

The Book of Death

a novel by: M. Bookout

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Chapter One

The Interview

I wanted a perfect world to live in...some place safe, some place kind, fun and I wanted a great sex life.

But nothing seems to have worked out very well. I mean I wouldn't be writing this book if things were 'ok', Ya know ?

Writing a book releases all the thoughts you have balled up in your mind...things you can't seem to unravel in any other way except by typing them out. But then if you do record them hard copy you are accountable for what you write...especially if someone reads what you have written which could lead to serious consequences if your writings are deadly. I mean. death is sort of a permanent thing...especially on this planet and especially if you are the author of: 'The Book of Death'.

I don't know how living an unfulfilled life equates to me having hired on to a Bay Area catering company for ten dollars an hour and no medical insurance. But here I am a flunky, caterer-helper-person kind of guy setting up tables and serving food for what I am thinking must be the freakiest All-Mens' party on the planet.

Applying for a ten dollar and hour job should be a simple matter of filling out an ordinary job app, signing your name and then getting to work.

My first visit to Caterer Unique consisted of me filling out a twelve page job app and then being left alone in a relatively comfortable room with a television not turned on and no control device available. There were no magazines or anything like a bus schedule to read. And I had no phone. I have an I-phone but I was instructed to leave it outside the room in a basket with any other communication devices I might be carrying.

So I just sat and sat and waited some more and then some more. And then the door to the reasonably comfortable room opened and a person introducing herself as Mrs. Chlorophorm walked in. Mrs. Chlorophorm was relatively attractive, well dressed, and spoke succinctly. Once she settled in her chair her first words were "Have you ever been involved in any radical political groups; right wing or left wing?"

I told her I do not vote.

Mrs. Chlorophorm's nose adjusted itself under her glasses and then she continued.

So I just sat and sat and waited some more and then some more. And then the door to the reasonably comfortable room opened and a person introducing herself as Mrs. Chlorophorm walked in. Mrs. Chlorophorm was relatively attractive, well dressed, and spoke succinctly. Once she settled in her chair her first words were "Have you ever been involved in any radical political groups; right wing or left wing?"

I told her I do not vote.

Mrs. Chlorophorm's nose adjusted itself under her glasses and continued.

"Have you ever entertained the idea of harming another human being, say for example, a person who holds different views than you do?"

I said that I do not like Alkida and hope our military hunts down all the murders of the 9-11 tragedy. I also said I hate the dog that bit me when I was six and left a scar on my right buttocks. I was willing to explain that the dog is no doubt dead now and so that pretty much sums up my day to day angst for world and personal needs to harm someone.

Mrs. Chlorophorm's nose twitched again and she simultaneously let out a sigh with her mouth.

Mrs. Chlorophorm studied me intently while sitting on the edge of the expensively covered stuffed chair of purple synthetic cashmere. I notice such things as furnishings, and how people are dressed and the mannerisms they carry and express unintentionally or not which gives evidence of what they are thinking.

{My father died in an auto accident about the same time the dog bit my ass and it was then that my mother took up the trade she had begun before she had married my dad. I used to accompany my mother who was a home interior decorator. We would travel to persons homes and I was forced to sit still and 'not to twitch' as she explained the products, colors and textures available.

The journeys with my mother where I could not twitch availed me an education in decorating as we often times sat for upwards of two hours while the Mrs. 'blank' customer(s) made up their minds (my mother always suggesting the most expensive materials) which might work best for their homes.}

Mrs. Chloroform looked over my job app with a brief glance and asked me if I would be available to work in the month of August, most specifically the last weekend; if I was willing to travel a distance and spend two nights in a Holiday Inn Express motel sharing a room with someone who may or may not be the same sex?

I said simply "yes" and she stood up, as did I, and she shook my hand firmly, turned and, walked out the door, leaving me alone.

Chapter Two/ Freak-of-Sorts

Before I begin to share my experiences at the unbelievable "Freakiest 'All Men's Party" I will give you a bit of my background so we can be on the relative same page.

One (1)... My mother died two years ago of cancer: A great Roman Catholic woman, charitable, hard-working, caring and totally devoted to her family. "Have a great eternity Mom, you certainly earned it!"

Two (2) I am divorced, no children, still talk to my ex when I see her at the farmer's market with her new, handsome husband and pretty new girl child.

Three (3) I do have some money saved and I was given an inheritance but I still work at odd jobs to keep my cash flowing.

Four hundred: My dad was an atheist but together he and my mother instilled in me the basic tenants of morality and hard work.

Etc. I sort of have a girlfriend. And what I mean by 'sort-of' is the woman is married...So, the bit about my less than perfect sex life is more carefully explained by saying that when we are together things are just fine, but we are rarely together due to the intricacies of marital affairs. And, the part about one of my basic tenants being 'morality' let us just say I am not perfect.

Now:.... Ready! Set! Go!!!

Chapter Three/ The Bo-Bo Grove

Mrs. Chlorophorm's office secretary called me two days before we were to leave and she informed me I got bumped-up in terms of overnight accommodations. I would not be staying in a hotel but, inside the facility which was hosting the party and I would be sharing my overnights in a small tent-cabin.

Our destination, she relayed to . was that we were off to a county in Northern California and working in an all men's club, which was something like a camp and something like a retreat center.

When I told some of my friends about the over-nighter and the approximate location they informed me my obvious destination was the Bo-Bo Grove.

Just the mention of Bo-Bo Grove and my friends, who are as varied in their background and learning as any group of beer-buddies could be, told me that the grove sets in the redwoods of North West California and supposedly has a security force to guard it comparable to Area 51 the space age development facility in Las Vegas, Nevada, America.

They said the reason for the security is because of this wacko political-watch-dog group called 'Birchers!'.

When I asked them if the Birchers were like the Earth First people's who protect the bark on trees, etc, they told me that there was no relation....and, if I thought Earth First-ers could be dangerous I had not heard or seen anything until I came into contact with Birchers!

As always we drank into the night first talking about Birchers and their relation to the Bohemian Grove and then about the people who went into the Bo-Bo Grove and what they did there.

According to my friend Brandon who considered himself something of an expert on the Grove told us on the third round of beers, that the Grove is where the world's top political personalities go to have orgies, drink blood, take drugs and then make plans to take over the world and put the mass of the world's populace in gulags.

To give him credit, Brandon is a big sci-fi kina-guy, he is also a mega-tech dude, a life time Trekie and has a passion for dating teen aged girls, which pretty much means the girls are often times under age and this pretty much concludes Brandon is a perv but, what the hell, with his mega-tech job income he always pays for the beers and pizza. (Fuck-it, I'm on board!)

Chapter three/ part two: Aloha!

We had arrived in a caravan of four tightly packed catering trucks and several cars; the lead car carrying Mrs. Chlorophorm and being driven by her (I guess there is no other way to say this but, her 'freaky' secretary Mr. Tubbs).

When we arrived in the county of our destination we drove through the first of a series of small gates, all of them nothing more than wood and chicken wire constructs. We followed a winding dirt road surrounded by massive redwood trees; so impressive was the size of these monsters of nature that I stuck my head out the window looking up as the dust from the road puffed up around our caravan causing me to gag all the way until we stopped at the entrance to the Bohemian Grove.

Now here was a gate! Metal bars as thick as professional football players thighs, a large stone wall and camera monitors swiveling with every human movement.

Mrs. Chlorophorm jumped out of her vehicle all a-twitter...on her mobile, chatting like a baby monkey, simultaneously interacting with a uniformed, unarmed guard as the vehicles were ushered through the gate up onto a paved road which headed directly to the site of numerous small wood structures, some of them in log cabin construction.

My room was a tent-cabin approximately eight feet long by seven feet wide. The bathroom was a latrine out back. The walls were a wood base which rose waist high and was then encapsulated with a sturdy, orange canvas braced by thick redwood beams. And it was impressively clean. The floors looked like they had been bleached and the bed sheets were drawn so tight they appeared to be made of plastic

My roommate would be Trevor and Trevor was gay and he became a bit cocky when he picked up upon my being slightly nervous sleeping in the same room with him.

Work had begun almost immediately but not until I was instructed by Mr. Tubbs to walk over a small stone bridge and enter a regular building which housed a small room where I would be questioned by a man wearing a Hawaiian shirt with jumbo sun glasses.

The man in the Hawaiian shirt and jumbo glasses did not rise to shake my hand but simply motioned me to sit down and began by alliterating most of the significant things about my current life, even with a reference to my mistress (or lying, adulterous slut, depending on your opinion about extra marital affairs {I include myself in the category slut}).

The fact that the man in the Hawaiian shirt and 'jumbos' knew so many facts about me I figured was nothing more than a scare tactic to let me know that for some reason my moves in and around the Grove would be weighed and balanced. There was also the understanding that any tattle-tailing once I was back on my own home turf about what I experienced or what I would see of the freak-men's party would be "followed up" by persons such as himself.

"Aloha."

Chapter three / part three Lithium

I was assigned to the setting-table-and-chair-detail and sweating in the August heat within less than a half hour. Mrs. Chlorophorm had changed from a slick silk pant suit to jungle shorts and a fairly tight blouse exhibiting her breasts which were shapely, full and her nipples protruded as two perfect bottle caps. Her legs were long, shapely, luscious and I got a boner that night as I was trying to fall asleep knowing that she was in a separate cabin and could just as well been in mine.

Not surprisingly my bed sheet had a semen stain on it which was still damp when I awoke very early the next day as frolicking birds jabbered about in the redwoods and in the smaller tree clusters outside the tents. Trevor had told me he was renown for snoring in his sleep but I had been so tired from the previous day that I did not notice his sleep patterns. Trevor was unmoving when I slipped from my bed and I as quietly as possible went outside.

There was a strange mist in the air snipping at my senses as I opened the tent cabin door. This strange mist rather engulfed me and seemed to cling to my body like a fine spider web; I experienced a suffocating feeling and it was as if the altitude of the Bohemian Grove were several miles above my normal living altitude. But the truth was my home in Menlo Park and the redwood forest were almost similar in navigational terrain.

I circled around the back side of my tent cabin, unzipped my pant fly with the intent of pissing into the foliage. There were of course latrines, both men's and women's all over the grounds of the camp but I liked pissing out-doors...there is something of a connect with nature the way I imagined ancient man



who knew nothing of porcelain toilets, hand towel dispensers nor nail clippers, mirrors or bath towels might have felt.

Three hours later at breakfast Mr. Tubbs came up behind me as I was slurping my oat meal and tapped me on the shoulder instructing me that I must venture again across the small stone bridge to a small building and meet with the man in the Hawaiian shirt and Jumbos. And yes, even at the early breakfast hour he sat there behind his desk wearing the very same attire.

'Mr. Jumbo's, as I decided to call him, without saying one word, directed me with the swish of his hand to his computer monitor and I watched myself in complete display taking a piss out back my cabin.

I wanted to explain to Mr. Jumbos about my back-to-Nature-Neanderthal -connect but he just continued typing as he had been doing when I arrived.

I left Mr. Jumbo's office a bit emotionally rattled and went back to the diningroom, my plate of what would have been cold oat meal and hard toast cleared off and another worker was there at my spot.

Back to sweating.

The entire day was frothing with directions from Mrs. Chloroform and double directions from freaky Tubbs. And why did Tubbs qualify as "freak" ? Well, let us start with his hair.

Tubbs had no hair save for that twelve inch length that emanated from to crown of his skull. It was thick, white and blew around like python snake hanging out of a basket strung out on hashish.

And because Tubb's head was so white and shiny it was not as if you were never not confronted by the flailing snake.

Tubbs was a tub. Round like a beach ball standing on two skinny legs encased by two black knee socks, supported by two rumpled shoes, a white shirt (but of course) not pressed and with a dark ring around his open collar which made it look at first sight that he might be wearing a necklace of blacken leather.

But it was Tubbs voice which broke rank with common verbal commerce between two persons. Tubbs wheezed his words thru his all but clenched teeth as if he was playing a guessing game to see if you could understand what he was telling you.

Freak...? I tell you: "Freak!".

There were fourteen other workers such as myself and including Trevor. They ranged from late teens to senior: female/male and gay Trevor who referred to himself as Ms. Trevor and their nationalities represented approximately fourteen ambassadors from as many countries. I liked Juan who spoke no English. And Maria his sister who spoke 'un paquito'. Trevor was from upstate New Jersey...(I think he said "upstate New Jersey". And Lithium who was mixed....with what, I was not sure but her character was being wasted on the menial job of cutting up vegetables and fruits when. with her natural people skills she could have been in a prime minister of some country.

I told Lithium that she had missed her calling to greatness and this endeared her immeasurably.

There was a small army of grounds keepers hired by the Masters of the Grove, none of whom we had yet seen...For myself I expected the vision Brandon had implanted in my mind about some cruel looking men of steel with horns reaching up out of their heads. None of the grounds keepers interacted with any of the caterer persons under the employment of Caterer's Unique but whom took liberal terms inspecting Mrs. Chlorophorm's ample breasts and nipples as the day's heat shrunk her blouse more sexily with each passing hour.

There really was not much interaction between any of us of Caterers' as there was this strange feeling that we were all inmates in some sort of polite, high end gulag with flush toilets, two ply toilet paper, food and water enough and air conditioned rooms. But the *edge* was tangible enough and you never had the feeling that you were free to pick your nose or scratch your ass without Jumbo calling you into his office to have you watch that days film rushes in Camp Weird.

Chapter four/ The Siren's Lullaby

The conference attendees started filing in on the second day. I will not say there was anything noticeably strange about the men who arrived from approximately twelve noon and into all hours of the night and into the deep, early hours of the next morning. But fuck-me-running!, did those guys have some big-ass cars!

They all had drivers and all the drivers were men. No car that I observed had more than one passenger. Some visitors traveled light. Some had numerous bags. And it appeared as if their drivers were more than just guys with class-B licenses. All the drivers had ears phones and all wore expensive suits. One drive was jacketless when he jumped to open the passenger door and who displayed a shoulder pistol tucked up under his left arm.

The passengers came mostly casually dressed but I happened to be near the driveway when one man departed from an incredible Bentley two seater' with roll down top (and as I said, I knew a good cut of cloth when I saw one) and, judging by his tie alone I would have to say the dude was wearing two-to three hundred thousand dollars worth of apparel; his shoes were crafted of white alligator and I immediately hated the man thinking that some beast of the Congo had grown many years to maturation just to give its life for some indulgent rich-dudes fashion passion.

But I digress.

It was rare for Mrs. Chlorophorm to speak to any of her employees directly; to that purpose she had Tubbs give the orders or when Freaky Tubbs was not around she would just motion with her hand, or tap you on the shoulder and point you in the direction of a task as if you were a deaf mute and were incapable of communicating beyond a grunt like that of a caveman-person kind-of monkey something.

But I did observe Mrs. Chlorophorm take a furtive glance at Trevor's crotch which protruded from his tight pants like an ornament of animal prowess. Little did Mrs. Chlorophorm realize that that was a crotch she could never assault.

I am attractive to men and women alike. I have a slight, muscular build, stand six feet even, a boyish look about my face even though I am in my mid-thirties and I have a carefree disposition which looks flirtatious but is more a "fuck-it" attitude. I have carried this mannerism ever since I understood that once both my parents had passed and I had no real close relatives I was a virtual orphan and not really responsible to anyone. Not even my mistress. Not really to anyone at all.

As I said, I bond with a pack of beer-brothers and they as well as any other persons I know referred to me immediately as a 'friend' or even a family member.

But what no one seemed to pick up on is that I am quite cynical...As I said in the first sentence, I had wanted a life different from the one I had now. Not only did I want an improved sex life with a hot, Hottie with long sumptuous hair, a quiet disposition, smart to brilliant and awesome in bed, I wanted a fucking-lot more money posting on my bank account! I wanted to be like on guy in the drive-up Bentley and I'm not talking about being a stooge driver.

As long as my parents were not around, (and I really don't think anyone who has died is watching us from heaven) the truth is I would sell my soul to the Devil to live the kind of life where I tromped around a campground in fucking albino alligator shoes. All the money I imagined I would have I could insulate myself from feelings about the former Congo's swamp resident I mean, it would be like giving the Albino the opportunity to see the world as it flew vicariously with me around the planet covering my feet in my Lear jet... or something. Ya' know?

The evening before the Freak-weekend officially began I sat next to Lithium at dinner whom I found was from Argentina. She had Italian and Spanish blood in her which accounted for her serene olive oil skin color and her long limbed body which was indicative exclusively in Argentina's, South American populace.

The part about me wanting a brunette with hair down to her ass is one of the give-n' trade qualities I was willing to compromise for when Lithium displayed a very earthy, languid spirit. She did have deep, dark short black hair, dense green eyes that looked as if they were covered over by a glass shell and a voice sounding like a Sirens' lullaby.

It also turned out Lithium loved sex as much as I did and after dinner we went for a walk down one of the brightly lit dirt and small gravel paths wherein large luminous candle beamed down upon us for our own security or perhaps Jumbo's scrutiny.

And having told her the story about my being on video tape taking a piss that morning we meandered into the shadows of the redwoods. I pulled Lithium hard onto my mouth and she gave off a curious yelp and then attacked my face clamping her mouth over mine and clawing at the sides of my head pulling hard on my hair with her sharp nails.

I lifted Lithium up and her legs wrapped round..., somehow my pants slid down around my ankles, and wonderfully her shorts and panties were altogether off.

I planted us against a redwood for balance and I put my arms around her back so the bark of the tree would not injure her. She began immediately heaving upon me thrusting her hips hard down upon my penis all the while letting out sweet sighs and little squeals of delight. She then arched her back pounding my wrists and forearms into the tree which did not hurt as much as I imagined it might, seeing the supreme Redwood tree was a California Coastal and the surface of her bark was spongy to the touch.

After one of her thrusts my hands slipped down to her butt crack and I put the tips of all my fingers into the crack and into her vagina as well, which was soaking wet with satisfaction and the joy of the juice of her satisfaction interwove with the plant fauna aromas surrounding us, giving off the most peculiar scent, not sweet but memorable.

After one of her more severed thrusts Lithium froze as if it were in midair, the heel of her hands and her fingers digging deeply into my shoulders, her arms rigid and locked at the elbows, her torso extending over my head before she came down upon my stalwart penis, first softly, taking one of her hands off my shoulder and fitting it in herself gently and then with a final, ravenous thrust she jerked in a jagged, sharp movement and let out the most animalistic scream I have ever heard a woman yelp while climaxing. My God, how I love Mother Nature!

Chapter five/ The Man with the Alligator Shoes

(Mike..perhaps Bo-Bo Grove history....see Wikipedia.....Include Nixon statement at the end?)

After Lithium's and my encounter we walked hand in hand back in the direction of the cafeteria. I told her I was exhausted but invigorated and wanted to walk around the grove. She said she had been overworked the last week, having done another catering job before coming here and she kissed me ravenously on the lips telling me that she might be in love with me. She also whispered almost as if in a trance that she hoped we had made a baby and then walked to the waiting van that would take her and the other girls to a hotel outside the grove grounds.

(M....>history< ?)

And this is when I would meet Mr. Phosphorous, the man I saw disembark his Bentley, the man with the alligator shoes.

There was hardly a noise in the grove as I walked away from the departing Lithium and strode aimlessly down one path and then another, whirling with romantic visions of Lithium and myself embraced eternally, me, finally a father, she my bride for eternity!

I was interrupted from this Romantic reverie with a few bouts of laughter from a nearby cabin, a car engine rumbling down a pathway near, but out of my vision. Then came a sound above me, a

whooshing sound, and I looked to see the silhouette of a large owl crossing the sky scape in front of me reflected upon by an almost full moon and then passing into the darkness of the tree landscape. I made a "Gawd!" sound at seeing this bird as its wing span was enormous, almost unreal..., mythical.

I continued my aimless walk when I came to a twist in the road and the neatly painted wood sign pointed the way back to the central camp buildings. I really was tired and to turned in another direction onto the path back to where my bed awaited me.

But as I took a few steps, I heard a rustling in the bushes beside a small cabin that was partially lighted from the inside and had a singular lite bulb slightly flickering on the porch overhang that surrounded the building. I followed the noise and as I looked to a clump of bushes near the steps of the porch, there, sprawled on the ground was the figure of a man who was bobbling like a man reaching for a life raft in deep water.

"Wonder if you might help me there friend?" said the voice of the capsized man. "Seem to have lost my footing...."

The man was certainly drunk as his words were barely audible and when I approached him there in his down position I saw a handsome bottle of vodka lying on its side next to him. I also noticed the man's pants were down around his legs ("Was he taking-a-crap in the bushes?") I wondered but he explained himself as I propped him up to a sitting position. He admitted to doing too many tasks at once, taking a piss while simultaneously trying to pour a bit more vodka in his glass which he dropped and then fell forward while making a grab for it.

I thought he might be embarrassed about being found partially naked and stupidly drunk but he began talking as if we were sitting in a quaint café chatting about sports.

"Names, Phosphorous, Dr. Phosphorous," and he put out his hand to shake. I reached over to shake his hand and he invited me to sit down and have a drink from his bottle.

My Papa had long since taught me never to refuse a drink offered from another man so I picked up the bottle of vodka, wiped off the rim and bounced back my head to receive my offering. I took one hard drink from the bottle of vodka and immediately felt as if my body interior was being flushed like the radiator of a car. The native Americans had a term for alcohol and they were correct as far as I was concerned by calling it 'fire-water'.

"Damn," I said...and coughed several times...."I'm pretty much used to beer only...sometimes we pour whisky on top, but pretty much beer only."

Mr. Phosphorus took back the bottle, having found his glass under a clump a leaves, poured himself a shot and drank it with numb-glee. "Did ya' see that owl a few minutes ago?" he slushed out and then belched lightly. "Magnificent, just magnificent."

"I only saw its silhouette if we are talking about the same bird."

"Magnificent...and such an OMEN wouldn't you say...? But it's not going to be like my last several years here...got the ol'-boot ya know?"

"The boot?" I enquired and thinking this old bird himself ought to be in bed. "And did you say: Omen?"

"I've come down a few notches in their eyes...used to be up there." He pointed with the hand which held the empty glass to a series of cabins I had spied earlier in the day time which were more spacious than Phosphorous' and all with two, even three stories; all with grand balconies and fanciful furniture.

There was a definite pecking-order here at the grove Trevor had told me. This had been Trevor's third grove experience and I suppose because of his good-looks and engaging personality he had stealthily made numerous friends and acquaintances of grounds keepers and some of the men attendees themselves. He had also made it his purpose to find out every piece of information he could about the grove venue and spoke in a prideful tone as he illiterated to me the specifics of his fact finding quests.

"But they haven't quite got the guts to get rid of me altogether..." continued Phosphorous..."haven't quite got the guts. They're afraid I'll write it all down...."

But before I could ask what it was he might write down my new acquaintance began to slump over and I grabbed his torso to prop him up.

"No need young man," he said in his slurred voice "no need. I'll sleep it off here...but just the same might I trouble you for a blanket...the quilt one on my beds end?"

I retrieved the blanket Dr. Phosphorous requested from his room as well as a pillow and the comforter which was folded on a trunk at the end of the bed. Mr. Phosphorous was well into a snoring sonata when I returned and I delicately pulled up his head to place the pillow under him and then wrapped his body as best I could with the blanket and the comforter. I made sure the vodka bottle and the glass were placed far enough that he might not roll over on them and cut himself with broken bits and then bid Mr. Phosphorous a favorable evening.

I had chosen to sleep in my clothes including my shoes and socks. My body system, if you will, was on a high-alert. I mentioned that there was a strange 'air' about the camp and I believed it was in some way resonating with my bio rhythm. Trevor had himself already left the room by the time I awoke (or had he even stayed the night in the cabin, his bed looked nothing at all like someone had slept in it).

The sun was just peaking when I left my tent cabin and I was careful to relieve myself of the previous evenings vodka and other fluids behind the polite, closed, latrine door.

I then walked directly back to Dr. Phosphorous' cabin. I was expecting him to be rolled up in my makeshift sleeping bag on the ground when I arrived but I found that neither he, the bedding, nor the vodka bottle or glass were there.

I stepped quietly onto the porch of his cabin and found the door was secure. There was no sign of life and no noise such as a radio or blurry screened television. So what had happened?

I began imagining Jumbo had swooped down on Dr. Phosphorous with his invasive cameras and then sent a grounds crew to bundle up the drunken body and dispose of it in the out-guest receptacle.

My immediate thought then was to go wake Lithium.

My next thought was to go climb into bed with Lithium and give her oral sex. My third thought was that she might give me sex and my fourth idea is that I should go find Lithium's hotel and make our escape from the employment of the Grove.

Chapter five/ part two

At breakfast Dr. Phosphorous was sitting on the far side of the cafeteria, a fishing vest on, a straw hat with fishing hooks sticking in and he in warm conversations with those who sat round him.

Lithium was on waitress crew and all she had time to do when she walked by my table was to affectingly bump into my shoulder with her hip as she balanced plates of pancakes and bacon with her hands.

My job that day was to tend to the preparation and the serving of lunch and I was to be working prep right after the breakfast crew had cleaned the dining room and kitchen.

This gave me about two hours of free time and I left the dining hall wanting to ask Lithium if she felt she might be pregnant and if I should maybe go out to the roadside and sell oranges so that we could save money to cover hospital cost for the baby delivery doctor?

I wandered around the Grove discovering many of the switchback trails that wend around and through the multiple cabin groupings and service buildings. Altogether I estimated there were several hundred structures; some to sleep in and some to hold what I imagined could be surveillance equipment, assault weapons, or rooms for torturous interrogations.

True, I was something of a paranoid not only because of dogs biting my ass when I was a little kid, and the fact that I was rather emaciated as a child (having had a near-death bout with the measles and an event of almost drowning) but my shriveled muscle tissue from the illness made me an easy target for the more fit children of the neighborhood to attack both verbally and physically. And whereas the other kids had fathers and older brothers to spar with and to teach them boxing, I had neither. What I had was a running knowledge of cloth patterns and this did not barter well on the gird iron of juvenal conflicts.

There was also the remembered lecture by my beer buddies of the Grove and the rumored goings-on here, the massive fence structure our catering caravan passed through and the encounters with Jumbo which all seemed a little too much over-the-top for a party to not even have begun yet.

I figured I had an approximate hour before I was on duty so instead of sitting down to eat, I felt I might need a little bit of time walking in nature to sort out the incident with Phosphorous the night before (I mean, it is not like every night I see the silhouette of a gigantic owl, and prop-up a drunken man).

I walked again down one trail and curved onto another and then up a small embankment, through a dense setting of trees and bushes and found my way into a clearing which hosted an outdoor arena with multiple seats, something that appeared to be an altar, (a large brass bowl sat firmly on a massive stone, placed directly in the path-ending of a center, well trodden, dirt isle) and the stature of a gigantic wooden owl glaring down at me.

Did someone say 'weird'?

.....

I suffered under a stern look by Mrs. Chlorophorm and then another by Tubbs when I walked into the dining hall late. Lunch prep was well underway and I thought I might try and explain that I had been investigating the base of a gigantic owl statue but thought better of it and put on my apron to begin slicing, dicing and wondering.

I did get a word with Lithium when she walked by with her arms full of plates on her way to set some tables.

"So like I'm still trying to figure out if I am in love with you or not," she taunted.

I did take a furtive look at her stomach and then said "I'm on an investigative project, code word: 'Gigantic Owl'.

"Thank God," she said "Finally,...they're looking for a method to make men's penis' larger!"

The lunch room was set with each table's center blooming with individual flower arrangements and glass ornaments in the form of animals surrounding each flower vase. There were cute bunnies hopping about and horses lying quietly with their long legs folded up under them. Penguins toted about and baby elephants stood in an eternal freeze never to mature and remaining forever profound. But there were no owls.

There was time between the clean-up at lunch and the prepping for dinner that I was able to take Lithium to the owl grove.

She convinced me that the so-called stone 'alter', as I had termed it with the brass basin at its base, was simply a naturalistic setting place for a lecture and his notes; and she chided "Do you see any candle drippings, broken wafer bits, stems of dried up flowers, or blood stains.... Silly?"

I told her that I wanted her to take my picture once I had climbed to the top of the owls head. And I said for my reward she was to give me oral sex for my effort. Lithium said I would fall off the giant bird and that she had no intention of giving sex to a corpse.

I think at this point I was beginning to fall in love with Lithium. I so loved her whimsical, care-free style of addressing each moment of our conversation with a facial expression that did not necessarily match the mixture of her words.

She was on the make for me. Before I took Lithium to the owl arena, she told me to wait outside the dining hall and she bolted to the ladies room exiting only a few minutes later wearing a button down, partially unbuttoned shirt, which was a bit wrinkled from being carried in her day pack.

She had this gloriously fresh perfume which admittedly she had accidentally put on a bit much for her rush not wanting to keep her man waiting too long.

I decided not to climb Mr. Owl and instead, Lithium and I fucked like true lovers on the grass hill behind the owl grove. It was I who let out an animal scream this time; I was truly falling in love.

That night was the same. I walked Lithium to the waiting van. It was ok now that everyone knew we were hooked up. I told her in my mind we were as good as married. And when she looked at me with a strange almost fearful look I said as long as we were bringing a child into the planet we might as well have a house and furniture for it to feel comfortable in.

"You really are a romantic aren't you?" she said laughing lightly.

"Yea," I confessed "kind of a dye-in-the-wool type."

"I was married to a romantic Michael, it only lasted a of couple months. I can't live with romantics."

I took a deep breath of defeat and inserted a jolt of disclaimer "I'm very chameleon...I can be the cold-steel uncaring type if that's what you need."

Lithium smiled and kissed me lightly on the cheek before boarding the van and finding her seat she purposely did not look out the window to wave goodbye.

Chapter five/ part two

"Is that all you do here?" I said kiddingly. I was at the Dr. Phosphorous' cabin again and he was sitting rocking on a four legged bench, propped with his back up against the wall. He was obviously drunk again and as he attempted to rock forward to shake my hand and offer me a chair to sit in I waved my hand and just plumbed myself down next to him on the bench.

"My Friend," he barreled out. Did I thank you for saving my life yesterday?"

"Saved your life....?"

"Would have froze."

"Not with all that whisky in you."

"I can see you are a man with a lot of common sense."

"Go on in and get yourself a glass and some ice," he offered.

I had no desire to drink whisky. The shot I took last night was warning enough that beer, however humble a drink is something I can wake up from in the morning. But my father's axiom still held and I skipped into the cabin and filled a glass with ice and came back out to settle in.

"So what do you think of our little grove?" he asked.

"Actually sir," I said as he poured me my first of several drinks "I think we missed an introduction last night.."

"But of course," he slurred and tried again standing up off his bench but gravity was not in his favor.

I stood and we shook hands in earnest. "I'm Michael," I said.

"Phosphorous...Jim Phosphorous," said Jim. "I like the look of you kid. I saw you and your crew hustling round the cafeteria at meal times. Sharp group of hires."

"Thank you, Sir."

"What are you into Michael,....career catering?"

"Actually Sir, I am somewhat of a photographer. Black and White specialist. I like doing still life mostly; Nature too."

"I love black and white. I've collected for years. Come to my home and see them sometime."

"I'm not Gay, Sir."

Dr. Phosphorous stopped mid breath. "You're not?....humm... I like a man who is upfront about such things. My lover died of cancer three years ago; thought we'd go the distance...you know,.... ancient lovers maybe...and then make a suicide pack...go to Alaska....something romantic, ya know?"

"I'm sorry for your loss."

"Life is a veil of tears," he said and took a hard hit from his glass.

And I said as a sort of buy-in the topic of grief: "Both my parents are dead; no siblings...don't talk with any of the relatives...don't see the point."

Phosphorous held up his glass: "Through the sorrows of the Universe drift the victors."

"Is that a Greek saying or something?"

"A Phosphorous proverb," he said and we both laughed as he bolted back another shot and I took my first drink...(Shiiiiit...now that's some kind of firewater!)

The light evening winds wafted away our conversation up among the branches of the ancient trees that surrounded us. And as we dug into both our tutelage I began to see Dr. Phosphorous was really some kind of philosopher in his own right."

"Will you be at my lecture?" he said..."it's at twelve noon...down by the lake.....are you familiar with it?"

"I don't know the lake you are referring to , but 'I'm sure I can get there....I'll sneak away from lunch duties if it is you giving the talk."

"Don't worry about that Chlorophorm bitch...you won't have any trouble with her. She's a 'bunch' don't you think?...kinda skitzy.....something's wrong wouldn't you say..? And that weird lizard who tags along with her...If there ever was the definition of 'Freak' it's that character Tubbs."

Had he been reading my mind; I mean about Tubbs, using the verb 'freak' to describe him? I would not be surprised if Phosphorous was something of a clairvoyant. If it is that as Brandon tells me, anyone who is a participant in the Bohemian Grove is not your average worker-bee person. Reading minds or turning water to wine is probably a sub-requirement for being invited here.

So was it by accident I had met Phosphorous? Was he like a spy or something; a high ranking official from some foreign government..a deposed king from Africa? An Alien Being ? Without a doubt all Alien's could read minds. Standard procedure I have read, Ya know?"

Chapter five/ part three: Mr. Tubbs tongue

I was scheduled to work both morning and lunch shift. I feigned sickness having pinched my cheeks hard, soaked parts of my shirt to make it appear I had a profusion of sweat and rubbed room temperature Earl Grey tea bags under my eyes; the dark stain of the tea I had hoped would make it appear as if I was lacking sleep.

I think if you survived life as many years as I had you learn to become a pretty good actor or in this case a convincing liar. Chlorophorm noticed me first in my play-roll as a slow moving dumb-waiter (get it?) and informed Tubbs that I was to be excused and sent back to the bunkhouse.

Tubbs 'fucker' had the audacity to put the back of his hand to my forehead and to feel if I was overheated. Had he put the back of his hand to any of my coworkers heads he would find that food servers who run their asses off jutting from table to table are pretty much always warm to the touch.

Tubbs had taken me aside behind a curtain when he "examined" me. This is the closest I had been to a real live freak and found the experience uncomfortable and, creepy. Tubbs eyes were watery grey, small and piercing. He looked directly into my eyes and I found the experience literally chilling.

He told me to open my mouth that he might see the color of my tongue which would not reveal anything but that I had drank some cranberry juice that morning and my tongue color was most definitely reddish. But the strangest fucking thing happened when he told me to stick out his tongue, the same experience occurred the same as when you tell a small child to perform a simple motor skill that you show the child how it is done by pantomiming it yourself first.

And this is what Tubbs did, when he told me to stick out my tongue, he first stuck out his and produced an unusually long organ, something like a long slab of over cooked meat or a refried burrito; pale and altogether sickening.

I was given the release to go to my cabin and instructed to take an aspirin, drink herbal tea and sleep off my slight fever.

Part four/ The Lecture

I was soon lakeside and there Dr. Phosphorous had just taken the lectern. The seating was rustic. There were a row of foldup chairs in the front and all the other seats were hewn wood – I assumed ancient redwood- and I plunked myself down in the third row behind a large man in casual clothing and a woman in a fine pant suit with drawn up hair and small pearls interwoven; a coif I knew had taken a great deal of effort to set.

(Phosphorous speech and climate control)

My plan was as soon as Phosphorous had finished that I would dart up to him and to shake his hand and tell him I would come by his cabin again tonight if this was acceptable and go back to the tent cabin where that e and rest had orbited me back to a state of excellent health thus making me fit for tonight's dinner service.

Mr. Phosphorous took a few questions about his talk and then with a final 'thank you' received a polite round of applause. I contrived how I would angle my way around those who had closed me in so I might get to Phosphorous and as I stood so also did (mr. and mrs) . As people in audiences do they turn round casually to see who it was sitting round them. And as mr and mrs I was aghast to see his companion could have been no more than fifteen years old, maybe fifteen and one half.

By the time I was at the end of my aisle I saw that Phosphorous was interacting with several men who seemed rather intent with their communications And I not wanting to press my luck about maybe being seen by Tubby Tubbs walked away and back to my room with thoughts about global themes and imagining the big man with Suspenders and his gorgeous: The Kid Concubine, getting in a good fuck with her before she was herded onto a van and to leave with all the other women.

No one really talks about this as a subject or even a premise but when you see two persons at odds with their body weight such as Suspenders and Mistress Concubine you can't help but wonder "How do they do it?"

Let us say for example you were Kid Concubine. Is there an agreement between a guy like Suspenders and the kid's parents who are obviously the ones who have written up the pre-nupt; have both parties assumed that someday the kid will begin to wear a back brace even unto death when Suspenders is finished with her?

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With someone Suspender's size weighing down upon the kid in bed all those many 'blissful' marital years, at some point there was sure to be tweaking of the child's spine. (Unless of course when Man and Child did "do-it" with the Man lying on his back while baby-cakes turned on top.)

...Something to think about or, for that matter, ...barf about.

Back to the center of the Grove I saw Lithium walking in my direction and it was obvious she was sweating at the brow and her shirt under her arms was discolored.

"Miraculous!" she said mockingly. "After all the dishes are cleaned and the room set back in order for tonight's dinner you are suddenly recovered."

"Nothing like lying in bed knowing that others are working your shift for you to help you revive," I said.

Lithium took me by the hand and arm and led me onto a side path and up into a side grove. She directed us to a flattened area on the ground where branches had been splayed open and multiple pedals from the bushes had been scattered constructing a lovers-bed.

"I took a few minutes break too," she said. "It's not like I would do this for just any 'faker'."

"I need you to *revive me*," she said and pulled me down onto her as she knelt and then lay on her back our lips and teeth gnawing upon each other.

I pulled her legs apart and pressed my head deep into her crotch, rubbing my head and face vigorously upon her pants. Lithium became wet instantly and I took the half minute or so to unbutton, unzip and then pull off her pants. Her underpants were still very much in place and I stuck my tongue down to her clitoris and licked Lithium's beautiful valley of love through her silk garment.

Lithium told me afterwards she had had a "soft and glorious" orgasm and it had been just then as the setting sun had seeped its way in among the branches of the overhanging tree limbs which caused a golden hue to resonate off her glistening hair and skin.

I then pulled her wet panties off and wiped her very wet vaginal hair with my shirt which I had taken off as well my sandals and my pants; timing is everything in sex, smooth, unobtrusive, playful and artfully orchestrated the sex scene must be a well-crafted play with a beginning, middle, end.

In act two Lithium grabbed my waist and thrust upwards with her hips engulfing my penis. They had met before, our bodies and needed no getting used to. It was Madam Tigress interacting with Mr. Tiger and with our comingled sweat, body juices and a lot of rolling around covering ourselves with the loose leaves of our bedding.

We had simultaneous orgasms our mouths enmeshed, the deep groans from our souls canceling out each other's clear conscious as we swooned deliriously into the clouds.

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Act three consisted of a few moments rest, gingerly, lovingly pulling leaves off each other's skin. But a few moments is all Lithium gave me before she got up and balanced on her elbows and knees, her beautiful buttocks aimed in my direction and her looking around with a playful grin on her face.

I rammed my penis up into Lithium's vaginal canal and began a rigid, systematic pounding of her insides. We sway back and forth as a well-timed machine, the joy and the assurance that we could have fun and sensuous satisfaction all under the mutual intimacy-contract of respect and safety.

Three orgasms was it for me, one last night, two today. When Lithium and I came to rest we were sitting up and starring at each other.

"True," Lithium said with a weeping mood in her voice....you don't fuck like a Romantic Michael. This I confess to my great enjoyment. But you are a dreamer and you value life and you value love. But I refuse to allow you to get hurt with mixing yourself in my plan."

Lithium found her attire, buttoned and zipped her clothes, fixed her hair as best she could with no mirror. Lithium was crying, softly and then violently as I stood up, still with a donkey-dick-dong erection as she engaged me and, embraced me as Germanic film Vampyre's grab their victims before sucking the blood of life they need.

Lithium then, with her eyes, and her face fully pressed upon mine, gave me a cold blooded stare, an 'Ice Cold Blood Stare', and said "I shall never sleep with you again my love, ...I shall never know you like this until we are on the other side."

And with this Lithium placed her lips upon mine and at first kissed me gently and then with more vigor. And she kissed me again and again, taking great swipes from my lips and my cheeks and the bridge of my nose all the while her hands pressing deep into the sides of my head, the nails of her fingers clawing into my temples as if she was intending to dig into my skull!

On she went, moaning like soft wind through the crevice of an ocean cave, and more crying and weeping as she kissed me, talking to me and speaking to me as if she were talking in another language.


And then she stopped. Lithium wiped her nose with the back of her hand and arm and cupped her hands upon her eyes to stop the flow of tears.

"So hey?" she asked..."What do you want to name her?"

"What...?" I asked...curious, expressionless.... Terrified!

"Our child," she said. "Our girl child," she laughed. And then she laughed again.

Lithium laughed and I knew that would be the last time I would see her alive.

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Chapter six /The Truth Revealed

I was already drunk by the time I got to Phosphorous' cabin.

I knocked on his door and when he opened it I was lying on his porch having fallen and was unable to sit or stand.

"Is that all you people do around here?" he mocked in a sweet, tender, understanding voice. "I'd invite you in Mr. Bookout but you would probably barf on my carpet...not that it is my carpet."

"You know I could take advantage of you now in your fallen state of affairs. Roll you over, pull down your pants....you would wake up in the morning thinking you had had a nightmare or something.....maybe, a 'pleasant mare...?"

"Fucking women!" I slurred out the side of my mouth.

"Look my Friend, we in the Gay community take all comers. Mother haters, Fathers who have-fucked their children- haters....girlfriend haters.....we have a great girth of understanding you know?"

"Fucking women...." I slurred again.

"No, No, Michael, you are not a Hater," said Phosphorous sitting me up in the porch chair. "No, no, Little Mikey....you are a Lover...you love women.....even an eighty three year old Queen such as myself can see that."

Within the half hour Phosphorous had filled me with enough coffee to make me at least conscious of where I was and what I was saying.

"It's that hot little girl from Argentina I have seen you with, isn't it?"

"I just wanted to fall in love, Why can't I just fall in love and it is all good? I wept as I rest my head in my hands, propping my elbows on my knees.

"Love and sex,sex and love, seems to me you want it all. Remember, women from foreign countries are just that: foreign. Their look is exotic...What makes you think their souls are not? California boys, you are easy prey. An Argentinian import is the equivalent of taking a panther from the rain forest and locking it in your room with you. How long do you think you would last in a room with a panther?"

"Real time," said Phosphorous tapping me on my chest "is what you are feeling now. No intermission to your sufferings. I am sorry, truly sorry for you my friend."

I wept away the evening and found myself in the morning on Phosphorus bed.

"Hope you don't mind if I slept next to you, Old Boy...I swear our skin never touched....pity."

"What time is it?" I demanded as I sat up and felt my brain was riding my body around the room as if I was on a merry-go-round.

"Just time enough for you to drink this coffee." Phosphorous handed me a large, bowl shaped coffee mug and as the steam when it hit my nostrils was already waking me. I drank the entire mug in one gulp.

"I love you Man," I said as I bounded off his porch and onto the path back to the cafeteria.

"I'll see you tonight?" shouted Phosphorous in something like a longing sigh. "I'll have something for you to eat if you are hungry.....".

Chapter six/ part two

Once again with the Glare, the Stare. Tubbs was looking at his watch and then looking up at me as I ran to the prep area and put on my apron. Actually I was on time for my shift it was just Tubb's way of intimidation and control. (Asshole.)

But this morning, instead of serving in the cafeteria, I boarded one of the vans with several of the other servers and took a quick drive to none-other than the Owl grove!

Fuck me running....or, so to speak. The Owl grove within the Bo-Bo Grove had been transformed into an intense setting of portable electrical lamps on top of twelve foot polls. There was flowing overhead a multiples strands of lights crisscrossing high above the seating area.

I could only imagine what it might look like at night and later, as we scurried to set the tables, and lay out the food, I saw what appeared to be small mortar shells placed snugly in aluminum boxes. One of my coworkers who had been on duty the year earlier told me that they were cannons for the fire works set up on the hill and shot-out and incredible display of bursting lights.

Lithium was not in our server's party nor did I see any sign of her earlier in the cafeteria. Phosphorous' coffee had taken effect along with a few bits of food I was able to choke down and I was beginning to make clear in my mind what it was that had caused me to crash so hard with beer laced with whiskey.

As I craftily placed the morning pastries in attractive rows intermixed with jams, butter and cheeses of various kinds the finality of what Lithium had said to me was banging in my head and heart taking the place of anything I had drank the night before.

Trevor worked beside me pouring juices into large tureens. "How was your night with Phosphorus?" he inquired matter-of-factly.

"What do you mean?" I asked surprised and a little bit concerned that anyone but myself and Phosphorous knew where I had slept the night previous.

Trevor just shrugged as he poured the last of the orange juice containers into the serving bowls and then moved along looking at me with a smirk on his face.

Chapter seven/ more Lithium

Lithium was not to be found. I asked the other female workers if they had seen her and none of them responded in the affirmative.

“What?” I asked myself out loud. “What does this mean?”

And then I knew or at least understood one truth. Asking the question out loud was allowing my subconscious to speak for itself. Phosphorous’ words the night before had now solidified: I would never see Lithium again.

Brandon the -geek-tech friend had told me before I came on this jolly adventure and into the realm of the Bo-Bo Grove. Things were different here. Which meant that what I saw and experienced were not necessarily things I was used to and or were far more surreal than real.

As I said, the air in the Bo-Bo Gove was different. It clung to a person like a web, a web that suffocated your preconceived ideas and logical premises.

Truth..., I continued to tell myself: I would never see Lithium again for whatever reason or non-reason.

Had she been pregnant all along? “Yes!” This is why she was insistent about giving a name to ‘our’ child. She had been pregnant and either did not want to be associated with the real “father” or did not know whom the “father” was. But she did want it to have a namesake; my name.

But I was a ‘nice guy’. That is why women invariably accepted date proposals from me. Women were the knowledgeable ones. They could see below the surface, see if the guy was a fake or a sex hustler. And they were able to feel below the surface knowing when they had conceived a child and weather they were planning to bring it to birth, or not.

Woman. Argentinian, Pantheress, sex animal: Lithium. I was in love with a phantom and I would have accepted her newborn as both our own creations though never see either of them ever.

Chapter eight/ Lithium....final chapter

Once again, that evening, I took my seat on the porch of Phosphorous cabin. “May I ask, Sir?” I said totally bluntly:

“What are you?”

"I'm not a lizard, that's for sure," he said categorically.

"A what..?" I said not thinking I heard his words correctly.

"A lizard," said Phosphorous and once again, in a calm, categorical tenor. "You see, Michael..." said Phosphorous as he poured whisky from the bottle into his glass. "That's old Tubbs...he is a lizard."

"So...," said I reaching for the whiskey bottle. "I thought you and I were under the agreement that Tubbs was and, is, an asshole?...Oh, and by the way, no need to explain about Tubbs being a 'lizard whatever' I mean, *in the Grove it is all good*; yes, I do so totally understand."

"I think you do understand My Boy. A man of many talents, that our man-lizard is, Ol' Tubbs. Actually to phrase it more in keeping with your grameric format, he is a Lizard Person.Yes, Michael, real lizards in Earth suits who are from another realm..another galexie, and with a different and opposite mission than yours, and mine and the woman you loved."

"Love," I corrected.

"You have hope you will see the Panther again, perhaps on another catering gig? I must tell you for your own, self preservation to... Stop!"

"I have," I exclaimed...as Phosphorous looked deeply into my face and knew, what I knew and this was that I would be forever in love with Lithium.

Phosphorous continued, "Lithium has other business. Lithium did not come to The Grove to work a day-job and have recreational sex with you. She came to collect information...most of it As I said my friend, Lithium and I are on a mission , so to speak."

"Lithium and I have the same, if not identically the same vision for America and this planet's personages' in its entirety. Lithium got her information, she is no doubt assimilating that information and when she is finished she will be on to another project."

"Oh yea," I said mockingly and quite honestly in vile disgust "I kinda' got the idea she was some sort of secret agent when we were making love....can't fool me, I went to college."

Phosphorous looked away pretending to study the pinnacles of the trees as our conversation came to a rest. We both, I think, contemplated our 'togetherness' and the tie which bound us together: whiskey and a toast to the bizarre.

"But I will tell you this," said Phosphorous as it were coming out of a dream state, "Lithium, despite yours and hers differences concerning your original births, is very much in love with you too!"

I took a hard hit of whisky. My mind was not in my brain...it was somewhere, perhaps in an auto repair garage, a laboratory, a 7-Eleven beer isle, trying to fit the parts of what Phosphorous had just communicated so that I could bring straight thinking to what he had just said.

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But then, as if what he had just shared were not enough to make me wish I was a County Worker, in a government building, stuck in a back-forty cubicle to die a cypher on a forgotten roll ledger, Phosphorous spoke those fateful words:

“ By the way, just between us *girls*...., What is it like having sex with a Woman Vampyre?”

I passed out...not right that moment but, somewhere between Phosphorus' statement about Lithium being a Vampyre, Tubbs being 'outed' as a lizard, and in the throwing-back of three or four, or six thousand shots of whiskey.

Man, what a f....ing hangover I had the following week!

Part etc....

(Whew!....where was I.....in the bushes outside a cabin...I remember saying good bye to someone and I must have just tripped and passed out...I must have.....?)

Part etc....Continued

I was pulled off duty as all the other servers about five o'clock that following day. That night was to be the final celebration for the members of the Grove that year and with advanced instruction, we had all packed our bags and loaded onto the vans that would take us back to the parking lot of Caterers Unique.

Epilogue/ part one

I had hangover the entire next week. The whisky I consumed on Phosphorous' porch would pass thru my liver and blood system in three days. That left four more days of nausea until I felt I could get together with my Psychological Councilors at the 'Say-Hey-Kid' sports bar.

“Didn't Brandon tell you, asshole?” chided several of my beer brothers.

“I did, didn't I Mikey?” rang in Brandon with a sing-song voice as he poured everyone their first round of beer from the gigantic pitcher glass that Say-Hey was so popular for.

And before we took our first chug we all looked up at Willie Mays photo on the west wall and raised our glasses.

Fucking big-ass beer pitchers with shitty, watered down beer. But who was I to complain? After downing a few glasses you could not especially taste the crap, and as I said, Brandon paid for everything...including the wafer thin pizza with plastic cheese on top!

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~~24~~

After our first round it was everyone for himself. Brandon kept an open tab for our counseling table and seats. With our second glass filled and with a stack of pizza slices balanced on a napkin in his hand Brandon took me off to one of the booths with low hanging overly fake Tiffany lamps which came to attack your forehead the deeper you sank into the evening.

Our other skanky buddies after having their fill of food and drink slithered onto the dance floor for pubic-hair-dancing with girl skanks of their choosing.

"Really Michael?" asked Brandon looking at me with his deep piercing, oval architected eyes. "You met a Lizard?.....I congratulate you. I give you great applause. I hoped I would have seen one by now, or an airship or been the first one to discover a crop-circle. It would be a kind of gift from the Universe for all the time I have put into study."

"You believe that shit?" I asked.

I knew Brandon did believe in Lizard Men. And he was all about Alien ships, human abductions, government cover-ups. I knew it logically but not emotionally. But even in my quazi-soon-to-be-drunken state I could see Brandon was thoroughly convinced about my story and unquestionably delighted.

"So tell me about him!" he pleaded..."What did he look like?" What were his mannerisms...I mean, how did you know?...What tipped you off?"

Gawd!, had I not been so upset and confused and in need of unloading my emotions I would not have mentioned the matter altogether.

"Actually," I said, "no one who came in contact with him did not refer to him as an 'asshole'. He was short, fat and repulsive. It's like, being in his presence gave you the 'creeps'...almost blank, watery eyes. And his tongue, that was the most repulsive aspect. It looked like an elongated piece of dead meat...it was an ugly, a dingy liver color."

"God, damn, you really did see one!" exclaimed Brandon as the ear piercing screech from a metal guitar shot across the dance floor and into our table alcove bleaching our ear drums.

"Did anyone else figure this tubby dude out?"

I told Brandon that I myself had not been the one to put the pieces together. I went onto explain all of the personalities in the Bo-Bo Grove story with a great emphasis on Mr. Phosphorous and saying little about Lithium.

But Brandon was Asian. Brandon's inheritance was Chinese; to wise for both our own good. Brandon picked-up on my affection for Lithium with my very effort *not* to emphasize her part in the story.

"So, Lithium...did I say her name correctly?...so it seems she was more than just a minor player in your story?"

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"She was one of the servers....she was Argentinian," I said and then took a big drink from my mug.

"She had an effect on you, didn't she Michael.....a big effect?"

Only Brandon. The Asshole. Fucking nose-fucking tech-asshole!

"You are in love with her, aren't you Michael?"

I put the back of my arm to my eyes to hide the tears.

Brandon put his hand on my shoulder. To sidetrack the moment we both looked out at the dance floor. One of our guys had his tongue down one of the skanky girl's throats; ... one of the skanky girl's had her tongue down one of our guys throats.

"Just between us Dude," said Brandon..."It's all good and it is just between us."

Epilogue/ part two

The next day as we had scheduled, Brandon and I met on the dining porch of his company's building.

"It's not like I ever take a brake...and it's not like I am the indispensable man, but I am the head of the Team and the project has hit a glitch. And I can't believe I am saying this but, really, this is more important!"

"I lost a lot of sleep," said Brandon rubbing his eyes with the palms of his hands and then putting his fingers on the back of his neck to massage his vertebrae."

"I found myself on the floor this morning," I confessed.

"I love you Man," said Brandon and once again put his hand on my shoulder. "We'll talk about rehab for you at some later point."

Aghast! I began to open my mouth..."

"I said I fucking love-you-man....and I said we would talk about your alcoholism later!...so just fucking cool-it....Yea?"

WTF!!!!

"I gotta' know Mike, tell me more about the chick from Argentina?"

(Fuck yourself Brandon...go fuck yourself you narcissistic Asshole with a capitol N-A)

I starred at Brandon for a full half minute.

"Look Dude, you are costing my company more money every second you sit there blanking-out than you could possible imagine....My Team and our project is everything to me....!"

"Ok, I'm sorry," I said and then bounded into full detail...everything, even the sex encounters, her assumed pregnancy and the part aboutPhosphorus thinking she was a 'Vampyre'.

Brandon said little. But I saw that what I shared about Lithium supposedly being a vampyre 'threw Brandon back against the wall' if that is the correct definition...

"You know," he said "the history of alien sightings in South America and especially the reports from Argentina would fill ..." Brandon put his hands and arms out in great expanse.

Later in the evening I was on the driveway of my condo washing my nine year old car when Brandon pulled up in his fucking new Audi.

"I've only got a minute Mike," he said as he stepped from his car leaving the car door ajar and the engine running. Actually, the smooth one million years of Chinese culture which so handsomely defined Brandon's face had fairly drained away...and at first I put it up to stress with his work project.

"My Brother, you look a little out-of-it," I said with concern.

"Michael," said Brandon handing me a paperback book "Look, Dude, you are in pretty deep. Look, I do not want to scare you or anything but to put it bluntly, I think you are in pretty deep."

WTF.....!

"Dude, read this book tonight, I mean all the way through...every word."

"What-t-F are you talking about...What the-F is this crap?!"

"Dude," said Brandon as if he were delivering me my last meal as I sat in my cell block awaiting the gallows in the morning. "Please, read the fucking book!"

Brandon got back into his car and closed the door. He strapped his belt and powered down the window.

"Bro, I gotta go. The project at work is so very much in jeopardy and my team has put so many hours into it....I gotta go!' And with that Brandon sped off.

I watered down the remainder of the soap on the car and completed all the incidentals it took to finish the mundane job of keeping up appearances. I had laid the book Brandon gave me on a brick wall near to where the bib of the hose connected to the water.

As I rolled up the hose I looked at the title. 'Bizzar!' I thought. 'Brandon, you really got this thing going don't you?'

Book Two:

Chapter two/ part one, Termination

Circus Unique had been pleased with my work at The Grove. Even with my sometime tardiness and the video records I am sure Mr. Jumbo had provided them with of my goings and comings and my coming with Lithium, they continued to call me throughout the year for small parties, large banquets and the Christmas celebration at the Capitol building where I 'touched the hem' of so many famous persons including the Terminator, Governor, Arnold!"

The month of August was approaching and Mrs. Chlorophorm informed me that I was again assigned to The Grove and to be given the same tent-cabin as residence and that this time I would not have a roommate.

Chapter two/ part two, Laundry Detergent

Up the fertile California valley convoyed Cater Unique, jutting west to the Redwood forest, down the dusty path and through the security check at The Grove.

I barely had the chance to unload my personal items before the first shift of setting up for dinner which made it impossible to do what I so anxiously wanted to do and that was to see if Phosphorous would be in his same cabin as a participant of the week-long party again."

And I did not have to wait long for the answer to that question as Phosphorous came up behind me as I was helping Mrs. Chlorophorm arrange the grand bouquet of flowers for the head table. "Is this all you servers do is fuss with flowers?" he said and I swiveled around with a rush of mixed feelings.

Both Phosphorous and Chloroform exchanged nods of greeting. All three of us took a step back to critique the arrangement. "Beautiful," exclaimed Phosphorous. "A fit setting for one so ancient as I."

Chloroform nodded again to both of us and walked to another station. "You will be sitting here?" I queried.

"One of the Old Guard to be honored; something of a reward for surviving all this..." and he swept his arm around as if to encompass all the invisible Brother Spirits past, present future.

As I said, I had a ball of mixed feelings when first hearing Phosphorus voice and then turning to see his very round girth pointing out to me and his light, cream color, black, wrinkled skin almost as a large roadside poster and his projected Cheshire smile. I think Phosphorous was in love with me. He had not had children, because it was not acceptable to adopt so many years ago and I detected a harrowing, hollow of loneliness in his emotion when he was not drunken.

I had read many books and articles in the last year; talked with Brandon and investigated many theories about Cults, and Conspiracies until, at one point, I began to believe.

(And believe you shall!....stay with any philosophy long enough and you will be a willing convert.)

I was now jaded. The Grove I now knew, or at least believed I knew, was not a sublime playground for relaxation and jest. For whatever the Bo-Bo Grove was it was not a place for picnics with young men and women pledging life- time love for one another.

And Lithium would not be here. Phosphorous was the only one who really 'knew what had happened between us. The beer-buddies had the information but Phosphorous had been there to see me die.

Last November I ended my affair with my mistress. She actually cried when I told her I had found someone else. I had found and then lost Lithium; how could any thing ever be the same?

At the banquet Phosphorous was invited to share a few words of reflection for all his many seasons attending the August reunions and was encouraged to address intimacies lived through with other members. Sadly, Phosphorous was in his alcoholic-freeze zone and he slurred what few sentences he was trying to communicate.

I was just below the front banquet table which was situated on a small, long scaffolding. I could see Phosphorous, one of the few African American in the room. His place of birth was South Africa and he did touch upon his immigration to the United States as a child with his father and mother both of whom had worked for the UN (United Nations).

Phosphorous shared briefly about his schooling, and his lengthy career in television and broadcasting. And when he had come to present day Phosphorus declared that he owed his every success to every man in the room singling out three or four whom he pointed to with his hand, the palm turned upward as if allowing his emotions to roll from his heart out to them. It was truly an glorious moment for the old black man, and a sudden, maudlin emotion carried from him and washed over the room until Phosphorus took a deep breath, a hard swallow and stood silent.

Phosphorus then, for what I assumed was dramatic effect, reached for his wine glass. He then looked around the room with his sly Cheshire smile and then raised his glass:

... "To Laundry Detergent!" he yelled with great gusto.

The banquet room burst into a cavalcade of cheers and wild laughter; men stood to their feet with their arms raised in victorious motions. One man climbed onto the table before his seat and bent at the waist in the direction of the Phosphorous, his arms and hands extended in complete submission to The Man from South Africa.

Tubbs was non-pulsed. But Chlorophorm had been jilted. She stood off to the side with her mouth hanging open as if she were a wooden marionette whose strings had been cut. And I filled the coffee cup I was holding until it overflowed.

The room continued to move with men giving gestures, flailing their arms in mock reverie for many minutes more.

(What was this? What...T...F....?)

Book II...Chapter three/ Near to Death

"I know, I know..." said Phosphorous. "Laundry Detergent, you want to know about laundry detergent... Yes, I know."

We were in our regular seats. We were in our regular pose of drunkenness.

"Ok, Mr. Mike, you can have the entire story," said Phosphorous and then drank a very large 'drank' of whisky.

"Michael," said Phosphorous "my leanings are to embrace you as the son I never had. I have for so many decades imagined a foggy afternoon in upstate New Jersey where I grew-up. I was on this grassy field with my son of say, eleven years; he had just received a football hand off from me and he went charging forward to make a flag-football, touch down goal. I was so proud of my boy."

"But we are not in New Jersey are we Michael?.....We are in real-time. And time, as always, is of the essence. The Lord brought you here to me, this I know. I know this beyond all of the so-called higher teaching academia that rules this forsaken American soil."

"I ask you, my Man, what did it cost in terms of human suffering for you and me to sit in idle conversation?"

(What,,,?...what the F ...?...Get Out Mike!!!!, get the hell out of here!)

"Do you know you can visit former battlefields, that is, in the East coastal states, and you can stand.....Literally!...where stacks, ...I mean, STACKS! of dead Northern or Southern soldiers were piled in battle aftermaths as they were cleared away for disposal in the American Civil War? Soldiers with baby faces, because that is what most of them were...'Children' sent into battle, many of them with no food in their stomach, no protective gear to cover them and many of them with no weapons of attack what so ever!.....Can you imagine, Michael!"

"White soldiers, Black soldiers, Native American soldiers....dead before their time! And this carnage count was just one war and we will be reverent never forgetting civilian casualties."

(Man! Oh, man....Phosphorous was ignited.....Alcohol, historical reminisce, and laundry detergent.....Something(s) to get excited about...Get out Mike!, Get the hell out!)

After another shot of whiskey, Phosphorous just sort of stared out into space... The sun had set and there was that strange, creepy feeling moving in over our little setting. It is, as I said, a suffocating feeling, scary and, at the same moment, final in its all but conviction to devour you.

"Are you ready, my Son?" whispered Phosphorous.

I wanted to tell him,...'my Dad?' that I was no one's answer for a perfect child but I sat still awaiting more rhetoric from Phosphorous whom you could not guess looking at his face that moment, would in anyway be a man who could produce a Cheshire smile.

I nodded my head to Phosphorous' question. (Phosphorous, my father,.....hummm, I would think about this more)

"Yes, Sir, I would love for you to tell me about the Civil War and how it relates to laundry detergent."

"Michael," Phosphorous bellowed "you are not drunk enough!"

"I do love you, Father Phosphorous, but I want to know....."

And what a 'queer' look this old, black, Queen gave me. Gawd!, how pathetic the human race!...how incredibly tragic our meeting of the minds and hearts.

"Please..." I begged Phosphorous, my now committed to and accepted spiritually adopted Father!

Phosphorous took in a deep breathe,..."Then, *my Son*, let the deluge begin its flow..."

"Detergent...it could have been canned oranges, or boxer underwear I suppose....Spam in a can...God knows....."

"I was not at the original meeting...but I know the concept was formulated up there....".Phosphorous pointed to the row of cabins further up the hill, cabins I had learned were reserved for the most elite visitors.

"The plan was simple, brilliant...so simple and so brilliant no one caught on."

"The industry of television was so very new and the viewers' so terrible naive. Everyone had a television in their home by the early sixties, and many of them were only black and white...can you imagine not having a color television!?"

"The first time the commercial played I was biting my nails. But no one saw my 'part'. There were no phone calls to the station, nothing about it on the radio, nothing in the papers. I almost missed seeing me, myself! It was all but subliminal how fast my commercial debut took place."

"The commercial was strategically played week days, you know, during the 'soap operas'. Simple."

"The airing of this commercial would be the evil equivalent of a master criminal coming to a then, quiet, provincial town in anywhere in America and with this criminals accumulated skills, break into houses and steal anything of value with the greatest of ease."

"And so the architects of the television commercial which has been affectionately known as the 'Laundry Laundering' was hatched and implemented and has been kept secret all these many years...that is, until this very moment of me telling you."

"I was working in New York at the time. I was an student at Cornell and with the influence of my parents, I was accepted an intern for CBS that summer."

"Despite my appearance now; you remember that in the 1960's I was in my early twenties, I was not only handsome I also had what the directors and the office people considered the 'perfect look'."

"I was chosen out of a group of twenty or so other black men. Some of the African guys were professional actors in film and commercial already. Once in the studio I was immediately stricken by a man named, Heymian, a man whose inheritance was of the Ivory Coast."

"Heymian and I, as it were, 'discovered' each other that day and went on to have an approximate two year affair. I was very sure Heymian would get the gig for the commercial we were then auditioning for due to his incredible beauty, but they selected me, someone less handsome but with a better developed body."

"In time I have come to also understand that it was not all about looks; Why, in the end, Heymian did not get the gig? It was because my parents were connected to, as I have said, The United Nations."

"But I will hasten to the chase here, Michael, before you fall drunkenly into your oblivion. The TV 'plot' I was to act in was never mentioned. My role, if you will call it this, was, after two full days of takes, my ripping off my shirt. That was it...just ripping off my shirt! I had no lines, and no other acting assignment."

"And this caused an entire room of the world's most elite personalities, to stand and cheer tonight?" I said skeptically.

"In a sense, yes, you are correct Mike. I said, the plan was both brilliant and you did not hear the word: 'simple', I think not?"

"But I will ask you one question Michael, because it would not take the sensitivities of a blind man to feel that you are all but climbing out of your skin to ask me again;;;"

I remained motionless, silent and I think I was holding my breath.

"The.....commercial Michael."

"The what.....? I asked, or rather gasped.

"Remember again Michael, my son, I said 'simple, brilliant, and I must add, 'Deadly'."

"Oh, God!" cried out Phosphorous. "Brilliant!, Brilliant!, Brilliant!..." as he pounded his fists on the arms of the bench seat before pounding down one more mouthful of fire-water.

"You see my Son we are all such pathetic creatures, this biblical nonsense about us having free will, That is a joke! Oh, we have free will to be sure. To take a crap or not take a crap, single ply, two ply or a torn page from a New Yorker magazine to wipe our asses with... and that is just about it."

"As you watch the sixty second Downy Detergent commercial, about one half way through, a beautiful woman clad in a flowing light blue nightgown is falling through the air. She lands on bath towels which are of an immense size. And just as this woman, ..did I say she was a white woman with long glowing blonde hair? ...just as the White Woman hit the towels, why who should appear ripping off his shirt, getting ready to do what...? Yes, One time beautiful, buff, Me!"

I sat and pondered all of this. "I don't get it," I said wondering why all the big build up to the "brilliant" story.

"That is just it, Michael...you did not get it, you and millions of other persons watching the commercial. Or should I say you, and millions of white women watching the commercial....Are you sure you are not a fay-boy after all?"

"And that part of the commercial caused a room full of dignitaries to rise out of their seats and cheer?" I asked or perhaps 'accused' again.

"I believe you called them 'dignitarie'?....You consider a fat, black, drunk dude a dignifying site?"

"Never the less, you remember My Son, I said 'simple' and 'beautiful. Perhaps you know the word 'misogamy'?"

"Sort of, it means...." I stammered.

"It means bring together of the races...and in this case, black folk and white folk....or, more specifically, black men and white women. I have an anachronism I have made up for the entire scam: BMWW...black men, white women....the ultimate scam!"

Phosphorous laughed until he almost popped off the bench. And when he calmed down again to a civil-drunken level he began part two of his mini course of the nature of things.

"Go to any magazine advertisement," said Phosphorous. "Any movie, television show, or television commercial you want and there standing next to, sitting or interacting with a white woman with most generally long blonde hair is a handsome black man. An ugly black man for that matter, like that fat, hippo- Brother sitting on the couch with as many as four white women at a time on Good Morning America...that shit has been going on for years...and no one except the producers is the wiser."

"It is not as if I have made of science of this, my son. Just a casual observance of something that was way to apparent. Year after year I watched as the television shows, the commercials, the print adds etc. increased the regularity of BMWW. But invariably it was always this, the manipulation of the races, the once again use of black brothers for the elite's purposes."

"They had to break the taboo, you know, of seeing mixed races side-by-side or in the case of the Downey Commercial, two people in preliminary fucking."

"I bet you did not see it when 'They' turned up the heat during Brother Obama's campaign for election in 2008? Every TV commercial pit a black man challenging in a very subtle way a white man for what..? For the hand of a white woman. Remember: BMWW...the ultimate fuck job."

"Seen any Dnezel Washington movies lately? In the end of the films he always goes home to a white woman...Ok, so not all his films..."

A silence wavered between us. I looked at my adopted father and just wondered.

"So bringing together the races is a sin?" I asked. "I mean if anyone should be happy about the end of a color barrier it should be you."

"Yes, Michael, the color barrier is evil but what is even more evil is when it is orchestrated by White Boys, with far too many toys to indulge themselves in."

"So Hey, White-Dude, what do you think of My Sisters?"

"You mean African American women I suppose....Hummmm. So," I asked "what am I required to think?"

"Well, My Son, don't you think the Sisters feel a little bit left-out?, Betrayed? ...Like they are not good-enough...Like only white women are good enough to stand, sit or sleep with African men?"

"Look, being gay Michael, qualifies me the same as being a bartender. You know?"

"Ugh, not exactly."

"So you go into a bar, the bartender be he male or be she female, is a perfect stranger. And after a few drinks, you tell him or her your entire life story. It is sort of a 'fools tale'...passed around. True or not."

"So being Gay, I am not a threat to any woman. So, who better to confide in than a fat, harmless, black guy, Gay, just like that fat Brother on Good Morning America. Actually the Brother is not gay....but you get the point."

"And do you know what my Sisters say to me again and again?....They say: "Those white women are stealing all of our men!"...can you fucking believe this Michael?!some White Dudes from the Bo-Bo are connected to the Television Producers from New York and together hatched a plan of placing black men side-to-side with beautiful white women, white women with long blonde hair, ...I am thinking Michael, do you think those Nordic girls suck dick any harder than say, those white girls from L.A.?.....I mean, it's something for you Hetero's to think about.....YAW?"

"But still...."

"It is all about control, My Son. Control the masses. Control what they think, how they travel in those utterly inefficient people mover rail cars, and who you-all date and have children with. And once all the masses are bounded together by the internationally acclaimed game of soccer...I mean, just how long do you think baseball has got? I mean fuck-me, Oh, sorry my boy? Actually, after that last

National Strike I think the Nordies rethought their strategy. Super big stadiums, with all the glitz, ...I mean, it can really keep the populace 'laced', at least for awhile. I mean, just one flip of the switch, just one more long strike....you know?....the fans are so fickle. 'Cattle' all being herded around."

Book II/ *chapter four*

At last!" I thought to myself as I walked away from Phosphorous or more like stumbled.....I knew something Brandon did not!....

Yes this would be a victory to savor when I saw his round-ego-centered flat face go pale with shame.

" There you fat computer-fucker you don't know anything! I know a real Insider, someone who is One of Them. All you know are rumors and text book fantasy. Why not go over and screw one of your under aged teen girls while you and she watch a teen-surfing video. Ha!"

I was reeling with alcohol fumes and I sat down under a Giant and then lay on my back. All 'that!' Stuff.

Could I really believe all that stuff? And as I lay there, fading in and out of what I was projecting reality and surrealality, I rolled over on my side and threw up every piece of food I had eaten hours before.

I awoke in the early morning with an almost fatal feeling of the chills. Somehow I managed to prop myself up on all fours and then to a standing position. I was certainly lite headed but I found after taking a few steps I was able to walk normal and the chill just sort of shook itself off me.

I made the decision to go back to Phosphorous' cabin and maybe help him clean up from last night and even fix him breakfast if he had any breakfast foods.

As I approached his cabin I saw that the front door was not locked. Certainly I thought, he had lumbered into the living room and was laying on the couch or he had made it to the bed, either way he had did not check the door nor several lights which burned on.

I did tap lightly on the door and when Phosphorous did not answer. I pushed my way in and looked directly at the couch which was unencumber save for two stylish pillows. I then walked softly down the hallway to the bedroom and saw that the door was half shut. With my hand I gently pushed open the door expecting to see a large, man sleeping like a baby with all his clothing he had had on the night before.

But instead I saw Trevor. And Trevor was straddled over Phosphorous butt humping the poor old man and Phosphorous' head was buried in the pillows with his wrists strapped to the bed posts. Trevor turned and looked at me with his seditious, nauseating smirk staring me down until I walked backward down the hall and out the front door.

Book II/ *chapter five*

It was the last day of the all-men's party and that evening would be a 'celebration'. As before, no one from Caters Unique was invited. In fact all of the servers and camp employees were to spend the night outside the grove where special arrangements had been made for the male persons of our group to sleep.

The arrival of Mrs. Chlorphorm and the other ladies, and Lizard-Tubbs debarked from their vans, swarming immediately into the kitchen where I was, having been instructed to open the kitchen early and start the ovens.

As usual Chlorphorm and Tubbs ignored my presence and pushed past me to check the foods and count over the supplies.

The other workers and I hefted all these materials onto trolley carts and as an early American covered-wagon caravan we toddled up the slight incline path way to the infamous Owl Grove...and famous for the unexpected, rabid animal sex acts, between Lithium and I,... unspeakable acts of passion, not to be talked about in front of children.

Once the tables of foods and drinks were again set up, most of the workers went back to the kitchen to prepare the meats and vegetables and other perishables. I was assigned with Trevor and two un-English speaking women to be of service for the group of men, a few wives and a few children who would attend the early morning lecture.

My mind was reeling from everything Phosphorous had spoken about the night before, and what I had seen in his bedroom less than two hours before.

For the sake of argument I considered everything Phosphorous had told me as fact and began to regiment them into virtual categories similar to the small holding bins at the hardware store; one bin for screws, one for nails and one for nuts and bolts. One bin for the UN, one for CBS and one for BMW's.

I pulled the BMW container out of the holding bin and placed it to the forefront of my brain for examination.

There was very little reading material around the camp and I knew I would have to do a fact checking against Phosphorous' claims once I got home. I would have no time to scan a television here either until I got to the control of my own channel changer and flip to as many stations as were available and most especially the sports channels. I would then make a desperate dash to Barnes and Nobles to check out the magazine racks and then march down to the central library and look into as many years back issues in the magazine titles Phosphorous sited.

Once the morning crowd had settled in for the lecture I faded away up behind the outdoor auditorium and visited the tree that supported Lithium and I as we rubbed the bark from the Ancient of Day.

The memory of my penis sliding so effortlessly into Lithium's subtle body and her holding me firm around the neck inspired me to grow a steel hard erection... I could almost see ourselves in the throes of passion with the true *making-of-love* between us.

But my momentary sense of euphoria was dashed when the *now-truth* of never being able to see or touch Lithium again was as devastating as if a serrated knife blade from the kitchen had been forced in under my rib cage. There would have been that first, surprising and then shockingly painful prick into my skin, and then a cold ugly feeling that something in my body was evil, dangerous and capable of destroying me.

I walked back to the serving tables and exchanged a few words with Trevor as if I had not seen 'anything'. The non-English speaking girls chit and chatted and I saw that one of them had a very cute look about her face and I also noticed that she took a side glance at me but turned away blushing when I smiled at her.

And though we servers were all feverishly about serving the morning foods and drinks and cleaning up I had all my senses turned to that mornings speaker.

How incredibly gifted was this man whom stood up at the lectern in a beautiful silk shirt and a red bow tie and featuring a most charming and utterly convincing argument for embracing our 'Brother and Sisters' on planet earth and how, even to the deep sacrifices of our own country we, as the leaders of the free world, "reach out, expand our visions to a world beyond war! We must for display for all the nations, lay down our arms of aggression and thus end the potential nuclear holocaust which is eminently upon us."

"For the sake of those whom we love and the future generations to come, Come! let us put away our 'toys' of mutual destruction and forsake a world of angst, forsake the centuries and the untold miseries which have been caused by war and aggression....We must if human kind is ever to survive, We must! be the example and Lay Down Our Nuclear Arms!"

The morning audience applauded to the lithe songs of this Charmer's words and some people even looking as if they had been given a speed-induced drug, clapped their hands together as if they were made of brass such as symbols clanking by the strength of a musical box monkey. Some persons I noticed seemed only to be polite and so as not to be out of step with those around them patted their hands together as well.

The girls who could not speak English continued chatting among themselves as their busy little hands performed the tasks of the morning. Trevor had somehow maneuvered around the seated audience and was giving a shoulder massage to an Orca of a man in a tank-top whose shoulders had a strong display of hair which looked like mangled wire sticking out of a wood and plaster wall. And all the time I was licking at the delicious icing of a bear-claw pastry and which set me thinking about Lithium's clitoris.

And between luscious licks I continued to roll over in my mind all that Phosphorous had said....all that he told me and, I even considered Brandon's words, all his words, all the books he had given me to read

and every video tape or tube-YOU address on the internet he had instructed me to watch.....All together, I knew human kind was Fucked....fucked! with a capital "FUCK up our Asses!!!.....unless.....(period)

And so I decided there, and then to write everything I knew...All and, everything and especially the parts about detergent, lizard people, and fucking Lithium.....and as I said, death is a permanent thing. It is also transitory. One day you are alive, the next day you are alive but then your heart stops beating some time later when you are at a football game as someone has stuck you with a needle, maybe when it is 'half-time' and your team has just walked off the field and into the stadium locker room and you fall over and are officially pronounced 'dead'. You do not even get to see the outcome of the game...(and it is not as if you care at all once you are.....Where?).

The fun question is, who will do the assignation? Bill and Hillary..? Dumb Blonds ...? Angry Black Women? The Massad..? Birchers'...? A clone of Jessie the Adulterous Preacher...?.....God knows...? (if only I believed!)

Book Four/ part one (Year three) Death Hollows

By the third visit to The Grove I had pretty much come to emotional terms that I would never see Lithium again. And I did decide I never wanted to talk to Phosphorous again....but time and primal need heals all things or at least convinces you that survival is the only option and the fact is I had been without a father all my growing years and It is not as if I had so many that I could cast them away.

I suppose one of the themes to my life, perhaps the strongest one of all is: 'Daddy, please come rescue me!':

My *real* Dad and I were at San Francisco's Golden Gate park and I remember drowning.

My dad and I had jumped into the Flyshacker's public swimming pool which was of an immense size and looked like an endless meadow of glass that receded forever .

The swimming pool was not heated and I was terrified at the thought of jumping in even with my father beside me. But something happened when I did follow his instructions and just took the plunge. Instead of flipping my arms and legs I sank like a stone. My dad had already swam out a few lengths before turning to see that I was not following nor was I visible.

I was sinking rapidly and I felt as though I were going into a deep icy cavern of death a kind of hell, like eternity.. (Poor Michael, poor child!)

My dad swam a few strokes in my supposed direction and saw a sinking carcass. He pushed down thru the cold water and grabbed me by the arms and torso and swam with me to the side ladder. I did not really cry until we climbed up the ladder and to the safety of the pool side. I was both shivering and weeping uncontrollably. My dad put a large towel around me and hugged me all the time jesting with me that I would be fine and not to worry, and not to cry and that we would go and get some hot soup and this soup would warm my bones.

There is no need of deep psychological evaluation as to my age and having a desperate need to cling onto a man for security. And so there I was, year three, back at Phosphorous cabin and there he was fat, drunk, black and beautiful.

"Where have you been my son?" said Phosphorous in his jovial tone. "Out hunting venison for your poor ol' Pappy?"

I did not say a word as I took my seat. Phosphorous held out the glass he had poured for me and we saluted each other's eminent drunkenness. (Shiiiiit....Fire Water!)

"I know what you are thinking Michael, and I know what you saw here last year in my cabin and I know you did not know what, how or where to place it in your logical order of thinking."

"I am sorry," I said as I knew he had felt embarrassment for himself and for me as well.

"No sorrows needed, Michael but just the same, let us put it all behind us." As he said the 'behind' part I knew it was a pun and I looked directly into his face and we both smiled to one another affectionately.

"Phosphorous, I said...All this information about 'Them', I mean,

"I know Mike, it is a lot to have thrown at you and, there is so much more than you could or would ever want to know. The real world is an ugly realm once you see under the surface. And if all that ugliness just stayed there unseen and unable to effect anyone that would be one thing. But evil constantly seeps through to the surface trying to take control.

"They seem so powerful, so overwhelmingly powerful."

"They are young man. They are far more powerful than we. But we have truth in our favor and truth is never the wrong answer."

"Like I said, me, you, Lithium are on the team and this is what I call the truth-train."

(Lithium!) "Why did you say Lithium? Why did you bring up her name?"

"Lithium is alive Michael or did you understand that when I said and when she said you would never see her again, that this would not be in her true physical form?Ok, understandable, you are confused."

"You never did allow me to explain. You were drunk and at the same time I could not have told you everything at once, It would have caused a surge so intense in your melancholic, emotional data base. Un-technically speaking, you could have *gone over the edge.*"

"After your first year here, I knew with your inquisitive mind that you would seek out as much information for what I had given you for no other reason than to somehow hold onto Lithium. The 'connect' you know?"

"This has been yet so far a two year agenda of education for you. And you, I assume, have allowed so much of what you have heard and seen erase from your mind. But some of the information you retained as you most assuredly knew I was not making up a type of Ghost Fairytale."

"Lithium is, was and will forever be a Vampyre, at least this is what she believes."

"What...?" I stammered to say.

"These guys", said Phosphorous and, wrenched his head in the direction of up-camp, "want to enslave the world. They are not kidding; this to them is a matter of simple logic. Listen,!..... To them, a billion dead people is like nothing. "

"They go by Stalin's motto: one death is a tragedy, a million deaths is only a statistic. Add a couple hundred million more and you have a one-billion-stat."

"Remember Mikey, I learned at their feet, I ate at their table, sloped at their trough."

(Fuck! more fire-water and Hurry!)

"And where does Lithium fit in....and you, and me and this whole mad-cap adventure I have lived through these years, Mike? Why are you here working here another season....did you question this? The Watchers are everywhere...They know we are talking and what we are talking about....but they don't care."

"Oh, I assure you they would care if they thought our talks would lead to anything that would inhibit their progress.....then of course they would take action. Quite seriously you and I would cease to exist."

"If I may be so bold Michael, I told them you and I are hooking-up as lovers. They want to keep me placated. They see me as a sort of maverick....they delight in having an entire stable of personalities at The Grove. It is a game of distraction for them."

"They tire at plotting the demise of the millions...., the gulags, the tortures....they, like any 'human' need down time. And so for them, 'they' of the Elite, come to the Grove to mingle and exchange ideas for the betterment of their own wealth and power."

"But, they, after-all, they do owe me...I was one of them for all that time. And to their credit, they do take care of their own. It is just that they have relegated me to the post of harmless-old man. They know I don't have long to live and that I am no real threat to them."

"But....?"

"Which brings us around to the question of your lover. May I ask, how much has she shared with you...I mean about her working with Caterers' Unique?"

"For her it is just a job supplement...just like me.... I guess....Right?"

"Ugh, not exactly, My Son. The truth is Lithium has been programed.."

"Pro....?"

"Yes, my Son, Lithium and thousands like her have been given drugs. Drugs first and then the reprograming of their brains. Tortured into submission...some with electric probes put on their genitals, some with threat to their families well-being. Look, Hitler's group made it to Argentinia compliments of UN boats...but that is another story and one in my mind has only been partially substantiated. "

"So it is easy you know....? Go into the jungles and lure children away from their villages either by paying handsomely for them to the parents or outright kidnapping them, picking them up off the street as beggars or as minimally paid factory workers. The beautiful ones such as Lithium to be used as sex slaves,.... the not so handsome ones for training as assassins or tasks perhaps to unbearable to speak about."

"Some of the youth picked-up, like Sister Lithium, are more difficult to program. Those kids are usually disposed of. But as we both know, Lithium has a particularly exceptional beauty. And so for her type, when she is drugged they also invent a 'myth' if you will to fulfill. The idea about her being a Vampyre is to set Lithium on a course of some mystical intrigue. It gets insidiously complicated...."

"And I may have mentioned the migration of expatriate Nazis' to Argentinia...mostly men, who head up this, if you will, Cabal of Satan, but whom are not Nazi's. No, this enclave of the Brazillian Boys, so called is too much of a romantic a myth. The mostly mens organization are 'persons' like you and me. 'People' as I have said who have too many toys, too much wealth.... a wealth that is inestimable. It has made them crazy with the thought that they can do anything and that there is no accountability."

"And the kidnappings are not just from Argentinia or South America as a whole. No, rather, it is an international crime. Kids from the streets of Chicago, Berlin...no matter....South Africa...."

"And once again, let us be firm about this: The attendees of The Grove for the most, and most overwhelming part, are in no way involved in any of this so called: CABAL. For those who do partake in prostituted 'sexual exercises', and who are not a part of what I call The Cabal of Satan, are in fact, like me, just members of The Grove, and enjoy our time here. And not all the 'kids' here have been brain washed, drugged etc. Like my 'friend' Trevor whom you know is only a few years younger than you. He is just a 'willing' and a very well paid "Server". That is Tubbs gig....the orchestration of prostitutes.

Tubbs, the 'Weirdie' if there ever was one. "

Once again I woke up in Phosphorous cabin the following morning. This time I was on his couch and my body was wound in a bundle of blankets. It was as if I had had a wrestling match with my own sub-conscious...

"No more whiskey, Ever!" I declared as I ate the eggs and toast he had made me.

"Me either," he said "I swear!"...and we both laughed.

Another Part.../ Lithium is Death

Same old, same old routine about setting up, fixating finger foods, fluffing flower arrangements.

There was entire new group of servers and all except the Latina women and a guy named Fred (I think that was his name?). Tubbs was there at his nauseating worst. There was also an additional secretary named Krypton -female- who was something like a mouse, someone androgynous and really, to be impartial, there was no way of telling if Krypton was male or female. This person was devoted to Tubbs like a suit of clothing was to a manikin or a shadow to a solitary bolder in the midst of a desert landscape in the middle of the noon day sun.

'Just maybe', I thought 'if Tubbs was a lizard then Krypton had to be a reptile as well?' But what did it matter who or what either of them were when Lithium entered the dining room, and as she did our eyes and spirits immediately locked.

Lithium smiled broadly and came over to me where we embraced perfunctorily and we pecked each other's cheeks. "I missed you," she said and it sounded sincere.

But the heat of the morning banquet was upon us and Chlorphorm was staring daggers. Once breakfast had been served and the clean-up was all but finished, Lithium came up to me and invited me to go outside for a walk.

This particular men's party was being held in the month of November and Lithium and I had coats on and wool hats as we walked down the path to the lake.

"So I feel betrayed," I said. "What happened? You have been on my mind every second for the last two years. It's like my every breath I was inhaling you or exhaling you. Had I known you would be here I would have brought the five hundred poems I had written about you, us."

"Did Phosphorous tell you I was a Vampyre?"

"I don't fucking care," I said to Lithium as I grabbed both her arms and she in turn pulled them violently away.

"You do care Michael, that is just the problem. I told you about Romantics, I can't hang with them. You guys are to much for me. I wasn't born a vampire...as far as I remember....but then, what they did to me is anyone's guess. Phosphorous told me...and the other girls and boys have told me what what pieces they remember happened to them....many of them while I held them in my arms....I was more senior than most....they related to me as if I were their mother or something....almost everyone of them was clawing at my breasts as they told me.....and about me..... I was about the age of eighteen...I think....when they took me?"

Lithium consciousness drifted out up among the giants as her face contorted and grimaced.

"Look, Lithium, I not following you very well but if my love does not mean anything to you then I don't want to be alive," I said this as mucus began running down my nostrils and my eyes watered and created a bitter sting on my cheeks due to freezing of the winter air.

"If you were not a romantic I doubt you would be having as much trouble with your drinking as you do," said Lithium wistfully.

My feelings of hurt suddenly turned to anger at the sense that I had been betrayed by Phosphorous.

"Look Michael, Phosphorous did not tell me anything about you that I did not already know. "C;mon," she said and we continued to walk to the lake where a beautiful mist was hovering over it, the willows reflecting in the water as if they had been painted in the manor of the Impressionists.

I began to indulge myself with the thought of racing to the lake edge and jumping in to drown myself. (.by the way, can anyone tell me what I am doing walking with a vampire?) Lithium slipped her arm through mine and rested her head on my shoulder and to be honest it was a wonderful feeling. (.....fucking women!)

"And I know Phosphorous has told you all about everything and all that this Bo-Bo place represents. Look Michael, the number of tears that have been shed because of these fucking Bo-Bo fuckers, could fill this lake many times over. These are the mass murderers who have manipulate countries, governments, and people! Their god is a vile lust for power and their drink-of-choice is blood."

For the first time in over two years I was able to look at Lithium. We were at the shore line of the lake and she allowed me to seek and to search everything I needed answers for as her face looked back to me passively, and then after as much as a full minute, with an enchanting glow of faith, desire and assurance.

I took Lithium's look as an answer to all my consternations and we began walking in uniform understanding of what was before us. I kicked in a door to a boat house which languished in its own loneliness stretching out over the water.

"Look what they have left for us my dear," I said in suspended faux drama. "A couch no less to rape you upon," I said as I picked Lithium up and walked her across the threshold, taking time to turn to the damaged wood door and close it with my foot, then pulling over a chair with my arm and lodging it under the door handle.

"A couch my Love, no less..." I continued laying Lithium down on her back and me ripping off my parka. Lithium watched with ultimate joy as I stripped to the waist my sweater, my shirt and my under shirt. I unbuckled my belt and unbuttoned the top buttons of my pants. Protruding out of my underwear was the head of my penis which was bulging with blood and purpose.

Lithium laughed with a child's lightness and I dropped to my knees pulling at the belt of her pants and then wrangling her pants down her hips to the tops of her boots. Her underwear were next and then inside those incredible olive colored legs I placed my head as if I were about to enjoy a religious festival.

My tongue has never been slow, nor has it ever behaved. I went to work on Lithium's vagina which gave off the most aromatic musk smell. My Love, My Love, I thought as I whipped my tongue in rapid rhythm to Lithium's, at first slow, then longing response, her arms extended, her hands and fingers massaging my head with great energy, Lithium's slight "God!" call out to the ceiling was followed by her more intense "Michael!" moaning and again: "Michael!" in a shrill call.

My mouth was full of Lithium's naked juice as her liquid love flowed over my cheeks and across my nose and all around my chin. I thought I might suffocate in our enjoyment as her release was caking up inside my nostrils as my mouth was active engaging her torsos full, vigorous thrusts. But down I burrowed in with my tongue wishing it was able to crack her vagina and enter her canal. But nature had given humanity limitations, much to women's chagrin.

There I whipped again; there I caressed, there I tickled. Lithium's back arched and she yelled out again that animal noise I had heard in the forest. "Baby!...God!" she yelped and whelped and, then in slow motion, settled placidly back onto the couch.

The remainder of our time proceeded thus: I climbed up beside Lithium having removed both our clothing and strew them in a broad display of furry around the room. I took a long, colorful match from the side of the faux fireplace and struck the tip of it on the faux stone while simultaneously adjusting the gas knob thus producing a scintillating faux fire complete with a heater fan that enlivened the room in moments. I then pulled a decorative plaid blanket off a sitting chair and cuddled next to my beloved wrapping her in the cocoon of my protection. (We certainly were not the first to fuck here in this boathouse I thought)

Lithium and I lay quietly, my holding her firm from behind, saying nothing, allowing her the luxury of aloneness free from all forms of fear and want.

In the sequential repose of time and rest, Lithium maneuvered around our quiet composure and took my still, very hard penis in her hand and placed 'him' into her mouth. 'Ah, the magic of it all!' With simple mouth and hand coordination My Lover had me in a state of orgasm that I had never imagined was possible. (What made her love for me so different?)

It was my turn to yell, and I reached deep into my primal instinct and let out the most elongated, moans which took me by surprise with the thought that I was even capable of emitting such things.

Again we lay still, Lithium this time holding me from behind and I could feel the wet hairs of her vagina as they pressed into my back side. Lithium was with her index finger tracing over the contours of my body and took special care to trace my facial profile as I looked out thru a window wondering...."What?"

"You think too much my Romantic Lover," said Lithium, "will you never enjoy the moment?"

"I can't," I said.

"Well then," said Lithium in her beguiling tone, "just the same, you did say Michael, you would rape me!"

And so I did say I would rape Lithium. And I did not have to put out much energy to entrap my willing slut to take methodical means and well-tempered ways to molest that girl.

I make it my duty never to tell the secrets of my love making techniques. My Buds' back at home base are always about me divulging my sexual techniques to which I tell them a polite "No,".

For how am I able to share something that is one hundred percent intuitive...Is it not the woman who makes love with her soul, not her body? A woman gives sex with her body, but this does not mean you will bring her to a suitable orgasm. She will achieve what she will when she wishes.

And so raping a woman such as Lithium, Vampyre, Pantheress, was simply a matter of *her* allowing me to be the Romantic she could never be with, but the Man she had always desired.

Our exercise in the boathouse that day was wonderful for both players. The love we shared is forever sacred... "Lithium, I do love you still!" (November 6, 2012)

Chapter.....*the end*...../

No person who was not a member of the Bo-Bo Grove would be allowed to spend this, the years end celebration, overnight. This final, late-night festival would be held in the Owl Grove and, with information given to me by Brandon, I knew it was something of a costume ball where all the men wore hooded, long robes and walked around to the tune of fireworks, loud music and chanting.

I hinted around to Phosphorous that I wished I could hide-out and sneak into the celebration say, in one of the robes and, 'did he have an extra?'

And I thought It must be that he had consumed one to many extra doses of whisky that day that caused 'My Father' to give me a look of What?...disdain..., What, hatred?....Acute fear....?

But Phosphorous regained his composure explaining that "I am sorry, Michael, even though I am the 'town Maverick' I am still one-of-them. Truly, some part of this whole madness is to me very real, very..." Phosphorous looked as though he were doing his best to comb his mind for the exact term...but simply shook his head and said: "No, Michael, you may never join us."

I leaned over to a man who was way-to intoxicated and gave Phosphorous an elongated hug as he sat there, I thought, very defeated, almost without life. I kissed Phosphorous my father on the cheek and then upon his bald head saying "I love you my Papa," and turned to walk down the porch steps of his cabin.

As I started on the path back to the waiting vans, I looked back to see Papa, who was wiping his eyes with his shirt sleeves, his head hanging, his body shaking uncontrollably.

part two/ pee-pee, do-do

We were at the gas station when I stepped out to go pee-pee with the other riders and eventually the vans drove off as I watched them from around the side of the convenience store.

The hike back to the Grove was miles but I was compelled by an obsessive desire that I knew was a decision to die a physical death.

Lithium had not been on either three of the vans. (Where is my Lover?) asked my mind of me but, somehow I knew. I knew she was in trouble. I knew I was on my way to rescue Lithium...(from what?...why had I gotten on the van in the first place?)

(From What?!!!) From death, Michael!from DEATH.)

part three/ The Victory of Hell

I really did walk all the way back to The Grove. Actually, I did run most of the way. Jogged.

And I did arrive, crawling past the entry gates...and all the way, dodging any displays of lighted path ways, walking, jogging, running to the Owl Shrine.

I positioned myself up to the left side of the Owl Shrine, Owl Statue, behind bushes approximately where Lithium and I had fucked...kind of like a James Bond spy-kinda-guy.

The MEN'S celebration was underway when I did find a place to nestle-in and become an uninvited observer to the goings on of the Owl Grove ritual.

And there he was, My Papa. Phosphorous sitting third row, left of center, all but indistinguishable due to his wearing an all-encompassing red robe with hood. Had it not been for fact that he had momentarily removed his hood to pat down with handkerchief his sweating brow I would not have distinguished him from all the other men in the convocation who were dressed in exact, similar costumes.

There was another speech being given by a man who was talking or rather communicating in a sing-song rhythm through a series of what sounded like ritualistic phrases using many words I was not familiar with.

This meeting was exceptionally well attended and I could see that all but a few seats were empty.

The talk/ ritual invocation lasted for what seemed a full forty minutes more after I had arrived and settled in behind bushes, on hard, damp ground, my body splayed out, lying on my stomach and with my arms and hands parting branches, peering out.

At one point the speaker-man raised his arms and all the men in the theater arose and filed out into the isles.

Down the central isle they merged, in a singular line where they came to a stacked display of long, wooden torches. Every man was handed a torch from an attendee and every man took their stick possession to a copper basin which was frothing with steamed coals and giving off a vibrant glow with a silver trail of smoke lifting off the basin and vanishing up through the tress.

There each man ignited the end of his staff with the coal fire and raised the staff before him walking in the processional line that had formed to encircle the theater seating.

Around the men walked and, by the time each man had secured a burning torch there was a beautiful glowing ring of amber, something like a necklace with each participant chanting in low, cut verses, once again hardly discernible due to the intermix of common words and no doubt 'secret' ritual phrases.

Somewhere in the mist of smoke that had formed due to the entrails of the burning torches and the fact that every person was in exactly the same clothing, I lost sight of Phosphorous.

At one point there was a command given and each member of The Grove stopped walking and every hood turned in the direction of the copper basin. There was an erie silence as all the members had stopped their chanting.

And then again the leader started in with his sing-song message and all the members followed with one low, buzzing-type sound

And then up the center isle, starting from the very back of the theater came two members, one large and the other small by comparison, who were not holding torches but rather extending out in front of them, what appeared from the distance I was lying, a compact package.

When the two men walked the distance to the front of the auditorium the leader/priest took the package from the two men which I could see was wrapped in cloth. And once again, with the smoke from the basin and all the burning torches I struggled to see the package, which was defiantly wrapped in a cotton blanket, moving within of its own energy.

The priest took the package from the large and small man and then lifted it up high over his head. The buzzing from the men attendees rose with this action and the combined, melodic noise sounded something like a machine that was capable of grinding metal.

The priest brought down the package to his chest and unraveled the package producing a squirming infant child.

At this point both the small and large hooded men pulled at the draw strings of their hoods thus revealing their identities.

Lithium and Phosphorous. The exposed persons were Lithium and Phosphorous!

Before I could take everything in with my mind and emotions, the priest turned to the basin of burning coals and placed the child down.

For all my life I will never not be awakened both when I am wrestling with my nocturnal dreams, nor when I am casually drinking coffee at a café that my mind will jettison to the soul-wrenching screech of Lithium's child when its skin first touched the burning coals.

Amen.

Tambourine Davis here...

So this Cat, Michael was laying up next door all these months and I just sort of always went in without knocking because that was his lay, and even if he wasn't home you could help yourself to any food or drinks (not that there was really anything much) and roll a joint if you wanted to kick back for a while.

Everyone was cool with this white dude and his Bitch of course. She was more *not* there than sleeping over. Michael would just introduced her as 'his woman' which was cool by any standard. And she was her own breed...ya know? More like an animal than human; a jungle cat to be more explicit.

Look I don't want to sound like a hero or something...but I am the one who did the follow up. At first I thought Michael just blew town for a few days. But it got to be a couple weeks and I figured he just split without saying goodbye which was not like him. Like I said, Michael was cool and his woman too. And when I tried going into his crib the door was like locked. And so I talked to Sonia the apartment manager and she got the key and we both went in.

Once again I don't want to sound like a hero or something but I was the one who pretty much filled the cops in. What I'm saying is there was something unexplainable about Michael suddenly leaving. I mean, Man, the dude left his lap top! Michael was never without his laptop!, No 'f'ing way! He was either sitting on the floor with it balanced on his folded legs and hunched over it like a Tibetan Monk in prayer or he would stand in the kitchen with the laptop balanced on the counter top while he sipped beer with whisky mixer.

His Lady friend I came to find was named Lithium. Ok, so I gotta confess, had the bitched jumped me I would not have pushed her away. Like no man could have resisted her. But she and Michael seemed very hooked-up, like maybe there was real love between them.

Oh, and not that you are the po-lice and are looking for facts but, Michael's woman was pregnant.

So love and pregnancy...that was a new one for me. Man, with the two of them in the same room there was such an electric connect...I almost felt like I was the one in love.

So all the cops said was to contact them if I saw or heard anything. And with Sonia's permission I was free to box up Michael's stuff, you know, his books and papers. Man, the Cat was like a librarian or something. Eighteen boxes of books! Man.

But it was the papers....

So like, do you really want to know? So I'll call you don't you call me, Get it?

But, so ok, so I owe the Dude. Like I said, for a white-dude Michael was cool.

So, the papers were scattered in the living room, the bed room, the bathroom and stuffed into practically every cabinet in the entire place. There were also mega magazines. Magazines of every sort...and yea, ha, ha, porn stuff to. But not like most cat's store of porn. Like, and I'm not kidding, he had Victoria's Secrets and these romance, kind of, flowery kind of romance magazines. And like these

romance books with men and women kissing with their clothes on on the front cover. Kinda, weird ya know?

But the kitchen was like a free-zone and the only thing Michael kept in that room were paper plates, a few plastic utensils, and in the fridge, half eaten slices of bread with melted cheese on them, a bag full of apples, three empty orange juice containers, a butter plate with no butter on it, a chocolate pie tin with only the crust left, and an old clock. You know, the kind you hang on the wall after you set the timing by hand. Kind-of-like a Grandmother clock ...ya know?

But I noticed one thing in particular, by Michael's printer was a neat stack of printed out papers. And so I figured that they might be some kind of clue to his whereabouts. And reading them sort of told the entire story, ya know....I mean about the dude and his woman, and his constantly typing on his laptop and how, as I remembered him the last few times I saw him, he was bedraggled, Ya, Know?

Like Michael seemed strung-out...ya' know? ...but I knew Michael was clean. You could do drugs but he would never partake..He said he had his bout with them and he would never so much as smoke a joint.

But the White Dude always had a supply of grass on hand. And fuck! it was like this kick-ass weed...like the most expensive stuff !....and I never did ask him where he got the bread to buy this expensive stuff and at the same time him being Ok with living here...I mean like our apartments are not exactly upscale, ya know?.

And it was not until those last few weeks of him being here did he actually look like he belonged. White dudes we gots..and Latinos and African, but most of them are 'strung' ya know. And until that end, those last weeks, Michael looked like a college professor. One time I think I asked him if he were and educator...but he just laughed.

Michael laughed all the time but not like a fool. He laughed like he was keeping a secret from you..kinda like his eyes did more laughing than his mouth.

So I do have a graduate degree from State. And I teach reading in the middle schools as a substitute teacher always hoping for that full-time gig with those retirement bennies, ya know? In the meanwhile hours of the last year or so, I was co-writing a screen play with two friends. And those were pretty much my time commitments up until Michael jammed.

But once I began reading those printed-out papers of Michael's, I booked on the two writers. I mean, what was the point now that I began to get a clean look into reality?

I mean, at first I thought what my-man had written was some sort of sci-fi story or something. But fuck me. No, it was no sci-fi, it was a real story, something Michael had lived through... I mean, I guess it really happened...Ya, know?

All about you. Tambourine Davis