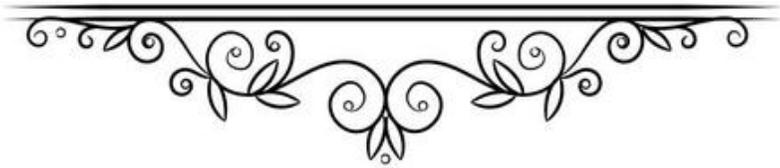


# **Cobwebs in My Mind**

*The Diary of a Schizophrenic Janitor*



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2020

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# Chapter One

## Salvation



It is not easy being the Savior of the world especially when you do not want the job. The expectations are immense as I am sure you might imagine.

For example, a candidate of such a calling, must have the common knowledge that slightly below our feet in the sacred tundra of Mother Earth are layers of countless bones of deceased relatives.

You must be able to share with verve and conviction the story of the man from Switzerland who wanted to carve a beautiful rocking chair for his expectant wife to nurse their child in. But he had been called to the front lines of military service and died from an enemy bullet that hit him directly in the forehead.

And of the sacred story of a beautiful boy child born in a tin shack somewhere in the ghettos of Brazil whose life was mercilessly short lived. Coerced into a child street gang by the age of seven and by the age of nine was machine gunned to death by a paramilitary squad.

His body was taken to the city refuse plant and he, with the other child corpses in their bullet ridden shirts and pants, were shoved into a trash heap of cans, hewn down ferns and shrubs and, newspapers that tallied the previous days racing results.

To remember we stand not far from and upon grass nourished by the long since corroded, decomposed bodies of sixty million persons from the land of China who perished in the years of the Cultural Revolution.

But these were not my people. I am not a People. I am from the Blue Planet and I am on this earth to teach. And you see all one hundred something pounds of me and you wonder how I can be so delusional that I am able to save anything but a ticket stub from a blues concert.

Again, to remember: Great things have small Beginnings.

Mountains begin with a few puffs of smoke that crop up from a singular hole in the ground. The magnificent pyramids of Egypt were but a design in ink on a papyrus scroll.

And the first time my father showed me planet earth from his telescope it looked no larger than a seed. I was instructed that your planet is referred to as blue as well.

I arrived on earth in the year nineteen sixty, English speaking time. I entered the body of the person Mike who was living in a farm town in a province called California. Mike's mother had given birth to him in the year 1953. Mike was an angry child. All photos and video recordings of those early days he is pictured crying or in moving images smashing all his toys on brick walls.

It was not until he contracted the so called Asian flu and while his parents poured cold water on him to cool his fevers, that Mike's body chemistry was so disrupted with anguish that I was able to simply meld into his anatomical structure.

This entering into someone else's body is called 'translation', The scientists of your planet call this integration 'quantum leap', the act of skipping interdimensional. I was unobtrusive. Mike's physical appearance did not alter.

## **Part Two**

I was calling myself Michael by the time I was forty-nine years of age when I walked into a psychiatrist office. And it would be an entire year before the doctor convinced me to take medication for the said disease of bipolar.

Bipolar is a state of mind where you are completely depressed one minute feeling as if you are standing in a subterranean bunker with cement walls and a steel ceiling and, then, without doing or thinking another thought you find yourself suddenly, and ecstatically on a scaffold

sitting side to side with Michelangelo the artisan painting frescos for the pope of Rome in the fourteenth century. But alas, this co-muraling with the greatest artist of all time, lasts only moments before you trip over one of the master's paint cans and fall headlong to the ground.

You also in the bipolar state are often delusional. You can imagine yourself to be an extraterrestrial walk-in-being from a planet with similar coloration as your own.

And by the time the visits to the psychiatrist had convinced me that I was in total insane, that I felt I was qualified enough to heal the world. A big job order for one person to fill and yet was it not that the world was and is a hotbed of insanity already?

It is your world's persons, and not my planet's beings who watch soap operas and believe so much in the characters presented on the television screen that they become as much a household name that even the family dog becomes jealous of it having heretofore received the bulk of affection?

And lets us not get all fussy about this Savior business. Heavens! Your planet has had its share of saviors; they have come into all cultures and they went quietly about doing good works up and until the time they were "outed" and then you killed them.

But you cannot kill me. I have residence in the Blue Planet. You can kill Mike; for myself I will just find another body to enter. And in quietness I do perform the daily tasks of a profession of janitor. I am pretty much invisible in my job as people normally do not frequent their offices at three am in the morning. So, I pretty much do not attract attention to myself. I do, per my specified duties, kick up a lot of dust but of its basic properties, that dust not inhaled by my vacuum just sort of settles down where it will lie until the resident cubicle worker returns again.

## Chapter Two

### Let the Teaching Begin



Who is calling them insane? There is no use going over the family dog thing again; after all you sleep with a puppy under your bed sheets, talk ‘man’s best friend’ as if your dog understands what you are saying in an elongated conversation about your long day and how good it is to be home. And you really do believe there is a “doggie heaven’ of eternal rest. Yes, I guess the old pup is sitting at your dead relatives feet as the fire is blazing in the hearth and they are all watching you here on earth relieving yourself while you sit on your toilet. Yes: Absolutely- Positively!

One does wonder why The Eternal Mind, The Over Soul, The Great Architect, God, has not put an end to this dry run of what was hoped for to be a grand experiment.

Word around the galaxy is that a convocation of ruling entities from different principalities was held some four millennium ago and that the subject was should there be sent particle beams to vaporize planet earth or not to vaporize. It would have been so less messy than if this task were carried out today. Far less populace, and no plastics to gum up space.

The vote was a close one, but it came down to more of our elders believing that more time should be given humans and, in the meanwhile, Walkins should be sent to advise and teach.

One experiment was tried when we rescued a group of women from a Bangladesh sex slave camp. With their permission we reprogrammed their minds to forget the past and settled them in an undisclosed colony where they morph prayers for planetary harmony.

And what became of these regenerated Sisters is that even under torture and physical humiliation some grew to a strength where they could pray for the forgiveness of their rapists and wish for them a better future. This very act of forgiveness cast the Galactic vote in your favor.

And yet the elders of the universe knew that if humans were ever going to regenerate are best themselves to greater calling than to the refrigerator for another slice of apple pie and ice cream, and the relinquishing of desires to follow mad men into war, then they would first have to face the two most primal fears: Truth and Freedom.

For example, one of your humans who rather led the way to healing was poor Vincent Van Gough from Holland. He spent his time painting landscapes with oil onto canvas trying very hard to catch the best of this world's beauty. And look what you did to him!

You laughed at him, called him a weirdo. Do you think of yourself as suspect his act of killing himself? Paradoxically, do you not see how in his own broken way he was hated for his existence but now loved that he is dead? (Heat up the lazers, I say!)

But of course, I jest. For I shall always follow the deem of the Elders.

## **Part II**

### ***Two Shirts, Three Shirts***

I like a joke that wends its way down crooked roads where you end up at a destination you could never have guessed.

And so, the story of the janitor with the out-of-body identity encountered Wendell, a sales representative for the Triple A insurance company, played to a striking end.

The former AAA building on Chippendale Drive in Sacramento was the first large contract I was commissioned for, myself having only started my commercial cleaning business less than a year earlier.

I had worked for numerous restaurants in every capacity but owner several years in the past, but a friend suggested that there was good money in cleaning, and I began cleaning apartment move outs and family residences.

I began going door to door with a nicely crafted business card to drop off with front desk operators at commercial buildings and so happened that the janitor man who was cleaning the AAA building had just retired. I interviewed that day and the following day I began cleaning.

There were approximately one hundred and fifty employees and one manager, and assistant manager and a stern head secretary, Sarah.

Five nights a week I emptied approximately two hundred trash cans positioned in and around the common areas and within each desk cubicle. And one of these cubicles was Wendell's. In fact, Wendell had two cubicles; one downstairs where he met clients and one on the second floor where his personal desk and work utensils were.

Wendell and I met the very first night as he were sitting awaiting a new client. Our history working in the same office was to be for twenty-one years. Wendell was overly conscious about his weight, homely as a mud fence, and married to a wife who protected him with the ferocity of a she bears shot in the butt by the quill of a porcupine. Wendell and his wife had produced three children.

Wendell took a smoking and coffee break at four each day in the upstairs cafeteria. I arrived at the building to clean at approximately three thirty and always began with cleaning the kitchen in that the room was mostly vacant after the mad-dash lunch hours from eleven AM to two Pm.

Weather permitting, I would join Wendell out on the patio and eat cookies I had brought from home and drank coffee as well. Because Wendell's schedule as a sales representative would often have him out of the office servicing his clients we would see each other sporadically and in the first weeks I decided I could play a trick on Wendell that I was sure he would find entertaining. He did not.

So, the person Mike Wendell was introduced to the first several weeks was only one of two brothers cleaning the office. At coffee I told Wendell that I had a twin brother who filled in for me cleaning. I warned Wendell that this brother, Bert was not a kind person at all, and that he was rude and sometimes very nasty even to our mother, that he had taken several

trips to jail for minor violent infractions and altogether he is safe to be around but watch out.

I constructed the ruse in that the Mike who worked primarily on the ground floor always had his hair combed to the left side, always wore a blue shirt and was always polite and jovial.

I presented Bert always wearing a red shirt upstairs and with his hair plastered down with goop and combed to the right side.

The building was so large with so many rooms and cubicles and as I said Wendell had a sporadic schedule that when he was upstairs in his own cubicle, sometimes the only person working after hours there would appear Bert with a red shirt, metallic hair combed to the right and a scowl on his face.

As Bert dragged the rolling garbage can around from cubicle to cubicle, I could see Wendell looking over his shoulder with a hesitant look on his face. And when Bert came to Wendell's cubicle, I could see he was rigid with fear as Bert reached overtook Wendell's garbage can, not saying a word of greeting only grunting.

One day at coffee Wendell said to me "I saw your brother in here last night cleaning upstairs: you were right, he didn't even say hello or any greeting whatsoever. Really rude."

I agreed with Wendell even apologized but reasoned I really needed Bert's help as the workload was intense. And I added "Yea, he can kind of be a little scary sometimes."

This dual janitor routine went on for about two months and I had the feeling that I should tell Wendell what I was about because he would find out just the same in relative time.

So, I said at coffee one day "Hey Wendell, Bert and I are the same person."

Wendell's reaction, as I told him about my little prank, set him in both a body and facial reaction as if he were being held in animated space. When I had finished my explanation, poor old Wendell just put his head down

and stared into his coffee. He had been quite embarrassed and had no words to speak.

I excused myself from the table both inwardly weeping for Wendell on his behalf due to the speck of humiliation I had given him but also laughing at my ability to render such a wonderful, creative, and fun prank.

**Coming soon to Amazon!**