



Major Arcana

Allan Orisk

2014 chapbook
Down in the Dirt

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The Fool

Waves crashed against the sailboat. The clouds were dark and rain splattered against the roof of the boat's cockpit.

"How much longer till we reach the islands?" Chelsea asked, "I'm starting to get a little upside down, if you catch me."

"Won't be much longer now," Tab said, "I'm sure of it." Tab had a child's face covered by lame attempt at a beard. He wore a rain jacket that was two sizes too small.

"That's what you said three hours ago," Chelsea said through the beating of the rain, "sometimes I feel like I married a ten year old." Chelsea was blond with short cut hair. She wore lip-gloss and jeans.

"What kind of ten year old owns his own boat?"

"We both know that your daddy bought you this boat. You dropped out of Princeton your freshman year and your dad owns the second biggest investment firm in Jersey. And you've never grown up, lost your enthusiasm, or followed in your father's footsteps. Since when did it become ok not to fit *any* type of mold? Christ you're 39 years old and you still play PlayStation. And now we're lost in a storm."

"We're not lost," Tab said, "I happen to know exactly where we are." A strike of lightning shot out in the distance.

"Jesus!"

"It's ok," Tab said, "I'll turn things around. I can pull my own weight. I'm no baby. When we get to the Tortugas I'm gonna take you on a nice walk and buy us some drinks. Then I'll figure it all out. It's a new beginning sweetie!! When the storm clears, it's a new horizon—with all the possibilities in the world. I'll make you proud of me. And I'll make my Dad proud too. Everyone will think I'm great."

"Sure they will," Chelsea said, "in your fantasy land, maybe you can also run for President eh? All you have to do is sit back and be taken care of. It's all you've ever done since you were a child."

"That'll change," Tab said, "I guarantee it. I'm walking a new path now, and only God knows where it will end. It all starts with me getting us back to the islands—and out of this storm."

The wind whipped the boat's sail and water pounded on the hull in the choppy water. "Look over there, love. It's the Islands! I got us out."

Chelsea eyed the lands just an hour away. “Are you sure that’s the Tortugas?” She asked. “Have you even been looking at your navigation equipment?”

“Well, there’s something I have to tell you,” Tab said, “that lightening strike a few hours ago fried the navigation station with an electrostatic wave. I’ll have to get it fixed at the next marina.”

“And you were thinking about telling me this...when? Would’ve been nice to know we’ve been eye balling through the whole damn storm.”

“I didn’t want you to get worried.”

“Well, I am. We should be back in Jersey right now instead of on this stupid boat. This was all your idea. Now I’m going to an uncharted island with a 39 year old eighth grader.”

“Thanks a lot,” Tab said.

Tab pulled into the dock and tied up the lines. “Ok so it’s not the Tortugas. We can still rest here overnight until the storm to the north clears. Then we go northeast, follow the coast once we hit it, and go into the first damn port we see. It’ll be fine. Try not to worry.”

Chelsea fought back tears. “No it won’t be fine. We’re lost in the middle of the ocean with no nav equipment and we don’t even know what island we’re on.”

“Try to relax a little baby! Where’s your sailor’s spirit! I think we should go find a watering hole and get some poisons in us. See if this little island has any joints to relax in. Let us forget all about the day huh? Make everything better again.”

“I’m staying here,” Chelsea said, “I don’t wanna leave the boat.”

“Well, then I’ll go and I’ll bring you back some fries or something.”

“Stay with me,” Chelsea said, “I don’t think this is a tourist island. I’ve been looking on the maps in the last hour and I don’t have the faintest idea where we are.”

“I’m gonna go play,” Tab said. Chelsea eyed the cliffs in the distance. She could just barely make them out. Tab began walking. He rested his backpack on his back with two fingers on his hand.

“You know you can’t fly!” Chelsea screamed at Tab’s back, “This isn’t high school anymore! This is reality!”

Tab disappeared into some brush.

The Magician

James pulled into the motel bar. His suit pants were damp with sweat—the desert sand had blocked up his AC vents. An attractive brunette tapped on his window in the dusk light. He put it down and turned off the engine.

“Never seen you here before,” the woman said, “mostly I just see truckers on their routes into the mountain towns. I’m Sofia, the groundskeeper.”

“You’re my new best friend,” James said, “I’ll be headed to the bar if you don’t mind. I need a drink so bad my head feels like its being squeezed through a fruit juicer.”

“Most of the regulars need their toxins as well,” Sofia laughed, “its nice to meet you. On a business trip?”

“I’m into real estate,” James said, “headed into the nearest town for site research.”

“Well you’ll find some good rest here. We’re the only rest stop in miles. And the bar is a great place to refresh. Let me show you to your room.”

James loosened his tie. He shut the window shades and checked the closets. He checked the shower stall and looked under the beds. He locked all three locks on his motel door and put his briefcase on the neatly made bed. He opened it. The glitter of the diamonds in the case reflected from the light of the room’s overhead light bulb. He put his 9mm Glock 26 on the bed next to it. He picked up one of the diamonds and looked at it through the light. *They’re real*, he thought. A drop of sweat dripped down the side of his face.

James squeezed the briefcase between his feet as he sipped a Jack and Coke. The bar was mostly empty except for a few bearded, plaid decked, and overweight truckers and was cheap and dingy, like the rooms. The Phoenix Suns were playing in the third quarter of a game on the bar TV. The room was quiet.

“Hey there stranger,” Sofia slipped into a seat next to James. He hadn’t noticed her come in the door.

“You’re a sight for sore eyes,” James said. Sofia laughed.

“Give this one a free refill, of whatever he was having. He’s new here.”

The bartender poured some Jack Daniels into the cup, and poured a new can of Coke in.

“You have a family back where you’re from?” Sofia asked. She had brown eyes, and wore only a little makeup.

“I’m divorced,” James said, “and I’m currently moving.”

Sofia looked down at the case. “People like you don’t come here too often, so I like to ask them all the same questions. Is there anything you want to ask from me? Anything at all? Can I help you?”

“You can’t help me,” James said, “but that’s sweet of you.”

“Well, perhaps I know someone that can. I want you to talk to her. She has a wagon in the corner of the lot. I don’t charge her any rent because she adds to the mystique of the grounds, and brings in occasional customers. She’s a psychic, and she’s not a fake—I assure you. If you’re in any kind of trouble, she can help.”

“First of all, I don’t believe in that shit. And secondly, what makes you think I’m in trouble?”

“Working at a place like this for 20 years you can tell whose hiding something and whose here just to get shit faced. I won’t ask because I know you won’t tell me. Just go to the wagon tomorrow, will you?”

“Don’t count on it,” James said.

James put the briefcase on the car seat next to him. He put the key in the ignition and turned it. The engine tried to turn over, but didn’t rev. He tried turning the key a few more times. “God damn it,” James said.

Sofia exited one of the motel rooms. “It’s probably an over heated radiator,” she said, walking up to the car. “Happens all the time in this part of the desert.”

“Any mechanics near by?”

“You don’t need one for this. Just open the hood of your car. Give it a few hours. Did you get that reading I suggested?”

“I told you, I don’t believe in psychics.”

“This ones *real*, I swear! I’ve gotten my reading countless times from her. She really is a great addition to this property.”

James looked at the briefcase. Then he eyed the corner of the lot where the wagon stood. “Well, I guess it wouldn’t hurt.” James felt his Glock pressed to his waist as he slid out of the car.

“James. I knew you would come. I can see everyone that coming years before they come in. That’s how it works, you know. For me at least. All of us are different. And some of us are fakes. Though I can assure you I’m not.”

“You’re creeping me out already, lady.” James looked at the psychic. She had white hair, dark eyes, and wore a blue tunic. James stepped closer to her and was hit by a soft blue glow emanating from the seer’s body.

“I deal with a card based tool called Tarot. The cards can give you a sense of your cosmic place at any one point in time. You see we are all affected by the planets at different points in time. However, we can reduce the effect of negative influences of the planets if we play our cards right. Tarot is a way to see where we are in the eyes of the gods, based on the plan set out for each and every one of us in the singularity we perceive as our lives. I deal with the Major Arcana cards—the 22 most important cards in the Tarot deck. My cognitive functioning allows me to tell more about my subjects by using only this portion of the deck—a less specific reading by the cards allows my talents more creativity. Would you like your reading now?”

“I...” James faltered, “Yes.”

The psychic shuffled the cards and put the deck on a table in front of her. She pulled the top card off and flipped it over, revealing it. “The Magician,” the psychic said.

“What’s it mean?”

The oracle countered. “Mastery, talents, capabilities, resources, self discipline, creativity, self confidence, and getting things done. It represents these meanings among others. Think to yourself, James. How does this card relate to my life—right now at this time? What can I learn from it?”

James thought about the events of his life in the last few days. He paused. “I suppose it fits,” he said.

“Yes,” the oracle said, “it must, for the gift given to me from the divines is to pick the right card for my subjects, so they can better understand potentialities. I am one of the more powerful nervous systems of my talent in this part of the planet. My nervous system and physiology have a special refined condition—the ability to read The Tarot Major Arcana as well as interact with divine beings invisible to most, while seeing God’s work like a paint stroke on the canvas of the Cosmos. Let me help you with something. As for those men that are following you, and those stolen goods...” James flinched, “I want to help you. Because you’ll need it,” the seer said.

Sofia looked at the entrance to the lot from a spot where she hid behind the wagon. She held a Remington shotgun.

The sign outside the bar was turned to “closed.” James pressed the barrel top of his Glock to his chest and looked through the window shades. He looked down at his watch and noted that it read 1:34. When it changed to 1:36 he squatted down a little more and waited. An Escalade pulled into the lot and stopped in the lot’s center. Following this, four men got out of the passenger seats. Three were dressed in black military clothes and held Colt XM 177 assault rifles. One was dressed in an Italian suit and held a Taurus Raging revolver. The man in the suit spoke: “Split up. Find him.” Two of the three

dispersed and one stayed with him.

They look professional, James thought, like ex-special forces. James waited a few minutes. He heard the back door of the bar blast open. He crawled behind the serving counter and tried not to shake. He listened. Calculated footsteps neared the bar. He took a bottle of Bacardi 151 off a bottom shelf and stuffed a rag in it. He lit the rag with a lighter from the bar, jumped up, and threw it at the intruder. The assassin's assault rifle went off at the ground and he burst into flames, screaming. *One down, James thought, three to go.* A shotgun blast rang out in the distance. *Make that two.*

Hit man number two coughed up blood and gripped his stomach behind the wagon. Sofia cocked the Remington and kicked the assault rifle out of his reach.

She looked at the man in the suit and his bodyguard as they entered the bar. From a distance, heat waves from the ground seemed to twist and blur their figures like spawns in fire.

James hid in a stall in the women's bathroom. The man in the suit sat at a table and poured himself some cognac, while the other stood behind him gripping his weapon. "I know you're in here somewhere James. You aren't meant to win, and we both know how this is going to end," the man in the suit yelled. "Just give us the case. We'll kill you and your girlfriend quickly."

"It's not in the cards," James screamed. He crawled out the bathroom window and ran to the wagon. He lit the line of gasoline that led to the bar. The explosion of the grounds sent a mushroom cloud four stories into the air. The lone driver in the Escalade skidded out of the lot.

Sofia walked beside James and handed him the case.

"Will you miss this place?" he asked.

"This dump? No. But my friend here's gonna have to find a new venue." She tapped the wagon with her shotgun.

The two walked to James's car and got in. James put down the windows.

"I can remember I spent some time in the army, right after high school," James said. He pulled onto the dirt road. Sofia's hair tattered in the wind. "I had to kill a man in Iraq. He wasn't a soldier or anything, but he had connections to Saddam's security force. If I let him go, I would've been dead in a week." The sun burned James's eyes. "I felt bad killing a man without a gun. It made me feel like a coward. There were some roses in his apartment, and a young boy gave them to me. I never understood why."

The High Priestess

Frances aimed her Armalite AR-50 sniper rifle at the front door of the palace. Armed guards with AK-47 assault rifles patrolled the grounds immediately surrounding the ornate structure. Some of the guards walked with Doberman guard dogs, while some flanked the entrance to doors or walked in specific routes.

The palace had a golden fountain in the front of it and was composed largely of white marble. *It must hold at least 60 rooms*, Frances thought, *damned thing is bigger than the White House*. She was surrounded by brush on all sides and her face was heavily painted.

Frances waited. After a few hours passed a chubby Asian man wearing a gray jump suit walked out the front door flanked by a unit of 10 heavily armed bodyguards. Frances aimed her sights and pulled the trigger. When the dictator fell, she heard a loud siren and saw a scrambling of men on the ground. She packed up her weapon and prepared for a long run.

The grass was as high as Frances's head and swayed violently in the wind. She checked her compass and her map. It was dark, and her night vision flickered on and off. "Over there!" She heard a man's voice screaming. She heard footsteps, gunfire, and the clink of grenade pins. *I don't think I'm getting out of this one*, Francis thought. The sensation of heat lasted only a second and then she felt a dizzying sensation, like she felt on the roller coasters she rode when she was a child.

(Simultaneous thoughts)

Thought 1: Where am I? Intuition: I have dropped my body

Thought 2: It is warm here, bright with white light, and I feel an overwhelming sense of Love

Thought 3: I can now think more than one thought at a time; this is because the information channeled to me is not sifted through my nervous system

Thought 4: All of my ugliness, doubts, fears, and insecurities have melted off of me. I am now aware of all aspects of time, space, and the cosmos

Thought 5: What I now experience is a singularity. Time, space, and relativity exist as a pinpoint of atoms—all meshed into one experience. This cohesive whole is sifted to all beings of the cosmos in all spectrums of time and dimensions and is how they experience their lives. I know now that the experience of living is simply a reflection of this great energy I now feel. And that, in a way, my past life was more or less an illusion based on my current point of reference.

Thought 6: I now realize that almost all the teachings of great spiritual leaders can be applied aptly. I see that they are all simply branches on One Tree, and that I am now at the roots of the tree—sucking at the nourishment of the divines.

Thought 7: I am now in a perceived Gap. This is a gap between lives. I am now aware of different aspects of my past life that I didn't actualize before.

Thought 8: Seeing my body as I left it, I realize that my consciousness, personality, and ideas served a specific cosmic task

*Thought 9: I realize that God loved me while I was in my body, and I was doing his work as he planned when he created my life
(Continual stream of thoughts)*

Thought 1000: I will pass into another body. The experience I now feel will end, and I will forget it until it is time to come home again. My life can be anywhere on the space time continuum, as The Creator has allowed

Jacquelyn played with her blocks. They were plastic-lined stuffed blocks with A, B, Cs and 1,2,3s written on them, and she instinctively made two pillars with them. Outside her window she could see a small pond with a duck paddling in it, a fruit tree hanging above. And then it happened—she felt the urge to cry, though she wasn't sure why. It was either because she wanted her mother to hold her, or because she couldn't get a picture out of her head. It was a vision of a man wearing a strange jumpsuit—the same picture that made her feel queasy until she was too old to remember it.

The Empress

The answering machine started. “Hey its Don, leave a message after the beep,” it said.

“I took the test today,” Katie said into her cell phone, “we’re going to have a child! I’m a little scared. Call me back.” When she hung up the phone she bit the nail on the tip of her pinky finger.

Katie walked the city park. It was a sunny day, and warm—Katie had to squint to see. She saw a little boy playing with a collection of red balloons next to his mother, and a little girl playing hopscotch. A fountain shot water into the air in synchronous bursts, and a clown juggled vegetables. Amidst the light, noise, and bustle of the park something caught Katie’s eye. A wagon stood in the corner of the grounds.

“Katie. I knew you would come. I can see everyone that’s coming years before they come in. That’s how it works you know. For me at least. All of us are different. And some of us are fakes. Though I can assure you I’m not.”

“So you’re a psychic?” Katie asked as she scanned the inside of the wagon. Katie noted the blue light, and though she tried she couldn’t pin down its source.

“I have been given a gift by The Creator, yes. To help people. People like you Katie. People who are at an intersection in roads, or need some guidance. I aid people through times The Creator has placed on them like an imprint in the mud. It may seem as if Time can erode this print—but the impact of the print can be sustained in different ways, like a duality. Take an hourglass—the sands will always flow. However, if you turn it in the proper fashion the sands will flow in a more positive progression. A duality can be read in many ways, and progressed in many ways. For instance, I could place my palm on your head, or flip over a card from my Tarot deck, or use simple intuition.”

“You already know things about me?”

“I know that you will soon be a mother. That this will place a burden on your life. But at the same time you will be filled with bliss at the new life you have created, for The Creator has meant for you to have this life even if the life is hard.” The oracle shuffled her Tarot deck, and flipped over the top card.

“The Empress,” Katie said when she saw the card.

“Yes,” The seer said, “it is the card for you. Your card for this intersection in roads. For your life at this time, how the cosmos speaks to you. Place your palm out Katie, there is something I must show you.”

Katie extended her hand. The oracle grabbed it.

Katie looked around her. The sky was an azure blue. The grass was green and rich. Soft wind tattered her hair. You see Katie you are free here. Katie walked and breathed the fresh, crisp air. You are free because your love sets you free, and you protect that which you love, and that which you create. I love you, just as I love all in the cosmos. Just as you will love the life inside you. Katie walked to a large, gnarled tree. It stood alone in the vast space of grass, its roots stretching strong and sinking deep into the rich soil. Its branches were long and strong and bore thick, sparkling leaves. Katie extended her hand. She touched the tree and was hit by an intense, bright, warm light.

Katie opened her eyes. “Where was I?”

The psychic countered, “Nowhere and everywhere, Katie. You were inside yourself. And now you must go home. But just remember—some day you can go back. It is a natural place, composed of Love. The very same Love you will have for your child.”

When Katie exited the park she took one last look behind her shoulder. “Mommy, do you want to go home?” A little boy asked his mother. Katie could see the two from a distance. The boy was holding a toy truck.

“Of course sweetie,” his mother answered. She put him in his Radio Flyer Wagon.

“I love you mommy,” the child said.

“And I love you.”

The Emperor

The black and white photo of the biker sat on the Chief's desk. "I suppose there's no escaping you this time," Chief Briggs said to no one but the walls, "I'll have to get involved myself."

Chief Briggs stepped out of his Lincoln. He wore a black trench coat and aimed a Colt Anaconda .44 over his doorframe. He was flanked on both sides by police squad cars. The cops were decked out in anti-riot swat gear and carried shotguns, assault rifles, and a Rocket Propelled Grenade.

Across from the cops and the detective were a group of bikers on choppers. The colors on the back of their vests read Satan's Minions. They held handguns, knives, chains, spiked bats, submachine guns and far outnumbered the law enforcement officials.

The leader of the outlaws scooted his bike forward. He had a long white beard, white hair, and wore military sunglasses. "So, King Arthur has come with his cavalry to quench the demon hordes from Camelot. Tell me king, who is it that crowned you? Is it this country? The same one that binds you with its falsehoods?" The biker took a folded American flag from a satchel on the side of his chopper. He threw it on the dirt ground, covered it with gasoline, and flicked a match on it. The flag lit up in a blaze.

"You know," Briggs said, "That's illegal."

The leader laughed "We've all spent time in the can here. That's what we do. But today is different." The horde cheered.

"You can't hide from The Law," Briggs said, "even if you're a one percenter. The whole station's got an eye on you guys. Your only hope is to move to Vegas, and get out of our small town."

"But what good would that do us? And then you wouldn't get to protect your precious men. No. This town is where we belong. And the pickings here are too tasty."

"Very well," Briggs said, "men, sons, brothers. Prepare your arms!" The bikers and cops began shooting, circling, ducking, and swinging. A cop next to Briggs fell dead after a long chain from a biker whipped and shattered his face. An RPG round from one of the cops exploded on the grounds and caused a mass of torn bikes and bikers. A dismembered hand fell on Briggs's windshield. The hand had long, pointed nails. "If men don't care to follow or uphold The Law, it is my job to confront them. If

Satan's Minions leave town, I am prepared to offer a truce," Briggs yelled in the cacophony.

The leader of OMG frothed at the mouth. "Oh, but don't you see detective? The Law does not hold the Outlaws, for we follow our hearts and minds and know that the constructions of society are mere reflections of flawed conceptions."

Briggs shot a biker off of his bike with the magnum. The biker's brains splattered against the dirt ground. Briggs countered the leader, "But if The Law is not upheld, then Anarchy ensues. And Evil reigns supreme. The Law may put our desires in check, but our desires must fit into a framework of Natural Harmony."

A shotgun blast punctured the gas tank of a chopper, incinerating it with an ensuing explosion. A cop fell from a pierced flack jacket. "But that is where you are wrong!" The leader of the brood cried. The biker's eyes were now glowing red, "For my desires matter more than the desires of my fellow men!!"

A cop fell from a knife wound to his throat. A biker took automatic fire to the chest. "But now you must remember The Creator," Briggs parried, "for this power will not let Evil shut out the light, as long as there is light in good men. There is always a Power that Preserves."

Only three cops and Briggs remained standing. The Horde surrounded them and revved their engines. "You see," The leader lamented, "men are but pawns." His hair had fallen out and his teeth were razor sharp. His scalp oozed puss.

"No," Briggs said, "Men are fathers and sons. It is now clear to me that Hell has found suitable capsules in your bodies, and that Evil reigns in your hearts." A fleet of helicopters approached, choppers with police insignia on them and painted in white and gold. The brood squealed and dispersed as missiles and chain guns fired.

"Where are they going?" One of the cops asked.

"North. To Sin City, where they belong," Briggs answered.

Briggs drained a glass of Cognac. Uniformed cops surrounded him at the table in the bar. "To a successful venture. And many more to come," Briggs said.

"And to a great Chief of Police. And father to us all," one of the cops said.

"You uphold The Law with grace," another said.

"And stand up for The Righteous," said another.

They all put their guns on the table and downed a round of shots.

The Hierophant

“And that is how we can support wholeness in ourselves and our environment, and how we can uphold Natural Law. It is through the practice of my meditation, twice a day to reach enlightenment. Your previous beliefs will be enriched, not nullified. Money will flow into your possession more freely. Clarity of mind will take root. Harmony with your environment will occur like a well-oiled cog in a clock of life. But don’t just listen to my words—meditate! Feel the support of nature for yourselves! Goodnight everyone!”

The crowd threw flowers on the stage as the guru exited. The curtains closed and the guru walked toward the roof of the building with his chief disciple and his bodyguard detail.

“It was a great speech, master,” Lee said crammed between the bodyguards in the narrow hallway. The guards were wearing sunglasses and black suits. The guru and Lee wore light robes. Lee’s was gray, and the guru’s was multicolored.

“I gave the followers what they needed now, as I always do. The crowd is like a child. You must give it what it needs in such a way as it does not become confused and begin to cry. The teachings of my master are not easily absorbed in a lifetime. It takes years of meditation and study. Though it is not as hard to become enlightened as you might think, Lee. Think of your meditations like this. Picture a white cloth dipped in yellow dye and left to dry in the sun. The dye will fade in the glare, but some color will remain. Then dip it again and do the same. And again. Eventually the color will be vibrant and fresh at all times, like the colors of a fresh rainbow, because you are renewing the dye’s potency. This is how your meditation works. When the dye is yellow always, you have reached enlightenment. Your robes can change from gray to multicolored because you are experiencing Natural Law in all its wholeness at all times. You can feel the cosmos move in a blink, and Pure Awareness touches your soul during waking, dreaming, sleeping, and even other special states of consciousness.”

“Yes,” Lee said, “such is the teachings of your deceased master’s meditation.”

The guards, Lee and the guru reached the roof. The guru's helicopter sat on its helipad. Two of the guards remained on the roof and the rest got into the chopper with the two meditators. The chopper picked up and headed to the monastery, and the meditators looked down at the city.

"Next I will go into more detail with the world on the so called higher states of consciousness," The guru said.

"Oh yes, you mean Cosmic Consciousness, God Consciousness, and Unity Consciousness?"

"Of course," The guru said, "The world needs to know that that there are seven states of consciousness that humans can experience while still in their bodies. These are Waking, Dreaming, Sleeping, Transcendental Consciousness, Cosmic Consciousness, God Consciousness, and Unity Consciousness. Most people only experience Waking, Dreaming, and Sleeping. However, through my meditation they can experience Transcending—immediate Transcendental Consciousness during their very first meditation. If the yellow dye on the cloth becomes a rich yellow over time, this Transcendental Consciousness can be felt during the Waking, Dreaming, and Sleeping stages—hence enlightenment and Cosmic Consciousness. When Cosmic develops and we become more aware of Natural Law and The Creator, we have reached a more potent higher state known as God Consciousness. And when we have flourished in love for god and developed even farther we have reached the bliss and love that I now feel in Unity Consciousness, where we feel connectivity and love for all and an all-knowing bliss. Some are born with this gift, but they are very few. Most must cultivate it through the use of techniques."

"Yes," Lee said, "of course."

"There are even some Mystics on this planet who can feel the effects felt when we die, or drop our bodies. Although they may not feel the full potency of a lost body, their Unity Consciousness is specially refined to experience divine beings, better readings, and more potent auras and intuition. These individuals are few and far between, but represent a power in consciousness that surpasses even mine. Some use Tarot, a system that can show information relayed from the divines."

"I see," Lee said.

The guru pointed out the helicopter window. “Look at the ground below you, the buildings, the people, the lights, the life. All suffer, though some more than others. If everyone could touch and synchronize with Natural Law, then there would be no pain in the world. There is much I still have to teach before I die. I have given the world about 1 percent of the information I want and need to give.”

“I see,” Lee said.

“You will someday wear my robes and take my place. Here, take this.” The guru handed Lee a card. He flipped it over.

“The Hierophant,” Lee said, “what does it mean?”

“Normally I do not delve into the realm of mysticism, but this card will remind you of something after I die. The card means education, truth searching, morality, ritual, advice, tradition, discipline, and belief system. It means this among other meanings. Keep this card close to your chambers when I drop my body. You will take my place at the head of my movement, and preserve my teachings.”

“Yes master,” Lee said. The chopper continued in the dark.

The Lovers

Julie sat on the park bench. It was dusk, and when she saw the angel, the light it let out lit up the empty grounds with a fiery luminescence. The angel had red and green hair, and red wings. It wore blue robes.

“I see you!” Julie cried, “I see you every time you touch me, however that may be!”

The angel fluttered into the air and from the distance met her gaze. She was filled with an intense sensation of Love. The angel fluttered higher and dissipated.

“I see you!” She cried again, “come back!”

The sun was just beginning to set. The angel was gone.

“I saw it again,” Julie said.

“Lemme guess, the angel,” Gash said. It was 3 a.m. in the coffee shop. Yellow lights illuminated the streets outside.

“Yes, in the park earlier. I know what you’re thinking. You think I’m crazy don’t you?”

“I don’t think you’re crazy. I think you saw something. But an angel? And the rest of the park just happened not to notice?”

“There were only a few others there. The park was about to close. And besides, he only shows himself to those he wants to. The angel was trying to tell me something! It wants me to know some type of secret! And when it looked at me Gash! When it looked at me I felt so warm and happy and light. What would you say to that?”

“I would say you might need to see a good shrink. Have you ever heard of schizophrenia?”

“That’s not funny!”

“It’s a condition where you see and hear things that aren’t there.”

“I’m not crazy! I know what I saw.”

Gash held her hand under the table. “You know I love you right?”

“Yes.”

“Then try to get over this weird shit. You’re starting to creep me out. Ask yourself this: if no one else saw it, how could it be real?”

“It’s real! Its real, it’s real, it’s real! You’ll believe me someday!”

Julie's phone rang in her apartment. She picked it up.

"It's me."

"Alex?"

"Yeah."

"Little late to be calling don't you think?"

"I know you stay up late. Where have you been? I've been calling all evening."

"I was out with a friend, and before that the park."

"Went out with that prick eh? I'll break his jaw. Just be with me."

"It's not that simple," Julie said, "I'm really with neither of you."

"Is that so? Well, what are you waiting for?"

"I'm trying to understand something that's been happening to me. And I think it has something to do with you guys."

"That fuckin angel. You're the only angel I know. You should lay off those magic mushrooms."

"Very funny. We both know I've never even smoked a cigarette."

"How long have we known each other?"

"Since Junior year of high school, ten years ago."

"And how long have you known that prick?"

"Since my last year at the art academy."

"Well, that should tell you something. He'll be gone soon. And if I'm gone too then there's no one. Get your head out of the clouds, baby!"

"As far as I'm concerned, you're both friends. For now at least."

"Good night, I'll call you back."

"Good night." Julie hung up the phone.

Julie walked the streets. She had brunette curls that bounced when she walked. She wore a red dress. And that's when she saw it again. The angel jumped between the buildings next to her, using its wings to glide. She stopped and the angel floated down in front of her, its glow vanquishing the dark. The angel spread its wings and reached out its hand, and Julie touched it. She was hit with a soft, warm, white light—wrapped in a cocoon of Love.

"Ok," she said.

The Chariot

Brock took cover behind the fallen statue. He slowed his breathing and focused his eyes. He loaded a new clip into his M6A1 assault rifle. A medic crouched quivering next to him, holding a first aid kit.

“I’m gonna die. I’m gonna die. I’m gonna die,” the medic said. Automatic fire whizzed over their heads. A grenade went off in a nearby building.

“No, you’re not,” Brock said, “I’ve got you. Just patch this gash on my arm.” Brock held out his arm and showed a large cut that sank deep into his forearm. The medic went through his wound binding procedures.

“There must be at least a hundred Jihadis over there. And how many of us?” the medic asked.

“Just us two,” Brock said, “We’re officially the targets of a rescue mission. I’ve already called it in.”

“We’re gonna die.”

“Not if we can hold out till the cavalry arrives.”

“And how long will that be? What unit are you from anyways?”

“I don’t know how long. And I’m a SEAL. My unit is classified along with my mission. What I can tell you is that my initial objectives are now aborted and I have to assist the rescue squad in getting you and me out of here.” Brock took a pin out of a grenade and threw it over their cover.

“We might as well write our death notes,” the medic said.

“Do you know what it takes to get through Hell Week in SEAL training? Medics in the Army Reserve deserve their accolades, sure. But Hell Week is all mental. It’s about mental discipline. Conquering your emotions. If you conquer your emotions there’s no situation that can stop you. And that goes beyond the military. If you end service after the war, you need to remember that. I had brothers in the SEALs who lived and died by that mentality. It’s not about how many pushups you can do. Or how good you are with a combat knife. It’s about how mentally tough you are.”

“I’d still feel better about getting sentimental if there weren’t eight dozen Jihadis over there trying to send us straight to Allah.”

“I have something I want to give you, buddy,” Brock handed the medic a card. The medic flipped it over.

“The Chariot. What’s it mean?”

“It means everything I just talked about. I pinned the card next to my bunk during SEAL training. And now I want you to keep it. A mystic gave me that card just before I left for service.”

“I see. I’ll take good care of it if we get out of this.”

“Ok. Just take cover here. I have to keep them at bay.”

The medic crouched and held his knees as Brock rolled out and shot his assault rifle. The men were in an urban area with multiple levels and indoor spaces. His shots rippled across the chest of a Jihadi holding an AK-47. The man was wearing a black ski mask and fell from the balcony he aimed from. Another Jihadi rolled out from behind a burning barrel and fired. Brock strafed and threw a stun grenade. Three Jihadis dropped their weapons and gripped at their faces.

“Keep going!” The medic cried, “It’s working!”

“Remember what I said!” Brock cried, “We must master our emotions! For us, we must do it all in the face of Evil.”

Brock shot a gas canister on the ground near four of the terrorists. The can exploded and body parts flew in all directions.

“But I don’t think I can master Evil!” The medic cried, “Just look at Hitler, Stalin, North Korea, Sudan, Iran, Afghanistan, and...”

“Here,” Brock finished.

“It seems like evil crops up everywhere, like a shadow from behind a rock.”

“Yes. But the rock cannot have a shadow without the light of the sun. And light will always shine out the dark, so long as there are good men. In us, there is a Power that Preserves.”

The two could hear helicopters in the distance.

“We just have to hold out a little longer,” the medic said.

“Yes,” Brock said, “focus.”

Strength

The announcer's voice rang out throughout the arena. "Fighting out of the red corner, a home grown Brooklyn heavyweight boxer—"Steel" Max Irvine! And fighting out of the blue corner, a black belt holder and master of Shaolin Kung Fu— Master Roth!! So without further ado, lets get it on!"

The opening bell rang and the two fighters approached each other.

The two fought in an ornate ring draped by red and gold cloths. The onlookers wore tuxedos. Many wore top hats, or carried jeweled canes. A decorated gambling section was set up in the back of the arena.

Roth was Caucasian and wore a black T-shirt with his dojo's sponsors printed on it. Max was African American and wore short, black trunks.

The fighters confronted each other. Roth dodged a left hook and countered with a punch to the abs. His hands nearly bounced off a solid mass of muscle. He rolled left to avoid an overhand right from Max, and circle spun his legs for a trip. Max staggered but remained on his feet.

Max threw a straight right and Roth parried and kicked to Max's mid-section. Max staggered but remained relatively unperturbed. Max threw a left, right, left combo and caught Roth with the right. Roth flew into the ropes on the far end of the ring. He got up, his head twirling. Max walked up to him and attempted a body blow. Roth countered with a cartwheel and a spinning scissor kick. The boxer fell on his back. Roth got onto the ropes and did a summersault drop kick onto Max's chest. When he regained consciousness he saw the master's hand being held into the air by the announcer. "...And new, City Games champion!" The announcer roared. The crowd clapped and whistled.

The two fighters tended to themselves in the locker room. "I don't understand," Max said, "how could you beat me? I'm an ex- heavyweight champion. And I'm twice your weight. I've knocked out men twice as tough and as big as you. It just doesn't make any sense."

“Ahh,” Roth countered, “but ask yourself this—does size and toughness really matter? Think of a woman taming a lion. The woman may not hold physical prowess, but through constant pressure the woman is able to hold the lion’s mouth shut. Similarly, the woman has the mental ability to transcend her emotions and reach enlightenment. She has the will and determination to overcome a beast that’s ten times stronger than her, just because she has power over her desires. You see my Kung Fu is no different. You are the beast, and I am the tamer. Our size and toughness do not matter.”

“That’s bullshit,” Max said, “I work and I work and I work. It’s the Eye of the Tiger as they say. You have to fight to survive, and defeat your enemies.”

Roth parried. “But Max! My good friend! Your only enemy is yourself! You must master your emotions, and tame the beast within you. You must rise above your own petty desires and transcend consciousness, to reach enlightenment.”

“But I’m stronger than you!” Max said.

Roth countered. “You have a much stronger body, yes. But think of strength not in terms of your physical prowess. Think of it in terms of how evolved you are. How close is your nervous system to reaching God? I will give my prize purse to my needy pupils for their training and upgrade my dojo. Not a dime will go to my private account.”

“I’d by myself a new Lamborghini.”

“Exactly,” Roth said.

Max opened the mailbox outside his Las Vegas mansion. He put the newspaper underneath his arm, but spotted something unusual further up in the box. He pulled out a card with a picture of a woman holding a lion’s mouth. The card read “Strength.”

The Hermit

Isaac finished the equation on the blackboard. The numbers and symbols stretched across the entire board in the front of the classroom. “This is only one tenth of the full equation,” Isaac told his students, “the rest can be found on your student web account. But don’t be scared. I don’t expect you to be able to memorize it. I just want you to be able to understand it. What do these numbers mean? You are the best students on our campus at applied physics. And *this*. This is more important than anything even Einstein wrote. It is the Zero Point Field, or Unified Field written out in undisputable formula. My good pupils, you are looking at an equation for The Creator. Class dismissed.”

The students got out of their seats and headed for the door. A man in a tweed suit and a green bow tie sat in the back of the room. He clapped as he walked up to Isaac. “Only a few on the planet can write out The Zero Point Field, Yale University is honored to have you on our team.”

“Xu,” Isaac said, “you could, I’m sure of it. You’re better than me, actually.”

“It’s time for us to have a little talk,” Xu said, “meet me at the faculty lounge.”

Xu poured Isaac some scotch. The lounge was complete with leather furniture and Yale memorabilia. “Not only can few comprehend the equation for The Field, or The Creator, but few can grasp its potency,” Xu said. “But you do. To have an equation that’s fundamentally sound and a proven justification for God? With all the religions in the world, I am surprised that the work of these fine men have not catapulted them to the highest honors on the planet.”

Isaac sipped his scotch. “I have just one problem,” Isaac said.

“And that is?”

“I may see The Creator in numbers, but I can’t feel God with my emotions. I don’t feel Bubbling Bliss, or Quiet Knowing. I don’t truly love God, because my nervous system has not stabilized the higher state known as God Consciousness. It is as if I am looking out of a window in a dark room. I can see what’s outside, but inside I am enveloped in shadows.”

“I see,” Isaac said, “I want to let you in on a secret that I have been keeping.”

“What might that be?”

“I have stabilized God Consciousness.”

“Is that so?”

“Not only can I see the equation for The Unified Field on paper, and understand fully its intricacies, but I now bathe in love for The Creator at all hours of Waking, Dreaming, and Sleeping. I can see your aura right now. It is a curious aura that burns bright, though lacks healthy dimension.”

“I don’t understand,” Isaac said, “how could you attain such a gift?”

“There are as many ways to achieve higher states as there are people walking this planet. I achieved mine through ten years of solitary introspection and contemplation.”

“You made yourself a hermit for ten years?”

“Have you ever heard of Tarot? It is often used by Gypsies, Psychics, and Mystics to understand applications of The Field/Creator and how it/he is affecting an individual at any given point in time, based largely on the effects the planets are having on their birth charts. Think of Astrology like a golden art and Tarot the silver. The golden art is constant and solid like the shining of the sun, and the silver art is changeable like the waxing and waning of the moon. However, the moon and the sun are both touched by the Divines.

Soon I discovered a card. The Hermit. The Hermit is able to transcend consciousness by unplugging from the world for an extended period and then reattaching after he has attained enlightenment.”

“And it actually worked?”

“It worked because I had the intent to make it work. I wanted to feel God just as badly as I wanted to write him out in numbers and letters on ten blackboards in the Yale Applied Physics Department. I went to the small country of Bhutan and found a cave. I paid a boy ten dollars a day to bring me food and drink. And I simply let myself be. Time passed. After ten years of contemplation and introspection my awareness progressed through the state of Cosmic Consciousness all the way up to God Consciousness. Now when I look at the equation, it bursts with light!”

“That’s incredible!” Isaac cried.

“Here, take this. I knew you would need it today. It is time.” Xu threw an envelope on the table. Isaac opened it. Inside was five thousand dollars in cash and a one-way plane ticket to Bhutan. “Now *you* must be The Hermit,” Xu said, “so that another mind at Yale can truly master the equation.”

“I will do it,” Isaac said, “It is my time.”

On the plane Isaac opened his formula book. A card and a note dropped out. The Hermit Tarot fell in Isaac’s lap. The note read: “See you in ten years. The Chair will wait for you.” Isaac read the equation one last time.

The Wheel of Fortune

Joey waited in the diner. He sipped some stale coffee and took a bite of some lemon meringue pie. He checked his watch. It read 3:00 a.m. He slicked back his black hair and adjusted his suit tie. The door to the diner swung open.

“Pauli,” Joey said, “I’ve been waiting for you.”

Pauli sat in front of him. He was short and fat and wore a red Italian suit. The waitress walked to the table. “I’ll take a coffee and a jelly donut,” Pauli said. The waitress took his menu and walked away.

“So, what’s the story? What’s Tony say?” Joey’s face was beaded with sweat.

“I told Tony not to fuck with these Chinese. They have no scruples. They’d sell their own mothers to the highest bidder.”

“Tony says war is coming,” Pauli said, “The Red Dragons are animals.”

“How is our firepower? And how many men? Do the Feds know about this?”

“We have Ballester Molina .45s, Glock 17 Gen4s, And Steyr GBs as handguns. We have Mag-7 shotguns, MP 38 submachine guns, M15 grenades, bats and crowbars. We also have two machetes,” Pauli said. “We have 50 soldiers, 20 made men, and 3 bosses. No info on the Feds. Our sources dried up.”

“What do you think’s happening to us?” Joey asked, “It seems just yesterday we were the most profitable family in the city.”

“But if we don’t win out,” Pauli said, “the other four families will think we are weak, and work together to crush us. They’ll leave our wives and children without husbands and fathers, and desecrate our family. They’ll go for Tony last.”

The agent put the black and white photo of the Asian man on the white board. Next to the picture was a similar style photo of an overweight Italian man. He took a red magic marker and drew a line between them. The agent spoke to a full audience in the room. “These are bosses of two of the most powerful crime families in the city. The Asian, Su Chen—leader of the infamous Red Dragon gang. The Italian, Tony Struetto—leader of the Struetto Family of the Five Families. The two families are about to go to war over competing drug turf for the sale of cocaine. Both gangs are heavily manned and heavily armed. They attain their arms on the black market and could be considered military equipped. The Red Dragons are known for their brutality, and have been operating loan sharking, prostitution, and drug rings out of China Town. The Struettos have control of the city’s waste disposal system, practice extortion, and also operate drug rings. The war will happen any time within the next two weeks. The site will look like a small battlefield.”

Someone in the room raised their hand. “What do we do?”

“The Bureau has decided to let them kill each other. It saves us from having to prosecute them.”

The waitress put a Porterhouse steak in front of Tony. She put a large sushi in front of Su. Outside the glass windows, the two Bosses could see their men shooting, stabbing, hacking, beating, and detonating each other with grenades.

“Whoever loses should get to take a cyanide capsule,” Tony said.

“No no no!” Su smiled, “sleeping pills are much more comfortable than cyanide!”

“So it’s decided then, the loser gets to take sleeping pills and his family gets to move to Miami.”

“A promise!” Su said.

Su took a sip of some Sake. Tony took a sip of some Merlot. A Red Dragon’s dismembered arm flew against the window and streaked blood. A Stretto got downed by Uzi fire.

“Have you ever heard of Tarot?” Su asked.

“Oh yeah, that’s that game used for psychic readings, right?”

“Yes,” Su said, “I have practiced it myself a little, though I am not very talented with it. I don’t possess the consciousness it requires to fully utilize and understand the cards. But there’s one card that seems to resonate with me right now. It keeps popping up when I’m given a reading.” Su placed a Tarot card on the table.

“The Wheel of Fortune,” Tony said, “What’s it mean?”

“It is the card for us now,” Su said, “it represents the coming or going of power, or the entering or leaving of good times. It means that all things come in cycles. There are dark times and there are good times. There are prosperous times and there are poor times. One of us will die today, and one of us will greatly increase our power. It all turns with the mysterious Wheel in the Sky. Neither of us can control the Wheel, only God knows the outcome. You cannot resist The Wheel of Fortune; it will crush you if you do. You must go with the flow.”

“Interesting,” Tony said. He savored his steak and a butler lit up his cigar.

“The fighting will be over soon,” Su said, “lets both relax.” The window shades were put down through the sound of a man screaming. A grenade detonated.

When the sound of fighting ended, the two men smiled. “You see this Jackal-headed Demon at the bottom of the Wheel?” Su pointed to the card.

“Yes,” Tony said.

“That is Anubis. He is to remind you that although dark times are a part of the struggle, divinity is always with you.”

Six bruised and bloody Red Dragons with Uzis entered the restaurant.

“Now,” Su asked, “would you like to take your medicine with some cognac?”

Justice

Devin opened his apartment door. A man stood shivering outside. It was raining, and his clothes and hair were drenched. “I’ve come for my usual,” the man said. He held out an unhooked car stereo and 200 dollars cash.

“Very well,” Devin said. He took the money and stereo and placed a small bag of heroin in the man’s outstretched hand.

“See you tomorrow,” the man said.

Devin shut the door.

In the club, Devin sipped a glass of champagne. He felt his Glock in his front pocket. He had a pale face, and wore a knit hat.

“Yo, my man, Devin.” An obese man wearing gold chains and baggy jeans sat down next to him.

“Hi Geno,” Devin said.

“We make any sales today?”

“A few.”

“Nobody tried to steal nothin’?”

“Not today.”

“Good.”

Devin slipped some cash across the bar table.

“You know,” Geno said, “we’re going to Hell someday. We’re the scum of this city. Fancy cars, fancy clothes, nightly clubbing, and women. We have no place in God’s eyes.”

“I don’t believe in Hell or God,” Devin said, “Besides, we’re providing a wanted service. We don’t force needles on anyone.”

“That doesn’t make it right,” Geno said. “I grew up Catholic. My mom was single and poor, but she would be pained if she understood what I did to people for my money. The misery I impose. I just can’t resist the life.”

“Amen to that,” Devin said. He downed his champagne. A stripper danced in front of him. She was topless and wore heavy makeup.

“Well, Hell or no, we must someday face up to our sins. You reap what you sow, as the saying goes. Like balancing scales—if one side goes up the other must come down. So live it up. Whether we want to accept it or not, Justice will touch us. It will hit us in ways we may not expect for all the good or ill. It is karma, what God intended when he created the cosmos.”

“Since when did you retire from drug dealing and become a fortune teller?”

“This isn’t coming from me. I got a Tarot reading the other day off a mystic by Fifth and Oak. She told me everything I just told you. Like a mind fuck.”

“Don’t listen to that garbage,” Devin said, “We’re nothing but dust when we die. We’re animals. There are no powers out there; we’re just a bunch of monkeys in suits. Think of Darwin, my friend.”

“What if Darwin was right, and these Psychics, Jews, Christians, Muslims, and Mystics are right too? What if you can have both? Like a One Tree?”

“You need some smack, it’ll clear your head.”

“I’d never touch the stuff. I’m just into the money.”

“Aren’t we all,” Devin said.

Devin staggered across the streets. His steps were haphazard, and he burped. A black cat ran across the alleyways. Devin stepped on a glass beer bottle, shattered it, and tripped. He fell on his knees and his jeans soaked up the wetness on the ground. “Fuckin’ a” Devin said. He crawled to a park bench twenty yards away and lit up a cigarette. After the cigarette, he rolled a joint and leaned back. “We’re nothing but dust when we die. We’re just monkeys in suits,” Devin said to himself.

“Hey, Devin!” His earlier sale ran up to him, “That was some good stuff you gave me today! You should try it!”

“I don’t do dope,” Devin said, “It’s bad for you. Stay away from it.”

“I wish I could. It’s a little too late for that.”

“It’s never too late.”

“Sometimes the past can’t be undone. We must live up to our mistakes, and accept our sins.”

“Well, nothin’ on me now. You’ll have to stop by my place tomorrow.”

“I was wondering if I could get another dose now?”

“No, tomorrow,” Devin said.

“But you have some at your apartment right?”

“Yes.”

“And you keep your keys on you right?”

Devin reached for his Glock but it was too late. The junkie shot him four times in the chest with a Colt Gold Cup .45. He began to loot the carcass.

The Hanged Man

Gen opened his eyes. The monastery was painted gold, and decorated with wooden carvings. Many of the carvings were of beasts—owls, bears, and wolves among others. A man in a black robe entered the room. “So you have finished your week long silence,” he said, “how do you feel?”

“Master Lee,” Gen said, “I feel the gods tugging at my sleeves. I feel as if I am transcending consciousness faster than ever before. But something is missing. Why do I not enter into Cosmic Consciousness? I want to experience Transcendental Awareness at all hours, even during Silent Time.”

“We are monks,” Master Lee said, “We have dedicated our lives to the spirits, angels, and The Creator. But there is a next step for you now. You have turned a corner in your exercises, and must now turn within yourself even further. To become more aware of the divines, you must walk within yourself. You must tread in a Holy Land, where all the beings of the divine will share their wisdom with you. Here, I have prepared something just for this state in your evolution.”

Master Lee removed a wooden bowl from a satchel. He put a red flower, some incense, and some seeds into it. Then he ground the contents of the bowl with a pestle and lit the contents with a match. A hazy smoke filled the room. “Take a deep breath,” the master said.

Gen blacked out.

Gen looked down. He saw an azure blue sky, with fluffy white clouds. He looked above, and saw rich, green grass. He felt a tug on his foot, and his head felt radiant. And then he noticed the trunk, branches, and sparkling leaves.

“I’m hanging from a tree!” Gen thought. He touched the trunk of the tree in front of him, and was hit by a bright, warm, white light. Information fused into him like rapid water through a creek.

Gen: Where am I?

Answer: You are in a singularity. You have touched The One Tree, an embodiment all time, space, and cognizance. It is also referred to as The Zero Point Field, or Unified Field. It is everything. It is God, The Creator, I, and Everyone.

Gen: May I have your wisdom?

Answer: My wisdom lives in everyone at all times. But not all have the tools to unlock it. Men like you and your master must try to open the minds of those who are cold to My, Our, Its existence.

Gen: What of suffering?

Answer: Suffering is caused by lack of clarity and imbalance. The farther you are from Me, Us, It the more you will suffer and cause others to suffer. I, We, It cannot reach through the Arc of Time and change Creation. It would disrupt Space Time flow. Suffering can only be buffered by the power of good in good men, as they effect The Zero Point Field in their immediate location to create calm and clarity and wholeness. Evil and Hell are nothing more than intense imbalance—an extreme swing from Love and Heaven.

Gen: Will I ever get to live in Heaven?

Answer: Anyone can live in Heaven at any time! Even while still in their bodies! Heaven on Earth exists when no stress, strife, evil, or hellishness affects the world with intense imbalance. Heaven is The Zero Point Field, The Unified Field, Love, Everyone, The Creator, God, and I.

Gen: Give me Cosmic Consciousness.

Answer: I will give you Unity Consciousness. The highest of the higher states. A gift.

Gen opened his eyes. The smoke was clear from the room. His master sat cross-legged in front of him. “So, you can see now?” Lee asked.

Lee’s aura and the Zero Point Field touched Gen’s perceptions. “Yes, Master. Finally.”

Death

Alfred walked the carnival in the night. Striped tents littered the landscape, and dust blew in the air from the dirt ground.

“I can’t believe you talked me into this Sebastian,” Alfred said to the butler next to him, “this place is filthy.”

Alfred wore a red silk suit. The butler wore a tuxedo.

“Master,” Sebastian said, “even billionaires can enjoy a little fun and games every now and then. With your diagnosis, you may not have much longer for fun. So lighten up! Besides, there’s a reason I dragged you here besides cotton candy. You’ll see. You’ve been a good master to me, and I owe you.”

“Not much longer eh? I’ll never die. Pancreatic cancer or no.”

“Sir, you aren’t being very realistic. Let’s go play.”

Alfred watched a strong man lift a 1000 lb. bar over his head. He ate cotton candy and popcorn, pizza and gumdrops and pie. He watched a lizard man lick a sword, and a woman rest in a glass coffin full of live rats. He noted countless clowns of all different personas. A magician did wondrous tricks in front of him. He saw fire dancers spinning and twirling their fire sticks. He played darts and won a pink, stuffed Teddy Bear. He bobbed for apples and Sebastian threw pie in his face.

“I’ve never had so much fun in my life!” Alfred cried at the end of the night, “I’m a tired old man. Lets go back to the Manor.”

“You can’t go back yet, Master. You’ll miss the best part of the fair! It’s the main reason I brought you here.”

“What on earth are you talking about?”

“Follow me, sir.”

Sebastian led the Billionaire to the outskirts of the fair. He pointed to a small wagon that read “Free Psychic Readings.”

“A psychic?” Alfred cried, “I don’t believe in such nonsense.”

“Master, she’s one of the best! It took me weeks to track her down. She travels all over the country, and gives readings for free! She’ll give you a reading that’ll change your mind about mystics. That I guarantee.”

“Well, I suppose.”

“Alfred. I knew you would come. I can see everyone that’s coming years before they come in. That’s how it works you know. For me at least. All of us are different. And some of us are fakes. Though I can assure you I’m not.”

Alfred noted that the room glowed blue. He couldn’t spot a blue light bulb.

“My butler brought me here,” Alfred said. “He seems to think you have some power. I don’t normally believe in the mystical. But tell me, if you can, why am I here?”

“Alfred,” the Seer said, “your aura glows as a rarity. Think of your parents when you were a child, living at your family’s Manor. The love Alfred! The Creator loves you just as your mother and father did. And now Death looms.”

The Seer flipped a card off the top of the deck. An image of a skull-faced knight riding a horse covered the card.

“Death? You know about the cancer? I’m not going to die! I don’t care what the doctors say, or the two faced scum, or the butler. Something like that can’t happen to me, only to others.”

“You fear and deny Death because it is a great unknown. But Death is not an end Alfred! It is just a change! Like water that dries from a river and goes to the clouds, to be rained again into the river—life is a cycle. All who are born must die. You will drop your body, pass into *The Gap*, and be born again into a new body! Do not resist, it will only make things worse. Change is for the best, and even the very powerful must fall before The Creator.”

“I suppose an old man can have his fancies then, even if they are futile.”

“We are all beings of light Alfred, and we must accept life’s cycles. Time for home, and rest.”

The Mystic packed up her wagon. Cards were put in order, candles blown out. She put her crystals in their cases, and a cover over her roses. When she opened her boxcar door she could see a rare forest spirit in the distant woods. And then she noticed it. Next to her generator a briefcase sat with a wax-sealed envelope on its top. She laid the case down and opened up the envelope. A card inside read:

Thank you. My Master is at peace.

—*Sebastian*

Finally, she opened the case. It was stacked entirely with 100-dollar bills.

Temperance

The Jews arrived at the wagon at midnight. It was located next to a pond, on a grassy circle surrounded by thick, dark woods. The moon was half full. Crickets chirped and an owl hooted. The pond contained a few large lily pads.

The Jews had traveled in on a wagon and most had been sitting in its back compartment. They were Hasidic with curly hair and black hats and clothes. They wore black suits with white shirts and wore gold, symbol-etched rings on their fingers. They also carried rare Hebrew tomes and scrolls of varying sizes and ages. The leader, an elder with white hair and a long beard, entered the new wagon.

“Maxwell. I knew you would come. I can see everyone that’s coming years before they come in. That’s how it works, you know. For me at least. All of us are different. And some of us are fakes, though I can assure you I’m not.”

Maxwell made various notes of the Mystic’s wagon. He noted that the psychic glowed a light blue color that illuminated her surroundings.

“The Jews are an ancient breed, quite Holy,” the Oracle said, “Christ himself was a Jew. And your kind has a history of bitter treatment. It is a shame that an interpretation of the Light could be sucked into Hellish conflicts.”

“I suppose you know why I came here. My band has been tracking you down because of your reputation,” Maxwell said, “It is rumored that you can talk to Archangel Michael directly. That your power dwarfs any being on the planet.”

“The Creator has given me a gift. He has given me power within a body that can help people short of being an Angel or a God. I am not a divine spirit. I possess a human body. But my nervous system and physiology are specially cultivated with a gift. I have been touched by The Creator to help! To help people like you Maxwell! I know that you want to know God. Sometimes I deal with Tarot because it helps people to understand things in a more systematic format. Did you know that the 22 Major Arcana cards in the Tarot deck are based off the 22 letters in the Hebrew alphabet?”

“No,” Maxwell said.

“Well they are. The 22 Major Arcana cards are pictorial elaborations of the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet, induced into form on paper through meditation. True to geometry, the letters are like a cube with its 22 dimensions: 12 sides, 6 faces, 3 axes, and 1 center. The dimensions, cards, and letters are synchronously fused into perfect unity. This is like the Cosmos in its perfection of Law and Singularity.”

“So you know why I have come?” Maxwell asked.

“Yes. You have come to better understand your group’s readings. You want to touch God, The Creator, The Unified Field, Everything, and Us. Here. Look at this.” The Mystic flipped a Tarot card from the top of a deck.

“Temperance,” Maxwell said, “How does that relate to me?”

The oracle countered. “It is the card for you at this time because you and your followers are on a spiritual journey. It wants you to understand that spiritual foundation supports your daily life and your worldly growth, and development supports your spiritual growth. You are on the right path Maxwell! Just as a Christian, Muslim, or Buddhist can be as well. They are all on branches of One Tree.”

“I see,” Maxwell said, “I came far to get my reading. Where do we go from here?”

“You must continue to grow Maxwell. Your underlings will continue as well. You will reach your spiritual maximum within your bodies. Your evolution will be superb. Read your books, study, and practice.”

The Jews’ cart wheeled off into the dark of the forest. A pack of wolves nearby smelled their scent—though when they neared, they found nothing but tracks. The wolves lost interest and focused on a rabbit.

The Devil

The demons beat at the door to the church. They came in all forms and sizes. Some were small and slithered with tails. Some crouched with skinny limbs and sharp claws. Some fat, round, winged demons fluttered to stained glass windows and tapped their fingers. All had glowing red eyes that illuminated the night.

Charles sat in the confession booth. “Forgive me Priestess, for I have sinned,” he said.

The Priestess wore a glowing gold cross on her chest. “What seems to be the problem, Charles? It seems as though Hell is knocking at your door.”

“I have been contemplating suicide for two months. I lost my job, and my girlfriend left me. I have no one, and no money. I feel anxious and lusty, angry and obsessed, doubtful and pessimistic. I don’t know if I’m ever going to get out of the jam. And the pain is too much. My landlord keeps harassing me for money. The bill collectors won’t stop calling. And no women will even look twice at me. I feel like I’m living in Hell. I want it to end.”

The Demons began licking their lips and howling. They banged harder on the church doors, salivating and hissing.

“I’m sorry to hear that Charles,” The Priestess said, “and I’m glad you came to admit your sins. You know, to drop one’s own body prematurely and with intent is sinful, since you have denied your potential to be naturally and fully expanded. Although you may still embrace The Light after you leave your body, you will be doing it in a fashion that was unnaturally early. You may love where you end up, but realize all that you missed.”

The demons twisted, tapped, and huffed. The pounding increased.

“I see,” Charles said, “but I feel cold and alone. I feel like there is no way out.”

“But Christ and God love you!” The Priestess said, “And they have a plan for you. You’re just going through a dark time. There is imbalance inside you. Like Hellish creatures trying to express themselves. When the imbalance is corrected, then light will shine forth and your problems will correct through Natural Law.”

“I took an ecstasy tablet the other day. I went raving in a club with a bunch of kids. Made me feel better for a little bit.”

The Demons burst open the entrance and scurried in. The cold night shocked the inside of the church. The Priestess bolted out of the confession booth and held her cross high. “There is light in us all, Charles!” The Priestess cried, “We must allow it to take hold, and outshine The Devil.”

The cross created a blue, luminescent bubble that covered the confession booth, Charles, and The Priestess. Hungry for flesh, the Demons ran at the two but bounced backwards scathed, burning, and writhing when they hit the blue force field.

“What have you done?” Charles asked.

“I have used the Power within me. The Power of Good. In all Good men and women there is a Power that Preserves that can outshine Evil, Hell, and Shadows with Love, Heaven, and Light. It is a state of balance that you must reach within yourself, Charles. And the balance once reached can be enhanced. It will help you in the singularity you perceive as your life, as you live out the plan that has been made for you by Christ, God, or The Creator.”

The Demons circled and hissed, cried and bellowed. When they tried to touch The Field they were burned and howled.

“But how can I surpass all the Demons that surround me?” Charles asked.

The Priestess countered. “For the Love of God Charles! Your surroundings do not matter! Light comes from within you, as does Love. If you master yourself, the Demons will dissipate.”

“Very well then,” Charles said, exiting the confession booth, “It’s decided. I’ll live.” Charles stood next to The Priestess and held up her glowing cross. Bright light shined through the stained glass windows of the church—Morning Light. The Demons whistled and whelped and turned to smoke and dust.

The Tower

Victor stuffed the golden, diamond encrusted Rolex into the pillowcase. It slipped into the pile of 20s, 50s, and 100s. His ski mask was itching the stubble on his face, and his nose was running.

“You know they’ll kill you, don’t you?” The Asian man laid twitching and whimpering next to the blown out safe. “Just put down the bag and all is forgotten.”

Victor shook his Desert Eagle Mark XIX at him. It made his teeth rattle, and his nerves ache. “Shut your mother-fuckin’ cock suckin’ mouth.” He looked out the yellow-stained window at the cheering crowd two stories below. Two men fought within a chain link fence. One of the men had a spiked tattoo running up his neck, the other was heavily muscled with a torn shirt. The crowd surrounding them spewed obscenities in the yellow light, yelled and jumped and twisted and pumped their arms in the air. Victor kept the gun pointed as he opened the door and backed out of the room.

“You are in the eyes of the Red Dragon now. Remember that. You’ve ended us both.” Victor tried to block out the words and noise of the crowd as he shifted down the hallway and toward the night.

The man warmed his hands from the fire in the barrel, and took a bite of his burrito. Cars passed on the busy city street. Another man, shorter with naps in his hair, grilled a sausage over the flames.

“You hear the news?”

“What news?”

“That Chinese gang, The Red Dragons got ripped off. Their fight purse over at 6th and 10th—gone. One-man job. Sent ripples all the way up to the top. Heads are gonna roll. The safe watcher is already missing. Probably find him in a dumpster in a few weeks. That’s what always happens with these things.”

“Damn. That’s nasty.”

“Sure is. You bet.”

“What about the thief?”

“Only a matter of time.”

“What’s makes you say that?”

“The Red Dragons have eyes on every corner of town.”

The tune of Super Mario Brothers filled the damp apartment as the boy played Nintendo on the television. The space smelled like mildew. Victor walked up to him and ruffled his hair.

“Daddy, will Mom come home today?” The boy didn’t look up from his game as he made Mario jump on a mushroom.

“Mommy’s not coming back for a long time, buddy. She split when you were a baby. The money’s a little tight I know, but we’ll see her again someday I’m sure of it. When you’re all grown up Mommy’s gonna be proud of us. I’m working things out right now. I’ve made a little bit, and I’m gonna sort things out. Someday you’ll go to Harvard, and then become a doctor. Mommy will come back to us because she’ll see that I’m no loser; that I can take care of my son and make everything ok.”

Victor’s hand was shaking as he lit a cigarette. One of his eyes was bloodshot. “Everything’s gonna be fine. Everything’s gonna turn around. I can feel it little man.”

The men prepared their guns. One fed a magazine into a 18.4mm Anti-riot shotgun. He noted it was 12 gauge, 7.05 lbs., and 33.07 inches long.

The second checked the muzzle of a Type 05 submachine gun. Its rate of fire was 400 rounds/min.

A third man shifted two handguns on the table, inspecting their catches. One gun was a QSZ-92 9mm. The other a Type 64 silenced pistol 7.65mm.

Victor pulled up to the elementary school. He unlocked the backdoor and his son opened it to get out. The boy was wearing a Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle shirt.

“Pay attention in math today, buddy,” Victor said.

“Of course, Daddy.”

The boy ran up the steps to the school and through the cathedral-style doors. He watched the children playing on the steps and tried to stop his hands from shaking. *You are in the eyes of the Red Dragon now. Remember that. You’ve ended us both.* Victor rubbed his hands together and lit another cigarette. Resting the stick of foam and tar between his lips, he hit the accelerator. As he left the school, he noted an Escalade pull off the curb behind him.

The coroner unzipped the body bag. The detective walked up to the body and tried to breathe through his mouth. “Damn shame,” the coroner said. The detective checked his files and matched compatibility with the autopsy report.

“Yeah,” the detective said, “Damn shame. The morning unit found this one floating in the park pond on the north side of town. Got in bed with the wrong crowd. Has an only son. He’ll have to be sent to foster care.”

The face on the body was unrecognizable, swollen with water and bruised. All the fingers on the body’s hands were cut off.

“Almost looks like he fell from a skyscraper,” the detective said, “the people in this town will never learn.”

The detective put his file underneath his trench coat and got into his car. *I see cases like this every day*, he thought. *It’s as if the divines have a place for some people, at some times. Like a planetary intersection. New beginnings. Or terrible ends.* The sun warmed him as he pulled off the corner’s pavement and headed back to his office.

The Star

The church was cool in the night—the windows were open. It was cramped inside and white paint was peeling. The Pastor concluded: “And so you see, good men and women, that when we pray we begin to see and hear things in a fashion closer to God. Regular prayer is as important as regularly brushing your teeth. You are caring for one’s spirit, just as with brushing you are caring for one’s oral hygiene.”

A woman fanned herself with a pamphlet. A young boy squirmed restlessly in his seat. A moth bounced off the ceiling lights.

“Today I have a special guest for you,” The Pastor said, “She’s a healer. Her name is Elle. She’s esteemed by the church and here to help you. So before you leave, is there anyone that could use Divine Nourishment?”

A man in the back of the church stood up. “I have terrible arthritis!” he cried. He walked up to the healer and held out his gnarled hands. Elle placed her palms on top of his hands and an intense white light flashed through the room. “My hands! There’re normal!” The man cried, “There’s no more pain!”

Elle was young and pretty. She wore a white dress with a pink flower at its collar. She had brown hair and eyes.

“Yes,” The Pastor said to the crowd, “Elle has divine power to heal. She is the daughter of two gypsies, but now travels alone. Use her while she is here.”

“I have back pain!” one man yelled.

“I have cancer!” a woman cried.

“I broke my leg!” Another said.

“My skin is pale!” said another.

Elle worked for hours. The Light continued to flash in the small church. When almost everyone had left, a woman carted up a boy in a wheelchair. “My son can’t walk,” She said, “can you help him?”

Elle placed her hands on the boy’s legs. The Light flashed. From outside, it looked as though lightning had struck in the inside of the church. The boy stood up from his wheelchair. “I can walk!” He cried, “It’s a miracle!”

Elle and The Pastor rested in the empty church.

“It’ll be morning soon,” The Pastor said.

“Morning Light, the Light of the Lord,” Elle said.

“I just wanted to ask you, from your perspective, how do you do it?” The Pastor asked.

“Think of a woman pouring water into a rippling pool,” Elle said, “the pool represents Universal Consciousness. Meditation and Prayer may stir this pool of the Universal Mind, proving divinity’s existence. The physical world offers the same experiences when spiritualized by Prayer and Meditation—those intent on experiencing divinity further while still in their bodies. Have hope, inspire, and discover! The goddess of nature allows connection between Cosmic Consciousness and the material plane. With my gift, I am able to tap into this pure energy, divinity, or Unified Field to help heal people who are having problems with their physical and spiritual aspects.”

“Incredible!” The pastor said.

“With acknowledgment of the Divine comes illumination and freedom!” Elle cried. “Every one of us can reach a state of touching the Pure Cosmos.”

“There is something I must tell you,” The Pastor said.

“And that is?”

“It is the main reason I called you here,” The Pastor said.

“And what might that be, Child of God?”

“I have AIDS. I contracted it from a dirty needle at a hospital. Can you help me?”

“The Creator is always prepared to help. I am merely his tool.” Elle placed her hands on his head. The Light flashed one last time.

The Moon

The Moon was full and shined through the trees in the forest. Patrick wore jeans and had a crossbow on his back. A golden retriever walked alongside him. The path was covered with tree roots.

“I don’t know how they talked me into this hunt, Lacy,” Patrick said to the dog. “It’ll be an *experience* they said. It’ll teach you to hunt the best buck in the state they said. They told me I’d reach the next level. And now I’m lost in the woods by myself, with no real light to guide me. It’s a damn shame you can’t talk Lacy—I could use some help right now. Things aren’t as they seem here at night. I can barely see the path we’re on. Where am I buddy?”

The dog barked and ran in circles around his master.

“No, I’m all out of treats,” Patrick said, “no treats until I find the highway.”

An owl hooted in the distance. A rustling could be heard from far away. Lacy became excited and barked loudly. Patrick took his crossbow off of his back.

“There’s no easy way to find your way out of The Dark, to progress into The Light. Everything comes in shades of gray, in stages. The path to the highway, everything. What I’ve learned in my years hunting, Lacy, you must tame the beasts as best you can.”

The rustling increased rapidly and two large, grey wolves pounced at them. Patrick shot an arrow at one wolf, piercing it in the gut. The wolf rolled over onto its back. Lacy snapped at the other wolf’s neck. At the same time Patrick took out his hunting knife and slit the wolf’s throat.

“But while walking in the Dark, buddy, things aren’t always as they appear.” Where the old wolf carcasses lay were now two bodies of twisted, deformed demons. One demon had a long, slithering tail. The other had skinny legs and razor claws.

Lacy whimpered and pressed up against Patrick’s leg. “Don’t be scared Lacy!” Patrick cried, “To give into our fears is to let our demons devour us! We must follow our own inner guidance, and walk the dark paths until The Light reemerges.”

Patrick continued walking and at one point he reached a fork in the road. “We must follow our intuition, Lacy,” Lacy ran left and Patrick followed.

Patrick walked in the dark for a time, with Lacy happily following at his side. “You know,” Patrick said, “sometimes it may take time for The Light to remerge.” Patrick knelt down and in the dust of the trail found an hourglass. He let it go and it began to float next to him at eye level. “But we must continue,” he said, “or we will perish.”

The Sun emerged over the highway. “Look there, Daddy,” said a young girl in a passing car. They could just barely make out a tired looking man and his hunting dog emerge from the forest tree line.

The Sun

The journalist stood up in the press conference. “Is it a sure thing now? This is your last win? Your last season? Jermain “The Tank” will no longer be running back for the Los Angeles Sharks?”

“It’s official,” Jermain said, “It’s my time to go. My muscles are starting to weaken, and I want to end it while things are still going fairly well. Its been a great run with The Sharks. We won two Super Bowls. I got to meet The President. I made connections in Hollywood and brothers on this team. But now the fog is clearing. The Sun is rising. Today, the last game of the season, is the last game of my career. Thank you.”

The journalists frantically tried to ask more questions as Jermain left the podium. He exited the stadium in his Rolls Royce. The Paparazzi followed him.

Jermain sat in the club. He sipped a Jack and Coke. His bodyguard sat next to him. Paparazzi camera lights flashed repeatedly around him.

“What are you going to do with yourself, now that you’re not in the game anymore?” The bodyguard asked. He had a spikey tattoo running up his arm, and was heavily muscled.

“I saved half the money from my last contract. I’m going to invest in an annuity, and buy myself a super yacht. I’m going to spend the rest of my life traveling the world with my full yacht crew. You’re welcome to come too! I could use some protection out there.”

“And to think,” The guard said, “You started out in the poor sector of Brooklyn. Your mother was poor, and you didn’t mind it there aside from a little rough and tumble. The streets and the game were a way of life for you.”

“I’ve come a long way,” Jermain said, “It’s been a long, hard road. There was a lot of confusion and darkness, and a lot of fear and strife. There were some days I wasn’t sure if The Night would end—if The Sun would ever shine again. I had to work hard and scared for a long time. But look at me now! The Sun is shining brighter than ever before. I feel like a child in a field, playing in innocence—the warmth is overwhelming. I’ve been healed! And now I have a great family. Kids, a wife, more money than God, fame, and a sense of well being.”

“You’ve done very well for yourself, Tank,” the guard said, “You should be proud.”

The Paparazzi cameras continued to flash. Jermain downed his Jack and Coke.

“Would you like to go now?” The guard asked.

“Of course,” Jermain said, “What time is it?”

“6:00 a.m.—bright and early.”

The two walked out followed by the sea of Paparazzi. The parking lot was gone—replaced by a field with horses, children, and sunflowers. The Sun shone brightly overhead.

Judgement

In the wagon, the mystic closed her eyes. She began her meditation, and the blue light surged. She saw James in the Bahamas, drinking with Sofia. She saw Jacquelyn crawling in her crib. She noted Katie playing with her daughter, and Detective Briggs in his favorite watering hole. She saw a guru drop his body, and enter *The Gap*. She visioned Julie playing with an angel, and Brock completing a mission. Max donated a Lamborghini to charity and Isaac took his chair. Alfred was buried with a smile and the Jews reached spiritual enlightenment. Charles got a job as a realtor and found a new girlfriend. Victor loved his brief stint with *The Gap* and Elle moved on to more towns. Patrick found his way home from the highway and Jermain watched football from his new yacht.

The Archangel Gabriel walked on a plain of light, encompassing the Seer's vision.

"Have I done well with those that I helped?" The oracle asked.

"Yes," Gabriel said, "You have done more than The Creator could have ever hoped for. These people have learned lessons, and are reaching spiritual and emotional fulfillment. Evolution. Limitlessness. Like switching from watching a movie on a small screen to a big screen."

"So I have used my gift well?"

"Just as The Creator planned, when he planned your life and the lives of these men and women. It is all a chain. They will go into the next life never remembering, but always wishing while in *The Gap* they could remember how they touched It."

"Is it my time?" The psychic asked.

"It is time only for a change, not an end. A new beginning to all, though nothing has really happened from the start."

The Seer braced.

The World

(Simultaneous thoughts)

Thought 1: I have been close to you my whole life, but never fully in you

Thought 2: The bliss I feel is now is much more powerful than that which I felt in my body

Thought 3: A forms of Gods, angels, and spirits are now unified—I can see with more clarity than with my clairvoyance in my body

Thought 4: God has planned for this all along

Thought 5: The singularity is impossible to understand while still in your body, a nervous system cannot comprehend the information

Thought 6: I feel rest now, like I did when I was a very young child

Thought 7: The Creator watches us all from a distance

Thought 8: I am happy for my accomplishments in life, and have learned from my mistakes

Thought 9: I am now living in Pure Love

(Continual stream of thoughts)

Thought 1000: I am excited for the life I am about to enter. I can see it now—though when I enter the new body I will not remember. Perhaps The Fool is not such a Fool after all. Fond farewells.

Major Arcana



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Sebastian Rhythms, Downs Syndrome, the Dark Side of Love, the pill is a man's best friend, Angel's Slyphix is Good Boss of Devil's Spine, Poems and Stories from the Blue Collar Book of the Dead, Gen People, Death of an Angel, Ghost: A Carondegon's View, Ghost Demons Leaping from a Tome, the 4-D Window, Open Wounds, Anime Junkie, Interstice, Gunther, Cats, Scream Cloud Island, When the World Was Black and White, a Petal Under Science, The Holy Sea of CEE, Book 15 "Thailand to Volcanoes, Lost in an Echo, I Was Charles Bronson's Secret Hostage, Erasable Bond, Royal Dame's Death Scene "Is of Thee, Understood, Akashic Shogun, Champagne - Hot Water, How a Bullet Behaves, the Thing in the Lounge at WagonWheel (I Came in Avante), Postcards from Exile, the Five Stages of Macbeth, Stays in Formation, Showdow Other Footprints, the Girl Next Door, Poem: A Give What You Can, Down in the Dirt v084, Come Fly With Me, Changing the Debris, Sectioned & Sequestered, Six Six Six, Skeletal Remains, Out of the Web, Don't Tread on Me, Lines of Intensity, Entering the Ice Age, When the World Sank, Into the White, Along the Surface, Life... from Nothing, the Line to Power, Fear the Farsalon, Down In It, Falling Into Place, Wake Up and Smell the Flowers, Unknown, Looking Beyond, Forever Bond, See the World Burn Exploding on the Scene, America's Last, Moving the Earth, Catch Fire in the Treetops, Wisdom in Broken Heads, Autumn Again, Up In Smoke, Symbolic Manifest, No Return, Grounded, Perfectly Imperfect, Wrapping It Up, I Pull the Strings, a Link in the Chain, Shot out of a Cannon, am i really extinct, Home at Last, Invisible Ink, a new era, Idols, Fiction, See Drift, and Then be Moved, Spiraling

Compact Discs:

Men's Favorite Hour the demo tapes, Kappas the Inad (MP3 inclusive), Words and Flowers the beauty & the desolation, The Second Acting Session is Sweating, The Second Acting Live in Mexico, Pattern & Kappas Live at Cafe Alibi, Fearless Orchestra Rough Mixes, Kappas Seeing Things Differently, SD/50 Tick Tack, Kappas Change Rearrange, Order From Chaos The Entropy Project, Kappas Six One One, Kappas Stop, Kappas Masterful Performances and CD, Kappas Death Comes in Threes, Kappas Changing Gears, Kappas Dreams, Kappas How Do I Get There?, Kappas Content/Catholic/Control, the DMJ Art Connection the DMJ Art Connection, Kappas Distraction in a World Without Borders, Kappas SR, Kappas W2B0 Radio (2 CD set), Men's Favorite Hour and the Sacred Acting Three, assorted artists Sing These Old Songs CD, Life In the Life (3 CD set), the DMJ Art Connection/Under Fire, the DMJ Art Connection/Mane Depressive as Something, Classic Radio Classic Radio Week #1, Classic Radio Classic Radio Week #2, Classic Radio Classic Radio Week #3, Classic Radio Classic Radio Week #4, Classic Radio Classic Radio Week #5, Classic Radio the Classic Collection Collection #01-45 (5 CD set), Lucida CD, 2 (CD set), Chaotic Elements (2 CD set), Chaos in Motion (6 CD set), SD/50 Screaming to a Halt (EP), PRK1 Two for the Price of One (EP), K&K Juice and Haystack An American Parable, Kappas/the Distorted Trio/Paul Baker/the Johnson Powers Trip Fusion (4 CD set), podcasts the Evolution of Performance Art (13 CD set), Kappas Live (14 CD set), the DMJ Art Connection the Things They Did to You (2 CD set), Kappas Seeing a Psychiatrist (3 CD set), Kappas St. Paul's (3 CD set), Kappas the 2009 Poetry Game Show (3 CD set), Kappas and the H&M of South Africa Burn Through Me (2 CD set), Kappas "40", Kappas Sexism and Other Stories, Kappas the Stories of Women (amazon.com release), Kappas "Debra Yeck" (4 CD set), Kappas "hmm" (4 CD set), Kappas "Letting It All Out", Kappas "What We Need in Life" (CD single), Kappas "Made Any Difference" (CD single), Kappas/Henrich "Across the Pond" (3 CD set).