

Fractal Fairy Tales

THE TALE OF THE DARK CLOUD

by Cathy D. Slaght

Part VIII – Troublesome Mammals?

Krystl was suffering from severe insomnia.

For one thing, he was afraid of waking up to more apparitions- but for another, the day for his bridge jump was just around the corner.

To get through the nights he'd been going to the bar. But now his drinking companions- the ones who'd merrily encouraged him to JUMP- weren't much fun. Some said they were suffering from the worst case of hopelessness they'd ever experienced. On good nights they'd sit quietly, staring into their beverages. On bad nights they'd bicker endlessly with one another, sometimes even getting violent.

Sadly, others had become electroencephalographically challenged so would never again make an appearance.

Krystl had no choice but to sit by himself and THINK. (The leisure-enhancing beverages had lost their appeal, so he'd stopped spending his money on them.)

If there HAD been a spell that caused him to run away from the Archives it seemed to be wearing off, except that he seemed to be a little disoriented, still hearing Marcel Vogel talk about Satanists, reptilians in human forms, humans working with entities from other realms ...subtle bodies...

Sounded like something that could be in a weird fairy tale- Snakes against Mammals or whatever.

Still, he was aware of what was really happening in the world, and it did seem somewhat evil:

- It was illegal to spread misinformation. (No one knew what that WAS, other than it was anything that disagreed with what the authorities said.)
- There appeared to be no set rule of law- instead, there was one set of laws for those in power and another for everybody else.
- Cities were now crime-ridden hellscape. Police had been defunded; criminals released, (and criminals were the only ones armed.)

- In the public schools' children were being taught that the Founding Fathers were evil...even America itself...that there was no such thing as gender.... one's own family couldn't be trusted...
- He STILL hadn't seen any scientific evidence that the Hopelessness Therapy WORKED...wasn't there something called the Nuremberg Code which prohibited being forced to use experimental methods for health? And yet he had lost his job until he had agreed to do the bridge jump.
- AND...the worst crime of all was to question any of this. Few did. It seemed their minds had been re-wired into meek and unquestioning conformity.

For a thinker, though, none of this could survive scrutiny. And now, to get through the nights Krystl seemed to have nothing else to do BUT think

He thought about his parents naming him after some weird guy who worked with crystals...they were strange people, his parents, that's for sure.

Much of what they'd tried to teach him was coming back.

They believed everything was about the mind. THOUGHT POWER, they called it.

"Control your temper, your nerves, have courage, make light of problems", they said, "as problems are just lessons to get you back on track. Avoid worry. Always remain joyful and serene. Feel tolerance for all. Never allow depression. Depression is wrong because it infects others. Do not let thoughts wander...instead use thought power every day for good purposes. Pour loving thoughts on others. Thought must result in action, though. No laziness. Finish what you start."

They'd taught him about evil, too, but said that all evil was transitory.

"No matter what happens" they said, "Trust God. Trust yourself. You are a spark of God's own fire"

Krystl had been far too sensitive to control his thoughts, though. He'd let his parents down and was almost glad they were no longer around to see the mess he'd made of his life.

And so it was that one night, sitting on a bench outside the bar, with nothing to do but think...

...that his thoughts were shockingly interrupted. An angry, masked, mob was approaching. "That's HIM" one set of wild eyes screamed, pointing at Krystl "He tried to talk me out of jumping last month! He even gave me printed out material which had been censored!"

Krystl ran for his life.

It seemed that in no time – it was all a blur- he was again facing two signs: groupthink and discernment. This time he followed discernment with no hesitation. The mob took the groupthink path, so he had escaped.

Still, he decided to continue. Next was desire lessness, then LOVE...

And- the beautiful angelic woman was still there, holding the Light.

He stepped around the geomancy, took the Light, and entered the Archives.

Stay tuned for THE END