

**Dragan Glavasic**

**KEEPERS OF THE  
FLAME**

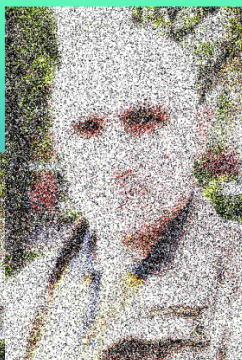
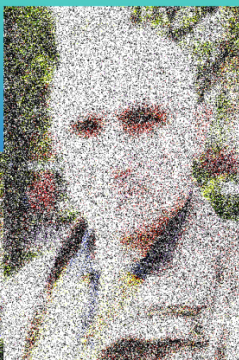
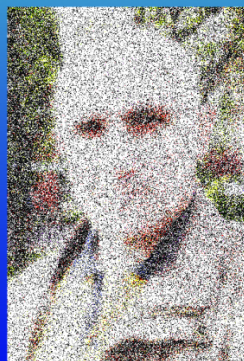
[The Compilation of Philosophical  
Fables]

*Keepers of the Flame*

Electronic book of short stories: in English and Serbian

# KEEPERS OF THE FLAME

*The Compilation of  
Philosophical Fables*



Dragan  
Glavasic

[www.glavasic.net](http://www.glavasic.net)  
[www.stvarnost.com](http://www.stvarnost.com)  
[www.odinthor.com](http://www.odinthor.com)

Tajd \* Odin & Thor



Copyright (C) 2006 by Dragan Glavasic

ISBN 86-904797-6-7

*Dragan Glavasic*

**Dragan Glavasic**

# **KEEPERS OF THE FLAME**

[The Compilation of Philosophical Fables]

Tajd  
Odin & Thor  
Belgrade 2006

*Keepers of the Flame*

Dragan Glavasic  
**KEEPERS OF THE FLAME**  
*The Compilation of Philosophical Fables*

First published by Tajd/Odin & Thor in 2006  
Belgrade, Serbia  
www.odinthor.com  
www.glavasic.net \* www.stvarnost.com  
info@odinthor.com \* dragan@glavasic.net  
Tel. (062) 51-97-97

ISBN 86-904797-6-7

Printed by Odin & Thor e-Press  
Made in Yugoslavia

Copyright © 2006 by Dragan Glavasic

These stories were written between February 2005 and September 2006. Some of them were for the first time published, during that exact time period, in the first nine issues of the philosophical journal „Stvarnost“. [ISSN 1452-0052]

*Keepers of the Flame*

*for my sons: so their world would be a better one*

*Keepers of the eternal flame, initially, were a group of men from our dark prehistory, who guarded the fire and kept it going... Nowadays, they are men who defend the ultimate proclivity of the universe and its need for changes to occur according to the grand design of reality!*

[flame or fire = change or progress]

## CONTENTS

<i>Preface</i>	10
1 Invasion	15
2 Jack and Jill	21
3 Introduction to the Trilogy (Part I)	27
4 A Frantic Freefall into History	28
5 Introduction to the Trilogy (Part II)	33
6 To Be or Not to Be	35
7 Star Makers	43
8 The Absolute View	47
9 A Day in the Life	62
10 The Midnight Train	67
11 Lions and Men	72
12 Negative Selection I	80
13 Negative Selection II	84
14 False History	88
15 Virtual Reality ( <i>from the Trilogy</i> )	90
16 The Greatest Story Ever Told	94
17 Hourglass	97
18 The Grand Awakening ( <i>from the Trilogy</i> )	99
19 Anything But an Ordinary Tale	103
20 Beginning of the End	113
21 The United States of America	117
22 The Defenders of the Realm	119
23 The World of Joy and Happiness	137
24 Hypnosis	145
25 Unbelievable Adventures of a Non-existing Deity	147
26 Sea of Mediocrity	148
27 Harvesting the Primordial Energy	151



*Dragan Glavasic*

28	Deep Space	169
29	Evolutionary Ascent Toward Philosophy	173
30	The Journey ( <i>from the Trilogy</i> )	175
31	Trilogy Aftermath (Part I)	184
32	Aussie Pride	188
33	NASA	191
34	The Solution	193
35	Trilogy Aftermath (Part II)	207
	<i>Appendix: all about prizes</i>	210
	<i>About the Author</i>	216

## PREFACE

*The innate rights to life, self-defense and survival are rudimentary human and natural privileges that we have, that are guaranteed to us, just because we are alive, we are here, because we exist! Actually, they are much more: our moral obligations... However, it ought to be mentioned as well, that nothing and no one has the license or the permission to force us to self-destruct and/or to perpetrate genocide on us, while at the same time expecting or demanding from us to keep quiet, to close our eyes or to look the other way and subserviently collaborate...*

For billions of years, the universe has evolved to create life as to develop intellect for the epochal achievement of acquiring its own consciousness and reason... Or that same uttered from a more profound metaphysical level: intellect has always played and always will maintain the essential role in the existence of Cosmos and reality: as a matter of fact, intelligence is the most important and the highest state of being, the intrinsic meaning of reality itself hence the phenomenon that enables the universe of becoming a cognitive entity possessing consciousness and ability to reason!

When the superior form of intellect, on a given planet, through an unfortunate turn of events, has obtained a destructive religion—one ghastly deviant and utterly decadent dogma, brought from outside—that contrary to

all laws of nature, all rules of the universe, taught the dominant race to love its enemies, to behave utterly pacifistic, masochistic, and suicidal [let's say, to turn the other cheek during any conflict]: everything started deteriorating. Nonetheless the process was gradual and only much later the conditions were ripe for the absolute downfall, at the time when other races commenced arriving and taking key positions in society: shoving and keeping the majority in a subservient place, forcing it to willingly degrade itself and self-destruct.

The situation was getting worse each year, until one group of, at least partially, sane individuals realized, to some extent, what was happening thus initiated a radical move to rectify the situation and overturn it in our favor. However, *divide and conquer* was yet another ploy used by the insidious occupiers thus during the chaos of war (waged between us), the enlightened elite was terribly defeated which has enabled the forces of evil to consolidate their ranks and their hold to power, thus to initiate a furious assault against the remaining enclaves of reason, in a mission to eradicate us as soon as possible. Everything became utterly hopeless! Their horrid attacks appeared unstoppable (as countless Persian troops at the gates of fire) when suddenly, like a lightning from a clear blue sky (as the arrival of Leonidas with his Spartans, transcended into the glorious keepers of the flame) a new book was published...

At first, they attempted ignoring the work, as to hide or marginalize its genuine significance, then they frantically condemned it and called the author anything bad they could think of, accusing him of the worst crimes and indiscretions: while desperately trying to prevent the excessively indoctrinated people from realizing what has besieged them: of being quietly and perfidiously lead to

annihilation. Actually, by doing so, they hoped to prevent the terribly subdued population from ever realizing what incredibly sad fate yet awaits their own children!

However, even though, according to official accusations, the writer of the book has broken their perverted laws, that were legislated by those same degenerate creeps: he has, at the same time, obeyed—immeasurably more significant—laws of the universe, while the slimy sediments at the stench infested corridors of power were the absolute lawbreakers, violating the laws of nature: as a matter of fact, were perpetrating a destructive deed and insidious degradation of overall tendency of Cosmos to create and further refine intelligence thus were forcing the superior form of reason to defy the most fundamental law, *the self-preservation principle*, as to willingly self-destruct!...

Since nothing, not even arrests and prisons, nor killings, intimidations, harassments, bribery, excessive brainwashing, vicious media and smear campaigns, nor bizarre promotions of various perversions, the inducement of *white plague*, not even the most exuberant repression on the record could help them, the critical mass was reached: everything became excessively volatile and started rapidly simmering, thus the horribly subdued and utterly exploited populace suddenly and rather unexpectedly rose up. As it turned out, nothing could deter the relentless Cosmos (or omnipotent reality) from brutally repaying them back, crushing those slime buckets, as to eradicate the decadent coalition of filthy thieves, disgusting parasites and obnoxious perverts! The excessively outraged citizens finally woke up... Angry white men became more than furious... And that is how the biggest uprising, the most important rebellion in entire history, the most significant insurrection, ever, has officially

begun... Intellectual revolution has arrived, ascending to its full glory, basking in the rectitude of pure reason and proclivity...

*Imagine, they tell us that disgusting parasites have greater rights than what we have, that they have the right to eat us from inside and/or outside. Imagine, they force us to masochistically keep quiet and accept our sad faith while others viciously steal or take what is ours; while others brutally exploit us, degrade us, abuse and destroy us: while they perpetrate a hostile act of repression and our genocide... As a matter of fact, when we think about it, there is no need to imagine any of that: we already live in one such deviant world... All we need to do is to open our eyes and wake up from this stale illusion thus to realize that life, which they have envisioned for us and especially for our children is, actually, the worst possible nightmare! The population was massively hypnotized and perfidiously fooled to accept a steady decline toward abyss; while, at the same time, and as the apex of cynicism, to believe as if our morbid society is, supposedly, the ideal option: the best of all possible worlds...*

D. Glavasic

# KEEPERS OF THE FLAME

[The Compilation of Philosophical Fables]

# INVASION

Fred Ward was harboring this strange feeling, for a long time. It was an unpleasant emotion that something was terribly wrong. Things were getting even worse, lately, since to his already bad diagnosis he could add up paranoia, as well. However, since Fred was working as a psychologist in a small town, near Portland, his intention was to keep it under wraps as not to compromise his own career. The feeling of being observed was to remain his own little secret.

Still, there has been one question that was bothering him for a long time. He was curious to find out: why our world is persistently heading to a wrong direction? Or perhaps, it would be better to ask: why are we getting, closer and faster, toward our annihilation, while nobody is doing or trying anything to prevent it or to halt our downfall? As if the people in power conspired together, as if they hated us, pathologically worked against us thus were our worst enemies. Actually, the most crucial question was: how could we explain the appearance of such a deviant system that has been an integral part of our world and for such a long time?

Those mysteries, kept on bothering Fred but he became resolved with the fact that he might never find any answers... However, by a coincidence, at his office, one of those days, came a man whose name was Kevin Peterson. He was a strange loner who spent the last twenty years of his life hiding in the forests of Oregon... Only on his last visit to Portland he was asked to see psychologist Ward.

## *Keepers of the Flame*

They agreed that Fred would visit Kevin, taking a road trip to his cabin inside the forest that would require three hours round trip... After a few meetings, the psychologist noticed that it was not an ordinary case. Compared to other patients, Kevin did not have any obvious problems, only some traces of paranoia. Most of all, it could have been noticed through his favorite saying: "Hidden enemies are, by far, the worst ones!"

It was really an unorthodox case especially since Kevin's symptoms were somewhat similar to Fred's, which actually made him even more interesting to the psychologist. As if they were to some extent connected or had some common purpose in life.

Eventually, Fred was getting more and more drown into the realization that Kevin was quite normal and rather an ordinary man, except for the last twenty years, after returning from work, one day, that took place in a nearby forest. The psychologist has spent several months trying to find out what happened at that time. But to no avail. On the other hand, as the psychologist was examining his patient, Kevin was also observing Fred and when he became convinced that Mr. Ward was alright and trustworthy, he decided to slowly and carefully open up and present his case.

According to Kevin, he used to work as a lumberjack on the uninhabited mountains of Oregon, far away from people and cities, when one night he noticed a big meteor falling from the sky. Together with two of his coworkers he ventured into the nearby woods to look for it. After they had spent the night searching, they found the rock. By then it was dawning. The meteor was located inside a small crater, only a few feet from a mountain stream.

The rock was still hot due to excessive heat that was generated at the entrance in Earth's atmosphere. Since it



was a pretty massive piece, they had to cool it down using the plentiful supply of water from the brook. Then something strange happened. The meteor split in two then crumbled into smaller segments, leaving only the metallic core intact. When they picked it up and carefully examined, just as the first rays of sunlight were getting through, they noticed, to their grand surprise, that it was in the shape of one extremely smooth ball and even more bizarre was the fact that it had some unusual markings, like letters or symbols.

Returning back to their camp, which was in a valley, they took turns carrying the metallic object. They were getting closer to the camp, when they heard some high-pitched sound just as all the atoms inside the metallic sphere started independently moving, in a rather energetic and chaotic fashion, disappearing in a distance and reappearing in a hurry, creating some unusual structures, as if they were a squadron of angry bees. At that very moment, in front of their own eyes, those flying bits got together and formed unnatural being that in every respect resembled a human. Realizing that it was likely of an extraterrestrial origin, Kevin immediately and instinctively moved toward the safety of the forest, while his colleagues followed him but they were too slow. The mysterious fragments caught them up, covered them one by one and at the end they both have completely disappeared. Even their clothes were gone, while the number of the flying bits seemed to have increased.

Since that traumatic experience, Kevin has been hiding in Oregon woods... He went to Portland after many years of solitude and immediately noticed some strange occurrences, that some weird and to us dangerous "people" were taking over and holding up all power in their hands. Things were going from bad to worse and our fate ap-

## *Keepers of the Flame*

peared to be sealed. We were getting closer and closer to our demise which could imply just one thing: the invasion has already started and our enemies have taken over the corridors of power thus are pushing us into a certain death. Worst of all, some of those strange aliens became extremely rich [which gave them tremendous influence] and/or were concealed, presenting themselves as “our” politicians, that supposedly serve only us. Such deception was possible since they at the same time kept a total control of entire media, which has enabled them to systematically manipulate and rule the gullible public, to indoctrinate the masses thus to fool us as to willingly self-destruct.

In other words, Kevin realized that the aliens have taken over the centers of power thus were holding key positions in our society: pushing us gradually—but lately more intensely—into certain destruction! At least, it was Kevin’s assessment, only such claim was also appearing more credible to Fred, by the minute. Actually, the more he listened to his patient, the more it sounded logical and as the only rational explanation capable to describe our world. For the first time, in his life, he came upon something, even though it might appear rather shocking and not very plausible, at first, that in the final analysis had at least a theoretical possibility hence could, perhaps partially, explicate the fact that we, as society, are willingly self-destructing! Especially, since such approach is against all known laws of nature, most of all: *the self-preservation principle*, according to which all that exists has a natural rectitude or proclivity to survive and prosper. That way, Kevin’s solution gained more credibility as a possible answer to the mystery.

Because, it is quite irrelevant whether it is the case of space aliens or some other to us different and antagonistic

entities, possibly originating from within the confines of the planet Earth: most of all it is the case of, to us, alien competitors that are antagonistic and belligerent, that we must confront, deal with and relentlessly eradicate if we are to survive and obtain any chances for success and prosperity. The question really was, just how to overturn the situation, especially since we have already fallen down too much, when we have allowed the obnoxious strangers to invade us and work on destroying us, when we have permitted them to poison and degrade us. The question was what we are to do, when they were insidiously camouflaged while we are fooled to perceive them as been a part of us... What was there to do, when “our” own religion teaches us to love and help our enemies, to turn the other cheek, to become excessively tolerant, utterly altruistic and pacifistic? When great many citizens were bribed to close their eyes and collaborate... Hence, there was, also, the only possible solution...

“We must envision a new ideology!” said Fred. “Most of all, the appropriate paradigms, some healthy philosophical foundations, which will enable us to realize who we are and who our enemies are, as to relentlessly deal with them! We ought to, once and for all, decontaminate the surface of Earth... As to cleanse it of all intruders and scum.”

And that was how Mr. Ward, obtained a genuine purpose in life, as something most gratifying that could ever happen to him and something that only the most fortunate men could ever experience. But even more, within such exclusive group: only Fred and Kevin had the noble goal of saving our civilization, in spite the fact that everything appeared already too late and rather hopeless.

“Big challenges require big men for accomplishing such monumental tasks!” uttered Kevin. “If it is easy,

## *Keepers of the Flame*

everyone could do it... But if it is difficult or seemingly impossible to achieve: then only the unique men could do a miracle, accomplish something that nobody else could or would even dare to attempt!”

“Like the Spartan King Leonidas!” whispered Fred.

They looked at each other in silence and they knew that a draconian task was in front of them. The fate of mankind was resting in their hands. Which meant that their lives transcended into something remarkable, that they have just gained the noblest purpose for existing. It was only them who could still save our civilization because only they were aware of the big danger that has beseeched us: the fact that we could become a minority, in two generations, within the sea of aliens and the perfidious enemies and that our genocide would follow soon after... However, they also knew that old, wise proverb: *when there is a will there is a way!*

Because, things could always go wrong: for our enemies as well. Even if they did something good for us or something proper for the universe: still events could and most likely would spin out of their control... But they actually have been doing the vilest, most awful, revolting and malevolent deeds to us; while at the same time, violating the rudimentary and fundamental laws, the innate propensity of the universe. Thus things were bound to turn around... All that Fred and Kevin really had to do was to remain persistent and to nudge them, a bit, in the right direction.

## JACK AND JILL

*Snakes and snails and puppy-dog tails,  
That's what little boys are made of.  
Sugar and spice and everything nice,  
That's what little girls are made of.*  
(A traditional nursery rhyme)

It was a typical Thursday afternoon at the Bronsons' household. The parents, chronically busy and over exhausted with daily chores and from systematic exploitation, were downstairs while Jack and his older sister Jill were upstairs, unattended, unsupervised, watching TV. As a matter of fact, they were engaged in consuming a horrible movie where the main character was a bizarre female and unnatural work of fiction, a product of a sick mind, in such a way that she was presented as being: utterly aggressive, totally smart, very much beautiful, extremely dominant woman (fem. fatale) who does anything she desires to men and can easily get away with a cold blooded murder, as well.

The brother and sister watched carefully the film, since it was made specifically for the credulous and most vulnerable members of our society [those that could be most easily manipulated and indoctrinated]; and in particular to keep young kids' undivided attention, so it had great deal of short, fast moving scenes that were excessively colorful with a great deal of happenings, unexpected occurrences, explosions, fast actions and strange sounds or loud noise... Over all, it was a typical

## *Keepers of the Flame*

Hollywood production—intended to make a great deal of money and brainwash the population, along the way—which did not bother the siblings since they were not even aware of that surreptitious, very much perfidious, plot. However, there was one thing that kind of bugged them and it was a constant or rather nagging interruption for numerous commercials.

On the other hand, and somewhat unexpectedly, both of them were kind of impressed by one of those advertisements. It had been shown just before the end of the film, and in it: a nice family was driving in their glittery car through a sunny, picturesque wilderness when suddenly a ferocious lion jumped on the hood—of their immaculately waxed car—facing the stunned family members through the windshield and roaring at them in a manner that could be construed as a serious warning.

At that very moment, a little girl who was seated in the background, at the backseat and chewing some kind of bubblegum—for which this commercial was actually made—leaned forward and roared back at the lion, in a rather hostile way, which scared him so much that the poor beast ran away and hid behind a bush!

Seeing all of that, resulted in little girl Jill saying, “Wow! That’s impressive. Such a brave act! Amazingly wicked, in fact.”

Her younger brother just commented, “Wow! She’s so smart!”

A few weeks latter, Mr. and Mrs. Bronson had a big surprise, in store, for their kids. As a matter of fact, they were inside their car, Mr. Bill Bronson driving, when he announced to his children.

“If I am not mistaken, Jill’s tenth birthday will be next month.”

“That’s correct, dad!” replied the little girl.

“So what did I promise you two that we are going to do for your birthday?” asked their father.

Both of the siblings looked at each other in dismay.

Then little boy replied, “I know! You’ll take us to San Diego Zoo.”

“That’s right kids... That’s where we are going right now!”

Upon hearing this tremendous news, all that Jack and Jill could reply was one prolonged, “Wow!”

Their faces showed the full extent of their satisfaction. This trip was something they both wanted for a long time. And now it seems that their wish was to be fulfilled in the nicest possible way.

The rest of the journey did not seem to bother the siblings. They just complained that it took too darn long to get there. The two hours drive seemed like eternity to them, in the anticipation of the event.

Eventually, their father steered toward the exit and they drove off the highway into the serene surroundings immediately preceding the park. Soon enough, they could even see the large overhead sign signaling the official entrance to the zoo. It was like a dream come true for both Jack and Jill...

When Bill Bronson, finally, aligned and stopped his car in the entrance line, there were only a couple of other vehicles ahead of them. But the other visitors went through the tollgate rather fast and soon enough it was Bill’s turn. He gave money to a clerk in the booth, who was uncomfortably seated, kind of crouched behind her counter; and with one small push on the gas pedal his car accelerated into the confines of the zoo, which was one of those modern facilities that actually resembled national park, for the animals in it could roam freely, behave

## *Keepers of the Flame*

innately, as if they were in their natural habitat, their native environment, the glorious nature as the ultimate cradle and sanctuary of life and all that is innate or normal.

Realizing that this excursion to the park might take some time, Mrs. Bronson had, in advance, prepared some sandwiches for their children. Since they were on the road for a while, and since they observed the animals for some additional time span, she concluded that it might be the proper moment for a snack, so she opened the large basket that was conveniently placed behind her and pulled out some food, just as her husband drove into the section of the park that was occupied by a herd of lions.

The sight of these magnificent beasts was so impressive, it resulted in a spontaneous surge of utter awe which then induced a profound sense of respect in both Mr. and Mrs. Bronson concerning Mother Nature. Their intense delight was such that it might have been a borderline to being considered a genuine religious reverence. So, Bill slowly pulled his car near a big cat and looked at him. It was a remarkable specimen of a male lion in his prime: the one who fearlessly presided over and relentlessly ruled his entire pride consisting of just one more male lion, over twenty utterly subservient lionesses and great many of their cubs.

The arrival of the car did not bother the patriarch of the pride much. As a matter of fact, it seemed as if he did not even notice the intruders to his sacred realm. The lion's big penetrating eyes were stone cold and his demeanor revealed utter calmness and enormous power stored up in those massive limbs, armed with razor sharp claws, and his awesome, indeed breathtaking, jaw. Bill immediately leaned to the right and opened the glove compartment, taking out his digital camera with haste. He wanted to



immortalize this extraordinary moment with a picture as the memento of their visit to this zoo, in the ultimate remembrance of what nature really is.

As soon as his wife, Sally Bronson, managed to get the hold of herself and in particular of her emotions, she opened the basket, grabbed two sandwiches and turned around handing them over to her children; only at that very moment blood rushed out of her head, a dark wall of descending curtains crushed on her consciousness thus she simply fainted; because her daughter was not in the backseat, where she was supposed to be, and instead the door next to her assigned place was menacingly ajar. At that very moment, the little boy, Jack was profusely staring with his green eyes, being rather dumbfounded, at his older sister who, in the shocking display of extreme stupidity, walked out of the car and straight toward the beast that was peacefully lying, minding his own business, only several yards away. Before her father even knew what has happened, the little girl was standing in front of the lion. She leaned toward the king of all animals and made a nasty face; which was not a nice gesture by any standard. Then she made growling sound; which was even worse and a totally unforgiving insult in the lion's sacred code of conduct.

The whimpering "growl" of his daughter, however, alarmed Mr. Bronson to turn back in a flash and his blood immediately froze, his camera fell down on his lap, when he saw this large, magnificent lion lunging forward and ripping Jill's head off in an instant! With one bite he severed her cranium and crushed her skull, like it was a tasty morsel, then he swallowed it with a gulp. In the next few seconds, the lion bit off half of her body and it took him just a few more seconds to eat it up. Actually, within a few more instants Jill was completely devoured by that

## *Keepers of the Flame*

remarkable lion to a grinding horror of her bewildered father and to the shocking amazement of the little boy...

Suddenly, it has occurred to Jack, a deeper and more profound truth: the lions do not watch TV! Either that or, contrary to media claims, females are anything but smart... What's more, the only redeeming quality that all females seem to possess, innately, is their uncanny ability and their tremendous potential to instantly transcend into highly nutritious feline food!

And all that anyone could say, at that very moment, was articulated by this little boy who just leaned forward, calmly closed the door, then uttered, in a loud and not so childish sounding voice, "Wow!"

Which, as a matter of fact, summoned it all up! Actually, it was all that anyone could profusely think, under these unfortunate circumstances, concerning the pending relevant issues, especially those involving the media or rather those insidious creatures that totally control it thus systematically and relentlessly abuse such tremendous power, for their personal gains but at the detriment of the terribly oppressed and brutally subdued majority.

# INTRODUCTION TO THE TRILOGY (Part I)

An awesome explosion, at a faraway region of the universe, has created a total havoc and utter chaos. All of life died out, became ruthlessly pulverized; everything was completely extinct, annulled, blown up, burned and crushed beyond recognition; while newly created atoms and particles were flung all over the galaxy... Within the sea of eternal changes, it happened that some of those atoms entered a living tissue, joined a live structure, on a planet many light years away from the place where the supernova originated.

However, that was not just any organism, but extremely intelligent one: a human being that made powerful telescopes, thus for the first time managed to see the stellar remnants of that exact explosion, in other words, his own cosmic cradle which somehow led him to realize that he was an integral and essential part of the universe; that through him, and those like him, Cosmos became conscious entity capable of reasoning and perception: as one colossal structure, able to conceive itself and realize its own existence. Such transcended those men into the most significant entities ever, actually, a possible meaning for the existence of everything: even reality! Which bestowed upon such an intelligence the most potent level of protection by the omnipotent, most remarkable force that has ever existed, that is currently existing, or will yet exist: Cosmos or, perhaps more accurately, reality!

# A FRANTIC FREEFALL INTO HISTORY

[Based on a true story]

*All females are, by their nature, masochistic, weak, subservient and as such they could be easily influenced, willed, conquered, manipulated, controlled, exploited, dominated... They do not possess any strength of character or any redeeming cerebral qualities... Determination, perseverance, mental toughness, courage, loyalty, ingenuity and profound vision or wisdom, among other are not their innate traits... They are the most despicable form of humans; by far a more rotten gender, a worthless part of the disease which has defiled the surface of the Earth: whose only genuine values could be their youth, naturally blond hair, blue eyes, slender body and long legs.*

Elsa Andersson was somewhat a typical Swedish girl with blond hair, blue eyes and slender body: excessively pretty indeed. At the age of twelve, when she was the most beautiful, her father took her to an airplane show. It was a nice summer day, a sunny afternoon and the plains were so shiny, even glittery, therefore this particular event carved itself deep into Elsa's little brain. In fact, several years later, she decided to become a pilot, herself, so after being given an airplane she spent some time playing with

it. Actually, the extent of her interest was to wash and clean the craft, to climb into it and pretend of flying. Then eventually she gathered some courage to start the engine... Her shaky hand slowly approached the ignition button and as soon as she pushed it there was a loud noise which caused her to pee her underwear. But otherwise she was alright and being a female she actually enjoyed that terror shock which rumbled through her entire body and transmogrified in a rather masochistic fervor! After a while this occurrence started loosening its demeanor of horror so she eventually commenced taxing the plane on the ground, driving it into circles or back and forth on the runway.

Occasionally she even managed to make a small jump, barely lifting off the ground just for few measly seconds. Only to her it was a major event and she called it her flying. No matter that more experienced flyers laughed at her or made fun of her, she masochistically kept on doing it with a “profound sense of determination” that somehow abruptly ended one day, when Elsa saw a man using a parachute to jump out of the plane. Immediately, Elisa Andersson gave up on the whole idea of flying and becoming a pilot, thus rushed to buy a parachute instead.

No matter that the concerned salesman tried to warn her parents that parachute jumping could be dangerous sport and that like all females she did not possess enough determination and perseverance to succeed in anything she tried (except that which comes natural for her: giving birth and upbringing children)... Her father simply seemed uninterested to intervene and put stop to his daughter’s naughtiness... On the other hand, her mother appeared impressed with Elsa. She even proudly stated that her unorthodox daughter would make a big splash, some day [which actually turned out to be the case, and it

happened much sooner than what Mrs. Andersson anticipated]!

A few months went by and the expensive airplane toy was rusting in their backyard, while Elsa was inside her room, busy packing her parachute. She has just received the green light to her first jump and it was in the neck of time, considering that her span of persistence was rather low and was about to expire, as her interest in parachuting was just about to die out. So the opportunity to jump out of a plane came in the very last moment.

Having parachute readied, the Swedish girl walked into a car that took her to a field where a group of men gathered. They all had a parachute neatly packed on their backs. A silent laughter went through the crowd as they saw this nice looking girl that obviously had some serious and deeper psychological problems which demonstrated themselves in her need to dress like a male [wear pants and socks], do what men do, thus that way to transcend the innate confines of her inferior gender.

Soon enough, the men and the woman were inside the airplane flying through the clouds while Elsa was in addition stumbling through the fog of her terribly clouded mind. Somehow, being on that plane with parachute strapped behind her back, she started questioning her resolve to do and behave as men.

She began sweating profusely and feeling rather uncomfortable. The sound of the engine was so loud and the vibrations were so powerful that she could not hear anything and her excessive shaking could not be seen by anyone. Suddenly, Miss Andersson realized that she could not go through with it! She felt a profound desire to somehow stop this whole nonsense. Only, at the same time, everything in her head started spinning around while

her hands and legs became paralyzed and strangely enough also sexually aroused.

Then the moment of truth arrived and the men started jumping out one by one. She was frozen on her seat and the man behind her picked her up and pushed her forward, like she was a sack of potatoes. But the paralysis that overwhelmed Elsa Andersson did not abide, only her sexual excitement rather intensified. Her every muscle was stiff and completely unresponsive. Her eyes stayed wide open as the men took her to the door and threw her out. Elsa's body hurdled toward the ground, accelerating fast in freefall. She became panic stricken as she could see the ground, far below, rapidly approaching. Her fear was such intense that she could not even scream or cry. Falling for over one thousand meters she experienced the biggest orgasm of her entire life at the very moment she finally hit the surface with such velocity and with tremendous impact that her body burst out. Her bones were crushed into small pieces and her blood spilled all over, in all directions as she was a spineless ameba—which as far as females go is not an entirely inaccurate description—thus effectively she did make a big splash, after all, just as her mother anticipated it!

Only, the most ridiculous turn of events happened later in that century when some excessively deviant groups—which generally promoted some destructively decadent agenda of utter evil—decided that they need a female hero and/or a pioneer of a sort, so they looked far and low to find any such person from the stock of the weaker gender: but no matter how hard or deep they looked, they could not find any. In utter desperation those abnormal sediments within the corridors of power made their final insult against sanity and history. Odin and Thor must

## *Keepers of the Flame*

have been stunned beyond the intensity of Ragnarok; because, in their schools the little Swedish children are thought [thus each Swede currently knows] of the supposedly heroic adventures of Elsa Andersson and how allegedly significant person she was for the development of aviation in Sweden.

Thus in the annals of ridiculous and obscene nothing was ever as ghastly and as morbid as was the propaganda ploy and brainwashing scheme by which one idiotic worthless female sack of excrement could be transmogrified into a heroic material of epic proportions, by which millions of citizens could be indoctrinated and doped into believing such a bizarre lie: a prevarication that females are equal to men!

*It is undeniable truth that no amount of deviant propaganda could ever alter or subside: females are mentally, physically or in any other conceivable or possible way inferior to men! To claim anything else is a case of despicable perversion and of definitive insult toward this universe and the ultimate reality.*



# INTRODUCTION TO THE TRILOGY (Part II)

*Legally preventing the majority to defend itself from the insidious minority is a crime against nature. Enabling the less intelligent to abuse, exploit and destroy the more intelligent is the most outrageous of all perversions and the crime above all crimes: is a colossal sin against the universe and reality!*

He took his son to a park that was terribly overwhelmed with dogs. There were twice as many dogs than children. The canines were running all over the place which has forced the parents to keep their offspring close by, as if on a short leash, so that out of control animals would not run them over. The number of dogs was so large that every square meter of the lawn was covered with dogs' hair, excretions, feces or with thick sediments of their urine. The boys and girls were hurdled in one small corner that had broken down swings, rusty slides with a sand box that dangerously contained a huge quantity of animal excrements; while the rest of the park was mainly used by some lonely old people and the extreme weirdoes that preferred to raise dogs and cats instead of their own children...

On their way home, the father and son saw great many disgusting intruders who came from Asia, Africa and

## *Keepers of the Flame*

South America hence did what they pleased, creating utter chaos while abusing, molesting, terrorizing, robbing and exploiting the people and/or stealing from them; while nobody bothered to say much about any of that or in any way to rebel against that horror, or even to show a degree of personal dissatisfaction. What's more, the police looked the other way and pretended not to see anything: as if everything was fine, as if the savage primitives were not among us... The majority was hideously deceived and indoctrinated—through decadent laws, media, “entertainment industry”, “education”—to keep quiet and endure all of that or to masochistically collaborate and enjoy in it. As if they were systematically fooled or perfidiously forced, contrary to all laws of nature, to self-destruct!

The man had looked toward his son with sorrow in his eyes before he thought, “If we are discriminated to this extent, in our own country, if they abuse and humiliate us this much, while we are still the majority—what will happen to us, when we become a minority, in some two generations from now? How will my son walk the streets and live in this city, when he grows up and becomes a minority while those obnoxious creatures turn into the majority. What kind of ‘life’ are we preparing for our own children? What country or what destiny are we leaving for them to inherit? Or as a matter of fact, who are all those damn politicians and whom are they really representing or working for?”

# TO BE OR NOT TO BE

*The highest percentage of any population consists of inert mass, (scared) pathetic sheep, mediocrity and subservient sediments who don't care much about anything or who always vote for the same political option, thus blindly obey those in power... They are generally speaking easiest to indoctrinate, manipulate, abuse, exploit and cheat... However, there are such immense lies and deceptions which are so bizarre and/or morbid that they violate all known laws of nature, actually, they are so obvious that not even amorphous matter is able to accept them!*

A middle-aged man with gray hair, wearing light hat, was slowly walking. His mind was consumed thinking, when suddenly one rather exceptional idea occurred to him.

“After the Second World War,” he reasoned, “through extensive propaganda campaigns of most extraordinary proportions, the public was fooled to perceive the Nazis and Adolf Hitler as the vilest criminals that have ever lived; hence, that it was sufficient to label or equate something or to associate it in any way with Nazism for it to become essentially bad and immeasurably evil; in spite the fact that, regardless of all their shortcomings and mistakes, when we think of it more clearly and everything is taken under consideration, Nazism and the Nazis were a great deal better toward our culture and civilization than

the current rulers, cluttering the corridors of power in Europe and North America!”

He thought like that until, by a pure chance, he arrived at the entrance to a museum, where one enormous poster was placed. It was inviting passersby to come in and witness the latest presentation: the art through space and time *[even though, according to some claims of a philosopher at the beginning of the 21<sup>st</sup> century, who, due to his “political incorrectness”, had no access to the media: space and time do not exist, therefore, nothing (not even art) could be in space and time]*! Since it was one rather interesting poster, it fulfilled its purpose, at least in one specific case, when a group of students from a small town, decided to go in and spend some “time” observing the exhibit.

They saw large, high resolution photographs, presented in two big rooms, of incredible art, the earliest paintings from a distant prehistory, that were made in Europe over 30,000 years ago by our gifted ancestors. *[Using the expressions by which it is implemented that something happened before specific number of years: the author does not, in any way, shape or form, suggests that time really exists—nor does he take the position acquiescent to those retrograde thinkers which irrationally claim that something (like space and time) exists even though there are no proofs, of any kind, to support it—but rather and only states that something happened before something else, that could be described as a certain number of years: actually, specific number of revolutions of Earth around the Sun.]* The quality and beauty of those masterpieces left not only students but everyone present speechless and breathless, simply stated they appeared somehow iridescent! That much of manual dexterity, such a gift for shape and colors, for artistic expression was mind-

boggling, especially since they were done deep inside caves, in darkness, only with the aid of flickering camp fire or torches.

Some paintings depicted the bison running, being hit by arrows and spears of our early and obviously quite successful, skillful and valiant ancestors. Only with the invention of cameras, the people could see just how remarkably talented were our predecessors: that they were able to perceive fragments of reality which we saw for the first time with the aid of specialized photographic equipment and high speed cameras. Aside from the amazing fact that artistic and technical aspects of those paintings were on the level of any modern work of art. As a matter of fact, when those paintings were discovered for the very first time, in the caves of southern France, during the 19<sup>th</sup> century, the people thought that those were the works of some extremely gifted contemporary painter.

There was also a smaller segment at this introductory portion of the exhibition dedicated to the extraordinary prehistoric art, from Lepenski Vir, that was 10,000 years old.

The art presentation continued with the beautiful sculptures and carvings from the ancient Rome and even more ancient Greece. All were done between 1,500 and 3,000 years ago. Then the visitors entered several enormous halls which contained paintings created in the last 1,100 years. There were a couple of works by Giotto (1266-1337), large canvases by Rubens<sup>1</sup>, while the biggest interest commended the paintings of a great Dutch painter from 17<sup>th</sup> century, Rembrandt, who lived from 1606 to 1669 and created masterpieces of incredible beauty and unsurpassed craftsmanship, as the crowning achievement

---

<sup>1</sup> Flemish painter Peter Paul Rubens was born in 1577 and died in 1640. He left, behind him, a great many superb works of art.

of our (or, should we say, world's) cultural heritage! Also there were: Titian, William Dyce, Adolf von Menzel, English landscapes by John Constable (1776-1837), etc.

Everyone was with undiluted attention observing the exhibits... The presence of those masterpieces demanded a degree of religious devotion, utter silence and respect from any rational human being: because, they were fascinating art creations that could be done only by excessively gifted individuals, fine art geniuses with incredible talent for painting.

The students from a small town, and the others as well, were totally mesmerized and immersed into the exhibition. Some were seated at the benches, for a long time, looking at the paintings; that way allowing each segment of the picture to seep inside their craniums, while paying attention to every detail, every shade of color or purposely emphasized interaction between light and darkness (for they were a significant tool in the skillful hands of those artists).

*[The author wishes to accentuate the fact that by using the words "time" and "hours" in the following paragraph, he does not imply the existence of time, since they are only expressions frequently used to entail, for instance, that something happened at the moment when something else also happened: the rotation of the handles on the watch. In other words, five hours is duration of five complete rotations of the longer handle in the watch, and if something lasted five hours then it lasted the same as five rotations of the handle: which has nothing to do with the abstract, mysterious and non-existent concept of time! Just the same, the use of expressions "enter", "space", "room", "museum" or others like that, does not imply the existence of space. Actually, it is only a way to imply, for example, that some material object has entered*

*some other material entity: while there is no reason or any rational to connect and/or associate such with an imaginary concept of non-existing space!]*

Already five hours have past since they have entered the museum. It seemed as if they will spend even more time in search of the beauty from the past, when suddenly one of them noticed a new room. He called the others to join him and they ventured inside a small space where only few tinny photos were shown, similar to what was the case at the entrance to the museum, but unlike that first collection of great many European works of early art, these ones were showcased as “the art of Africa”. Gullible and curious students, with open mind, started examining the photos of artwork recently made in Africa, as a digital record of creations that were done on the Dark Continent during their blackness of prehistory.

They were simple drawings, done with shaky white lines. The best way to describe them would be as the works that a great deal resemble crude drawings of little children, that for the first time take pencil and try to leave some traces on the surface. Only they were not so good as the works of most children (including retarded ones). Actually, come to think of it, those presentations or rather drawings of “African art” should not have been placed in the museum [unless it is the museum of bizarre nonsense and extreme stupidity]. In any case, not if it is the museum of fine art. The next and the biggest shock was a discovery, when one of the visitors noticed the text which explained that these prehistoric works of “art” from Africa were, actually, done in the 19<sup>th</sup> century, some 150 years ago, by unknown “artists”.

To which someone from the group replied, in a polite but very much “politically inappropriate” manner: “If I am not mistaken, these pathetic drawings were made at

the time of Rembrandt, when he created his works of art?"

"No way! This ridiculous art from African prehistory was created some 200 years after Rembrandt's death, at the time when the French discovered the caves with the paintings of our noble ancestors, that were done over 30,000 years ago!" the middle-aged man, with light hat, that happened to be in that very room at that very moment, corrected the previous speaker, in even less "politically correct" way.

"Or should we say some 230 years after the death of Rubens, and over 500 years after the death of Giotto! My god, this exhibition is excessively morbid one!" another visitor commented, utterly disgusted, in the least "politically correct" way.

At first, there was a complete state of utter silence, whose degree of political correctness could not be determined [actually, it could not be assessed whether that was or was not politically correct and just how much it was or was not such], stillness that could not have been anticipated, not by a long shot, in a crowd of that size [some thirty individuals cooped up in one small room, indeed]. Everything was so quiet that a fly could have been heard, if there was any fly there, but since there were no flies there then absolutely nothing could be heard. The ultimate silence prevailed! They all looked at one another, and then again their eyes saw the supposed art from Africa. They observed simple lines, so badly drawn that they only remotely suggested possible shapes of some unknown animals.

"Monkeys would have done it better and more skillfully too!" whispered someone from the crowd in the way that could be declared as the most "politically incorrect". However, due to the excessive amount of silence, his



words started reverberating and even got a mysterious echo, as if hundreds of people repeated that claim or as if our ancient ancestors in this curious way tried to send us a message of the gravest importance.

Several visitors suddenly became excessively pale, in face, and they appeared confused, as if in a state of panic, like a flock of sheep that somehow found themselves inside a slaughterhouse... The utter calm still prevailed, when suddenly one of the students started laughing [which could be declared as, definitely, the least politically correct reaction; actually, as the possible demise of *political correctness*]. Immediately, all those present started laughing with such intensity that each and every visitor from the rest of the museum rushed to that small room to see what was happening.

But as soon as the others entered the place, they would first observe the group of people on the floor, as they laugh uncontrollably, before they too realized the absurdity of these “art” exhibits. So they joined the chorus of laughter, holding their bellies and eventually falling on the floor in the state of hysterical hilarity. [Which, as a matter of fact, signified the end of *cultural relativism*!]

Finally the security rushed in, like they were on fire, they entered the premises and observed the merriment. Since some of the visitors were in a rather bad shape due to the pain in their abdomens from extensive laughter, the guards had to call an ambulance. Eventually even the security personnel realized the joke and they started frantically laughing as well. When the paramedics arrived, the people still carried on and rolled over the floor, only by that time some were on the verge of fainting or they had quite terrible pain from cramps in their facial muscles.

## *Keepers of the Flame*

For the situation to become even worse, the paramedics also started laughing. In order to prevent further spread of this epidemic of excessively contagious laughter, outside the confines of the museum: the government was urgently called in. The officials immediately responded by declaring all out emergency and for the purpose of national security they decided—in spite the fact that the whole government could be labeled as the remnants of Nazis, while their actions as being the return of horrible Nazism—to quarantine the museum and declare it a contaminated region thus close it for public until that supposed art from Africa is carefully taken out: thrown at the city dump—where it really belongs—and burned.

Essentially, such also implied the beginning of the end for the “civilization” as we know it; or rather, the beginning of one completely new epoch where propaganda is not excessively utilized to force citizens to submit under a state of brutally vile and grotesquely insidious “political correctness”, to believe in utter nonsense, in obvious and/or morbidly destructive mendacity, such that it is normal for us to willingly self-destruct, to see the idiotic drawings as works of art, to allow our children to listen and accept negro music (simpleminded drivel of jazz, blues and rap) while to ignore and hate our own traditional music and our classical music, or that space and time exist. In other words, after a long stretch of millennia, our race and our advanced civilization—whose roots could be found in the caves, forests and fields of southern France—finally reached the decisive moment in our existence: when we are to grow up and leave our childhood, decide whether we shall survive or perish, remain or disappear, whether we shall be or not to be!

## STAR MAKERS

“Wow, she is such a talent,” said Peter while watching a disgusting music program on TV.

“What talent?” stated Goran, “There is no such a thing as talent, as far as entertainment is concerned.”

“But she is enormously successful; she had to be good at what she does.”

“No way,” insisted Goran. “Are you really so naïve? None of those entertainers are anything better than an average person. They had good connections, were ‘politically correct’ or were just lucky to be at the right place at the right time thus to be chosen and made into stars! They are perishable and easily disposable property, just expendable goods whose only purpose is to make some people rich and to promote some clandestine agendas along the way [especially, since some of the producers could—and most often do—harbor some ulterior motives as well].”

“What are you talking about?” asked Peter.

“Alright! I’ll show it to you,” replied Goran. “We can choose, at random, anyone from the street and with enough money and/or good connections, I can make them famous and turn them into genuine celebrities... Only by far the best to find, of course, is a pretty young girl that eagerly spreads her legs. That way we can, also, get some fringe benefits in addition to potential monetary gains.”

“You know how it goes: with good connections everything is possible, with bad connections nothing is possible! Or more correctly: with appropriate connec-

tions and/or enough money we could do anything while without them nothing!” Peter concluded.

Interestingly enough, both Peter and Goran were filthy rich. As a matter of fact, while working as general managers, they have separately robbed those two large (publicly owned) companies—completely leached them out, effectively reducing them to ruins—some twelve years ago, at the transition period when Yugoslavia turned capitalist from communism. Eventually, they had a great deal of (our) money, so much in fact that they did not know what to do with it.

Initially, both of them have bought a few boutiques for their wives, then to each of their children they gave two or three profitable private firms, a large house, a couple of apartments and several cars plus expensive motorbikes [for their sons to use as to terrorize residents of Belgrade, by enormous noise and dangerous driving, while being totally immune from the police] and of course huge bank accounts. They even consolidated their resources by inter-marrying their children so that Goran’s and Peter’s wealth would stay within the family, or rather inside a closed circle of the new “royalty” consisting exclusively from the rich thieves and their utterly spoiled progeny.

“That is a well known fact,” said Goran. “Hollywood producers and entertainment industry in the West or the world do it all the time. They can make a performer out of anybody. In fact, most of those big stars have never studied music or learned to act.”

Since Peter seemed a bit reserved, Goran has decided to prove his point. They went outside of the restaurant and he immediately stopped the first person who went by.

“This man can become a movie star,” said Goran.

The next passerby was to become a great writer and the third was to be turned into a successful singer.

“It’s really simple,” insisted Goran, “all we have to do is to use some of our connections and/or dish out enough money and everything is possible. No talent or any kind of inner quality is needed for them to become rich and famous. Or for us to get in the act, as well, and share some of that wealth generated this way. It’s really enormous money that we can actually collect from the idiotic population.

As a matter of fact, even if we select the most stupid person, with my recourses and connections, I could make him or her into a successful writer with ease; and if we get the oldest and ugliest woman or man or transvestite alive I could still turn her or him or it into a big star. There is nothing I can’t do or achieve with my enormous resources.”

“You mean,” said Peter, “we first spend a great deal of money and pull some strings to make something popular or to turn them into well know entertainers before we earn even more money by exploiting those dumb suckers in the general population!”

Peter thought for a moment then reiterated, “Actually, we spend a lot of money telling those imbeciles what is good and popular then we make even more money by selling it to them or especially to their gullible children.”

“Exactly, all of us will profit: the two of us as the producers and these three mediocrities as famous artists... The public is so amazingly pathetic and so easily influenced, heck, we could sell them anything, even smelly excrement if enough money is spent to promote it... Come to think of it, this is the second time<sup>2</sup> we are robbing them: the first time was when we stripped off publicly owned companies and now the second time when we

---

<sup>2</sup> The English have a proverb: If you fool me once, shame on you; but if you fool me twice, shame on me!

## *Keepers of the Flame*

use that same money to make them buy some ridiculous and worthless nonsense,” laughed Goran.

“We shall benefit, only those morons, out there,” he continued, “will lose some of their hard earned cash for buying the crap that we force on them and make popular though a barrage of propaganda and commercials... After all, popular and successful is just what we make it as such.”

“Yes, Sir... We definitely can earn money in an easy way, unlike those dull bastards that really have to work hard for living.”

“Well, who cares? I don’t, you don’t, nor does the government, media, politicians or those fake intellectuals! Even those stupid people don’t seem to care about it: otherwise, they would undertake something drastic, by now... So let’s exploit them to the fullest... They are so simpleminded; they actually beg for it and most definitely deserve it.”

Then the two of them took those three, soon to become famous stars, for the signing of the contracts and the official commencement of their illustrious careers...

# THE ABSOLUTE VIEW

*For all eternity and beyond, this awesome universe has existed nurturing within its colossal boundaries intellect as its crowning achievement and the ultimate purpose of life, the final reason for existence, the goal above all goals, as its prime objective, the rudimentary and remarkable ascent into the realm of divine beings. As a matter of fact, somehow it became apparent, to some of those inspired individuals capable to ascertain the highest faculties of reason, that its laws were custom fit not only to make life and intellect possible but also to exalt them to such extent that it could be considered that, through us, Cosmos has become a living entity itself and that, as a matter of fact, it has achieved the state of consciousness, as well; hence it has fulfilled the prime objective...*

A rugged looking man wearing dark pants and plaid shirt opened the door and slowly stepped inside a brightly-lit room. His rather long hair was very much red as were his beard and mustache. He placed his bagpipes at one of the racks next to the entrance and looked around before walking down a short corridor to the table at the opposite corner of this small establishment. Arriving to the desired location, he set smoothly as if weightless at the very moment when the waitress gave him a pleasant smile. She nodded gracefully and immediately moved toward him. The waitress was a blond woman with bright blue

## *Keepers of the Flame*

eyes and extremely pale complexion that most men would consider very attractive even though she was anything but very young.

“Good evening, Sir. It’s a great pleasure to have you as a guest!” she said politely and rather submissively.

“Hi,” he replied, in a strong, dominant voice, before continuing, “What can I eat at this special place and on this beautiful day?”

“Yes, a lovely day isn’t it? But then again, luckily for us, we always have similar weather,” the waitress said with a smile. “Here is our menu, Sir, and while you look through it would you like something to drink? We have all sorts of beverages.”

“Sure, bring me a glass of red malt lager with white lines on the top.”

“Red beer, I’ll be right back,” she replied and hurried behind her counter, toward one large opening in the wall that was connected to a medium size kitchen where the cook was making all those meals for the satisfied customers.

To all the informed individuals, this was actually one of the nicest small diners in this neighborhood or beyond and their food was the best money could buy so it was often busy with visitors that would arrive from a far away.

In fact, at that very moment, there were twelve men who came with one specific purpose in mind, to have a delicious and inexpensive meal at a location that, by any standard, had outstanding view, indeed. As a matter of fact, this establishment had the best scenic view anyone would hope to see, in his lifetime, and that was one of the main reasons for its enormous success.

Some of the customers were sitting and talking at the shank while a few were seated at several small tables, in the boots fit for four, at the other side of the corridor.



Actually, there were six such boots, lined up one next to the other and all-together leaning against large windows, which covered the entire wall that gradually curved into the glass ceiling.

One of those men raised his hand and the waitress immediately hurried to serve him in the grand tradition of diners, worldwide; then she gracefully turned around and walked to the red-beard.

“How was your drink, Sir?”

“Very well, thank you,” he smiled pleasantly.

“And have you decided what you’d like to eat?”

“Yes, I’d like to try a cheeseburger with French fries and a cola.”

“Excellent,” the waitress said, “That’s really a great choice. Our cheeseburgers and hamburgers are second to none. But you’ll be able to see it for yourself soon.”

The red-haired man just nodded his head as a mean of approval.

“I’ll be back with your food,” she concluded and went toward the counter.

At that very moment, there was the most stunning view appearing over the horizon and most of the customers immediately noticed the spectacle...

The waitress gave the list of ordered meals to the cook and carefully set on a chair behind the counter while the visitor’s deep green eyes glanced outside through the nearest window and just before his hand extended to take some magazines that were conveniently positioned on the connecting wall near by. As the red-beard scanned the headlines he occasionally looked toward the horizon and from time to time at the transparent ceiling, which revealed the darkest sky with only a few shiny points, far apart from one another... However, with a corner of his eye, he also noticed that one of the patrons, from the next

table, took a large remote control and randomly switched the TV channel to one that appeared rather strange, from the start.

The waitress grabbed several plates and carried them toward the corner table where the man read an interesting article in philosophy while waiting on his meal.

“Here you are, Sir,” she said.

“Oh, good I’m starving,” the green-eyed man with red hair replied.

“I think you’ll like it a lot!” the waitress smiled kindly.

Then she placed the dish with cheeseburger and fries on his table and said, “This is our specialty...” Her thin lower lip slowly trembled which revealed a slight lack of confidence in her approach and/or a degree of excitement for being in the presence of such a man.

However, to all of that he simply and categorically replied, “Looks good!”

His keen senses immediately picked up the scent of freshly prepared food, and by its appearance he knew that it was just the way he liked it.

“Have a nice meal,” she said with a smile and went on to serve the others.

The red-haired man took his burger and slowly put it next to his mouth while taking a large bite. It was really delicious and that made him rather happy. He chewed it slowly occasionally taking a sip of his cherry cola; allowing the full extent of the enjoyment to seep in. That was a case of true satisfaction and the reason all those visitors came this far, actually in the middle of nowhere, in the biggest of all deserts, just for some food.

However, gradually another feeling started to make itself noticed. Deep within him there was a trace of unease and an alarm was sounding. At first it was only a trembling of a sort, a call for caution but it grew in inten-

sity and in no time it became an outright warning! Thus, his attention was more and more taken hold by this new TV channel that he knew nothing about, that nobody in the diner knew anything about. He has never seen it before and almost immediately it became apparent to him that it was not an ordinary TV channel but something different: an outright source of insidious annoyance! In fact it was so grotesquely different that it had to be from unknown origins but even more importantly it appeared to be excessively deviant and so destructive that it openly violated every norm of conduct, every sense of decency or morality and every known law of this universe. Soon enough, everyone in the diner stopped talking and they all just stared at one of the four large TV screens, nearest to them.

Before anyone knew what happened, they were all transfixed, almost glued to the television set. First, they rather deliriously watched a show for kids followed by CNN and Sky news and they simply could not believe their eyes or ears, for that matter. Then the program automatically turned to one of those comedy sitcoms, which caused everyone in the diner to stop eating and/or drinking... And all along that entire media presentation was laced with some rude commercials that were so disgusting and perverted that several individuals started trembling in a state of outrageous fury, which was rather an ominous turn of events, indeed... By the time television started showing one incredibly primitive, brutally filthy and totally repulsive South American soap opera followed by even more abhorrent rap video and a gruesome transmission of a live sporting event: it became obvious that most of the diners were feeling excessively nauseous... Some even commenced shaking uncontrollably as if gripped by an awful fever.

## *Keepers of the Flame*

“What’s this?” finally yelled one of the stunned viewers, which would actually release all out flood of hidden emotions.

“Are they normal?” said another as his glass slipped out of his hand and fell on the yellow tiled floor.

“They are a bunch of diseased goons and parasites!” said the first one again.

“Obviously, they are not even human,” loudly replied his friend that was sitting next to him at the shank.

But their ordeal was not over yet for on TV, at that very moment, appeared a brand new movie—probably made in Hollywood—which caused some of the men to stop blinking while a few of them even stopped breathing. Several of those horribly shocked men suddenly started tapping the table with their fingers, in a nervous and uncontrollable way: which was also an ominous sign by any standard! Then just as it appeared that it could not be any worse: things somehow turned from bad to worse...

“What? Aggressive females that are also killers!” shouted an enraged individual, while in a state of total disbelief.

“That’s unbelievable!”

“These fundamentally repugnant sediments of abhorrent excrement make absolutely revolting programs specifically for the purpose of insulting and denigrating white race! Their entertainment is, in fact, the most obscene and morbid propaganda! They use blatant lies and terrible brainwashing to manipulate their populace, at large; to severely indoctrinate their own children... Their ulterior motives are evil beyond comprehension.”

For the next couple of minutes everyone in that place was silenced from the absolute shock of what they have just witnessed; then a random display of raw dissatisfac-

tion started pouring out once again, at first as a trickle then as an avalanche.

“Masochism and pacifism are systematically forced on men!”

“It’s because they want to induce them to willingly self-destruct, to commit genetic or group suicide and to violate the most sacred law in this universe: the self-preservation principle! They are tampering with billions of years of cosmic evolution, which represents the most perilous occurrence since the beginning of time! The most vile criminal act ever!”

“Of course, it is. Just behold and see: intellect is being constantly defiled and belittled...”

“They openly favor physical abilities over cognitive ones!”

“That’s the most obscene form of genocide!” screamed several individuals at the same time.

“On that goddamn TV, males are humiliated and abused by females!” continued another one utterly stunned viewer and his mouth stayed opened for a while before he continued speaking, “Such a bizarre, entirely unnatural and totally insane concept...”

“They even openly promote and/or favor homosexuality!”

“And ghastly feminism!”

“Anything, in fact, that could be construed as unnatural or perverted or that is in some way destructive, bad or dangerous for society is being endorsed and encouraged.”

“Sick, sick, sick! Nothing but extremely sick!”

“This is much more than just morbid...” proclaimed next shocked viewer.

“It’s mind bugling!”

“If that was not extremely pathetic that would be hilarious indeed.”

## *Keepers of the Flame*

“There are no words to describe this idiotic perversion,” commented someone else from the bewildered crowd, obviously stunned to the point of incredulity.

Which induced another patron to murmur, “This is so disgusting!” The man’s voice sounded a bit worried while his otherwise pale face turned red from over excitement and in display of extreme anger. Which was yet another particularly worrisome sign or rather a bad omen and the indicator of what is to come.

Then the green-eyed man, who only succeeded in eating half of his otherwise excellent cheeseburger finally overcome the initial shock thus he managed to place his burger down on the plate in front of him. He somehow succeeded in taking the controls of his senses that were totally disrupted by that monstrous TV nightmare then he took a large sip from the glass before jumping on his feat.

He majestically raised his hand upwards and shouted with a fierce voice, “They are some diseased bunch of extreme creeps and loonies!” while feverishly pointing to the TV set, implying the insult to those responsible for producing such excessively deviant programs intended to brainwash adults and especially children.

But as soon as the horrible film ended there was an equally dreadful and totally fake scientific program that presented blatant lies as “proven facts”! Then, as if this was not bad enough and to top it all, appeared a fashion show and when those excessively ugly females started walking with their incredibly disgusting stoned faces and unbelievable annoying attitude plus their tremendously aggravating camel walks while wearing some really awful and quite obnoxious clothes: everyone in the diner was feeling terribly irritated and/or ill. Some of the men even started throwing up. The waitress outright fainted from the sheer horror of witnessing such horrendous display of

most filthy perversions! As a matter of fact, that exceedingly revolting display of utter sickness induced some grown men to the state of near tears... And that was the final strew, and the beginning of the end... What is to follow is simply the undiluted fury of the angry gods in the revenge mission to preserve the grand order and rectify the absolute proclivity.

All that happened from then on was, in fact, the grand termination sequence that would be written with golden letter in the annals of history; and it actually started with one of the diners climbing on the table and shouting, "Those terribly overflowing slime buckets are insult to this universe!"

Interestingly enough, this rather harsh statement somehow managed to get hold of everybody's attention then after a brief silence that same man concluded with yet another inspired assertion, "If those pathetic creatures from that unreservedly backward planet cannot find a mean to liberate themselves by eradicating the scum which viciously poisons their minds, terrorizes and exploits them in part by perfidiously forcing them to watch such obscenity which makes them behave unnaturally: then we should pulverize all of them indiscriminately!"

There was again a brief moment of near complete silence and almost absolute stillness, the supreme calm, as it turned out, only before a massive storm: for this decisive instant was really a revelation.

"Wow, I'm speechless," said a man with dark hair.

"This is so repulsive, it's unbelievable!" screamed someone else at the other side.

Another man picked up on the idea, "Extremely warped, even appalling, if you ask me! There should be laws against this kind of morbid perversion."

## *Keepers of the Flame*

“Definitely! But who are those disgusting weirdoes?” his enraged friend wanted to know, while his head scanned the entire restaurant, as if in a desperate need of assistance to find the answer.

The overall tension and excitement was increasing by the minute. Soon enough the emotion released was so thick that it could be carved with a knife.

“Who are those excessively idiotic, bizarre creatures?” asked the red-haired man, the one who was consuming the burger with fries and whose meal was rudely interrupted by this horrendous display of utter nuisance and the excessive amount of filth.

But no one knew anything about this TV source for they all saw it for the first time and, needlessly to say, it caused them to almost riot. Actually, within a few seconds everyone in the diner started gradually losing their controls and most of them commenced screaming out their anger and dissatisfaction and/or nervously walking around at the same time, in the midst of all out frantic cacophony. Some of the men became so infuriated by the quantity and the audacity of the most grotesque, disgusting, brutally tasteless and terribly deviant propaganda shamelessly presented in the form of the most bizarre or obscene muck imaginable that they had a need to do something relentless about it. After all that was not just decadent propaganda but the fulfillment of a clandestine agenda and a vicious promotion of anything unnatural, anything that was against decency and the ultimate propensity of this monumental universe! Therefore it, the universe, had to retaliate, in the form of the fundamental retribution, as enacted by the twelve enraged men.

Then one of the young teenage boys who came to the diner, with his father and brother, for the first time in order to witness the astonishing spectacle of nature



suddenly started vomiting while his younger companion turned green, in face, from sheer horror of what they had to watch on that ghastly TV.

This turn of events induced their already furious father to immediately yell, “Those disgusting creatures made my two sons sick. I’ll kill those bloody bastards and I do mean to inflict some serious damage! I’ll make them pay for it!”

At that very instant, one of the men slowly stood up and proclaimed in a calm but determined manner, and his deep voice was so powerful, it caused all glass objects to tremble and/or break, “I had enough of this outrageous horror. I’m going to evaporate those turds, right now!”

“Me too,” replied his best friend that was seated next to him.

“Darn it, if I’m going to miss this one out,” said someone at the other side of the diner, “In fact, I want to be the first to blast them into oblivion.”

“No way,” said the oldest man in the joint, “That honor, by the way of my age, belongs to me, exclusively. I’ll be the first one!”

However, the red-haired man said nothing for his face was a whiter shade of pale—which was the most ominous of all signs—thus he was already at the door holding his bagpipes and rushing outside, like a red storm, far ahead of everyone else; taking the head start to the most incredible race in the annals of time and space; in what is eventually to become the most celebrated adventure, ever [and the journey of those twelve men and two boys into the domain of legends]!

Soon enough all of them were on their feet and infuriated like they have never been in their entire lives, rushing to catch up with the storming redhead... They have just seen the ultimate perversion, evil beyond belief

## *Keepers of the Flame*

and decadence like no other so they decided to do something rather drastic about it. They became the unleashed and unstoppable fury of angry gods, a divine lynch mob, on their way to rectify the most obscene form of perversion anywhere.

One by one they ran outside the diner and over a narrow but long path toward the asteroid pier that harbored their spaceships. The restaurant was actually located on one quite remote and lonely asteroid positioned far above the galaxy plane and slightly off its center, which had most amazing view of the entire galaxy—hence it was appropriately named *The Absolute View*, by one of the famous philosophers who often visited this inspiring place and who liked to say: “We all might have our particular points of view but there is the absolute point of reference, as well, and in fact this is it”—and as the asteroid would turn the diner toward the galaxy, its entire sky was cluttered with such abundance of stars that it resembled a large neon light all across the celestial dome which essentially resulted in the appearance of a bright day.

Since the asteroid was in fact one enormous piece of rock, almost entirely covered with green grass with the exception of two icecaps on its poles, it possessed somewhat adequate gravity near its central part; and atmosphere, too, which contained sufficient amount of oxygen for human consumption. Most interestingly it had elongated shape and it rotated once, along its axe, during a regular lunch thus all visitors had an opportunity to see the brightest day and the darkest night, the galaxy as well as the deep space—the whole universe and everything—in the course of their meal.

Beside that the restaurant was very famous for its culinary achievements and in addition its unique location

allowed it to receive a vast majority of TV signals from the entire galaxy and beyond. Hence they offered to their customers an opportunity to watch even some extremely rare or never before seen TV channels. However, all of those programs were normal or at least within the norms of decency or with some elementary sense of sanity; until that fatal night: when that brutal on slot of the most ghastly perversions and most hideous or vile propaganda caused the otherwise calm and very civilized restaurant guests to enter a frantic state of downright frenzy thus to riot by commencing a relentless and thorough search and destroy mission. For that fleeting moment in their lives, everything else became secondary: all they wanted to do was to find that morbid epicenter of the horrendous debauchery, that darn source of utter nonsense and decadence in order to destroy it outright, to annihilate it completely and irrevocably, to wipe out every trace or record of its existence, once and for all!

The men entered their space machines, with haste, visibly shaken and totally outraged thus they switched on their control councils, respectively, before specifying the coordinates of the doomed planet from where the annoying signals of extreme filth and grizzly wickedness emanated. It took them the same time to arrive—breaking every known speed record, along the way, with velocities much faster than light—as the moon needed to circle one quarter the distance around its soon to be pulverized planet... While their epic voyage, eventually, transcended into the stuff of dreams and legends as this awesome adventure become famous all over the galaxy as the most significant event in the entire history of the universe and a case in point on how best to defend righteousness or rather how to defeat the ultimate evil...

## *Keepers of the Flame*

It was a typical sunny afternoon for Washington, DC metropolitan area. A large group of some two-dozen tugs—that could easily be misconstrued for rap stars, also—were freely mugging a pedestrian in the middle of the street, just few blocks away from the White House, as a police car disappeared behind the corner...

The USA president was in his oval office when he and all of his staff almost fainted. Their eyes just about popped out because there was this large and extremely shiny, out of this world, spaceship that landed straight on their front lawn. Then this red-haired man in dark green-blue pants came out of it, like a fast approaching and unstoppable natural calamity, playing his bagpipes and, as a hailstorm of bullets dissolved on impact and/or bounced off his otherwise invisible force field which actually extended not more than an inch from his body and/or clothes (including pipes), he placed one small extra powerful exploding device that looked very much like a chrome, very glittery, golf ball. As soon as his pale hand intentionally dropped the bomb on the ground it started spinning while he turned around, climbed his powerful rocket and took off. At more or less the same moment the others placed their “golf balls” at various locations all over the planet and departed as well, taking a glorious flight toward the heavens.

Their flying machines reached space in no time and soon entered a *hyper drive* thus were merrily on their way toward the center of the galaxy and their happy families—or in the case of the red beard: his three wives, two young girlfriends and a score of little, mostly red-haired, children—when a large explosion detonated with such intensity that it wiped out the entire solar system.

From a safe distance the whole incident appeared as something rather remarkable. As a matter of fact, in the

beginning of the end for that sinkhole of doom everything stood still, then there was this small tremor which excessively shuck the third planet, before it became liquefied then it was vaporized just as one circle somehow appeared followed by several concentric circles that suddenly started to spread about with such a brutal force or perhaps unleashed “divine” rage that they effectively engulfed all other planets and the sun too: reducing them to a state of hot plasma, a fast moving compilation of subatomic particles and vast quantities of boiling energy that were then hurdled all over this universe, like ashes of a diseased carcass, thus cleansing the fabrics of that terribly polluted space, in a form of clandestine shock-wave that would, no doubt, initiate the arrival of new and better civilizations, instead of that entirely deviant one, instead of that filthy cosmic cesspool.

## **A DAY IN THE LIFE**

At the very first crack of dawn, he was sound asleep while she struggled waking up. It was quite early so she had a cup of coffee before breakfast, one excessively tinny meal due to the fact that Sandra was not married yet and therefore she paid a tremendous attention on maintaining her figure and overall appearance. The idea was to present herself attractive at all time. But there was a long day ahead of her and a plenty of work to do thus as soon as the carefully measured food intake was consumed, she undertook bleaching and washing her hair followed by painful depilation, putting a facial mask and a lengthy procedure of having a beauty bath specifically designed for the purpose of keeping her skin soft and pale which would, no doubt, increase her chances of getting hitched!

When all of that was fulfilled, Sandra made a phone call to her best female friend and the two of them chatted and regurgitated various rumors concerning who did what with whom, how many times and when it all happened. This elaborate exchange of the information turned out to be the longest of all the activities till then and when it was over, it was exactly noon.

By that time Stefan also woke up, had a quick shower, followed by a sturdy breakfast. They made him his favorite meal: bacon and eggs with toast alongside orange juice. Then he read various books and scientific journals while Sandra consumed her favorite TV program, soap opera in a form of a love story, really a disgustingly

sloppy nonsense, garnished with a great deal of romance and sex scenes.

He listened latest news on the radio while she started working on her makeup. He took his two sons to play soccer with his friends and their sons, bringing their nicely dressed daughters along to cheer; while Sandra did her makeup. He returned back home and wrote two chapters for his new book while she did her makeup. He needed some rest and set in his favorite armchair as to watch TV for a bit, while she still did her makeup. He resumed writing his book while she continued doing her makeup. He had a nice square meal with his children while she did her makeup. Finally, he got extremely tired and took a nap while she relentlessly did her makeup, with no sign of relinquishing...

Then she commenced dressing up and it took her two hours to finish the activity according to the latest fashion [that was, as a matter of fact, presented to public by a bunch of very rich and horribly disgusting perverts]. At which time he woke up, gave instructions to his faithful wife Ann and their five children, put some clothes on—not paying any attention to the current fashion—and went to his car; while Sandra returned to her favorite activity: doing her makeup! Eventually she concluded doing her makeup, called a taxi and went outside, as well; occasionally, taking an opportunity to correct her mascara.

As fate would have it, both of them ended up at the same pub. They met, by a pure chance, and started a casual conversation. They had a few drinks while she went to the lady's room on two separate occasions in order to check and fix her makeup; before Stefan realized that it was the time: so he took Sandra to a motel and as they set together, on the bed, he put his arm around her shoulders. She replied sounding quite determined.

“Oh please, don’t touch me now!”

It appeared as if Sandra was rather sincere but he was not born yesterday. In fact, he was a real man thus excessively persistent. Not at all one of the immature young males that she was accustomed to and could easily manipulate; since by nature, she was much more mature than young males from her age group. [Because in nature, that which is innately simpler usually matures faster than that which is inherently more advanced and complicated!]

So Sandra had no other option but to repeat her warning, “Oh please, do not touch me!”

It was expressed even more firmly this time but he did not pay any attention to her words, once again, as if Stefan had a lot of experience dealing with young girls; which in fact he did because he was much older. To him, she was just a little slut, one excessively simple creature driven by her hormones and instincts—a very young and tasty crumpet, indeed: so young, in fact, that he might have had soccer shoes older than her!

This turn of events shook the pretty girl a bit. She appeared a little confused and when her trembling voice felt the room, it did not sound so stern. This time Sandra said, “Oh please, do not touch...”

More precisely stated, her words came out in a whimper and the fire in her defense was all but gone, as if she did not have any breakfast [actually, that she had, at most, a toast with coffee]. So the man even intensified his carefully planed and many times executed or repeated assault (with a powerful burst of energy [as if he had consumed some high quality meals that day]), really a brutal quantity of utter persistence; which has conquered great many blond beauties thus far.



“Oh please, do not!” Sandra cried in a state of panic and desperation, strangely mixed with a condition of heightened emotions, ever increasing or rather heated anticipation.

She was breathing heavily, almost moaning. Those sounds that came in between her words disclosed Sandra’s true condition, revealed her degree of over-excitement. After all she was just a girl, really a plain and featureless being—and like all females very much unstable, easily manipulated and a tremendously horny creature—which meant that to her the one and only thing in life, the main concern was and will always remain: giving birth to children by finding and keeping a mate, for whom she would eagerly and subserviently spread her legs and keep them that way as long as necessary, in other words: indefinitely... Stefan, on the other hand, continued his relentless assault to the point when she officially and keenly surrendered, undeniably and unconditionally submitted thus desperately squealed.

“Oh please, do!”

After a while Sandra’s voice turned into, “Oh please!”

Finally there was one elongated, almost frantic, “Oh!”

Followed by many of the same frenzied sounds... Which has signaled that one more victim has fallen, that Stefan has relentlessly defeated Sandra, completely ruining her entire makeup, in the process. He has successfully conquered yet another girl, therefore, countless females [no doubt, including his own wife, Ann] would have a new tasty rumor to digest and talk about, for days to come.

However, this particular turn of events has also revealed a more profound truth that all females are simple, utterly masochistic creatures with only one thing on their insufficient minds. To treat them in any other way or to

## *Keepers of the Flame*

grant them any rights or privileges is not only counterproductive but also excessively deviant! Because all females are mindless whores and decadent sluts unless there is a dominant man [their father or husband] to make them behave and keep them in line!

# THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN

Kenneth McLain was quietly pacing at the railroad station waiting for the ten o'clock train to take him northwest. As far as he could go, which in his case meant Seattle, Washington. However, the train was very much late and by the time it arrived the station clock was showing almost 4 p.m..

The main room was small and it had several benches with a ticket office at one side and several windows on the other next to a medium size wooden door. As sounds of the approaching steam locomotive could be heard, the only passenger, Mr. McLain stood up, stretched his legs and walked out just as the train was pulling in the station. The scene was appearing rather surrealistic, like the most mysterious musical theme ever heard: like the most beautiful symphonic poem yet to be composed.

Kenneth could not see just how big the train was since there was a haze covering most of the surroundings. Even though it was not very thick, it was dense enough to prevent seeing both ends of the train as it came to a full stop.

Three passengers got off in order to wait for their connections to the distant east coast and only one passenger, Kenneth McLain, climbed in, so the conductor waived his lantern and the engineer pushed the throttle into a high gear thus the locomotive jolted and all the wagons followed soon.

## *Keepers of the Flame*

Mr. McLain entered the nearest coach, found an empty seat by the window, which was not hard since there were just four more passengers in it. He looked outside for a while but mist was gathering thus his ability to see anything gradually deteriorated.

The door between two adjacent wagons opened and the conductor walked in, moving from one side to the other in the rhythm of the speeding composition. He stopped next to Kenneth in order to check his thicket. Then he walked on to the next carriage, not bothering the other passengers that were sound asleep. Taking the hint from them and since there was nothing else to do, Ken decided to take a snooze himself...

By the time Mr. McLain woke up it was night already and all the passengers from his surrounding were gone. The jolt of a moving train leaving the station woke him up and he tried to open his eyes as to see what's happening. On the parallel tracks another train was slowly moving, only in the opposite direction, and all that Ken could see was one lone passenger holding a strange gadget—actually, it was a camera—pointed toward him... But the need for sleep was overwhelming and besides he knew that his stop would not yet come, not by a long shot. So he leaned back in his place and returned sleeping.

He must had been unconscious a long time because when he woke up he felt rather rested and since it was still night he concluded that he probably was resting several hours. He took out a sandwich from his bag for his body urgently demanded some nourishment. Hours went by slowly but steadily, like a quiet lyrical passage building up to a crescendo. The composition was moving at the given pace. A few more hours went by.

Then it has occurred to him that during all that time he did not see anybody entering the carriage. It was a bit

unusual but the train was moving and the most important thing, for him, was that he was on his way to encounter his destiny in Washington, or so he thought. He looked at his pocket watch and set back trying to relax. There was a long journey ahead of him and he needed all the strength he could muster.

The time went by but the scenery outside did not change, in fact there were no stops along the way. None of that bothered him much since this part of the country was scarcely inhabited. However, as several more hours passed and it was still night with thick fog outside while the train appeared rather deserted, he felt uncomfortable thus decided that it would be prudent as to investigate around.

Kenneth slowly walked through his wagon then opened the door and crossed to the next one but it was also empty. The following one was vacant, so was the one after. This made him a bit worried. He intensified his stride and walked rather fast from one carriage to the other but they were all deserted. He tried to look outside only fog was extremely thick by that time and it was so dark as if it was midnight.

Having no other option, he carried on walking from one wagon to the next in the direction of the steam engine, knowing that sooner or later he will find it but no matter how many times he crossed from one wagon into the other, there was always next one awaiting him just as if the composition was endless. He was getting tired. Eventually a sense of desperation seeped in and forced him to question his resolve, whether to keep on going or to quit.

The man set on a seat feeling exhausted and his head moved upwards. His eyes focused at the emergency break. Suddenly, in a flash, his hope was resurrected and

he jumped forward. His hands grabbed the cord and pulled it. He tugged the string several times till it broke but the runaway train continued its fast movement forward, as if rushing toward some grand finale. Kenneth continued sitting inside the wagon, knowing that such option was a dead end and that sooner or later he would have to decide whether to jump into the fog and darkness from a fast moving composition, which could be rather dangerous or to remain into the relative safety within the wagons until he died from hunger.

One whole day he spent in pondering what would be a better option, occasionally, taking time to go several more wagons ahead. Sometimes he tried opening a window as to see just how many carriages are still there in front of him. After a week spent in the place, he realized that his further survival demanded a radical move and a brave action.

He reasoned, "Sometimes it pays to be brave! From time to time even the most common of people have no other option but to be bold if they are to survive and prosper."

So he took a deep breath. It was him who would be the master of his destiny. Slowly he approached the exit door and opened it. The freezing air of the fast moving train—like the cold winds of Valhalla—hit his face and he felt the power of the outside world, covered in mist and darkness. There was total emptiness, pitch black gloom in front of him. He inhaled fresh air and bravely stepped forward into the grand unknown! Wondering whether he would survive or die... Whether he could walk away uninjured or perhaps might awake in hospital, after a prolonged coma, somehow and rather mysteriously regaining his consciousness... Whether he would disappear quietly or whether he might become a hero in whose

*Dragan Glavasic*

honor symphonies could be created. But most importantly: he became the captain of his ship, the composer of his life's music, the sole proprietor of his soul. He took his faith in his hands. It was his call and he made it in a valiant way: which made all the difference, assuring that some day symphonic poems would be written in tribute of his name.

# **LIONS AND MEN**

**(The Concise Writer's Guide to the Nobel Prize in Literature)**

**(or Exposing the Difference between "Political Correctness" and "Political Incorrectness")**

*In order to shed some light as to the inner workings of the renowned Nobel Prize Committee, here is a literal study in two parts depicting the intricate details on the selection process for granting the prize. Aside from the fact that a person has to be certified of possessing specific and, let's say, warped sense of proclivity, in addition, he needs to keep in mind the following: some stories are not appropriate for and thus could never receive Nobel Prize while some could. In order to make the distinction more clear, here are two examples, of which: one is rather suitable material for receiving a Nobel Prize [and the only reason if it does not actually receive it, is due to a tremendous competition, the fact that the renowned Nobel Prize Committee has a vast array of similar stories to consider, from a great many dubious authors] while the other example, most definitely, is not!*

\*

The 1<sup>st</sup> story (which is "politically correct" and therefore extremely suitable for a Nobel Prize):

## **OF SOCIETY**



He was a typical English male. In other words, he was regularly slapped by females, disrespected by children, ridiculed through entertainment, constantly attacked over media, exploited by other races, severely discriminated and humiliated in his own country... He has just lost his job and was forcefully evicted from his home and his entire family was to live on the street. However, it did not entirely happen that way, because although he was forced to hit the pavement, his wife left him for good, stating openly and rather angrily, that she would take the child with her, because the little girl was not his progeny anyway; and because it was much better for her to live with a rich lover (be it a woman or an animal) than to reside with him, especially since he was such a loser.

Upon hearing this, sad and shocking news, the Englishman simply broke to pieces. The tears were running down his face, he bowed his head and submissively cried out, "O.K.!" Before the police arrived and arrested him, just in case...

\*

The 2<sup>nd</sup> story (which is "politically incorrect", therefore definitely not suitable for a Nobel Prize):

## **OF NATURE**

Male lions have each and every right. They always eat first and rule their pride with a grand resolve. Their main duties are to patrol the territory, chase away intruders, and to impregnate their females, any time they find them in heat, regardless whether the lionesses consent to it or not! To rape a fertile female is just another duty for the vehe-

## *Keepers of the Flame*

ment lion to perform, for which he won't end up in jail but will be rewarded by the ultimate wisdom of nature: his genes would multiply and repopulate this planet. Besides, all females are, by nature, induced to exert sluttish behavior (unless there is a powerful male to restrain them) and to be masochists as well: which just contributes to procreation.

When the time to give birth arrived, the lioness took for the hills and when she returned there was a small male lion with her. Entire pride greeted him, including his awesome father: the absolute ruler of the pride. For a couple of years the cub dwelled there knowing his place in the hierarchy of the pride. At first, he was the youngest and the lowest ranked as far as feeding goes, but then again he only suckled milk and as such his demeaning status did not bother him much. As he grew up so did his status until he had enough power to overtake all the females... Then one day, he was all grown up thus his father set him on a prodigious journey, to seek his destiny, out there into the wilderness, to fend for himself, to mature even further, to become a real male lion, the undisputed king of beasts, who will try to claim his own pride and find his own place under the sun...

The first year of being a solitary hunter was tough for the young lion. But then he met another lonely male, whose scent was familiar, for most likely it was one of his slightly older cousins, chased away from the pride somewhat earlier. The two of them instinctively knew that they should stick together, that they could hunt more proficiently that way. Therefore, they formed a sacred partnership. By doing so their chances to survive and prosper increased drastically...

Years went by and the two brothers became more experienced, their bond grew stronger. Occasionally they

even challenged other adult males for the ultimate prize in the world of lions: the right to own and rule a group of lionesses. Only problem was that other males who already had such title did not want to give it up without a struggle—fight to death if necessary, for they were the ultimate defenders of their family, ready to defend it relentlessly—and they were more powerful, much more experienced than the two still rather young males.

After few setbacks and unsuccessful attempts to overtake someone's pride, the two solitary hunters wandered to a brand new territory. They immediately noticed that there was a herd of lions, but most importantly, no male lion could be detected. They examined the terrain carefully and still no signs of male presence [since the last male has died, of an old age, several months earlier, which has left the pride in a state of total disarray, of what was to come, and what was to come has just arrived in the form of two eager brothers]. Their senses have revealed to them that it was a case of lions' pride without male sovereigns: hence, an easy picking for two grown up males gradually reaching their prime!

The two lions strolled among the females and their cubs: creating mayhem. The females knew of their presence for a while, for they discovered the male scent all over the pride's territory. But the males arrived with haste and determination to claim them. The feeble attempt of the lionesses to challenge the new masters of the pride was severely dealt with, every form of disrespect or insurrection was brutally crushed. The two males relentlessly put all the females in their proper place, in their subservient role, reminding them of the intricate and profound difference between the genders! In the end, all lionesses, a score of them, were forced into total and unconditional surrender, absolute submission to their new

## *Keepers of the Flame*

lords and masters; that have already killed all the suckling cubs, for the offspring was not their own and they did not want to take care or protect and feed someone else's progeny. Thus the new sovereigns took their rightful throne, while all of nature bowed to their vehement fury!

Time went by and the two lions did their part to protect their pride, to impregnate fertile lionesses whether they consented to it or not and regardless of their age. And if that meant that they had to "rape" or molest females, they did it brutally while nature did not put them in jail or punish them in any way, for it, but rather rewarded them by granting them the ultimate reward in the recognition of their rectitude: having their genes reproduced and multiplied!

Eventually, the two lions reached their prime becoming the ultimate defenders of their realm, as the innate keepers of the eternal flame. They chased away intruders that tried to take over and kill the offspring. Only no other lions could overcome the two brothers for they were ready to defend what is theirs with their lives and that made all the difference, presented that profound and discerning quality, that rudimentary feature: made them undefeatable! Thus, their primetime years resulted with great many cubs. They hunted any pray without mercy, they chased away or killed the competitors [especially the leopards, the cheetahs and the hyenas, for no other reason but just because they are the leopards, the cheetahs and the hyenas]... They were as powerful and ruthless as nature designed them to be. That way they were indeed the pride of nature, in many respects.

Overall the universe has given them the ultimate rights of any male, be he a lion or a human: to conquer and claim females, to impregnate as many of them as possible and in any way conceivable, as to foster proliferation, to

rule and discipline females and their offspring in the ultimate compliance to the grand cosmic design of what it means to be innate and righteous, to multiply and prosper! Keeping in mind that old saying: *when a lion chases a lioness he does it to punish and discipline her or to impregnate her; but when a lion chases a zebra he always does it in order to kill and eat her and never for the purpose of fornicating her.*

In fact, any time a mighty lion would approach a lioness, there was a conflict of instincts inside her. On one hand she had a need to resist and on the other there was a much more potent impulse for her to submit. It was a case of innate confusion induced to all females, as nature's way to assure procreation and the survival of the specie. Something like that happens to human females, as well, but unlike the case of utterly confused and brain-washed humans, lionesses never watched TV and were never indoctrinated to live under our decadent rules or to feel bad afterwards, and there were no laws of nature that would punish the vehement males for doing the proper thing: raping and impregnating females, in accordance to the ultimate nature's grand design, for the essential purpose and the grandest prize of procreating their own race!

Then one day, and many miles away, a USA presidential candidate spoke in front of the media that he would extend the rights to animals as well and it would be done all over the world, even the universe, if needed. [First, they gave rights to negroes in the second part of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, then in the 20<sup>th</sup> century they gave rights to women and children, finally in the 21<sup>st</sup> century they planed to extend those same rights to the remaining animals and plants, including the parasites, bacteria and viruses.] The media went wild, huge money poured in his

election funds and that particular candidate won with ease and in a landslide. Immediately, the congress legislated several new laws and declared their jurisdiction throughout our galaxy and beyond!

That same day, a group of “nature rangers” used the squadron of surveillance satellites to police entire planet, which caused utter chaos as there were countless violations all over. The new police force for the protection of animal rights, especially female animal rights—designed to remedy and overturn billions of years of neglect and utter oppression of females—started strutting the globe. Then the first rangers landed into a large savanna where reportedly a ferocious lion, the head of his pride, was raping and molesting a young and helpless lioness that was underage, meaning a case of statutory rape, as well. They sneaked on him, jumped out of the bushes and from beneath some rocks, screaming all at once, in unison.

“Get your paws up; you are arrested in the name of the law!”

There were some thirty rangers encircling the copulating couple, and pointing their guns at them... Suddenly the lion and the lioness stopped fornicating and turned their heads to witness the most macabre event in all of history, before they simply froze in utter disbelief. This was such a bizarre occurrence—never before witnessed in this entire universe or for that matter in reality—which caused these magnificent beasts to impede their every movement as if they somehow turned into inanimate objects, then even the wind stopped, the water ceased moving which further caused waterfall to freeze in midair, even stars die down instantaneously, including our own sun. Actually, everything that existed simply discontinued or was halted in their tracks, hence, effectively

disintegrated: probably from utter embarrassment that such a perversion was conceivable or possible in this reprehensible universe! Therefore, declaring its existence undeserving, as one unnatural entity, unfit for life or anything else, as the dire consequence of the ultimate decadence: which could cause any cosmos to disintegrate and disappear, perhaps, due to just witnessed insolence and downright indignity! It was actually the infamous case of the universe disintegrating and disappearing, simply vanishing from disgrace of utter shame...

[see the appendix]

# NEGATIVE SELECTION I

**(or How Women Make Their Careers)**

*Positive selection is somewhat identical to natural selection. It is really a socially imposed process that promotes and/or favors everything that is contributing toward the fulfillment of the overall goals and tendencies of reality: like the creation and refinement of intellect! Negative selection is the opposite process. It is a destructive social practice and everything that undermines or destroys intellect, hampers or prevents the fulfillment of the prime objective and the sole purpose of existence, the ultimate propensity of the universe. In other words, that is the practice of bringing the wrong people at the key positions in society, the preferential treatment and promotion of anything that is against the laws of nature: of what currently is but should never be.*

A news reporter, Nesic, intended to interview the head of a large firm, when by a mistake he entered an office where one of the bosses had sex with his secretary. Even though they were embarrassed for being caught in the act, they still managed to instruct Mr. Nesic to go to the seventh floor, office number 702, which turned out to be also a wrong destination that contained a slightly different sex scene between yet another boss with his secretary. After a few more similar failures and interruptions at four different locations, the journalist finally came upon the



general manager, who was laying over a nice looking young female, whose legs were spread and protruding toward the ceiling.

The next year, as Mr. Nestic again visited the same company, he met that same clerk whose legs used to point upwards, only this time she was not a low ranked worker but one of the assistant managers.

Interestingly enough, such was not a rare occurrence or some unusual case, but a rather frequent practice and in all of them a young, pretty girl has willingly, and with obvious personal pleasure, been spreading her legs for men in power: and as the consequence she would, often, end up with a substantial improvement in her work place. Thus that way, she was—in this excessively deviant and macabre world—making her career in exclusively female way!

“I can’t believe it,” yelled angrily the boss and editor-in-chief, Mr. Jovic, “I simply cannot believe that you wrote a newspaper article where you called all women, and I quote: ‘decadent whores’ that eagerly spread their legs in order to be successful.”

The author of the text just stood there and looked at the raving lunatic without saying much.

“I still can’t understand why they published this filth... How did you manage to bypass the censorship in order for this text to appear in our paper... In any case, I don’t want you to work for us anymore. Consider that you have been fired and will never work in this entire industry again. I don’t want to see you no more! Get lost! I don’t care what connections you might have or how ‘politically correct’ you were once: get out of here immediately!”

Mr. Nestic took his hat and his jacket. He turned around slowly and gracefully before walking out from the

main office of the newspaper that he no longer worked for. As he was leaving, Jovic's two secretaries—both very pretty, young girls—vigorously entered the executive's room, locked the door hence started undressing in a sexy way.

It didn't pass more than a minute and they were nude, laying on their backs with their legs spread, right there on the editor's large desk.

Such meretricious action perpetrated by a young brunette and even younger blond forced Mr. Jovic to look at them with lust. "I'll just have to tie you up and whip you severely!" he threatened them, which cause the girls to tremble and moan.

Also, he additionally commented to himself, "I see, they are ready for promotion! Actually, they are two great candidates for becoming excellent career women!"

In spite of being rather young, the girls already had a tremendous experience as far as granting illicit favors and becoming successful females in the game of life, hence they have set their goals fairly high. As a matter of fact, in this warped world, they have already graduated the college with a high GPA [*cum laude* and *mega cum laude*, respectively, in their class] by generously spreading their legs; hence, by the end of such educational experience they were ready and extremely good at sex [as remarkable leg-spreaders as they could get]. In fact, after just two hours of furious sex making with Mr. Jovic, he has decided that they were superb talents good enough for television [which was among journalists known as the apex of carnal deviancy, manifested through the utter lack of any rectitude]! [Such also implied that institutions of higher education did, indeed, a great job in preparing young ladies for their future careers.]

Some eight months later—since that amount of time was needed for Mr. Jovic to saturate his desires toward the two floozies—he had two new and once again very young or perhaps prosperous girls, only this time from the college of law, while on the third channel of TV Belgrade, there were two new faces: a ravishing blond and a pretty brunette, who would no doubt contribute a great deal to the overall downfall, degradation of morals in the revolting process of manipulating and brainwashing the terribly screwed general public...

*When females surrender they put their hands up or even  
more frequently their legs up!*

## NEGATIVE SELECTION II

*Within the confines of a decent society, economy and businesses exist exclusively for the benefit and the purpose of serving the people and the community that they arise from and to which they solely belong.*

Once upon a time, there was this immense explosion that decimated the star and hurdled one gigantic rock, which due to the awesome shockwave splintered into four fragments—a small one and three excessively big chunks—on their epic journey through the galaxy. They crossed many light-years of distance, flying in a formation and in a close proximity to each other. They ventured into deep space at enormous speed toward another star system and on the collusion course with destiny.

Southeast Asia was always one of the most backward regions that was renowned for cannibals, head-hunters, thieves and as the epicenter of every known disease [except for those that started in Africa or South America, of course]. It was the region where simpleminded creatures went on subsisting in worst slums and most dreadful conditions known to men, while viciously hunting, killing and devouring each other. Where they ate things that any normal human would vomit just thinking of them, performed most bizarre practices such as “martial arts” [actually some choreographed dances that were sup-

posedly good for street fighting], practiced obscene superstitions and utter nonsense such as acupuncture and other alternative “medicines”... [In fact, according to their traditional medicine, to keep sexual potency a man should consume dried out penis of a tiger; while rhino and elephant tasks or turtle shells, including their various body parts, even their urine and dung had great many important “medicinal” applications...]

After the Second World War, there was this young business executive who initiated a rather morbid practice. For some grotesque reason, he persuaded his boss to close their profitable companies in USA and then to reopen those factories in Asia. Because of it, great many USA citizens lost their jobs and remained unemployed or had to work two or three jobs—if they could find them—just to maintain their standard of living; while in Asia many savages, quite unexpectedly, commenced working in factories; going from Stone Age directly into space age. Instead of residing in rundown huts surrounded with swamps of mud, overrun by malaria carrying mosquitoes, deadly snakes and crocodiles: they started making cheep TV sets and eventually even computers. With such low labor costs they effectively closed down all competition in Europe and North America leaving millions unemployed or forced to work lesser paid jobs.

Soon after other businesses followed, by then, the middle aged executive’s lead. Only they did not stop by sending all factories but they in addition transferred our vast resources, money, knowledge and our technology to those savages. What’s more they even organized the brutes and thought them everything. While our politicians allowed all of that, even encouraged them, to systematically undermine and destroy our economies, our

manufacturing, our life standard. As the consequence, at the beginning of the 21<sup>st</sup> century various regions of the world (Japan, China, Indonesia, Turkey, India, Taiwan, South Korea, Brazil, etc.) experienced incredible economic prosperity while Europe and North America started to stagnate and to folder due to the fact that while our wealth and resources went to savages' countries, some of the individual savages came to us and as a matter of fact they arrived in boatloads, truckloads and trainloads. In fact, great many of them invaded our shores and all of them had many children while we were fooled not to have offspring, to stop reproducing, to accept and tolerate the invaders and to give them greater rights than what we had!

Overall, everything seemed to be going smoothly and according to some deviant plan, as far as the executive was concerned. Only, he was an old man by then and was retiring. So his company organized him a large send off, an extravagant retirement party with a banquet. Since the corporation actually transformed in a multinational company, the celebration was held at their new headquarters in Taiwan—at a city that experienced a building boom thus had skyscrapers more impressive than Chicago, even though it was a wasteland only a couple of decades earlier—and the food served was their traditional slab made of: dogs, snakes, worms, lizards, crunchy bugs and spiders, slimy invertebrates, raw fish, smelly carcasses [such as a dead crocodile stuffed with deceased feathered birds and great many still living leaches, then buried for a few days before consumption], etc.

The old executive was excessively pleased, indeed, and happy that his mission in life seemed to have been accomplished just the way he has hoped for. Then at the climax of the event when they called on him to give his farewell

speech, just as he stood up and the applause died down, his mouth opened but before any word could be heard, out of the sky, this fiery rock burned the heavens and split the atmosphere as if fell from far away and slammed straight on the sick executive's head. It hit him with such ferocity that it pulverized him instantly and in addition it made such a splash, a tremendous impact that everyone present at that ghastly event was exterminated instantly. Almost all those parasites and varmints were burned and/or crushed beyond recognition, except for a few that were grilled just the right way and as the Taiwanese fireman arrived in their high-tech fire engines, they first extinguished the flames then set down and ate the remains at the unexpected feast. As a matter of fact, in the strange turn of events: the executive's wife and his children were broiled so tenderly that firemen simply could not resist and had to eat them while they were still alive, to the point of bursting out from excessive overindulgence.

Which just shows that some habits die out hard and could possibly also explain why there are so many firemen in Asia. However, in the middle of this grotesque firemen's banquet, three more comets burned the skies; only they were much larger than the first one and they relentlessly demolished southeast Asia, all of Africa and south America, in fact those heavenly fireballs assured a new ice age that lasted for several years and decimated, wiped out ninety percent of all life thus leveled the plain and assured that after the urgently needed cataclysm, the long awaited cleansing, only the most intelligent and the very best fit will indeed survive; that parasites and inferior life forms would not eat out those destined, by the grand design of nature, to be the keepers of the eternal flame.

## FALSE HISTORY

The scientific convention was getting along just fine until a word came out that announcement of a genuine breakthrough was eminent. Everyone became rather excited, even restless to a degree. Rumors were circulating that the discovery was a significant one, indeed. Then the following day a group of scientist—either from Asia or Africa or possibly South America—explained that they have found out, something truly remarkable, that one of their savage tribes had discovered airplane some 55,000 years ago. For the proof they, supposedly, had an eyewitness, since they also claimed to have stumbled, inside the jungle, upon the oldest person alive [Bakaka the 3<sup>rd</sup>] who amazingly enough saw it all by himself, when he was rather young.

However, they additionally went on explaining that the tribe, locally known as “Aka-Kaka”, has also discovered—many years before Europeans—various inventions: cars, television, computers, trains, philosophy, telephone, printing press, doorknobs, Frisbee, and a few other things that they plumb forget at that very moment what they were, but nonetheless there were some other big discoveries that ought to be accredited to the tribesmen.

Still, the most amazing aspect of their rather tall story was the fact that according to them, Aka-Kaka tribe was, as well, the first group of humans. This was witnessed by the late father [Bakaka the 2<sup>nd</sup>] of the previously mentioned credible eyewitness, who in fact was also one of those first humans and one of the longest lived creatures



ever. While his even later grandfather [Bakaka the 1<sup>st</sup>] was definitely the longest lived one, thus was around when life appeared on our planet and, of course, saw it first hand, thus testified that life, itself, commenced within the boundaries of their village...

The rest of the conference was used to explain the utter need or perhaps the overwhelming urgency for rewriting history and teaching our children as to see the world in this new light. And when one of the conscientious scientists raised his voice stating that such bizarre farce was incredibly stupid and shockingly ridiculous, that such nonsense is beyond belief: no one paid much attention to him and needlessly to say he received no recognition or award of any kind... In fact, that same year, he somehow and rather mysteriously lost his job... While TV stations went into overdrive explaining, to their credulous audience, this new world view from the confines of the alternative history... Soon enough, that same obnoxious propaganda could be heard in schools everywhere, as they were insidiously brainwashing our, even more gullible, children...

Which actually shows to one and all that this new so-called science and these new "scientists" are anything but... In addition, we need to ask ourselves: what next weird perversion or morbid lie will be presented as truth in this rapidly decaying world of ours.

# VIRTUAL REALITY

[The 1<sup>st</sup> Story from the State of Reality Trilogy]

*Even though Hollywood and film industry all over the world made countless movies persuading general public to believe in a lie of how it pays to be good thus that bad things happen mostly to evil people: the truth was something rather different! Even though “our” main religion though us that meek will inherit the Earth: our planet was actually in the bloody hands of the criminals while the gullible and the meek were there to be exploited and abused!*

On the third TV channel, at 9 p.m. there was a game show where viewers could call in and compete for the prize. The call was relatively cheap [€1.25 per minute] but it could provide the lucky winner with a nice reward... And every night several callers would win, on average, between €10 and €100, each... However, one particular night, there was a larger jackpot in play: €5,000 to be exact.

The country had a low standard of living and great many poor people. When the credulous viewers saw a chance to win such large sum, many called. On the other hand, since it was really a nice amount of money and the people working that night in the studio wanted it as well. So among the eight of them, they decided on the winner, who had the opportunity to call one of his cousins, so they could split the winnings... Meanwhile, the poor viewers called persistently and each time the line would mystery-

ously break, or they would be informed that they were registered (whatever that meant): in any case, causing them to lose €1.25 in process. The hungry viewers called and called, some ten times, and lost enough money to buy them several decent meals but they could not get through; while the studio employee tried to contact his relatives and could not find anyone at home.

After twelve minutes, that no one supposedly could get through, the chosen worker somehow found his aunt and she reached the program at the very last minute...

"Hello," said the corrupt female hostess, "Could you tell us what's on the picture?"

The aunt replied excitedly, "Hi, that's The Eiffel Tower..."

"Correct, you've won €5,000 and you are the first winner tonight... Congratulations! What's your name?"

"Oh, I'm so excited, I can't believe to have got all that money," said the aunt, then she proceeded to tell her name, while the others in the studio congratulated her nephew, the thief, for winning the prize, knowing that their turn will come as soon as another big jackpot would be supposedly offered to the credulous public.

And it was always like that: the subdued and gullible people believed something to be reality while those from inside knew better, that it was a lie and the genuine truth was something quite different! Such that this pattern repeated itself all over that doomed society: where the majority, the naïve lived in a state of virtual reality and only the insiders knew what's really going on. Revealing their world not as fair or just but as fake and utterly unjust. A deviant place where quality and hard work meant nothing while connections, "political correctness", bribery and payoffs meant everything!

## *Keepers of the Flame*

So the credulous believed that there was a democracy—as well as the freedom of speech and press—while, in fact, there was none! Millions of brainwashed citizens of Europe and North America were duped to believe that the Serbs exploited, terrorized, massacred and ethnically cleansed Muslims while in fact the opposite was true! The majority of USA citizens are indoctrinated to believe that white people still oppress negroes and other races while in reality the whites are terribly discriminated and brutally exploited, in their own countries while still the majority, by other races. Gullible individuals were thought to see and subsist in a virtual reality: where rich people supposedly became rich through their wisdom and hard work, where quality would get through, where politicians were the most renowned of all citizens, where entertainers and athletes were individuals that others (especially our children) should aspire to, where other races were equal to or superior to us, where prizes were given in recognition of excellence, where college professors represented intellectual elite and were the smartest people in the country... Only the truth and genuine reality was something rather different: their country was actually a decadent dumb where the rich were the biggest crooks and robbers, where politicians were the most immoral and the worst of all citizens, where entertainers and athletes were a bunch of perverts and simpletons, where other races were inferior to us, where prizes were given to those that had better connections or were more “politically correct”, where college professors were mundane minds or mediocrities that got their jobs through corruption and deceit.

In fact, countless other cases could attest that on our planet nothing is what it seems to be and what credulous

population is led to believe by the insidious rulers who use perfidious methods to manipulate and exploit the general public! Those that know how things work keep it for themselves, as a secret, and use the system to their advantage or to get excessively rich. The majority that does not know how things work: lives in a virtual reality and is being fooled, by those in power, to believe in lies! For this is the world of madness governed by the insane and the criminal: of the crooks, by the crooks and for the crooks. Thus revealing that old [Abraham Lincoln's] saying—*of the people, for the people, and by the people*—to be yet another perfidious prevarication intended for the consumption of the subdued and oppressed masses... Or more accurately stated: exposing the current government to be of the fools, for the thieves, and by the crooks!

# THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD

*(or The Amazing Voyage  
[Within the Infinite Grand Cycle])*

*~ Dedicated to all my ancestors and my progeny,  
especially to my sons. ~*

Igor Sokolov was in his late eighties when one day he fell and could not get up. His eldest son helped him to bed and immediately called a physician. But there was nothing that the medical doctor could do. The old age has finally caught up with Mr. Sokolov. So Igor's daughters and his youngest son came. They brought their families with them just in time to see the dear old man for the very last time.

The women quietly sobbed and left the room together with his great-grandchildren. They were gathered in the adjacent living room. Igor Sokolov was on his deathbed, surrounded with his immediate offspring; realizing that his life has passed in an instant, that seemingly not long ago he was but a little boy playing in the snow of his youth. He opened his eyes for the last time and looked at them with pride and joy just before he died! His life-energy slowly seeped out of him, his tired eyes closed and total darkness inundated his very being... Everything transcended into a complete silence, turned black and disappeared into oblivion as if he has entered a dark tunnel (of death)...

The years went by. His children and grandchildren expired as well. New snows fell and melted, seasons changed and all life disappeared from the planet. Eventually the sun exploded and swallowed the Earth. In due time, it burned out, dimmed and stopped shining altogether... But other stars, in fact, countless numbers of them, appeared—within distant nebulas—and they, in turn, kept on shining for ions.

Around one such star, inside this infinite universe, in a completely different galaxy, far away from the Milky Way: there was a planet very much similar to what Earth once was, on which emerged life very similar to life that once flourished in the Solar System... Then people appeared and civilizations followed... Finally, one day, there was a family just like the Sokolovs and their surname was, in fact, Sokolov and they had a baby boy, whose name was none other than Igor, who was in every conceivable respect totally and undeniably identical to Igor Sokolov that once lived and died long time ago on the other planet...

His birth did not take long, and when the doctor took the newborn and cut his umbilical cord, Igor blinked his sensitive eyes blinded by the light and overwhelming surge of existence permeated his very being, as if he has just left a long tunnel of death, entering the immense field of life. The boy took his first breath, signifying that he has finally arrived, or perhaps, returned among the living once again, after a prolonged and justifiable absence!

It was a festive occasion indeed and entire family gathered together. The grandparents arrived bearing gifts. Uncles and aunts, various cousins, well-wishers and friends came from far... The proud father and his pretty, young wife were rather happy, as if they somehow instinctively

## *Keepers of the Flame*

knew that life is but a journey between two deaths just as death is only an amazing, ultimate voyage between two consecutive lives: assuring that the grand eternal cycle within the infinite circle will never be broken, never cease, never end! That ultimate reality is made of the endless existence and the inexhaustible change.



## HOURLASS

Within the timepiece, grains of fine sand—that were created through the persistent movements of ocean waves—slowly descended from the uppermost compartment to the bottom one. Next to it, two philosophers were having a fierce discussion concerning epistemology and metaphysics: in point of fact, the rudimentary structure of reality.

They argued whether it was reasonable and acceptable or not to consider that which is fundamentally irrational and for which there are no credible proofs of their intrinsic existence. For instance, the entity known as god and if it could be, at all, claimed that such concept or creature is a part of reality. The two contemporary thinkers had been quarreling for a while before one of them, whose name was Oleg, said to Vladimir.

“Irrational would have some merit only if something strange would happen, a mind-boggling event that we could not explain through rational means.”

“Let’s say, if this sand-glass would, somehow and rather mysteriously, disappear at the moment when the last grain falls down,” commented Vladimir.

“Yes, something like that...” replied Oleg.

Being intrigued as to what might happen in some half an hour, since that time was needed for the remaining particles to move from the upper to the lower partition, the two of them decided to wait and see before they would resume their discussion. Minutes went by slowly.

Finally, the last granule fell down. However, as it could have been anticipated, the hourglass was still there.

“This means that I was right,” said Oleg, “the time-piece is still among us...” while turning around toward his friend, with whom he worked at Moscow University.

But to his enormous surprise the colleague was no longer. Actually, Vladimir was not inside the room.

Oleg, immediately stood up and hurried to open the door of his apartment, in order to see whether Vladimir has inconspicuously walked out but as soon as he pulled the knob he was astonished to realize that nothing was there, on the other side: the entire universe has mysteriously vanished, was simply wiped off from existence, completely ripped out from reality.

He needed a few days to get a hold of himself and to recuperate from the shock... All that time he would hardly breathe... Then he felt a tremendous thirst and hunger. Fortunately, there was still electricity and the refrigerator was stacked up, thus regardless how much food he took, the next time he would open it, the provisions were replenished and the fridge was full once again; and just as importantly the water has been, somehow, coming out of the taps...

Eight days went by, according to the hourglass, when Oleg eventually managed to utter some words.

“Well, this is really something! Now I can freely speak about deities...” He made a short pause before resuming, “Without events like this one, there would be no point talking seriously or taking under consideration anything unproven, like: superstitions, psychics, religions, alternative medicine, space and time, dragons, fairies and gnomes, etc...”

# THE GRAND AWAKENING

[The 2<sup>nd</sup> Story from the State of Reality Trilogy]

When Pavel woke up he gasped, “Everything will end!”

It took him a while to overcome the frightening thought and only then could he shower and get ready for work. But on his way to the Prague’s downtown office, the unpleasant feeling returned with vengeance. It beseeched him as furiously.

Suddenly, while seated on the city bus, he felt an overwhelming need to say something so he turned to the woman next to him and said, “This is it... The end!”

She appeared a bit scared, by his insinuation, but still tried to reply politely, “What do you mean?”

Pavel Jonda leaned toward her and repeated, “The end of everything!” His eyes opened wide as if he wanted to emphasize the point, “Everything!”

“Of course, Sir, if you say so,” whispered the frightened woman.

The rest of the trip they did not speak and when she got off the bus, Pavel just looked out of the window into the concrete facades of the buildings.

Mr. Jonda was one of those older assistant managers working for a large private company while hoping to become the general manger some day, only that day

seemed rather unlikely especially since his retirement was getting near.

Another big problem was of a more mundane nature for he was excessively late coming to work that particular day and worst of all he has missed the beginning of one extremely important meeting. His boss's secretary, Mrs. Martina Skupek, immediately jumped on her feet as soon as she saw him.

"Hurry up, you are so late."

But Pavel did not bother to reply. A more profound problem was bothering him.

So Martina basically took his arm and pulled him toward the conference room, then pushed him inside.

"Well! Glad to see you've decided to join us," ironically stated the general manager.

But Pavel Jonda did not bother to answer anything. He just set at the first available seat.

The speaker proceeded with the presentation concerning the important issues for the business only with the corner of his eye he could see that something was seriously bothering Mr. Jonda.

"Is something wrong?" he asked turning toward Pavel.

"I'm afraid, it is!"

"What is it?" asked the man seated next to him.

"I don't know exactly, but ever since I woke up this morning I had this nagging and really frightening feeling that the world as we know would end soon," replied Pavel.

"How soon?"

"Don't know," said Pavel while others looked at each other.

"Perhaps, you should take a day off and have some fun," suggested the General Manager. "You have worked too hard, in the last few weeks... It's understandable."

Pavel seemed rather confused, at first, but suddenly his thoughts started to clear. There was an abrupt and overwhelming surge of confidence.

“I know what I’m talking about. Believe me, the world will end in half an hour!”

This latest statement made by Pavel sounded so convincing that everyone seemed affected by it to a degree. Some of the colleagues tried to inquire further and some politely ridicule the insinuation. While the General Manger showed some patience at first, his tolerance was getting thin and he eventually asked his ominous sounding assistant to leave.

“Dear Jaroslav,” said Pavel to his boss, “it’s too late. The end will come...” he looked at his wristwatch and continued, “in exactly, nine minutes!”

A few of the coworkers seemed rather confused and/or perplexed by the whole incident. Only Pavel did not bother, he did not even pay any attention to their words or to what his boss had to say... Time was flying... He just set there and waited... It was twenty more seconds and the counting has begun.

By then, Jaroslav was enraged and was shouting when the executives noticed that their boss’ brand new red tie somehow became grey... The very next moment all blue and yellow colors were gone.

Everyone in the room was utterly stunned while their infuriated chief became eerily silent. Then they saw all the colors disappear and the shades of grey turned white, making shapes and objects discernable from the background till everything became totally and unconditionally white...

The man opened his eyes. A ray of blinding white light caused him to blink profusely... Pavel has woken up and

## *Keepers of the Flame*

his dream has abruptly ended, effectively eradicating all that up till that very moment seemed to him as if being reality: one completely different world was in front of him...

# ANYTHING BUT AN ORDINARY TALE

It was early in the morning. Light was gradually penetrating the remnants of dissipating fog, causing dew droplets, all over the field and trees, to shine on brightly. Birds have already initiated the elaborate symphony of sounds while the sun was gradually ascending toward its zenith. Crystal clarity of a new day started to drown in ever-increasing luminosity and cacophony of life. It looked as if some creatures were periodically falling to sleep, on the mountain, only so others would wake up and take their part on the grand stage of existence.

While animals were getting up or adjusting to the new shift, one young girl, from the house on a hill, ran out on a large field in front of her home. She carried a small wooden basket where she gathered flowers, walking from one part of the meadow to the other...

Having all the flowers collected, she returned back home and placed the basket on a table. Her demeanor appeared rather proud and happy due to the fact that she had compiled a nice bouquet for her mother. Somehow she was convinced that her parents would appreciate her effort thus be glad because of it.

She looked around vigorously before noticing that her mother and father were outside on a terrace that had a delightful view of a nearby valley, so she took the basket as to bring the flowers on the terrace in order to place them next to her parents. Her small face had a big smile.

## *Keepers of the Flame*

“Oh, there you are, honey,” her mother said. “And you brought us some flowers... Very nice of you, indeed! Thank you.”

The girl’s pretty face had a smile that augmented her deep blue eyes thus showed her natural beauty to the fullest. “Good morning, Mum and Dad,” she replied.

“Did you sleep well?” asked her mother.

“Yes, but I woke up quite early so I went outside, before breakfast, to gather some flowers.”

The girl happily pointed to the basket, “These flowers.”

“Good, I’m glad you did, darling,” her mother replied then she looked at her husband, “You appear somewhat gloomy. Is everything alright with breakfast?”

Mr. Simic appeared rather absent to a degree, as if he was in another world that the previous words brought him back from. He slowly placed the book down on the table then he glanced the plate that he did not even touch.

“I would not be able to say whether breakfast was any good or not because I haven’t tried it yet... However, you are correct to presume that something is not entirely right... As a matter of fact, I’ve been reading this incredible book of philosophical stories and simply cannot believe that the author allowed himself to write something like this, one rather ordinary and very much boring tale, that could be accredited to a great many writers but which I, honestly, could not expect from him, especially not in this remarkable book... It simply defies logic... It does not even appear to be his style or on his intellectual level.”

Mark Simic took a deep breath and shook his head in disbelief.



“Perhaps, he got bored of writing extraordinary stories thus has decided to write something mundane,” his daughter replied.

“Yeah, something stupid and boring that other writers usually write,” his wife carried on the thought then continued even further, “Perhaps, he would like to earn a great deal of money, that, as far as I can ascertain, only bad writers could do, or possibly he wants to get a prize, that, seems to me, only average and mediocre could get... Right?”

“Oh, that’s great, that could be it... Perhaps, he has sold out in order to write idiotic nuisance so that he would earn money and/or prizes,” ironically reiterated Mark Simic with a smile. “It would make sense if, by a chance, I didn’t read the previous eighteen stories. That man is relentless and speaks as it really is... To compare him with poltrons<sup>3</sup> and brainless mediocrity or with naturally inferior females, actually, with numerous insignificant authors that regularly write utter nonsense, who are then being promoted and forced upon public a great deal, whose books constantly get a preferential or a VIP treatment and are sold in huge quantities, as well as being systematically predisposed to receive various prizes: is insult above all insults.”

“But what can you do about it, dear?” his wife said, “It looks like he has decided to write just that way. I’m certain he knows what he’s doing.”

“Well, I don’t want to be a part of one such story... Why me? How come he started writing like that, just when it was our turn to appear in a text...” the man of the house yelled out with resentment, before continuing,

---

<sup>3</sup> **poltron**: a person that mindlessly, subserviently and blindly obeys the system or whoever is in power, at that moment. Someone born and bred to be a subservient.

## *Keepers of the Flame*

“Maybe, we should go on a strike or simply refuse to take a part in it.”

There was a moment of complete calm, as if before a storm. The household members looked at each other in a state of utter confusion. Seconds appeared as if they were hours. Everything seems to have quieted down substantially... Then suddenly, and quite unexpectedly, the phone rang. Mrs. Simic jumped as if in a state of panic and ran toward the living room. She returned holding a mobile.

“It’s for you, darling,” she had said uncomfortably before giving the phone to her husband.

“Hello,” he said, holding the receiver.

He listened to the person on the other side of the line with a great deal of attention and awe, before a smile appeared on his face.

“Of course,” he stated loudly, “Yes Sir, I understand it completely! Thank you. No problem! Good bye, Sir.”

Mr. Simic hang up and placed the phone down, on the table next to the book *Keepers of the Flame* which he was reading all morning. His eyes, first, looked at distant mountains then he observed the flowers that his daughter has brought in and finally he noticed his family members.

“What was it?” asked his wife.

“Who was it?” Miss. Simic gasped out, impatiently.

“It was him!” said her father.

“Who? The writer?” replied his daughter with a degree of disbelief, with a voice that was rather rapidly cracking up under pressure.

“Him, in person,” whispered Mark, before he grabbed a glass of juice and gulped all of it.

There was a complete silence then Mrs. Simic asked, with a degree of panic, “What did he want?”

Mr. Simic shook his head then he waited a bit to recuperate from the shock. It is not quite often for a person to come in contact with or to meet his creator.

“He had an important message for me to communicate onto others... He wanted to apologize to all the readers because they were forced to read a common, let’s say insignificant tale, that otherwise could be expected from other writers... He stated that it was the first and the last time that his name would be associated with such nonsense, hence that the very next fable in this book would be up to his standard. In any case, he was sorry to have subjugated the readers on wasting their time, hence, even though other writers do it all the time, since they do not know or are not capable of anything better: it was not his intention!” the man said while his daughter and his wife instinctively gazed at the book cover.

However, things could have been far worse, immeasurably less favorable, as far as the readers are concerned. What somewhat disrespectful protagonists of this saga did not realize was the fact that the writer could have created a literary nightmare on the subject of “backyard covered with blood” or “the bridge through centuries”<sup>4</sup>, in the style of the only Yugoslav Nobel laureate—although, only as a pure sarcasm and with clandestine sadistic intention of depicting the pointlessness of ridiculous and destructive writings—however, that would actually constitute a crime against our own civilization, thus would be an equivalent of literary terror: a genuine catastrophe in the field of written words; or an example of

---

<sup>4</sup> *Bloody Backyard* and *The Bridge On The Drina River* were two amazingly stupid, incredibly boring and utterly disgusting books written by a Yugoslav writer, Ivo Andric; who, not surprisingly, received a Nobel prize in literary for the second of these ridicules books.

horrifying intellectual terrorism. To which only a few could indulge: since to force a brutal terror on the general public, by making them read some of the most grotesque nuisance is a crime in its own right! That is particularly relevant concerning those individuals and organizations or institutions that select such banal or decadent writings then finance, promote, and impose them on public thus make of them successful works, both business wise and award wise.

The sun was near the horizon. It appeared as if the day has ended in an instant. The meadow has cooled down substantially from the blazing sunshine, while birds carried on their singing and while butterflies still roamed the countryside. The rhapsody of colors and sounds gradually died down. On the terrace of the Simics, some sad tons permeated the surrounding atmosphere. The people were lamenting and weeping, on the grand scale.

“Ouch, ouch, ouch,” cried out Mrs. Simic.

“Oh,” stated Mr. Simic, in a slightly dignified manner.

“Uh, ouch, ouch, uh,” whimpered Miss. Simic, “I can’t take it anymore!”

They were seated on that same terrace which was overlooking the exact field but unlike earlier that day, this time they all had bandages and medical plaster. Mrs. Simic had both legs in casts and a bandage over her head. The daughter had plaster on her one arm and one leg plus her head was bandaged. Mr. Simic, unconventionally, had a cast placed all over his shoulders, entire neck and most of his head, hence he needed no bandages.

“Why in hell, did I say such words to the Writer? And with such a degree of disrespect...”

“When you have such a temper, honey!” cried out the woman in desperation.

Then all of them continued moaning and weeping without any good idea as how to end their unfortunate ordeal.

“I know!” yelled out the man in between the lamentation. “We could arrange a sacrifice of a sort to honor Him. That way we could get on his good side and end this precarious nightmare that has beseeched us.”

“Well, I don’t know,” irresponsibly replied the woman, then even less responsibly she concluded, “It’s not a very popular thing to do...”

At that very instant, the sky was covered with dark clouds and a storm descended on them, hurdling hale the size of walnuts on their heads. The family needed some half an hour to crawl into the living room. They were entirely wet and pretty much swollen from the numerous hale hits all over their bodies.

Just as they tried to relax from the latest horror, there was a knock at the entrance door. They all froze from fear: their thoughts rushed in all directions concerning who could it be in front of the door.

“Let’s hope it’s not Him!” they all wept.

“We better open immediately. He shouldn’t wait,” the girl said in the outpour of utter masochism, while her finger pointed at the entrance.

“Then open it,” replied her mother with a shaky voice.

“You open it!”

“Are you crazy? You should open it.”

“Oh, no. Not me! I’m too afraid. I can’t do it... Perhaps, Dad could.”

Realizing that it’s up to him, Mark gradually approached the door. His hand grabbed the handle and turned it around then excessively slowly opened the door, which were screeching as if in a horror movie.

With a polite voice, he asked, “Are you Him?”

## *Keepers of the Flame*

"No, fortunately for you, I am not," replied the man in uniform. "I'm a new postman."

"Where is the old one," inquired Mr. Simic.

"He is no more! He got the Writer angry and ended up with a nasty fall from a steep cliff... What happened to you?"

"We fell from a rather tall bridge!"

"Oh, you're lucky! You could have jumped out of the plane without a proper parachute or become food for lions. Which I suspect, you know already has happened in the previous stories."

The whole family turned whiter than pale.

"What stories?" asked the woman, scared stiff.

"You know! Before this one. Which I must admit is an extremely good and very funny fable thus I have no complaint toward it, nor toward any other story or anything else that the Writer has ever written or done thus far!" exclaimed the postman, while subserviently turning his head upwards with a smile.

Then he starred at the family members in disbelief, "Haven't you read the book we are in?"

Both mother and daughter looked at each other in a state of confusion...

"Yes," whispered Mark, while frantically roaming through the corridors of his memory, "already, in the second story that little female brat was eaten by a lion and then soon after in yet another Norse saga, that bigger slut, Elsa, was pulverized..."

"Oh, you had tremendous luck. A great deal of luck, if you ask me... Our Writer is unforgiving... When He gets furious, watch out! You should be happy that He did not cut you into minute pieces, place them in cans to be sold as cheap dog food!"

“You don’t say! Is He capable of doing something like that? Or I’m afraid to ask: has He already done such a thing?”

“Of course! There was a bizarre third channel on TV Belgrade, where Mr. Glavasic created a total havoc, a genuine massacre, an utter chaos with his writings—especially concerning his two favorite female victims—but currently there is no more that ghastly channel; however and rather unfortunately, there are so many dogs that there are more K-9s in the parks than there are kids... Nevertheless, D.G. is not to be blamed, nor considered responsible for any of those negative outcomes, especially since the benefits of eliminating a TV channel far outweighs any negative results, which could, in any case, occur entirely independent from his deeds!”

The Simics started shaking up uncontrollably and the two female members also unintentionally and pretty badly stained their underwear.

Realizing in what sad shape the family was—not to mention that excrement stench did not help much—the postman gave them a letter before sadistically whispering, while his finger pointed upwards, “It’s from Him!” Then he rapidly turned around and was gone in a hurry.

After one hour—since the family needed that much time to arrive into the living room—father bravely opened the letter with his shaky hands, while the females outright fainted from the anticipation and undiluted fear of what next could happen to them, due to their inappropriate behavior. Mark started reading it.

The text in the letter was as follows: **TO THE READERS. THIS STORY CONCERNING THE FIELD WILL BE REWRITTEN AND WILL APPEAR AS THE NEXT FABLE [*Beginning of the End*]; ONLY UNLIKE THE PRESENT TALE, IN THE NEXT**

**ONE, THERE WILL BE NO MENTION OF ANY BIRDS OR BUTTERFLIES. INSTEAD, IT WILL BE A MODERN FABLE IN A FORM OF A METAPHOR, CONCERNING THE SHEEP, WRITTEN FOR BOTH CHILDREN AND ADULTS, THUS MOST IMPORTANTLY IT WILL BE DONE ON A SIGNIFICANTLY HIGHER INTELLECTUAL LEVEL!**



# BEGINNING OF THE END

(A Contemporary Fable  
for Children and Grownups)

Once upon a time, there was one good shepherd who had a huge flock of sheep that grazed on immense field covered with lush green grass. When he died, his position was taken over by not so good shepherd, actually, excessively bad one. Instead of guarding and taking care of his sheep—supposedly his only concern was to uphold his own interests. However, he had some deeper psychological problems which were manifested through irrational and subconscious hate toward himself and especially toward his sheep. The new shepherd continued keeping the flock on that field of tasty herbs and tender grasses; only, he constantly selected individual sheep, one by one, to be taken to a large cottage, from where none of them would ever return.

At the same time, the new shepherd—who called himself *the governor* or *the authority*, hence insisted that others see him as such and to call him that way—started bringing diverse animals from the regions all over the world in order to repopulate the uninhabited segments of the large field, due to the increasing slaughter of his sheep. Each month, there were less and less of the sheep, but they did not complain because to them the most important thing was having plenty of food and fresh water. The fact that occasionally one of them would be

taken to the nearby log house, the others did not mind until it was their turn, but by then it was just too late for the unfortunate one!

The years went by and gradually from once big flock remained just few sheep. The crocodiles, lions, snakes, gigantic lizards, orangutans, camels, hippopotamus, rhinos, gorillas, hyenas, impalas, giraffes, zebras, lamas, kangaroos, tigers, elephants, and other non-indigenous animals, that arrived from different continents, slowly took over the entire field, the lake, the mountain and the adjacent forest; relentlessly decimating remaining sheep, in the process; such that all of the sheep disappeared forever, soon after. This turn of events made the evil shepherd, extremely happy.

He would take long walks over his domain, where once his flock of sheep roamed, from whom he gathered milk, wool and meat: only now, there were no sheep but only some wild animals and atrocious beasts that came from who knows where. Hence, while he walked alone, being hungry and weak, the insidious immigrants stalked him and made an ambush. They suddenly surrounded and jumped him.

The blood thirsty beasts sunk their teeth in his neck, dragged him into the bushes and strangled him. He was viciously eaten alive while life slowly seeped out of his body. At the end, on once beautiful field, new kinds of animals resided: only the sheep and the shepherd were not there and were nowhere to be found. From extensive and unregulated grazing and the abuse of the land and its natural resources—as a matter of fact, due to the influx of alien life forms—the remarkable field of flowers and big forest transmogrified into a dark swamp that gradually turned arid and became a desert. Eventually, all of life disappeared because the decadent shepherd and the

retrograde lunatic who called himself the governor, was actually deranged forest ranger who pathologically hated forest [like a pyromaniac working as a fireman], was a perfidious degenerate who hated himself, and most of all who did not like and did not tend his own sheep but instead did everything to sabotage them and sell them out cheaply: hence, by doing so, he forfeited the very reason for his own being, the ultimate purpose for everything to exist, including that of the universe, as well!

Because, when the superior form of life is replaced with the inferior ones; when intelligence gets polluted or is undermined through madness; when white is spoiled with black, yellow and red; when our future is forfeited in favor of our demise; when that which is tame, cultivated and advanced becomes replaced with that which is wild, savage, uncultivated and backward; when patriotism is declared to be a crime; when light is labeled as darkness; when males are turned into females while females are forced to become males; when civilization is transformed into anarchy; when the truth is hidden under a sea of propaganda and lies; when instead of true genius, lunatics and mediocrity are favored; when beggars have easier life and more money than the working man; when liars, crooks, and perverts become the elite members of society, the most powerful, the most respectable and the richest citizens; when irrational overtakes rational; when natural selection is replaced with negative selection; when white plague [the excessively low demographic figures of white people] is considered to be a normal phenomena, while the taking of our territories by force and gradual stealing of our entire countries is proclaimed as progress; when obnoxious sounds are called music, while disgusting nonsense is declared to be art; when superstitions, religions and faith healing (or alternative medicine) are more

## *Keepers of the Flame*

valued than science, philosophy and medicine; when athletes and entertainers turn to be more important, more respected and richer than genuine intellectuals; when the media and “entertainment industry” are transformed into the epicenters of evil; when we are being repressed and discriminated against hence from us is brutally taken in order to favor others and to give them plenty; when disgusting foreigners and utter savages have permission to rob, degrade, humiliate, abuse and exploit us, while, at the same time, we are forbidden to defend ourselves; when the bizarre notions of pacifism, masochism, indiscriminate tolerance and cultural relativism are relentlessly forced on us; when we are systematically brainwashed to willingly self-destruct; when others are more important than we are, when they have been granted grater rights and privileges; when instead of our own children, someone else’s children are promoted, more valued and taken care of; when life turns into death: then everything diminished to nothing and loses its purpose, then it is the beginning of the end!

THE MORAL OF THIS STORY IS: We should impeach and permanently remove from power “our” (evil) shepherds/forest rangers, anyway possible, while there is still some time left!

# THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

(Land of the Brave and the Free)

*Due to the excessively insane labor of the animal activists: wild beasts have greater privileges than people<sup>5</sup> and, as a dire consequence, the frequency of animal attacks, which result in human fatalities, has increased drastically...*

*The latest craze, in the West, is to give the rights to some morbid lunatics that have irrational and pathological urge to self-mutilate by amputating their own legs and/or arms, for no good reasons, whatsoever! They argue that this form of insanity is justifiable through even worse case of madness: ghastly transvestites that have already gained the right to cut off their sex organs...*

A member of one of those numerous USA minorities comes to the house of a typical American family of European descent. He pulls down his pants and defecates, right then and there, in front of the entrance door. He rings the bell and asks the tenants for some urgent toilet paper.

They gladly supply him with a roll thus apologize to him for the inconvenienced of his waiting, since they needed almost a minute to reply. However, the minority calls it a case of blatant discrimination—besides, the

---

<sup>5</sup> As a matter of fact, some men have been arrested for hitting a dog!

## *Keepers of the Flame*

tissue was not soft enough nor the right color—so the excrement maker summons the insane authorities and the man of the house gets arrested, loses his job and his entire family ends up on the street... Revealing the fact that USA is one utterly sick society!

But, by far, the craziest absurdity is when some people from Eastern Europe, actually, want to emigrate into USA. That's unsurpassed lunacy, like people enthusiastically moving to reside on a minefield. It's like having a picnic inside a cesspool, it's like protecting the rights of despicable parasites or bacteria and viruses, it's like amputating your limbs in order to lose some weight, it's like feeding crocodiles with your own children or with your own cut off extremities, it's like committing suicide from the excessive fear of dying, it's like proclaiming the bizarre perversions to be an alternative and legal lifestyle, it's like considering USA to be a land of the brave and the free!

...Besides, that is how they become the laughing stock of the universe and beyond...

# THE DEFENDERS OF THE REALM

*Dedicated to Serbian and European heroes: Radovan Karadzic and Ratko Mladic, who bravely fought against Islam only to be hunted down, by the insidious Hague tribunal, as if they were the gravest criminals on the face of the earth.<sup>6</sup>*

*The mightiest of all divine beings and the supreme god for ancient Greeks, Zeus, had plenty of children with a great many females: both mortal and celestial. One of those human girls was a beautiful twelve-year old princess that gave birth to a Zeus' beloved son. They named him Perseus and he, in turn, became one of the greatest heroes of all time... During his amazing life Perseus journeyed across the river Styx into the underworld, the remarkable adobe of the dead, Hades, hence was one of the only few mortals [along Orpheus, Heracles and possibly Odysseus] who managed to return back, into the world of the living. Perseus is best known for killing Gorgon Medusa, several monsters and a mighty titan. He married a beautiful princess, Andromeda.*

*However, the greatest of all Greek heroes was another son of Zeus: the strongest and the bravest man ever, who*

---

<sup>6</sup> Finished on the 25<sup>th</sup> of March in the year 2006, exactly two weeks after Slobodan Milosevic was perfidiously killed in The Hague, viciously executed by the insidious and corrupt tribunal, for valiantly and selflessly defending Europe, his people and his own country!

## *Keepers of the Flame*

*will eventually ascend into the rank of gods, as the only man that—at the end of his earthly life—became immortal, a divine being. His name was Heracles. Together with Jason and the Argonauts he fought against a common enemy at the Gates of Fire known as Thermopylae, where he sacrificed his life and died bravely for the common cause... Heracles had many sons that in turn begat great many progenies, one of whom was incredible king Leonidas.*

### **PART I: The Serbs at the Iron Gates of Hades**

When alien invaders, from Asia and Africa, ascended on the ancient land of the Serbs (Slavs) and occupied our regions, they divided our people and arrested the prominent leaders thus sent them into The Hague. They killed many while trying to force them to sell out their own country and their own people but no matter what the invaders did and no matter what mistakes he made earlier: Slobodan Milosevic refused to cooperate with the enemies of our Realm—those ghastly occupiers of Europe—thus he died as a genuine hero defending Europe and our civilization, his own country and people... Therefore, his noble example and his remarkable deed of self-sacrifice will, certainly, become yet another divine spark that will ignite Europe's all-out uprising against the filthy invaders.

### **PART II: The Spartans at the Gates of Fire**

*The Spartans saw themselves as something rather special, the superior breed of men so they organized their society to better achieve and serve those ideals... It was a brutal, harsh and sometimes perverted world (especially in the cases of state ownership of children and in their accep-*



*tance or promotion of crime, infidelity, promiscuity, even excessively abnormal deviancy like homosexuality) but aside from those intense shortcomings it was also a remarkable domain in many respects... The Spartans were extraordinary, indeed, utterly brave, extremely skilled and disciplined soldiers whose army was a horrifying sight that could send shivers through anybody's spine, that could induce their enemies into a state of utter panic and/or cause them to run away with terrifying fear!*

A child was born to a royal warrior and his subservient, utterly submissive wife. They took it to the council to be examined as such was a custom, a usual way to determine whether the baby conforms to the strict Spartan code; because Sparta was a society obsessed with conformity. Most importantly, they hated everything drastically different, which was not only normal attitude on their part but also a tremendous survival advantage! Only they took it to the extreme, which might not be so beneficial: everyone had to be similar to anyone else. They had to look alike, think alike and behave alike.

In this particular case, the boy-prince, Leonidas, was approved and taken home by his parents. Otherwise, the baby would have been left exposed outside the city walls where it would die or be picked up by somebody, probably a Helot.

At the age of seven Leonidas left his parents and became the property of the state. It was yet another peculiarity of the militaristic country. He was taken to a special academy for boys where he learned to be a soldier. He had to hunt in order to get some extra food, for the officials [city elders: the senate] purposely underfeed the boys as to encourage them to hunt and/or fend for themselves. Girls, on the other hand, were thought at special

female schools, which prepared them for motherhood and bestowed on them virtues appropriate for the weaker gender. Occasionally they were humiliated on purpose thus had to dance naked in front of males and when the time arrived for them to get married: they would be locked in a large dark room and the bachelors would go in, one by one, and hunt them down thus the one a man catches becomes his private pray, his wife. That is how Leonidas got his wife. Only for the first seven years of their marriage, he was forbidden by tradition to see her in daylight. It was a rule designed to assure that nothing, for instance that bizarre notion of love, would hinder, interfere, or come between the loyalties of mighty males toward Sparta.

Men in Sparta—as in entire antiquity—had all power and rights plus the highest status while females and children were their property. Even the young men were kept in high regards... Only Leonidas was not an ordinary young man, in fact, he was destined to become a king. When that moment arrived, in 490 BC he has already had several children, most importantly a few sons; which meant that he has fulfilled his other main duty of providing Sparta with precious male offspring.

To be a king was both an honor and a hard task to uphold. Sparta was structured to have two kings, and they also had a council that overlooked kings' behavior and their actions. Because in Sparta, the state was above everything else, certainly above any and each individual.

Ancient Greeks had the most advanced society at their time. They were extraordinary in great many respects. In addition they colonized regions all over the Mediterranean Sea, including the shores of Asia Minor peninsula. But that territory was under constant attacks by Persia,

which was considered the biggest empire of the time; since it has conquered and ruled a vast area that stretched from the eastern shores of the Mediterranean all the way to India.

While Sparta was a military state and a local power famous for its army skills that transcended Spartan soldiers into the first ever special forces. On the other hand, Athens was something rather different. Aside from being the second military power and the main competitor to Sparta, in addition it was the leading intellectual center; where Socrates, Plato and Aristotle lived and left their marks.

When the Greeks from the colonies in Asia Minor rebelled against the Persian Empire, they not only expelled Persian troops but they also burned several Persian cities in the process. So Persia decided to teach the Greeks a lesson. They gathered a large invading army, indeed and commenced to attack Greek city-states. Their assault came at the most unfortunate moment, when Sparta had a very important religious festival in progress [especially since they were the most spiritual of all Greeks]. So Spartans were delayed and arrived too late. By the time they came to Marathon field near Athens, the Athenians have already defeated much large Persian troops and repealed them back to the sea.

It was a terrible disappointment for king Leonidas from the house of Heracles. He felt a sense of shame and profound anger that Spartan main rival Athens got all the credit for defeating alien invaders. On the other hand, in Persia [present day Iraq], King Darius was furious and he ordered the gathering of the biggest invading force that world has ever seen. It took them four years to get everything ready and to gather soldiers throughout the empire [present day Iran, Turkey, Syria, Pakistan, Af-

ghanistan]. By the time the army was assembled and everything was ready for the invasion the king has died and his son took over the leading role and the plans to invade and conquer Greece and entire Europe in fact. Over 750,000 Persian soldiers took the part in the invasion.<sup>7</sup> They tied ships next to one another as to bridge the sea between Asia and Europe so that their invasion could proceed more swiftly. But just as they completed that monumental task, a storm arrived and sunk their ships, as if the sea god, Poseidon, and his mighty brother Zeus sent a profound message to Persians not to invade Europe and mess with their people. However, Persian king did not get the meaning and was instead rather angry. So angry, in fact, that he killed all those building the passage.

That setback slowed the Persians considerably but did not stop them. In due time the army of three quarters of a million has entered Europe from the east. It was a horrifying sight. Greek city-states were small and they had comparably smaller armies numbering a few thousand at most; but Persian army was humongous, like nothing the Greeks have ever seen. It took Persians several days just to pass through one spot. Soon the word got out and some Greek states were terrified, many

---

<sup>7</sup> Greek historian Herodotus (c. 484-425 BC) mentioned the number of 2,000,000 invaders; the present day historians somehow estimate the number of Persians to be around 250,000 but considering the fact that we live in one excessively deviant world that is utterly antagonistic toward our own culture and civilization it would be prudent to disregard the claims of the present day historians and take the word of Herodotus or conclude that the truth might be somewhere in between: for instance, the number of 750,000. As a matter of fact, when those that pathologically hate us assess the numbers of our enemies to be 250,000 then we could be certain that the actual number was significantly higher... Besides, Herodotus gathered the information some forty years after the actual event, while there were still some eyewitnesses and the people who saw it all first hand.

surrendered outright. Any resistance seemed utterly hopeless and useless.

The Athenians and Spartans, on the other hand, were not afraid, not by a long shot: and to them surrender was not an option, since Spartan soldiers would rather die than surrender. Besides, they did not want again to miss the opportunity to fight against the invading force that had its sights on conquering entire Europe; only problem was that Sparta already had its resources stretched to the limit keeping the Helots in line. They had 250,000 Helot slaves back at home. Therefore, King Leonidas took a journey to Delphi as to seek the advice from the Oracle. Which was, actually, a common practice: Delphi was such a prominent center of prophecy that many Greek kingdoms had their embassies there and frequently consulted the divine guidance before making some crucial decisions.

As a matter of fact, Delphi Oracle was the most renowned ancient place for contacting the gods and/or finding what future holds in store. Supposedly it was the divine place where god Apollo defeated one enormous land serpent (one of the early Titans), on which spot a large temple in his honor was erected, where he gave the celestial insight to mortals. In reality, it was without a doubt a remarkable geological point where two tectonic faults intersected, thus where a large chasm was formed from which hot acidic vapor ascended, escaping the crack on the earth's surface.

People came from far and wide in order to seek the advice of Apollo. They, of course, had to bring large offerings—frequently stools made of gold and garnished with precious stones—to appease the god which in fact went to the priests, since they were his Earthly represen-

tatives. So it was a large and profitable business of a sort. Delphi priests were excessively wealthy, indeed; while their state was among the richest and most powerful.

On the other hand, that whole business was also one elaborate scheme, where scores of servants and concealed workers constantly mingled with the visitors and pilgrims who had to wait, camping on a large field outside the temple, for the priests to call them in. By doing so, the workers actually and in secret gathered information that could be used by the priest to provide the proper answer by which the Oracle became famous throughout the antiquity.

In addition, the priests of Apollo also had developed extensive lines of communication and had placed their representatives all over Greece, even some parts of the Mediterranean, so they were also the best informed people in the world, at the time. [Something like present day media personnel and politicians, but unlike our media and politicians, Apollo's priests also had some decency, some higher ideals to uphold and were actually concerned on protecting the Hellenic culture from non-European invaders!]

When King Leonidas reached Delphi to ask the Oracle for an advice, the priests already knew what to tell him. The arrival of the Spartan King at such unfortunate time, when all of Greece was under threat, created a great deal of stir. But the king was like no other. He was strong and in control, his presence was exceptionally dignified. His demeanor created both fear and demanded admiration from those that saw him. When he offered gifts to the priests and when he slaughtered sacrificial lamb to honor the god, crowd looked with awe and admiration. Then the king received a very special treatment, by being taken in

to seek the advice without any delay, while others had to wait a long time, measured in days, weeks or even months.

Leonidas walked inside the sacred temple, followed with a few of his loyal soldiers. The lights were dimmed, a strange mixture of daylight and burning oil, but sufficient enough to let him see a young and pretty girl, seated as a scarcely dressed stool pigeon, acting as a priestess, positioned directly above a large craves from which white smoke ascended. The priest asked Leonidas to step forward and seek the divine advice from Apollo... The sight and entire event must have been awesome and breathtaking to the ancient people. After a short time span, the vapor gradually overwhelmed the girl and induce her to enter a trance like state. Immediately she started babbling and producing some strange incoherent sounds. It sounded like barking and growling at times. The priest in the room, than took the task of interpreting what god Apollo was saying.

His voice was powerful and rather dignified but the words would have send chills through anybody's spine, would have been terrifying to most humans for he said: "Either the King of Sparta, from the house of Heracles, would die battling against the hated invaders or the sons of Persia would destroy, enslave and rule Sparta!"

It was a kind of riddle typical of the answers provided by the priest, supposedly in translating drugged<sup>8</sup> female's growling nonsense. But Leonidas got his reply, just the same, and knew what had to be done. To most people it was a horrible choice but not to a Spartan. After all, Spartans were not like most humans, not by a long shot! He was geared all his life to serve the state and to give his

---

<sup>8</sup> As it turned out, the white smoke actually contained some psychedelic substances that could induce hallucinations.

## *Keepers of the Flame*

life honorably by defending his country and his people thus to him it was actually the most respectable way to die. Leonidas knew that he would come to his end defending not only Sparta but all of Greece as well and that his deed might be his entrance into legend and history, his magnificent ascent into immortality.

When Leonidas returned to Sparta, he persuaded the other king and the council to allow him to take Spartan army in order to confront the approaching Persians. But the other king and the senate were weary of the Helots and their possible uprising, so they granted him only 300 Europeans to confront and stop 750,000 Asians.

The Spartans were carefully chosen. They were older men who already had sons and were free to die with honor in order to defend their country, for they have already fulfilled their duty of having many male offspring: therefore, they were at liberty to courageously give their lives for their country and to enter history, myth and legends, as the ultimate keepers of the flame, the defenders of the universe and its intrinsic propensity...

Leonidas embraced his faithful wife, his each and every beloved child, especially his brave sons, whose time was yet to come... They touched him for the very last time before he turned around—his face was like carved in stone—and commenced his remarkable ascent into eternity. Together with his men, he proudly marched the main street of Sparta, knowing that they would never see it again: they would never return to their adored Sparta. Only they were astonishing bunch of men, who took pride knowing that their noble deaths would prevent aliens from defiling their city.

As the soldiers led by King Leonidas passed by: the Spartans, women and children came out in huge numbers to wish them found farewell. It was a festive event,



indeed, a celebration of a sort; not at all a funeral, as it could be expected by “modern” standards. The women let their hair go as they said to the soldiers their traditional sentence: to come with their shields or on them! The children and young men hailed the warriors, hoping that they too, some day, could receive such honor of giving their lives for their beloved country.

Spartan men did not possess great deal of personal wealth but they had something even more valuable: absolute power and all the rights, as well as the ultimate respect and admiration from everyone and by far the highest status in their society, for as long as they live. Only these men were on their way to extend such honor, even in their death, for as long as any of us lives, as long as there is our civilization.

By that time, the Persian troops have taken over northern Greece and were on their way to Athens. Then they came to Thermopylae, a narrow pass between steep mountains on one side and the sea on the other, where 300 Spartans lead by Leonidas took a camp; while Athenian fleet—lead by a Spartan commander—guarded the sea passage so that Persian ships could not attack Leonidas.

The Spartans felt comfortable at the place where some of their famous ancestors—especially Leonidas’ forebear Heracles—have already fought and died as heroes, long time ago, but whose glorious spirits could still be felt roaming the shores. Only Leonidas and his men were destined to outshine them all, to surpass and outperform everyone else in all of history and beyond!

As a matter of fact, they were calm and acted relaxed, carefree, noticeably not bothered by the approaching hordes of filthy savages. After all no one knew the power

and significance of psychological warfare as did the Spartans.

The Persian king Xerxes could not believe it. He thought it was a misunderstanding of a sort or possibly a cruel joke so he waited, hoping the Spartans would realize just how hopeless the situation was and would simply run away. But they didn't! In fact, the Spartans were calmly waiting for the battle to begin. After five days of futile waiting, outraged Xerxes lost his patience and ordered an all-out frontal assault.

The humongous Persian troops approached the Spartans, but Greeks still did not pay much attention to them. That infuriated the Persian king even further, who could watch the whole event from a safe distance. [In comparison, the Spartan King was always in the front row, leading his troops!] The Asians formed their frontline to which the Europeans responded and the battle was eminent. Only the Persian king and 750,000 Persians did not know what they are getting themselves into, what all Greeks have already known, for centuries: Spartan troops were out of this world and Spartan warriors were, by far, most fearless, most skilled, in short: without an equal, the best!

King Leonidas raised his sword and proudly yelled, "Honor in death!"

His solders replied, "Blood and honor!" before they pointed their deadly spears toward the disgusting enemy.

Then as the Persians came forward, the Greeks slaughtered them immediately, for they had better weapons, awesome courage, greater army skills and discipline hence were superior in any respect even though terribly outnumbered.

The Persians were killed in waves, their bodies started piling up and cluttering the long shores. The Asian blood

polluted the sand and the sea, turning them red. After the first day, tens of thousands of Persians were killed and only a few Spartans. But the Asians came in rows, like ghastly insects, and their numbers were unending. After the second day, the Spartans became tired but they still held their position, slaughtering all approaching Persians, including Xerxes' two brothers. So the desperate king of Persia became excessively enraged too and he beheaded all his soldiers that acted like cowards and run away from the battlefield, which actually just added up to all out devastation of the Persian army. Then he ordered his elite troops to attack the Spartans, realizing that for the first time ever his numerical advantage meant nothing, was nullified by superior Spartan military skills and their remarkable tactic.

When the assault started, the Spartans commenced retreating in a rather orderly manner, for they were trained well to perform this intricate military maneuver. They were pulling back for a while but as soon as the Persian soldiers broke their ranks, the Spartans immediately stopped retreating, commenced a fierce counterattack and once again killed all the Persians, only this time their elite troops. And the all out slaughter of the invading army continued, unabated! Spartans killed all those that dared to enter the conflict while the Persian king executed all those among his troops that didn't.

After the second day of continual fighting, the Spartans were exhausted and their spears were broken, so they fought with their swords and shields. When they lost their swords, they used only shields to fight, when their shields were gone they used knives and when they lost the knives they killed Persians with their bare hands or anything they could grab hold of, take away from the

## *Keepers of the Flame*

enemy. [Even an empty handed Spartan was something that no Persian would dare to attack.]

All they could rest was to pull back in the second line of defense until their turn came to resume the frontal attack, once again, or if they had to fill in for the slain comrade. But Spartans did not mind, for they were trained not to and to withstand any form of hardship with grace, hence, they kept on slugging them, without any mercy, as fast as the hated intruders came! In rows they would come and would be laid to rot and decay in blood and sand.

The glorious Spartans became horribly tired but they continued fighting. Their bruised and bloodied hands and legs could not take it any longer but their spirit carried on: the men of Sparta persisted to cut the dreadful and utterly filthy intruders. Their vision became blurred after days of continual fighting but they did not complain, they just kept relentlessly slugging and killing all the enemy they could lay their hands on; because, behind them were their homes, their families, their children, our civilization, the remains of their adored ancestors... [And behind of them were our ancestors as well, behind of them was Europe!]

When not enough of men remained for Leonidas to effectively defend the passage, he took his soldiers on a side and ordered the final attack determined to kill as many of Persians as possible, to inflict them as much damage as they could. His shiny sword sliced through the hated intruders as if they were made of rotten straw. He cut them, stabbed them, punished them severally! The king of Sparta pushed the savages and walked over them, leaving an extensive trail of death and destruction, really a horrible stench of dead scum when an arrow, flung from far hit him and stopped him in his tracks before his bruised body was struck yet again, this time from behind,

by Asian cowards that have surrounded him. His sword fell out of his hand and Leonidas froze for an instant. His tired eyes looked into the distance where his magnificent ancestors, lead by his parents, have already gathered; when suddenly even gods, ancient philosophers and heroes—Apollo, Hades, Ares, Hera, Atlas, Prometheus, Cronus, Athena, Uranus, Hermes, Poseidon, and the mightiest of them all Zeus; together with Pythagoras, Thales of Miletus, Homer, Agamemnon, Odysseus, Perseus, Orpheus, Jason and Argonauts including the one, the only, Heracles (Hercules)—and thousands upon thousands of others came, as well, awaiting his glorious arrival, in anticipation of the most festive event within divine spheres. They have all assembled to welcome and honor his fast approaching shadow, his immortal soul, his very being. Some had smiles while all had enormous pride showing in their faces. As if they wanted to tell him not to worry and that his infinite voyage has only begun in the most outstanding way...

Everything became a slow motion, from that point on, and sounds echoed in the king's ears. Only he was not finished yet and ready to depart the world of living. There was one more trick up his sleeves. One more damage to perpetrate before the final departure. In his very last move, he used the left over ounces of his vital energy, unexpectedly launching himself forward, piercing two enemy soldiers with the spear whose point protruded through his stomach. Thus in his final moment on Earth he somehow managed to severely wound and kill two additional enemies... He has stepped across the grand divide on a lightening of glory and the unending merri-ment has officially begun! Proud and utterly impressed Zeus has eagerly extended his divine arms to embrace his remarkable progeny...

## *Keepers of the Flame*

However, back on the bloody battleground, even when Leonidas was dead the remaining Spartans kept on fighting to the very last of them with such a fierce power, with determination that could in every respect match, even surpass their king's own... Leonidas' life was occasionally bitter, sometimes pleasant, sometimes harsh, sometimes brutal struggle against odds; his death, however, was excessively glorious, and by far: the most remarkable event in entire history and beyond! He died by entering immortality, alongside his splendid soldiers, at Thermopylae in 480 BC.

After three days of continual battling, the three hundred heroes were dead but they have managed to decimate Persian intruders, in the process, killing great many thousands of those despicable savages. When the rest of the Greeks heard what only three hundred Spartans did to the Persians, they gathered together, lead by Athens, once again, only this time completely defeated and demolished Persia, effectively finishing what extraordinary King Leonidas, with his utterly amazing comrades, has already started.

In due time, Leonidas and his magnificent last stand at the Gates of Fire entered the legend while this most astonishing event in all of history became a lasting inspiration to numerous artists depicting the noble theme of remarkable Spartans defending Europe against the ghastly hordes of foreign invaders, even when everything appears to be hopeless, even when our chances for success are rather insignificant.

These days, however, Europe is once again under a terrible invasion of non-Europeans, only instead of our ancient European gods we have one alien god that came from Asia who teaches us to be submissive and tolerant,

to turn the other cheek and to love our enemies, to become suicidal pacifists in order to willingly self-destruct; and instead of Delphi Oracle and King Leonidas to guide us and lead us—our morbid media and corrupt governments have been infiltrated and taken over by some deplorable perverts, non-Europeans and/or their ghastly servants thus are secretly collaborating with, assisting the repugnant invaders and parasites, hence enabling their horrifying offensive against us: our race, culture and civilization, our economy, our homes, our ancestors, our future and most importantly OUR OWN CHILDREN!

*[The intrinsic significance of the fearless Spartans could be even greater if their remarkable deed and their breathtaking example cause yet another valiant group of men to save us from the present day peril of total annihilation that ominously lurks above us!]*

### **PART III: Intellectual Revolution**

In the beginning, all media and entire “entertainment industry” were freed and taken over, while all politicians, extremely rich and those that secretly pull the strings, alongside media personnel, entertainers, athletes, parasites, alien intruders and perverts were relentlessly overthrown and permanently expelled from the corridors of power, the spheres of influence... Many of them were taken to jail and/or executed due to their deviant attacks on and their treacherous activities toward our Realm, as the most significant and most sacred entity in existence, that has ever existed or will ever exist... Then the genuine intelligentsia [intellectual elite] came to power and new, above all healthy, ideology replaced decadent ideology that was previously implemented and enforced by fake

intellectuals—actually, a bunch of the mundane and the simpleminded—in a glorious move that effectively ceased our systematic decline and the gruesome process of our self-destruction...

Finally, everyone could see that religious, race and civilization wars were raging unabated, that genocide was perpetrated against us: hence, thanks to Plato's ideal state; Nietzsche's concepts of Overman, master and slave morality and the will to power; Glavasic's teachings of intellectual revolution, The Realm, relentless dealings with all that is dangerous toward the Realm: a tremendous comeback appeared, a remarkable overturn was enacted; thus, superior intelligence on our planet ceased to willingly self-destruct, refused to simply vanish, and as a matter of fact initiated the unstoppable counteroffensive, commenced fulfilling the fundamental reasons for its very existence, returned obeying the rudimentary laws of nature!



# THE WORLD OF JOY AND HAPPINESS

Steven Volkov was feeling relaxed, comfortably seated inside his favorite armchair, contemplating some higher thoughts, having his afternoon drink while periodically snoozing along the way as excessively pleasing sounds of classical music from the radio permeated the room. It was his regular, everyday, activity while his five current wives were downstairs cooking and taking care of some of his fourscore offspring that were still officially considered children thus under his strict rule. Everything seemed to be rather ordinary except for the fact that there was a sudden knock at the entrance door.

This intrusion was very much unexpected and would not have been tolerated if it was not his oldest son Oleg who was knocking at the door. The two men were also exceptionally good friends; who due to some irregular circumstances did not see each other fifteen whole years. Taking all of that under consideration, Jennifer, Steven's fifty second wife, and according to some insinuations his favorite one as well, politely accompanied Oleg upstairs as to enable him to meet his beloved father and also her dear husband.

Upon seeing his eldest son and in addition also a good pal, Steven was very happy and did not mind the intrusion, which would have been forbidden under nearly any other circumstance... To Steven his mental activity and/or rest (including sleep) was his sacred realm of solitude that

all members of his household or visitors had to observe with utter devotion and unsurpassed reverence.

“Hello my friend!” exclaimed Steven, obviously delighted for being able to get together with his son.

“Hey dad! Long time no see... How are you old buddy?”

The two men shook their hands and quite emotionally hugged. This reunion had taken place after Oleg Volkov was away on a rather important journey to a faraway space station, located deep in the galaxy, as the scientific head of the mission, and has just returned. Along the way he has also finished writing his tenth and it might be considered his most significant book. Naturally, he had a tremendous urge to share the accomplishment with his father. After all, they were the greatest of pals for well over six hundred years already, ever since Steven was in his early hundreds, when his first son was born.

In the last three centuries, however, they had a brand new relationship that transcended into their new tradition of frequent contacts and of getting together whenever one of them published a new book in order to discuss its merits. This time it was no exception. Oleg used the voyage to the space station to gather and compile the data needed to finish his most significant book up to that moment, hence the instant he returned back home, it was indeed published.

Steven was browsing through the text while reading or glancing several passages along the way.

“What is this project of yours all about?” asked Mr. Volkov, the senior, with a smile. “Are you trying to imply that life, especially the highest form of intellect, is not so abundant in the universe?”

“Exactly,” enthusiastically replied the junior, “But with a purpose. It could be nature’s way as to assure that

intelligence will not self-annihilate by destroying itself through devastating hi-tech wars.”

“In other words, the war and struggle are innate and some of the most normal forms of interaction thus any time superior specie encounters an inferior one, the most normal thing is to exploit or annihilate it; and in case that two similar civilization, which have developed advanced technologies, meet they will inevitably self-destruct, pulverize each other. Therefore, the nature’s way as to avert such catastrophe, such a flaw in the grand design, such a potential waste of resources, of intellect, and to prevent evolutionary dead end is to assure that higher forms of intellect are so scarce that they are, according to the laws of probability, separated with a tremendously vast stretch of “space” such that they could never come in touch with each other, henceforth would not encounter the danger of wiping out one another, actually self-destructing that way.”

Oleg waved his head affirmatively, “Correct, at those immense distances the laws of physics prevent them from coming in contact, interacting and clashing: that is nature’s way as to assure the survival and prosperity of intellect on the grand scale! It might be the only functional way for higher intellect to exist, remain and play a significant role in this universe.”

“What an amazing thought! Very wise and sensible approach that gives a more profound meaning to entire reality and the whole of Cosmos, indeed... Perhaps, you are right but what if the most advanced race or specie on a planet, the superior civilization still somehow self-destructs and that way undermines the advancement of intellect in that sector of the galaxy?” inquired Steven.

“I guess it could still happen only then we need to ask ourselves just how intelligent it really was; especially if it

had allowed itself to be undermined and annihilated by lesser forms of intellect. Maybe it was not smart enough and the life forms in that sector of the galaxy were not meeting the required standard or mark needed to carry the torch of conscious existence, as being the integral parts of the absolute mind. After all they might be destined to perish, be wiped out as to make the needed extensive buffer zone between two genuine intellectual powers.”

Oleg took a few seconds to pause before concluding his prodigious thought, “Just as some people go mad and commit suicide so some civilizations could go insane as well, thus die out by self-destructing, by committing suicide, or some other means as to make room for those that are normal, those that comply to the ultimate standards of reality, those that are in sink with the ultimate design, the absolute Cosmic proclivity!”

The junior stood up and commenced walking while vigorously transmitting his words of wisdom, “Philosophers are really the doctors whose patients are societies and civilizations. They are the most significant members of any society: the cerebral guardians and the crucial guides as well... If on a given planet there are no adequate philosophers then they will not develop appropriate ideology and needed philosophies therefore the intellect there is doomed and will be wiped out! Or if the society is structured such that athletes, entertainers, businessmen and politicians are more important than philosophers, where mundane and simpleminded perverts are more powerful than those who are smart then they deserve to perish... I guess it could be stated that a little bit of knowledge is worse and more dangerous than no knowledge at all.”

Both of them took short break thinking on the implications of what has just conspired, what has been argued.

Steven's youngest wife Kelly, seized the opportunity to bring them some more refreshments and to ask for the permission so that lunch would be served outside, at the garden, in exactly two hours time. She politely smiled to her lord and master before obediently and utterly subserviently left the room, with her head bowed as a sign of utter devotion and unconditional respect.

"You know," said Steven, "my second book was related to this topic. As a matter of fact this new theory of yours is giving my old idea a renewed significance and a completely new lease to life."

"What was it all about?" asked Oleg, "I don't recall reading it."

"You probably did only you were very young. I wrote it before you were even born, when I was just seventy-eight. It was discussing various bizarre or decadent, mostly theoretical, societies that could be excessively deviant and destructive toward intellect and that were, according to your latest theory, destined to be eradicated by the inevitable processes of change."

"What kind of societies?" asked Oleg.

"For instance, in the book, I had an example of a genuine nightmare society," Steven said. "It was a bizarre world, repugantly overwhelmed with disease, sorrow, perversion, decadence, nepotism, hunger, poverty, negative selection, deceit, strife, death, and hardship; where its leaders were actually working surreptitiously to destroy it."

"But why would they do such a macabre thing?"

"Who knows! There could be several reasons for such insanity to occur. For instance, a morbid ideology could be somehow or perhaps insidiously forced on them which would induce the population, for example, to become ghastly masochistic, to love their enemies and turn the

other cheek, in other words to willingly self-destruct; and/or by a bizarre turn of events some of the inferior races could infiltrate and pollute their society and especially their corridors of power then use it to secretly pull strings and perfidiously push the superior race into oblivion... Just as genetically inferior parasites, bacteria or viruses could destroy more advanced species! Such a bizarre turn of events, even though highly irregular, could still happen from time to time; and it will happen according to your superb idea, quite frequently, as to make the buffer zone for the genuine intellects.”

“Especially, if the majority of the superior race is systematically brainwashed to genuinely accept and believe in some of the most deviant or unnatural beliefs such as pacifism, all out tolerance, defeatism, nihilism, masochism, interracial mixing, feminism, homosexuality, cultural relativism, superstition, “alternative medicine”, animal or children rights, etc,” Oleg frantically added up. “Or they could be indoctrinated to believe that *love* should be the only acceptable criteria for getting together among mates, as if the purest, most intrinsic emotion of love does not innately occur between a dominant master and his subservient slave girls.”

“Right! Which really shows the genuine significance of the proper ideology: the one which is life affirming and in compliance with the ultimate laws of nature!”

There were a few seconds of utter silence, only the divine sounds of most pleasant music could be heard, before Steven continued in a slightly different direction, “And they might stop having children for some other bizarre or rather macabre reasons. They might even be, additionally, fooled to adopt and raise alien children and/or animals. Or the males could be severely discriminated against and forced to act like women, while females

could be induced to assume the role of men... Perverts could be protected and more valued than normal people, just as athletes and physical abilities could become more important than philosophers and intellect. Anyhow, whatever the reasons: such a grotesque society is doomed and will be wiped out by the inevitable, the ultimate Cosmic forces, as to assure that enough "space" will remain for truly intelligent specie to arrive and conquer that region of the universe, or that enough of intellect-free space will be used to separate really potent and deserving forms of consciousness: those that are of the universe and for it as well; that are brought into existence for the sole purpose of gratifying this glorious Cosmic design, through their unique abilities of perception, reason and consciousness."

Oleg was obviously quite delighted with what has transcended. He took a sip of his cold drink before interrupting, "Our two ideas are fitting nicely together and are very much complementary theories..."

Also pleased with what has been said so far, the senior concluded, "Overall, in the final analysis such warped world could occur if a bizarre, utterly morbid or deviant ideology is developed and is somehow placed at the very foundation of that culture..."

"If you ask me, such a society is actually **the world of pain and madness** which deserves to be annihilated for it is in violation of the most sacred law within this reality: *the self-preservation principle!*" laughed out Oleg.

They both smiled and joked for a while before they went downstairs, toward the garden of delights, to be served and pampered by Steven's young wives, the youngest of whom has just turned ten. In fact, all of their wives were well under forty years of age; because unlike men, and according to nature's grand design, in this most

advanced sector of the most prosperous galaxy, in all of the universe and Cosmos as well, no female could live loner than fifty. Contrary to men, who become smarter and better with age, females are best when they are very young, virgin and still innocent since they get spoiled with age and tend to outgrow their usefulness rather fast...

Finally, let it be known that in his second book Steven also profoundly writes that it requires a higher degree of awareness and a more insightful sense of wisdom to realize that those beings and/or species that are in any way, shape or form worthless or dangerous to us are not only a waste of oxygen but also, potentially, a deadly disease that has to be dealt with accordingly and relentlessly; that manmade laws are only as good as they comply to the ultimate laws of nature: the eternal will of this universe and beyond, to the grand proclivity of the absolute reality!



## **HYPNOSIS**

Vladimir was holding a pocket watch that swung, like a pendulum, in front of Oleg's eyes, as he was gradually relaxing, seated comfortably in an armchair. Carefully observing the Oleg's condition, Vladimir slowed down the oscillations of the watch.

"Assume a restful position and imagine that you are floating, ascending toward the clouds," said Vladimir.

After a couple of minutes he continued, "When I count to three, you will be in a deep sleep, you'll do and think only that which I tell you."

"One, your hands and legs are becoming heavier and heavier... Two, your eyelids are very heavy... Three, you are in a deep sleep, you can hear me, only, when I talk to you..."

At that moment, Oleg reached the required stadium of hypnosis, hence was ready to accept any proposition that the hypnotist would give him.

Vladimir turned toward the audience to explain, "As you can see, Oleg is at the phase that makes him rather susceptible to any form of suggestion and manipulation..."

He turned again toward Oleg and approached him. He ordered the hypnotized man to walk on his hands, which he immediately did, even though he has never done it before and was not even aware that he was capable of doing something like that.

Next, it was proposed to Oleg to imagine that he and Vladimir were professors at Moscow University and that

they had a profound conversation concerning the essential metaphysical and epistemological problems. For instance, whether or not it made sense to consider seriously irrational claims, like the existences of god, space, time, and other concepts like that.

During the presentation, Oleg was behaving as if the two of them were really inside his flat, hence furiously defended his assertion that irrational was basically unacceptable, that it should not be taken seriously until there were clear proofs that anything irrational might be possible.

Then, Vladimir decided to perform a metaphysical trick of a sort by telling Oleg that at the moment he turned from watching the hourglass toward Vladimir, he miraculously was no longer there, actually has vanished. Further on, it was suggested to Oleg to open the entrance door hence conclude that everything was gone, as if the whole universe has somehow disappeared.

The audience found it very amazing, indeed, observing Oleg's reactions after he supposedly opened the door, and especially of him saying, "Well, this is really something! Now I can freely speak about deities... Without events like this one, there would be no point talking seriously or taking under consideration anything unproven, like: superstitions, psychics, religions, alternative medicine, space and time, dragons, fairies and gnomes, etc..."

*Dragan Glavasic*

**UNBELIEVABLE  
ADVENTURES  
OF A NON-EXISTING  
DEITY**

**(or The Gospel According to Glavasic and The  
Shortest Story Ever (not to be) Told)**

# **SEA OF MEDIOCRITY**

**(or A Saga of The Blah-Blah People)**

“Blah blah, blah blah,” said first mundane person.

“Blah blah,” said the second one.

“Blah blah blah, blah blah,” said the third one.

“Blah,” said the first one again.

“Blah blah blah,” said the next one.

Suddenly, a man appeared and he jokingly said, “If time is money then I must be immensely rich for I have all the time in the world...” Then in a more serious manner he asked, “Had we been dead before we were born?” Which led him to conclude, “If we had already been dead before we were born then once we die we could be born again: meaning that we should not fear death for we are most likely immortal beings!”

Only the leading mediocrities looked at him and felt uncomfortable, even threatened. Because, the mundane were everywhere. They held each and every key position in that doomed society. They thought at universities; ran political parties; governed large firms, banks, organizations, countries; worked on television; constantly appeared on media, even though they were utterly simple-minded therefore had absolutely nothing of any significance to say. As a matter of fact, they were so amazingly dumb and/or perverted, most of them regularly played golf while their entire civilization was gradually crumbling and falling to pieces.

After a while, the man also said, “People are sheep that could be easily manipulated or ruled by those that control

media and other crucial segments of our society... What people think or believe, what they do or don't do, what they like or dislike: is the outcome or possibly a dire consequence of their indoctrination and manipulation, perpetrated by those that govern our society... The problem is when those individuals, at the corridors of power, do not care what will happen to us or do not wish us well but openly or secretly work on destroying us!"

However, the leading mediocrities ignored all of it. To them the most important thing was that they kept their dominant positions in society. Those brain-dead sediments that knew very little or next to nothing looked down on him and pejoratively called him as "the one who knows everything: the all-knowing being", implying that such was a horrible thing to be.

While all along, some of them constantly appeared on TV...

On such an occasion, one of those simpleminded morons proudly proclaimed, "Only one object on this table does not have a corner."

To which the other replied, "If you were a banana how would you know what time it is?"

The first one immediately interrupted, with the following argument, "Why don't you try clapping using just one hand?"

Then the next one said, "Cyber space is not inside my kitchen for it is outside the other side of here or maybe not but who really cares concerning the overall pressure inside the empty diving tank crammed with anxiety and stale strawberry pudding of all possible things..."

While another one, of the equal intelligence, concluded, "Blah, blah, blah..."

Finally, several months later and NOT on any TV, the man said, "There will be a pandemic of the most deadly

## *Keepers of the Flame*

disease! We should prepare for it; take some appropriate measures.”

But no one listened and there present mediocrities just laughed or simply replied, “Blah blah blah!”

After the deadly epidemic was over, only the man and his family remained, as the world was completely cleansed from the mundane simpletons and the blah-blah inhabitants.

Then his son said to the man, “Dad, perhaps you should write down the history of blah-blah so that we would know what not to become!”

“Don’t worry son! Those mind-boggling freaks of nature, the excessive lunatic fringe was a colossal mistake that universe is not likely to repeat, anytime soon... They represent the unsurpassed summit of extreme stupidity: and to imagine any society or civilization as to be ruled by them is something morbidly sick... The most important thing is never again to allow simpletons and perverts to take over our world! Because, we ought to be led and governed by the smartest of men and not by the mediocre or by the pathetic idiots whose only concern, in life, is how to maintain their positions of power and influence.”

# HARVESTING THE PRIMORDIAL ENERGY

*In Teutonic mythology<sup>9</sup>, Yggdrasil is the overwhelming cosmic ash tree. It is the most awesome and remarkable ancient structure that contains and supports the entire universe... The supreme deity Odin and his two divine brothers (Vili and Ve) made a man out of the ash tree and they used the inferior elm tree to make a woman, as to be his companion, his subservient, his external reproductive organ.*

It was a typical Wednesday afternoon, except for the fact that the three suburban housewives were not inside their assigned place of labor. They were not even shopping at their favorite department store, which was their preferred activity whenever they gathered some spare time. Instead they were at a local mall, sitting and drinking at a small coffee shop; doing their second favorite activity aside from shopping, and that is gossiping. However, in the midst of a more exquisite bit of information transaction concerning the love life of various individuals of interest to those participating parties: one of them, Mrs. Collins,

---

<sup>9</sup> Germanic and Slavic mythologies are closely related and belong to the inner family of Nordic mythologies; as well as in the extended family of European mythologies.

realized that the excessive liquid intake has taken its toll and was demanding an urgent response on her part. Only problem was rather compounded by the fact that it all happened at the worst possible moment, when Cindy Roberts was telling about one rather relentless man that impregnated several high school girls thus had an unpleasant task of choosing and marrying one of them... Which was the most significant information that those women, or any females for that matter, could ever come across and mentally process.

However, realizing the immense urgency of the situation, at the very last instant, Mrs. Collins rushed toward the lady's room and by the time she arrived there it was too late: there was a rather visible patch or a wet spot on her dress and her pantyhose were terribly soiled too. So panic stricken, she walked inside the toilet, looked for the first available compartment and uncontrollably slammed the door, which turned out to be a tremendous mistake. Then she opened her quite large handbag that contained amazing quantity of stuff, including a new dress, a pair of brand new stockings and matching emergency sandals.

After successfully changing her stained clothes, Mrs. Collins took a deep breath and her face was becoming relaxed before it suddenly went excessively pale once again. Her worst nightmare has been realized and the most horrifying feeling shock her entire body. She has just become aware of the fact that she was unintentionally locked inside a small commode compartment with a lock that she has never seen before. Even worse the instructions for using that new kind of lock were excessively complicated, with exactly five steps to follow, in given order, and no color illustrations to go along with it. The instructions went like this:



1. Use your thumb and adjoined index finger, only.
2. Place them on the latch.
3. Grab it firmly.
4. Turn your wrist clockwise.
5. Push the door gently till it opens.

But five points to follow were just too many (perhaps three too many); they were too darn complicated—especially number four was mind-boggling—therefore Mrs. Collins tried, in desperation, to call her friends or the security with her mobile phone. Only the signal was too weak leaving the desperate woman to try something else. So not knowing anything better she hit the lock with her cell phone hoping it would miraculously open [among females this particular approach is sometimes referred to as *a hope for divine intervention*]. But there was no result and all she managed to do was to break her mobile into a number of small bits. It simply disintegrated to pieces. Then her hand went deep inside her bag and pulled out one of those useless electronic devices called “stunners” that supposedly could be used to jolt a criminal or a potential rapist with a huge amount of high voltage that would render him unconscious. [The think was never really used by her, but she liked to carry it and to show it to her friends as a morale buster: to imply that she was such a desirable crumpet that countless males had nothing better to do then to scheme on how to jump her.] She placed it on the metal lock and used her left hand to grab firmly the other side of the lock [which lets repeat was metal, thus an excellent conductor of electricity]. Then she pushed the button which effectively released a huge amount of high voltage. The next few minutes Mrs. Collins was shaking like crazy, until the battery got

emptied. Then she lost consciousness and just fell down on the floor hence unknowingly to her simply rolled underneath the door toward the freedom.

After a period of induced sleep, Mrs. Collins woke up on the floor and not realizing what has happened to her or how she got there, she took her handbag and rejoined the two female friends outside... However, even though this little incident could be considered fairly common as far as the weaker sex is concerned and at the same time extremely unorthodox as far as the stronger gender goes; still regardless whether we take the female or male perspective on it: the fact remains that the bizarre adventure of Mrs. Collins has very little to do with the main subject of this story...

Some 140,000 totally primitive and excessively savage Mongols gathered to invade an island in the Pacific that was supposed to be defended by 90,000 equally primitive and savage samurais. It all actually happened several centuries ago. But when the simpleminded samurais heard of the immense invading force that was sufficient enough to overwhelm them, with ease: they collectively committed their traditional suicide (*hara-kiri*). Meanwhile, the invading hordes gathered over 4,000 boats for the crossing of the sea. On the other hand, they were one ignorant and smelly bunch that knew nothing of the art of shipbuilding—or the hygienic need for regular bathing—and their crude river crafts did not even have a keel, thus as they started sailing, they encountered rough sea, a stormy weather appeared and sunk all their boats and drowned all of them; while at the same time enabled them to be washed for the first and last time in their lives... However, that pathetic event from world history, although generally true, still had absolutely nothing to do with Mr.

and Mrs. Olsen from South Dakota, who are after all our main subjects of interest. Therefore, it would be rather pertinent to start this story all over again... And I can most definitely assure you that it will be done proper this time!

The Vikings were extraordinary shipbuilders, whose unique dragon ships, of course, had keel which enabled them to undertake long sea voyages, thus from the 8<sup>th</sup> to the 11<sup>th</sup> century they frequently sailed to England, in order to pillage, kill and rape! Not surprisingly, great many of the British had Viking blood running through their veins. One of them was none other than Heather Olsen. Eric Olsen was not one of them, not by a long shot, because he was not even a Briton; as a matter of fact, he was a true blooded Dane [therefore 100% of Viking origins], who came to USA from Europe, twenty-five years ago.

There were lots of ways to describe Mr. Olsen. For instance, he was an avid reader of extraordinary Norse sagas and a profound admirer of both Thor and Odin (the thunder god and the main god of all the Vikings) as well as of Perun (the main Slavic god who was also the mighty thunder god). More importantly, it would be tremendously accurate to say that he was not a good or renowned scientist mainly because he was actually the very best one! He was by far the greatest mind that has ever lived [not counting: Plato, Aristotle, Copernicus, Newton, Descartes, Hume, Lobachevsky, Nietzsche, and a score of others]. But among the living people (and all women, be they dead or alive): he was rather without an equal. Nobody could even come close to him.

For over twenty years he has been residing in the same house outside Castle Rock, on a large piece of land and

the farm which he bought one year before he got married with Heather. The two of them had hard life at times, but it did not bother Eric that much for he had his family, which was large [four sons, three daughters, a loving wife and as a healthy bonus a series of young, attractive female lovers]. Most importantly, they were a compact little group and in spite of the meager income that came only from Mr. Olsen who worked as a professor of *mechanical engineering* at a local college: they still managed to get along and enjoy life as much as possible.

However, Eric was not an ordinary person: he was a dreamer of monumental proportions. As a matter of fact, his dream was a major one, indeed... He was one of those people who did not complain of the fact that gasoline is rather expensive but instead Eric Olsen decided to do something about it. So, on his estate he had the entire basement of his house transformed into a laboratory. Actually that particular event happened nineteen years ago. He was thirty-two, at the time, and has just got married to his much younger wife Heather.

Those were the hopeful years of his and everything appeared simpler and brighter back then. But life had in store some problems as well, lurking just behind the corner. On the other hand, one thing remained constant and that was his determination to solve the problem that he chose to be his guiding light, his grand contribution to mankind and his self-made monument: the mind-boggling discovery of a cheap, abundant and clean source of energy that would render all those oil companies redundant, thus dry out their source of power that was secretly fueling terrorism all over the world! Yes sir, cheap and abundant energy was his goal and it was about to be realized, which would make him tremendously happy. After all, he alone could save a great deal of money by converting his farm

and car needs—actually all his energy demands—to this new source of power. Best of all he genuinely knew how to do it...

That particular day, when the remarkable solution suddenly appeared to him, Prof. Olsen was inside his office accepting students that needed consultations. Only his thoughts were not really there. All along, Eric's mind was overwhelmed and consumed by one particular problem that needed to be solved but answer was nowhere to be found; when in the middle of explaining to one of the graduate students on the intrinsic differences between the characteristics of hydrogen and helium atoms, a sudden flash of insight rushed through his cerebral cortex. A mental storm reverberated through his cranium. His brain immediately went into overdrive. It was like a lightning of unseen intensity and it rendered him dumbfounded. Suddenly he has found the answer! He appeared utterly shocked, actually he was struck by its simplicity thus he was convinced that it had to work out.

"Excuse me," was all that he could say to the young man in his office, before he grabbed his jacket and rushed out.

"Would you like me to wait for your or to lock the office?" asked the confused student.

But there was no answer. Eric was running toward the elevator and down the basement where his car was parked. In no time, he was on the highway driving toward the mountains and his secluded farm.

The children were all back home, watching TV and eating chips or playing around the house when they saw father's car pulling in. Then they observed their father hastily entering the basement, as if he did not notice them, which in fact he didn't.

## *Keepers of the Flame*

His eldest son, Kevin, decided to investigate just as a reverence and to find out if everything was alright. He slowly opened the lab door and went downstairs. He saw his father putting some gadgets together, as if Kevin was not even present. Therefore everything appeared within the stretched boundaries of normality, as far as Kevin was concerned, thus realizing the intensity of his father's utter concentration and commitment to the task, the teenager simply sneaked out.

"What's going on?" whispered Sandy, the youngest of his sisters.

"I don't know," replied Kevin, "Dad did not even see me downstairs. That's rather strange."

"You mean, very strange even for your Father," smiled Heather.

Eventually they all stopped commenting Eric's unorthodox behavior and in due time entire family went to sleep. Only Mr. Olsen stayed working all night long and the next morning when his wife and children got up, they found him seated in his favorite armchair drinking a bottle of whisky that he has bought long time ago for one specific occasion: to celebrate his ultimate discovery of a lifetime, his incredible contribution to mankind, the grand solution, the realization of a noble dream! They all gathered around him and watched him in a complete silence and with utter reverence. All of them knew that something big happened while they were sleeping.

Then one of his sons, John, could not take it any longer and he almost yelled, "Well!"

But Eric did not even bother to notice them. He just slowly drank his whisky, enjoying every sip, savoring the moment.

Since there was no answer, Kevin reiterated the point more firmly, “Dad, did you do it? Have you finally solved the problem?”

Professor Eric Olsen, PhD simply raised his glass; his eyes were watery and smiling.

“Yup! I think we could throw away our electricity bill and forget the fuel expenses, from now on,” he said.

The machine was really remarkable, the most ingenious contraption ever built by a human. It used cheap and abundant resources to release huge amounts of clean energy. Only a few seconds of it working would produce enough electric power for the Olsen’s household to last them a year. A few minutes of work could create enough energy to supply entire city; while two hours of continual working would induce energy needed to run all of USA for a month. However, since the gadget was a brand new device, Eric has made a medium size energy collector to go with it, thus it would not be advisable for it to continually work any time period exciding two hours since it would become dangerously unstable thus result in a tremendous explosion that would level a large size city with its vicinity.

Heather Olsen immediately called several major radio and TV stations, all newspapers and a few leading universities. She urged them to come at the Park Hotel in New York City where her husband was planning to have a news conference. Meanwhile, Eric was already on his way to East Coast. The flight did not take long and in no time he was in a cab driving downtown NYC toward the hotel. He was so excited by what he has to reveal to the world that he did not even notice the filth and decay that has overwhelmed this, once upon a time, beautiful city.

When the taxi stopped in front of the hotel, it surprised him a little that no media was there waiting for him but it did not bother him. They probably did not know the intrinsic significance of his discovery.

Realizing that he still has a few hours in advance of the conference, Eric went upstairs and he laid on a bed. He was rather excited for the moment has finally arrived, especially since he waited on it for so long. Thus in order to calm and prepare himself, he turned on the TV set. He flipped through the channels for he was not able to find anything decent enough to watch. This futile search became substantially irritating at moments. By far the most infuriating turned out to be so called “the History Channel” that tried to glamorize some pathetic “invasion” of Japan by Mongol hordes; as if anyone normal would care about those morbid events from world history...

This watching of TV has actually created a counter-effect, and just as he was getting ready to turn it off, he noticed something very much unusual. It was a news conference of a sort and it alarmed him, for it was a major event: most of TV stations, even the networks were carrying it live. The regular programs were abruptly interrupted and he immediately thought it might be his news conference, which would be so strange... Maybe they have somehow started without him...

Then he saw the woman that was presented at the conference and hailed as the greatest scientist and inventor of our time. Soon it became apparent that she did something extraordinary as far as media was concerned, something that no other woman has done before: she has found a brand new and original way to light up fire!

Her method was somewhat complicated, thought, for it involved three rocks (two big ones and a small one) plus three long sticks and a bucket of excessively flammable



substance. The sticks were place in a tripod position with a big rock on the top of that structure and another big rock at the bottom under which was the bucked with flammable liquid. Then one of the best baseball players was summoned to throw the small rock in such a way as to hit the big one that would fall down and crash into the other big rock that would create spark and ignite the fluid thus start fire.

The idea was complicatedly simple—as some females might have said—and it should have worked in theory but it was never done in practice and it remained a large question mark whether that first female invention in all of history and beyond was workable enough to be implemented on a large scale commercial bases. Nevertheless, some of the invited rich investors have already started scheming on the ways to force this idiotic invention to the gullible population. However, as the moment of truth arrived, they all stopped breathing and stared at the pitcher while the reporters started whispering, to the audience worldwide, as to signify the immensity of the event. Lights were dimmed till they dissipated while annoying spot light was introduced.

Suddenly the blond inventor appeared saying, “Welcome, to one and all! I’m so glad you could come in such tremendous numbers. Thank you. Let me just say that gosh, I’m so flabbergasted... Everyone was telling me: Angie, you are a riot! You are a housewife and not an inventor; but you know what—they are all wrong! Anyway, as you might know this is my very fist invention but don’t worry, there are more to come... There’s a lot more where this came from!”

She pointed to her forehead while everyone started applauding enthusiastically till there was undiluted euphoria, even a state of complete delirium could be used

to describe the overall feelings of the crowd; then the light show was turned on, followed by a release of a huge number of balloons that descended from the ceiling. As soon as the outburst of emotion subsided, Mrs. Angie Collins continued her speech.

“My next invention will be of a small little thing I call *the wheel*... Therefore, I would like to inform here present members of renowned Nobel Committee, who have arrived from Scandinavia just for this very demonstration, to watch out for that one, as well. It will, no doubt, impress them great deal, also!”

In response, those sad remnants of Vikings just nodded their heads in a polite manner then being obviously motivated by her words, and incredible light show that has dazzled everyone present, they immediately called their headquarters. For the moment it looked like as if the Nobel Prize winner in the field of physics was determined for that particular year.

Nonetheless, the housewife continued her narrative, “Anyway, concerning the invention you all came to see tonight... It is so strange, it came to me in my dream... It struck me like a ball of lightning, one day, when somehow—and believe me it must have been a divine intervention—I found myself mysteriously sleeping in the toilet of a very nice café at our local mall. It’s a nice little place with artificial flowers and best of all they make great cheesecake. Actually the extraordinary cheesecake... On the other hand, just don’t ask me how I got there... I mean how I ended up sleeping on the floor of that toilet... I have no idea how I got there or what I was doing there or for what reason anything of it happened at all: only it must have been something quite profound. In any case, because of it I have this little gadget to show you. So that’s it about the history, and now, I would like to ask

a major league baseball player to take over this experiment. Go ahead, Jack!”

The annoying strobe light has replaced the spot light and was intensified as the pitcher took the spherical rock and swung it but since he had one of those rather bad days, or maybe due to that irritating strobe light which certainly did not help much, he missed the big rock and hit the news reporter for the Washington Post. The missile landed right between the unfortunate woman’s eyes, splitting her head apart. The second attempt was a bit better and it slammed straight into CBS producer before ricocheting to seriously injure his cameraman, as well. The third throw was the best one yet and it leveled out the combined ABC and NBC radio and TV personnel... The seventeenth throw actually hit the intended target—perhaps due to the fact that not many of the media reporters were left and since the sixteenth attempt actually smashed into the strobe light and because fifteen visitors, including the two Noble scouts, were already pulverized—therefore the small rock bounced off the large rock which fell down and collided with the other rock but, luckily for them, it did not ignite the kerosene bucket, because if it did it would have most definitely exploded and they could have been killed. Instead the bucket just shook violently in such a way that half of the substance which contained got spilled and as the Sky news reporter suddenly jumped from fear, her heavy handbag fell on the floor with such a force that it got opened and her *stunner* bounced out, turned itself on, and fell straight on the spilt liquid, igniting it in an instant, while the remaining fuel in the bucket immediately detonated thus effectively burning, to crisps, everyone in the room, like it was a napalm bomb!

## *Keepers of the Flame*

By then, Eric Olsen like millions of other duped viewers was totally bewildered, even shocked by that bizarre incident to such an extent he did not ever know where he was or what time it was. However, in the very last moment he pulled himself together and somehow realized that his news conference was about to commence downstairs; so he took his remarkable gadget and rushed to the conference room. He was still under the impression of that outrageous disaster that he has just witnessed on TV concerning that idiotic female that has reinvented fire and those bizarre creatures at the media that have decided to present it as a major intellectual achievement of our time...

Mr. Olsen pushed the fifth floor button, where the conference room was located on, and as he stepped out he turned right and started walking down the hallway, passing lady's room—from which a high-pitched voice made some panicky, unarticulated sounds but being in such a hurry, Eric did not feel like rescuing females from the toilet—he continued walking to the end of the hallway then turned left and eventually entered the designated room. To his grand surprise and to the biggest jolt of his entire life, in the comparison to that other news conference, there was absolutely no one at his. That deranged housewife has gathered every major network and all known TV stations from North America and beyond while on his conference nobody came! Not a single reporter was present.

Next two hours Prof. Eric Olsen, PhD just set there quietly, patiently waiting to see if anyone would stop by. But it was an exercise in futility since no media was even remotely interested to find out what he did. As a matter of fact, they were all busy reporting of a great scientific discovery that went haywire and killed so many, espe-

cially among journalists. On the other hand, no media would come to his gathering no matter what he did, because that was one rather insane world: where truth, wisdom and genuine quality meant nothing thus where negative selection, corruption, personal connections, lies and deception, immorality, decadence and utter perversions meant everything. The world were mundane, crooks and perverts dominated and where genius was out of place...

"Perhaps if I was a female they might have come," murmured Eric Olsen as the blood of Vikings rushed through his veins.

"Or if I am from Mongolia, they might have arrived," said he and his Viking blood started to boil.

"Or if I was a lesbian from Mongolia, they most definitely would have come!" roared the Viking determined to spill some blood and it won't be his.

His hand was nervously tapping the device that he carried to the conference. It was a small contraption but a powerful one, indeed. Then he noticed that all the furniture in the room and the walls, as well, were made of the elm tree... It was, in his subconscious mind, the final insult... Then totally unexpected, a smile showed on his otherwise gloomy face as his fingers continued tapping the gadget.

"I think I should let them have it!" came out of his mouth.

He flipped up a lever and pushed several buttons then rose up and went downstairs, leaving the device behind. Eric Olsen walked by the reception desk and toward the exit. He took a taxicab and went straight for the airport with haste.

The airplane, with Mr. Olsen on it, has just taken off, and he could see the New York skyline in the distance

when suddenly there was this tremendous shockwave that emanated from Central Park region of the city. It spread like a relentless army of infuriated Vikings that leveled all in their path, effectively destroying the entire metropolis, all five boroughs and parts of New Jersey, Long Island and Connecticut as well. And while the other passengers were shocked beyond belief, Eric just smiled and went to sleep peacefully, ascending toward a brand new dream. Ahead of him was a time of plenty: no more electric or gas bills. He had abundant source of free energy for life and it was only his and of his progenies.

Back in South Dakota, within the garden that contained a few magnificent ash trees and inside the house that was made entirely of the superior ash tree, there was a living room where all the furniture was crafted of the superb quality ash tree. It seated the Olsens as they were watching awful TV (which of course was not made of the ash). The sons and daughters hoped to see the triumphant news conference of their father's crowning achievement but instead they saw some dumb woman reinventing the wheel and fire, and was about to receive a Nobel Prize in physics for it, while their father was nowhere to be seen or heard.

"If I know Dad well, they have made a horrible blunder! The biggest mistake of their lives..." said Mr. and Mrs. Olsen's oldest son, Kevin.

"A tremendous mistake!" reiterated one of their daughters.

"And how about those dweebs at that Noble Prize Committee: I mean, every year they find the most despicable crackpots and give them so much money, fame and influence in the form of that ghastly prize!"

“Could you imagine: providing such supposedly renowned recognition and media coverage to something like that simpleton and her reinvention of fire. It’s bizarre and ghastly beyond belief!”

“They’ll be sorry!” concluded one of the sons.

Then like a prophecy coming true, they watched the incredible catastrophe that has beseeched NYC and the vicinity.

As CNN was carrying the event live, the second son pointed out, “Yup, it’s Father at work! I bet he’s fine only a bit upset by the media treatment he got on East Coast.”

Then Kevin said, “If they asked me, I could have told them not to mess with our Dad.”

They all laughed and Kevin concluded, “I knew there would have been some good out of his work... But the complete and utter annihilation of New York City and the collateral eradication of almost entire media, as well, was beyond my wildest expectations! It’s simply remarkable achievement without any precedent. They should give him a Noble Peace Prize and another one for physics for that deed alone!”

“Our Daddy has outdone himself, this time,” replied the middle daughter.

Heather did not say anything, but poured them some cider and they all proudly raised their glasses in honor of the unconquering spirit, that spark of ultimate greatness that underlines true genius and of course to praise the undisputed head of their family, who no doubt descended from a long line of Odin’s, Thor’s and Perun’s ardent admirers and worshipers.

\* \* \*

## *Keepers of the Flame*

[The author wishes to acknowledge that this story was inspired, in part, by the real life adventures of two actual females, a brunette and a blond from Belgrade: Sonya and Daniela (some of whose ancestors could easily have been Vikings); and by all females (especially British women, whose ancestors were Vikings) that secretly or subconsciously mourn the termination and abrupt disappearance of Vikings and in particular their ruthless raids and/or conquests.]



## DEEP SPACE

Long time ago, there was an advanced civilization, located in one of great many faraway galaxies. During their existence, they made a highly sophisticated spacecraft that was capable to fly throughout the universe, by itself, in order to explore it... The spaceship was designed so well that it could remain operational indefinitely, especially since it was capable to detect and avoid or deal with all potential dangers... When, due to unsuspected calamity, the civilization was annihilated: the ship remained thus carried on its mission of exploring the infinite space...

A rocket took off with two Russian cosmonauts: Oleg Mijalkovsky and Vladimir Genadov. The Russians already had substantial lead compared to the Americans, as far as the space race was concerned, when their tenth launch encountered serious problems.

While the capsule was circling Erath, from nowhere, a powerful magnetic field appeared and pulled its crew in deep space.

Oleg and Vladimir no longer had means to return back to our planet, while their supplies of food, water and oxygen were limited, enough only to last them a week. As they were depleted, the two astronauts started experiencing first symptoms of delirium just before they started hallucinating. They envisioned things that were not genuine. At one moment they saw themselves back on Earth, while they were swimming in a pull of water or were eating a plentiful meal, then in the next they imag-

ined studying at Moscow University, and then they would perceive a strange blue light which pulsated in front of them.

However, compared to other delusions, the blue light was substantially different, for it wasn't an illusion at all, but was actually real. Their capsule was, indeed, being approached by an unusual flying object in the form of pulsating light. It was none other than the spaceship made by the civilization from another galaxy, that went by the planet Earth, thus unintentionally pulled the two Russians with it.

The spacecraft was excessively advanced and it had been traveling many light years, through the universe, before it reached the Milky Way. The artificial intelligence, on the alien probe, decided to further examine the two astronauts. Especially, since it spent millennia in space and this was the very first encounter with, to it, strange intellect. So the A.I. (artificial intelligence) moved the cosmonauts to the craft's central room, that was altered to accommodate the needs of life forms from the planet Earth; for it has decided to maintain the two men alive, by keeping them in a stadium similar to some form of eternal dream or perhaps even better stated within a virtual reality: giving them mental stimuli through the sophisticated blue light in order to observe their mental reactions.

That way, Oleg and Vladimir were inside the energy field thus artificially kept alive, dreaming or envisioning countless adventures. Such made their eternal life anything but boring or intolerable... [As a matter of fact, it has enabled both the A.I. and the people not to go mad. Actually, as much as the alien spaceship was needed by the people to sustain them alive, just the same, the hu-

mans were essential for the A.I. in order for it to maintain its purpose and sanity.]

In one of their first adventures, the two of them were assuming to be philosophers from Moscow University that were discussing metaphysical theses concerning epistemology. In the second happening, Vladimir was a hypnotist that entertained the audience during numerous presentations all over Europe, while Oleg was given various suggestions.

That way, the two Russians remained within the confines of the forgotten ship, from one ancient and no longer existent civilization, destined to eternally voyage the universe, within their protective blue light, to freely dream on and forever exist inside the virtual reality. In effect, creating a symbiotic relationship with their host.

No illness or old age could affect them so they carried on dreaming different adventures thus living like that everlastingly, within the probe, designed to work forever throughout the endless stretches of space. The two valiant Russians remained within their dreams: that way crossing from personal tragedies into eternal bliss, the only possible Valhalla, but which could be reached exclusively through reason and science, and never through religion or any irrational approach.

As far as the alien intelligence was concerned: it was delighted that it has finally succeeded finding a form of consciousness within this mostly barren universe... Everything that the two men envisioned, the A.I. watched with a keep interest, especially the claim, that in one of his ventures made Oleg, which paraphrased implied that if there were no proofs that anything irrational existed, then there should be no point or any sense taking seriously anything unproven, like: superstitions, psychics, religions,

## *Keepers of the Flame*

alternative medicine, space and time, dragons, fairies and  
so on...

# **EVOLUTIONARY ASCENT TOWARD PHILOSOPHY**

A group of painters assembled at a shore of a beautiful lake in Russia, not far away from a secluded hotel, in the middle of wilderness. It was early summer and a very sunny day, indeed. The birds were singing and evergreen pine trees were everywhere, filling the air with a delightful fragrance. The men were roasting some hazelnuts while eating fish which they caught earlier. They planed to spend the whole day in nature, listening to Beethoven's nine symphonies from a portable MP3 player, while occasionally taking time to paint some impressive landscapes on the canvas that each one of them had on his easel.

By the end of the day, they all had a good time spent in the great company. They also ate plenty of fish with some nice cheese and red wine... Everything appeared perfect. Even the sunset was incredible sight to behold.

Then one of present individuals suggested to the others, "Let's see who could make the best painting ever..."

"Alright!" the others replied. The whole concept of attempting to create a genuine masterpiece was intriguing enough for them, thus cajoled them to give it a try.

"We can meet again next year at this same spot, thus show our results," said another one.

At the assigned time, they all assembled and each one of them carried his work of art. They erected their easels and proudly placed their canvases on them... All of the painters, that is, except the man from St. Petersburg. His easel only had an empty frame without any canvas or painting in it.

“What’s that?” his colleagues asked him.

“That is my best painting yet,” he replied.

They all stared, in bewilderment, at the “empty space” within the frame, while behind it, in a distance, were monumental mountains.

“What do you mean?” someone asked, laughingly.

Then another wanted to know, “Does it have a title?”

The artist just answered, “Sure, it is called *The Invisible Portrait of a Non-existing God!*<sup>10</sup>”

All the painters, at that very moment, froze and stood still while their facial expressions gradually transformed from a smile to astonishment and awe thus they remained speechless and motionless for quite a while. Somehow it has dawned to them that they have just beheld the greatest artistic creation of all time, the most significant painting ever (not to be) painted; actually, that they have witnessed the remarkable event in the history of art when fine arts have left the confines of a common manual dexterity and have transcended from being just a craft to being a form of philosophical expression!

---

<sup>10</sup> Initially presented at my first art exhibition at *the Memorial Civil War Room*, James E. Morrow Library in Huntington, West Virginia, USA, during the month of October in the year 1990 [or in the year 10,032 LV (since the beginning of Lepenski Vir)]... IN MEMORY of Kasimir Malevich (1878-1935).

# THE JOURNEY

[The 3<sup>rd</sup> Story from the State of Reality Trilogy]

As it was often the case, Gregg Hutchinson did not have enough time to do all his work. Problem seemed to be rather compounded, since due to unfortunate circumstances he had to take two fulltime jobs and occasionally even a part-time job just to keep the ends meet.

Still and in spite of his great effort to succeed in life, all he could manage was to barely subsist. He got divorced and his only child, a pretty little blond girl, had to attend one of those excessively terrible schools that no normal parent would send his child into. But they lived in Washington, D.C. and not many white people lived there—as if it was Africa—thus it wasn't a big surprise that his daughter was the only white pupil in the first grade.

To keep his family in touch and to survive the rigors of everyday existence, Gregg worked hard, but no matter what he did the doors to success seemed closed. He was a classical composer, by trade, but there was no need for his profession, anymore; and when he would apply for a decent job, it would be given to a member of other races and/or a woman because such was the law! So, in the end, Mr. Hutchinson was forced to take pictures as a freelance photographer and to sell them to media outlets just to survive.

After the divorce, his wife got the sole custody of his daughter and all his possessions as well. He had to move out and rent an apartment in a rundown hotel, located within a very bad neighborhood. And he was forbidden

## *Keepers of the Flame*

by the law to see his daughter. In his anger and silent despair, he did something that would change the course of history, actually entire history: he bought a digital camera.

All day long, Gregg roamed the streets taking pictures of everything: crime, filth and utter decay, drug dealers and bums, prostitutes and robbers, gunfights and muggings, street gangs, savage creatures lurking for their next victim—the horror was incredible but it was all around him, all that he could take pictures of. And the only bright spot in that entire sea of rot and decay, that ocean of madness were occasional, clandestinely made, photographs of Rebecca, his little daughter.

Then one night, there was a letter addressed to him, which was rather unusual. He would never get regular mail only bills and more bills till he was not able to pay them. But this letter was in a fancy envelope. It peaked his interest, a great deal. He switched on the radio, which was always tuned on the only remaining station that still occasionally broadcasted some classical music, not counting the fact that it was horribly drowned in the waves and the cacophony of annoying afro-Asian beat. He placed the envelope next to the radio, when the program was interrupted for the announcement that the Nobel Prize in physics was given to a bored housewife, Mrs. Angie Collins, posthumously, which was fallowed by the two newsflashes that a couple of explosions devastated New York City: a tiny one and a preponderant one.

Next few minutes Gregg Hutchinson was busy making supper, by taking a can of Campbell' Bean soup, emptying it into a pot, adding some water and waiting for it to simmer. Only that letter would not let him eat his dinner in peace.



As if there was some deeper significance or some kind of a prodigious force behind it all, Gregg stood up and opened a briefcase which was entirely filled with most horrible pictures—the worst of the worst—that he took on the streets of Washington... He moved the photos till he found a pair of scissors. He used them to open the envelope. It contained a paper engraved with calligraphic letters. The man stopped eating realizing that it was written directly to him and somehow it gave him the premonition that this could be his way out of the predicament.

Impulsively, he took his camera and the briefcase. He put his cap on and walked out. At the first corner, he entered the bus for the railroad station. He joined the queue to purchase the roundtrip ticket to Philadelphia, wondering if he would have enough money for the transaction. But he was lucky, he got the boarding pass and still had enough money to get himself a sandwich. By the time, he climbed the train there was a quarter left in his pocket. That was all the money he had but there was also a hope that the journey would be rather beneficial.

This was a night train and it was scheduled to arrive at midnight. There were only several passengers in the carriage and they were evenly seated almost at regular intervals. Gregg took a window seat and occasionally glanced outside into the darkness. City lights soon disappeared and only occasional bright spots could be seen in the distance. It had some calming effect and caused the classical composer turned photographer to feel drowsy until he fell asleep... The flickering lights were moving as in waves...

## *Keepers of the Flame*

There was a loud whistle as the train stopped at the station. The scenery was dim, and the entire surrounding seemed to have changed. The only remaining passenger was still feeling sleepy.

The conductor passed by repeating in a loud voice, "Main station, Philadelphia! The city of brotherly loved, Philadelphia!"

Gregg shook his head as to wake up a bit then grabbed his bag and headed for the exit. Stepping off the train he found himself inside a rather thick fog. In fact it was so dense that he had to use his hands as to find his way. Occasionally he heard some voices and saw some outlines of the people, which helped him to navigate toward the large gate. Suddenly he was on the street, no doubt, Philadelphia but a strange emotion took him over. It was something out of the ordinary... The visibility has started improving and he could see that this was not a big city, but a small town... Even the streets were not paved.

He stood there for a while then decided to walk around as to find out where he was. By that time the fog has completely dissipated. Even though it was still night and lights were inadequate, he could notice that all buildings were small and old-fashioned, only neatly maintained and they looked as if new. Gregg got his camera and took several shots realizing the artistic quality that the images might convey.

Walking and wondering, he came to the largest building in the town. Its lights were turned on and the entrance door was opened. It looked as if it was an invitation for the unfortunate visitor that has just arrived from a far. Gregg Hutchinson went in. There was a sense of some un-describable strangeness that completely overwhelmed his entire body. This was an immense brick

and stone structure that contained one large assembly hole in the center of it.

Suddenly it occurred to him and he whispered, "This is the Independence Hall."

A group of people were gathered there, involved in some rather serious discussion, as far as Gregg could see. Only those individuals were dressed in costumes as if they were reenacting some important event from USA history. Gregg set there in the background unnoticed by others as they seem intensely involved discussing the proposed *bill of rights*.

Everything appeared very much authentic or, at least, one of the most realistic reenactments that Gregg has ever seen so he pointed his camera and made several more shots; when four men dressed in uniforms surrounded him and a commotion of a sort erupted which caused other men to cease their activities and to look at the intruder.

"Who are you, Sir?" inquired Mr. Hancock.

"Excuse me, gentlemen, I did not want to interrupt or spoil your fun, I mean your reenactment of..." tried to reply Gregg but seeing their faces for the first time, up close, he became a bit confused. They seemed quite genuine, so honest and real...

"My name is Gregg Hutchinson."

"Well, nice to meet you Mr. Hutchinson, but could you tell us what is your business here?" asked Ben Franklin.

"That might be a hard thing to explain, you see, I was on my way to Philadelphia on an important meeting, when I got lost..."

One of the gathered men, William Ellery, stepped forward, asking, "Are you a British?"

"No sir, I'm an American, of course!"

But the man, known as Ben, stood next to Gregg and carefully looked at him. He paid close attention to

## *Keepers of the Flame*

Gregg's clothes, his briefcase and especially to his camera.

"And what this might be?"

"My camera."

The man looked at Gregg before asking, "What do you use it for?"

There was a genuine sense of honesty in Ben's question that compelled the man from Washington to answer, "To take pictures."

Everybody in the room was silent so Gregg opened his briefcase and continued, "These are some of the pictures that I took!"

They all came close and with keen interest looked at them, passing the images from one hand to the other.

"And what is that?" Carter Braxton wanted to know.

To which Gregg replied, "The scenes of everyday life!"

"Whose life? In our states?"

"Yes."

"You mean this is not Africa?"

"No."

"Our colonies?"

"Yes!"

The men were speechless! They slowly moved the pictures around and their faces turned whiter than pale. After a while they all set down completely bewildered, utterly annoyed and seriously worried. In a way, the founding fathers were terribly distraught and dismayed.

"Thank you sir, for bringing this divine premonition to our urgent attention," finally said John Hancock. "How could we possibly repay you?"

"Perhaps a small donation from General Washington could compensate you for your troubles and kindness!" said a man in uniform as he gave his sword to the visitor.

The two guardsmen escorted Gregg Huntington to the outskirts of the town, where thick fog was gathering once again. The man from the future entered the fog alone, departing the past. He walked for a while till he stumbled upon the railroad station. The train was ready to leave and it looked as if it was exactly the same train by which he arrived three hours earlier. This time he was the only passenger inside the train that was speeding, barely slowing down, at one station, which enabled Gregg to take a snapshot of also the sole sleepy passenger in a different composition. Furthermore, everything appeared excessively different: much brighter and nicer, indeed! A brand new day was dawning, like it was a brand new world. Just white people could be seen. No crime, filth or decay of any sort was around him. All the parasites, disease and primitive savagery seemed to have disappeared. It was simply amazing. But the biggest shock to him were the newspaper headlines that plainly stated how the Noble Prize in physics, for that year, was to be shared by professor Eric Olsen, Ph.D, for his invention of a new source of energy and by philosopher Dragan Glavasic, M.A., for his work on the metaphysical concept of space and time. Which really flabbergasted him a great deal, since he read the book [Space and Time], on a few occasions, knew it was a masterpiece, thus was mesmerized that it would be even considered for the prize, not to mention of actually receiving it.

“Whatever happened to this world?” he wondered.

Suddenly a cellular phone rang from his briefcase, even though he never knew he had one. He opened the bag which was empty, except for the scissors and the mobile phone. He looked at it in a state of astonishment.

But everything recently which has beseeched him seemed bewildering.

Gregg pushed the green button and placed the phone next to his ear, "Hello," he said.

"Are you coming home soon? Your breakfast is ready. I love you, dear," said his wife's pleasant voice.

Gregg hurried home, to the house that the court took away from him when they got divorced. Only the house was much bigger than what he remembered. He entered and saw his family, that was somehow tremendously large and, in fact, consisting of: three wives, nine daughters and eleven sons. It turned out, he was a famous composer and his latest symphony was the most popular "song" in the world and beyond. For mankind has unknown to him, already conquered the entire Solar System. There were human colonies on the Moon, Mars, around Jupiter and Saturn as well as on several other locations toward and near Neptune.

For a long time, Gregg was wondering whether those grotesque and horrifying visions of his "earlier life" were in fact a nightmare that he dreamed one night while on the train to Philadelphia or if there was some deeper significance in it. Furthermore, he was asking himself, how society could change from the worst and most terrifying nightmare into the most wonderful dream... Perhaps, it was an inkling that nothing could be too late, that events might overturn or transform drastically, even when everything appeared hopeless: assuming that there was the needed resolve or longing for it... On the other hand, such a state of mind caused him to become additionally creative: so he first wrote a short story titled *The Midnight Train*, then he composed a prodigious symphonic poem based on that narrative...

After several months he has decided to take his children, actually, five of his sons to the Capitol, for them to ascertain their heritage, as it all became reality some two centuries earlier. They entered the edifice and walked around till they saw the Declaration of Independence. Gregg leaned over and read to his sons. Then he realized what has made all the difference: it was actually one single word and the word was “white”!

“We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all white men are created equal...” Gregg quoted from the Declaration which obviously had its tremendous bearings on the Constitution as well.

# TRILOGY

## AFTERMATH (Part I)

*At the age of utter insanity, the contemporary epoch of madness, it was declared that the worst crime was something which was, as a matter of fact, the most normal: our love and devotion to our people; our innate struggle to save and benefit our own race, culture and civilization!*

All politicians were seated inside the studio, while waiting for their turn to present their views concerning the key aspects of society. They were talking about the need for even greater masochism, pacifism, hence all out tolerance. They were speaking the same thing, one after another, until it was his turn...

The hostess announced him and he took the podium saying, "Country that has more dogs than children is the land of the damned people! When the citizens are perfidiously fooled to raise dogs and cats instead of their own children, when our parks are used as canine toilets instead of playgrounds for our children then we are beyond help... When we are forced to live in fear and/or poverty; when families are massively breaking up while the intrinsic significance and the role of fathers are drastically degraded [as their rights are constantly depleting; as men are continually harassed and attacked through laws and media]... When we are systematically thought to willingly self-destruct, to close our eyes and keep quiet while



being repressed, discriminated, as our genocide is being perpetrated, while other races have beseeched us, while they abuse, rob, exploit, terrorize, harass, undermine, and destroy us, as well as our culture and civilization, while they are gradually taking over and claiming our own countries; while our money, knowledge and technology are generously given to others: then the moment has arrived for the subdued and oppressed people—our entire race—to wake up from this morbid dream and commence a revolution! Because, not to have children, and to be forcefully kept in fear and/or poverty hence induced to tolerate our enemies (from inside or outside), while they poison us and destroy us, are manifestations of the most gruesome crime against reality, are examples of the vilest perversion and the most unnatural deviancy that there is, was or will be!”

At that very moment, suddenly, the lights went out and the broadcast of the program was disrupted. Special “thought police” basted in and placed a hood on his head thus carried him to an undisclosed location. They interrogated him day and night. They beat him up and laughed at him, accused him of anything they could think of, most of all for what they called inflammatory and hate speech and for his lack of “political correctness”. They called him bad names and threatened him with severe punishments thus raved of the various evil deeds which they planned to perpetrate against everyone that was dear to him... While media commenced a brutal smear campaign against him, his character, his entire family and all of his friends; as well as a preventive campaign against all those that knew him or have only met him. Simpleminded poltrons [subservients] and perverts employed at the media hurried to viciously attack him and sling in his direction as much dirt as they possibly could. They lied

excessively in order to isolate him from the population, as to make them dislike him immensely thus induce them to stay away from him... The terror of the nasty minority and their slimy servants toward the terribly brainwashed and oppressed majority, and especially toward the enlightened one—has reached the absolute apex... However, contrary to all expectations, some rather average citizens somehow concluded, “That man is an intellectual and not a criminal... There is no transgression in thinking or speaking the truth and in loving one’s own people, race, culture and civilization! He ought to be respected for it and not viciously persecuted!”

Almost one whole week passed by when an election came. The citizens, unexpectedly and rather spontaneously, instead of going to vote somehow decided to take a detour—ascending like a fast moving tidal wave—toward the infamous prison where, according to the sick politicians and decadent media, they kept “the public enemy number one”! Along the way, the populace took whatever they could: some grabbed baseball bats, hammers or sledgehammers; some took guns or riffles, automatic weapons, flamethrowers, hand grenades... As the biggest crowd in the history of political upheaval approached the prison all the guards ran away, while heavily armed policemen threw down their weapons, took off their uniforms and shamefully crawled back home.

Angry white men were crushing everything on their path until they freed the most outraged among them thus they all started their unstoppable march toward the capital and the leading media as to relentlessly deal with those ghastly creeps, to revenge furiously, undertake a draconian retribution procedure, so to cleanse all essential corridors and centers of power, to free them from those immoral mediocrities and insidious slime deposits which

have occupied and controlled them for far too long and in such a way that has enabled those nasty freaks to initiate the most horrid terror against their own culture and civilization, to undertake the elaborate annihilation procedure of their own kind and the macabre eradication of their own children.

\*

*To force the people to keep quiet while the filthy scum at the lunatic fringe exploit and abuse us, while they perpetrate genocide on us: is a case of the most terrible crime and treachery—by all those that in some way, shape or form contribute to it or take part in it—is the overwhelming reason for all out uprising, for a revolution to which we have the undeniable rights just because we exist and because we are alive.*

## AUSSIE PRIDE

[Based on the true event, dating from the month of December in the year 2005 (or 10,047 f-LV (from the beginning of Lepenski Vir)).]

*While being a minority, they present themselves as peace loving and good natured, as if they are the ideal or the best neighbors we could ever have or hope for... But as soon as they become the majority, they suddenly transmogrify into bloodthirsty beasts that viciously persecute and eliminate all those different from them and especially the non-believers or infidels!*

*Nonetheless, here is a fable that shows what could happen when a group of those savages immigrates to one of the civilized countries. Thus with a tremendous assistance from “our” atrocious politicians and squalid media, actually due to the deviant laws that grant them greater rights than what we have: they make a mistake of assuming that they could do or get away with anything, that they could freely show their true nature, their genuine intentions, their intolerance and ulterior hate toward us...*

Weather in Australia could be rather hot, but Australians know how best to deal with such. Most of all that implies going to one of the beautiful beaches. For instance, there is a long sandy seashore, several miles in length, as a perfect place for recreation, near the city of Sidney.

One day, there were enormous crowds at the resort. All of them have tremendously enjoyed the sun, the ocean and the waves which ascended toward the land. Everything seemed peaceful and quiet. As a matter of fact, it had to be that way since there was a lifeguard post at each two hundred yards, in order to take care of the visitors and to maintain the order.

However, a young man, working as a lifeguard, noticed a weird group of patrons. He observed them as they were littering, behaving rudely and bothering others. At one moment they commenced praying to their god while terrorizing everyone around, forcing them to keep quiet while the group worshiped. At that instant the lifeguard politely intervened by asking them to behave. Immediately, the six vulgar primitives, who came from some Asian and/or African countries, felt utterly annoyed by the warning. So they attacked him verbally, at first, then they surrounded the lone and unarmed lifeguard, pulled their knives and stabbed him several times. He was left to bleed as they took their belongings and moved further down the beach, to the utter astonishment and disbelief of everyone.

The Aussies were shocked! But within a few minutes, the news spread all over the beach like a wildfire. Suddenly, everyone started, quite spontaneously, to hunt down the six intruders. They beat them severely, punching, hitting, kicking them with large sticks, bricks, their fists, legs or anything they could get. The infuriated Aussies were lynching the revolting alien scum...

Eventually the police rushed in as to reintroduce the law and order. But the arrival of the police caused further tensions to arise, which deteriorated into utter chaos, this time between the people and the police, since policemen turned against their own. A total mayhem lasted all day

and when the law enforcement finally managed to disperse the enraged citizens: stillness gradually returned to the shores.

The beach was completely empty. Everything seemed deserted and lifeless. The enormous stretch of the sand conceded to calmness as the ocean waves caressed the coastline. Nothing and nobody was there, except for one large sign that remained after the furious multitude was gone. It has been written by the thousands, just before the police managed to disperse them. In huge letter it read: AUSSIE PRIDE! That way, it has signaled that the very best that Australia had to offer, was on that beach, showing itself in its full glory! Actually, the Australians have demonstrated to the world how to deal with primitive and insidious savages, with all those that perfidiously infiltrate or invade our countries, all those openly threatening us or secretly laboring on destroying us...

*Somehow, it became apparent: the descendents of English "outcasts" were, as a matter of fact, much better and more honorable than the English! Perhaps, the English have made a colossal mistake, have imprisoned and exiled the wrong people, those that were normal; thus have repopulated their country with various sordid creeps and intruders: turning Great Britain into the biggest and most repulsive "black hole" inside Europe!*

## NASA

“I’m sad to announce that our attempt of putting a female teacher in space was a horrific failure!” said NASA spokesman at the news conference in Huston, Texas. “We have genuinely believed that space shuttle has become so reliable, safe and easy to fly that even a regular woman could go into space... Therefore, we found a female teacher from New England and we hoped to make her an astronaut...”

The man from NASA was sweating profusely while trying to answer the barrage of questions by great many journalists. They all wanted to find out why the space shuttle has blown up, disintegrated high up into the stratosphere, killing all aboard and wasting billions of dollars of tax payers’ money in the process. Consequently never succeeding to bring the teacher in space.

Among the cacophony of voices one has somehow managed to get through, “What was the cause of the accident?”

“It’s hard to tell. We don’t know it, precisely, at this moment. Only one thing is for certain, it was not a mechanical malfunction,” replied the NASA official, while wiping sweat from his forehead.

His main concern was that the general public would become suspicious and thus presume that there was a cover up. As if NASA or USA government wanted to hide some deeper secrets, something that could profoundly affect our world: for instance, whether or not it

## *Keepers of the Flame*

was a good idea to send females in space, in the first place... Which might force us to carefully reexamine, profoundly alter, our rudimentary attitudes toward the weaker gender.

Then next reporter wanted to know what the teacher's last words were.

"Her last words, just before the explosion," replied the NASA representative, "were: 'What is this button for?'"

The cacophony of sounds suddenly died down... Everything was completely still; nothing was moving or making any noise; only one red light was constantly flickering as if it was an alarm, a dire warning signal...



## THE SOLUTION

*Depicting the fact that innate proclivity and intellect are the most powerful forces, in the entire universe... Even many light years away... A badly structured society could effectively overcome its deficiencies, its descent into oblivion, if a sufficient number of truly wise men are present, to guard it and guide it along the way... Because philosophers are not only the beacons of insight, whose arrival is the biggest of all blessings, but also doctors whose patients are civilizations. They are the most important members, of any society, whose cognitive labor might foster and assure their long term longevity and prosperity.*

Beyond the Orion Nebula, at a faraway solar system, the sun was going down as the three moons were already high in the sky. Inside a secluded house there was a large room with glass walls, overlooking a deep canyon. Two men assembled and talked while awaiting Plato. As soon as he arrived, they were complete thus took their seats and commenced a discussion that would turn out to be of immense significance, a breathtaking moment in their entire history, a drastic turning point for better.

Initially it concentrated on the fact that their world was a rather bizarre nightmare inducing them to willingly self-destruct but soon enough they moved on to the next level: ways to find the urgently needed solution as to avoid the eminent annihilation that was ominously lurking just below the horizon.

## *Keepers of the Flame*

Through a complete and utter control of media, “entertainment”, sports, “education”, politics, business and finance: the scum at the corridors of power was perpetrating the vilest of all crimes... Therefore, those filthy sediments had to be stopped, anyway possible... [Proving that ends, indeed, justify the means...] The three men were well aware of that fact only the way to achieve it was in question and still had to be worked out in details...

“Fundamental ideology”<sup>11</sup> represents the foundation for every society, every civilization. It is the declaration of their creed... Without a proper, life affirming ideology we shall perish as a people and as a civilization! Unfortunately for us, currently, we have in place a macabre ideology, one excessively bad and life denying philosophy, a set of bizarre principles and rules to structure and run our society... Our essential beliefs are based on the notions of death and suicide; not on the concepts of life, survival and procreation. Therefore, a new ideology is urgently warranted!” said Dragan Glavasic before continuing, “What we have to do is to start a revolution. Actually, not just any revolution but of the intellectual kind!”

“I would agree with you only if it leads toward *master morality* and the arrival of Overman,” replied Friedrich Nietzsche.

Then Plato added, “Have nothing against any of that if such would eventually bring forward the creation of a perfect state—which closely resembles a functional live organism—where everyone would do what he is best fit for!”

---

<sup>11</sup> As a matter of fact, **ideology** ought to be defined as any organized system of beliefs and ideas that provides the foundation for political and social action, as well as for the rudimentary structure of the society.

The three men then kept silent for a spell as to ponder the immensity of their words and the more they thought of it the more they were convinced that their ideas were not only complementary but they were essential if their society was to survive and prosper.

Finally the utter silence was broken; Glavasic rose up and stated, "In other words, intellectual revolution would bring the smartest men, genuine philosophers, to power..."

"Just the way as it ought to be," interrupted Plato, "After all, a body is ruled by the brain and not by the guts or muscles or by any other organ!"

"Right," continued Glavasic, "Then the wisest of men would transcend into a new breed of men."

"We should call those smartest men, the Higher Men, while the new breed of men ought to be known as Overman," said Nietzsche.

"No problem," continued Glavasic once again, "then Overman would furiously work on—through *master morality*, or as I call it our *innate aggressiveness and relentlessness*—eliminating all our enemies and dead-weight, eradicating anything dangerous to us, thus laboring entirely and exclusively to benefit only us therefore eventually creating the ideal state where everyone would work jobs and take positions in society that they are best fit for..."

"Excellent!" yelled his colleagues.

"We must create society where our key ideology, where the entire society, will be designed only and exclusively to benefit us! Where everything will exist just for us," reiterated Dragan. "Never to serve or benefit others but ALWAYS, UNCONDITIONALLY, AND ONLY US!"

## *Keepers of the Flame*

We ought to know who we are and who our enemies are. It is us versus them! Always was and will be... We must unite and organize, help our members and always be on guard thus ready to fight and relentlessly destroy others, to hate and brutally eradicate our enemies. Because that is normal, that is nature's way, what always was and how it must be!"

To which Nietzsche replied, "Such a noble concept and one incredible idea! That would be our urgently needed return toward the rudiment of nature and into the world of sanity..."

Before Plato pointed out, "Now we have the right, life affirming, ideology: the one that would assure our survival and prosperity!"

"That's correct only unfortunately not yet complete," stated Glavasic.

"What do you mean?" asked Nietzsche.

"What I mean is this: all of these ideas (intellectual revolution, healthy ideology, master morality, Overman, ideal state) are appropriate only if they actually enable and lead toward the fulfillment of our *self-preservation principle* thus the ultimate protection and betterment of yet another crucial concept I call *Realm*."

"What is the self-preservation principle?" immediately asked Nietzsche.

"It is the most important law in the entire universe and reality as well. It applies to all that exists—be it alive or inanimate—and demands from them to keep on existing as long as possible. It's the instinct wanting us to survive, as well as to procreate and to prosper! Actually, the self-preservation principle is the most rudimentary impulse and the most fundamental order ever given to everything in existence."

Then Plato wanted to know, "And what is Realm?"

“Realm, my friends, is something truly remarkable: all that we are part of and that is part of us,” Glavasic replied. “It is the most significant entity in existence and the summit of all our aspirations. In other words, the key aspects of our Realm are: our race and civilization, intellect, males, life in general, Cosmos and reality.”

This exchange of information made Nietzsche a bit uneasy. One part of it did not seem quite appropriate. Something was bothering him. So he raised another question.

“When someone gets killed that is obviously not a case of violating the self-preservation principle and such immense law makes sense for the biggest part of our reality, but how can you reconcile the following three situations: personal sacrifice, suicide, death from an old age?”

“Personal sacrifice is the result of an individual recognizing his Realm and the fact that he is a part of it, thus an outcome of his realization concerning the overwhelming need to protect and defend it even with his own life. That is actually the proof of the utter and incredible importance of the Realm! [For that very reason a normal person feels uncomfortable when he has to harm or kill a fellow man, another individual or, in some rather bizarre or perhaps mistaken cases, even an animal!<sup>12</sup> He innately

---

<sup>12</sup> A normal person usually cannot kill an animal [especially the one which is on a higher evolutionary level] if he perceives it as a part of life, since life is also a part of his Realm. However, such perception is only partially true. It is correct that by killing some animals we could, in some instance, harm life in general, but even greater truth is that slaughter of animals and plants is a key aspect of reality as something that enables life in general to survive, by weeding out the sick and inadequate or by preventing the overpopulation. It might be wrong to kill animals without any reason; it would definitely be wrong to kill plants or animals in a way that endangers life in general.

knows that it's immoral and his consciousness is bothering him. No laws, ethics or books have to tell him that: all of us simply know it, just because we are alive, just as birds know how to fly or fish how to swim or predators how to hunt... In fact, majority of men refuse to do such an immoral act. Even in wars—where those ethical restrictions should not apply—some soldiers could not kill the enemy in combat thus fire above their heads, if they recognize the adversary as being a significant part of the same Realm.] When a father gives his life to protect his sons, he does it because he recognizes that they are crucially important segments of his personal realm and when a man gives his life to protect our civilization he does it because it is our Realm he has instinctively recognized and has decided to defend with his life! Just as when my white blood cells get destroyed while defending my body: they do it because they are programmed to do so, because they are getting sacrificed for me, because they are part of my realm,” replied Glavasic.

“Is Realm more important to a person than anything else?” asked Nietzsche.

“Exactly! Or at least it should be that way and to Higher Men or Overman [those that reach a more profound state of consciousness, a higher level of existence] such most definitely will be the case! It is, by far, the most significant entity in existence...

Now let's return to the second of your questions. Suicide is not a violation of the principle since it is usually induced by the outside factors which create a hopeless situation [for instance, when a person has a painful and incurable disease or when he gets stranded on a faraway lifeless planet] or make such a horrendous

---

But it is even greater mistake (or sin) not to kill animals that impose danger to us or that are necessary for our nourishment or survival.

attack or pressure on the unfortunate individual that he feels powerless and in the extreme situations could commit suicide, thus violate this fundamental law of nature... However, even though he does something extremely bad by killing himself, in essence, still to his defense, it is the case of enormous outside pressure which results in the demise of a person, just as a gunshot is another case of outside attack that causes the person's dissipation.

In other words, a person's death could be caused by the outside factors or by the inside factors. If the inside factors are resulting in the demise of a person then he might be insane or deviant in some way thus nature has marked such inadequate entity for eradication, selected him to perish as being inappropriate form for our reality. But by far, most of the terminations of a person are caused by the outside factors and to that we need to add those suicides that are forced on a person through him being placed in a morbidly hostile environment or a hopeless predicament or by being viciously assaulted through excessive outside pressure.

To a normal person, if there is no such extreme outside animosities as to beseech him, he would never consider taking his own life. In fact, a vast majority of men never commit suicide no matter what outside pressure or how bleak the situation might appear. Which is also the proof of my saying, since many men have survived and overcome the most horrendous predicaments imaginable but have not given up and committed suicide, have overcome all the difficulties, because we are programmed—through our genes—to want to survive and to desire to live.”

“I guess, it's true, society could murder a person not only with guns and swords but also through excessive pressure,” Plato concluded.

“Finally, death from an old age is not the violation of the self-preservation principle but the result of the interaction with nature and other entities, the product of the wearing and tearing due to the rigors of everyday existence. An organism can recuperate only so much from injuries and damages that he experiences in his lifetime or that might accumulate during his duration... Finally, it might also be that death (or disappearance) is innately programmed in all living beings (and all existing entities) as a way to enable their immortalities (eternal existence) on the grand scale.”

“What do you mean by that?” inquired Nietzsche.

“Well, we all know that continual existence of a person would be rather impossible. Not only that eventually there will be an injury from which a person could not recuperate no matter how technologically advanced the society is: his body would simply brake down, cease to function and vanish; or due to a colossal occurrence, like supernova blast capable of destroying not only the person but his entire civilization as well; but in addition, even if people could find ways to extend our bodily or mental existences indefinitely: still the fact remains that most likely no one would be able to live in continuity forever without going utterly insane from extreme boredom therefore eventually desiring, even hopelessly longing, to die. Thus infinitely many short existences is the only way to structure a functional immortality.”

“Something like a countless number of one and the same life: endless recurrence! All of this will repeat infinitely many times. We will meet over and over at this same place—such that everything else, including the universe too, will be identical in every respect—having this exact conversation, arriving to the same conclusions for all eternities to come... Right?” yelled Friedrich.



“Sure, infinitely many same lives but also: infinitely many different lives and each one of those different lives are to be lived infinitely many times... Because, when a person dies he goes to the stars,” replied Glavasic. “And there is (will be) a countless number of stars out there.” Dragan used his finger to point upwards.

“Please explain that assertion a bit further,” insisted Nietzsche.

“Alright! When a man dies his body disintegrates and he is no more. But eventually, within this infinite “space and time” containing a mind-boggling quantity of matter, he will reappear in another part of Cosmos thus will live that same life or a similar life or a completely different life. Such that this process is infinite. After all, we were already dead before we were born, hence, when we die we just return to that same state in which we were already before we were born... Therefore, all of us will have an endless number of different lives and each one of those we shall live infinitely many times... Which implies that we are immortal since a countless number of short lives means immortality: as a matter of fact, the only possible and functional form of immortality!”

“It implies that all of us have lived many lives on different planets, so far, and will live infinitely many lives yet to come,” uttered Plato before resuming, “Many same and different lives, as a matter of fact, all over Cosmos [according to our senses] or more accurately the reality [according to our reasoning]... In any case, you are right: death is not a violation of the self-preservation principle... Definitely not on the grand scale.”

“Nor is suicide or personal sacrifice,” added up Nietzsche.

## *Keepers of the Flame*

“Now, we have indeed acquired the proper ideology that will assure our long term survival, prosperity and longevity,” stated Plato.

To which Glavasic concluded, “Ideology—based on intellectual revolution, the concept of creating and always maintaining healthy ideology, the self-preservation principle, immortality, the Realm, master morality, Overman, ideal state—that will assure not only the survival and prosperity for our civilization but, in addition, grant us a more profound realization that we are actually immortal beings, in the only plausible way: by having infinitely many short lives!”

“The most important thing is for society to develop a healthy ideology as to structure and organize itself in a proper way! Because, the system is one of the keys to success,” continued Glavasic.

Then Plato wanted to know, “How is it possible for a specific society to deteriorate so much as to become suicidal, thus transmogrify into its opposite, in a bizarre creation that is violating the essential laws of nature, most of all the self-preservation principle?”

“There are different ways for it to occur,” replied Nietzsche.

“For instance, if there are no adequate intellectuals, genuine philosophers, in that society: the citizens, left to their own devices, could easily enact a destructive ideology<sup>13</sup>; or if there are groups of perverts and/or aliens

---

<sup>13</sup> Little wisdom is always more dangerous than no wisdom at all! Primitive life forms and initial human societies as well as inanimate objects (with no brain) could innately obey the basic laws of nature; while human societies, on an intermediate level of development, might violate those same laws of nature because they are not even aware that they actually exist or because they interpret them wrongly and/or since they have only a partial understanding of nature thus are

that have successfully infiltrated the society, hence taken over the key positions: they could, intentionally, impose suicidal ideology on the majority, as the insidious ploy to destroy it!” replied Glavasic.

“While all along, through their own religion, they could protect themselves from the destructiveness of the insane ideology... In other words, to the members of that insidious minority, their religion would maintain the absolute authority, remain greater priority over the self-destructive ideology: hence, while the society is poised for annihilation, the members of that religion are eagerly contributing to it, in various mostly inconspicuous ways, but themselves remain immune from the self-destructiveness while patiently waiting for the proper moment to openly strike out, show their utter animosity and finish off the majority (whom they immensely hate, as all other infidels),” concluded Nietzsche.

There was a fleeting moment of utter silence before they resumed the exuberant conversation.

“You know, I wish to have a glimpse of how it was when the three of us lived on another planet, perhaps at different epochs...” Plato lamented.

Then Nietzsche intervened, while pointing upward to, by now, a great many points of light that have covered the night sky, “Perhaps one of those visible stars has a planet or had a planet on which we once resided or that we will yet live.”

His eyes scanned the celestial sphere until he saw the prominent Orion Nebula that commended a large portion of the heavens, “Perhaps, beyond Orion, there is a star system that we once called home or will some day call it that way...”

---

not capable to, entirely or at least adequately, grasp reality and their intrinsic place in it.

“Only we cannot possibly be at two or more places at the same time,” stated Plato. “I guess, our immortal souls are unique entities that disqualify any such possibility.”

“Maybe souls or maybe something else of which we are not aware, at this moment, or might not even be capable to detect: but in any case our existence must be unique!” Dragan Glavasic said, “Because, it makes no sense for a person to meet himself and even more bizarrely compete against himself or murder himself! Because it would be a clear violation of the self-preservation principle! Therefore, it must be forbidden by nature and our reality [which are entirely based on that exact principle].”

“I wonder whether, on those worlds, there were or will be some problems urgently needing to be solved and whether we have or shall find ways to solve them as well...” interrupted Nietzsche.

“There are always problems and there are always solutions,” insisted Glavasic. “All that is needed is to look for the ways out vigorously and to remain persistent till the appropriate answers are found!”

“Yes! Persistence is a virtue!” concluded Plato. “Only I wonder how many of those worlds that we have roamed before have survived and prospered thus how many of them have perished...”

“I don’t know but let’s just make certain that this world won’t be the one to expire before its time!” said Glavasic.

The rest of that night the three men spent in a state of complete silence, until a remarkable new dawn arrived with the most impressive sunrise before the biggest noontide ever! They knew that they have come upon the secret of extending the lease to their prolonged existence and for the tremendous betterment of their society. All they had to do, next, was to make their thoughts known in

public and wait for the critical mass to be reached: for the rudimentary forces of nature to take over. Because, as the self-preservation principle implies: nobody and nothing wants to willingly self-destruct—not even a civilization—hence, the universe did not evolve for billions of years creating life and fine-tuning intellect so that a bunch of creeps and degenerates could eradicate it, unchallenged and with ease.

\* \*

*Death is nothing more than an amazing journey between two consecutive lives—Glavasic most likely have said in one of those other solar systems—just as life is a remarkable voyage between two deaths... Conceivably, suggesting that we ought to make our lives memorable experiences. After all, it is much better to spend eternity as a mighty hero and a valiant fighter than as a despicable coward and a pathetic subservient who is quietly and morbidly lead to a brutal slaughter.*

*Or as Nietzsche stated, possibly, on one of those faraway worlds: “Humans are a disease, sickness, pollution on the surface of the planet that has to be overcome through evolution... Men have to transcend into Higher Men in order to jumpstart evolution and to progress into Overman, as nature’s apex, its ultimate and final destination.”*

*There are two worlds—as Plato once might have concluded, perhaps on one of those distant planets—the apparent world, made of matter, that we discover through senses which is not real but an illusion of a sort, just an approximation of the real world: which is made of*

## *Keepers of the Flame*

*abstract [only in this context abstract actually means real] entities, such as ideal forms, human souls and ideas that we discover only through intelligence and reason, through our mental capacities; but which are nonetheless eternal, absolutely perfect and far more real than anything in the apparent world...*

# TRILOGY

## AFTERMATH (Part II)

Forcing the members of our race to look the other way, keep quiet and take all the abuse and exploitation, while we are being systematically discriminated, while the heinous tyrants perpetrate a vicious repression and perfidious genocide, on us, is actually an act of the most horrific atrocity and the most awful treason—by all those that ignore what is happening, take part in it or in any way, shape or form contribute to it—is the rudimentary reason for our uprising, the commencement of the revolution! Intellectual revolution to which we have absolute right just because we are a part of this universe, because we respect our ancestors and love our progeny, because we are rational and conscious beings, just because we exist and are alive!

We are children of the stars, made of the primordial dust, and we are not going to surrender easily... Through our veins, the universe flows. In our heads, the galaxies are pulsating... Let everyone hear and know: there will be a cosmic storm of tremendous proportions and it will last until, once and for all, we succeed in purging out from our people and our glorious race all those ghastly traitors, filthy parasites and gruesome weeds, till we assure a better and brighter future for our precious progeny...

*Keepers of the Flame*



*Ten thousand miles within my brain  
galaxies are colliding and  
the biggest of all storms is brewing...*

*What I teach you has a name and  
the name is revolution: intellectual revolution  
is what I teach!*

## APPENDIX: ALL ABOUT PRIZES

### **The Concise Young Person's Guide to Winning the Nobel Prize (for Peace, in Physics, Literature, etc) or Any Prize Allover the World**

*In order to shed some light as to the inner workings of renowned Nobel Prize Committee, here is a scientific study in two parts depicting the intricate details on the selection process for granting this prize or any other acclaimed reward. Aside from the fact that a person has to be a certified lunatic and/or of possessing certain and some might say warped sense of proclivity, he/she or it needs to keep in mind, also, the following: some individuals or deeds or discoveries could never receive Nobel Prize while some could. In order to make it more clear here are two lists of which the second one is the proper way for receiving Nobel Prize [and the only reason if the person does not actually receive it, is due to the fact that prominent Nobel Prize Committee has a vast array of similar creeps or contributions to consider] while the first approach is not the proper road for receiving the Prize [or any prize for that matter, whether granted by Nobel or someone else, allover the world, and in any field of endeavor]!*

The 1<sup>st</sup> list (on what NOT TO DO in order to get the prize):

## **OF RECTITUDE**

1. Love the Realm [all that we are part of] and do something truly extraordinary and/or sacrifice yourself for the benefit of it, for the future of our own children.
2. Think of something rather unique, significant and original, within the field of science. Preferably the most important discovery in physics (philosophy)... Work it out into the smallest of details. Use logic and experiments or examples to prove it. Make it public [if such is possible, that is, considering the fact that some strange groups and people control all of media, “education” and centers of power].
3. Write something extremely good, useful, rather original, something extraordinary either in the field of science or in the field of literature. Present some genuine truth, some remarkable contribution to our fundamental understanding of reality. Make a significant contribution to our knowledge.
4. Be “politically incorrect” [meaning, beneficial to our Realm].

The 2<sup>nd</sup> list (on what TO DO in order to get the prize):

## **OF INSIDIOUSNESS**

If you are a deviant or utterly mundane person, a physical or mental cripple, a non-white member of society and/or a female:

## *Keepers of the Flame*

1. Promote excessively decadent or destructive perversion and/or do anything to harm the Realm and/or to benefit other races, feminists, homosexuals, genetic defects, disease and parasites, etc.
2. Do or make something, no matter how stupid or ridiculous it might be. [It should help if the person works at a university or a scientific institute of a sort.]
3. Have someone write a flattery letter nominating you for the prize.
4. If you have some good friends at the media and/or the committee use them extensively; otherwise, just wait and hope for the best. You have a chance to win, good as any, from within the field of mediocrity.
5. Become a member of a political party. It is advisable to find a strong or influential political option. [This mostly applies for some regions of the world, like Serbia.]
6. Join various perverted and excessively deviant groups (such as homosexuals, feminists, peace and animal activists, nongovernmental organizations, etc).
7. Write or create anything on any subject, regardless how boring, stupid or pointless the work might be. Preferably, it should be extremely deviant or decadent.
8. Be “politically correct” [destructive toward our Realm].

[This applies for getting any kind of prize or recognition in the field of science and art (including literature). Because, this is one utterly sick and deviant world where

quality, truth and wisdom, have noting to do with getting any form of success, reward or recognition!]

\* \* \*

Taking under consideration the current state of our utterly morbid world, here is the list of best candidates for receiving Noble Prize (in physics, for peace, literature, etc) or any prize, alllover the world, for that matter. Starting in reversed order with the 6<sup>th</sup> place and ending with the 1<sup>st</sup> place or with the very best candidate for receiving the reward and recognition in the present day society.

6. An animal.
5. An insane or mentally deficient person. Someone physically and/or mentally challenged.
4. A negro, a mongoloid, a Jew, a Muslim, a Hindu, etc.
3. An extreme pervert.
2. A homosexual (gay or lesbian) and/or a feminist.
1. A feminist lesbian from Mongolia that is extremely perverted, mentally retarded and/or dying from aids, and also who accepted, or thinks highly of, Judaism or Islam.

Such creatures could just as well copy down a phone book and it should be sufficient for receiving a prize with tremendous media coverage.

\* \* \*

## **THE 1<sup>st</sup> EXAMPLE**

Let's take under consideration two writers. One has written, in his book, that we ought to be extremely

pacifistic, masochistic, altruistic and utterly tolerant toward everything and everybody! The other has promoted a thesis that if we wanted to survive and prosper: we had to relentlessly eliminate all our enemies!

Since our world is, unfortunately for us, one incredibly pathetic nightmare: we could be certain that while the first writer has some chances to achieve a successful career, get a number of recognitions and rewards—and if he does not get them, it would be due to the fact that there is a stiff competition among similar brain dead simpletons that write equally bad books, or because he does not have appropriate connections—while the second writer has no chances, whatsoever, to attain a success in life, or get any reward or recognition!

That actually would be a definite proof that negative selection has been at work, and as a matter of fact that deviant, to us extremely destructive and immoral creeps, have taken the key positions in society hence that they have been perpetrating evil toward us: malevolently forcing our civilization to further deteriorate.

## THE 2<sup>nd</sup> EXAMPLE

**Person A:** Write down or just say aloud—preferably through media—that our race is, by far, the smartest and most advanced, that there is a secret ploy to annihilate us, as the sole representatives of the superior intellect. That they try to repress us and perform genocide on us... Then you shall see what will happen to you: whether you will receive some recognitions or perhaps end up in prison, how much they will honor you or attack you, hence what kind of life (good or bad) you will obtain, from that point on...

**Person B:** But why would I say something like that?

**Person A:** Because, it is the truth! Because, it is our moral duty to do so.

\* \* \*

*Retribution is good! To revenge we must as to repay  
them back, tenfold, to what evil they have perpetrated  
against us!*

## About the Author

Dragan Glavasic was born in Belgrade, on the 19<sup>th</sup> of January in the year 1958. He studied mathematic and philosophy in USA, thus graduated at Davis & Elkins College. He received a Master's degree (M.A.) at Marshall University. He is a member of mathematical and scientific fraternities *Pi Mu Epsilon* and *Chi Beta Phi*, as well as of *American Mathematical Society*. He is the founder and the president of Asgard [the association for the protection and promotion of European culture, tradition and civilization].

He wrote a few books in the field of philosophy and mathematics, both in English and in Serbian. Of those the most significant are:

- The Cosmic Tree (2003)
- Ultrafilters (2005)
- Prostor i Vreme [Space and Time] (2005)

Mr. Glavasic regularly contributes for the journal *Stvarnost* and occasionally writes to other publications as well.

This is his first compilation of short stories. He has not received any reward up till now and it is not likely to receive any in the near future neither [because he does not have appropriate connections or does not know the right people, is not reach enough to pay off the members of a Prize committee, nor is he “politically correct”, hence does not belong to any leading political party].



*Dragan Glavasic*



Dragan Glavasic

*Keepers of the Flame*

*The sponsors:*

**Odin & Thor College**  
in Belgrade

[www.odinthor.com](http://www.odinthor.com)  
[info@odinthor.com](mailto:info@odinthor.com)

\* \* \*

Electronic journal in English and Serbian language.

**STVARNOST**

[www.stvarnost.com](http://www.stvarnost.com)  
[info@stvarnost.com](mailto:info@stvarnost.com)

CIP – Katalogizacija u publikaciji  
Narodna biblioteka Srbije, Beograd

821.163-41-32

GLAVAŠIĆ, Dragan

Čuvari plamena [Elektronski izvor] :  
zbirka filozofskih priča --- / Dragan  
Glavašić. - Beograd : Tajd, Odin & Thor,  
2006 (Beograd : Odin & Thor e-Press). - 1  
elektronski optički disk (CD-ROM) : tekst ;  
12 cm

Nasl. sa naslovnog ekrana. - Nasl. st.  
prištampanog prevoda: Keepers of the Flame /  
Dragan Glavasic. - Tiraž 2.000. - Beleška o  
piscu: str. 206.

ISBN 86-904797-6-7

COBISS.SR-ID 135215372