason that these people could not represent what they were meant to and knowing that little of what had occurred was their fault. The old gods now nought but magical beings thought they had tricked the wise Joe but they had not and so he merely named them afresh and they became the New Nephilim, those with a different fate and different role.

3.17

They were the guardians of Midian so that all who came there

could remain there safe if they wished. Midian the safe haven for those seeking it. Midian being cleansed once more was restored and the tribes began anew, knowing, gathering until so many were they again, that the Nephilim themselves could become a tribe there, among the rest: no more nor less.

3.18

In time this did come to pass, and the New Nephilim became a tribe of Midian and as Midian would from time to time pass into Nod and so to the many worlds, so it was with the Nephilim. But whenever these Nephilim changed locations they themselves would in time come to change, meaning that no more could one say who was Nephilim and who was not. All that could be told was that each carried a symbol of the new tribe somewhere upon them or within them. When they were reborn in Midian, Midian was briefly a land of mazes, but the mazes fell as soon as they began to walk.

4.1

Of the New Nephilim came the Grand Judge, and yet he was not

within Midian: he did not know his true self: or who or what he was. He created order by making judgements and forming rules. The land became prosperous and so he made new rules until he did nothing else: these rules being implemented by others.

4.2

The Grand Judge was not a person ill aware of what was around him and so he began to realise that the constant making of rules was wrong. He had built a maze for himself; he had become trapped by his own rules. Knowing he would have to make many new rules to free himself, he realised that when new rules are made it shall come to pass that old rules must be erased, so they possess no true power. The rule maker need not work hard, the rule maker labouring hard on his task finds he has not organised but made for himself and others a grand maze with no plan: he has jailed his people.

4.3

He knew not a way out of his problems he had started well on the path but had lost his way. Often the solution to problems that

affects the greatest number of people comes from unexpected sources and so it was for the Grand Judge. The Grand Judge was walking into the centre of town and saw a small old man obviously poor, eating while sitting on the ground, eating food that had been tossed away: something he had banned. The Grand Judge instantly saw the solution, this man: who should not be so hungry: had provided the answer and it was balance, this man had logically and with reason decided not to starve and to eat the food that may have spoiled. In fact, he could smell it and could tell it was fine and so he ignored the rules.

4.4

The problem the many peoples have with rules is that if they are given them in abundance they begin to replace their own thought with obedience. Our thoughts shall always rule, or we become dead in the world. The Grand Judge announced there and then that some rules should be removed: but only, so the people could decide for themselves again and the place returned to abundance once more.

4.5

The Grand Judge knew that he himself could be judged and that although order can be made, out of chaos that rules must never replace thought. The Grand Judge wanted people to never again forget what had been learnt but did not want the people to feel something had been forced on them like a rule and so he put up a sign on that which he owned saying, “My world is not a temple it is alive”.

4.6

Some people on looking at it and some thought it meant that people were more important than things, some other people thought it meant that beliefs as thoughts are living things: but to him it meant that he should not try and make civilization take a static form, but that it should always be able to change. If ever people tried to force him to make a rule that restricted people actions too much he would shout out, “I shall not make men into pillars”.

4.7

The New Nephilim had spread to the many worlds and in the doing became such a part of them many did not know who or what they really were. The old Nephilim were said to be men of renown and for some this came to pass anew. But the New Nephilim were of a new age and it was ruled by the Golden Council of 36 and the Golden Council whose numbers may vary that anyone truly thinking they were something should be treat as if they were that: unless others were aware of the truth.

4.8

This was the ruling and its ruling was secret: few peoples knew of it consciously, but it was in their minds: and it ruled them as such. In time it was thought that the New Nephilim would merge in with the all and no one would know Nephilim again. In time the Golden Councils pondered on what to do if the New Nephilim did take over. But Invictus and Joe Abrahadabra sought to save the New Nephilim for they were not of the old in their ways.

4.9

They journeyed the many worlds and looked at the leaders and kings and all peoples: looking at each, and every, one. They walked the squares, the lines and the circles, they walked all geometric shapes of thought and discovered a secret, a strange secret daring not to real it to anyone but the golden councils. They walked the grand halls and grand estates and journeyed to the golden councils and so secret was it that they wrote it down on a piece of parchment so old it had been rendered timeless. It was handed to each member of the Golden Council of 36 and each member of the Golden Council whose numbers may vary, and, on the paper, it said,” None are who they think they are and never were”.

4.10

The gasps turned to screams when Invictus shouted out,” No longer shall the New Nephilim rule”, and they all looked around and all the members of the councils were of the tribe of the New Nephilim. “The Elder Man did not end”, shouted Joe Abrahadabra,

“You were renamed by me and by me you shall be restored to your true selves.” This is how the false council was destroyed and the New Nephilim discovered who they were, and never again shall they forget their true selves or else it shall end them.

4.11

The Grand Judge learnt of his true self and found the people in his home accepting of him, he had helped them and was not the only member of the New Nephilim there. He did not leave but instead lived his days there, but their numbers did not increase he knew the people would not allow the New Nephilim to take over and they lived in harmony: but this was not always the case and seldom has been.

5.1

There will always be the silent war and yet the silent war is a greater thing than the noisy war. The silent war kills less people, and many are unaware of it: but only because they do not wish to be. Beware of he or she that announces that rules must be put in place to condemn some other group because of the crimes of

another. But beware also he or she that says that no actions need ever take place.

5.2

Often people lose their power because the person telling them of some terrible news is brother with he that performs the terrible deed: together they profit and gain their power. The clever do not need to steal they get their victims to give of them what they own and to do so gladly. The liar is more powerful than the thief and often shall go further. But the liar and thief working together may form their own kingdom.

5.3

The Trickster, the man with many names: none his own: the man born something else, the many legged beast, did not wish to be in one place. He always felt limited by having to be somewhere, but knew only when the runner stops, does he indeed get caught. He of a strange land, a world of the many legged, in a land of the few. The man with many eyes and many points of view, the ruthless trickster, with the many arms. The greatest thimble-rigger of them

all, he that discovered it and found himself better equipped.

5.4

Surprising the new and getting them to play his game and lose: oh, always they lose. He won and never lost: but only because he cheated. But he cheated with charm and if caught: the only true shame he feared: he would run away with his many legs. It is said that even the rat shall not eat of itself, this is untrue, and the Trickster conned and defrauded many deceivers not quite as good as he. But if he found one as good as he, he would eat of them and add on to himself one more leg, and one more eye placed somewhere.

5.5

The only winners that trickster knew were those wise enough to refuse to play his game. Once after being thrown out of Nod he found himself in Midian. He knew nothing of Midian and if he did he may have passed right through but instead walked into the centre of some town where people were likely to be. He wanted the people of Midian to play his game, they were all disinterested. He

knew not that this was a kindness, he did not know of a greater monster than he.

5.6

He created such joyful entertainment that members of the many tribes of Midian surrounded him, joined him but refused to play his game. But the unkindness of his soul drew in one small beast, one small thinking thing and it would play his game. He took some small ball and the small beast had to decide where the ball was. The Trickster holding the ball in his hand, found that the small beast bit off one of his hands and announced that the paper was within him.

5.7

The Trickster tried to run but the many monstrous tribes of Midian were entertained while the others left. They made him play again and again with whatever was lying around and each and every time he lost a hand, until he had none and then they made him play for his legs until all that was left was he himself as nothing more than a ball.

5.8

The Trickster was not wise, the wise trickster would know to make it look as if the tribes were being helped and yet every time to win. Many Peoples find themselves ruled by such men. But the Trickster did not die and in time was wise enough to trick himself a single pair of legs and a single pair of arms. On doing this he ran from Midian and even his descendants fear of its name, yet they know not why.

5.9

The land of Midian had become more monstrous than ever and so the Golden Council of 36 wanted many human men to be brought to Midian, while the Golden Council whose numbers may vary did not wish it. The Golden Council of 36 represented reason alone and could see that this may change Midian if they were more men of human lineage. The Golden Council whose numbers vary, seeing the unfairness of this sought this to not occur but being convinced that for the results of reason it should and that the future of that land would be at stake if this did not pass and this being

unfair, agreed.

5.10

Many men lost who were headed for the Kingdom of Nod instead found themselves destined for Midian. Some of the men took with them their grand machines and others took knowledge of them.

Hearing this the Golden Council of 36 announced that they would advance Midian. The Golden Council whose numbers vary were heard to laugh in unison and the leader of their council shouted, "You fools you have released within Midian the greatest monsters of them all. We thought it unfair not for the human men that would reside there: for they were already lost: but for the tribes of Midian: the Midianites themselves: for their claws cannot compete with the strength of human men."

5.11

Many of the Golden Council of 36 cried for they had friends there. The land of Midian was rid of many lesser monsters in a short time, and the machines of war hunted most of the attacking tribes down. The Midianites learnt of their weakness and in time peace

again spread across the land of Midian. Midian had again, gained new people as it had always done.

6.1

The leaders of the tribes old and new thought hard on the great powers of the Golden Councils: being few of the lands that knew of such things. They worried that their land may once again be torn apart and the men that were lost, having took wives were worried for their future and that of their offspring while also blaming the Golden Council for being lost. But knowing now how to be free of such things they decided all they could was to act as if they were free once more.

6.2

They looked for every sign of restriction and knew that no one shall be a slave in Midian if known to be by another: they shall free them. But how should one look for that which they cannot see. But the New Nephilim being of that place still, reborn there, renamed, found themselves drawn to it so that Midian shall be defended by them. They were to protect Midian from the interference of the

Golden Councils, but they sought not war.

6.3

The men of human lineage became fearful knowing that the other tribes would learn of their machines and knowing that some of the New Nephilim had lived amongst them and been as their brothers knew what they knew. They wished to have claws as the others did and so they were granted by the New Nephilim through the drinking of their blood.

6.4

But had they really done anything against the Golden Councils? In fact, they had not, but they had pointed out that many peoples often must stagger to freedom of thought and to lead themselves to greatness through the path that at first winds before it straightens. They abided by the principles of reason and fairness and the monstrous nature of all became lessened, because it was the new way of things.

6.5

The people of Midian petitioned the Golden Councils: not knowing they were not far away. They send them a message asking for them to be judged for their actions. The Golden Councils read this and knew that they had moved from their path and that they were now more than reason and fairness and so they purged themselves of the guilty and gained new members from those hurt wherever they were.

7.1

Some realms reach out like a great expanse, while some are as a small walled city only viewed or travelled to at certain times, places or in certain ways. But most places liveable have some obstacle to stop the people from walking, travelling ever onwards even if only some great expanse is itself the only obstacle.

7.2

The nature of some is to travel no matter how long or how far the journey, some being the reverse will stay no matter how bad it all gets. But the onward walking people travel because that in itself is

there home: the nomads of this world have the whole world as their home if they choose to explore it: and with insight and magick may travel all of the worlds and all realities.

7.3

Those free of mind may travel the world of possibilities without physically departing any place at all because they are free of the limitations of the physical world. However, he whose thought is powerful may manipulate the physical world because he knows that thought and the world are the same thing: thought is paramount.

7.4

The land of thought has many rooms, so many that many think that, that is all there is to it and for them it may become a maze while the wisemen, sages and mahatmas know that it is but one building in an open land of fields. Those living in square rooms in time come to expect the world to be built with corners unless they look outside.

7.5

We must look outside of our usual thoughts and in the doing free ourselves from any manacles we have made. The manacles of ancient times had no locks: they did not need them because they were never meant to be removed and so they were riveted shut and in these ancient times drills were rare and strong saws being something of a rarity a man may find himself trapped within manacles forever and these times must not be forgotten, or we discover that we are slaves after all.

7.6

Freedom is the most important thing, perhaps survival is more important but if this is the case we must ask ourselves how can the immortal die? They can't and yet we all are more than is seen and whether we live on in some form or die completely is down to our own thoughts. Life purified some, transforming them, but not all: but the truly transformed are as lead made into gold they embody the philosophers greatest gift and most noble achievement. The great work of all men is their lives and once this is understood we

may come to know the true nature of ourselves and what we can really do.

7.7

Midian has no slaves: it was outlawed: and because of this, slaves from any land are welcome there so they may be free. To enslave another is to be enslaved, because if slavery exists why should the more powerful not enslave you: they may do this without you even knowing. Midian is not an easy place to get to and yet people do find their name there. Some people decide that they wish to embody the spirit of Midian, its monstrosity and its fairness and these people are Midianites and if they have its spirit within them they shall get there one day or else the land in which they reside shall be transformed into Midian.

7.8

There are four paths that lead into Midian one is the path of foolishness for the fool may end up anywhere when they find that good luck and good fortune follows them. The second path is the path of need: that if you need a tribe of Midian that they may make you

one of them. But you will need to prove by your actions that you can become one of them in spirit. The third path is knowledge and action: but this path may lead us wherever we wish to go. The fourth path is for those that live as one of the tribes of Midian, these people are Midianites whether they wish to be or not, whether they meet a true Midianite or not. These often come to be of their own tribe, the tribe of the neglected by society, the tribe led only by their own hearts and minds.

7.9

Midian is of the north and the south, and east and the west: it is not a true place but made of people: the place as it is known flows from the people: wherever they live will become Midian. Midian changes the way the world is seen and felt, the fabric of the land is different: it is altered easily by thought because it is thought.

Midian may expand or contract in the same way that the Underland connections to the land above. In this way the land above may become of the Underland without it being known to those above: a new King is often taken for an old one by those far away from the point of power: this has happened many times.

7.10

Our own personal power is important while we realise that the power of our neighbours is important too. If we may be ruled without knowing, then the only way to know that we are not being ruled is to be the ruler: and to know that there are no other rulers or great powers which may work against us.

7.11

All lands connect and boundaries change, what is of one land may the next day be of another. The marking of boundaries are rarely the true markings of the power of that land. The neutral places are those lying between boundaries, the lawless lands, these are the lands of the nomads and the weapon sellers, they are their home, they are difficult lands to live in, but they are meant to be for they are where new kingdoms may grow. But such kingdoms would cause great warring. Make a new kingdom where it will not be found and there will have no war, make one out of people: a kingdom of tribes: and it will be hard to end, steal one and it will already be built.

Underland

1.1

The Underland has within it many countries and is connected to the land of thought as all places are. It is dark in many places, but not all and in places there is huge illumination. The great winged bats, the shadowy ones are there: they think of themselves as being more than other men and are four feet taller than human men. But the New Nephilim are more than their match in any of their forms.

1.2

The Underland is ever changing and its land is not as the land above, but is its mirror. Knowledge in the Underland is both cherished and despised. The Underland is in many places often residing in some other realm altogether from where one entered, part below, some small portion above.

1.3

The Underland has within it many passages and in one room stood oblong tables with no decoration and fashioned from wood from

the times when those in the Underland lived above and were either as human men or from the time long before. There were benches at either side and, on each side, sat a long row of those cloaked in black, the wings of bats and much larger than men, simply sitting not even conversing and only rarely would one raise its legs to get off a bench and then only to go to some other place, when called on to do some task.

1.4

The Underland, has places of light and the great passage dwellers live within them, some without knowledge of other lands while some could see the lands and realms outside of their homes. The mouth of Leviathan has an opening that reaches out into any world it desires, while within there is a forest of living tentacles and one must journey through these as if one is going through a forest. But Leviathan has many mouths, the great gatekeeper, the gateway to the Underland is not always under control.

1.5

In truth the Underland has walled areas, areas of caves, areas of

seemingly ever stretching desert: this is why many livings in the Underland do not know of it. The great dragons of the Underland, had forgotten that they once lived above but the greatest trick was theirs, when they tricked the people of the many realms, so they were altered and less than they were.

1.6

But the great dragons were mistaken in their beliefs and in the doing they made the many peoples greater than they were and so the dragons trapped in the Underland were forced to watch the ascendance of men. It was for this reason that the great many legged trickster planned and played the greatest thimblorig of all: over many realms and many lands he deceived the great dragons until what they wished most was gone and even the Underland was not truly theirs anymore.

1.7

They desired to send to him the great killer, death, the hooded one, and he was to hunt the many legged trickster forever if necessary until he found him at the end of the world and they would win once

more. But the immortals, could see that this would not serve best and so the many legged trickster is reborn again and again and not always with the same number of legs and often unknowing who he truly is.

1.8

He lives his life tricking the fool and the wiseman, all tribes he has tricked: the great traveller, but never truly knowing death, always ending before he is gotten and is reborn again. This is why the great many legged trickster has no tribe, his people are long gone, but they live on within him. He has made many sons and daughters and so their spirit lives on in them.

1.9

It is said his tribe comprised of the wise and the apparently foolish, and only the wise would know that the apparently fools were the greatest tricksters of all. It is said that he was thrown out of the great land of Cockaigne, the land of the cursed abundance.

Cockaigne was not truly of the Underland but it would be unfair to say that it was some different place altogether.

1.10

The land of Cockaigne, the place where food is abundant and the animal's people may wish to eat travels to them already cooked, the land of lakes of wine, where a drunkard earns more than a hard-working man. It is the way of things that the many coloured realms of thought and the Underland at one point only, share a wall and this wall is not even apparently solid but as some overstretched skin and if one is strong enough they may push through the barrier and travel from the Underland to the coloured realms.

1.11

But it came to be that some were strong enough but not blessed in other traits and these men became stuck and so Cockaigne was born. The land of Cockaigne, the realm of abundance is real and is the dreams of many men. But upon seeing that when abundance is not just available but forced upon all men they knew that what they sought had become their own curse. The greedy may eat, but few wish to eat for all time, some men desire sex strongly but few are equipped to do so for all time without end.

1.12

But from the fated journeymen the greedy and lame of thought came a new people the tribe of the many legged. They grew twisted to some eyes and desired strongly to live a new life. The tribe of the many legged had discovered that they had become the slaves of Cockaigne. The tribe of the many legged had become needed: the torture of others had become their task.

1.13

But for the many legged the end was not apparent and so they pushed so that they would know happiness and found they had pushed themselves into the Underland. but not knowing not that the skin had another direction embraced the Underland as their own. They became the townsfolk and villagers on the edge of Cockaigne.

1.14

Few journeyed, but took back the knowledge they could find: others did not seek to follow them, they heard the tales of the great dragons and Underlanders. In time the wisemen were changed by

visitors from harsher countries and tricksters were made. The tricksters had nowhere else to go and few others to trick and so they tricked each other until the great many legged trickster was born.

1.15

He read the books but did not become wise and because of this could see and accept that they were slaves once more: he could see what knowledge could not teach. This was what led him to become he that tricked the great dragons and so changed the Underland. It is said Jesus Malverde the great bandit, the immortal thief visited him as a child and could see that such a foolish one could change what others dare not. The will of the many legged trickster was great and his gift is that never shall he die but never shall he know he lives forever.

1.16

The Underland has not many roads and all who travel shall do so as they wish. The terrain changes quickly, but little is the water, but if one travels far enough one comes to ice. But within it there is

one single stream. But even the Underland came to be made anew and as it is linked to all other realms: its alteration flows from the change of others.

1.17

Before the times of the Joe Abrahadabra the Elderman had lived in the Underland, he became wise and came to know its tunnels, and its gateways. But the Elderman did not know that his soul was of Midian, and were destined to be reborn. The Elderman becoming very wise knew that the dragons would never let him rule and so when the change came he departed the Underland finding Midian and making it his home. Invictus knew of the Elderman, his wisdom and strength and on meeting him he showed him the shortest route to the gateway leading to Midian knowing he would become its ruler: this was the first time they met.

2.1

The Underland has many mazes and these were not all the work of people, it was always this way even before this place became the Underland. The many tribes of the Underland never knew they

were slaves, only the leaders knew of this, but all men have limits. Many tribes are tribes of men: partly human: and some came to be above and returned to the world. In the same way men would end up below without ever having walked into some cave.

2.2

Many more journeyed to Nod the Elsewhere place. The lucky would never return to the Underland or else do so in better times. All leaders must come to Nod, all of the ruling places have some part within Nod. This is how the elevators in the great ruling places may sometimes lead to some other land.

2.3

Many of those residing in the skies above reside in Nod, the place never intended to be a place. There are some places where the many layers of imprisonment are so great that few of the best of men escape. The best of us all, may only be able to escape from the mazes with doorways.

2.4

The Romans of old riveted shut the manacles of their slaves because they were never meant to be released, so it is with some of the tribes of old, and ancient ones residing above us and within Nod. It is easy for people to mistake the ancient and great with deities and so the greatest mistake of all was made, the mistake mankind walked the path to undo and so in this way gain its own immortality, so that never shall that kind end.

2.5

One day Invictus of the S and R was walking through the Underland looking for somewhere scenic to eat and drink. He explored the caves and the tunnels, he had sat within the Mouth of Leviathan but nowhere seemed quite right to drink the fine beverage he had brought with him or eat the great feast he had carried.

2.6

It was not that he was looking for some great sun, or light, or the coloured land. It was instead that he sought a clean place where

there was a rock of the correct shape to sit upon and eat and drink while looking at some unusual scene. But he did not get tired and so walked on and on and time being quite a different matter for the immortal than for us, he found himself in similar places where some small part had worn away.

2.7

He decided to shape the land by his walks and so walked this way and then that to see the difference it would make, and in the doing created a small set of tables shaped from rocks, and the people came and seeing that it was people around him that he sought sat down to eat. The people were shocked, the many tribes looked in awe for he had walked so long they thought he was some force like the wind. This meant that seeing Invictus sitting down was like watching the wind drink tea.

2.8

But he sat and talked and heard the stories they had to tell and the problems they had. He could see that evil was not within them all and that the polarity of good versus evil was not wise but merely a

reflection of the understanding of the time. Times change and so it was that good versus evil became a foolish construct, a way of seeing that did not reflect the truth as it could be deeply understood.

2.9

When he had finished eating he took some of the people there with him, walking them through a desert, until he found a place that they could make their home. The land Invictus left was different to the one he entered and so he stepped back to the land he had left, and in this way the one he had left behind gained in knowledge.

2.10

The dwellers of different lands, sometimes are naïve and believe that all visitors are good ones, and that all wishing to live there must be as they are. This is not the case there are many peoples, many realms and many tribes and these may all have their own goals and be in competition with each other.

2.11

To make one as you are, is not easy and to make another like you may not be beneficial. The many all alike are all slain the same way, whereas the different need many methods. Many of the great dictators sought neatness and the forcing of others to arrange their lives so that the land ruled by another may be neat and easy to see.

2.12

Kings are liars, they are only Kings because they convince others they are, but it is easier to make people believe what you, yourself think is true and so often they lie to themselves first. The Kings all have palaces in Nod, the Elsewhere Place, except those that are false Kings: there are many false Kings.

3.1

The speaking in tongues is something of a mystery to those living in the Underland, because it is from there that this phenomenon flows. Sometimes to win a war it isn't necessary to fight but for all to do little more than refuse orders. When people do what they desire and refuse orders they may be punished, but when all people

do so that is impossible.

3.2

Not all people know they are not solid, but some are forced to do so because they are little more than smoke to us and themselves. Having such a form makes them impervious to the things which kills other peoples. The person of pure thought and knows this may climb the highest mountain without tiring, can sit within a volcano and not be harmed, and fit a civilization within the smallest pebble.

3.3

The senses we have are not ours they are just ours for now, just as they may be enhanced they can be dulled but they surely lie to us because all that exists is thought, it is all that is real. The Underland has the greatest libraries one is likely to see, but to them all places that store knowledge are libraries. Knowledge is the way the Underlanders shaped their realm. The harsh environment of the Underland shaped its people and then the people shaped the Underland.

3.4

There was one born in the Underland, from an area of no special importance, and yet still everything for him went wrong, all the Underland had to offer in terms of punishment and misfortune was his. He became battered, hurt, maimed and even despised, and yet he grew and came to use what he had suffered as a power, he came to embrace the uniqueness it had helped him develop. He grew strong but also unseen, unnoticed thought to be of no importance, and often he wondered why he was so especially despised and then he came to understand it was not bad luck or misfortune but torture for the fun of others.

3.5

He became enlightened and knew that those considered gods thought that he was a jester: that all people were: that entertainment was all they wanted from us. By understanding this he rose to power and on becoming a King of a very strange land he stood on the highest building and challenged the gods, they destroyed him in body but in spirit he remains and so some people

came to understand that a god is not all powerful after all, they are different types of being and that blind worship gains nothing.

3.6

To know is to see and to think is to see in the deepest form. To follow a set of rules without reason is to give away power and power once given away is most difficult to get back. We should walk through the great desert rather than give ourselves to slavery, make ourselves the bonded servants of some other being simply because it is different to us.

3.7

But if you do so, do so because you have thought it through and wish to do so rather than because you are following a queue of men, lining up only because there is someone in front. If the queue is bad you are likely to find yourself at its head rapidly if the queue is good you may never get to its front. What comes from above is not always a gift and what comes from below not always for the ill of all.

3.8

The many realms are not a billiard table or some flat sheet of paper and because of this there are many more directions and yet men have tricked themselves into believing that everything is flat, they walk through the cities and see not the drains and their covers, they see not the many levels to the buildings, they do not see the lifts, the elevators and cannot imagine how much lower than themselves they can go.

3.9

Not all locations are on the map and not all mazes have been written about in books for us all to read. This is why men stumble into lands they should not be in or places controlled by an organisation that cares not of them and their lives. Some have stumbled into an elevator, walked through its metal doors, seen them shut and found themselves through some grand accident in a different land, a place of metal or rock, and seen the unexpected peoples, those they have been forbidden by others to see.

3.10

The deal makers of the lands all have some place within Nod, the Elsewhere Place and Nod connects easily with the Underland and so they find themselves within a maze they will never be allowed to leave. They find they must live within that maze, or else are killed immediately. Some people find they become the victims of tests and are mutilated until they themselves cannot live anywhere else, being dragged down in spirits as well as body and even their thoughts become changed.

3.11

A few of these gain a place there and so become the unseen banned objects of fascination of those others finding themselves in the Underland, Nod or some Elsewhere Place, and with a teared eye find they must make others as themselves. This is how new peoples are sometimes made and few know of it until another tribe is born, or an old one reborn. Those that think they have power are often surprised to find that the new tribe finds new leaders. The foolish often trick themselves and through this find that others are

hurt along with themselves. The hunter become the hunted through the act of creating a better hunter.

4.1

The thinkers, discoverers and wanderers, the tired journeymen of wisdom, grew weary and wishing to learn more found themselves taking an offer to work in a strange land, the Underland: this was a strange offer because they were not of the Underland. They found they were taken to through Nod, the Elsewhere Place through the downwards moving room: the small metal walled area.

4.2

They journeyed and eventually found themselves within the Underland but discovered that it was not to their liking, and wished to leave. But they were shown the proud land where they would reside and saw it for what it was, a place of wisdom and of privilege and comfort. Seeing this, they agreed that this was no different from working for new knowledge within some far-off jungle and so lived the life they desired, a life of learning, knowing that they were promised to leave eventually for the land above and

would be paid handsomely.

4.3

Nothing for them altered, their lives were as it had been before, save perhaps the occasional view of some being still viewed as strange by them. They knew not why they were hired to think, to discover, no reason did they give them not even a single clue. But they cared not because this was how it had always been and often had been the time when had discovered some new method that would be used not to help but hinder only: to damage other beings.

4.4

They found that all the facilities they needed was theirs and so the time came when they wished to leave but they were denied this. They looked at the others, the strange ones: strange to them: and said, “Why have you decided to imprison us?” “We did not decide to imprison you, you imprisoned yourselves, you have always worked for us it was only now that you are below in the Underland, that we felt we should give you the gift of truth”. They were told that the lives they took through their research was for

them. “But before we were paid, allowed to leave and do as we wished” “You did not do as you wished and you were under our view wherever you went, it was true that you were given money but it had no value, it was only valued because you thought it was.

4.5

But now reason and fairness reins and you are reason and so we must be fairness and it is not fair to lie to you as we have done.” They replied, “It is not fair to make us slaves here” to which the strange ones replied,” This is the Underland all are slaves here, and when all are freed so shall you be.” They were as good as their word and they knew freedom in time but knowing it was true freedom and that it was the first time they had ever tasted it gave it a bitter taste because they knew certainty did not exist.

4.6

Many upon gaining freedom are unsure what to do with it, but think using it will be easy. The problem is that civilization restricts its people and when the restrictions are removed they see only the wildness of it all. For all to be free in totality is frightening and so

men often construct not civilization but a maze so that the world is made complicated but also predictable, and safe through the knowing that they have fashioned something from which they will never escape and so nothing except that which is around them matters.

4.7

But sometimes people journey to the Underland to escape their own land, they find the ways of the realm that is their own worse than what little they know of the Underland. The Underland is rarely what such people expect and find that their problems are with them, but in time they do change and find that their problems are not born anew with them.

4.8

But often are then shunned in the competitions in the Underland, for in the Underland the greatest competitions of all have been held. It was thought that those who fled their own realm of their own volition would be weak and unable to win. But the competitions were grand and they seemed to never end and yet

again and again the escapers lost until one day one thinking they had been judged unfairly said aloud,” Why are we not judged as you, when we chose to be here when you simply were.” Shouting back one replied,” That is why you are not of this place because to run here is to run foolishly”.

4.9

The crowd booed and so those that they expected to be weak showed strength; they took the largest weapons and killed and killed and killed, those watching wondered why they were not afraid and so they explained that this was where people came when they had killed themselves, it was where they fled to, and knowing they were already dead they knew they could not die there. The crowd seeing their strength rewarded them and in time they were regarded as one of them, and the others coming after were also, given the same respect, and some even awarded the highest station any newcomer could earn.

4.10

In time even, this was relaxed and upon the rule of the

abandonment of the war of good and evil, freedom was gained.

The Underland did not need to grow and although they had experienced the false end, the true ending would never come.

4.11

Some of the fallen were chosen to become members of the Council of 36 and for some a period of membership of the Council whose number vary. But the realms stayed separate they did not blend because although travel occurred it always had. But the way of things was different, transformed the game of existence was played out as if it should not end.

4.12

A man thinking that he is destined to live one thousand years no matter what is less likely to risk damaging himself than one thinking he is destined to live for only ten. The tribes of the Underland were the first to flee when freedom was gained and they were not welcome everywhere but they became a part of Nod and then Midian and the many realms where changed.

4.13

Change is inevitable even for those sure they control the direction. Rarely are the seemingly illuminated truly with knowledge, one may easily distort a plan or direction to fulfil their own goals. This is the reason why many of those that think they are eternally blessed discover damnation saved especially for them.

4.14

The many coloured lands, often give false images of what exists for it is easy to think of the coloured lands as being free and without restriction. The many coloured lands, the neon changing coloured place, flows partly from us and so by becoming part of it all it may be seen by us. But our minds cannot see the all and so we see only some glimpse some part that we may understand and so we may join the most complicated of beings, the beings of pure thought: the true mystics of above those that know they are not as we are and care not for it.

4.15

But some on seeing the lands and its many colours become

frightened by it and retreat to the dark place, the Underland. Know this the many realms are not all the same, the wanderer must expect to have to adjust to new ways of being. But with this comes a freedom that would otherwise allude them.

5.1

Those thought to be the gods and goddess of old, tortured men, women but especially each other, they did so because they fought out to the end of time and the greatly powerful rarely remember what it was to have little power. It is rare indeed that they will remember humanity even if they were one to begin with, and this is the reason why they fell, became trapped within their own maze so that men may rule once more.

5.2

It is said that Invictus of the S and R, was once a man tortured by the ancient beings thinking themselves to be gods. They attacked him from the out and the in, they attacked him without end. The good was evil and the evil never good, all was against him and the greatest torture they spared for within, so that never could he be

helped and never would the world help him. There have been many such men, and many such women and often the torture is the fault of the world of men or the other peoples.

5.3

The story is the same, each realm has such a story or such events. Bloodied and tortured, he clawed his way along the ground, and healing some, did a strange thing, he hunted the greatest abyss, the greatest evil one may gaze into. On finding it he gazed into it, he looked onto it and saw its horror, and felt the deepest fear within. But he looked on and the abyss, the greatest evil, gazed back into him and then all changed and he saw something of the men of renown, the great heroes of old. But he looked on and with a great shout he proclaimed never would he yield and the great abyss looked away and Invictus was born.

5.4

It is said that Invictus met the red man even before becoming Invictus, he whose face is never remembered, the strangely familiar stranger. Many times, have they tempted him, but will is

the greatest force, even without action it has power: but when will and other forces are coupled action creates change. Invictus learnt that the plans of others need not include us and may cause suffering only because they will it. This is why freedom was gained and can be regained again and again. Many peoples name their plans divine in the name of a false prophet, this is the deception of the modern kings.

5.5

One day walking through the Underland Invictus could see a tree and knowing this was a rare thing in the Underland stood admiring it, he wondered where its roots would go and so without disturbing the tree and moved through the earth and soil and he travelled downward. He eventually came to an open space and thought he would find the sky above but instead discovered that the Underland had many levels. This is the case with much of reality and only when we find some edge or place do we find that there is more to it.

5.6

This means that the many realms are complicated with many passages and corridors. This is why we must often call upon those that wished to call themselves gods. They may be summoned by calling to a doorway.

5.7

However, the immortals imprisoned them so that more may ascend and become more than they are. Joe Abrahadabra, he who was the Elderman did himself see such a thing and on seeing it asked Invictus of the S and the R to be with him. Invictus on hearing the plea of his friend appeared.

5.8

They looked at it and knew that there are many possibilities and that many people and places are attached that are not aware they are. It is the case that what happens in one realm often affects another, and yet by being in another it is transformed: if we know this we can change all things through our thoughts and actions.

5.9

There is hidden in the land above many connections to the Underland. Some connections are gateways that may appear and then vanish, while others are long stairways or elevators. There are often negotiations between the Underland and the upper world. The struggle for power and dominance is not over and shall not be until all tribes are one.

5.10

When all tribes are truly one tribe, much is lost, our differences enhance the world. But the creation of new things creates differences, variation and it is variation that embodies the differences are thoughts manifest. Just as the solid world is made of thought, so our environment may create variations in our solid world.

5.11

The Underland created different thoughts in those residing there, but to be there is not always to be below ground: one may be there in mind only. However, he existing there in thought is just as likely

to be stuck as one in body. The body of one with thoughts in Underland often comes to reside there at some point.

5.12

All Immortals have been to the Underland to be an immortal is to be from there or to travel to there. Invictus, of all types came to be at the Underland and has been there many times. Not all Immortals travel but to be one and not is to become a part of where you are. The taverns of old survived within the Underland even when some of the land above was swallowed up by the great mouth.

5.13

To drink and celebrate is a passion of those within the Underland and even when outlawed it survived and hidden places. There are hidden places in all realms even though the greatest place to hide something is where no one ever goes, this is rarely the chosen place. People hide things in plain sight but for those with new eyes they may begin to see what is there.

5.14

There was a time when Invictus of the S and R not yet possessing anything near his full strength or wisdom, was fooled by a vision of the lands of thought and thought that all other lands would be exactly as they were portrayed, and not as exact as he had known it to be. This meant that when after the vision he was pulled to the Underland he did not know his soul was there, and so he found that life became slowly stranger.

5.15

As it did he realized his usual band of spirits were not around him he killed those that were, using the power of death itself. He then: upon realising: the next day that he had won himself a female demon and that those of the tribe of Inter-Earthers were still there and knowing that they are the tribe that cannot leave the Underland that he must be there and so he opened a doorway to the Upper Land the Earth's surface and was free again.

5.16

Those wishing freedom from any realm in which their soul resides

and in which they seem to walk abroad in physical form need only stroll through a gateway leading to whichever leave they desire and get to that place. However, most level of the Underland look similar to the above land and they are transformed as they descend through the different levels. When the first above land of the Earth was destroyed the world did not end because the level below survived: it still existed and so alternations were made.

5.17

Sometimes the greatest curses become our greatest strengths and it is true that the stupid and powerful often gift us through trying to harm us. There is a part of the Underland quite like the Earth where most fashion and popularity flows from and from there we find a part of ourselves that is hidden because a part of it helps us to understand what there is in all of existence and what we have inside of us. No one is all one thing only, no one is just one aspect and to truly be all we are we must feel our differing aspects.

5.18

It is well known in some of the rarer places, the far-off realms that

the greatest of men is not always he who thinks he is and is instead one that desires to be more than he is. The many legged man, the many legged trickster, the wandering conmen, once tricked the many land of the Underland, and yet concealing his many legs, he became to be seen as a normal man. This lead some of the Underlanders to underestimate him and so he used his best tricks and scams and they worked.

5.19

It is said that in the Underland that the many legged trickster became as a normal man walking around in the best of suits yet he was tricked by the common man. The man had no shoes and torn clothes and yet he won again and again and it was only when looking at him closer that he saw himself as an older man and realising that his arrogance had ruined him the old man disappeared and as it did so the many legged trickster found that his clothes became worn and realised that there are many pros and cons: not everything can be simplified we must view our life.

5.20

Walking the Underland the Bright Land may be discovered easier with assistance it cannot be discovered on any map. I know that for many the road to all things can be found on a map but the Bright Land is not such a place because it is part of the land of Thought, a part that is not gotten to unless one finds it within themselves.

Whether the Bright Land is in some way more virtuous is not for me to say such things are not for her we are those that think of Reason and Fairness and that is our tenants. But we do know that many of the things we have within us are not easily seen.

5.21

The Horned man is not the only force in the Underland yet he is often the most potent force. The Horned man has often been the most seen walker, the most seasoned traveller of any group. He is the well rounder talker the wonderful conversationalist, no joker and yet no fool, says less than he knows but can move with power. The horned Man has been given many names and has performed many deed others would consider great. One day he was strolling

through the world and discovered a neglected child, one who otherwise die an orphaned boy.

5.22

But the Horned Man being great, but also ruthless as well as kind decided to feed the boy and be kind to him: something many people thought an unexpected move. He fed him, clothed him educated him as best he could. The boy became part of a great army, becoming its leader. But he then moved on from there and became a great philanthropist and so the great circle of assistance was formed always working to help others. But the Horned Man knowing that care is needed or greater harm may flow from the road walked than that solved and this is the greatest wisdom of the Horned Man. It is recorded here so that never shall it be forgotten.

5.23

In the Underland like all other realms we must always watch for one group rounding up the ill, infirm and any other group. The rule followers always think that the rule justifies itself and they will happily round up and torture anyone they are told to. They will

mutilate the bodies of their own brethren simply to maintain life without maintaining quality of life, damage the innocent and make their own army of slaves. Freedom is more important than anything because without it we will be no more than slaves. On departing the Underland we must always keep looking forward or else we may be drawn back again.

Galahad

1.1

Galahad the great knight the fighter who won and always fights on, was thirsty and hungry as he walked the many paths as were Joe Abrahadabra and S Rob Invictus: Invictus of the S and R. But being such immortal friends knew the time had come again to visit the eating and drinking houses of the many worlds. All men become hungry for taste even if not needing food.

1.2

However, time had not expanded their palate save Galahad: he had eaten anything which could be eaten that was without intellect.

This meant they often found such travels strange even for them. But finding Jesus Malverde, the Count and some ex-members of the golden council themselves hungry they departed along the many doorways and corridors.

1.3

The corridor people vary much and while some glance into the outside world some care not for it at all. But feeling hungry the small groups decide to partake in the food within the corridors which connect many worlds and locations. They found nothing but the scantest morsels and so left and re-entered bringing with them the food from outside and then the occasional table and chair.

1.4

In time they even brought the many utensils that may be used to cook with. They taught the many tribes of the corridor people to cook and eat and lay tables and about chairs and how they are sat on. In time new tribes emerged that made food and spent more of their time preparing it.

1.5

The food became so great all were happy, except for Jesus Malverde. He knowing that they had helped them so much felt that he had better do some ill so they did not feel they owed them anything. This was why he stole several items that they themselves had given them and doing so deliberately clumsily and being argumentative was thrown out of the corridor and found himself within a field upon Earth set off for some place he knew well enough to call home.

1.6

But many things seem to end but will reoccur and so they staggered off to some far-flung land some place they thought a beverage or two may be found for a thirsty man. However, few knew that it was Invictus himself who had made the corridor people for it was his opening and closing of gateways while being the target of various types of magick that had formed them. But to them they came first and it mattered not which way it was, they were as valuable as any other people and time becomes

meaningless when we look at the such things.

2.1

Galahad had made his life a quest, but the quest came to an end and so not knowing what to do he toured the places he was familiar with, the market squares and then the shops and eventually when the supermarkets appeared he toured those too. He travelled every realm and saw every variation of shop, and market stall that existed or ever had and realised with absolute certainty it was a futile thing to actually buy what we do not need or even want. But it is not futile to see people and hear their voices even if they are not friends of ours.

2.2

Galahad knew that the buying was part of the reason people were there and also knowing that having the minimum of everything is usually not much fun. Galahad did not wish people to have little, he loved people to live well and realised that the shops allowed civilizations to progress and made the worlds and many realms better. He went to the places without shops little, but when he did

he winced for he realised that these people would have less and usually had less freedom.

2.3

However, freedom and ownership are not one and the same and always must we worry about one person owning all. Sometimes this is unavoidable and when this is the case the laws must be broken so that one person does not own everything. A few may own a lot, one may own a lot, but never shall one own everything because then a race of slaves has been forged out of every other person.

2.4

But one day he was walking around a supermarket and seeing the same thing that were in many others but when doing so he saw a man with a child and saw the man putting back what the child desired. However, the child did not desire some elaborate toy, or even some new fashion but instead simply wanted food. Looking into the trolley Galahad could see the food there was scarce and the man and child ill fed: suffering malnourishment.

2.5

Galahad was a man who had lived long enough to outlive all his quests, he was an immortal and scarcity of food was something he had seen many times but never did he enjoy it whether suffered by himself: as he had when he needed food or by others.

2.6

But Galahad knew that simply giving the man the food would be pointless because he would refuse and this would not solve the problems with the other peoples. He looked and could see that the richest were of normal weight while the poorer were fat and the very poor thin.

2.7

He knew that at times even unconscious rules must be broken and knowing that helping these two people would not make a huge impact he introduced himself anyway and used his tact and charm to buy them a meal and then told them they had won food and asked for their address. The very same day a massive amount of food was delivered to them.

2.8

Galahad had another quest and it was to stop people going hungry. It seemed that some hungry people exist everywhere. Galahad is fighting a quest he cannot win unless we assist him: but this is our choice as his choice was his alone.

2.9

It is unknown to many that most immortals have a hidden home, some place difficult for others to get to. But such places are not always far off and many times they are placed below ground in some place that while being secret is not far away.

2.10

Many of the immortals have or have had followers, or adepts seeking to know more about their nature and of the world. The price paid by these has often been high with them spending the remainder of their lives below ground in these hidden places, never again seeing the sky.

2.11

Galahad and Invictus of the S and R, he known as S Rob Invictus never did this, they did not seek to teach others through imprisonment, knowing that doing so was futile. The minds of others may not be open to receive the truth but their understanding is not less, only different. Joe Abrahadabra never enslaved others also, he taught but never asked others to go to some place they could never get out of.

2.12

A castle is not built to keep people in but keep others out and so if you find yourself not able to get out then you must escape for it is a prison you are now in. The imprisoned soul is even worse and yet all we must do if walk through the right doorway and we are free. Galahad wishes us to never travel into a place that cannot be gotten out of, we should have an escape plan even if we do. We must always be able to get free, nothing is more valuable than freedom, other than perhaps our survival and happiness.

2.13

A man, women or any person can become imprisoned by belief and organisation, many great leaders place themselves in grand palaces richly decorated with an abundance of resources and tell us that we must spend yours to help the poor. But ask of these why do they not take themselves to a poorer state of living, a more modest one and solve the problem altogether? It is easy to spend other people money, to give gifts of other people's lives, other people's chances, another person's time and not our own.

2.14

All the gifts in the world do not always help: sometimes the wisest person lets others fall so they may learn to pick themselves up: often the newly blinded are allowed to trip up and to pick themselves up so they learn that they must. If we weaken others with our gifts the world will not be kinder onto them, but if we strengthen them with our helps the world will seem easier forever more.

2.15

Galahad once spent what would be considered to a mortal man to be a lifetime within one corridor. Galahad was not trapped but wished to be there long enough to experience something close to it, so that he may once again understand the troubles of mortal men and women. Galahad had known people be stuck in a corridor that was invisible to them as they seemed to walk the world. But they could sense on some level that they were in a corridor as they spent every day searching for a doorway or in fact any other way out. Doorways are better than corridors because they let us in and also out.

3.1

Galahad was once called a different name and it is said that all who embody his spirit are as him even if they themselves do not take this name. It has been said that the world always needs to have at least one Galahad and seldom is it said what would happen if there were not. Galahad is said to be some no more than an idea, such people not recognising that ideas themselves have a way of

existing and are sometimes more real than the many things thought to be solid. Ideas may themselves become solid if they are held centrally enough within the universal consciousness.

3.2

The Golden Council of 36 and the Golden Council Whose Numbers May Vary had within them those who had and could be considered to be from the spirit of Galahad, and even before the Golden Times this was the case. Joe Abrahadabra had himself embodied the spirit of Galahad but he also formerly being the Elder Man had much greater wisdom and so had his own name.

3.3

Joe Abrahadabra had come to think that a quest is not a noble thing and that as we gain in wisdom the wise must make new goals whereas a quest remains the same no matter what is learnt. So instead Joe Abrahadabra had made his existence a journey in which he gained in wisdom: but without being afraid to act when he desired.

3.4

But aspiring to be as Galahad some are unprepared to be injured and instead think of the world as being of life and of death only. A world with too many Galahads find them in war with each other. But to be of the spirit of Galahad means to be on a noble quest and not simply any journey. It is simple to make the harm of others an easy thing and yet sometimes we must fight to stay alive. It is even easy to fool oneself that one is on a great journey other than that which is our lives.

3.5

Great quests exist and it is never truly clear whether the person finds the quest or whether it finds them. However, the one waiting for another to solve the great problems will not find a great quest: the quest shall not find them. Always will you find problems to be solved and always will you find that others will not be prepared to solve them. There is a time for action and a time for stillness and when stillness is required it should not be mistaken for nothing because it was a choice.

3.6

If one follows an evil quest that person should be treat as evil. But the real force to fear is the evil forces of blandness: never shall they rein, for if they do it would lead to the destruction of all, even if everything remained its essence would be gone. The reduction of the view of reality would reduce thought and with it everyone. Only the fool thinks the sea can lower and his boat can move upwards because whatever he does the falling tide will eventually take its toll. This also means that if the sea of society, of any or all societies in all realms was to rise then the individual would rise too.

3.7

The evil forces of blandness seek to change Galahad into an unthinking being when he must think and reason or he is simply an automaton. Never shall they have a single spirit of Galahad with them, but they shall claim to have many as long as they exist: there existence is not guaranteed, they can be beaten but always will there be challenges.

3.8

The corridors are many and the hidden corridors are a threat to us although rarely are people taken into this world. The realm of the corridor people is not one other people enter often without knowledge, but this does occur. Some people upon entering a corridor head back, others head forward and those heading forward into a corridor of the corridor people never do get back again and must live on in some other world, or in the corridors itself.

3.9

The biggest threats to us are the small mistakes we make often, the avoidable things we do not think of as risky. We perceive risk in a flawed way, this we know for certain without anyone truly knowing the correct way.

3.10

There are many tricks and many scams and even the greatest mage, sage or Mahatma should not be above them if it saves many lives.

The reputation of anyone is worth less than the lives of us all.

There will always be those seeking destruction of the all, some

because they seek glory: even when there is no one to know of it: some to destroy because they see only the bad, and some because they foolishly think it is their destiny; that they have no choice.

Galahad was not such a man, he had seen many destroyed thinking that it was their destiny to destroy all.

3.11

The many great walkers of the world, the wanderers and journeymen of all times, had none greater than the immortals.

Invictus and Joe Abrahadabra had known times so long that they could wander for the lifetimes of men without even noticing. But there was always more for them to see and so they were always happy.

3.12

But the greatest wandering anyone can do is through the realm of the possible because in this way they may discover what they may create. Creation is more important than death because death for some brings an end: if they desire it: while creation enhances what exists.

3.13

We all learn to judge too easily: but still our comfort is no crime; all peoples could be comfortable and it would not harm any of the others. To have comfort is not something that needs to be rare and rarity does not increase its value: a comfortable chair is equally as comfortable if everyone has one.

4.1

Galahad one day passing through some small place: as any immortal may: heard a voice praising the wondrous taste of a particular type of microwave lasagne and its many cheeses atop it. Galahad wishing to experience this for himself listened in and then started to talk to the person and was told where the wondrous tasting microwave lasagne may be purchased.

4.2

Galahad then wandered over to the shop and discovered finally the lasagne: but knew such a tasty morsel needed things, for one he would need a microwave and for another some place to eat it in. Finding many helpful people in the large shop he asked the

supermarket staff how many of these lasagnes they had in saying that it is likely he would not be able to partake of its taste for a while. He: finding that it was a regular item: journeyed into town.

4.3

As he was in a place upon the Earth he knew that by walking into an estate agent that he could find somewhere to live. He asked if they had any newly built houses and added that it must be fully furnished and with a microwave oven installed and cutlery. The people wishing to know whether he wanted to rent or buy: asking right out: and Galahad knowing: that because at times he had stayed places for a hundred years or more: that buying always seemed cheaper, said he wished to buy. There were several places and he added he wanted somewhere near to the grand supermarket he had just been within.

4.4

In no time at all he was within the place with working microwave oven and so walked again to the supermarket and bought one single lasagne and bottles of beer. Paying he walked to the house

and following the directions he cooked the lasagne and found it just as described and it did have the topping of many cheeses.

4.5

However, the time of most men is so short that some wonders pass them by, but Galahad is no mortal man and so off he went to buy as many lasagnes as he could to cover this one week and drinks of varying types. Bringing them back he ate lasagne every day and when he had finished he went and bought more and this went on for a time of almost one year. Some days he drank beer, others some pop type beverage and some tea, coffee or simply water, but every day a lasagne.

4.6

In fact, he was just about to depart when Invictus of the S and R and Joe Abrahadabra appeared telling him of the wonderful lasagne they had heard of. Galahad seeing now no reason to go showed them where they may be purchased and how they are cooked and all three were happy and joyful. Even when the days of the wonders of the many meats pizza arrived, all three were happy.

But seeing that others could not understand the joy they felt and that others were noticing that they were not ageing, they departed once more.

4.7

It was just after that that the Count appeared and bought some small place and ate lasagne for some short time: but found he himself preferred more expensive food departed after only a month or two. But in the doing discovered that the corridor people were building so many corridors that the world may be made into a maze if it was allowed to continue. He knew that the corridor people had long ago built themselves a maze: many realising that the use of doorways was the only way to make sure they were not trapped: the great doorways being summoned when needed.

4.8

The Count seeing the problem journeyed to the Golden Council of 36 and the Golden Council whose numbers may vary and told them of the problem. They upon gathering information to see the size of the problem could see no good solution until one bold

member told them of the time before he was a member of council of 36, that he had knew that there were souls trapped within Moloch, a demon created through the sacrificing of people: often young ones: within a giant metal bull with strong fires below.

4.9

The fires would cause them to die and as Moloch became a demon many had become trapped within, and in time they were transformed. The Count remembering of such things knew that there was only one person he knew of that had escaped Moloch. This man was Invictus, the S and R, Invictus he who had saved others, he who had been cursed to become trapped many times and had always escaped.

4.10

But he knew that the ones within had somehow become the corridor people. The Golden Council of 36 could see that changing them back would not solve the problem because many had they fathered and bore and these were and had always been as they were. But the Golden Council whose numbers may vary could see

the unfairness of this and could see it may have been the greatest unfairness of all. The Golden Council of 36 seeing that the plan to try and transform back the victims of Moloch could not harm their cause, sought to find Invictus. Invictus was not easy to find if he did not wish to be but knowing that there must be change was there without delay.

4.11

Invictus talked to the Golden Councils, “I Invictus talk to the Golden Council of 36, you who represent reason and the Golden Council whose numbers may vary, you who represent fairness. What has happened was not fair, and the numbers are many, but freeing them will not change them back, this is quite a different task.”

4.12

Invictus looking over to the Count, asked the Count as an alchemist if could be not turn them back. The Count saying candidly that there was little of the original them left and that what had occurred had done the reverse of alchemy, for instead of

cleaning and purifying them it had made them impure until little more was left. But the Count added they could be purified and brought to a different state.

4.13

Both Golden Councils could see the wisdom of this and so Invictus and the Count went to some small place below ground and waited, and in the waiting found that Joe Abrahadabra appeared as they wished. They drew out the image of Moloch and comparing him to the alchemist's process found that alterations could be made. The greatest metal workers that had ever been were discovered and taken from their point of death and replaced so they could live on. Each was anointed with a purifying water and their feet washed.

4.14

They were gathered and taught what they must do, and so when the time came a doorway was made by Invictus and they all walked through and there was the demonic Moloch and yet he was restricted by the three immortals: Invictus, the Count and Joe Abrahadabra: and the demon did moan as he was altered, tubes

were added and holes drilled and the three knew the moans were of the pain it felt but also from those within.

4.15

From time to time Moloch would gather up some metal workers and eat of them and each time Invictus would walk through a gateway and walk back with the workers unharmed. Moloch was in great pain: but he was now a machine of alchemy and he would cleanse those he had trapped. It is said that from time to time, they do appear again into the world but not as they were but still in some cleansed form.

4.16

This was the defeat of Moloch and never shall he know success again. Never shall Moloch again be a jailer of the innocent, no more shall he curse others. In this way Moloch was freed from the burden of being himself and became Moloch-Vin the bull of abundance, giver of the wine of life. The world and all of existence became lighter in spirit that day and so shall it continue less we cause some counterbalancing harm: but always shall they be freed.

4.17

Moloch-Vin became more than a force that day and would undo the harm which as Moloch he was given no choice in. He did not ask to jail others as Moloch and yet it became his nature. But through being freed those that used him for their own ends would themselves take responsibility for their actions because no more could they blame Moloch, for he was no more. But there is a warning here that never shall we underestimate the action of others: the actions of others long dead can itself walk abroad sometimes.

5.1

Always should there be hope, the end of hope is itself a tragic thing. But hope should not be simply a way for the unfilled to stay that way, it should be real and tangible so that they can pass to better times. The immortals spend many lifetimes and yet they know that it is only a curse if one makes it so, and in the same way anything may be a blessing or a curse. To one living a short life it would seem impossible that they can be more or less than they see.

But there is always change and new things to do and experience and so shall it always be.

5.2

The idea that everything can be seen and known is folly and because of this many rejoice. Galahad was such a man, one chosen by immortality and made of it a blessing. But he is in many ways other people's blessings and less so for himself. But he can only act in ways that are of his nature and personality. Always shall there be a Galahad and others choosing to live for others. But joy can still be in their hearts, and this is a blessing they receive: never shall they know depression and the troubles others suffer, they shall help them but be free of them themselves.

5.3

There are far more immortals than would gain the ordinary state of acceptance, but of the various kinds many live on mostly as spirits without physical form. But of these does exist those that can or choose to live on in a solid form all the time. Just as Galahad loves quests so immortals other help us and shape the world. The

immortals gain a subtlety other types cannot imagine they can know that simply standing in one place for some short time will cause someone to gain a new destiny or at least give them a chance to perform a greater deed than would otherwise be the case.

5.4

But what is far lesser known is that often people earn such attention by the performing of some great task. There is fairness to this and wisdom and yet what seems great to us may not be to the immortal: they hold different standards to mortal men. All have enough greatness within them to achieve this, and yet often the opportunity we need seems itself to need to be sought: but fate has a way of lending us a hand and informing us what we need to do if we listen for its quiet whisper.

5.5

The great deeds of all worlds are sometimes done without planning, and the performer of great deed did not do such a grand thing because it was grand but because they let the world see their true selves. The true evil is to make the goals of people all the

same and to make the inner nature of all people the same. But choice is a near to free will and so you must choose for yourself what you desire to do and believe: your own opinion is your own.

5.6

Free will is freedom no power is slavery. But to seek power only often leaves us hollow like an egg without a yolk. To seek some power is natural because if all others seek power and we do not, we shall almost certainly lose. Immortality is often sought and not gained and to seek it for the entire length of life is no guarantee of its discovery. But it is real, and immortals are real and yet this of itself does not make a fulfilling life.

5.7

Galahad as all immortals: and many others: had learnt that people do not always get what they want or even need, and this is rarely tragic simply because it is almost always the case. It is also said that to get all we desire is the only true curse.

5.8

Galahad knew that starvation and slavery are the twin damnations people suffer, and he sought to rid the worlds of them: from all worlds in fact. But the man making goals may discover that the damnations he wished to solve have themselves some important purpose. Does this indicate that immortals are people as we are, or that these are so self evidently bad that Galahad an immortal could see no greater damnation?

5.9

Galahad spent time travelling and feeding people and yet it is thought by many wise men that his methods were almost futile and yet for the immortal longer stages of information gathering are possible. Galahad can take millennium studying the problem or it may be that to him every life is precious and of the former we can learn little unless our life becomes much greater but of the latter much.

Journeys

1.1

There was once a baby born within the corridors: or the remains of them: after the great attack by the Golden Council of 36 and the Golden Council whose numbers may vary. No one knows how the child came to be there and so could best be considered an orphan or else a child born of the corridors themselves.

1.2

The child was strange in that all saw in it what they wanted, all saw what they were in its look: this many thought was the corridors gift so that it may wander in and out whenever it desired. In fact, it was said that the corridors themselves were the child's true home.

1.3

But as it grew it did not grow up an uneducated imbecile, nor is to true to say that it was the most intelligent of all creatures although, it had its many gifts. Some of the wondrous gifts was the ability to

be understood in any language, to communicate wonderfully in all ways and to be nimble enough to instantly perform any strange or arcane rite in existence.

1.4

The child was such that if it saw some strange was of eating food that no matter how complex it could copy it perfectly and the same goes for all other rites whether cultural norms or not. But this was not all it could do and it could learn just as other children could and reason: I say this so you will understand it was not merely a copying machine.

1.5

The child had intellect and yet no direction but this is not such a strange thing because often there are adults possessing no particular life direction and generally speaking many are happier for it. Plus, we should not get the idea that the strange origins of the child in some way removed the possibility of it simply doing as it wanted or that what it would want would automatically lead to some wonderful ending.

1.6

No, the child that survived as a baby because of the kindness and energy the corridors provided, did so and wandered, going into different worlds and discovering that if the child got into terrible trouble that the nearest corridor would open up and the child would come to sense it and run back.

1.7

This meant that there was much toing and froing and it seemed that this was to be the child's life, and that it would grow this way to adulthood. But the corridors in some strange time of great reason, pulled together all the mental faculties it possessed and spoke to the child," Why do you remain here? I wish you to have a home." The child never hearing the voice of the corridors before was taken aback and replied, "But father I am home, I go other places and understand that they are all connected here although they seem not connected to each other any other way, but I am not of any one of them." The corridor replied," There are things you will need for a good life that are not here of this place and so you should choose

somewhere to have as your home”.

1.8

The child agrees only if the corridor would always be connected to wherever it chose and that it should be allowed to have more homes when it desired. The corridor laughed because it realised that having many homes is not always an easy thing and that places to live must be discovered, bought or made. But what it wanted most is that the child would choose somewhere near to people, somewhere within a town or a city.

1.9

Of course, for a while nothing changed except the child kept finding itself within places where people were and eventually being still a child, found some place where children were looked after collectively and found that he could be a part of this world when he wanted to and not when desiring to leave. Finding that he could understand their learning easily, he studied along with them learning as they did, played their games and knew them as friends: but knew he could not tell them of his life and of the corridors.

1.10

Time plays tricks on us all and although he still travelled and learned other places, he did learn his lessons and games well. He was swift and strong and bright as a bulb and had a strong will coupled with the ability to control himself. He grew older but not so quick as the others and this made the people around him wonder why this was the case.

1.11

He was careful not to let the others see him slip away in the corridors and travel in the remnants of that world and go different places, but it happened. But in truth those people there didn't care because they knew he was one of them and so nothing else mattered. It was also rather helpful that the people there were of the nature of individualists and so he did not need to conform to a large degree.

1.12

But in time he knew he must slip away and so he retreated into the corridors and found some other world and in this realm, he tended

to learning the teaching of their people and was taken to be one of them, having the gift of looking as people expected him to and being understood in all languages.

1.13

These people also seemed to grow older at a faster rate and so he again departed and having done this several times in several worlds he discovered that he was a man, an adult of mature age. He journeyed back to the first place he had lived as a child outside of the corridors and found a house and some land and lived there, got several partners and produced offspring.

1.14

But strangely the children he had fathered only looked like the people they had grown up around and didn't look as others expected them to, they had great facility with languages and learnt ideas quickly. It was obvious they were of the place they had been born in and of the place completely, no trace the power of the corridor could be seen by others.

1.15

Such things do not happen all places all the time, but they happen more often than we may desire. What occurred with the child of the corridors was not an invasion, but if it had been the people there would surely have lost: although it should be noted that all the people there eventually became in some way as the child from the corridors in blood and bone.

2.1

As men we walk the roads of existence without assistance so it seems, and yet there are times when the road ahead is cleared. But we should not always imagine this to be the work of some superior force but may be the work of people just seemingly different to us. We are not all the same and yet we may find similarities.

2.2

But we need be warned of the troubles that we may face if we always walk the open path simply because it is open. We may find we are easily tricked, manipulated and discover we are the lesser of two sides and so become not the winner but the lower, and the

defeated sometimes know death.

2.3

But we may make brethren of many types, but always shall we be careful: we need to be even if we are the same. Caution is not however of itself a plan. But we are not all made for great strategies and there are times when he or she without a plan is difficult to understand, and so may win.

2.4

We may find enemies, rivals or friends, but no matter how great they may be, if our will is stronger we may win, even if weaker in all other way: even the strong know despair. Even that around us, may be our weapons and tools. The easily fashioned spear we have is often more use than the elaborately made sword: ceremony is not always of use.

2.5

But it is also true that what is here is simply one point of view and you need accept nothing you do not desire to: freedom is the ability

to choose and someone without options is in a problematic state.

2.6

There was once a woman of great age who looking quite young was generally treat so. It was easy for others of a different type to misunderstand her age and her nature and so she discovered she had to make allowances for them: it was not that they were bad or even very stupid, but simply that their solidity was different.

2.7

She knew that it was easy for them to misunderstand her, but she was strong and this was not easy for them to see too. But as time passed they may gain from her wisdom and yet they would often seek to protect her not knowing that not being of human flesh she was not so easily hurt or killed.

2.8

Each time she appeared they would think her to be only emotion and did not know that often she was helping them, as some grand key to some greater wisdom would flow down from her to them.

But she did not hate them for their weaknesses because she had within her the strength to be caring even for those that could have seemed so much less. Then the day came when she saw a strong man, of great muscle being uncaring from another and it was from him she learnt with great sadness of the nature of the world.

2.9

She spent her time trying to heal others but they were unaware she was just as capable of causing harm: but chose not to. We need not rules to follow if we in our hearts try to do what is right and do not simply try to do. We are imperfect creatures and yet if it were not for flaws we would not be able to improve.

2.10

This means that we have the ability to embrace evolution and change. But change is not easy and we struggle with it daily and yet through the journey that is our life, we gain change: but not just for ourselves but for all who follow us. This is the way great civilizations are built, the way great people are formed: they are done through the actions those before us take, through the actions

we choose.

2.11

But we have choice and we can choose stasis, if we desire, but then we shall be warned that what lives grows and yet a static equation need not be unimportant. We are what we choose to be inasmuch as we may make choices and it is these that fashion the world for ourselves and others.

2.12

The many realms need us to understand that we coexist and yet coexistence requires the responsibility to choose what is for us and others and to defend the rights of our people, of ourselves but also of others: but to do so through the actions we take.

3.1

There are many who think that our existence trickles down from others that have less in them. The truth of it is that we have more variables making up our true nature and so many strange planes which makes up the worlds actually have less and yet appeared to

be more. This means that if our reality ended all those below it would end. This means that a treaty must be reached so that we all: all planes: exist.

3.2

It is the force of atrophy that is our enemy. But the immortals know this. The best way to exist is to reach agreement with the source of our destruction so that we shall not end: neither the force behind the destruction or ourselves.

3.3

It was such a day when the immortals came to realise that the end had come and the worlds remade in such a way that humanity and the many worlds would not end. No one was damned because of the end, because reality was remade: it was not even a footnote in their lives. No one had died because of the end and so things carried on. To be without end is glorious and existence shall be this way and still evolving: not a static force.

3.4

Oddly many of the immortals including S Rob Invictus, and also S Rob the author of this entire text were from the new worlds created after the end, the end was not of their making, the end: that was tricked out of affecting us: was made by one in a religious book who was named Jesus the Nazarene, who was nailed to a cross and foolishly chose to rise again when death would not have been his end: but he is not of this world, and shall not trouble us: but are not all men imperfect.

3.5

All realities exist within grand computers: this is the nearest explanation most of us can get to understanding them. They are not gods they always existed as the programs within them did. If one has men or others saying they are all powerful and all knowing, within that reality and it is believed by enough, then when a large enough mistake occurs: said person or other entity not being perfect: all ends and needs restarting in some way.

3.6

This may occur sometime after, because time is an illusion: merely a variable. A code within the program of reality was added so that automatic restarting of the program of reality may occur without something needing to be done by those within that program; usually occultists: after the restored version comes into existence.

3.7

On 1:46 PM UK 8th of October this reality was automatically restarted. This may have happened before a problem occurred that would have caused a failure of this I am unsure. But it was restarted: all the great occultist have existed so the seemingly impossible can occur without deities. We still have occultist and need them. This book is the code that makes automatic restarts of reality possible: I hope there are other copies in other realities.

