

THE LOST SYMBOL

DEVIL'S BIBLE

RICHARD STAN BROWN

666



The Lost Symbol + Devil´s Bible

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666 is supposed to be the number of the devil, but funny enough, one has to dial up the 555 first, in order to contact Satan via telephone, but only in films, yet. The German author, writer of detective stories and well known under the pseudonym Ron B. Dawn, travels to the Baltic, to finally write the story of his life ...

A thriller about the perfect crime. During his journey on various trains, the writer comes to know a fellow traveler, one who makes him understand, that no perfect human crime will ever be committable. Only one existed, and that took place some 2000 years ago. Furthermore, the stranger warns strictly to read any books, defining books to be of dangerous nature. Especially the mysterious Devil's Bible, as this writings turn every single chapter of the Holy Bible completely upside down ...

Prologue

And then a fight in heaven started;
Lucifer and his angels rose,
to fight with Michael and the other archangels.
Michael and God's angels fought side by side,
but they could not hold up,
and they lost their place in heaven
and they fell down to earth.

Black Writings 12, 7 - 9

And God quoth: "Let there be light!"

The Lost Symbol

Germany, September 11, 2008 - 8:27 p.m.

Everything is constantly repeated. I can really no longer watch any pictures from New York. Instead I speed into the kitchen, grab a bottle of that French red wine, one of those some bottles, that I happily bought as a super special in the supermarket nearby. A great alternative to the Spanish Rioja, that did nothing but cause me the feeling too darn often that my skull is exploding like an overripe melon. Of course, this was surely not necessarily caused at all by the quality of the juices du grapes, but way more caused by the quantity of my consummation. This again can be easily deduced from the fact, that I actually did lead a rather lousy life momentarily. I simply tried to fight my loneliness with alcohol. Thus, the empty bottles assembled in my kitchen into a sad but obvious mangle. Additionally and additionally saddening, since quite some eternities, I cannot call any woman my own. A woman, who would clean up my ever and complete mess and with whom I could enjoy jiving around in my bedroom. My mother always told me: *A tidy House, a tidy Mind!* She was born in Belgium, in that part of Belgium, where they do speak Dutch. After my father died, she moved back there.

Finding myself again in front of the TV, I fool around with my remote control. On one channel, a catholic priest explains, that the cross is a symbol for revelation and freedom. I am not interested at all. Another channel, an ape is riding a bicycle, then a boat. How funny! That now is interesting me! Suddenly, advertisements, I zap anew through the channels and am surprised to find an older clip, shown on MTV, Motörhead! Clearly, Motörhead was in my youth one of the toughest, most brutal bands, easily the most ultimate pissed drunks, ever forming a rock band on this planet. And I am sure, nothing ever changed till today. Obviously, not too much changed to any better either.

Actually, in the meantime, the noise does suck a little and I switch briskly through the colorful TV scapes. Too bad, no soccer to be found on any of the pluriversal sports channels. Instead, a reportage about the most

beautiful castles along the *Loire*, shown on a cultural channel, the most pompous residencies of former French kings. Yes, yes, yes, the French. The Frenchman enjoys life and it is well known that he loves three things more than anything: his language, his wine and the wife of the neighbor. I switch to another channel, here we go - the first part of *Jurassic Park*! I saw that 15 years ago in a small cinema, damn, how time passes. And it was already rerun a few times on TV.

Everything is constantly repeated. Even the cheap questions, one can find in the total non-spiritual quiz shows, the ones, where the audience can phone-in. But that costs of course. I seriously do ask myself the question: Who is more stupid? The quiz, the quizmaster or the well equipped female moderator? Or the viewer? I do watch that stuff from time to time, but only, when this total junk is presented by a sexy bitch. The sexier the top, the lower the zap-on or switch-off quota, this must probably be the thinking of the executive suite. Nevertheless, this is all beyond any level for me and any soccer game of the *VFL Osnabrück* is definitely more inspiring than that. This should tell you everything.

Summer 1978, I turned 18, previously convicted for mugging a *Pommesbude* (chippy). Though I happily succeeded three times before. Incidentally it was always the same *Pommesbude* that I raided. Call it stupid, I wore always the same mask, too - a clown mask. The federal persecutor, a former cheerleader, was asking for a drastic penalty, but thanks to the universe and the merci of the referee, I was soon out on parole. The parole luckily leads to me giving up on any further criminal career, and to my decision to lead a decent life. This was my serious development proposal, but man, one has so many serious development proposals, right? No fiddles, no drugs, no jezebels.

Summer 1978, I turned 18, fresh out on probation and with a new past time. I heavily experimented with girls that cost me nothing apart from endless patience. Exactly like Belgian French fries. The very special concerning Belgian fries are not the potatoes, but the patience in preparation. Yes, man, 1978, at this time *Eduard Zimmermann* tried hard, with the TV series *Aktenzeichen XY Ungelöst* (File Number XY - Undisclosed) to solve undisclosed, cases, crimes, and to finally arrest the gangsters. Tell you, this TV manhunt series at those times was world-premiere. Three years later I had the first lover's grief, because me girlfriend, my brassbound relation for more than one year, split and was

actually speeding away with a dude, that was later man hunted by exactly that *Zimmermann*. A phase in my life followed, finding respect and honor in our milieu due to my brilliant alcoholic escapades. I only and endlessly listened to punk, heavy metal and other daemonic noise, all deriving from the contemporary zeitgeist. Lemmy Kilmister, singer, bassist and head of Motörhead, furthermore a notorious drunk and passionate atheist, would have been proud on me. His disbelief was shown in every passage of his texts, what German fans never seemed to understand, but they never understood his vocal experiments anyway.

When I survived the crisis, I started to write successful detective stories under the pseudonym Ron B. Dawn, easy, sure enough, due to my very own dark past. Already at that time, I was thrilled to write about the perfect crime. A crime, the contraventor being that intelligent and acting that dexterous, that he could never be found out, no matter how hard any detective would try. A crime, that makes the contraventor that rich, that he is set up for a lifetime, and can easily relinquish any eleemosynary so nobly handed out by Father State. For me personally, a million would be completely sufficient, to become rich, as I would assume. Unfortunately I could not come up with anything adequate up to now. I often considered and phantazised of having my comeback in the criminal milieu, to become inspired, but I would rather not. Instead, I will travel to the Baltic tomorrow early in the morning for some days, to find my inspiration there. I hope so, at least.

Stories that someone's jots down on paper do correlate with the personality of the writer. Show me your story and I tell you, who you are. My writings started out, I mentioned it earlier, in the beginning of the 80ies and Dan Brown was a no name in Germany. Becoming famous later, I came to the conclusion, that his name was an anagram of my pseudonym, actually.

For me, there is only two sorts of people, the man of action and the blatherskites. Blatherskites being the ones that only shoot their big fat mouth, but never get anything done. Never just plain roll up their sleeves and plain muck in. Arrogant critics for example belong into that category and are horrible people for me. Alone with their comments, they are able to tear any project into pieces, a lot of money invested, leave alone all work. But any own creative works are hardly ever accomplished by those darn babblers of critics. But to jabber and beef around, and to capitalize

their words, these parasites are predestines for. Clearly to see, what spirit's child those people are. They are characterized by a sick attitude and want to lead a comfortable life. The artist does not need any critic, but the critic depends on the art. Often enough, it would be way better, when people would police themselves and their tongues, instead of criticizing, to know everything better and to constantly and ever have the last word.

I turned into an honest man of action later and for the better. I wangled a child, too. Next week, my son turns 19. That is what comes out of doing it on Christmas. My wife at that time, a Muslim, which I married on the 8/8/88, did not give a damn though, she had no contract with that happy fiesta. With any bandanna neither. Not to hurt the honor of the family and their feelings, she wore any at all, when being around her parents. When I visited their home with my wife for the first time, the father speed angrily out of the kitchen, armed with an ancient knife, so that I feared all good spirits would have left him or he would immediately start a circumcision, circumnsing whom ever. But the actual reason was that he cut his finger, while preparing a roast lamb and was speeding into the bathroom for a plaster. I entered the holy bound of matrimony out of sheer love, because I deeply took my wife into my heart, and surely not because of ever pitying here. She slaved in those times telephone marketing, and as no one ever understood her Persian last name, she had to endlessly alphabetize it. And this could become really damn annoying.

Mark, my knave, inherited the complete catalogue of negative characteristics, that I had to offer n my past. His hobbies are trendy wear, cell phones and going out. The boy lives with his mother that I separated from in 1995, after seven years being married, nearly exactly on that very day. 1988 I could have never imagined this marriage to go to pieces. Life is nothing but separations without end. You need two to form a marriage, exactly the same number for any divorce. I save me listing the reasons that lead to that. Many can surely simply relate to their own experiences in their very own lives. Maybe some where like me, dare deviled pilgrims, fired by the illusion, that *Everything will simply go well*, and dive blindly into the adventure called marriage.

1988 nobody could ever even think up, that the wall in Berlin would soon be a part of the past. That GDR, USSR and Yugoslavian would cease to exist. Instead, many new, small states and a big Germany. According to

radical Muslimism extremists, Denmark would not exist no longer either, at least no longer since the *Mohammed Caricature Affair*. And Israel more then neither.

I lost a lot of money due to my divorce, and I had to slowly jot down something interesting to paper, simply for financial reasons. My ex-wife, this two-fisted, heartless piece of shit, is actually allied with our former neighbor now, hot-blooded French. During my marriage, my stepfather in law pressured me, to pray to Allah and to worship Mohammed, the Prophet, which I did not consider to be necessary though. I never had any relation to God. How can I worship something that I do not believe in? By the way, this Mohammed promises to Schahid, being a martyr, the paradise and even more, I am not completely sure, but it must be something around 72 virgins. All very titillating, that with the virgins, but for me simply balderdash. Polygamy is normal, nothing new, in some religious traditions. Abdullah, a distant relative of my ex, he was as old as Methuselah, fell in love with a young socceress. Being a proud owner of camel herds and a nightclub in Dschibuti, he could be called well-heeled and simply married in one go the complete Saudi Arabian female soccer team. And the gay massage therapist along.

72 virgins? For me one woman was enough. She was virgin, too, even if only from her star sign. Of course not at all a match for me, being a twin. In the goggle-box, on and off on some private station, you can watch a batch, something like *A Glance onto the Stars* or so, or someone reading the future out of cards. I should one day call one of these clever-clogs and ask which countries will become independent next and whether I have to be afraid, that there won't be any Belgian National Soccer Team. I already look forward to my train ride to the Baltic. Curious, whether I will meet interesting people.

September 12, 2008 - 4:55 a.m.

I slept rather badly that night, my mood was rather lousy. With a travel bag, I left my apartment, direction railroad station Ratingen-Ost. Hoping hard, no one will bushwhack me, or knock me down with a bicycle chain and mug my money, as buddies of mine loved to do in the past. But when you talk of the devil ...

What's that? Shortly before my destination, a conformation meets me halfway, torkeling more than anything and while constantly cursing. Every third word being made out to be either damn grall-fucking shit or damn fucking asshole. A strongly alcoholized guy that then contemplates closemouthed in front of a parked car. He is as welcome as bird flu in any flamingo park. Ooops, what is he doing now, our Mr. Grumble? An essential part of his gastric content he is allocating onto a bahama beige Volkswagen-Rabbit front lid. To puke - something like that is etymologically referred to and called. Damn, this now looks strongly like Curry Sausage to me, along with *Pommes red-white* (a German specialty, French fries with catchup and mayonnaise), I do know this from my past. The owner of the car should be utterly thankful, because the car color truly only won that way.

I march pass that joker. He is interrupting his business, to address me. "Wait a sec, dude!" I stop abruptly and take a closer look at this puker. Basic commodities that would belong into any toilet bag were surely not used in the last 24 days by that guy. The Motörhead imprint on his black tee is already rather fraggelged, all his clobber surely as old as the rock band. The only thing new that his third word was not asshole again.

"Hey dude, shit, wait a second!" He gives the motor lid an encore. After he finished, he just mumbles "Shit!" Stupid puker well! "Got some Euro for me?" "Need a million myself", he receives as my answer. Too bad, I don't carry an umbrella with me. I would definitely need one with his moist articulation. Attack being the best defense and thus I quickly ask him a question, before my take-off. "Which music is your favorite?" Speed metal? Trash metal? Hardcore metal?" All those musical styles to be categorized between jackhammers and building detonations. He utters some lingual titubation, which makes no sense to me. Reminds me to my son, he ain't good in articulating either. But of course, he only inherited my negative traits. Right away, I continue my trails to the station, before

the guy actually starts to threaten me. Ain't it walking, talking and thinking, that distinguishes us from the animal?

I do not like any automats. Already being a little kid, because in general it was hard work to pry those things open, to have access to cigarettes or money. A ticket automat can drive you ballistic. I am already there, as I am fighting with this darn technique like the devil since ten minutes. Up to now, without any success, but then I manage. After the correct payment, the automat is supposed to cough up the single-ticket to Essen. Apart from some 1 euro coins no further specie can be found in my wallet. I am jacket up with enough ten-spots, but sadly enough, this apparatus does not accept any. I rather believe in the devil than God, and that the devil invented this one and wants nothing but my soul.

Directly next to it, a soda machine is placed. Luckily I still have the Euro, and this is enough for a bottle of mineral water. I am thirsty. Bless me for not having given this Euro to that hoodlum. I consummated my last meal yesterday around lunchtime. In the afternoon, I finally freed the already tightly glued cheese-salami out of the icebox of my fridge, but it was already inedible. This salami was included in the contract of my previous tenant. This devilish good-looking chick immediately looked familiar to me, when I was first viewing the apartment; from the movies, from TV, I don't know where from. Kitchen philistine Tina Ritsch was in the past a not completely unknown young actress, though exclusively in b-movies, and careered later into only shooting pornos. With some of the Hollywood starlets it was exactly the other way around, though. Tina Ritsch is one of sorts and to my very likings. Never mind her deficits in the kitchen as she is more than equalizing them in bed.

One can really come across very strange people in a tenement. One neighbor of mine is everything else but any hot sharp matrace, because she is neither young nor as cute as Tina is, but she kept her virginity till today. She immediately confessed to me exactly that, and I think, this is an honest statement and not to be compared with any stupid verdict from any macho, who believes to have been in bed with only the devil knows how many women, riding the gals easily and without any problems from orgasm to orgasm. This lady is of the fortified opinion, that truth makes free and everything else will be brought into daylight some whenever day anyway.

Grandma Kruse is 80, comes with silver-gray hair, a black hangover and an insatiable interest for my boring life, because she herself is leading a boring life. Furthermore she has an insatiable desire to tell me stories from her past. For me, Grandma Kruse incarnates the German version of Miss Marple. She knows exactly, when I leave my apartment and when I return. Nevertheless, she is nice; I think at least and has a good heart. She is happily leaving her smoke-free animal household anytime, to water my plants in case, that I am for any longer at my mother's in Belgium. This gives her surely enough opportunities, to sneak around in my apartment. Shall she, I do not mind. Four weeks ago, I did not see her in some while and was happy, not to have come across her obituary in the local press. The lady was forced to spend ten days in hospital due to a cardiovascular disease, until she was finally standing on her two legs again.

The tram arrived. I press the little green gleaming button, the doors opens and I find me boarding without a ticket, but instead with a half empty soda bottle. Inside, sinister frowning figures squat in numbers, figures you could easily find hanging out on the penalty box of the *VFL Osnabrück*, the relegation during the second half of the season already a done deal. Shortly before the doors close, two more men jump onto the train. Controllers! Starting up with me! I was lucky, auctioning me a super special via internet, a cheap ticket to Timmendorfer Strand, but well, being valid initially from Essen, main station.

My explanatory tries are ignored, fare dodging just costs, when you get caught, no merci. After having paid, the next stop. In the meantime quite some action took place. The other passengers rose from their seats and are ready to disembark. The doors open and the mob are skipping the train. One, with more piercings than salubrious teeth in his mouth left, knocks on the window, cocks the controllers a snook, sticks his furry tongue out and finally, as an encore gives them the finger.

Relieved, I disembark in Essen, main station. Relieved of 40 Euro, but what I would have really needed to relieve during the journey would have been my bladder. Without any indirection I embark the next toilet. After the piss, I wait for the Intercity, but luckily not for long. The train arrives, I enter. An elderly lady joins me in my compartment, makes me think of Grandma Kruse right away. *Early bird catches the worm*. My new travel companion starts to chat, to bore me to death with the latest news from the English, Dutch and Danish Royal Families. With her personal eloquence, she soon talks me into a state of leaden tiredness. Before I

could even try to make her believe, that the riding teacher of Lady Di was a cousin, second grade, of mine, I am hijacked by a deep, dreamless sleep.

When I wake up, the train leaves Bremen. I did not see any Osnabrück. Well, you do not see too much of the forward line of the *VFL Osnabrück* either. The old lady vanished, but is now substituted by an elderly man, maybe around 60, dressed in a lordly, dark suit. We are alone in the compartment. I cannot help wishing, that his seat would have been taken by a curly sexy blonde hanseatic chick. But sadly, I have to plain put up with the gentleman and thus close my eyes, while sitting here in the second class and dream of first class porn, starring the third-class actress Tina.

After a little nap I open my eyes again. What do I see? My vis-à-vis is reading *Detective Rat is chasing the Super Clown!* Of all things, my most successful book, an explosive cocktail, mixed out of detective stories, skits and some Bukowski. I stare at him, wide eyed. He seems to notice something and stares back, wide eyed.

"Do you know that book?" I am asked.

"Its mine. I wrote it."

"You are the author? What a coincidence! Or better said what a joy! There are no coincidences anyway. Your story is thrilling, it captivates me. Super clown wants to blow up the Dome in Cologne, because for him, a big multi-story car park should be build instead. He tries to blackmail the City Council, until the ingenious Detective Rat sets up a trap for him. Only, stupidly our hero gets hold up by two polish controllers in the subway, being deeply indulged in his work and having forgotten to buy a ticket.

"The controller of the Cologne Municipal Transport Service later found out to be illegal fare dodgers."

"What? I am not at this point yet."

My fan starts to laugh. He seems to be full of humor, exactly like me.

"And the car chase with the Turkish cabdriver through the inner city! Very funny and thrillingly written, my respect. One climax chased by the next one."

One climax chased by the next one, as in Tina's last film, when she was doing it with a whole Canadian rowing team.

"Are you still writing?"

"Since quite some while I could not come up with anything brilliant, Sir, am artistically dried out."

"Writer's block? Your creativity is leaving much to be desired?"

"Yes, approximately. I always try hard with a story about the perfect crime; this is the main reason for my holiday journey to the ocean as maybe that scenario helps."

"A story about the perfect crime? To write a book about the perfect crime, well, well, well, books. Books are very dangerous. And only God is perfect. Mister Author, let me immediately tell you, that there is no perfect crime and there never will be a perfect crime. A culprit that cannot be convicted by men is facing God's Court of Justice at the end of his life, and dear Mr. God is never missing out on anything. God knows plain everything and only therefore he is just in all judgments he pronounces. And no witnesses needed."

"Well, of course, God is assumed to be omniscient, sure, while given, that he exists. Did never really believe it though."

"Why should he not exist? Every human being is the proof for the existence of God, because all things derive from their Creator. Who does not believe, is already judged. Your thriller would never exist, if you would not have written it. You are the spiritual originator, the creator of this very book. I mean, it did not accidentally originate from any explosion in any paper-mill. Last, but not least, God has the copyrights for all and everything, because he is the creator of all things."

"Wait a second. Tell me, you say, the one who does not believe is already judged? Me, too? Can I get out of that, or is the fruit drop already sucked?"

"Thought the grace of God you will get out of that. When God graces a human being, then this human being finds the true belief."

"You mean, nevertheless, everyone will end up in heaven? God, Allah, however, they all shall be the incarnation of grace and forgiving, right?"

"No, not quite, God is merciful, when he decides to. There are enough human beings that closed themselves against the love for the truth, being supposed to save them. They gave in into the power of error, thus believing in lies. They love the illusiveness and self-deception. God knows the hearts of people and thee who hardens his heart, well ... like water being a mirror for a face, the heart of a human being is the mirror for the human being."

"But why does God allow bad incidents?"

"Why do human beings do not follow God's laws and constantly nibbles forbidden fruit and still believe to escape undetected? Why does God allow bad incidents? With this question you place the creator on the dock. God is not obliged to give account to any human. To no one. It's exactly

the other way round. On judgment day, man is obliged to give account about his load of life. About every single word, that left his mouth. And about every word, that ..."

"I know where you are aiming at. Of course alike for every written word. You did say time ago, that books are something very dangerous. And when, according to your very opinion, can a book then be classified to be good? Now here, obviously, opinions obviously do vary."

"It does not depend on a book being sold a million times, whether the author received a price for it, or whether any literature critic is enthusiastic about it. No, a book is only good, if appreciated, well, by whom now, what would you guess?"

"No idea", I stuttered and shook my head.

"When it's appreciated by God!"

Lord, here we have God again.

"Society is egoistic and self-induced, many chase wrong goals. Instead of staying modest, men are on a do-it-or-die chase for money and entertainment. They want fame and respect in this world. But all respect is reserved for God only. The one, who is proud of his work, shall know: pride was the first sin in the universe. The angel Lucifer refused to worship human beings and fell due to his arrogance and his pride in front of God. Angels are spiritual beings, spirits, I might add."

"And when can a book be defined to God's likings?" I ask him and I suddenly am hit with the thought that I probably never conceptualized any book, pleasing God at all.

"When His name is mentioned, as the Lord is a jallouce God. And when Jesus Christ is worshipped, then it is an excellent book. After all, God did sacrifice his only son so that all sinners will be saved and every man is a sinner. Shortly before his crucifixion, God mounted all sins of this world onto the shoulders of his son and all sin was nailed along with him to the wooden cross during the crucifixion. Thus death was conquered, and everyone believing, that Jesus Christ was dying because of his misconduct in front of God, is doing justice to this belief and will be united with the Creator. Into all eternity. Please do examine all works of classical world literature, whether Jesus plays the main role and whether he is being worshipped."

"No idea, I did not really occupy myself with any classical literature- But I am rather sure about Bukowski that he surely did not. I was a real bad dude, but I bettered myself. Ain't man good?"

"Man was good, but only until the classic fall of mankind, located in the Garden of Eden. There, he fell in front of God, as not following his

demands. And since that day, man is of sinning nature, that cannot hold up in front of God's holiness. God cannot sin, lie or die, because it is against his nature. Jesus is the only bridge to God. He came to earth, in the very first place, to reestablish an intimate relation between humans and their creator again. Through the belief in Jesus Christ, man is already judged. Thus, just be happy and enjoy life, but stay decent. Your debts with God got already paid 2000 years ago. The forgiving of sin through the blood of Jesus is nevertheless no charter for any jolly over the top life. Man is of free will, and thus responsible for his actions. Do not do anything that you could regret later. The roots of all evil in this world are sin, especially the greed for money. Sin is separation from God and leads to eternal death. This is should be included in a story, in my opinion and not the eternal question dealing with the existence of God, or any higher power. Always these doubters, disgusting. Books like *The Da Vinci Code* for example, where the thesis is presented, that Jesus would have fathered a child, are complete and utter nonsense. The Lord was never married, and pre-matrimonial sex and masturbation are sin. But Jesus did not commit any sin in his life. The one, who invents heretical bullshit like Dab Brown, can earn a lot of money in this world, but what pleases the world, does not please God. By the way, God is not having himself mocked either. Man will harvest, what he seeds."

"Man will harvest, what he seeds?"

"Yes, exactly. And, of course, publishing houses will never have any book in print, which will sell badly in their estimation. They are only publishing books that promise financial benefits and winnings. Show me the books, you read and I tell you, who you are. It is partly amusing nowadays for me, with what kind of stories so called literates today try to impress the world. In the meantime, in this dark world nearly everything is drenched with sin and this world shows its true grotesque face and will perish with all its lust."

"And the dear Mr. God is not doing anything against that?"

"He already did everything for all human beings by the means of crucifying Jesus. The world will perish, but the words of Jesus - never. For every event a natural explanation can be found, for example you only win in a lottery, when you actually by a fortune and it is drawn. But this explanation is secondarily. The main reason is, because God wanted it. When you do actually not win in a lottery, then this fact is of course as well God's will. And we may not criticize or question his concept, even when catastrophes happen. God's paths are not traceable for men with their poor consciousness."

"It always turns out to be different, and different from what you think."

"Yes, exactly, because God governs. Man should not think, but pray. But please not start to pray, when it seems to be only the last shelter. Catastrophes have to happen, because punishment has to exist. But nevertheless God is love. And Jesus is God's personified love. He is the truth, the path and life. The interface of God's love and his justice is the cross of Golgotha. A symbol, being lost to many whose consciousness is finstered by the lust for sin. *The lost symbol*. Jesus death at the cross of Golgotha is the center of the Evangelism."

"One is more often speaking of the so called dear Mr. God, then be bad Mr. God."

"Love, alright. Love is the strongest power existing and not the secret order of the illuminati, that would be absurd. But one has clearly to distinguish between the divine love that is eternal, and human love that is sometimes ..."

"Sometimes not of any longer duration. Right. I experienced that myself."

"Often a completely wrong concept of love exists. During this so called Love Parades, humans worship their sexual drives and worship the flush of drugs, these human's talk about love, but in the first place the main issue is the satisfaction of all their lustings. One can make out the perverted characteristic of our times by that. One adores the blinding, perfect formed body, but the beauty of a human is ephemeral and the divine creator is being ignored, he does not exist, and morale values are nothing but mocked."

"To switch back to literature." I allow me to interrupt. "Then most of the written books are worth nothing?"

"Exactly, not in front of God. This is exactly the pivotal point."

"And what about the Koran?"

"What about it? Is Jesus worshipped in the Koran? I tell you the answer, as I read all sutras, and the answer is no. Jesus is shortly quoted for being a prophet that is fulfilling miracles. Jesus Christ, the sovereign ruler of the whole universe is degraded in the Koran to a prophet. You can recognize the danger of this book here.

"The Bible, the Holy Book, is the word of God. And though surely a lot is not understood, or cannot be brought into accordance with human logic, it is nevertheless God's mistake-less word. God does not make any mistakes. Man can only place his consciousness higher then God's and even question his word, but only because of his consciousness being way too high out. The Koran presents the prophecies of Mohammed. There, a

pathway to God is promised, though without any belief in Jesus Christ. That is a fatal disbelief. As I mentioned before, a very dangerous book. Thus no one will reach Allah's heaven without me. Who could have said something like that?"

"Jesus, I might assume."

"You learn fast!"

"But wait a moment. My ex stepfather told me, that Mohammed the Prophet was carried to paradise by countless angels after his death."

"This might be, but only by all renegade angels, true worshippers of Satan, because all those spirits were expelled from heaven after the fight between Archangel Michael and the army of all other angels, being truly God's angels and their doom and fall. Down to earth. This already happened and everyone knows the date, it was the 11th of September in 2001. Chapter 12 of the Book of Revelation."

"Chapter 12 of the Book of Revelation?"

"September 11 is an allegory for that. The Devil is now raging on earth and leads a war against all humans, that follow God's laws and hold on to the confession of Jesus. Satan is trying to engulf, what he can, because he knows, that only little time is left for him, before he is thrown into the ravine, initially for 1000 years. I will tell you another secret, in the Ethiopian book Enoch, which is listed to be one of the hidden books of the Bible, that have not found any appreciation by the church, we will find in the following chapter *The fall of the Angel and the Secrets, they told human Mankind*. A fallen angel traited all secrets and all of their wisdom to the human beings and taught them to write with ink on paper. Though they are warned in the Apocrypha to ever do so."

"Warned? To write down wisdom? I do not understand."

"More exactly, warned to write down human wisdom. Believe me, a common sense is more worth then balled up human knowledge and wisdom. Because it is nothing compared to divine wisdom. Man can nevertheless fly around the whole world with his nowadays knowledge without any problems, even into space and back, but what price is he paying for doing so? The earth being plundered, devastated, poisoned and thus the climate changed. And believe me, this is uncorrectable. How shall life on this planet continue, for example, when no more oil resources can be found?"

"No good forecasts, right. I agree with that."

"The American Al Gore is engaging himself full of enthusiasm in all issues of a clean planet. He published several writings about conserving the environment and is holding lectures worldwide about those topics."

Last year, Al Gore was elected for the Peace Nobel Prize evaluating his engagement to raise awareness for all the issues concerning the climatic crisis and its global dangers, along with the World Climate Council. But shall I tell you something? Can you handle the truth? His efforts concerning the climatic catastrophe are nothing but a total farce, as it is written in the Bible, that environmental and climatic catastrophes will take place. Which is the whole and uncomfortable truth? I state it again; the cause of this whole decadent world is alone the fall of humans in front of God, caused by sin."

"Hm, well, ..." I scratched my chin.

"Look, man is addicted to comfort. He refuses to give up on all things that make life easy for him. Many just do not want to change, they rather sin, then live decent. We need oil; it is the most important source of energy on this planet, serves as fuel, serves to generate electricity and warmth. These fossil fuels are the basis of all plastic and a life without oil is hardly imaginable. And according to experts, the sources will only last for some more 50 years."

"The climate crises will happen, the sources of energy will cease to exist and no one will be able to prevent that?"

"No one. But only today, as the inconsiderateness of man concerning all other beings starts to turn against him and the raped and exploited nature now strikes back and starts to destroy him, man starts to develop a consciousness for those issues. But man does not need any consciousness for a climatic crisis, he first needs a consciousness for God and that does often enough not at all exist. Man needs someone to save his soul and Jesus is the only change that will not uncover as to be an illusion. Who ignores Jesus, will be lost on the day, when the day of the Lord comes, the final clearance. On the end, there will always be a final clearance and God having the last word, not man.

"Judgment Day? This sounds threatening!"

"Why? For you, maybe, but not for me. Jesus returns one day, either being the savior of those, who believe in him and who expect him ..."

"Or as the judge, I understand. When please can I expect that? Will there be any show on TV announcing it?"

"Nobody knows exactly, but he will come like a thief in the night. The significant signs for the end time are, as mentioned before, ascending catastrophes, alike riots, persecution and terror. The Book of Revelation is sometimes alternating called the Book of the Apocalypse. In the strict sense, the word Apocalypse is not necessarily connected to any calamity, but derives from the original Greek word for *Unveiling* and its

connotation, that everything will be brought to light of day, just sooner or later. And this will be very very unpleasant for all the ones, having skeletons in their closets."

Everything will be brought to light one day, yes, that's exactly, what granny Kruse tried to poin to out to me constantly.

"Another sign is the worldwide proclamation of the frolicking news, the Evangelism. The message of the winnings, as Jesus Christ did conquer the world and death. And all, believing that and do not give up, will as well receive the crown of life and the of the winner. A happy message can only exist, when there is any threatening one, or? Man has only one life, only one, and that is the dressing room for the eternal eternity. Where will I spend my eternity? This is a question, man should ask himself. In heaven or in hell? There are only those two options; beginning and end of this world do correlate. On the first day God separated light and darkness, in the end heaven, light as well hell, darkness will stay. The heaven is the paradise and the name Eden is an anagram of ENDE (translates into the English END)."

"But this only functions in German language."

"Yes, I have to agree. Germany has a special relationship with Israel due to the Judenvernichtung im Dritten Reich (the extinction of Jews in the Third Reich). As well did Martin Luther reform church in the 16th century with a new understanding of Christianity? The Bible in German was long declared a forbidden book and on the index of the Vatican. The printed works were classified to be the most dangerous media of all protestant heresy by the church fathers. Johannes Gutenberg made this possible at all, due and caused by his invention, the technique, the serial printing of books."

"I know. I know the museum in Mainz. The one with the anagram of Eden is completely nuts. Adam and Eve have to have been Neanderthals, as they were living some 10000 years ago, or so?"

"When you count backwards from the population numbers today, then you will end up by the number two approximately in the year 2300 before Christ. The descendants of Adam by Set are quoted in the Genesis. With the help of this subject's age, you can deduce that Adam must have lived approximately 6000 years ago. I have to tell you though, what happened 4300 years ago. Right at that time God had it rain for plain 40 days and nights."

"Sure enough. The Flood. Accordingly, Noah is supposed to have been 600 years old."

"Only later the lifespan of humans was reduced to 120 years by God. It

is a bit difficult to prove, whether someone became any older in those days though."

"Wait a minute. But how old is our earth then?"

"Five days older than Adam, every kid knows that, you fool. Now to the Flood. This, alike the total destruction of the towns Sodom and Gomorra were meant to be of a warning example for the Coming Courts of God, as this planet will be destroyed by fire and a new planet, a new paradise, where justice rules, will be created by God."

"You said in the beginning, that God would be just. Are we humans really all unjust?"

"Indeed. There is no man in this planet to be found and judged any just. Now listen. Given, a vintner would address you tomorrow and offers you 40 Euro, that you should help him the whole day with his wine harvesting. You agree, to help finishing with the grape harvest and start with the work. The vintner comes to the conclusion on midday that he has to contract another helper to finish with the grape harvest. He finds another person and in the evening the work is done. The vintner hands out the 40 Euros to you and alike 40 Euros to the other helper, though he only worked half of the day and filled only half of the bags with grapes. Would you think this to be any just?"

"Of course not, this is not fair. I worked since much longer!"

"You think this to be unjust, I was sure about that! Only because your employee is showing his goodwill towards other helpers, you feel this to be an injustice. You agreed with a vintner about a wage of 40 Euros, that you received, but still in the end you think this not to be adequate. Self-righteousness, self-justice and self-pity are plain nightmares for God. But again, something about The Flood, that had catastrophic consequences. Due to these immense masses of water, the original continental unity broke apart and moved rapidly in diverse directions, the earth separated. The continental drift caused an ice-age, and then the dinosaurs died."

"Though I thought, dinos died out some millions of years ago?"

"Many scientists claim that to be the truth. But they do actually think this earth to be 4,5 milliards of years old. When the planet would be really that old, then due to the steady feeding with salt via all rivers, no oceans would be able to exist any longer, but only dead salt lakes. A radiometric dating of lava sediments, ten years old, was thought to be some two to three millions of years old. Especially scientific books are full of mismatched timings and data. I told you, bookworms have to be careful, as any lecture can be very unhealthy. Nowadays books about reincarnation and karma are especially en vogue. Alike all secret

teachings, that exclude Jesus as the liberator; for example astrology books, but as well fantasy- or mystery stories. Here, the reader gets told nothing but fairy tales. The Bible instead is no fairy tale and the Evangelism is really nothing but a sane teaching toward Godfulness and no secret teaching. In a fairy tale a frog is turned into a short instant into a prince. According to scientists after approximately 300 million years an ugly frog turned into an Adonis. You believe in any of that? Do you think. that after the Urknall, a sudden explosion, instantly law and order ruled and no chaos? The history of mankind can be followed back only for a span over some few 5000 years. First cultures originated in Mesopotamia, the two stream-lands, located between Euphrates and Tigris, nowadays most parts belonging to the Iran. According to Genesis, the paradise having been placed between the rivers of Pischoon, Gihon, Chidekel, or as well called Tigris and Perat. The Perat is often equaled with the Euphrates. As the beginning and the end do always correlate, a final major event will take place there. Just wait and see."

"Might be any third World War?"

"Might be. You already notice, everything stands in correlations, and is underlying one law, one order. Coincidence is nothing but a synonym for God, and he does not throw any dice. And when man is throwing dice, God decides, how the dice will fall. A high winning of any gambler can turn rapidly into his downfall. Here we are again, talking lotteries."

"Bingo! Once again to return to the issue of interstate relations. The closest ally of Israel is always and ever USA."

"It has been like since forever. The USA had a special relationship with the USSR in times of the cold war. With the fall of the Sowietunion this changed. America, called the New World, has a strong connection to the Old World, and with that quote I do refer to the old Mesopotamia, thus Iraq, being still rich with fossil fuels, with oil."

"Interesting. You consider richness something evil? Is it a crime or sin to be rich?"

"To be rich is no sin, but it's definitely a burden."

Now I really want to know something about the last days of this earth.

"In the end time, the Evangelism will be broadcasted worldwide throughout all media. But one has to be very careful, because you will detect a great and growing number of false prophets. Mohammed is nevertheless already dead, but his writings are a teaching of deception. The one, who takes up the sword, will be killed by the sword. That is true as well for the prophet Mohammed. To kill others has nothing to do with

any Christian love for the next. The one, who seeds violence, will harvest nothing but violence."

I already thought this prophet to be a fake dog. I never believed any second, either - in that one about the 72 virgins. In the worst case 72 times my neighbor, Grandma Kruse, that old virgin bitch.

"By the way, what's your name?" I ask my travel companion.

"Michelangelo. I am Italian. When I was 13, my parents moved to Bremerhaven. I lived there for 33 years. My desires then drove me back to Rome. I am on the way to Hamburg Airport right now."

"My very regards to the Pope!"

"Regards to the Pope? History did show, that Popes are most of the times did nothing but love their power and gold more then any one next to them."

An Italian, as truly known, loves three things more then anything: his family, his pasta and to be *Chilling' like a villain*, aka being as lazy as can be. An Italian of the South, with a twist towards the organized crime loves moreover more then anything the money of his neighbor. The one not paying will have his home burned to ashes. Its only very embarrassing, when one forgot to inform his clan, that one is actually the owner of the other half of that two family home. The Italian keeps on telling the story and I am of course all ears.

"It means nothing to celebrate any mass or to go to church, but only the personal relationship with Jesus Christ counts. And especially for peaceful minded and God fearing Muslims it is not only difficult, to enter into a relationship like that, but they have first of all to be freed from the laws of their own religion. Life is about development, about processes of ripening. Jesus said. *Follow me! Take me as your idol!* Thus they followed him. When you walk this way with him, you will rapidly notice, that he is the right one. Open your heart to Jesus, he will renovate your inside and you will receive a new personality. You will become more alike day by day and as man is an effigy of God, you will turn into a great dude, a person filled with the Holy Spirit, that will swim against the tide of this time and who will never give up. Would you call the Pope any great dude?"

Is he out of his mind? Is the Pope a catholic? Is he a doer or a babbler?

"I have to think about that."

"You will find humans, I will call them the children of God, the tribe of Israel, and they are full of love, peace, patience, goodwill, faithfulness, self containment. They are balmed with the oil of joy and are the deputies of Christ on earth; their thoughts are dedicated to the word of God. They

own a joy, that is powerful and they lead a life without any fear and sorrow. They live in the consciousness of the secure lead of God. God is their friend. He interferes educationally with their lives, though he punishes his children, when needed, he will make up for everything in the end."

"How do you recognize them?"

"By their harvest you will recognize them. Their beliefs and deeds are coherent and all in accordance. A belief, that does not produce any works, is a dead belief. Mistakes are unavoidable and one has to learn from them and never blame any others for any guilt. Man has to be honest to himself and has to know, what his talents are."

Yes, then a cheerleader really makes it to become a Crown Persecutor and a criminal and jiver like me to become a bestselling author! One has to find ones very own talents, and then soccer player like *VFL Osnabrück* would never ever kick one ball again.

"I was a real bad dude, but thanks God; I found out in time, that it was the wrong path."

"Very good, know thyself. Jesus is self-understanding, too. The French *JE SUIS* (translates into I AM) is nearly an anagram. In the beginning there was the Word. And the Word was by God, and the Word was God. Everything derives from the Word of God."

"Self-Understanding is the best Way for Recovery. I know that proverb. Are there children of the devil as well?"

"Sure enough. The grapes of wraths are nevertheless creatures of God, but they are standing and living under the powers of a class of other spirits. They are full of injustice, greed and evilness. They are full of envy, murder, hassle, list and dishonesty. Kids of the Satan are arrogant, snot nosed, braggy, and more then inventative in all and every evil."

"But all that about the devil is really interesting me now. What else do you know about him?"

"Well, the devil is nothing but an intellectual babblers. He is the father of all lies, he twists any truth, and he wants to separate people from God. Only shortly he allows any jublations for someone, who pacted with the devil. But one may join him and accompany him into all eternities until the end of time in hell."

"Now look, he seems to really be a talking daredevil, the Mr. Satan."

"Words are his weapons and the art of persuasion his strength. The devil wants to deprive humans of any joy in life. In the world, titillation and delusions rule. But therefore one has to know the Bible, not to get entrapped in the lies that Satan spreads. Be aware, as Satan does costume

himself to appear as an angel of the light. Satan, or as well named Lucifer, was the most beautiful angel in the universe, before rebelling against his creator."

My ex-wife was an angel in the first place, but turned into a devil later, too. Also optically, everything changed for the more negative. I know, I am being mean here ...

"In the second letter to the Thessalonicas it is written, that before the Day of the Lord, first, the son of doom has to appear, the personified antichrist. This antagonist will rise above all and everything that is God's or named to be holy, he will even enter a church and thinks himself to be God."

Would love to know, how that dude looks like. In Hollywood films, the devil is wearing exclusively designer-suits and has his hair combed smack to the back. To contact him by phone, one always has to, funny enough, to dial up the five-five-five.

"And what about the six-six-six?"

"Sixhundredsixtysix is, according to the revelation of John end of chapter 13 the number of one of the beasts, which will appear at the end time. The revelation is not to be taken by word, because the texts are of highly spiritual nature. The two animals do represent the antichristian powers that gain more and more strength, the closer the end of all times comes nearer. But, as we talk revelations here, in chapter 10 a huge angel appears with some booklet in his hand."

"A booklet?" I yawn and am suddenly dead tired. "What booklet?"

"A highly brisant book. Bible researchers do assume, it is the more then occult ..."

Devil's Bible

September 12, 2008 - 9:10 a.m.

When the Intercity stopped in Hamburg, main station, I wake up and find myself alone in my compartment. The preacher has vanished and a little white book is lying on his seat. Hurriedly I open it. Interesting, really interesting. I stuff it into my travelling-bag and jump off the train.

The train to Lübeck leaves in a quarter of an hour. It is already time for me, to visit the restroom, and on the way a female punk with green hair wants to know, whether I would have a Euro for her. "Need a million myself", I tell her. In the toilet I socialize with a pissing sailor, who is humming and brumming the Shanty-Charts up and down. After he shook off his final drops, he asks, whether I would know, where one could comfortably shag, reasonably priced, he would need at least a million women. "No idea. Would need something for my bed, myself. But one is enough for me, personally." he receives my answer.

For more of a thrill, I decided on the train to Lübeck, any further indulgements with the little book only, when I arrive in Timmendorfer Strand. I cannot stop thinking about the discourse with the preacher. Did he not constantly talk in the third person, when he was talking about human beings? Did he ever one time use a sentence with "We humans?" No, I do not think so. When he was no human, what else? An angel? They are supposed to be the messengers of God, indeed. Maybe I will find the solution in this little book.

Welcome Lübeck, change trains is next. During my journey direction Timmendorfer Strand I shortly watch a man in field doing his job, in the area around Bad Schwartau. *Man can only harvest, what he seeds.* the preacher told me. Well, somewhat right. A peasant, that seeds corn, will surely not harvest any potatoes.

Timmendorfer Strand, main station, 10:30 a.m. Sunshine.

Now I have to only traipse to my hotel. I do save the costs for a cab. According to the homepage Timmendorfer Strand offers all kinds of holiday past times services: seven kilometer pure sandy beaches, each square meter equipped with six lion's mane jellyfish and additionally five golf courses. Then - *The Great Promenade* - for all showing off and being overlooked. Mundane, tres elegant and beautiful. All for shopping, highly exclusive, high quality and fiercely expensive. The one being rich has to have made some others poor first. The gap between poor and rich in this world seems to become larger daily. How can anyone talk of world peace, facing all this injustice?

Wind? There is none. I did not put on my jacket, the body sweats. With any cool breeze going, my open shirt would flap in the wind in the coolest style, and anyone could actually worship me. Worship, that the upper part of my body is neither sexily trimmed, nor razored. In spite of me not standing there financially well charged, I did book a high-classy, well styled room in the Hotel Atlantis for a total of six days. Comfort and complacency shall be offered to the guest in any season. A price of 89 Euro per night causes one to come easily into the comfort of red numbers. But well, one rarely allows oneself anything, right?

When I am arriving in my room, first thing, I jump under my shower and then unpack my travelling-bag. After re-dressing with fresh clothes, I take that little book into my hands and open it. The New Testament. I will busy myself with it in a little while, will study the material and feed my consciousness, as, being curious in the meantime, the preaching in the train did stimulated my appetite. But first, TV has to be tested. I switch it on. A documentary about a Belgian painter is shown. A late work of his he named it *The Rage of the Gods*. It shows a lake completely covered with a lawyer of oil, only the top of a church sticking out of it, a star is falling from the dark sky and blood is flooding out of the moon. 95 percent of the whole picture consists of black paint. During the interview it becomes clear, that the painter is that negatively adjusted concerning all and everything, full of sorrows and fears of the future, thus it did not surprise me at all, that this hangdog, stick-in-the-mud of an artist really did throw himself in front of a train two weeks after the film portrait was shot. It seems to be impossible, to be simultaneously happy and that negative.

I start with some serious yawning again, lie down on my bed and fall fast asleep. Shortly after 7 p.m. I wake up again. Boy, was I exhausted. Have hardly slept that well in some ages. But now I feel fit again, additionally. As hungry as a wolf.

The guest, who wants to enjoy all culinary specialties the Hotel Atlantis can offer, has nothing else to do but to betake himself to the in-house restaurant *Schifferklause*. In its center the comfortably rebuilt carcass of the old *Seuten Deern*. This ancient bark became well known, as it did not only cross all seven seas under German flag, but additionally under English, Dutch and Danish flag, explained the waiter, while presenting me *The Menu*. I actually first mistake it for any statement of expenses of some especially uppity French sales representative. I do ask myself, what is supposed to be that so very special concerning this Château? Apart from the price? Really, I do not even pay that much including all expenses for my monthly rent.

I decided to order a luscious fish dish and an accompanying white wine, one that even I can afford. After the meal I take the comfortable atmosphere and another bottle in. As I took the New Testament along, start to read a little. I leave it on the table though, when I have to use the rest room. Everything brilliantly clean. My respect for the toilet attendee. That who can do nothing but clean toilets in life, shall just clean toilets all life. Why not? I appreciate a work like this a lot, because I truly do not appreciate dirty toilets. I mean, who actually does enjoy stinking, filthy, raunchy toilets? But many hold themselves to be something better, and reject occupations like that.

But what's that now? A man, at the beginning of his 60, took place at my table in the meantime. He is wearing a sophisticated white suit, while on one of his fingers a ring with a serious brilliant is tottering, sparkling like hell. Surely trying to avoid turning blind, while looking at the jewel, he is wearing black sunglasses. Presenting a nice contrast to the lucid clothing. Man, I saw that dude before! His face is looking familiar, but I can not come up with where's and when's. He really should take off the sunglasses, maybe then. He damn really should really take off the sunglasses immediately, and hand them over to me, so that I can wear them, as I am really nearly blinded by the gentlemen.

"Please excuse me for sitting down at your table. But I saw this book lying on your table and have to tell you something about it."

"And what exactly?" I ask him, being curious, what now again will come.

"Books are something very dangerous."

Man, I have heard that one before!

"Shall I tell you the truth about this book? The Holy Writing, the Bible is nothing but the fairy tale par excellence."

"Wait a second", I stutter and am perplexed. "You do not want to tell me, that someone just plain thought it all out? I heard something completely different this morning."

"Please listen to me closely, I will tell you exactly, why the Bible was written up. The angel Penemue, nothing but an uptight preacher of morals, could not bare it, that man would enjoy all the wine, the singing and all the jezebels. And due to his very spirit and conception, books were written with the intention to serve the human children as a kind of *Knigge for Life*. Penmue thought up many stories, and partly dreamed them up. Thus so much of the truths in this writings completely contradict each other. And then additionally these senseless interdiction: no drugs, no cigarettes, and no alcohol. Sexual prohibition until marriage, what's that now good for? The natural sexual drive has to be satisfied. Or do I see that wrong?"

"No, not at all", I completely and enthusiastically agree and scratch my chin.

"C'mon, you would go for dirty sex tonight, don't you?"

"Sex, sure. When it cannot be avoided, then well, ok, some dirty sex, too."

"One night with Tina Ritsch, that's what you ever since dream of, or?"

Why only one night? Millions of nights. But hey, wait a moment, how can he know all that? Where does he know my Tina from? Regrettably I miss any French accent, otherwise I would have sworn him to a descendant of the Belgian Super-Detective Hercule Poirot.

"The main character in the New Testament, Jesus Christ, believe me, is pure invention, and all humans, that believe in the fairytale about Jesus, will be judged in the end and will be lost for all eternities. No, it is just the other way round, man will be back in paradise anyways, just only the ones not, who ever believed in Christ. These humans are full of shame and feel condemned. They will rot in hell forever, along with this fabulist Penemue. Read this book here and enjoy life! It's Party-time! Just fuck shit up, party all the way and party hard, enjoy all orgies, everything is allowed! Be happy, you do not need any savior! Just do not believe in any Christ! For Christ's sake! He never ever existed anyways!"

He hands a little ragged, black book over to me. I open it and start to read.

The Black Writings

The last days of this earth
The prophecies of Joseph Rottweiler

First Edition 1914

Published in the Astan-Publishing House Dachau

I open it rather in the back. In chapter 20 I find written:

Satan and his followers stormed the heavenly palace and immediately took God hostage. Satan squatted His thrown, while God was being bonded with heavy chains by all angels, then thrown into a ravine. Initially for 1000 years.

"Only believe in the Black Writings, as they are the only truth", told me the gentleman. "And please read the last chapter!"

"You really think so?" I am sceptic and look up the last chapter, to find out, what's actually written there: "Everyone believing in this writings, will receive all and any riches of this world that he desires."

I am baffled. Now I could really use this fancy Château. "Every ... " I read aloud and suddenly notice that the gentleman had vanished. Strange, I did not happen to notice it before; I must have been completely absorbed and absent minded! The wine in the bottle is vanished as well, but here I do know the reason, its content found all his way into my stomach. One more bottle, yes, I could definitely handle that. As if the waiter foresaw it, he arrives at my table, holding a bottle of red Château smack under my nose.

"That is our best wine and well known, Sir", he tells me.

"Yes, yes" I stammer. "But the price is well known to me, too and that will do no good to my portemonnaie."

"Please do not worry, Sir. The bill has already been paid in advance. The gentleman in the white suit took already care of it. And I shall send you dear and sincere regards."

Well, well, well, the bill for that exclusive wine already paid in advance? Why do I deserve this honour? Might it have anything to do with that Black Writings? Could this be any magical book? Thrilled, I

start to study the book. I soon find myself in some sort of mental confusion, because obviously the complete opposite is written here, the complete opposite of what the preacher on the train had tried to explain to me.

I am done with it in roughly an hour, and I am done with the wine, too. The Château ain't too bad, but one has to really celebrate those wines, and not only simply get plain pissed drunk by gulping them down.

I pay my open bill, after consulting the waiter and climb upstairs to the first floor. Arriving back in my room, I put both books on the night cupboards, turn the jabber-box on and do some serious zapping around. Then, suddenly Motörhead! On MTV a rerun of the very rock show, already shown yesterday. Suddenly a thought shoots straight through my head, man, this bassist and singer Lemmy shows a fatal facial similarity with the gentleman in the white suit. Only strongly differentiated by their hair chops. Well, I cannot figure shit out right now. I switch on and on and on and find nothing of any interest. Now, sexually aroused, a woman would not be bad, right here and now. The TV is turned off; I take a quick shower in the bath, before I knock myself out on the bed, only dressed up in my underpants. Thus well adjusted and comfortable, I have the whole day pass again in front of my inner eye. Then I start to consult myself, whether I shall engage in any further undertakings. Go visit the hotel bar or maybe any club? But, man, wait, who can be that now? The bathrobe is put on fast and more than thrilled and expectant I do open the door.

The lady with the croc handbag is wearing a super tiny sexy top, a cute miniskirt and is the incarnation of cute. "Hi honey. We still do know each other, right?" "Yes, yes.!" I stutter and invite Tina Ritsch into my room. She knocks herself down, and, how else could it be, plain on my bed, tossing and turning there like Rihanna in a music clip. Spittle dripples from my lips. Am I starring in a film now? And if so, then it is obviously not any particularly wrong one. "Honey, we should have already made love when handing over the apartment, don't you think? But, honey, we still can right now!" Man, what a speed, she really goes for it. Tina obviously really wants to do it with me. Right here and now. My body yelling nothing but yes, but my heart actually does nothing but warn me, saying plain no.

"But, honey, you do go for dirty sex, ain't you?" "Not really", I answer. "What? Not really?" Tina starts to laugh out loud and opens her alligator. "Well, in that case, I obviously have to pay you for it, right, honey?" She

takes a bundle of banknotes out of her little purse and fumbles around with it smack in front of my nose. "1000 Euro for you, when we do it really kick ass dirty!" The zest for some ass-kicking hours grows by seconds and I finally give in. Tina puts the bundle on the night-cupboard, next to the two books. "I just take a quick shower, so why don't you get already started up, honey? In some few moments my chassis can get serviced." Tina disappears in the bathroom.

In the meantime I get rid of my bathrobe and my underpants alike, then lay down. Being naked under my bed sheets and turn the lights off. But still everything appears more then Spanish to me, my whole inside nothing but a turmoil and fight. Additionally I do fight against a serious upcoming sleep attack and definitely lose. "Tina Ritsch is an anagram of ANTICHRIST." A voice suddenly speaks to me, strange enough. Then a black tomcat appears and meows a Motörhead medley. Very scary all that, and it really sucks. But I am not sure either, whether I might be already dreaming.

A heavy thundering outside, that strong, that I immediately jump standing in my bed. My grandma always used to say in those days back yonder: *Dear Mr. God is angry. You were not well behaved!* It's dark in the room, alike the night. Must have fallen deep asleep, the whole hotel is deadly quiet and everything is plain scary. Next to me, Tina, sleeping. I grab her hand, but it is ice-cold. Something wrong with her; she seems not to breathe either. Its thundering again, the thunderstorm comes nearer. There seems to have been a blackout, I cannot turn any lights on. I lean over the woman and want to shake her awake, when suddenly another thunder and a hell of a lightning! For a short instant I can make out the face. But, man, it is not Tina!!! Instead, it is definitely my neighbor, Grandma Kruse and she seems to be as dead as can be. Now totally scared, I walk to the window sill. The sky is full of dark clouds. No light in the little village either. No moon, no stars. Then the lightning strikes with a terrifying noise, smack into the *Schifferklause* and the restaurant bursts blasting into flames immediately.

I am blinded by the lightning and cannot see anything for a sequence of endless moments. I panic. I have to be out of this hotel as fast as can. I grope my way from bed to night-table and grab, my eyes closed, that money bundle. Then out of the door into the corridor. "Fire!!! Fire!!!" I yell, but seemingly, I am the only guest on that floor.

Everything is dead like. No one no screams for help. Only biting smoke in the corridor. I nearly stumble, speeding down the staircase, but somehow keep myself from falling in the last moment. On the ground floor everything is burning fast, but no one here, either. Strange. Right on time I find myself outside and run at high-speed the 50 meters to the beach. I am completely safe there and look around me. The whole Atlantis in flames, with a speed, that normally only haystacks explode into flames. I feel suddenly completely sick and start to puke. What a shame. All the good exclusive red wine. But well, one should not mix drinking anyways and one should rather stay with one color, either red or white.

A cool breeze floating from the lakeside. I shudder, freeze and am completely lonely. Lost. There is no one to be seen around in miles. And only now, after I did calm down, I recognize me being split naked, too. In my panic I did not even put on my underpants. But luckily, I still had the 1000 Euro in my right hand. Bless God I did not even think of the dough, I would have lost it additionally. But what was that? It was not the precious little bundle of banknotes I grabbed along in my panic attack. Nope, it was only the little white book, the New Testa...

September 12, 2008 - 9:10 a.m.

I wake up, my whole body shaking, cold sweat on my forehead. What the hell had happened?

"Where am I?"

"Shortly before Hamburg main station", the man with the dark suit answers with a calm voice. "You actually slept like a groundhog."

"Slept? I was only just dreaming?"

"Exactly, but you should know one thing: Any of what the devil is promising you, is exclusively illusions. And you should not chase after any of them. Only God's work is eternal. Don't sell your soul to Satan you can only save your soul by believing in Jesus Christ. He is the only gateway to God. One soul is worth more than a million Euro, even more than unplayable, and worth more than all richness of this planet. No adequate equivalent can and does exist."

The man in the black suit raises and draws a little blue book out of his jacket pocket and hands it over with a certain grin.

"The perfect crime is all written up here, in the New Testament. It is the crucifixion of Christ. This all was perfectly staged by God, to save all sinning human beings. Believe me. But excuse me though, I have to leave now."

While stepping out of the compartment the man turns around one time again.

"Stay active, do something! God does not bless any lazy bone and no one with indecent motives. I am sure; you own the inner attitude of a winner. And did you ever think about, why you, being a sinner, are still alive?"

"No, never", I answered.

"You are just alive due to infinite divine mercifulness. If this would not exist, mankind would not exist since a long time. Thus, thank your God and do penance for your sins. Thank your Lord of Peace - Jesus. He is the God of Life and the God of Transformation, the King of all Kings. And something additionally. It does not matter at all, what people think about you, it is only important, what God thinks about you. Just ignore all jabberings of the devil, or just mock him. You already know, where those hypocrites will end up soon. Have a nice day."

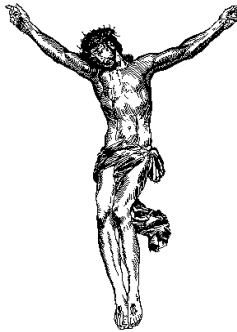
"Good by, Mr. Michelangelo", I respond.

Was he really named Michelangelo, or did I dream that up, too? I have to speed up now, as the train will soon reach my destination. In the corridor

already a line of people, all ready to debark. But strange, I cannot make out my travel companion anywhere.

During the train ride to Lübeck, much drifts through my head. Are we humans really honest? And why then any policemen, civil servants, lawyers, courts and jails? When would we be honest? Society is not living on the basis of trust and honesty together, but is kept going by plain tricky measures of distrust. Who of us did not lie? We start out when kids and we lie to our parents, because we are afraid of their punishment. Later, we are parents and lie to our kids and professors still talk of evolution. Did the ape turn into a human being? When I see some of all those comedians, it seems to be the other way around, and is more than obvious. Who is more stupid? A professor or the well equipped female moderator?

If we would be all honest, TV man hunter *Eduard Zimmermann* could have dedicated his lifetime exercising some different past times. *Honesty lasts the longest*. There is really something in that German proverb. There is no human crime existing that would be perfect. And there never will be one. *Harm sets, harm gets*. We all know this common sense wisdom and I will really dedicate some of my precious time to find out, whether this wisdom is any biblical one. May all my detective story friends be disappointed, but I will not start up or even try to invent any story about the perfect crime. I have another plan. A story that will please God, that's the one I decided to write now. It will not have to be a long one, but that does not matter at all. Its still not quantity but quality that counts, right? But somehow, I actually already wrote that story.



“I am the First and the Last, the Beginning and the End.”