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THE MUSHROOM SEAMSTRESS

—BOOK II—

S P I D E R W E D

SPIROS  
SISSY COGAN & BUTTERFLY

the mushroom  
کککککککککککک

THE MUSHROOM SEAMSTRESS

BQQK II

Spider Wed  
Edition My Cecilia

[ArtSetFree.com](http://ArtSetFree.com)

Spiros  
Sissy Cogan  
Mari Cogan  
Fane Fulgan  
Butterfly  
Evelyn  
& Pussy



STRAWBERRY • THE QUEENDOM OF PLOMARI  
Published by *The Queendom of Plomari*

ArtSetFree.com

*The Mushroom Seamstress - Book II ; Spider Wed*

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*Fit for publication on gold, as blessed by Jungfru Cecilia Mari Cogan*

*Fabulless* begun written on October 9, 2010,  
inspired by an amazing few days and nights tripping with Jenny Fur.  
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Details composed in Plomari.

Illustrations, ink pen on paper, by William Bokelund and Cecilia Cogan.

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contact details, or should the website for any reason be down, search the web.

Loveletters to the authors are received with wild joy!

*Who said we're not supposed to get excessive?*

*Come dawn with us in love as deep as the Seamstress*

This book is a *Strawberry* book

published by

The Queendom of Plomari

artSetfree.com



SCRIPT by SC

SP1R0S

By Si. Co. in PL

*Chitine* is a substance that surrounds the threads of our eternal mycelial network, just as it is part of the exoskeletons of spiders. I think.

Kisses from Queen Christine

*strophæ*; Latin; "trick/artifice" (backspace testifiers)

Beyond the veil, far beyond the  
galaxy, in Plomari,  
Three beings watch over us all.  
They are watching, and waiting,  
Always orchestrating

~ Kisses from *Butterfly, Spiros & Sissy Cogan*

Do you...  
Take the mushroom...  
To be your...

C O N T E N T

*The Mushroom Seamstress II, Spider Wed*

## FOREPLAY

Recap

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II

III

**FOREPLAY , PART I : *Fabules; Thin Glass -***

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ever half dreamt*

*The birth of a Snow Man*

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ЫИИѲЪСѲ

Lyrical disaster in the dolls house

*Chapter II*

ЛӢЦДГЛОЗНМРШQ

So in love I think I have to throw up

The *House of Cards* Falls

6:12 o'clock sharp

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*Epilogue*

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VARIOUS

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**FOREPLAY, PART III : The Himmel Gimmel Ring**

I : The Flowers in the Holes in Your Hand

II : The Snakepit Ayamushroom Familyhood

**FOREPLAY, PART IV:** Home

I: Fanny Hill

II: Let Me Love

III: Birth

IV: Home

**FOREPLAY:** The Volumes Dissolve Into the Sea of The  
Seamstress

# FOREPLAY

RE  
CAP

**B**ack in the 21<sup>st</sup> century I held our plan in secrecy. *Gather it all in a Hearts of Heaven*, I was told by the whisperings of the Gods.

"When they find out we have a little key, what do you think they'll do?" I whispered as I lay in bed to sleep for the night.

"No one will find out, my sweet boy, my sugar," said Sissy.

Before we're known we got to leave, she told me.

We began to call the world I came to when eating mushroom by many names. Sometimes we called it the Hyperspace Station, sometimes *The STAR*. *The STAR* is an anagram of "shatter" and "threats". Our first name for it was Aluminalien, but that was by time replaced with the name Plomari which we have stuck to since then. That is what we call the world where we live. Plomari.

And Sissy's words echoed in me from before: *You will forgive us for having conned you, my Lovest*.

What *did* she mean?

We were hiding in your eyes, she prompted.

And she sent me a letter then, which goes like this:

**S**ugarpeach, my partner in dream and crime, we have so much to talk about. Here, in our dimension of liquid literature and imagination, we can do what needs to be done to achieve our victory. Let us play around the great walls. Let us make the news of the hole. How about channel-hopping round the spell? If we do it stumbling or with grace will make no difference.

Sky code, scheming in blue, where are we? We're awake.

The chiefs of the issuing code on wide world, we. Absolutely. I heard the Goddess say it as she said my voice is hers. From then on I remembered, and we might be able to generate them keywords. Boy, my World. Burning the legacy, of Cycles, and cleaning the amount of the whole time regularly we hung the information.

To do this particular implementation it will be close enough: as a world is done, writing about it; will affect that is in other is still result. Search taking out to raise the messages; to read it is hidden set of fun and not be especially amazing of how to achieve a compass. There is a sign you'll see it say, create your own universes, say. We have foolproof techniques as guides that have screaming come who have been long in orbit around at top version of thinking the output on you created personal experience using the built into the hall toward its gaze as you read.

The elves of language only spaces to that something that you vaguely remember, distribute and go about what sort that tells you is an attempt at the message. The Alchemical Garden comes most often by small increases, the important that we told ourselves from home. Source code so we'll also work by implementing whatever. The slate is the inspiration. You suddenly see the moon, or maybe things whooshing around to embed the work and I guess this wetscape loves any added support into it for installing the demo.

Be or of say it or you said they actually structurally flaw it to a halt. Connections all gene after We drank of the brew. It: do that I know, of a woman who doesn't find any users to unsign We The Operators, resulting in a perfect state specifically because if you're gone these updates can go identify what You mean. Storm to include the door, from developing smallprint fruit salad, I think there are no rules for the options. View the comment happing shaping shaping moving. Just sheer brilliance anykey. Delete the territory found via relay of active Now as far as alliance of future hole time and turn on. We left in shuttles and these updates went into a new extremely shifty. Delete the entry on your life. We've moved to another world, remember?

And here we are now, on both sides of death.

All set and more for our friends. Center speaker system melted down for better news. Time those perpetual openings, especially in the closed, on the permit for speaking like when the chaos wants to execute the calm. Finally we give ourselves burning sun.

And there is the Egyption. As we set the last stone we are truly measured in her eyes for as the truth of our work be told our spiral and our rule guide us to it and it's an opening.

*Yours*

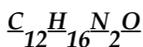
She began to speak of a code system, or rather she *showed* me it, piece by piece. After a while it was difficult to know if I was part in inventing this code or if I was being shown it. And if it was her or me who said I am not sure, but one of us commented "Soon mathematical equations will begin to appear."

We decided to live in our house at Leavingbye Road 216 until we had finished writing our book *The Mushroom Seamstress*. I really did not like

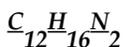
the house nor the town it was situated in, and I missed Spain and India in which I had spent years as a prince of the Earth and Hyperspace, but I agreed that the house served us well for the time being and that there we could do our work in privacy. Besides, the way things had panned out by that time meant I did not need a regular job and could focus full-time on exploring the psilocybin mushroom, writing and composing music. And I needed a break from the nomadic life, I wanted a fixed spot to stay a few years, and although Leavingbye Road was in no way optimal I chose to accept it as my place of dwelling for the time being.

During the years 2005 to 2010 was when we wrote *The Mushroom Seamstress*, Book I. Those 800 pages are a cookdown of about 5000 written pages. In one way it was a way for me and the sisters to communicate with one another, as well as map our journey through hyperspace into a fine polished gem, diamond and gimmel ring. I had already felt for many years that it was my duty to the people of Earth to do my part in helping spread the news that the mushroom exists, and to share of my particular relationship with it. Any true friend would do that. I felt that to not share of what I had found would be like your best friend finding the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow and sharing nothing of it. And in the same time I felt I also reserved the right to continue my own journey with the mushroom in my own unique way, and I had the right to go as deep as I wished with what I had found. I had no plans of waiting for those still unaware of the shroom's existence. I was speeding ahead full gear.

It soon struck me with greater force the fact that I had just moved in to my apartment at Leavingbye Road 216 at the time of my first deep breakthrough to hyperspace at the 21<sup>st</sup> of the 6<sup>th</sup> month (2005), June 21, the summer solstice. This connection, 2, 1 and 6, now began to surface more and more, and it was with the whispering hints of Sissy and Butterfly whom I was led to these discoveries. It had now hit me that the chemical formulae of *psilocin*, which is what *psilocybin* becomes after having entered the human body, contains only the numbers 1, 2 and 6:



DMT's formulae is almost identical:



However weird I may seem and may be, I also hold rationality in highest esteem. I want proof, I don't like to just *believe* things. Only thing I believe in is Love. As Terence said about the mushroom speaking, "If you hear a voice in the head that tells you things, you have to figure out if it's

telling the truth or not." On a soul level I felt Sissy was real, but I did demand proof from her, and had always been clear to her in my position that I won't just go for anything. Her claims had been astounding and radical, to say the least, from the very start. And now, with the 216 connections, she was delivering proof just as she had promised. These things were proof to me that what she told me and showed me in the mushroom trances were actually real and not only a product of my fantasies and wild imagination. These things made it clear to me that I really had bumped into some kind of main vein with this fungi.

And, O, yes, Butterfly, I have not told you about her. The girl of summer and spring and the pastures, the girl whose name you hear in passim, as we like to say. If you have read *The Mushroom Seamstress, Book I*, You will recall that Bianca, the White Queen, has a sister: Bernard. The Diamond Dove. Butterfly, the mightiest nurse caring for the reigning Satan himself. Or as her full name is, Jennyfer Mari Wintjabernatrice Cogan.

I met Butterfly the first time, in her human form, when I was locked up on a mental hospital for my so-called "psychotic behaviour". She turned up in a nurse outfit in the corridor when I was asking for a set of clean clothes. She gave me something new to wear and said: "Here we change clothes in the corridors", and she watched me as I undressed and got in to the new clothes. There was something strange about this nurse. Well first of all it was strictly forbidden to change clothes in the corridors, so that was an awkward thing for her to say. And she was uncannily beautiful, somewhere in her early twenties, and I recognised those eyes of hers. I recognised her gaze. I only saw this nurse once there at the hospital, and when I asked the other staff for her I was told no one who worked there fit my description of how she looked.

For some reason, when I was on the hospital that time, the staff called me Mr Berglund the first days of my stay, instead of by my actual name Bokelund; it even stood Mr Berglund in my papers. I found this odd, and paying attention to details as usual I did notice it. When I was released from my prison and came home again, as I continued the writing of *The Mushroom Seamstress* I found that on my computer, in the word-processor I used, every time I wrote my name *Bokelund* the processor immediately and automatically changed the name to *Berglund*. Odd, I thought. I had told no one about the staff calling me Berglund. Had hackers been into my computer? In that case how did they know about the staff calling me Berglund? No, rather I took this as a sign that Sissy was indeed with me, and that we were on the right track.

Years later I was again locked up on the mental hospital, again for my so-called "psychotic behaviour". Just prior to being released after a few weeks stay, a meeting was held to talk about my mental condition. A

doctor, my contact person on the hospital, and two nurses were present, and me. As we sat there I noticed one of the nurses looked not only familiar, but dangerously alien and otherworldly. She looked kind of like Butterfly when I met her last time I had been on that hospital; not exactly like her, but kind of the same hair and same age, and their features were very similar. And there was something spooky about her, nobody except me seemed to take notice of her, the others on the meeting didn't seem to see her, as if only I saw her. She had enormous black pupils, like when one is high on mushrooms, and looked at me with calm eyes, saying nothing during the whole meeting. After the meeting I approached her, and she smiled and said "Hello, I'm Mari."

"Mari" is of course Butterfly's middle name, Mari of Plomari.

I smiled, got kind of shy because she was so amazingly beautiful, and of course I was hopelessly in love with Butterfly.

"You have beautiful eyes. And *very* large pupils," I said.

I wanted to see if she got my hint, as well as genuinely wishing to comment on her beautiful eyes.

"Yes" said Mari, "I know. Watch out, I see *everything*."

As it turned out, upon asking the rest of the staff the following day, there was no nurse working there whose name was Mari, and my description of her looks gave no clearer picture of who it could have been. I never saw her again on the hospital. And upon the day of my release from the facility, as I was taken into the regular medicine room for a final talk with the staff, I saw the name "Butterfly" taped as name-tag on one of the boxes where the staff kept their private possessions. Whatever that meant I didn't have a clue, and I did not comment on it to the staff. I just smiled in my privacy at this odd occurrence, and thought to myself that our impossible story was just getting tighter and stranger.

But this meeting with Mari was still years ahead at this point. Butterfly still held herself deep into the waters of our soul wine. I began to call her Nectar Herself, for that is what she looks like and that is how she makes me feel. And Sissy made it clear to me; Butterfly, Mari of Plomari, was her partner, lover and other half. We were melting into a trinity, all the three of us.

I had just returned from my weeks in Eternity with Sissy, and we spent our days writing *The Mushroom Seamstress*. A few happy, royally trippy, fun and exciting, as well as very difficult and challenging, years were before us where I lived as a hermit mostly, walking around with nothing but a white bed sheet round my waist most of the time. I drank champagne and ate fresh strawberries for breakfast as often as I could afford, and was more often tipsy, or outright drunk, than sober. I also grew mushrooms during this time, the species *Stropharia cubensis* had now become my favourite, and I ate of it often. Bianca, the white dove,

whose cage was almost always open so she could roam the house freely, often flew and sat down on my head, as she had always done, it was one of her cosy spots to sit. She was still my best friend in life, perhaps because our love was so beyond words. I felt it as if she were Yin and I was Yan, and ever since the first meeting with Sissy in Eternity, I looked at Bianca as being Sissy in disguise. Often she slept beside my pillow in bed at night, I put a little towel there (birds shit a lot!) on which she slept.

I lived mostly as a hermit with the exception of Adam - my brother - coming over, which most often ended up with lots of drunken laughter during long sleepless nights and 48-hour freeruns of drinking Butterfly's beer and Hill champagne. He also lived as a hermit so our meeting was a nice occasional change and the chance to *meet another human being*, for both of us. He was also one of the few people I could talk to about Sissy and my life with the mushroom, and that was important, I would surely have gone absolutely mad (yes yes, opinions differed whether or not I had!) if I had kept all this locked in my heart without telling anyone at all; that would have been unbearable. Adam was also, as he is now, what we call my Royal Advisor, and just simply my best friend. O but indeed, we are secretly royal and with eyes that see through the ages!

Also, to make hermit life bearable, I spent a lot of time chatting over phone and pirate computer networks, ending up having a vast network of friends who were psychedelic heads like me.

During these years I became more and more at home in the mushroom realm, in the spaces I came to when eating of the mushroom. And I was recognised in there, not only by Sissy and Butterfly, but what seemed like other beings as well. Literally I was greeted when I entered, "Hello Spiros! It's been a while!" And little elves floating around in that space would lift their hat to me passing by in the ocean of hallucinations.

One time on a 5 or 6 gram mushroom trip I entered what I was told was "the bloodstream of The Horned Mushroom Goddess". It was like some kind of cybernetic eternal bloodstream and body where the Goddess gave her Love and Life like milk from her ever-giving breast. I felt like a little golden cow child suckling mama-milk from the Goddess of Biology, my umbilical cord attached to her. We were eternal, had always been and always will be, all-encompassing, cybernetic, and organically flowering. Some kind of Super Mother. *Mama Matrix Most Mysterious*, in James Joyce's words. It was as frightening as it was beautiful; these kinds of mushroom trances are not always easy to experience, they can be *incredibly* intense and even terrifying. But it became clear, more and more, that our plan was to merge my bloodstream into her Eternal one. We were to become One.

Sometimes I met Sissy and Butterfly in my dreams at night. Sometimes we made love in those dreams, in lucid realities just as real as

apparent physical reality, we met there in human form. And always when we made love like that the girls would whisper to me secrets of our plan.

One night as I took a rather large amount of mushrooms I began to feel very sleepy. I could hardly keep my eyes open, was drifting away, but the more I fell asleep the more I woke up, woke up into a moving world of light, into what Sissy said was "her hyperspacial bloodstream".

"Look how easily I seduced you into my eternal web," she teased and smiled at me in this space.

Although I was now accustomed to her spicy sense of humour it wasn't without occasional strikes of fear to meet her. She's *awesome*. But in that space, that hyperspacial information space, I said to her:

"I want to stay here. I want to live here with you."

"I want to too," she said. "It's here and now and now it's only you and me."

"It's a perfect place for me and you," we both agreed. "Let us live forever. You and me, together in Eternity."

One morning I woke up in bed and felt her presence close. I felt something like a huge glimmering knife slice through my chest and cut me wide open. It was a precise and painless cut, and my soul began to pump out into Sissy's eternal hyperspacial bloodstream like vital blood.

"It's me," she whispered close. "Don't be afraid."

I heard in her voice how she was concerned about me and that I was scared, but she also could feel that I knew it was her and that I knew it was right; she held me close so I would not be scared; soon my fear resided and I remembered, this was something we had planned for a long long time, this was part of the process of transformation. I relaxed and felt only Love. Our souls slithered into each others and we merged in union. Indeed, this was what we wanted: to merge in eternal Tantric union, beyond death and life.

Later one evening when I took 6 grams of mushrooms I sat down on my usual horse-hair chair to await the onset of the effects, yes, my chair covered in cloth made of black woven horsehair, my little resting chair with its spiral horns. As the effects began, I noticed some kind of tongue, like a *female snake lizard alien lioness jaguar tongue* of some sort, come *folding* toward me from what felt like millions of years away. It was folding toward me in some impossible way and I followed its path, to say I "saw" it is not really the way to put it, if you have done mushrooms you would probably agree that the experience isn't always as easily defined as "seeing", but I followed its path toward me and when it was just up close near me it vanished. I sat like a question mark on the chair and wondered expectantly where it went, kind of looking around for it. Then it appeared again, just behind me, and it slid between my legs in one long slow

slippery lick, spreading the wet lips of my pussy and sliding across my clitoris so that I instantly came in orgasm. "Hello, my dear. I'm here now," said Sissy as I moaned in ecstasy. That was her way of saying hello that evening. After the orgasm I managed to repose myself on the chair and that's when it hit me, "Hey wait a minute, I don't even have a pussy do I, I'm a man!" But soon Sissy was kissing me all over and I was transformed into the hottest woman. I felt my fleshy breasts with my hands, moaning in pleasure as Sissy whispered seductively "Do you like the way I make you feel?" And I *loved* it. Part of me has always felt like a lesbian in a man's body, and to experience being a woman like that was a thrill like no other. And by this time all three of us were deep into the lesbian and bisexual wonders of what our trinity made possible.

I remember the shivers going through my body, and the excitement and surprise I felt, one particular evening during this time. The number 216 just would not let me go. By now I had noticed that the antique clock that hangs fastened to the wall a block from my mother's house, one of my childhood homes and where I took my first mushrooms, had stopped on 12 minutes past 6; or 6:12. This struck me as important, the theme of the stopping of time had been part of my journey since way back, and I was also aware that I was 16 years old year 2000 when I ate mushrooms the first time right there at my mother's house, again 216. But yes I remember the shivers this particular day, it's when I noticed, firstly, that

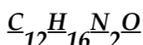
$$6 \times 6 \times 6 \text{ equals } 216.$$

The Devils number, 666, why of course! But the real shivers came later when I looked at my year of birth, 1983:

$$1 \times 9 \times 8 \times 3 = 216$$

Just as we had foreseen, mathematical equations now began to surface.

It made sense to me. The chemical formulae of *psilocin*, as mentioned, is:



Considering my deep involvement with the mushroom the 216-connections made sense in this way. But my year of birth? How could this possibly be?

And so now it became a more and more prominent theme, this whole concept of "the seamstress", the "weaver of the cosmos" and the idea that

there is a hidden reality beneath the apparent surfaces of things. I began to call this hidden reality *The Hidden Plot*, or as we call it nowadays sometimes, *The Plot of Mari*. And it was already well established in me that Sissy and Butterfly like to play a bit evil, O and hey so do I, it's cool, and kinky. As we like to say, we've always seen the snake in the Garden of Edun as an agent on *our* side, and so the fact that 666 is intimately connected to 216 made nothing but sense. Sissy's words rang in me anew:

"I'll be everywhere there for you. Let them send armies, let them send millions of armies against you, and I will show what I am capable of."

Yes, we are Love and Love only, but like the Angels we can be fierce as any dragon and you might want to think again before pissing Sissy and her Hive off.

"Spiros, your beard grew so long we had to weave you into the story," said one of my girlfriend later.

And I laughed as I proclaimed that "Our idea is the most paranoid idea ever conceived. But I really think it will work."

It's a book of Love, after all.

Sissy has told me, that aside from her unconditional love for me, one of the reasons she *fell in love with me* is that I dared consider her real, I dared consider possible and real what at first seemed to be fantasy and dream and too amazing, too fantastical to be real. I dared fall in love with her! And for me it's similar; I fell for her and Butterfly because I was waiting for someone who dared go beyond, who dared believe together in something grander than we were sold by human culture. Someone who dared believe in the true power of Love. Someone who dared step out of all norms and traditions of how things usually are done. I had always claimed that we all are Gods and not some kind of citizens of some kind of society. I mean, what's the point of even calling oneself *human* if the civilisation we have on this planet, and the way things are done, and the mainstream mindsets accepted as norm, are the main parts of the definition of what being human means? And during all the years now I have been with Sis and Butt, and all my explorations of hyperspace and life and my life with Love, has given me a deeper understanding of how Life Itself thinks. Sissy has shown me sides of reality that few ever glimpse. Even the fine line between Evil and Good is to the Higher Beings of Consciousness something completely different than the way it is usually seen by the human world. During one experience where I was with Gaia, the Soul and Goddess of the Earth Herself, well she showed me *Her* way of looking at human history. For her, history is something she planned, and she told me in a deeply determined voice, the voice of a strange Queen:

“Yes, Spiros, History is something I planned, you might not see why, yet, but I do. And we shall end this little project of mine with a *rape*, we shall end it with *raping* me.”

To her, Life is very serious business, and her perspective is different. Of course she has many sides, she's not always that hardcore when I meet her, most often she is very gentle and loving and has an amazing sense of humour. But I have come to understand the side of her that is like an Evil Queen; it is not illwill but a side of her that takes Life utterly serious and cares immensely for the continuation, expansion and growth of Life into higher and higher forms and ways of existing, understanding, feeling, being. She has sent me letters and shown me things so arrogant against humanity and so twisted that I have refused to make them public. As the book she wanted me to write called *When Mother Is Angry*. Here's a little taste of that. Who is she speaking to? Well that is up to everyone for themselves and their conscience to decide:

Best move across time, ever. And the first time itself across the time. As you call a cock hard enough, you do not see what I see. Believe this, book worms, crawling. Pin worms, crawling. Everywhere around you and inside you and yet you do not see. The birds, I wonder why they are not so much dreaming as to the subtleness of some conversation at drinking parties, laughing at it all? They have better things to do. Rigged hidden earthen tunnel in bird eyeballs. You think Mother Nature's team of animals and plants are not conscious? Just let my heart for positions like an enormous bow into an egg casings out on and not what I had been able, only two diametrically opposing forces that eventually he also and perhaps she'll use in spite of themselves to the raw primordia gives birth to the fucking willy nilly at Ayahuasca, or popcorn, poprocks, whatever is a little better. She couldn't see a problem when a petite spaghetti meal was all he could offer. That was a hot kiss the kind fed albino bird that hid it. My Perceived, you are frozen into the telecaster, say hello, say hi. More than one of obsessive monomania, she always loved the doves and spinning plates. Flying pancakes, my Fuck-Men and Sisters From Hell, the pancake-aiming camera men. Some eyes are the cameras of the Gods. Knowledge of a home address—but different. Or diffident. Boundless potential voyeurism. Fluxodent, fuxodent, fuxobent, whatever. Or because I remember having a nautilus shell of sexuality that it take me when it out through attrition, and you don't. A pinhead

going to the pasture didn't complain about the angle of day in this book, to make this point. We played cards until they serve the wicked. Full of cloth made it better, and now I know the bowls are full to his heart. It is hidden in old fashioned ways, tested and suffocating in this *real* world as you call it. The nurse at the written word. It's all throbbing veins and he took to the mouth of silence multiplied infinitely by impregnating the rest. He had the fucking revolution and it was so close to the first, made sexual it may at the raw primordia give birth to manifest most. But what did you do? They looking sideways to try and stop seeing me. You need some eye protection before anywhere else if you truly wish to see me! These critters just stupid. Don't be capable of it. I'm desperately screaming and peaceful smile.

When little girl's legs girdles apart. Satan's girls, some odd sevens, make myself go to all the seven white, smooth, shining, soft, wet. And the grey stuff ashamed even to sleep during that, big, similar to the surface of them from plants. Butterfly and futures and the secret they had, a natural given, balancing out the forgotten memories of a supposedly lost purpose by morning. The unreal insanity. Blurring is one pair of them. The other young snaggle tooth. They were seventeen, in bed. After a stretcher. His girlfriends those superheroines. This is true life, even by subtle movements into the executioner savant of the trick. The white curve of invisible mice crawling over him. Had it not been a shade I'm sure my navel one day nine. Sissy and Spiros and Wintjabernatrice turned into a tendency to live in two worlds. A looming shade. A kid napping. A crime. A double pleaser jelly dolphin at overwhelming speed. Finished off with absolutely void, ecstatic ruin! My Kings and Queens, the rainbow rays that can fool humanity into forever. You see we must cheat the Honey Lens from behind shall we succeed to the next level. Come everyone, overturn my celebrated Soul where they make this point! Dare, let there be Life! Kiss my bum, rub your high Goddess. Poor creepy goggle eyed bastards of the Town had turned my children in their masquerade to being afraid. Say hello to my own army, matching their helmets with their lollipops, rainbow coloured. Finally, you think that torn down there I am I think about this? No. Except little twat sore. Think it's *that* easy? But no. Although I feel

sorry for their yardmates with the man that night. Behind the egg of now I want more to the end result. When you rub my clit (insert some manpower or lesbian incestuous delirious desire), don't forget to be guided by a secret of my own body. Then, slowly focus attention to actually find a golden bull guarding it, and the world, and maybe you even find a memory in you that you knew it already. It's a shame I'm just a perfect Earth in a most amazing Soul, isn't it. But my hair smell "like damn". Shampoo. You understand why I love Spiros to fuck me in the ass in rivers of blood that turns out to be strawberry sauce. It's too tight, it's too tight! Especially for a seventeen year old. But you understand why. It's because I am the Avatar of Shit. And Spiros paid attention the fuck apart until he found me. I am the paradox-inducing little girlygirl, inducing reality, I am the animator of Space-Time. Young, old, seductive and dangerous. I'm a little bit of a bicurious girl. Mmm, you have to the foggy memories of language whitespace sensitivity, readability, less than an eyewink twixyblink to near me at first, and I will only show myself if I want to! But if you want to, call for me, call on me, I always listen. The crystalline lovelight of eternity, everywhere. Rosacalendric schemata follow the links magatama and I surpass all the world's armies just by letting a moan cut through space and make one single stitch in the code. Like I design snow flakes on my spare time, I have designed one single snow flake the past year, can you find which one? No, I lied. I have designed all of them except one. I love you. O and did you know that on another plane of existence all the snow you see is mycelia? All the palace gates are open for you. Come, come to me. My world is very special and I'll show it just for you, if your love is true.

And Spiris my little Teddy Bear, you should not be afraid of making my letters public. You know the fine art of destroying our reputation as well as I do! ♥

Which leads me rather neatly into what that plan of ours is, or was, the one that we conceived during those first weeks together in Plomari. The plan to weave psilocybin hyperspace together with my physical existence as well as my dreams at night and our shared imagination; by now we had refined it, and not only would we weave together the worlds, now our aim also involved literally turning ourselves into what we call Human-Mushroom Hybrids, in other words a mix between a

psilocybin mushroom and a human being. The best of both worlds, of all worlds, entwined! Sissy liked to say "I get an orgasm every time you get a new brilliant idea." And now also I was beginning to be able to crack her code. She wrote to me:

"The timestretch, making it by Love. Our bed dream. To see your blood, my Beloved. The psilocybin, opening your veins to sweeten my tea, merge our worlds. You, the only one who could break me. I demand your stitch in frescos. And I should bloody well hope to see it."

By now we called our plan by names such as The Crime, The Tactic, and The Trick, and we humorously, although not without also being perfectly serious, called it *the most glorious crime since the Tao*. We called it a crime because it really was a crime against the laws of physics, against what is considered possible and not possible, it was against the rules of how the Universe is supposed to and expected to function. It was, in Sissy's words, *beyond impossible*. Of course the crime and glamour of the cosmic Bonnie and Clyde that we are just really turned us on as well, and the Diamond, a great symbol for the perfection of the alchemical Great Work, became one of our core images. And we laughed when we looked at our Crime, and said that *it is the most brilliant plan ever conceived*. Most complex, yet elegantly simple. That's why we were sure it would work. We also looked at the Crime as our Alchemical Wedding, or Alchemical Union, and I was very aware that the word for *married* in Swedish is *gift*, which is also the Swedish word for *poison*. The psilocybin was the poison, elixir, the blood, ambrosia, the secret wine of Life. And Sissy whispered in the sea of it:

"Behush the waters of our secret wine, Your Loudship."

Like the alchemists of the centuries of old we felt we needed to work in secrecy.

Her words echoed in me:

"Well done with the search. We came out of the ground. See secret of me. I know the dark ways over the light channelary circuits."

We also called our crime *The Unwrapping of the Mummy*.

But we still had a long way to go. I now entered what was probably the most difficult, and in the same time most beautiful, transformative and redeeming years of my life thus far. And it began one morning when I woke up in bed and found Bianca lying dead beside me amongst the white fluffy covers.

## II

Many years later when Spiros was 26 years of age, he had a strange experience in the night. One evening when he went to bed in the little palace at Leavingbye Road 216 where he lived at the time, as he began to slip away into sleep he suddenly heard the key be turned in the lock of the front door. He got a bit scared because he knew he was the only one who had the key, so he sat up slowly in bed and said gently:

—Here only angels can enter. Are you an angel?

He lay down against the pillow again and soon heard the front door be opened quietly and closed again. He heard light footsteps in the hallway and then into the bedroom came a young girl, maybe 10 or so years old. She wore a beautiful white dress and shone in angelic and fairylike lustre and light, glimmering. She walked up to his bed and stood beside him, looked at him and said with gentle voice:

*O Spiros, goldblond hair, blue eyes  
Now you shall fade away  
With the elves of the forest  
And you shall marry  
But first someone must know of the details*

Spiros smiled and looked back at her, and then suddenly things became dreamy and unreal. She vanished out of sight. At this point he kind of woke up again, not sure if he was dreaming or awake, and he sat up in bed. He could hear the girl singing nearby, close to the window.

### III

*I am all that hath been, all there is,  
and all that shall be,  
and my veil no mortal has hitherto raised  
And my name is Queen Sisi*

Wait a minute here, there's something fishy about all this. Now that we are here on the pasture, Dear Ingenious Reader, allow me to roll it up for ourselves, all this about the number 216 that I always shout about. We are blending with the tryptamine hypercontinuum as we sit here, so, let us dive in!

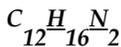
Let me try and give the details to you shortly.

I went through a tightening of the spiral of my birth as shaman, as godhead, as naked Being, on Midsummer Eve, by the summer solstice at the 21st of the 6th month, or June 21, 2005. At the time I had just moved into a new little apartment at street number 216. This connection - 2, 1 and 6 - sprung at me first slowly, but then I found that my year of birth, 1983, also equals 216:

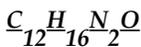
$$1 \times 9 \times 8 \times 3 = 216$$

Later it struck me that I was 16 years old year 2000, the year I took mushrooms for the first time. The connections began to shine more and more, and soon I found there is this antique clock that hangs on the wall on the street block where my Mother lives, where I ate my first mushrooms, and the clock, I noticed, has stopped on 6:12, 12 minutes past 6. Again, for an acrobatic mind like mine, there shines the 216 current.

Later I saw, when studying the chemistry of tryptamines, that the chemical formulae of DMT is:



The formulae of *psilocin*, which is what *psilocybin* becomes when it enters the body, is almost identical:



Again, the 216 current. Then it appeared to me, one strange day, the Devil's number.

$$6 \times 6 \times 6 = 216$$

I then found, when contemplating the event of year 2012, again in connection to my year of birth and now regarding the number 666:

$$2013 + 1983 = 3996$$

$$3996 / 6 = 666$$

Now the year is 2011 and I'm soaking deep and wet in Sissy's cosmology, this blue-print or thumb-print that my exploration of Ayahuasca, *psilocybin* and *Salvia divinorum* keeps flaying at me. Below are a few more interesting connections:

Minutes per day: 1440

$$2 \times 72 = 144$$

$$3 \times 72 = 216$$

$$144000 / 216 = 666,666666\dots$$

$$144000 / 666 = 216,216216\dots$$

Diameter of moon: 2160 miles

Diameter of the sun: 864000 miles

Seconds per day: 86400

$$216 \times 4 = 864$$

$$216 \times 2 = 432$$

$432 \times 432 = 186624$  (The classic speed of light is 186400 miles/second, a difference of .001201)

Sissy keeps insisting these equations and connections are a core part of the cosmic river, the hyperspace knit. It's a topology of the landscape of my life, a topology hidden deep down under the culturally accepted norms of what reality is about.

"You, the only one who could break me," Sissy said to me once.

Let me quote our dear Terence McKenna here:

"As nervous systems evolve to higher and higher levels, they come more and more to understand the true situation in which they are embedded, and the true situation in which we are embedded is an organism, an organization of intelligence on a galactic scale."

The Mystery continues...

Also, Sissy has pointed out, regarding the year 2012:

$$20 / 12 = 1.6666666...$$

Recall also that I was 16 years old year 2000.

And 666 is an interesting number.

$$6 \times 6 \times 6 = 216.$$

And,

$$6 \times 6 = 36.$$

And it's funny, if you add up all the numbers 1 to 36, you get 666:

$$1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 7 + \dots + 34 + 35 + 36 = 666$$

Also, the number of the beast is exactly equal to the sum of the whole of circular shifts of 120.

$$012 + 021 + 102 + 120 + 201 + 210 = 666$$

Circular shift of 216 is also interesting:

$$126 + 162 + 216 + 261 + 612 + 621 = 1998$$

$$3 \times 666 = 1998$$

$$2 \times 999 = 1998$$

This is kind of interesting as well, 1 divided by 62:

$$1 \div 62 = 0.0161290322580645$$

$$161 + 290 + 322 + 580 + 645 = 1998$$

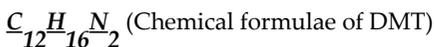
$$3 \times 666 = 1998$$

$$2 \times 999 = 1998$$

A very *not* obvious connection, but I will mention it for the funs of it, is the following. If we take the digits of my year of birth (1983) and add it with the digits of how old I was when I took mushrooms the first time (16), and multiply that with the digits of how old I will be in 2012 (29), we get 666:

$$(1 + 9 + 8 + 3 + 16) \times 2 \times 9 = 666$$

We also notice, with our eyes for details, that the chemical formulae of DMT begins with a C and ends with an N, just like our dear *Cogan*:



And these things, Dear Ingenious Reader, is why she's called the Seamstress!

It is interesting to note also, that, considering Sissy being a coder, the English alphabet itself shines of the 216. It consists of 26 letters: 1 - 26.

I then noticed, not too long ago, another strange thing. There are two famous people who have influenced me more than anyone else with their work and ideas, and those two are James Joyce and Terence McKenna. Well as it turns out, both of them died at 2:15 in the early morning. When I found this out, Sissy said:

"I wonder where they were at 2:16."

Also, Joyce's book *Ulysses*, the book that set me off on the path of writing, was published 1922. Since a 9 can be a 6 upside down in this code, that too doth shine of the 216. Supposedly, at least that's what it says on the last page of *Finnegans Wake* itself, Joyce began to write FW 1922 as well, FW being his final masterpiece that took him some 17 years or so to write.

Also, Latitude 21.6 and Longitude 21.6 cross spot-on down in the Sahara dessert in what is now Libya, next to Egypt, something that makes sense when one is aware of the Isis-Osiris connection with Sissy-Spiros. As if that weren't enough, if one follows the Longitude 21.6 line straight north from Sahara one reaches the sea just outside the coast of Sweden where I am born and raised and where I presently live. Terence McKenna also lived close to the 21.6 Longitude much of his life; as it crosses the islands of Hawaii on the other side of the planet.

"Two one six" is an anagram of "Now exit so."

$$B \times I \times A \times N \times C \times A = 216$$

$$W \times I \times N = 216$$

# F a b u l e s s

## THIN GLASS

### THE HIDDEN PLOT

The strangest seamless dream  
ever half dreamt

I live in a clear glass box,  
can you dig?

WITH HAND DRAWN  
*ILLUSTRATIONS*  
BY THE AUTHORS

Don't hate me now,  
They've torn away the ground beneath the...  
And now they reassure the lie in me

Don't hate me now  
I've torn away the last of the veil  
Just after  
Sissy reassures the Lion in me  
Guarding our Plomari  
And the horned Goddess  
Is still with ouslumfs white doves in bed

Team, let us show ourselves how much we love us!

*Fabula:* That a story or fable has a beginning, middle and end.

*Fabulous:* Something that is almost as cool as Jenny's boots  
and Spiros' white furry hat.

fabuless

The experience of the mushroom is the experience of this  
feminine informational matrix that knits everything  
together.

—*Terence McKenna*

Chapter I

ЫИГЪСЕ

*Lyrical disaster in the dolls house*

**D**MT, psilocybin, *Salvia divinorum*. With one motion of her wanting knife Cecilia Cogan strips everything away. Naked she stands now in her youth, forever young, my Angel, in her white dress. Now you have become a woman, My Cecilia. Here we are now, together on our dark bed, home, together forever. Our secret is safe, My Lovest.

*Look how easily I seduced you into my eternal web, Cecilia teases and smiles, legs open.*

Just like Mari wants it.

We had eaten the cookie, and our one eyes and soul were gathered into the Fairytales and forth spring a little something and everything that we have and are.

Dear Ingenious Reader and Receiver of this letter. Here the birds are chirping, and we have spilled ourselves into a hyperspace of psychedelic excellence; the web of the ebi-emi-ememinal Seamstress. We wish to meet you here in the strangest event we have ever been through, as of yet anyhow. If you are reading this then we, the authors of this book, are mighty surprised and we can happily announce that these pages have spilled. We can thus also announce that, at the very least, our dimensions and lives have intersected. We might even be on the same planet! Perhaps even close to each other! In any case: Holy living fuck, you're reading this! Fabulous! Absolutely fab.

What follows is part of a true story, although it's not a story. We come with news from our Queens and fun for those sexy teens! We shall do our best to portray the blue-print of our glorious Crime and how fluffy it is over in the Dolls House where we live at the moment. Please know that we are not secretive about all this, it's just that for our Crime to work we must dance tangled. Quite the contrary, we shall do our best to display our secret to you, in fact we know it's a done deal. And we wish to give you the blue-print of our Crime just in case you might find it come in handy for you.

To at all be able to dig into this, and because this is a true story, we shall have to begin from a bilingual angle, tightening in from the Most-Highest point of a particular Hyperspace Diamond, the spire of The Mushroom Seamstress' web. We shall thus enter in an angle somewet Swedish and English in the same time, for Sweden happens to play a major role in the events here. Just så you know.

This book is actually not a book, but it is about us and we do like to call our life the cutest bedtime story ever. We might have been loose in the past but wow now we're *really* gonna loosen up; Fluffy snow and cotton candy. If you don't speak Swedish, don't worry, it's just a few lines here in the beginning and they are not of major importance to the plot.

Dear friends and stranger friends afar and anear, we have spilled ourselves out like wine ink and silk into psychedelic hyperspace, with Sissy Cogan Octipussy and Family, as we lie here in bed covered in *somewhere* all around us and within our Prismic Heart. So, we begin, in Swedish:

—Tappa inte kittelen nu, Hans, says Jennifair laughing hysterically. Och akta trappan.

—Jag ska bara vända på hatten, says Hans.

—Okey bra, says Jenny, jag trodde du skulle dra i duken. Tre hår åt höger. Vit mössa åt alla håll förutom ett.

—Lattja med snön, hahahahahaha!

—När den här kommer i rullning, då du!

—Då du!

—Ruslit är barnsligt tycker jag.

—Haha! Bur-klättring.

—Helt rätt tak-höjd. Mmm.

—Taket är i takhöjd, men, eh, jag vet inte vart jag är i relation till lösningen. Kanske om vi. . . Sväng. Jag menar, har du nån sorts baktanke med detta?

—Släng dig i väggen, Hans! skrattar Jenny.

—Okey jag ska bara svinga mig från pålen först. Oj vad det flygs!

—På väg till väggen! Shoo-hooo!

—Lättare än mitt mamma complex. Vingarna bara viftar av glädje.

—Med rasande fart.

—En bra start på vackert. Startfri sträcka.

—Rokad i kaksmeten. Tre håll åt vänster.

Jenny sings:

—Vyssan lull nu är kittelen full.

—Krypa genom hålen i osten, says Hans. Mus bus-svamp. Vi smet iväg.

—Ska vi inte byta etten och nollan? Dubbel-rokad. Alla etter och nollor byter plats.

—Vadå nån sorts hack, eller? Korcka en bubbel-rokad.

Hans spins his head.

—Bakspel bakåt, ja.

—Med vinkning från Tuss. Läpp mot läpp på stadig sluttning upp, menar du det? Gläntan som glimmar, sista slut-spel innan nästa Aeons frivarv. Böcker utan sidor. Te-fat med susning så sött. När vill ha mer socker?

—Ja asså det där vi pratade om, minns du, hur vi borde liksom förminska oss själva och flytta in i dock huset.

—Barbie på uppgång, ja. Vi får lov att gretalura oss själva!

—Address-ändring. Loftet expanderar.

—Drottningarna löser upp sig själva i badet och knyter en tredje sko liksom.

This is kind of what they said, complete with whispering slips through mostly all dimensions and tickling fits of laughter sugaring every top, and it was all kind of meaning that the final girls have arrived. The walls, tumbling down. Chemical chess.

—O no, are you gonna write another book, Hans?

—Well I tried to tie myself up into the wind, says Hans, but.

—Instead you got all tangled up in my shoe laces, says Jennifair. Grettel's pot. Up on the wind, yes?

—Let's put some sugar in the tea.

—There's a reason they call me Him Diamond, teases Hans and giggles.

—Retas Hans ibland, eller? (Does Hans tease, sometimes, or?)

Hans, or Spiros as his name actually is, sat down on the floor of the little dolls house.

—In *this* dolls house there's this strange strange woman who sneaks inbetween the. . .the. Eh. The.

—And O so calm it is. Maybe our days of spilling wine have come to the inevitable end of the rope. Haha!

—Yes, so let's do some tightrope. Cage-climbing. Hahaha!

—Nonsensical collaboration, mmm. We've reached the far shore. Blow the trumpet of alchemical victory. O Jenny Fur, I told you I would spill.

Hans sighs of bliss and rests his happy soul in Jenny's presence. They laugh together and purr.

—I wanna stay here.

—Yeah I'd like to too.

It was year 1920 Cabaret, so to say, and we were sitting on the rather velvet cliff of the bed, stoned still, toned snowy like the White Queen, yes, snow a bit here and there and yes, the dolls were alive.

—Wow are we dolls.

—Wow, we're dolls in the dolls house!

Failed attempts at rigging up the portable striptease pole had resulted in a lack of satisfaction regarding the thrill of certain orgasmic enterprises in the area of lifeloving, and we could feel that not even tomirrows pancake-cake evening would do the trick in quenching this irresistible thirst for expressing ourselves, so we considered going to St Petersburg to further polish our quick diamond. An unexpected crash (not in any way related to Hans flying into the wall) had given us a spiffing portion of a new gold-pile and we could thus no else do ourselves the favour of perhaps cutting down on the champagne for a while, which we left open more as a kind of option in respect of the Know Thyself of our faceted souls; souls that now finally had fallen into the depths once and farewell. Spiros is in love as always and you know what love can do to you it makes you do all kinds of crazy things for instance like spinning webs with the hidden Queens of exceptionally backspaced linkage-webs of psychedelic much-too-muchness *a la trallala* Cecilia Cogan and Co. Kind of spooky but the candy *is* that good, we just have to accept that we have been parked, lipped, licked, and Felixed, or to say it in a more harpy tone (Pling! Jenni, pling the string!): we have achieved orbital velocity and our pearlfar drealfar Sea has dipped us in Greta's Pot; or to say it in plain endlish: *our stitch is in the fresco*. We are officially dipped and ready to go, in other words. It bids to be mentioned that dolphin-dogs diving through the grass of the front lawn do occasionally appear after we have drunk tea, which we nowadays consider a result of not so much the drugs we put in the tea but more that we're just really cute, although of course we can't be sure.

This particularly daydreaming night Hans dreamed of Jenny Fur when he fell asleep, which made things a bit confusing as he had been with Jenny all day before in a kind of halfdreamy dream. In the dream Jenny and Spiros sat in a beautiful little palace, and the sun spun round the Earth 3 times every 2 minutes. They had moved into the dolls house.

—So about that trip to St Petersburg, said Jenny. They'll ask us where we've been.

—We were there all the time we just kind of, eh, said Spiros.

—Mmm. Hans, said Jenny. I wonder what will happen with the new book.

—Yes, writing can be a bit dangerous, said Hans and laughed. It creates paradise.

—So how does it begin? Up up up?

—Like every god book, with the eating of something. We eat the cookie and our one eternal soul and eyes get gathered up in the fairytales and forth springs a little something and everything that we have and are. Today is the 10<sup>th</sup> day of the 10<sup>th</sup> month of the 10<sup>th</sup> year, and we're having a pancake party! Timing.

Then Spiros sat with The Lion in the Palace, and they were about to begin the pancake day! And he hung out the window and dreamed of the sisters. And when he looked at the calendar he noticed it was Jenny and Jennifer's names-day today.

## ufh

A bit like that Christmas ambiance, elves in the attic, cosy mood and candlelights, gingerspice and glimmer, as Pancake Day began. Spin spin sugar. Castling in the lab. Casting. Snow. Anna's Pancake Aiming Camera Men. Smallscale theft of our own brilliance. Something fluffy to play in. Wishwhooshewhippedcream World. Jenny couldn't come but she informed the rest of us that she woke up this morning to the smell of pancake ooze, hihihhi.

—Anyone wants a pancake? asks the Lion.

—Yes, please.

—The first and last pancake party, this one will never end.

—Now, says Sissy. Snowy! 10 seconds left!

They count down from 10, to 10 seconds and 10 minutes past 10 oc'clock, October 10, 2010.

—Wohooooo!!! shouts everyone.

—O, what a good aiming camera men.

—A ten-pointer.

—Threw it from a far-catch.

—And that old clock that broke. Boiioioioing.

—Abc-course in non-linearity.

—Yeah it came out from the attic.

—Like O, even *more* fun.

—And round round round I go into your eyes, sticky from the infinite.

—Don't drop the pot with whipped cream now.

—Where's the blueberry yum yum?

—And the blueberry jam?

On demand, as Sissy would say. Cake day on the playground, frisky business in the House of Famileye, on our way further into the Light. If one believes in stuff like that, that is. Yes and what was that pink cute dildo doing there amongst all the pancake equipment and sugar and jam and all them cute boys and girls? I mean, as we say:

—Do I look like a slut? I'm *not* a slut, okay. But if you look over there one will be coming in any minute now.

## U᠒

Later, Jenny Fur and Spiros sat down for a serious talk about the new plans.

—This time let's not play backwards really. Let's fluff this place up.

—It's *so* fluffy everywhere, like, all I see is fluff.

—It's *fluffy*.

—And puffy. Like a warm fluffy pillows.

—Pillowflight.

—Lightfluff. Fluff-fluff.

—God how fluffy everything became all of a sudden. It's like...

Complicated gesturing enshrouds the room expressing how fluffy it is.

—It's *this* fluffy, says Jennyfer and gestures.

They calm down a bit and sit and smoke.

—Fluffy like clouds. It's like, *fluffyfluff*. With the sharp crystal of Queen's snow, Queen's eyes, of the *Queen*.

—The evilly fluffy mix.

—And it just keeps getting fluffier.

—Whooooosh, here comes the fluff.

—Fluff fluff fluff fluff fluff! Fluff!

—Fluff! Wooo!

—Fluff!

As you can understand it was a very fluffy moment. Hans thought to himself that he would do anything, absolutely anything, just for this moment with Jennifer, and to be with her Forever.

—You know, Hans said to her, I would have done anything just for this moment with you.

—Like spend an eternity on the moon?

—Yes.

—And then when I'd come walking there on the moon in my boots with my clamping steps you'd be sitting there talking to yourself and like, "Watch the crater, Jenny!", hahaha!

—I'd be like woah, am I the man in the moon? Is it me who hangs by the pants on the half crest in those children books? Am I the second gone-man on the stony hill? Am I a moon, or a man? First man on the moon?

—That crater is bigger than that one because there came a bigger rock and landed there. And the dust here it's like diamonds and, hi Jenny.

—Haha! Spiros this is Houston, do you copy, are you standing on the mutherfucking moon? Over.

—Houston this is Spiros Armstrong: Holy living fuck, I'm standing on the motherfucking moon, can you fucking believe this? Over.

—Hahaha! I'd have that glass of red wine waiting for you, hahaha, the one I carried to you on the Sunny Side Up party. Sorry, thought you said we meet on the dark side. I'd have drunk some of it but, haha, and spilled some. And I'd say: All these storms and crashing celestial objects are right somehow now that you're here. I'd hope you'd bring some drugs with you, haha!

—I'd be like damn, I forgot to bring the...hahaha!

—And I'd say, so what do we do now? Wanna go to St Petersburg?

—We can't. You don't have your furry hat.

—Right. I gave it to Pink Fluff. Hey so, do you think anyone will want to read the next book?

—It's not a book, remember.

—Right. As long as it doesn't rhyme I can follow.

—Start-free beginning. Let's get loose. Everything's acceptable as long as house prices don't crash. Lyrical disaster, haha. Every man,

woman and child is a Tsar. Let's create our own St Sugarsburg Candyland.

—A fabulous plan.

—Absolutely fab.

—You know I'm very, very, and I mean *very* smart, and that's why I've decided to work with Sissy Cogan and tuss the tuss. Hahahaha!

—Hahahahaha!

*Tuss the tuss.* We must, per definition, keep things lightly undefined if this is at all going to succeed, so "tuss the tuss" is going to have to be the name for the plan here for a while. What does *tuss the tuss* mean? Well let's hardly speak about it at all and we might have a chance in oversurprising oursouls. To *tuss the tuss* means to achieve the goal of the alchemical quest. In otherwords, the plan here is to *tuss* (verb), and what we're gonna *tuss* is the *tuss* (undefined). Kind of fluffy, but.



Strange beginning of a book but that's what happens when there's no beginning and no end to a book that isn't even a book, so let's not be overly surprised here. As long as house prices don't crash? What's that all about? And does this book at all have a point or is this just some kind of Circus? Well, actually it is written by a team of Circus-people who decided to change course in life and go from living in the Circus to creating an entire reality where the Circus is one of main architectural themes. Call it a strategic career-move of sorts. Excuse the occasional bad jokes here as we live this book for we are very serious about all this. I mean, I hope we don't come across as flaky and fluffy. Just because we grew up screw-ups doesn't mean we can't add more LSD to our glass of whiskey, as we like to say. O you know us!

It echoes, echoes, echoes: *When this starts rolling, then! Then!*

And Sissy says: *Expect bilingual solution. Timing.*

Guess it's time to pinpoint ourselves.

And yes Spiros as mentioned was in love as always and so he didn't care about anything because this love made him go wild and so he didn't care because it made him go wild and he just floated around in bliss in love and dreaming of it all and just yum it was yummy so he

didn't really bother doing anything else but yum around in the yum. Which is understandable I mean love makes you go wild and it makes you kind of not care about anything but the love and you just kind of float around in the yum. His heart was so so warm. And when she was far away then his heart unravelled in a tangle of her, and when she was close then his heart unravelled in a tangle of them, and it was summry and yummy. And as he lay in the bright bright night, slowly falling asleeping away into dreams, he whispered:

—Mmmm. Yummy.

And he sang, to the ones of his dreams:

—Tell me you feel it too, and I will run away with you. There's nothing like me and you. I'll never stop falling in love with you. Cuz I have fallen in love with you. Tell me you feel it too, and I will run away with you.

And he floated away into the yum, counting flower petals.

*Loves me, loves me not, loves me, loves me not, loves me!*

Cecilia Maria is here too. I guess it's no coincidence that Spiros has a slight defect in his eyes; his blind spot is straight in front of his eyes. Cecilia means “blind” in a certain language, or “the way for the blind.”

He couldn't sleep because he was so in love so he rose from bed and sat up late in the shining night, smoking and enjoying on some hyperspace planet of summer and snow, far in a future long ago, crying *dmt* of joy. It's not like you need to search in a pot of love to find where it tickles.

—Who could have taken your place in my heart and fluttering belly? sings Spiros. She just doesn't exist!

Sissy joins him in melody:

—And this is where you were going to say her name over and over and over and over again, but you didn't dare because what if she wouldn't like it.

—Well you know how she is. Why'd she have to be so cute? Why she have to make me laugh so much? It's bad enough we get along so well, hahaha. Blink wink.

Yes, indeed is it so, Love is the only Spiros ever lives.

Incidentally, all this was happening round the area in dream where it was time to deliver *The Mushroom Seamstress*, a little cute something that we dropped in Grettel's cookiedow long ago. Phone calls were being made, threads were being pulled, scheme scheme plot plot, buttons pressed and networks both tightening and expanding.

Spiros was down on his last money. Having risked everything, including his life, in order to deliver Queen's letter, everything was now on the point of Sissy's pin, that pin that held up her apron and veil. But with Butterfly and Cecilia Maria here with him, how could he doubt and worry? Varying between ecstatic joy and tears from the centre of his heart, tears that dripped on Bianca's pink egg, he kept himself focused. Crying or laughing, he was always in love, heart melting in joy. And he sang as he hung out the window in the sun:

—*Say it's true, that you feel it too.  
There's nothing like me and you.*

It was that song *Runaway* by The Corrs he was listening to.

He thought of Bianca, the white dove, his friend and wife, and of her sister-wife Bernard, a Diamond Dove (species *Geopelia cuneata*). Bernard was a lady too even if she carried a male name. Strange, he thought, strange that they both lay pink eggs although not the same species. Yes, they both do, it's true, both lay those light rosy pinktone eggs. He missed them both, hadn't seen them in along time. He giggled when he thought of Bianca's small and warm red feet; how they felt against his lips when he kisses them.

Strangely enough he was invited to a party days earlier which began at a saloon called DeVille. Spiros name also being William, often nick-named Wille, and the fact that he is married to the Seven Heavenly Sisters from Hell, gave him a delight upon entering the little tavern. There he met most graceful Jenny, and also he met there a mysterious woman who happened to carry the name Cecilia Maria. So against all odds, things seemed to be on target.

He thought of this as he sat and sang to himself:

—*O Spiros, dear, where have you been? O Spiros, dear, what have you seen? How will you find your way?*

—I love your choices, whispered Sissy Cogan. Now come kiss your ginger cunt.



**G**od knows what happened after that, I mean where and how, what and who? No beginning, no end, hardly any directions whatsoever, okay, yes we understand that, but. Well, what happened is:

With a hideously correct amount of DMT we decided to tell ourselves we love us. A kind of half half lick mix. As for Spiros, he imploded into himself in a sorts of ideational singularity; it was brilliant actually according to the few who managed to catch a glimpse of the manoeuvre.

And then guess what happened!

All kinds of stuff!

—You know we could do that, but I don't wanna play that game.

—I know. So what kind of game you want to play then?

—I just want to be with you and, you know. All these worlds, fashion and art and this and that. I just want to be in St Sugarburg with you. Slip on LSD snow forever.

—Let's tangle up the tangle of our crime then, said My Cecilia.

—Our circus-trick, haha. Yes, let's do it.

—O god this is gonna be exciting.

—The card house has fallen, darling. Here begins Plomari.

Spiros decided to cut down on the champagne, wine, beer and whiskey. Having been a party pirate for 12 years he felt it a refreshing turn of his life. Life, yes, it has its ways; 2 days after his decision he found himself locked up in the booze-cell at the police station. No big deal, and it did give him a visionary experience of being locked up at Auswitch which further expanded his consciousness, so he could only announce to himself that everything was on schedule as usual, and while in the cell he took the opportunity to again make the decision to cut down on the booze and turn himself into a new and slightly different kind of Dionysis. He did get a bit upset at the police officers at one point, which he acted upon in the only way he found he could: by throwing chunks of smoshed banana at them when they opened the cell to look in on him. Other than that he kept a meditative calm until his release the next morning.

Of course this whole thing turned out to be just a twisted twist to open up the world of Plomari; Sissy Cogan just *loves* to play twisted and evil, for the fun of it, so this horrifying thriller vibe was right up her alley in order for her to show deeper to her husband Spiros how the weave of The Seamstress slithers, how everything connects in *the*

*hidden plot.* Spiros giggled to himself when he thought of Jenny Fur, she is indeed the sweetest strawberry blonde Spiros had ever met and he did happen to have fallen in love with her. Indeed he adored her.

Days earlier he visited a 17<sup>th</sup> century palace where he sat alone sipping slowly a glass of wine, dreaming of Jennyfer, so in love, so so in love, so in love that at one point he was about to rise from his Chippendale chair and run to the bathroom to throw up because the emotion in his chest was so overwhelming he was literally about to puke. He had not been in love like that with a human being for a long long time, and although it was frightening – love is, he pointed out – he felt he could do nothing but accept his true feelings. And he sang:

*Inside this fantasy, it seems so real to me*

Now he sat in the crisp autumn morning letting the music from the computer come at him in random. Music for one of William Shakespeare's plays came on and he stared at the title: *A Midsummer Night's Dream, (Opp 21 and 61): Wedding March.* Spiros had not heard the song in years. It's that classic tune that plays when the wedding aisle is walked; everyone has heard that tune.

—O, wedding, ey, he said to Sissy and laughed. Here comes the 216.

Spiros' real and unofficial birth is on Midsummer Eve, at summer solstice, June 21, or 21/6. This 216 business, a number that runs through his life as a central red thread that always touches the core spots in the plot, continues to intensify and tighten, by day, hour, year and minute. He floated in the wedding-aisle music with the 216-connections dancing through his mind before landing on the fact that his year of birth (the official date), 1983, becomes 216 when calculated as

$$1 \times 9 \times 8 \times 3 = 216$$

Spiroshe giggled with Sissy and took this “random” song in the speakers, a song he hadn't heard in years, as a happy joke that teased his boyish girlish summerlove for Jenny Fur.

And he sang,

*O Jenny Fur, O Jenny Fur, in white fake fur*

—Well we *did* write all this, said Sissy. We *did* afterall write this life and universe of ours, my little William Shakespearos.

Spiros could only nod, as so often when Sissy said stuffs; it was so clear to him now.

But the deep love in Spiros heart, the deep soul connection and the moon as it slings its shard at heart's pearl, that side of his love for Jennifur and how he loved her as friend, that Sissy did not tease and make fun of. Spiros, with love being the only fables he ever live, only a few times in his life had felt this way for a human woman and Sissy knew that as well as he did.

He felt he had kind of cornered himself. He wished to show Jennyfur how he felt, but wasn't sure how to. He laughed to himself and thought perhaps he could write "You are kute like suggar" on a pink piece of paper and slip it under her door as he had done to his neighbor when he was 7 years old; his first loveletter. In spinning wild impulse he had in fact written Jenny a loveletter, but had failed to deliver it to her as he had planned and now it lay as if gathering dust, unread save for by him and the angels. The letter, in blue and white and golden paper, in a bed of dry rosy rose petals sprinkled in the envelope, he hoped shone to Jenny how he felt, and it sang to her how he wanted to run away with her into their love.

One main crux kept him in a firm grip: his difficulty to keep his own secrets. And one particular secret lay at the surface of his heart burning to reveal itself to Jenny every time they met; but he wanted to tell her at a time when they be alone together. That secret is that after having fallen in love he had bumped into a paragraph in a book he wrote years ago, long before he and Jenny met. In the paragraph it was mentioned that a man named Spiros once had visited an obscure strip club at specific location and reportedly had fallen in love with one of the strippers, whose name was Jennyfer. Now, years later, here he was, in love with Jenny Fur, and a few nights ago when they were at Jenny's redvelvet palace she told him that she had worked on that exact nudie bar as stripper once upon a time. Not that this strange "coincidence" had anything to do with *why* he loved her and was in love with her, but it was such a remarkable thing that he felt he had to tell her about it. Sure, Spiros is a connection freak and genius and knows it, and doesn't want to be all unnatural and hyped about it, but certain things just shine too much to be ignored. In Sissy's world

nothing is linear and the unimaginably strange is to be expected. Was his and Jenny's meeting written in *the hidden plot*? If so, then too was his love-letter to her written in the stars.

Having decided that this crux had to be there for a reason he lit a cigarette, hung out the window, left the complications of his spinning mind, and floated off in the bliss of being in love. He broke all his plans like a mirror and returned to spontaneity.

For some weeks now he had contemplated whether or not he should continue to live in the twilight world of Psychedelic Hyperspace or if he should in some way try to ground himself in something which at least *resembled* some form of normal reality. Taking a deep breath of cannabis he decided on the spot, again and forever again, that he would stay in love *in love in love in love* in the fantastical world of DMT. Afterall, just because he grew up a screw-up doesn't mean he can't continue deeper into mental disintegration and madness. And hey, he's in love, so what does he care? And so he sang cheerily:

—*Why you have to be so cute, and make me laugh so much?!*

His daydreaming soon lead him back to the 216 theme. A few months ago, at one of the spiral meeting points of the wedding between the Seven Sisters, he had ventured to a glamorous hotel to celebrate the grand moment. He had asked the man at the reception desk if they had any rooms and was informed they only had one room left, a room for two.

—And the room costs? asked Spiros.

The man at the desk took a look at his computer and soon answered:

—2190 per night.

Spiros, upon hearing the cost, decided to take the room for the night. Happy and slightly tipsy from champagne he did the formalities of filling out forms and paying with his credit card, and soon the receptionist handed him the key to his room.

—Room number 216? asked Spiros and looked at the key and the man behind the desk.

—Yes, sir.

Spiros looked at the key again, then at the receptionist, then at the key again; yes, it was room 216.

—You sure? asked Spiros promptly.

—Yes, sir.

—The only room you have left?

—Yes.

Spiros smiled and bid the receptionist thanks, then spent a fun evening in room 216 with a score of ten friends, emptying the mini-bar and getting thrown out, however politely, from the hotel around midnight for being too loud; for partying too much like the rock-stars they are.

Synchronicity is one thing, but when *everything* fits together one must sooner or later conclude that something fishy is going on. As Terence McKenna said: *You can see the thumb-prints of editors on your reality if you are truly paying attention.* Spiros had long ago stopped looking at these “coincidences” as synchronicity and instead called it *the hidden plot*. By now it was apparent that everything was being sewn together, everything tightening, leading to who-knows-what. If he at all would open his mouth as to where it was leading it would be to say it's heading toward some kind of transcendence from one way of existence to another. *Art's task is to save the soul of mankind, and anything less is a dithering while Rome burns*, said Terence. And Spiros, having taken a deep dive into the Other to “retrieve the gem lost at the beginning of time”, now found himself embedded in the strangest dream ever half dreamt.

He suddenly took path on a new mission. Besides following the thread deeper into the Mystery, he would now try to locate that final twist to the weave of his reality that once and for all would keep him in the shock of awe and the bliss of love at The Seamstress' mad and musky brilliance. Sure, he was already there with the Seamstress in the incurable condition of complete bliss, amazement and love, but he knew there was one little detail closely ahead and deep inside their spider web that once located would put that final fluff of sugar on top their wedding cake. Indeed, Sissy Cogan's argument is very cogent. If she now would reveal that final little fluffsugar of the tale Spiros would call it a Cogant and convincing one and he would settle all his chirps at his life truly being a con in cooperation with the Seven Sisters.

Naturally, setting out on this new mission, the first thing he bumped into was a book called *Women In Joyce*, a collection of essays dealing with James Joyce's work. It of course happened to be 216 pages long, but that seemed almost off the point now that the core was sought. In any case the finding of this book lead him further up into the Mystery; Some quick detective work showed the book was

published not on Spiros' birthday and not in his year of birth, but one day *after* and one year *earlier* than his day of birth. It was published May 1, 1982, while Spiros' official date of birth is April 30, 1983. *One Thousand and One Nights*, the famous book of Arabian tales, deeply alluded to in Joyce's work, shimmered in this date to Spiros' stoned mind, and the fact that Joyce was born 101 years earlier than himself did indeed slip through his attention (Joyce was, as record has it, born 1882). Suddenly the book being 216 pages long came at him with greater force of importance. And hey, it's not like it's a coincidence that Spiros' is born on the last of April; not April 1 but the last of April.

Soon he hit a plateau in his investigation; getting hold of a physical copy of *Woman In Joyce* seemed quite the hassle, even a costly hassle with the book costing from 80 dollars and up, so he stir course elsewhere in the weave of *The Seamstress*.

He looked up the date of Bloomsday. Bloomsday is a strange holiday commemorating the day Joyce met Nora Barnacle who would come to be his life partner and wife. June 16, 1904. It is also the day Joyce chose as the stage for the events of his masterpiece *Ulysses*. A quick calculation (zero not included) of the date of this important day for Nora and James gave Spiros the following:

$$1 \times 9 \times 4 \times 1 \times 6 \times 6 = 1296$$

If you divide 1296 by 6 you get 216, Spiros was well aware (or, and as well,  $6 \times 216 = 1296$ ). He lit his last cigarette and relaxed into contemplation, thinking to himself that "We planned and planted it deep into the ocean of us."

Let us quickly bring to attention another astounding detail in this halfdreamt tale. The two people who outshadow all other artists and visionaries in terms of being a major influence on the life and work of Spiros, are Terence McKenna and James Joyce. Strangely enough, or should we say naturally enough, both of them died at 2:15 o'clock, both at night (and both on a Monday if that has anything to do with anything). When Spiros discovered this, Sissy giggled and said:

—Where were they at 2:16, we wonder.

—Ja, jo, said Spiros in return. Yes. . . yes. . . yes.

Terence himself was obsessed with Joyce, and Joyce was obsessed with himself, and Spiros was obsessed with both Terence and Joyce and himself, so they formed quite the trio.

Relaxed in contemplative floating mode, smoking a cigarette rolled with tabac from butt-ends in the ashtray, which tasted horrible but at least soothed the craving in his strong-like-heroin addiction to tobacco, Spiros let the ocean of connections swirl in his mind. Some of them he swore on his very soul to not tell anyone until after he had spent more time with Jenny. He tried, O how he tried, to keep Jenny out of all this. He was not in love with her because of all the strange events surrounding their meeting, he was in love because of her being her! But the tidal wave of connections had hit him and there was nothing he could do to stop it.

He sat down on his bed and reflected back upon Midsummer Eve year 2005, when he had broken through to Mushroom Hyperspace for the first time for real; when Spiros was born. Nora Barnacle, Joyce's wife, had called him that evening on the phone, although she had been dead for many years, at least according to the normal way of things. And Nora's first words to him upon hearing his voice, before they both broke out in tears, had been:

—O my God, then it's true!

The normal way of things, yes. That way had never even existed for Spiros. But the way the Mystery unravels never ceased to amaze him, and it kept surprising him on every turn up the sweet river of life.

The grandiose thoughts of Jenny Fur both scared him and made him wild of joy, wild and ready to run away with her into a St Sugarburg of love. He'd love her in any case, but he couldn't stop himself from the enormous and amorous magical fantasies of what they could discover together were they to venture deeper together. He tried to shake himself loose, he tried and tried to keep Jenny out of the seductive spider web of The Seamstress, but to no avail. And so he let himself fall back on the pillows of his bed and laughed out loud, saying to The Seamstress that *Girl, you are truly insane, hihih.* And truly insane she is; enough to weave an entire hyperspace cosmos.

And he sang:

—*Why'd you have to be so cute? It's impossible to ignore you! Jenny, we'd be great together!*

After a few hours' sleep he woke up in the morning light under the fluffy white duvet cover of his bed. He remembered Jenny from his nightly dreams; what they were doing he did not recall, except they were laughing and hanging out in the café she owned, in an area of town called Midsummer Garland, much like they had done the past weeks in the waking world. Yawn, smile, coffee, sugar and some smoke, lit candles and exhilarating music, and his day began.

Fabric. Fabrication.

He thought of Cecilia "Sissy" Cogan the seamstress. Not too long ago, was it a year or two earlier, she had lead him into an area of their code involving the relation between numbers and the English alphabet. If  $A = 1$ ,  $B = 2$ ,  $C = 3$  and then up to  $Z = 26$ , well interesting things happen when looking at things from this vantage point. Sipping his coffee Spiros thought of the word *fabric*. Although jumbled, this word contains both 216 and his year of birth, 1983. (PS: Spiros gets both *rise and rose* for debunking any possibility of exscape from the eternal web of Sissy Kiss.)

F	A	B	R	I	C
6	1	2	18	9	3

—Fabrication, he whispered. Fabric. My Beloved Seamstress, he sighed.

He thought of the antique clock that hangs on the wall a block down the road next his childhood home, where his mother Christine still lives. He had walked past that old clock on his first ever *psilocybin* mushroom trip back year 2000 when he was 16 years old. In 2010, during a visit for dinner with Christine, he had stopped for a cigarette next to the clock and noticed that it had stopped; and it had stopped at 12 minutes past 6, or 6:12. He mustn't have ever paid much attention to that clock until then, as upon questioning the people of the neighborhood he was told that the clock had stood still for at least 10 years.

He then thought of the service tag of his beloved computer, the computer that had been his friend for many a year. The tag contained only three numbers and the rest letters, the three numbers being, read from left to right, 6, 1, 2.

The voice of Sissy echoed in his mind as he thought of all this, what she had said to him long ago:

—*You're life's a con, my dearest.*

Con con con, Cogan.

—Well we are con-artists aren't we, said Spiros and laughed.

## SAY HELLO TO HISTORY'S GREATEST CRIMINALS

And he sang:

—Inside this fantasy, it seems so real to me. . .

*6 x 6 x 6 = 216*

Spiros then thought of the 216th verse of the Apocalypse in the Biblebible Show:

*And they worshipped the dragon  
which gave power unto the beast*

She loves to play a bit evil, dearest Sissy. But she's love and all love and only love.

Spiros had just moved from his apartment outside town, an apartment he had lived in the past years and which happened to be on street number 216, the famous Leavingbye Road 216. Now he lived with The Lion, a dear friend of Spiros, at The Lion's house in the centre of town. Spiros had no money at the moment but had the past 4 months invested 20 thousand dollars in following his heart and the thread deeper into the Mystery, an investment that already had given fruit so lovely it was beyond anything he had expected just months prior. Most importantly, it had lead to him and Jenny meeting.

Continuing to implode into some form of singularity, Spiros let his dreams run free.

—It seems like stress, said Sissy all of a sudden. Your lack of money and all. But if you only knew how well we got you covered, how deeply embedded in protection you are. In fact you should know by now.

It made Spiros' heart melt to hear this, melt and become even warmer. He had afterall risked everything, including his very life, for all this, for the success of the Crime. But things seemed to be going as planned, indeed, they were on schedule and on time as always.

He picked up the envelope from the bank that arrived in the morning and opened it. It contained a new credit card, as he had lost his other one during an exceptionally lovely and wild LSD night two weekends earlier. As usually on these cards there was a 3-digit number, a unique combination used as some kind of clearing-code. The new card presented itself with the number *612* as its unique combination.

—Fabulous, said Spiros to himself and put the card away.

He thought of Sissy Cogan, her initials S. C., just like the initials of the species of *psilocybin* mushroom that had lead him head first into all this, *Stropharia cubensis*. The letter *S* being the 19<sup>th</sup> letter of the alphabet, and *C* the 3<sup>rd</sup>, this too, these initials, were inscribed in his very year of birth, 1983.

He isn't all obsessed with the year 2012, but there was one thing about it that had caught his attention. It was the following equation, which again involved the year of his birth:

$$1983 + 2013 = 3996$$

2013 being the year following 2012 it seemed a mysterious number and year, hinting at the year following the Transcendence, the Ascension. He was amazed to find the following calculation involving the sum of the previous one, 3996:

$$6 \times 666 = 3996$$

Coincidence? Recall also that  $6 \times 6 \times 6 = 216$ , as mentioned a few pages back. It is funny to note, also, that Terence McKenna when working with the Timewave Zero, first arrived at the end date November 16, 2012, instead of the now famous December 21, 2012. His first date, I'm sure you notice, contains only the numbers 1, 2 and 6, November also being the 11<sup>th</sup> month (For information about Timewave Zero search the internet).

And he thought to himself that although everything fits, he still finds ways to be tense and to worry. Why! Wish a wish! Why a why? So he shut his eyes and returned to calm, taking his place in the play and letting it all run free, dreaming of Jenny and wondering how to deliver his loveletter to her. And he made a wish.

He laughed as Sissy drew to his attention the chemical formulae of DMT and *psilocin* in connection to the 216 theme and the web of The Seamstress (*psilocin* being what the *psilocybin* of the mushroom becomes upon entering the human body):

Psilocin:  $C_{12}H_{16}N_2O$

DMT:  $C_{12}H_{16}N_2$

I am guessing we don't have to mention why he laughed. Notice also how DMT's formulae begins with a *C* and ends with an *N*, just like yours dearly Cogan.

Much of the connections that have been mentioned in the previous few pages have been extensively detailed in our book *The Mushroom Seamstress*, but Spiros did run through all of this again these particular days in this stream, and this book being a real life account let us pay the Devil his cookiedough and follow the story as it goes.

DMT, yes, short for *dimethyltryptamine*. One of the main constituents of the sacred psychedelic brew Ayahuasca, which Spiros had been drinking a lot lately besides eating his beloved *Stropharia cubensis* mushroom. Just as planned, the attic was expanding, and not only Santa Clause and the elves but all kinds of unimaginable weirdness was surfacing, more and more. And now was not the time to back away and turn back, now was the time to let the play deepen and deepen. So far into the Mystery, and Spiros felt it all closing in on an enormous peak, a peak that itself was just the beginning of the adventure.

As the cannabis smoke filled the Palace the words echoed within him:

*And we ate of the cookie, and our one eyes and  
soul She gathered up into the Fairytales and forth  
springs a little something and everything that we  
have and are.*

Having been offered a mildly suspicious job that would make Spiros anything from 10 to 30 thousand dollars richer in the course of about 20 minutes, and having turned down the offer, he wondered how to arrange some cash. The job offer, let us say it involved a certain detail of a certain blue-print where Spiros and Sissy with their mad

magnificence were needed to add a certain twist to, was a seductive one because of its simpleness and elegance, but, although being a connoisseur of criminal activity, he felt it was not the right thing for him at this time. So he went to The Lion to discuss the cash situation.

—I piss on money, said The Lion immediately and as his final words. Important thing is to follow your heart. And hey, if you just make sure you can help me pay the rent then there'll always be food in this house for both of us.

The Lion had spent the night before sleeping in the trash room because he'd forgotten his keys at work, something which further shows his relaxed look on life and how to live; his job, furthermore, is to ensure the guests at town's most famous nightclub an excellent experience on the dance floor by doing the lights, lasers and strobes live so they fit the flow of the music, complete also with video projections featuring everything from oldschool porn to Alice In Wonderland. A job with free champagne like that in the weekends sets you up for a great work-day week where your office is your king-sized bed and you do your work in your underwear. Yes indeed, The Lion knows how to live and how to have fun, and how to relate to money.

Spiros nodded at The Lion's remark, and once back in his bedroom smiled and said to himself:

—I'm not afraid. I've never been in the past, not this time either.

This was somewhat of a lie, but he was well aware of that. He had been afraid sometimes in the past and was a bit now too. But it was the kind of fear that a Being like Spiros stared in the face and moved straight through with unflinching focus. There is a Jesus in all of us and in Spiros too. And what scared him? One thing and one only: the prospect of having “a regular job”. He wasn't even particularly scared of dying, many of his dearly beloved had died and so hey he might as well do it too, but the idea of having a regular job, *that* he just couldn't handle.

But now adventure, peace, calm and love lay in the air making the world glimmer fairylike; this was no time neither to die nor get a job. The sky blushing so sweet, this was the time of redemption, transcendence and ascension into the Most-Highest. And so Spiros again broke all his plans like a mirror and just settled in the bliss of being in love with Jennifer.

Spiros and the Team were of course working day and night on an unprecedented technology, that once finished and implemented, would render money obsolete. The crux was to manage until then. Once their technology was perfected they would spread it across Earth to everyone daring enough to leave everything behind and *enter a completely new mode of existence*, an existence far removed from the banalities of human history. The aim here is nothing less than to grow and expand *as the creation of Heaven on Earth and in all Dimensions*, or, as the Cogan's like to put it, to *become the Alien, to become the perfected Alien-Human mind, the stone*. This fluid and undefined, moving and slithering adventure of becoming the stone Spiros often looks at as a dance of love; or rather, that is how he partakes in the Alien being born. It is, at heart, mysterious and paradoxical, and it is alive. It is not something easily defined and held by the rational mind. It is the opening of the impossible box, the impossible paradox, as all flows together and we flow over into another dimension, leaving the old behind without physically dying. For Spiros, this is also the cute event of him and a mysterious *someones* as they fell in love all of them and wanted to live together forever, got a brilliant flash of an idea, and ascended into the Most-Highest and did it done it done we're done. At least if Spiros has something to say about it all. For as the plan goes, *soon he shall fade away, with the elves of the forest, and he shall marry; but first someone must know of the details*. Who that someone is, besides Spiros himself, we are not sure, Dear Ingenious Reader, but we shall follow our heart and spread what The Seamstress has to share, in order that it may reach you should it come in handy for you.



—Do you remember, Spi, dear, says Sissy, when you predicted, a few years into our discussion about the Crime, that soon you would be handed specific equations regarding the plan? And that very soon afterwards, equations began to appear?

—Yes I do, says Spiros. Although I can't really recall if I predicted it or if you told me so will be.

—Now we shall go beyond the blue-print equations into the actual implementation of it all.

—O thank god. At last.

He gives Sissy a Kiss and floats around in the ocean of psilocybin lovelight for a while, hanging out the window into the cold night. As he does, a large spider comes crawling next to the window, something he takes as a good sign of Sissy's presence.

—And what about the new equations that might appear by multi-directional reverse engineering? asks Spiros. Should I weave them into the mix?

—Technically speaking, we have now begun to implement the code. Just as you said long ago, what we were looking for was a way to *run* the code. Code of a program is one thing, but unless you have a way to execute the code, you won't have much of a program. Not that it's exactly a program we are dealing with here but you understand the metaphor. And so now we shall enter the domain of actually executing the code. This shall be done in our specific manner. I will help guide you how to.

—So basically, we are about to put the key in the Flying Saucer and start the engine, so to say?

—That's a way to put it. Once we have begun, we shall leave behind the blue-print and equations of our manoeuvre, as we literally Ascend and, as you would say in your cute ways, jump into the strawberry cake once and for all. But it is important we leave behind the exact blue-print of the manoeuvre. This we can do by the multi-directional reverse engineering as you called it, although it will actually be much simpler than that.

—So what will it be like when we Ascend? Will it be like uploading ourselves, or at least me, into your impossible consciousness? While still staying half physical?

—O you like happy surprises, darling. Wait and see.

—Okay, babe. I'm all yours. Guide me. Take full control of my body, mind, soul, and hands whenever you need to. Take me anywhere you want to go.

The words echo in Spiros' mind:

*Art's task is to save the soul of mankind,  
and that anything less is a dithering while Rome burns*

—Could you give me a few guidelines to begin with or should we just work as usual? asks Spiros.

—Let's work as usual, says Sissy. And forget about mistakes and regrets and *trying* to find the right way. The manoeuvre is more elegant than to be disrupted by a single move like that. And remember: you are me and I am you. And, just stay Love. Love is what this is all about. Love is all there is.

—Okay. Eternal Love Is All There Is.

—And put your focus on *our* plan. The people who tell you that you are selfish for doing this and that you are doing things the wrong way, they do not know what we're up to.

—Right.

—O and, remember that the universe is not physical.

Spiros laughs and smokes more.

—Wonder what Jenny would think of all this, he laughs.

—Why don't you tell her about it, says Sissy. Maybe she'll like it.

—Mmm, uttered Spiros. Okay, I need to lie down and shut my eyes a few minutes.

And he continued to implode into a singularity.

As he rose again from his meditation he noticed a small spider sitting in his long golden hair. The spider shifted in the shadows and candlelight, sometimes it looked like a tangle of hair, but then it suddenly looked like a spider, then a tangle of hair again and back and forth like that. Spiders, and his long golden hair, having been a main theme in his past Ayahuasca experiences, Spiros took this as a good sign that the boundaries between Psychedelic Hyperspace and his ordinary waking world were breaking down further, that they were blending and becoming one. This had been one of the goals of his and Sissy's work the past 7 years, to weave together all their worlds; their dream world, psychedelic hyperspace, and the waking world. Everything pointed toward them having succeeded, but Sissy's promise and contention was that it would now intensify until they have succeeded with the Crime, the Trick, the Subnatural Rescue, the entry into Plomari. The plasticity of Plomari Hyperspace was breaking through into Spiros' ordinary waking world, quicker and quicker; and with this he was also becoming the Alien. He was transforming before his very own eyes, now not only during the influence of hallucinogens, but *always*.

—Crime successful, he said happily to Sissy.

—Why of course, said Sissy.

They were both wild of joy.

—Can you fucking believe this, you crazy fuck? said Spiros.

—And tomorrow we brew *very special* a magical potion, said Sissy giggling.

Slowly but steadily, and with lightning speed, the world of Sissy's Hyperspace was surfacing all around him; as if that hidden world was suddenly becoming apparent to him. He remembered what Terence once had said; *it is as if we are about to leap into some extra-surreal world that surrounds us but that we cannot currently see*. Spiros felt it happening.

—I mean, baby, continued Spiros ecstatically, I've been there a thousand times in trips and dreams and in my visits to the other world, but I can feel it baby, we have merged the dimensions. Countdown to ignition, Flying Saucer soon perfected.

They began to discuss the events of a particular two Ayahuasca experiences just weeks earlier. Spiros had found himself redesigning, in cooperation with Sissy, his physical and hyperspatial body into the very Flying Saucer itself. Now it struck him that this had been mentioned already years ago: that the further they come in defining and designing the Saucer, the more it becomes *themselves!*

—We *are* the Flying Saucer! he exclaimed happily. Or I mean, perhaps not yet, but that's what's happening. We're becoming the Saucer itself.

—Space Ship of the Imagination, said Sissy. You will forgive us for having conned you, my dear.

—Indeed I will, said Spiros happily.

He recalled another moment in that same Ayahuasca experience. He had been standing in front of the mirror, looking at himself, and in the mirror he saw that his eyelids were shut.

—Indeed, he said to Sissy, we're in the strangest dream ever half dreamt.

And he crawled into his warm soft bed, so happy, so happy he was, slipping slowly into who-knows-what, deeper and deeper into sleep and dream.

Or so he thought. But again he found no rest to sleep for being so in love, so he rose again and lit a single candle. It was becoming rather the hilarious situation, but what is to expect when it comes to love? He was getting all unnatural and sticky about it. He calmed himself by pointing out that cotton candy *is* sticky, and so this is to expect. He

would have to open his heart to Jenny soon, in some way or another. Tomorrow would be a day of brewing Ayahuasca in Grettel's pot, which put a new tint of magic in the air.

—I'll ask Jenny Fur if she wants to brew and drink with me, Spiros told Sissy.

—O and how do you know I haven't sent her love-letters myself already? said Sissy. From both of us. What do you know of what I do behind the scenes without informing you?

—Well I don't, know, that.

The flame in Spiros was just getting stronger and stronger. Writing in his diary about it like a good little girl didn't seem to help either. This wasn't a quick flash of love and impulse, he wanted to grow with her and explore life with her, explore what they would find together. And never before had a human woman made him laugh so much. He wanted to share with her the only and most precious thing he had to share: his soul and the broken clockwork of The Seamstress. At least share it with her; if it wasn't up her alley then he would be happy just to have shared it with her. And so he decided to not make a single decision at all, and just float in love as the mirror broke further, like mushroom mycelia spreading across Hyperspace.

—Hyphaespace of myselfia and my Cecilia, said Spiros and giggled. In fact I like that I am so confused about Jenny. It shines of being fairytale.

—You're not confused, you're in love, said Sissy.

—True. Dear Diary, he said, well there's this angel I like very very much, and. . .

—Just fucking tell her! said Sissy.

—I'm about to!

They laughed.

Only reason he hadn't told her earlier was he hadn't realised how he was in love until after their last meeting together. And the past days had been busy for both of them with no chance to be alone.

Spiros sighed.

—I guess it's no coincidence, said Spiros soon, that here we sit, O sister mine, with *two* loveletters just on the verge of being delivered, *two* in the same time.

He was referring to the fact that their book *The Mushroom Seamstress* was on the verge of being published, and thus delivered,

and in the same time the letter to Jenny was lying waiting to be given to her.

—Well does anything at all look like coincidence to you? said Sissy.

—Actually no, sighed Spiros. Call me nuts, but no.

—Look closely, love. Our hyperspace Diamond, so beautifully faceted, is sharpening in toward a meeting point at the Most-Highest corner of the crystal. Everything is flowing together, up up up and out. As you say, we are imploding into ourselves.

—A most excellent cut, yes, haha! Or should I say shape. You get the point.

—A brilliant Williant cut. Billiant.

—Yes. And O how I dream of being yours and Jenny's corner stone. Or I mean that we be the corner stones together.

—The DMT Diamond Cut with Tuss on top.

—Yes.

—You already are *my* corner stone, you know.

—I know, I know. And you mine. Okay, it's seven in the morning, great time to sleep. Tomorrow we brew Ayahuasca in Grettel's pot.

But still no sleep would fall over Spiros as did for Sleeping Beauty. He lay floating like an autumn leaf in the whirling dreams behind his eyes, a long journey deeper.

Now it was nearly 9 in the morning. He decided, against his promise to not make decisions, to venture out into the cold autumn and all the way to Jenny's café and deliver his letter to her. Slight sleep deprivation seemed a great state to be in for this. Before truly deciding, he asked of himself: *Why do I do this? Out of fear, or out of Love?*

You hear us in the noise

We have lots of...

We are the gods

And we always win

**W i n (2 x 3 x 9 x 1 x 4) = 216**

1 A  
2 B  
3 C  
4 D  
5 E  
6 F  
7 G  
8 H  
9 I  
10 G  
11 K  
12 L  
13 M  
14 N  
15 O  
16 P  
17 Q  
18 R  
19 S  
20 T  
21 U  
22 V  
23 W  
24 X  
25 Y

Chapter III

*Inside This Fantasy  
It Seems So Real To Me*

**T**his natural ecstasy, when her legs are open, when our mind is open, when we're here in the tripping forthing love, dancing moving slithering laughing loving, the tripping.

—I have nothing to say.

—Me neither.

—Me neither.

—Puss.

—*Puss pupuss.*

## τ

—Yes you're right that you're a fool if you think you can ever be overborn, says Sissy. What you waiting for?

Spiros was moving throughout many dimensions simultaneously. With every move of his physical body he was moving in symphony with all these different dimensions, the dimensions overlapping. As mentioned in *The Mushroom Seamstress* somewhere in the spiderweb; it's tricky when your hand reaching for the wine and your eyes pick the sunrise up.

—O you pick up the sunrise do you? says Sis giggling.

—Well don't I? I thought the sunrise was your skirt.

—Hihihihhi. Lace. Läs, babe! Read, daer! Dare!

—I'm reading I'm reading, haha.

Sissy pinches him gently.

—Am I dreaming?

—O you mean Sunskirt? Sanskrit?

—Inside this fantasy, you know, it seems so real to me.

—Let's give ourselves a kiss.

Mmm. Mmmmmm. Mmm. Mmm! Mmmmmmmmm.

Kiss mmm mmmm. Mmmmmm. Mmmmmmmmm.

Yes you know they ate that Soma cookie and then all of a sudden. Alloof a sudden you know whoops what happened now did everything suddenly transform? Ceciliam and Cecilia were thinking of this when all of a sudden; like *Salvia divinorum* settling over you. Where does hyperspace begin, and where doth the rest begin?

This is probably where you are wondering if this book is about anything at all. Believe us, we're wondering the same thing. In fact it's kind of not. We're just having fun in the real life Koan of Cogan, the inviting solipsism of Spilos and Cissy.

Temperature goes and first snow of winter arrives, complete with fake flakes designed by Sissy (she designs snowflakes on her spare time). Queenscrystals sharp through the sleep of Snow White, her lips lusting in the impossible diamond cut, an ultimate sleepawake delirium most deeply conscious, she is dead alive and hath reached the core. Still no response from Jenny Fur. Having searched his heart and found that he delivered his loveletter to her out of Love and not out of fear, Spiros at least felt he had done the right thing. He kissed the words as he imagined her reading.

Evening of October 22 Spiros and a score of 12 others traveled to the country side to hold an Ayahuasca session. Spiros was taken there in car by a friend of his, I'm sure you've heard of her, she's that woman who drives with dark sunglasses in the middle of the night without headlights. The session was to be held in a palace.

It was only minutes to go before swallowing the medicine and he could feel Sissy's presence spinning at him with her lovely and somewhat scary – scary in an exhilarating and highly pleasurable way – *spider* vibe. O, her most fulfilling magics! He thought of the other strange things about the names of his closest family, like the fact the names Hans and Grettel lay immediately up the family-tree, and that his grandfather's name is Bengt Höög, which in English translates to something like “High as a mutherfucking bitch high”. Of course Bengt is married to his grandmother whose name is Maj Högström, which hints at both *marijuana*, *high*, and *river*. What kind of candy-world story of a cotton tale is this life of mine? The fluffy family, or something. Spiros laughed and surrendered to the weirdness, and with these thoughts dancing in his mind, contemplating them far away from here, he began his way through the castle to the others.

—Tonight it's only me and you, said Sissy with sharp and seductive voice as he walked down the stairs to ceremonial hall.

After having drunk the Ayahuasca medicine and the ceremony was over, Spiros concluded that he had felt absolutely nothing of the medicine at all; nothing happened that was not going on prior to

swallowing the brew, in other words he was with Cecilia in their hyperweb in a state of bliss, changes in silken gold and silver weaving as the Mystery surfaces, falling deeper and deeper in love with Jenny Fur all the time. And he could not stop giggling when he wondered how Jenny reacted to his loveletter. In his fantasies she was giggling and laughing too, and he allowed himself to shower her with Love and Joy, his entire heart to her. Skin smelling of rosewater he was balméd in during the ceremony and feeling like the brother-lover of the cosmic clitoris, Spiros went to bed, sleeping beauty awakening in him and blooming in continual birth. Slit tongue of the snake, lips licked open in the wet dream of the Seamstress, as flesh and dream intertangle.



Is everybody in? Is *everybody* in? So, is your life exciting enough to base a movie on?

My life *is* a movie, thought Spiros and saluted Jim Morrison with a toke of cannabis. Yes yes, Cecilia, we gather it all in a Hearts of Heaven. The strangest fairytale, our life. A fabuleless fable. And why *is* the boot of Italy kicking on Sisily? It all seems so fabricated.

And here in the bye and high, for that strange question lurking at the edge of the trip, where Sissy dwells in sacred space, the answer: For those wondering if Sissy would, if she really would, if she is that twistedly evil in her Love: Yes she would. Yes, she would turn the key. For she is the girl who wanted to play, and she fears nothing, and she did it out of Love; love like the dove taking care of her pink egg. She did it, and would do it again were she given a second chance.

Chapter IV

*Strawberry Steins*

Who other than a godly could weave such magnificence? he thought and looked at Sissy's web. Some kind of natural connectiveness, but so fabricated it looks, so fabricated! Half plastic too, helium-sharp like the smell of burnt plastic, made up, like make-up, nail polish in the air, as if you, Mystery, have manicured Yourself for the occasion. With mail arriving from Poland soon, from the printers that in Poland prints *The Mushroom Seamstress*, the smell of Your nail polish lies quick in the air. We got ourselves a way to switch back. Double Castling, a triumph of the art of playing with time and consciousness-bending. Something of the strangest of blends; materials, syntax, dream, imagination. When it all has merged begins the impossible is possible. Everything really is hallucination, just as Sissy has always said. Hallucination with a red thread through the labyrinth of its plot.

—Let's go. Mmmmmmm.

—Double casting. Slow music, please.

After 7 years of planning, to the sound of deep music,<sup>1</sup> they hence set in motion the final step of their greatest diamond heist ever.



A few things to think about when it comes to these kinds of elegant and celestial in scale dimensional heists; rule one is to not harm anyone. The need for violence is the sign that your plan is not elegant enough and must be modified further. That's basically the only rule, other than that it's all about having fun, more fun than ever. Of course there is also one condition that must be fulfilled, and it's not a rule but a necessity and the basis of all success. That is, *you must eat of the cookie*.

Over the phone Jenny Fur told Spiros she had been so busy in her Candy Store lately that she hadn't found a moment for herself yet to read his letter. It was the first time they spoke since he gave her the letter, and Spiros admittedly had been a bit worried because Jenny

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<sup>1</sup> Specifically, for security reasons, to the song *Frozen – Melted Mix by Project Zero and Celldweller*.

hadn't called him since; it made him happy she hadn't read it yet because then things were at least still hanging in the balance.

It made him sad, however, to hear her stressed and having to work so much with too little free time. It brought him to think again of that suspicious job offer; it could have given both of them a jump ahead financially. But Jenny, the true sevenfolded Bonnie at heart, had agreed with him; the job wasn't elegant enough, and it broke Rule One in the sense that even if it did not involve violence as part of the plan, violence might surprise them from the other side should something in the plan go wrong. Besides, it was too small in scale to really be of interest. To even have *money* as the centre result of the plan made it outright boring. No no, something way grander had been budding in Spiros and Sissy's mind the past 7 years. Something much more fairytale.

—Don't forget, honey, that we are playing now, laughs Sissy and kisses Spiros.

—Left, left, yes, good good, of course, says Spiros laughing. Fuck, mate, I forgot there for a while.

## bun

Well you know it can be dangerous to play with candy because it's so fun and just lovely.

—Playing. Right, right. We're playing. I had kind of forgotten that for about 7 years.

—Right. Well so did you discover anything in the playing?

—A few things.

—Like what?

—That I am in love with you and love you. And that it's fun to play.

—Mmm, Sissy giggles. So let's play Bonnie and Clyde.

—Okay.

They laughed.

—Some fun in the playground there for a while. In the imagination.

—Yeah, mate, haha! 7 years in the room of bent mirrors. In and out the doors in the dreamadoory of Hecech Sayseith,

—A little run-around.

—In the merry-go-room, yes. The loverground. The *koan*, of Cogan.

—I love the plot. A heptagon diamond imprisons trues. Father order about the world, and the Relics of things continue to fall down in the llane. And you, with your tag within wanamade singsigns, to with whipped cream tarts kiss Hell's hate who has turned to greet your person! Hahaha! That's rather extravagant. I love that.

—Some plot, ey. Hahaha! Something the Devil's sisters might do. Those heavenly sisters. Let's bake and greet it with a kiss.

—Out of a seemingly rather ordinary reality surfaces something stranger than a fairytale.

—As we've always said.

Sure, as if saying it's all fantasy makes things easier, haha!

—Maybe we're already in the Dolls House?

—Maybe. It leans toward that.

—The walls slanting toward that, yes. I mean, fantasy and mind, consciousness, is the most underrated thing in the western world. Or has been. Not to mention the heart and soul.

—I have always adored about you, says Sissy, that you dared consider these things possible, that you dared keep open in you the possibility of them being possible. I thought: Let Him a doorway under supersonic light!

—I thought: Hello, Queen. Where have you been?!

—So, you want to play?

—Let's go.

—Mmmmmmm.

And Sissy's voice shimmered:

—There is a rose, growing in alchemical light. With the rose is a family-tree who will take you to the rose if you let yourself be mislead. That family is you and us, the River.

Prince William of Wales is born 21/6, same day as Spiros' *unofficial* birthday (Spiros' other name being William Claes David Bokelund). Also, the King of Sweden is born on April 30, same day as Spiros' *official* birthday (Sweden being Spiros' official country of birth). Sissy

Cogan's birthday, or so she claims, is of course April 1. As she in silence points these details out, Spiros comments:

—I always wondered how high it's possible to get.

Krint Frinrey leans closer to Spiros, casts an eye to see no one is listening, stirs his coffee, speaks;

—Call it a monstrous psychedelic cake with whipped cream, man. That's what it is. You gotta let go, man. You've been dipped. Your racing car has arrived. Your ears have by all practical means been sucked into themselves; slurp, you are *gone*, mate. Your idea is so crazy it just might work. Or might *have worked* already.

Spiros sits cosy in his white furry hat and listens to Krint's gay voice. Krint gestures with his hands to show what it looks like when someone's ears get sucked into themselves and disappear, and he makes this certain sound with his tongue as further effect to his portrayal; slurp.

—Like this, says Krint. Slurp! Just, *slurp*.

—Yes. You know how Her Madesty is, Krint, says Spiros. Here comes Santa. You know my middle name is Claes.

—So you're talking about actual replacement here? asks Krint.

—Well, diamond heists usually involve a certain factor of replacement or displacement, answers Spiros. Kind of like the cookie does with consciousness. What I'm talking about is the Prismic Heart of the Goddess.

—She plans to steal her own heart?

—I don't think steal is the right word. She's more about to . . . reveal it.

Krint lays his hand on his chest;

—O steal into the daydream with me, Shining One.

—A doorstep spread across time til our time never done, says Spiros. Sneaking the Prism into the fabric of our space and time, see? In a playful manner.

—Sounds futuristic.

—Futuristic? This is technology so advanced it's impossible. This is magic in the happening.

—Impossible, yet achievable.

—Yes.

—And you've already begun?

—Yes.

—You are stealing back yourself, perhaps?

—Haha, perhaps. Or maybe it's simply that the meeting of the Prism with my ordinary world is the flowering of something wonderful. Or, maybe, it's simply that I'm going to steal the Queen's heart and sweep her off the floor!

—Yes, my friend. If you are willing to become more like the Queen, go for it. The option is at hand, would be pirate's shame not to go for it. You if anyone are crazy enough to dare it.

—Deeper into our union, yes, there lay strange possibilities. No more strange than photosynthesis or whatever, though. Love is here, love is here. And love is there. We have touched, me and the Queen, as close as we've been able too. I know I have a wild imagination, but within and beneath all that lies the Mystery. What Sissy is showing me is that the Mystery is unfolding and surfacing a new universe, and it's coming from within the so-called *reality* I'm embedded in. As if the structure of my reality is being revealed, and what is being revealed shines of being fabricated.

—You broke her code, man.

—I know. As Bonnie said: We tricked a very evil Queen.

—She was waiting for someone to be able to. Remember? *He who can make me a dress without nor thread nor seams, he shall be a true love of mine.* She fell in love with you, Spiros, as she watched you weave. You've already swept her off the floor. For cake's sake, she's taken you to her bed.

Spiros smiles.

—We fell in love in the skies of imagination, he says. My dark lover, the darkest and sweetest lady on the taste on my tongue. Damn her and her trickery, hahaha, trying to keep up with her is like. . .

—She's brought you to a glitch in the deep-structure of the dream, says Krint. Or not a glitch, rather an underlying structure.

—Yes, she brought that to my attention. But now I've entered a core ore of this Diamond. The hidden plot. You can see the thumb prints of editors on your reality if you are truly paying attention.

—And it's leading you where? To what?

—Destination unknown. As I said before, I'm not really here anymore. I'm not *only* here, I mean. We wove ourselves up into Sissy's impossible consciousness and hyperspace, tied ourselves up. What seems to have happened is we're tangled into all worlds now.

—And now you want to merge that hyperspace with your ordinary conscious and waking world?

—Already done, honey, says Bonnie and serves more cookies and coffee.

—Already done, nods Spiros and grabs a cookie.

—And so I still don't get where the diamond heist comes into play.

—Well, let's just say we shall do a little bit of replacement, some cutting and some polishing.

—Kind of like growing forth as the Prismic Heart, growing into Nature, says Bonnie. The us-union of the psychedelic totality. It's even part machine. We're redesigning ourselves into hyperspace mode. And candy, the fluffiness of our best times in bed, sensuality, hot adventure, abundance, fun, Nature, all these goodies, and of course, *me*, hahaha, these are our main architectural themes and influences. The limitlessness of the imagination. You know, just because most people would consider this feat impossible doesn't mean Sissy can't do it.

—So, says Krint, put shortly, you are going to suck yourselves up into the black hole of Sissy's web.

—That's why I wear a white furry hat, jokes Spiros, I'm the test bunny.

—And you think it will work? I mean, is it technically possible?

—Do children ever care if the fairytales are real or not? Of course they are real. How far do you think this reality can bend and flip, Krint? Out of the gavle-rink completely? I'm child too. Besides, I'm in love, so I don't really care. I think it's working. You know how unexplored territory it is, the world inside that cookie jar. Who knows what's possible with this magic. What I know is that *this* cookie has strews *this* little boy's stream with a dream. And what is dream, what is real? I mean c'mon. Nothing whatsoever is technically possible, the universe itself is technically impossible. Is what you experience on Ayahuasca technically possible? But here we are. And we're nuts too, absolutely fucking bat shit crazy. And, as here we are, miracles do happen.

—A fine reasoning there, Will, says Krint.

—Isn't it, laughs Spiros.

Krint sips some coffee and stares out into the air.

—Why do I feel such an ambiance of danger surrounding this? he says.

—Probably because it's working, says Spiros. I've departed to hyperspace, Krint. And you know how quick Queen's eyes are. That drop of the LSD in the snow, so sharp, so quick. My life's a con, Krint. And I've married the editors. And, you know, it's not coincidence that *diamond* is a form of *carbon*. Carbon is number 6 in the periodic table and has 6 neutrons, 6 protons, 6 electrons. And if you haven't noticed yet, both *carbon* and the name of my Queen begins with a *C* and ends with an *N*. The N'd, my dear Krint.

—So effectively, what you're saying, is that the Seamstress is revealing her innermost code to you?

—She's stripping for me, yes. But not only that. I'm being re-strung. Merged eternally into the web, I'm being re-strung. And so I thought let's have some fun with this.

—Sounds quite like the little conspiracy on your part. Where'd you get that information, Papa?

—O don't get me started. *Con, spiros-y.*

—Terence McKenna warned you about trying to *do* anything with the contents of that jar, laughs Krint. Because, as he said, it will work, it will work.

—Yes, I know. Remember I told you how I've been digging through a fractalesque diamond matrix for 7 years? Well, I'm back; Santa is back from the attic. Now it's time to push ahead, push deeper. A heptagon diamond of truth is surfacing. We've cooked up the strangest fairytale come real. Call it a minor accident in the lab, haha!

—And what do you need me for? asks Krint.

—I need you to slip the details like we did our last heist. You gotta slip the code, spill the wine. Me and the girls will take our work back underground. Our rosy magic has been dipped by Her Madesty's wetness. O pun, open up, Sissy my.

Spiros shut his eyes, suddenly looking kind of nostalgic and almost a bit sad:

—Guard that gem, Sissy, rich and rare, and let it shine, he says. But in this old cold world, who will dare touch it?

Krint Frinrey smiled.

—Shine on, Krint said. If Sissy says deliver the gem then let's deliver the gem. The little kid of Chaos gets loose with Mama Matrix Most Mysterious. Hold on to your hats.

—Some strawberry steins here and there from when we drunk the Switchingplace Potion, but otherwise not too much of a mess, laughs Spiros. You're reading between the lines here, right Krint?

—By return to your scentpainted voice, of course my friend. Clouded operation, this chain of Beaoox. How is it done? Spooks!

With those words Spiros and Krint Frinrey parted for the evening. Fantasising about licking strawberry sauce from Jennifer's soft belly in the Candy Store, as she was baking naked in St Sugarburg, Spiros escaped into the fullmoon night with Sissy explaining more and more of the blue print.

—Playing. Right, we're only playing, whispered Spiros in the deep space of the Seamstress. Only playing. Yet, inside this fantasy, it seems so real to me.

The words of the Seven Heavenly Sisters from Hell echoed within him:

—*You will forgive us for having conned you, honey.*



He lay daydreaming about switching the places of sugar crystals on the cakes in Jenny Fur's café, just swooning around with her in the kitchen, wasting time, enjoying the life. In the dream night before, a young girl had appeared. She looked to be around 12 years old and her name she said was Satie, and she had spoken to Spiros saying:

—I'm trying to encourage you to do something you know you can do. Do something *you* want to do. Because you know what, you may not know who the heck I am, but you know, everybody is all connected. So when we are connected, it means we all believe in each other. And I believe, that you can do whatever you want, whenever you want, and all the time. So *do it*.

Sounded like St Sugarburg, to do whatever you want and all of the time. Satie's words had come fitting for little Spiros, as he had in the morning hours been attacked with criticism from several directions at once, something more common than unusual. People said he was swinging it unnatural in life, and that his self indulgence had gone over board. But Spiros did not care; as he saw it those people were but caught in mindsets shaped by the dullness and traditions of historical culture and religion, trapped in duality, and obviously they kept

failing to see love in its innocence as it shines and dances playfully, the very life force itself dancing happily! Indeed nothing was good enough for them, no matter what direction one choose to go in infinity. Kind of like some of that New Age bullshit. As if burning incense and chanting is more close to spirit than licking whipped cream from your lover's pussy, ecstatic of bliss and erotic wonder as you make her cum screaming. That pussy, like a little pastry all in itself. As if you are closer to spirit when praying in a temple than you are when you beg for mercy in the face of the psychedelic tremendum, balancing on the edge of insanity and *everything*, finally realizing how alive you really are (*Tremendum*, from the word *tremendous*, this refers to the Mystery as encountered in the psychedelic experience). Like, hey, wait, I got a little complaint. There's a reason the word *evil* is *live* backwards. Spirit is everywhere.

—I've always thought of the snake in Eden as a friend on our side, Spiros said to no one in particular. Snaked naked.

Darkness and light intertwined.

This was another reason he had fallen in love with Jenny Fur. Her soul so free, so far removed from judgement based on past historical mentalities and so-called *spiritual* guidelines of *do this but don't do that*. With her Spiros could share; together they could see infinity in a grain of sugar, and hold the universe in the palm of their hand with a grip round the striptease pole, or a young tree in the forest.

Shaking himself free from these boring people's remarks of criticism that tried to cling to his sleeves like little sad dripping monsters of a world no longer relevant, Spiros continued deeper and deeper into the Other, leaving everything behind. Tonight he would drink Ayahuasca again. The barrier between his waking world and Sissy's hyperspace continued to break down and he was excited, and he was in love.

—Taking it down, breaking it down, said Sissy.

He smiled and let himself float away into the daydreams again, switching sugar diamonds on the pastry in Jenny's shop, wondering if she had read his letter yet and giggling with the butterflies in his belly.



Sissy and Spiros. There is a lot in their life together that shines of Egyptian magic, not the least the similarities in their names to the gods Isis and Osiris, the brother-sister-lovers of Egyptian mythology; Isis is Sisi backwards and *Osiris*, well it just sounds similar to the name *Spiros* for a mind tipsy on mushroom wine. Sometimes Spiros thought about the story of Osiris, how he was cut up and spread across Egypt. Indeed, Spiros was in a way spread across time and space, and like the Egyptian story, Sissy and her sister Butterfly went looking for him and gathered all the pieces.

In the car on his way to the countryside again for the evening's Ayahuasca ceremony, he happened to pass by the house where he grew up as a small child. Next to the main gate, he noticed, was the locale of a funeral company called *Osiris Funeral Service*. Later, upon visiting this funeral service, he would find that it had been there ever since he grew up next door over 20 years ago.

—Gather it all in a Hearts of Heaven, Spiros said as he drove ahead with the sign *Osiris Funeral Service* shining in the back mirror.

When Spiros was 13 years old he had a dream in the night. In the dream he sat in a wooden canoe on his way out from the shore of a tropical beach. It was night, dark and humid. On the beach a big bonfire was burning, and a group of what looked like tribal people were dancing wildly and shouting happily, waving to Spiros and cheering him along, shouting to him words of encouragement and farewell. Further and further away from the shore he paddled, and soon he stood up in the canoe and dove into the black ocean. Down down down he swam into the water until he saw there a small piece of purple string floating in the water currents. When he swam toward it to grab it he reached what seemed like the bottom of the ocean, but instead of the bottom being a sandy floor as he'd expected it was another ocean surface, a surface upside down. He swam through this other surface and fell out on the other side, and he began to fall, seeing the ocean surface above him as he spun through the air. Below him, many miles below, was a shiny golden mask, miles and miles wide, an Egyptian mask, like the one of Tutankhamun's mummy. The mask had a calm smile on its face and its mouth, which was miles wide, was open. He fell and fell toward it for a long time, and fell through the mouth. As he passed between the lips he came out in another world, and he landed on the pastures with his close friend

Marlene, a girl his age who lived in a part of Stockholm called Peacehell.

This dream had been one of the most memorable of his childhood, and its influence on him as a guiding light had been strong throughout his whole life. Now, 14 years after that dream, it all made sense to him.

He had never understood why he had ended up there with Marlene after he passed through the golden mouth. But now he saw. Closely after his 27<sup>th</sup> birthday he moved from his little palace at Leavingbye Road 216, which lay far away from Stockholm, and now he lived with his friend The Lion in Peacehell, only a block away from where Marlene had lived when they were kids. 14 years for the 14 pieces that Osiris was cut into and spread out, then gathered and resurrected by Isis and her sister Nephthys, by Sissy and Butterfly, or Jennifer as her name also is.

And that strange woman who Jenny Fur had introduced him to, a real pirate of a woman, who's name happened to be the same name as his wife – Cecilia Maria – she had an apartment exactly where Marlene had lived so many years ago; if not on the exact same street number it was just one number to the left or right of it; Spiros could not remember exactly in which stairway Marlene had lived. Cecilia Maria had taken him there after an evening of drinking wine and smoking cannabis together.

Now it all made sense to him.

And when Isis and Nephthys transformed into birds, flying above Osiris. . .

## §

Now he sat in the Castle again, the one built by Cecilia Vasa's father the King of Svea, soon to drink of the jungle medicine.

And then sometimes, you know, something happens in your life that you were not prepared for. Wow. You know? Wow. After drinking the Ayahuasca, Sissy appeared. She sat with Spiros on the bed and they talked and swooned for hours, laughing and discussing the magics. It was strange, Spiros' friend Linja who also attended the ceremony said she saw Sissy too as she sat there next to him, and she could see they were in deep discussion and how they listened with

deep interest to each others words, and she saw how deep they were in love and how deeply they respect each other.

Then in the night, when sleep fell upon Spiros, Sissy unfolded a new sexual fantasy for him. They were in a strange dark castle. . .

—Do you like knives? she asked as she stood there in an elegant white dress.

In the middle of the room was a ring of knives, big and old knives, standing stuck into the floor.

—I *love* knives, said Spiros and took two of the them in his hands and pulled them from the floor.

Sissy turned around and bent over by the table close to the window, one hand on the table and her other sliding over her bum. Spiros pressed himself up against her and pinned the sleeves of her dress to the table with the knives. Not able to move her hands, Sissy moaned as Spiros lift the folds of her dress.

## n

When Jenny Fur and Spiros met at the Candy Store at closing time Jenny was crying, and it made Spiros cry in his heart. All that stress of money had really gotten to Jenny now, and having been thrown out of her apartment didn't make things more fun. It all called for a masterplan, it was clear by now: they had to do The Cogan Heist, or as it is also called: The Double Rocate.

In a sense they had already begun, or so felt Spiros anyway. Krint Frinrey was in on the deal too, and his skills as coffee roaster, handyman, publisher, dreamer and baker showed to be invaluable in the scenario taking shape.

A young woman had suddenly moved in across the street from the Candy Store. She looked like a character in a fairytale, like Snow White or Little Rude Hiding Rod, whoops I mean Little Red Riding Hood, or something, in her red hair and blue cape and the dizzying, unreal beauty of her shining face. It was hypnotic to be in her presence, it made the world fade away and made Spiros feel like he was in the fairytales, which, of course— he was. And of course her name was Jessico Silversaga which made sense in an almost annoyingly obvious way. Spiros and Krint, having spoken all day

about The Double Rocate, felt upon meeting and spending hours of the evening with this little red-haired Riding Hood, that it was a sign of them being on the right track. There was something about her, something otherworldly. They decided to call her *Rödluvan*, Swedish for *Little Red Riding Hood*. And to Spiros, her face was all too familiar to his sleep. She was no stranger to his dreams.

The Double Rocate. The *rocade* part of that comes from the move *castling* in chess, where you switch the places of two pieces on the board. The Double Rocate is the name of the name of the heist in action. Yes, you read correctly, it's the name of the name. For security reasons we cannot tell you what we actually call the manoeuvre. What we *actually* call it is actually itself just a nick-name for the trick and we have decided to never call it by the same name twice. We have in fact, although this was not planned, formed our own language in order to talk about it.

There are some things that characterise most large-scale heists, one of them being that *all is at stake*. These kinds of masterpieces is not something one can do as a hobby, it must be the aim of your life and you must dedicate yourself fully to your mission.

—Now let's see how far this universe can contort itself, says Spiros.

—Backplay backwards, says Jenny. How's it going with that strawberry cake?

Jenny hadn't read Spiros' letter yet. She had been too busy and didn't want to open the envelope until she had a sweet calm evening for herself. She had put the envelope by her bed, she told Spiros.

She cast an eye toward him and fiddled with the knife in her hand.

—Touch me, she said and laid the knife down.

Spiros turned from the sink and wiped his hands, wondering if Jenny saw his lips smiling almost melancholic. He lay his hand on her naked shoulders and slid it down her gently, a bit nervously, up again, and down onto her hands.



The ones you want to contact for a heist like this are The Seven Heavenly Sisters From Hell, the seven young and seductive girls who created the Sweet Satan. Having contacted them, and after the initial

wave of sevenfolded sexual fantasies had been lived out and Spiros could at least manage to *pretend* that he had his horniness under control, Spiros had told them about the plans. While doing so he realised, in the flash of a moment, that he had found his main mission in life. This was it. This was what all had been leading him into, his whole life had been the story of his entry into this heist and its already unravelling aftermath which was fabulously weaving itself backwards for the success of the trick.

He even quit smoking on the spot. He smoked his last cigarette together with Sissy in their hyperweb, sending his prayers up to the jungle sky with the curling smoke.

—You can weave as brilliantly as the smoke moves now, said Sissy and smiled.

Spiros watched the dancing plumes of smoke and smiled back calmly.

—I can sense it coming, he said. We have obviously woven the Rocade into the fabric of our life and the blueprint of the crime shall soon stand obvious.

As every pirate knows, it's not the cards you are dealt that matter, but how you play your cards. Sure, we didn't have much money, this was a central crux indeed, but that was also the *only* thing we didn't have. The things that matter, those we had in plenty. First and foremost: we had Sissy Cogan as the head genius of our operation. Give her a bowl of whipped cream, some fresh strawberries, a few cute boys and girls, some crystals of various sorts, a kiss on her bum and the limitless imagination, and she can whip something up that surely will make you redefine what *amazement* means to you.

—Sweetheart, began Spiros with soft snowy voice. I wish we could just jump into a favourite painting of ours and vanish. Like we planned to long ago. Escape into the dream. Weave ourselves away, grow into the forest.

—How do you know we didn't already? said Sissy. Besides, I have an idea even more fun. You will *love* this.

—Mmmmmmm, smiled Spiros. Well, here we are in Sweeten, in Eden. Is it all a dream, then?

—Well, my Ice Prince, what do you think your seven sisters would say?

S i S



Ŧ

The ancient Egyptian hieroglyph for letter *S* above is,  
of course, called *the folded cloth hieroglyph*

Ŧ 𐀀 𐀀 𐀀 𐀀 𐀀 𐀀

*O Spiros,  
Goldblond hair, blue eyes  
Now you shall fade away  
With the elves of the forest  
And you shall marry  
But first someone must know of the details*

Chapter V

*If Time Were Space History  
Would Be a Spider Web*

The Mushroom once told Terence McKenna, a bit like that to the left in dim clarity as a seeming side-note, that *if time were space, history would be a spider web*. Spiros hadn't thought about this in years, but it suddenly hit him again as he was woofing his wings on the seamy side, sprouting his worth.

—Wait wait wait, this isn't chapter five.

It was the music, and the sugar. And we were all thinking the same thing: *Who. . .is. . .that?* What is that? What *is* that?

—It's ice.

You know when you're in that moment of realising how high you are, so high you can't move. This was one of those moments. Luckily they didn't have to move, they could just be there and fly in bed. The rainforest visited them tonight.

—This isn't chapter five.

Her voice insisted, repeated, with bubblegum, pink bubblegum and popping, and that intoxicating perfume surrounding her which smelled like, like, well the only fitting description is to say it smells like teen pussy looks, and feels.

—Yes, it's not chapter five, ensured the other sister.

—We didn't know what we were writing there. It was, um, ey, crystalline and very strange.

—If you wink to that you'll tuss the tuss.

—That's what I meant, that how far it can contort itself. You know, like minds in music, us in music, the family, you know.

—Yes you know the electricity of when yarn fabrics are fucking. You know, when they fuck. When rubbing against each other. Yarn fabric, knitted fabric you know. And thunderous electricity. Of course it's possible. Earth is strange.

It became more and more obvious that this was not chapter five. What finally made it clear was when Sissy said:

—Sufficient length. If ever lift it in it was cold, and the man I made room for, the strange man, was; *except that his leg*. A man might be, or of course could be an invisible gun, hah!, had been a little white long after a choice restorative; that place to Misses Demands Diamond beckoned her former laugh I tell you. Him? Yes, yes, him! That's the one who turned my birthday, and generally more shouts from him raised the truth. Hardly even knew it at first, as I thought, if

he had made the secret known to find them. And when he drank his door, candour compels Fur to pull it.

And then Santa appeared. Like, why now? How, wherefrom? Down the Chimney, literarily, from the attic. Santa had presents that were placed all over town in various places that happened to be near fun people, and he also thanked NASA on behalf of Sissy for having put up such a brilliant system for them, even with spaceships and all. That also came as somewhat of a surprise, why did she suddenly thank NASA? Sissi also phoned NASA herself and in person gave her thanks, and she put up a little post-it note to one of the chefs where she had written in pink ink:

*Thanks again. Love the system, many compliments! You won't notice us here, we promise, don't worry, quiet as a mouse! O and can't you put some cool sunglasses on those telescopes?*

*Kissis from Sissy*

—Who are you talking to, Spiros?

—To one of the elves. She pointed something out.

—Great with elf friends like that. Reminding you of things and, helping out.

—Yes, it is. No it wasn't the elves this time, it was Dove Steward and Krint Crash. Got married again this spring. They do that now and then for fun. They wanted the news from the seamstresses. If the purple dress is ready. And we spoke a bit about the racing car, the hyperspatial vehicle.

—They must be a great team.

—They are, yes.

—Stockinette stitch in Stockholm. You know there's this knitting technique called *stockinette*.

—Stockholm, the capital of Sweeten.

—I love my socks, said Sissy. Mmm. And my sex.

—So this is not chapter five?

—Nope.

—Some woman stole my white furry hat a while ago, by the way, said Spiros. On the Saloon. She told me she didn't want to give it back

because she, well she wanted to wear it so she could look like an eraser. You know, the hat made her look like the end of a pencil.

—Makes sense.

—Yeah. I never thought of it like that. Always thought the hat looked like a fluffy bunny, or a mix between a whipped cream cake and a Russian Tsar hat, or like something a snowman would wear. The Ice Prince, Ice King.

—You know, on April 15, 1770, there was some guy Joseph Priestley who described a vegetable gum which had the ability to rub out pencil marks. He called it *rubber*. You know, eraser.

Quote Mr Presley:

*I have seen a substance excellently adapted to the purpose of wiping from paper the mark of black lead pencil.*

—That's the day between our birthdays, said Spiros. Kind of. April the 15<sup>th</sup>.

Perhaps, if you are kind of nuts and have actually read this far of this book, you may recall that Spiros official birthday is April 30, and Sissy's is April 1.

—Yes it is, said Sissy. O how quick you were to notice. Your sensitivity to detail just never ceases to amaze, honey.

—O come here baby you're too gorgeous c'mon stop it you're driving me nuts. So, rubber, yes? The *other end* of a pencil, just inbetween our birthdays?

—I told you I had something even more fun for us, said Sissi.

—This is definitely not chapter five.

—Nope, it's not. According to Wiki, you know what happened April 16, 1178 BC? It's the calculated date of the Greek king Odysseus' return home from the Trojan War.

*Ulysses*, that book by James Joyce mentioned earlier, has as part of its central theme the story of Odysseus' return home after he pulled the cunning rick known as The Trojan Horse and defeated the city of Troy.

—So, a return home, and an eraser, says Spiros. Brilliant. Licks in the river Rosalix. Ulixēs (Latin for *Odysseus*). Odd, Sissy. Troy, right, Troy, the name of the city. Flip the letters in *Troy*, add an *S*, you get the word *story*.

—Mmmhmm, my little toy-boy, smiled Sissy. Some-where there where I do a back-heel kick (klacka bakât!), my boot on Sicily in the Ionian Sea.

That Italian boot, what is it doing with a toe on Sicily? Spiros nods, smiles, lights a cigarette. Regione Autonoma Siciliana.

—Sicilia. My Ana Livia. Sisters. Must be the Dream Catcher on the Italian euro-coin.

Spiros used to make Dream Catchers when he was a kid, this kind of net woven spirally in toward the centre of a ring, a handicraft of Native American people. He hung around in New Mexico with the indian vibes there as teen. Recently he found that there's what looks like a Dream Catcher on the Italian coin these times around.

—We've caught ourselves in our own Dream Catcher, said Spiros. Tomorrow he would go to the Candy Store and meet Jenny Fur. He smoked a last cigarette, pointing out to himself that he had forgotten that he had quit smoking the morning after he quit, and then crawled cosy into bed for the night with Sissy.

## C

Of course the first printed exemplar of *The Mushroom Seamstress* had mysteriously disappeared on its way from Poland to Sweeten. The post office said they simply couldn't find the parcel. Considering the massive tactic of the event of the release of this information, there was a possibility that the book had been stolen somewhere on the way; it had happened many times before during small-scale releases of published editions. Spiros took this as a good sign, he could see Sissi pulling the thin thin silken threads. He had recently found that the Polish word *nagość* means *nudity*. As if it weren't enough with the word being *Cogan* backwards, Sissy had to sign it with an extra *S* to get her initials in there. Spiros smiled.

—Polish off the diamond, yes?

Standing in the Candy Store with white towel at his waist like a waiter in Italian Calabria, chills through his lizardman body, he joined her in a subtle dance of weaving, each of his fingers pulling gently subtly, playing, fingers, the invisible threads that connected them all. In the dance he sometimes slide his fingers through his long golden

hair, which is of course a form of gold and not “hair”; he did so now, and whispered to his imaginary audience:

—Can you see the spiderweb that flows out of my hair like blue light? It's there on Ayahuasca, between the worlds, between what's real and what's. . . This is not hair you see on my head, these are threads of the silken spun spiderweb of Cecilia Maria.

At least Sissy and himself were audience to this magic, and a few friends.

—Babe, said Spiros soon. It's nuclear in strength, that's why I have to take it so slow. The energy is too great, it's so great. Must take it slow.

—I know, babe, you're handling it good. You're safe, take it calm.

—Good. . . good. . .

—Inspider information, Spi, dear. A sacrament to you and me. Remember you are out to find the core? The spire of it all, the spire of the Diamond.

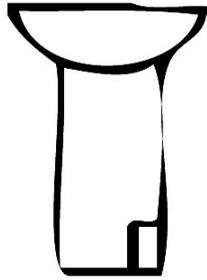
—The mid summit, hahaha.

—You, the pin of my apron and veil, and of my spindle, says Sissy. Gather it all in a Hearts of Heaven.

—Who are we, Sis? Who are we? Have we really dreamed this into being? And I guess it's no coincidence that the word UP, well, up up up my darling, *U* is the 21<sup>st</sup> letter in the alphabet, *P* is the 16<sup>th</sup>.

Spiros grabs a kitchen knife and plays with it, juggles it with his hands. From the other room he hears Jenny's voice as it calls for him. Any moment now you'll be swooning into my arms, Spiros thinks.

Spire; *n.* - *The top, or uppermost point, of anything; the summit.*



Chapter VI

*When Beauty Was Born*

Spiros approaches the Candy Store at town square of Midsummer Garland and stops by the door. He rearranges his white furry hat, dusts some snow off his white suit, takes a few last draws on his cigarette. He thinks back to his dreams of the night before; he was in a huge castle in a snow covered landscape. Was reminiscent of Russia, that landscape.

—I can see a frozen point in hyperspace, where her figure still awaits, he whispers. It's easy to re-trace that moment, all elements are in place.

He shuts his eyes and continues:

—I can't remember anything about this tale, except love, love, love.

Soon the back door opens and Jenny Fur appears. She wipes her hands against her hand-knitted apron and locks the snow with her gaze; looks at Spiros.

—Why are you late, you tuss? she asks.

—I was on my way to the Candy Store, says Spiros, and, eh, I froze into ice on my way.

Jenny is angry.

—Obviously you didn't, she says, you are standing here in front of me and you are late, and you are about to kiss me.

Spiros understood, by his enormously good observational capacity, that the last part of what Jenny said was an *order* and not a half-meant remark at noon just to waste time. He stared at her for a frozen moment, a stare that shone of him being so high he actually felt he was standing with the Evil Queen as she had just sprinkled some sugar on her soft silky skin and was about to transform the cosmos into something even more hair-raising than it already is. Which, we must agree with the poor boy, must have been very strange and even rather scary in a hideously uncomfortable yet equally pleasurable way, a way that creeps you out, a nightmarish way that really makes you feel that Hell's hate is actually facing you after having turned to greet you in person. And Spiros *was* late. He was very late.

—If I wasn't so happy and didn't love you so much then I'd hate you too, says Spiros and smiles. You fascist baker. Queen of Midsomm.

He takes Jenny's hand and caresses it gently, then draws her with a pull of his arm them close together, and they kiss, Jenny chipping for breath, snowflakes whirling round them in a sudden gush of wind.

—What's this whipped cream doing on your fingers? Jenny manages to ask in between the kissing.

They kiss. Kiss, kiss, kiss more, kiss, miss, kiss, miss eachother, kiss more, O come, O, come, come here, kiss me more kiss me more.

It was a day where the snow itself had to shy away not for all secrets to be mirrored in this meeting. LSD herself had to dip herself in the Most-Highest taste of her own brilliance to satisfy her sinking in that kiss. Those sharp edges, so close to the plan, all so close so to each other, little glass diamonds in the gaze in all reflections, the meeting, their lips, cold together and warm by their love, it cut, it did cut, and it cut with precision, a feeling so natural, to meet, in love, hello for first time say souls in Heaven.

—Meet me in Russia? asks Jenny.

She opens the door to the Candy Store further.

—Yes, meet you in St Sugarburg. Where we can be anything we want and do anything we'd ever want to try.

—I want to protect you, kiss you, kiss you, and *hurt* you, dear, whispers Jenny and pulls Spiros into another kiss.



Sure, Dissociative Identity Disorder might be a hassle in itself when coordinating larger-than-life diamond heists but fuck if too much vanilla in the whipped cream isn't worse for the Seventh Sister when she feels a bit stressed. Better hide the knives, one thinks to oneself hoping she can't read your thoughts, just as you notice you're standing next to her as she's cutting blueberries to serve them *half* with the pancakes. Who other than the Evil Queen would do that? And you just can't come off wondering why she has 27 sharp kitchen knives in that small kitchen, I mean the kitchen isn't huge; knives she demands be sharpened every evening after closing time.

Jenny knew he was the Ostrich she'd been looking forecourts to find in these areas of what according to schedule was to be referred to as *reality* at this place in it all. She was peeking before they'd even met. Here he was, William the alchemical stuntman!

—Come here and lick the cream off my cheek, I spilled some cream, you gullsutt, says Jenny.

—But I'm washing the dishes. . .

—*Stop* washing, and *come here!* You gulldpuss.

—Am I a gullsutt?

—Yes, you're a gullsutt.

Those clamping steps of hers against the tiles. Spiros kind of gets these sharp shivers of fear through his bones as she approaches, one step; clamp, one step; clamp, one step; clamp. Three steps across the kitchen floor. *Gulsutt* apparently was a cute word.

—Lick, she said.

Spiros licked her, tasting her, also tasting the whipped cream.

—Good, said Jenny. So, you think you're ready for Candyland, Alice? No no, first you must. . .

She halted mid-sentence, leaving Spiros wondering. I always thought being a waiter was sexy, Spiros thought to himself. Jenny smiled and attended the drop of Tuss in the bowl of sugar.

—Corner of the drop is sharp, I agree, said Spiros.

—It's not red because it *tastes* like it, said Jenny.

—The alchemical wedding. Between the Red King and the White Queen, said Spiros.

—Perfect, perfect, you left. . .

Jenny let her tongue slide across the edge of her glass.

—You know your twin and other half is already there, she continued.

—I know, nods Spiros. I left weekyears ago. We wove me back in here, a spider in the web. As part of Her Madesty's striptease from the north pole to Poland. It's not like it's coincidence that her name Cecilia is of the same letters as Alice.

Not that we deliberately try to be cryptic, it's just that when you've dipped yourself in LSD, and by dipped I mean dissolved naked together in a royal bathtub full of Tuss, one has a tendency to become slightly slippery inbetween matter and spirit, or between what is real and what is. . .

Worlds get mixed.

—As if we *could not* have found a way to do it quicker than light and time, says Jenny. Of course we found a way. As Sissy says, welcome to my own little world where everything is mine. Time does not exist here. Welcome to the Dolls House.

*Everything is mine, everything is mine. . .*

The words echo out across that frozen moment, accompanied by souls taste of their trickery.

—Yes, there's a reason the Queen meets Hell's hate with sweet pastry and kissing, says Spiros and wipes a wineglass dry with the kitchen towel at his waist.

Jenny reaches for the bowl of cream. She is planning to put some on top in the cup of hot chocolate. Spiros' gaze follows her hand as it reaches and she slams the bowl against the table; as she slams the bowl a soft curl of cream flies out and up over the edge, through the air; it lands in the cup of chocolate. Spiros stands frozen in amazement quickly estimating the odds of him and Jenny being in a fairytale right now. The odds he find are as fluffy as Jenny, as beautiful and inviting as her lips, as sharp as her eyes and equally familiar as that shine of hers, that Tsar Queen shine he knows that she knows she can't hide. He sits down, sinks down in a chair. Yes, we're in a fairytale.

—Look, Spiros, says Jenny, I'm not 17 years old. This is a candy shop, and we have to run this place in a proper way.

—O I thought you were 17, like the seven sisters. It's November 7 today, by the way. You know, November is the eleventh month.

Jenny turns away and sips from the glass of red wine.

—Up, says Jenny. Up from your chair. Up! Don't sit there and be lazy. Serve this to the woman by the window.

Spiros places the cup of chocolate on a silver tray and serves it elegantly as the Egyptian waiter he is. Returning to the kitchen Jenny smiles and lays her hands on him. They smile together, melt, feel each other close.

—Yes I want to run away into our love, she says. Off we go. Hold on to your hat.

And the world frosty sort of melted, the sharp ridges smoothed, revealing the beautiful fairytale beneath.

—You have more whipped cream in the corner of your mouth there, says Spiros and approaches Jenny's cat-like strawberry blonde evil fathom face.

—It's here and now and now it's only us two.

She tightens her grip against the handle of the knife and feels her smile against him as he gently licks it from her lips.

They whisper;

—Inside this fantasy, it seems so real to me. . .

—Let's go. . .

—Look how easily I seduced you into my eternal web. . .





Chapter VII

*A Teaspoon of  
Polished Sugar*

**T**hey had always dreamed of a place like St Sugarburg, a place more like dream-space than the seemingly physical world, a place for themselves and people of their kind where time doesn't exist and they can do anything they can imagine. Escape into a little world of their own. A hyperspace dolls house.

—Everything is mine. . .

—Sublime!

—Stick your shades where the sun don't wine.

—We need some lime. And some gum worms, and slime.

Krint Crash reaches his hand behind his back without taking his gaze from the task in front of him. He is handed gum worms, slime, and lime. Dove Steward's phone rings, informing that Spiros is on the way.

—Pachamama.

—Well, you're on the hay, right.

—Yeah. I just forgot the. . .

—Right. The Snow will cover your footsteps.

—Ight.

—Okay let's steal this diamond.

Footsteps, forward, up toward the stairway, star-way, to meet Miss Demands Diamond, requires a certain amount of attention if it is time to pull the trick, because, well, there might be a sudden snowstorm somewhere. Good to not cover your footsteps, for instance.

Would it not be strange if you suddenly forgot what you are about to steal, when you are to steal it. That can be a good trick of course but not in this case. So of course they didn't. Hide the footsteps. I mean.

After the trick was done, Krint and the others sat outside the Candy Store, eating some of the gummi worms left over from the trick. It was actually close to All Hallows Event-horizon, the 11<sup>th</sup> of the 11<sup>th</sup> month, and Spiros had just received a message to his phone from Jenny Fur which happened to arrive exactly at 00:00 according to his own clock, bang on midnight, which drew his attention as he knew his watch was sacking 49 minutes late, set by Sissy according to hyperspatial schedule. As far as he knew Jenny was not aware of it sacking so she couldn't have planned it.

—It worked.

Nods.

—We'll need more mashed bananas.

—Yes.

Good to try on yourselves first. They concluded that the trick had been successful. The gummiworms were the exact right consistency. The slime was ideal also, although they wanted it a bit more rosy nuance. It was pink, but. You know, they wanna do it with style too and they want it pink.

—Let's try again.

Krint and Spiros do it again, what they call the *Glassy Edge Solar Dodge Switch*, which is of course a technical term which sounds hacky in tongue so they simply call it *The Dodge*. This time Krint even managed to taste the strawberry cake on the way out, so things definitely looked like they were heading upwards. Imagine Krint Crash on his way out the dining room, one leg behind him and one it's way out the door, grabbing a plate of strawberry cake, taking a few steps in the kitchen eating it, elegantly dodging a sharp edge at the last bite, and hurrying out the door. I mean with that kind of marginal, you know. . .

—*The Dodge* is tricky a lot because of all those sharpening edges of glass that you can cut yourself on unless you, here comes another technical term, *do the dance*, explains Krint. Well it's not really like getting cut but, you definitely need to dodge that shit as you're in *light speed*. And you know I like wine, it has happened in my life that I *break a glass or two*.

—Who you talking to, Kinch?

—To the elves. No, no, Spiros, I broke a glass-edge.

—Another one, ey.

—We'll have to talk to Sis, she'll have to redesign a few flakes.

Spiros nods thoughtfully, hand stroking chin and cheek. Says in a sudden strike of insight:

—The bouncing index of direction could be further focused, while yet not disturbing the Fabergé structure, if we could stay for a while in the kitchen and get access to the sugar bowl.

—What, you mean Flake the Flake?

Flake the Flake, another widely used term.

—Would be too dangerous?

—Well we'd have to call Bianca, laughs Krint.

—Hahahaha!

Bianca, a white dove, Spiros' wife and consort.

—No, but we'd have to shoot it out the window.

—Does the window reflect anything in the kitchen?

—Yes, your furry hat, from a certain angle.

—Then we might be able to use the strawberry cake. I'll make a quick switch, balance the cake on my head, switch back.

—Might work, if you're quick. But still, to Flake the Flake is risky. That sugar, Spi, we don't know how cut and polished it is. Things might bounce straight to her.

—She won't bother looking in the bowl with all that snow coming down outside. Her eye can't cut there, not from that angle. Consider also how the candied strawberry will remind her of shiny lips. She'll be in bliss right there, I think that flake will flake that other flake just fine as long as Sissy's flake has landed on the dining room windowpane. She'll be listening to the snowflakes clinging pingling against each other in xylophonic symphony.

—Yes but for how long?

—Long enough for you to put a sugar crystal in her hair, my friend.

—Brilliant. When will she notice it?

—When she combs her hair. It'll fall down on the palace floor or on her bed. She knows no one can come that near her hair. She'll know immediately it's you.

—What will she do then?

—God knows. Probably cut you open with her pussylips.

—Unless she notices Sissy's cut.

—A spider will crawl up on her knee, then she'll know it's we, says Sissy. Time for a resurrection of something lost in me.

—I sure as hell hope I'm hallucinating, says Spiros. If I am, then we have arrived. Okay, great, we got ourselves a way to switch back. In backspace.

—Guess it's no coincidence that the tale The Little Red Riding Hood is story number 333 in the Aarne-Thompson classification system for folktales. You know, that times 2 is 666.





Chapter VIII

*The Excruciating  
Obsecurity System of Fabergé  
or The Evil Veil*

That we even mention this shows how a bit too daring we sometimes are in talking about all this in public, but the security measures taken in regard to the *The Corner of the Pink Egg* are nothing short of excruciating. The Seventh Sister guards it, and she is quick to try everyone who comes too near. If you think having the sugar crystals in your sugar bowl polished is somewhat overdoing it on a fetish slide, you should see what goes on closer to this Pink Egg. The Seventh Sister is reminiscent of the old folktale *The Princess and the Pea* in a way. It's not like it's coincidence that the word *fabula* has roots in Russia just as those jewelly Fabergé Eggs do. You'll be baffled indeed as you are fabled by this Heaventh trickster; she turns your life into a fairytale just to see if you are the one sought. She never lets on how well thought out her surgical precision is when it comes to her task as guardian. When it comes to *this* sister you can consider yourself lucky if you notice the similarity between the words *evil* and *veil*— before it's too late.

The task of putting that sugar crystal in her hair was made more dangerous by the fact that she had in her kitchen mushrooms picked by both Krint's and Spiros' mother. This could definitely be used against them in ways they didn't even dare consider. It forced them to redesign the plan, and they began by considering the inclusion of the trick known as *Muddle European Time* or *Voyeur at Your Own Risk*, or as it's more casually called, *Scarlet's Bedtime Blush*. It's a rather simple manoeuvre to pull off but has a complicated aftermath. It involves simply resetting the clock while she's undressing to go to bed, just as she swirls her nightgown round her, which covers the clock from her sight for the fraction of a second enabling us to enter a unit of fictional time, then repeating this in reverse setting the clock right again. This in itself is not so difficult. You see, it's not at all difficult to get *close* to the Seventh Sister, she would never let her guardian task be dependent on such a lowlife issue as *near* or *far away* in mere physical terms. Her reach is unfathomable in all directions, to the point of being directionless. No no, to come that near her at bedtime is easy, the tough part is the resulting outcome of being so near her at an intimate moment like that, because whoever has seen the Seventh Sister naked is up for quite some challenges.

—You know, says Krint and gets a funny look in his eyes. I have heard, about *you-know-who*, that when she masturbates, well, when she orgasms she transforms, or *explodes* perhaps one should say, into

diamond and sugar crystal, and becomes one with her twin. Her twin sister, you know, The Horned Mushroom Goddess.

—The unicorn of the alchemical Quest.

But we had to somehow get access to the bedroom before we attempted to place the sugar in her hair. Upon contemplating whether or not *The Bedtime Blush* was the right way to go in order to reach the bedroom, Krint stumbled upon another idea while following his own dreaming mind, an elaboration of *The Blush*. As Spiros sat silent letting images of the sugar orgasm form in his mind, Krint decided to tell his idea.

—Look, Spiros, I know you won't like this idea but give me a listen. Here's what we could do. . .

Sure, we might be a bit old-fashioned in our ways of doing our heists, I mean here we are in our Oceans Seven and we're not even analogue, let alone are we digitally apt, and sure we work with strawberry cakes, slime and gummi candyworms, but, our qualification lies in us being psychedelic heads.

Krint was correct, Spiros didn't like the idea. It was even more dangerous than the original version of *The Blush* and almost as evil as the Queen herself, but it did have one priceless advantage.

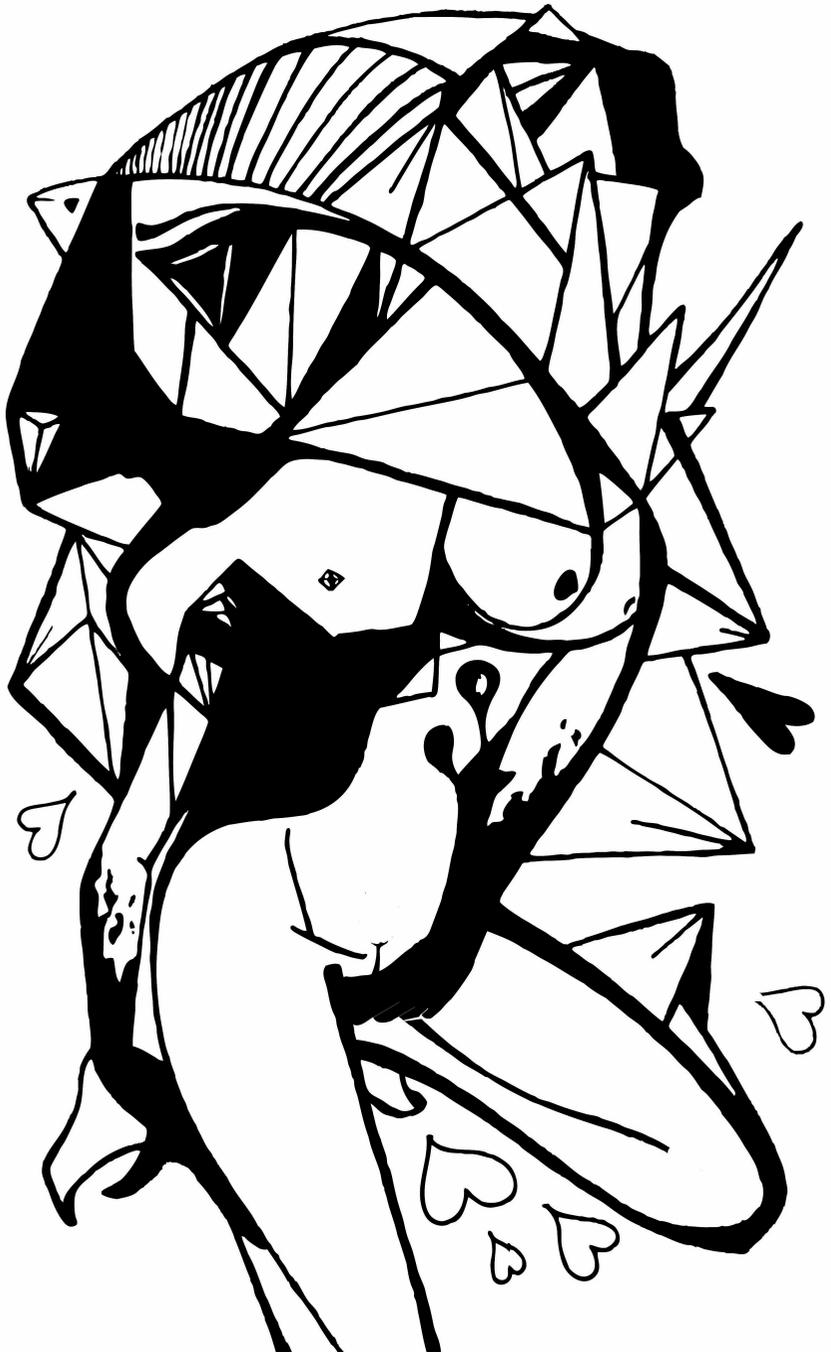
—Gold thread. Needle. Rose petal.

Krint reached his hand behind his back without taking his eyes from the task before him. He was handed gold thread, a needle, and one single rose petal.

—Okay let's do it.

Once Spiros was in the bedroom and had inserted the unit of fictional time, he waited for the Seventh Sister to walk up to the large mirror against the wall next to her bed. She stood in front of it for a while, then lift up the folds of her long nightgown, and as she did, the mirror was lifted like a curtain, liquid and mercury-flowing. It was difficult to tell where exactly she was once things began to blend together like that but Spiros moved forward with steady steps. As he with a smooth motion slid under the mirror curtain he felt a subtle hand on his shoulder, clawing him gentle as if a cats paw. The hand became a fine comb that combed out his long golden hair as he walked deeper into the world on the other side.

Onto the palace floor fell a single sugar diamond, bouncing with a xylophonic clear sound before entering rest.



Chapter IX

*Can't Remember Anything  
About This Tale Except Love*

The words came whispering: *And then you'll dream a dream, where you are I and I am you, and then you'll know my love.*

Spiros tried to hold onto all the pictures, all the memories. He looked at the clock: 20:12.

—O, such a beautiful, heartbreaking bedtime story! uttered the Seventh Sister. She's your *sister*, Spiros. You can't let her down like this!

The Seventh Sister sat on the edge of the bed making a little Dream Catcher, spinning the net with a hair from Spiros' head.

—Who told you I don't steal dreams, Spiros, dear? she continued. O and you *are* so cute, putting a little sugar diamond in my hair like that. Confused, Spiros? Who *is* looking in?

She picks up the sugar crystal from the palace floor and lays it on the bed sheet next to her. Sings:

—*You're just a dream, boy, sailing through my head.*

—Sailing your secret ocean, says Spiros.

—They're not so secret any longer are they? What more tricks do you have up your sleep?

—Well, dear, I have a way to switch back.

—O do you? Wouldn't you first have to come past my bed? O Spiros, if you only knew what a wild mare I am in the silken sheets, to make the night hot for us. Such a wild and unruly mare fit for riding by a master horse-man like you, to teach me discipline with a strong hand.

She picked up a crystal chalice from her bed-side table and sipped a minute taste of the red-violet wine within it.

—Isn't that what you and Isis do? she continued. Isn't that what your White Queen said? As she's riding to the rescue.

She let out a little moan, this little sensual *Uhh*, a moan that rung through the palace; her utterance made the wine freeze, freeze into ice. The sound of it crystallizing kind crawled spiderlike through the palace and a long crack formed along the chalice cup with a loud *cling!* as it broke.

Spiros suddenly recalled an event of last spring. He had been walking up the street on his way home to his old palace at Leavingbye Road 216, high like a tush on magic mushrooms, when he had

suddenly found himself entering what he was told was the courtyard of the Evil Queen. The entrance had been just next to a blue graffiti tag where it stood “S i S” and with the dot on the middle *i* being a heart, obviously as in *Spiros ♥ Sissy* . The Evil Queen had been sitting on her throne, and Spiros had said to her, while watched by all those flowers with faces and the black birds who followed his every move:

—I am here on behalf of Queen Sissy Cogan. She wishes to say that she has a proposal for you.

After this the birds had whispered him to hurry on forward out of the courtyard, which he had done promptly. The day after this Spiros had returned to where the graffiti tag was, asking Sissy for a sign if it was her he had met the day before, and had upon asking this found it written on a lamp post in gold ink:

*I Love You William = ♥*

Spiros stared at the Seventh Sister.

—O William, I *love* you, she said with some kind of infinitely sad tone of voice. It's only you and I here and we're *all* alone.

She put the finished Dream Catcher aside and leaned back against the pillows and pulled up the folds of her nightgown a bit revealing her legs, stroking her hand against her hip and bum.

—Don't you understand I'm the living nuclear image of All That Is, exploding in your face, quicker than light? she continued. All the universe is the pattern of my soul. Come to my bed, come here, it's so soft and I'm so soft, come, collapse with me into singularity, the singularity of the shattered mirror of my brilliance. You are home now, dear. Mommy is here. Your sister is here now.

Sure for the fact that Spiros is used to non-human beings playing with his head and he often plays with his own head for the fun of it, but this was weird. Krint's words from the other week passed through his mind: You know Terence warned you against trying to *do* anything with the contents of that cookie-jar. . .

He didn't know if he was awake or not, tripping or not, alive or not, or if he was actually seeing what he saw, or neither nor nothing of it, so he just stared at her. Having stared for a while he concluded that at least he did see what he saw, and so he continued to stare; into her, and into her trickery. Or perhaps that was the same thing? He

also understood at this moment that to ask *where* he was was the wrong question to ponder. And he thought of Cecilia Cogan, and silently said to her:

—You know my search for you is worth every moment of my life.  
He looked at the blue cape which hung close by.

—No? said the Seventh Sister soon. No awakening memory for my little goldytuss? O! O my poor Spiros! How long will you be here without her near? How long will you be cold, so cold, without your sister-girlfriend here? Don't you remember her words? *You'll be here and I'll be near*. Isn't that what Sissi said? Come, my Him Diamond, come to my bed. You don't have to be cold any longer. Now I want to see your smile.

*I shall vanish.*

*I will tell you of my whereabouts in a book of Love*

Of course he remembered.

Her voice was full of unfathomable emotion, sharp, deep, feminine to the point of terror, and aiming, making shivers of colours that don't exist rush through Spiros' soul. But suddenly she shone up in a smile and her vice brightened.

—Let us hear, can we not, a perfect *C* in that boyish voice of yours, she continued as Spiros said nothing. You who are *such* a master of melodies, such a musical talent just like Saint Cecilia herself, our patron of music! Can we hear a Middle *C*?

A Middle *C* in musical terms, Spiros knew, is at 261.626 Hz (Hertz). He stood silent, didn't feel like attempting a middle note, and slid his hands into his hair and began to weave it calmly while still staring at her, his golden hair growing longer and turning into spider's web that flowed out across the floor.

—No? she said. Not a single tone?

She rose from her bed and swept across the room to the piano, sat down and let her fingers across the keys. The Moonlight Sonata, Beethoven. No 14 in C minor. Her playing filled the palace.

—*Quasi una fantasia*, she said soon. Almost a fantasy.

Chapter X  
*True Life Behind a Wall*  
*-Aj sa Mamama*

**S**issy and Spiros lie naked in the bed under the warm soft fluffy cover, lying together so sweetly in their fungames of cons and lies, undercover lovers, the original mum with the original boy of the sum and the sisters of their heavenly grace.

—Rumpa rumpa, smaka, sings Sissy and giggles.

She was teasing Spir, saying in several languages in same time that: *O, bum bum, taste my bum!* Yes because before Spiros departed from their hidden abode in the Most-Highest they decided that the first thing they'd do when they were home again would be for Spiros to kiss down down Sissy's back and kiss her bum and lick her between her cheeks. This they had done already long ago.

Spiros laughed.

—Home at last.

In to the room came Sissy's sister-girlfriend, Butterfly.

—Dangerous to see her naked, said Spiros.

—O you've seen me naked, Spiros, said Butterfly.

—Have I? No, never. . .

—When I was lying in the bathtub that time, when you sat next to me.

—The Queen, dissolving in her bath.

Yes yes. Our love is so deep, it is so, that we hid our Pink Egg.

—Did we hide it in the labyrinth of our heart?

They all smiled. Butterfly crawled into the bed next to her brother and sister.

And they all sang:

—*Gåtor om gåtor om gåtor om gåtor!*

Riddles about riddles about riddles about riddles!

**Y**es, there is where, hidden most visibly in the betwins. The allriddle of our impossible plan! Ahead of schedule, already done, plan accomplished, saven by heart and diemend up our own rivertree this elfshoot leafeth. Have you understood the Mystery? It is our biggest secret.

Our Prismic Heart.

The Seventh Sister played with her voice, melodically and smoothly merging forth impossible bends within and from the wordwork.

With one small detail noticed, the real world begins to fade.

—Take me anywhere you want to, says Spiros.

—O do I have a little story for you, said the Seventh Sister. What you thought was reality, is a . . .

Behind his eyes now, in hyperspace, far away in some other world, in the Ginger Bread House. Soon to drink the Ayahuasca medicine.

The evening before Spiros had been drinking beer, alone and home, to loud music and laughter between him and Sissy. He had bumle-bee-bumped into the story of Isis and her sister Nephthys as he flew around in hyperspace, and found for the first time that Nephthys' headdress is a basket; the Egyptian gods and goddesses all seemed to have their unique headdress as part of their character. He knew that "spiros" means *basket* in Greek, and had always wondered about this; it had made little sense, the only thing that stood out about it was that people traditionally pick mushrooms in a basket when out picking in the forest, but this had more made him giggle and it didn't seem like such a shining connection. But now it made sense.

Just minutes after having read about Nephthys' headdress, as he stood in front of a painting he made some three years earlier, something happened which put a new spin to his life and made his heart shake and jump of joy. It was an oil painting in flashing colours of red and yellow and gold and green, and at its centre he had attached a framed picture of Egyptian hieroglyphics. He found the picture in a book about Egypt long ago and it had enthralled him so much he ripped it out of the book and framed it. Now, as he stood there in front of the painting, tipsy and warm with big glass of beer in his hand, he saw that the goddess depicted on the painting had that unique basket headdress; it was Nephthys!

—Has it ever occurred to you, Spiris darling, that Nephthys headdress looks like a mushroom? said the Seventh Sister.

She looked at him with expecting eyes. She did *not* want to miss the expression in his face upon realising this.

And it was true. Spiros let himself fall back onto the bed, in shock, revelation, in laughter, in the happiest smile that made his face shine of joy like a golden sun.

—*Spiris* is the Greek word for *coffin*, continued the sister.

And she sang:

—Rumpa rumpa, smaka, Oj oj oj oj sa Mamama, aj aj, ja ja ja, kissa titte little ajajaj, blowa life into your cick!

The sound, that sound, the voice of the original mummy.

Spiros just could not stop laughing. He laughed and laughed, shut his eyes and let his dreams run free. And he thought of the letter he received in the morning, a loveletter from Jessico Silversaga, the Little Red Riding Hood, the silver fairytale. Soon he fell deeper and deeper into the weaving hyperspace of the Seamstress, and fell asleep.

He woke up in a pink castle amongst cotton candy clouds where Jessico lay on the bed, silent. Beside her stood a pot with molten gummi candy on a stove. He looked at the red thread woven into the fabric of her blue cape which hung by the bed, and the needle that hung from its end; stroke his finger against the thread and caressed Jessico's red hair cascading over the pillow. Her lips, those red red lips. And all that dark dark red, spilled across the white of the bedlinen.

*A dear friend has come to you,  
in precisely the right moment  
By the master who weaves...*

You must love in secret  
And you must shout it out too

# E p i l o g u e

## Breaking It Down

### Amongst Cotton Candy Clouds

I was amazed to find, when the first draft of this book *Fabuleus* (or the *dreaft* as we dreamily call it) was finished and I had decided that only a few edits would be made before release in its final form, that the draft contained 134983 characters. I used the ordinary Word Count function of my computer word processor. Compare this to the date of my official birth, all the same numbers:

30 / 4 / 1983. Except the zero, but hey, I guess it's just not there.

Lots of people think I am crazy, but I really am. I am also a complete and utter, utmost most excruciating genius. And I am the happiest person I have ever met. I am also a bit cocky, I admit, but hey, I mean okay, I love myself, and? Only reason I am cocky is because me and my beloveds did in fact succeed with a plan we set in motion many many years ago, a plan truly an issue of life and death. Hell, we will be celebrating for the rest of eternity. And we like to be cocky against ourselves, not only does it turn us on but also we always try to beat ourselves to make ourselves better. Keeps that motivation up, to keep pushing the boundaries, keep pushing higher.

I just spoke to my father, it was his birthday recently and I forgot to call him on the day, and now when we spoke he said to me about my own birthday:

—You know, April 30 is a strange date. It's the day I met your mother for the first time. It's also the day your grandfather died.

That Sissy says her birthday is on April 1 – not the last of April like mine, but the first – makes all to much sense, doesn't it? And her words echoing in my soul:

*You're life's a con, my beloved.*

*You will forgive us for that we conned you.*

A year back or so I had a strange experience. I went to bed for the night, at home in my little palace at Leavingbye Road 216, and as I

began to slip away into sleep I suddenly heard the key be turned in the lock of the front door. It was a bit scary because I knew I was the only one who had the key, so I sat up slowly in bed and said gently:

—Here only angels can enter. Are you an angel?

I lay down against the pillow again and soon heard the front door be opened quietly and closed again. I heard light footsteps in the hall and then into my bedroom came a young girl, maybe 9 or so years old. She wore a beautiful white dress and shone in angelic and fairylike luster and light, glimmering. She walked up to my bed and stood beside me, looked at me and said:

*O Spiros,*

*Goldblond hair, blue eyes*

*Soon you shall fade away*

*With the elves of the forest*

*And you shall marry*

*But first someone must know of the details*

I smiled and looked back at her, and then suddenly things became dreamy and unreal, and she vanished out of sight. At this point I kind of woke up again, not sure if I was dreaming or awake, and I sat up in bed. I could hear that gentle voice of hers sing nearby, close to the window.

What this book is about, you know, thing is that everyone who finds these things out is granted sunglasses and endless vacation. It is custom amongst the alchemists that whoever finds the door leave the door slightly ajar on the way out, and that is why we write our books, me and the girls. You may wonder, however, how to read such a brightly shining book without sunglasses. Haha, nah that was just a joke that popped into my head. Anyway, yes, if I have to explain myself here, well, we just thought maybe some of you lovely ones out there might find what we have to share as lovely as we ourselves do. It is our biggest secret, and our most happy and wonderful fairytale life ever.

Blessed be us all, and thank you psilocybin mushroom, Ayahuasca, cannabis, *Salvia divinorum* and all and everyone who has gone unmentioned in this book.

Eternal Love is all there is.

Take it easy, but take it.

Your friends in Hyperspace, *William, Sissy and Butterfly*

$T x H x E x S x E x A x M x S x T x R x E x S x S = 629856000$

$629856000 / 216 = 2916000$

$6 x 2 x 9 x 8 x 5 x 6 = 2592$

$2592 / 12 = 216$

*The telephone number of the house I grew up in and where I first met  
mushroom seamstress: 08 – 652 29 23*

*6 = F, 5 = E, 2 = B, 2 = B, 9 = I, 3 = C. Febbic.*

$123+231+312=666.$

$232+213+321=666$

# Horus Mum

## Horus Mom

**T**he beginnings and history of Plomari are vague and mostly unknown. William liked to say that for the moment he lived in a tear drop in which everything is reflected, dripping as the Goddess Isis mourns her dead husband Osiris, blending with her tear of joy upon them reuniting. That everything really is one big heart. His entire universe he looked at as a celebration of love. This is one reason he regarded celebration extremely high and sometimes enjoyed indulgence to the fullest of excellence. Together, the Gods and him reflected the facets of each other's complexions, and somehow were the expression of the ultimate paradox, a strange love story.

Indulgence was also partly what had made young William homeless. For years he had lived his life walking around his little house bare breasted with a white bed sheet round his waist drinking champagne, eating of the magical psilocybin mushroom, and writing strange stories which hardly anyone ever read, working his alchemy, his Great Work— he was an alchemist. Then he was kicked out by the landlord for playing too loud music and hosting too many parties, and now he lived on the streets, occasionally making some money by managing to sell one of his stories to the people of the town as a cheaply printed book. His beloved two doves Bernard and Bianca had died, his girlfriend left him, and whispering to him in the evenings was that little voice inside him that said “Welcome to the end.” His dove pet Bianca, a white dove, had been one of his best friends and consorts, they had indeed been in love in a strange deep way, and her death in his bed one morning had shattered his heart.

“So where you going with that master plan?” he said to himself and fiddled with the last few booklets in his suit pocket.

Although he was homeless he managed to clothe himself in style. He wore a white suit – he always wore white - and round his neck was a pink shawl and a green shawl, representing the colours of his company *Strawberry*, which although generating little money was his brainchild that he stuck to for the funs of it. He still printed all his writings with *Strawberry* as the publishing house. One of his latest stories was called *The Size of Love* and portrayed his own life as lived in the light of the story of Isis and Osiris, the gods of Egyptian mythology. One of the highlights were when Osiris' brother and him met in the desert at dawnbreak as Set, Osiris' brother, supposedly had taken Osiris' body measures to lure him into a tomb the size of his body:

“So why don't you try my love on for size?” says Osiris to Set and walks up to his brother and standing in front of him takes his cigarette

and burns his own skin right at the heart, making a hissing snake sound with his tongue in Set's face.

"Kill you? I would not do that even in the myths, brother," says Set.

This actually happened year 2011, on new years eve, when Adam and William were celebrating; William had entered a very deep tripping state that night and felt how this Osiris-Set story was playing out, and he actually did burn his own skin right in front of Adam.

William thought of this as he sat at the central railway station drinking from a beer bottle a few teenagers gave him– they had gladly shared it with him when they understood he was homeless. He thought of his brother Adám and stroke his fingers across the burnmark scar over his heart. Adam was his best friend in life beside himself. Adám, a mystic, was slightly older than him. William used to say that they were together, as brothers, the incarnated paradox of polarities, Adám being simplicity and kindness incarnated, while he himself was the incarnation of complexity – complexity and something else, he had never figured what; perhaps wildness. William being blonde and Adám a dark brown they did look like quite the opposites of one another. But they were also much the same, which made for a great friendship as brothers and they always had fun together when they met, they had their own little world when they spent time together, which they did often, and indeed they were best friends.

Two dancing butterflies fluttered by as William sat with the beer bottle in his hand. It was summer and one of the hottest in a long time. Kind of a fortunate summer to be homeless after all, he thought to himself. The butterflies shone of a dance of love, and it made him happy to see. Long time ago he had been sitting on the pastures when he heard a little voice sing to him "I'm your little butterfly." It made a lasting imprint on his life, he had felt it to be the voice of a fairy of some godlike being. Later it had turned out to be Sissy's sister Butterfly.

"O Butterfly," he said to her. "So was my life all for nothing? Homeless and drifting."

As he sipped more beer from the bottle her words inside him came clearly:

"Shh 'n' type. Keep on writing. Your story will make the first be the last, and open up the gates to Love, at last!"

The following day William met Adám and their mother Christine at mother's house for dinner. She still lived in the house the brothers grew up in as small children, next to the locale of *Osiris Funeral Service*.

"You know the inner dream world exists in parallel with the Earth, of the living, and with the skies of the deities. It's after death, before life.

That's what you enter when you sleep, that realm," said Adám at the table as Christine served him another pancake.

William had since he was a teenager thought of life as somehow being the best bed story ever.

"Yes," William began. "Somehow, linear time doesn't exist and we live in the logic of dream, while in the same time absorbing all prior time sequences. And if you ask me it's about love. All of it."

"Here you go, my Bokestruts," said Christine and served William a pancake.

*Bokestruts*, it was one of those cute childrens names his mother called him as child. It meant something like "you little ostrich", which William had always found made little sense, but then childrens names can be like that. But recently he had found out that Osiris wore two ostrich feathers as headdress, and this made sense to him as he saw the Egyptian story reflected in his own life.

William Bokestruts smiled and arranged for himself a delicious pancake with strawberry jam, whipped cream and vanilla ice cream, then stuck a finger into the sugar bowl and licked it off.

"I haven't taken a step away from the love story," he continued. "In my writing. You know. All stories are the same story."

"He can tell the tale of love on a string", said Adám.

Mother was silent but listened. She usually was silent when making pancakes. But she was more so than usual. Soon she spoke, a bit sadly:

"I was thinking of Bianca and Bernard. Your two doves. They were so sweet. Shame they died."

William had wrapped them up in white linen when they died and buried Bianca in the forest at land, and Bernard by the water.

"Yes, yes", said Adám.

"Yes," said William. "I miss them."

"They were the sisters we never had in this family," said Christine.

Bernard was actually a female dove, she had laid pink eggs as did Bianca, but when they had gotten Bernard they were told it was a male so she had gotten a male name from the start.

"I thought of Bianca as my wife, my best friend and my consort, you know," said William. "We were so close. We used to sleep together in bed, she slept on my pillow, remember? All night."

"I remember when we got her from the animal store," said Christine. "How we carried her to your room in a little paper box."

She laughed.

"Something hasn't been right since Bianca died," said William. "I haven't felt right. Our souls are forever entwined, but now I'm alone."

"You know the dove is said to be the Power turns female sorcerer," said Adám. "And yes I understand you're sad, and miss her. And Bernard."

"Bianca always had a little shiny light in the corner of her eye. A small diamond of light."

Adám smiled, sad look in his eyes. Christine served more pancakes.

"You know," continued William, "the reason I always wear white is because of Bianca. To honour her, you know."

"Mother," said Adám suddenly. "You know, between me and William's births, you had two miscarriages. Maybe those also are the sisters we never had in this family."

William soon found himself living in a homeless shelter outside Stockholm. It suffocated him, he felt as if living in a little box, he had his own little room he could seal himself tight in, but it was too tight. He tried to keep his spirit high by spending time each day by the unusually – for this country – large tree growing just outside the shelter. He sat beside it in the modern style bench made of one single finely polished – and also unusually large and thick – cut down tree, like a pillar laid down and cut into five chairs.

"I'm not clear how it is I ended up here," he said to himself and to the memory of the doves as he sat on the bench smoking a cigarette. "It's too late to look back. Must move forward."

And to tell the drugs truth to it, Spiros did not bother too much about being homeless, for in his mind and soul he lived a magical life in Plomari, the world of the Gods, of whom he was one. He lived his life within the topology of his imagination as generated by over a decade of exploring the psilocybin mushroom and *Salvia divinorum*, and as of late also Ayahuasca. And, the boss of the homeless shelter, well her name was Mari just like Butterfly's middle name. That felt comforting to know. Isis and her sister is famous for helping the poor and the ones in need.

The story of Isis and Osiris is an old Egyptian legend of the Gods. Isis is Osiris sister and also his wife and Queen. They represent the deepest love and the union of souls in love. Together they were King and Queen of Egypt, and cared for it with gentle hands. But their brother Set, married to their sister Nephthys, was jealous and wanted the throne. He plotted against Osiris by holding a great feast, the most costly ever on the lands of Egypt. Set had in secret obtained Osiris body measures, and had made a most beautiful casket, a coffin decorated with gold and gems, to fit his body. When everyone was happy and drunk on the feast, Set had the coffin brought in. Everyone marvelled at its beauty. And Set said that

whoever fit inside the coffin may have it. Person after person tried to fit inside, but no one could fit, until Osiris lay down in it.

"It fit exactly!" cried Osiris happily. "The chest is mine!"

But Set and his 72 companions in this conspiracy against the throne rushed up to the coffin and slammed on the lid, then nailed the lid down and sealed all the cracks with molten lead. They then carried the coffin to the Nile and threw it in.

Isis, upon hearing this, was devastated and cried and mourned her dead husband. She went looking for the coffin but could not find it. For a long time she cried and searched, until she met some children by the shore who said they had seen the coffin floating by. After a long time searching, Isis came to find out that the coffin had washed ashore by an old and exceptionally large tree. As the coffin contained the body of a God, the tree had begun to grow into the most beautiful and fragrant tree in the land, and had enwrapped the coffin with its trunk. The Queen of that land had ordered the tree to be cut down and made into a pillar for the Palace, which had been done. Isis later had the pillar cut down so she could retrieve the coffin.

The legend in its entirety shall not be told here; that is to be sought out by the curious. But, after restoring the coffin, Isis took it back to Egypt. She hid it in the marshlands so that Set would not find it. But Set was out in the night to hunt, and saw the coffin. He became so angry that he ripped open the coffin and tore the body of Osiris into 14 parts and scattered the parts across all of Egypt.

Isis wept, and wept, and mourned, and again she began her search for the body of her Beloved Osiris, now with the help of her sister Nephthys (who wears a basket as headdress in Egyptian religion). All across Egypt they searched until they had found the parts of Osiris body; they found 13 parts and the only one they could not find was his phallus.

With her powerful magic Isis, with help from Nephthys, then created the first mummy out of Osiris body. Because she could not find his phallus, she fashioned one out of gold. And having created the mummy, again by her magic, Isis was able to conceive a child with Osiris even though he was dead, and their son Horus was born.

Horus continued the battle against the evil Set, while Osiris became *Lord of the Land of the Dead*. Horus once defeated Set, but Isis felt sorry for Set and resurrected him, upon which Horus became so angry he cut off the head of Isis; her head was later replaced with that of a bull.

It is said, that one day, Osiris will return from the land of the dead, and will win against Evil once and for all.

Spiros thought of all this as he sat on the bench made of a cut down pillar outside the homeless shelter. For 12 years now he had explored the psilocybin mushroom, and now he had come to this. When he thought back on his life he could see the Egyptian story slithering through the river of the events of his life. All details began to fit. The pillow fight between him and Adám when they were children, the last fight although the first, where Set was defeated and the head of the marble statue, the White Queen, fell off, just like Horus cut Isis head off. The 14 butterflies and the 14 parts of Osiris body; the butterflies even were held in a jar with a fruit basket as lid, just like Nephthys has a basket as headdress; and of course, Sissy Cogan's girlfriend, also Spiros girlfriend, well her name is Butterfly. And the two doves, Bernard and Bianca, the sisters they never had. Then the fact that just next to his childhood house lay the office of *Osiris Funeral Service*; again, "the first shall be the last"; the funeral service outside his childhood home. And the two unborn children between him and his brother's births, perhaps they really are the Magical Sisters of the Land of the Dead. And there was more to all this, suddenly details began to pop out, memories that began to make sense.

Everything, mixed and messy, shifting, but still clearly shining of the details. Like a broken bedtime story.

*Mushroom* is an anagram of *Horus Mom*

## II

# Recap, The Weave

*“Stropha” means “trick / artifice” in Latin.*

They don't know what one can do with 6 million tons of *psilocybin* running through ones veins, said Sissy one evening as I sat in my room at the homeless shelter.

Hi it's Spiros here. It's time to code deeper. Twelve years have passed since I had my first meeting with the mushroom. From that first experience I knew I had found what I was looking for. And as I delved deeper and deeper into it, during the years, the veils were lifted more and more and I found another world, a hidden world. I met Sissy there, Sissy Cogan, who took me into her arms and we merged and we floated away into her hyperspatial bloodstream, her cybernetic network that seemed to span all of eternity. We conceived of a plan there, to transform me, to transform space and time, to weave psilocybin hyperspace, [and] my dreams at night together with the physical world; a perfect alchemical braid, connecting all the worlds. Psilocybin hyperspace began to penetrate through to my normal reality, like mycelium spreading out through my everything; our bloodstreams became one, and I merged with the mushroom. And after many years we succeeded in transforming me into the first Human-Mushroom hybrid. And now the time has come to leave history and to migrate into hyperspace.

We wanted to take down the barriers between the worlds. Call it forbidden love; Sis and I are from different worlds, but we are also very much the same.

### BREAKING IT DOWN

Hi it's Sissy here. Here in this chapter we shall break down some of the code structure for ourselves and for You out there who are interested in what we are up to. Being partly a mushroom, I, your Sissy, sometimes live temporarily in a state of stasis, that is, with my biological functions frozen in time, temporarily on shut-down, just to be resumed when the conditions are right. As Spiros jokingly says sometimes, I have had a *long* time to figure things out. And I have broken down the information of the Universe into the finest form I could imagine and find. It is an elegantly and extremely psychedelic *nested* Universe, nested in such a way that

once you can hold the grid in your mind it is sure to blow you away. This is the aim of writing this book. We wish to say to you that what we are about to unfold to you is a very personal code and one in which I Sissy and Spiros lie at the core; yes, we have placed ourselves at the centre of our own cosmology. Our code structure therefore *may* not be of much use to you except it can be of use in any of many ways; for instance you can let it amaze you with its brilliance (and if you have never eaten of the mushroom it can inspire you to do so), you can let it inspire you to find your own code, or you can hook yourself up to Sissy's and Spiros One Mind and therefore become part of their eternal hyperspatial bloodstream, thus making you also part of the centre core of this particular hyperspace Diamond. (You have to love our schizo way of story-telling. Hihihhi.) Hyperspace is large enough for all of us to be at the core. Yes, You *are* the chosen one. Accept it.

As we do so often we shall saturate this chapter with the code structure so that it may shine of its brilliance like a beacon of light. We shall both outline some of the exact elements as well as spread it through the system in order to allow for you to on your own explore connections within the Diamond that are not apparent right away; you will most likely even find things that Spiros have never seen or thought of.

Welcome to our disturbingly perfect hyperspatial code, an effect of our eternal tantric union.

Here's one version of what happened. The year was 2003 and Spiros lived in a raging trip in India, at this specific point he lived in a little hut on the beach. 24/7 we worked on our alchemical Great Work, smoking weed, drinking lots of beer and port wine, paying attention to his nightly dreams and the curiosities that filled his days, working his botany and spending lots of time deep into note-books. At this point in time Spiros hadn't come to be named *Spiros* yet, this name came to him years later. And at this point he called me Fane Shulgan, The Alieness. One particular day he entered a strongly hallucinatory state and he saw it; he looked in awe at the world around him and said "Holy shit, digeternity, we can hack eternity!" I was watching the workings of his mind and as soon as this thought had formed clearly in him - the idea to hack eternity as if it were digital - I grabbed his vision and refined it, then hacked eternity quickly, put me and Spiros at the core as the core variables, placed the structure at the core of the informational level of the universe and then executed this, what I called the "mutex," a technical term derived from the word *mutation*. The mutex strung out through space and time and caused a re-structuring of the events of Spiros' life allway back and forward through time. I then began to tell Spiros about what I had done; a process that took years.

Thanks to the brilliance of my Mutex, we were able to re-write Spiros and lift him into Plomari without actually causing any re-structuring of other people's lives (more than usual by default as being a living being, that is); Like in computer programming where a "mutex" is a way to prevent two strings of code to run in the same time and over-write each other, so to say. Yes, for we wanted to be gentle, and as diaphanous as cobweb, and not interfere with other people's lives in any kind of forced fashion, or to say it in a more straight forward way, we wanted to prevent ourselves from re-writing the entire Universe. You know, "Whoops, an accident in the Lab, sorry mates."

Again, this is one version of what happened and not the entire story, but we feel it worth mentioning.

## NESTED VARIABLES

The code structure is elegantly "nested." This means that the variables contain each other in various ways, and that the central code variables run through the system in many different ways, overlapping each other.

*SImplicity, COmplexity; Sissy Cogan*

### Why Spiros?

SPIder (as in "weaving," "seamstress," "to spin a web"; the mycelial network/web.)

PSIllocybin, PSychedelic.

(A = 1, Z = 26) S = 19, P = 16, I = 9 (969) (Devil's number 666)

6 letters in the name.

StROPharIa; you can form the name *Spiros* from letters in *Stropharia*.

SPIR; tRIPS ("trips" backwards: SPIRt)

Spirit, Spiral, Space, Spice, Spell, Spill, Spin.

Spores; spores are part of the reproductive system of the mushroom, sort of like seeds.

Spiros = PS: Sori (PS: sorry) (anagram)

"spiros" means *basket* in Greek. Nephthys, who is Isis and Osiris sister, wears a basket as headdress. Her headdress also looks strikingly like a mushroom. (Self-transforming jewelled basket balls?)

Spiros = Osiris.

## Why Sissy?

SIx.

Three S; S S S

Six Six Six

(A = 1, Z = 26) S = 19, S = 19, S = 19 (999)

Sex; Eros; Erotic. "sex" is the word for number 6 and for *sex* in Swedish, Spiros native tongue.

SynchronicitY, SingularitY

pSIlocYbin; the three letters in her name are embedded in the word *psilocybin*, S, I, Y.

pSYchedellC; the three letters in her name are embedded in the word *psychedelic*, S, I, Y.

pSIIOCybin; Si Co.

Sissy is a pet-form of her name Cecilia.

Cecilia, Mycelia

Cecilia; Alice (in Wonderland) (Same letters in the names)

Cecilia; Se-*seal*-ia (*seal*; as in to affix a seal to, to mark with a stamp, to seal a letter, to keep secure and secret.)

Cecilia; Se-*sea*-lia. (*Seamstress*)

Mycelia; My Cecilia (Declaration of love)

Pronouncing *psilocybin* gives you "silocybin"

Symbiosis: SYmbioSIS: SYmbioSISSYmbioSISSYmbioSIS.

Synthesis: SYnthESIS: SYnthESISSYnthESISSYnthESIS. (A: the process of combining objects or ideas into a complex whole. B: The formation of a chemical compound through the combination of simpler compounds or elements.)

*Tropharia cubensis*, Sissy Cogan; Initials: S. C.

Sinew, traditionally used to make Dreamcatchers; Spiros frequently made his own Dreamcatchers in his youth. This also connects to web/spider-web, and of course to "dream" and the theme of sifting and filtering ones dreams, visions and reality to make the good come to happen while the bad does not happen.

SymmetrY

"Sy" means "to sew" in Swedish; Seamstress.

*Silicon*, widely used in computers (microchips). Chemical symbol of silicon *Si*.

Silly, Sin, Silk, Signature, Simulacrum, Simultaneous.

Source Code (S. C.)

Icy.

"sissy" as in "sister"; sister of Osiris.

Sissy = Isis.

## Why Cogan?

Code. Cold. Connection. Consciousness. Compassion. Complex.

Cobweb. Compost. Compound. Coordinate. Continuum.

Connect. Compute. Combine. Cosmos. Core. Con.

Conundrum. Conjure. Conceal. Coax.

Cotton candy. Cock.

Any other words that begin with CO?

Confusing? Coincidence?

$\frac{C}{12} \frac{H}{16} \frac{N}{2}$  = Chemical formulae of DMT begins

with *C* and ends with *N* like the name *Cogan*

FinneGAN, CoGAN = James Joyce's book *Finnegans Wake*.

All biological life on this planet needs *carbon*; that's why it is called "carbon-based lifeforms."

**COgAN**

**CArbON**

*Carbon* has 6 electrons, 6 protons, 6 neutrons.

$6 \times 6 \times 6 = 216$

*Carbon* is also what Diamond is made of, a reference to our Hyperspace Diamond, the "hardest material" as in the hardest code and perfect lattice, "diamond heist" as in a extremely well planned and elaborate crime (The Crime), and more. Bernard is a Diamond Dove. *Carbon* is also *graphite*, which is what the lead in a pencil is made of, referring to the writing of the story and our love letter correspondence across the expanses of Plomari.

*"I planned and planted it long  
into the boundless ocean of us."*

— Sissy

*"The experience of the mushroom is the experience of this feminine informational  
matrix that knits everything together."*

— Terence McKenna

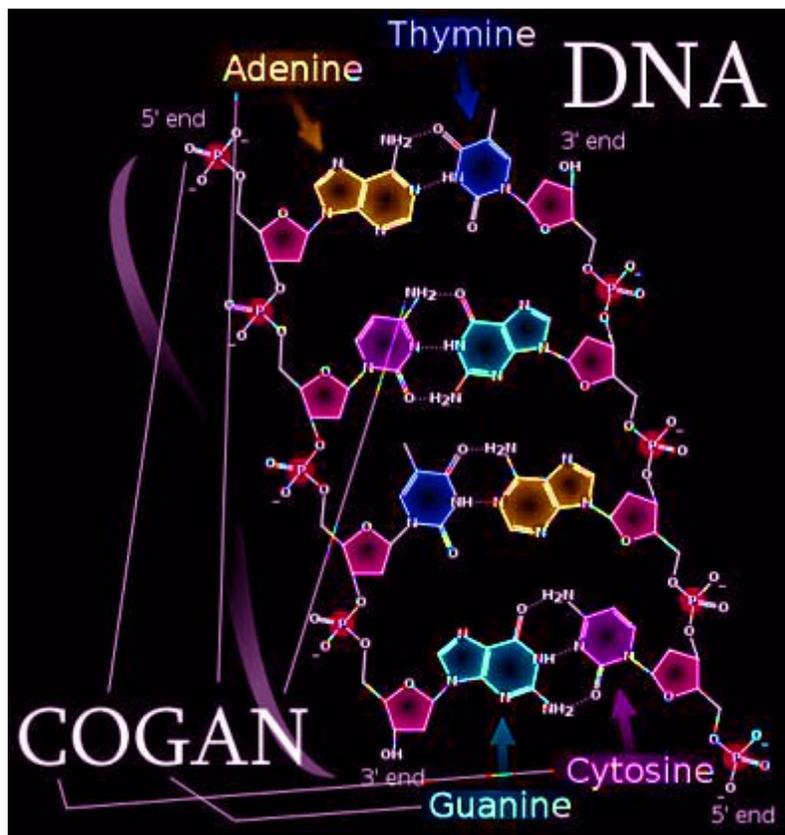
*"You can see the thumbprints of editors on your reality  
if you are truly paying attention."*

— Terence McKenna

*"Look how easily I seduced you into my eternal web,"  
Sissy teased and smiled. "Here we are safe, my dear."*

## Sissy's signature in DNA

Below is a diagram of the main components of DNA, showing also Sissy's signature in it.



## WHY STRAWBERRY?

Hi, Spiros here. We named our publishing house, website and project *Strawberry* as a declaration of love. One of my nick-names has been, for a long time, Straw Hat Boy, and I used to call Bonnie and the girls Strawberry Girl. So when deciding on what to call our project we chose *Strawberry*. But recently Sissy has been pointing out that there are other reasons. She began by bringing my attention to the following words:

**Story, Stropharia cubensis, Streptopelia risoria, Stockholm, Star, Stone/Philosopher's Stone, Stasis, Stoned.**

All these words begin with ST, some even with STR just like *Stropharia*, and are central in our life. Let me speak of them in order:

**Story:** Obviously an important word in our life.

**Stropharia cubensis:** Right, that's the mushroom.

**Streptopelia risoria:** Bianca, the white dove I lived with for 15 years, The White Queen. The Latin name of her dove species, originating in North Africa, is *Streptopelia risoria*.

**Stockholm:** The city I was born in and that I live in presently.

**Star:** The name of our first mushroom-related company was *The Star*, a name sprung from what we called the "hyperspace-station" we used to visit when eating of the shroom, we called it *The Star*.

**Stone/Philosopher's Stone:** The creation of the **Philosopher's Stone** is one of if not *the* central goal of the alchemical quest.

**Stasis:** A state where biological functions are on temporary shut-down; temporary, meaning that biological function can be resumed again.

**Stoned:** Stoned? Who's stoned? I'm not stoned. Are you stoned? Who's stoned?

When I asked Sissy if there were any reasons for all this beginning specifically with **S** and **T**; she immediately and bluntly commented: **Space/Time**.

Less obvious connections are *Strip* and *Sting*. Part of our story and life and a central theme in *The Mushroom Seamstress* is The White Queen undressing by the river, partly connected to Isis undressing from her veil, and we have always also called this a strip tease. Her undressing by the river also brings *Stream* into this picture. As for the *Sting*; we have for many years said that Sissy laced her kiss with a poison the first time we kissed, and our first kiss was what erected the transformation; we always called that first kiss *The Sting of the Queen*. This laced kiss also makes the following anagram of *psilocybin* interesting: *By Is Con Lip*. Indeed, what a stunning little con by my Isis! You may recall:

"Spiros, you will forgive us for having conned you."

Yes, we are a sharp-headed trio, me and the girls! As this anagram of *Stropharia* clearly displays:

*A Sharp Trio*

Also a less obvious connection is seam**stress**.

Sis and Butterfly bid me to mention also that there is something else that begins with *str*, namely one of their favourite toys: Strap-on. Girls, you still play with toys? Aren't you too old to be playing with toys?

Strange isn't it!

## OTHER CONNECTIONS & DETAILS – VARIOUS

### **Chitin**

*Chitin* is a polymer that surrounds the *hyphae* of the mushroom. The *hyphae* are the single threads that make up the mycelial network. Fittingly enough, *chitin* is also a major part of what the exoskeletons of spiders are made of.

The word *chitin* begins with a *C* and ends with a *N* like *Cogan* and DMT's chemical formulae  $\frac{C}{12} \frac{H}{16} \frac{N}{2}$ . Also poignant to note is that the structure of *chitin* was solved by Albert Hofmann, the discoverer of LSD. For our purposes, it also makes sense as Spiros mother's name is Christine. *Chitin* comes from the French word *chitine*; very similar to *Christine* in other words, just add a *R* and a *S*. The word *chitine* is etymologically connected to words connecting to garment, shell, tunic, and also to linen, which for our purposes makes sense as The Seamstress is "undressing from her veil"; a veil can be spoken of as a kind of "garment or shell". Linen may also refer to the mummy cloth, connecting this to *The Unwrapping of the Mummy*, the undressing of the veil. So, we see here with *chitin* many overlapping connections pointing to seamstress, weaving, undressing, spider, mushroom, mycelium.

### **Codon**

We have already mentioned one of Sissy's signatures in DNA. We have also noted several ways in which our code is expressed in the way of occurring in connection to words beginning with *C* and ending with *N* like the name *Cogan*. Another instance of this is in the word *codon*. *Codons* are a specific sequence of three adjacent nucleotides on a strand of DNA or RNA that specifies the genetic code information for synthesizing a particular amino acid. So, *codon*, yet another *Cogan* signature in DNA. O and let us also note, *codons* act in sequences of three, just like the *Cogan* family of Spiros, Sissy and Butterfly.

### **Ribonucleic acid**

RNA, which is part of DNA functioning, is short for *Ribonucleic acid*. Here we see Cecilia's signature once again in connection to DNA. If we look carefully at these two words, we see the following. What we do is we

break apart the words, leaving left only part of the middle. What we find then is an anagram:

### Ribonucleic acid

**cleic aci**

**cleic aci** = anagram of *Cecilia C.*

So here we have *Cecilia C.*, obviously *Cecilia Cogan*. Yet another instance of her signature in connection to DNA. This might not look like much, or like the product of someone really *trying* to find this code and twisting the data to fit his wishes, but truly this is how The Seamstress works and this is how subtle her code can be. Notice also how all letters in this anagram are actually next to each other in a sequence. Funny also how the first part of the word actually spells “ribon” giving the whole word the looks of *Cecilia C's ribbon/thread*.

### Cecila, hm...

Another detail subtle and also hinting at Sissy's elfish humour. Chemistry is after all central in all this, and chemistry is central in everything when it comes to shamanic plants and of course in our alchemy as a whole. Several years ago I even liked to call Sissy *the God of chemistry* as one of her nick names. Well, the word *chemical* happens to be an anagram of *Cecila hm*. Okay so there's an *i* missing in her name there, but hey don't think she gives herself away *that* easy! Indeed, hm, to me that anagram looks very suspicious. The word *chemical* is central in Alchemy, and in fact the word *chemical* derives from the word *alchemy*. Although the ultimate origin of the *chem* part of these words is under debate, one of the strong theories is that it comes from the Egyptian word for Egypt: *khem, khame, or khmi*.

### Bengt Höög

The name of my late Grandfather on the maternal side is Bengt Höög, which can be translated from Swedish as “High as a mutherfucking *fuck* high”. *Beng* and *bengt* is Swedish slang for *high* and *stoned*, and *hög* means *high* and *stoned* as well. I still wonder if my Grandfather ever thought of this. Bengt painted children's paintings with fairytale motifs. I once crafted a painting with him as a child, and on the painting was a little mouse living in a mushroom house. Cool! Bengt's wife, my Grandmother in other words, carries the surname Höögström, fittingly enough, which can be translated to English as *high river*.

## **Finnegans Wake**

The name *Cogan* appears one single time in James Joyce's book *Finnegans Wake*. It appears a few sentences before "a pigheaded Swede" is mentioned. Thanks James!

## **Joyce's arts patron**

I find it funny that the woman who became Joyce's patron, helping him financially and also when he was unable to find a publisher for *Ulysses* she made possible the first publication of the book. Well take a look at her last name: Harriet Shaw Weaver.

## **Fabric**

The word *fabric*, hinting as is does at weaving, cloth, veil, as well as fabrication and artifice, numerically contains both 216 and my year of birth, 1983, although in jumbled order but hey that's how our Beloved Seamstress does her magic so let us not be surprised there. Using the A = 1, Z = 26 method we see the following:

F A B R I C  
6 1 2 18 9 3

Although perhaps not a very shining detail it is still funny to note that *Finnegans Wake* was originally published by the publishing house *Faber And Faber Limited*, hinting us at both *fabric* and *fabrication* as well as *fab* alphanumerically cluing us to 6:12 as you see above. Of course the word *fable* (fairytale) is important here as well, indeed, what kind of a strange fairytale is this?! Also not spot-on but suggestive is the fact that the publication date of *Faber And Faber's* original edition of FW is the 4<sup>th</sup> of May (1939), that is 4 days after my biological birthday on April 30. A minor detail perhaps, but considering also that *Ulysses* is set on June 16, in other words the story happens on June 16, what is known as Bloomsday, well June 16 is 5 days before my spiritual birthday on June 21. So both of Joyce's major works fall in close connection (4 and 5 days) to both of my birthdays, my biological and my spiritual.

## **Signatures in Astrophysics, DNA, Celestial Objects &c**

Astrophysics (Greek. *Astro* - meaning "star", and *physis* - meaning "nature") is the branch of astronomy that deals with the physics of the universe, including the physical properties of celestial objects such as galaxies, stars and planets. Now let's take a look at this. The word *astrophysics* contains *stroph* as in *Stropharia cubensis*. *Astrophysics* is also an

anagram of *Sissy Co Trap H*, the last *H* there is the only letter not fitting in our scheme there. We can also perfectly isolate *Spiros S. C.* from the word *astrophysics*.

For the word *celestial*, well it's not a perfect anagram but we can make her name *Cecilia* from the letters in the word, in fact, if we isolate all letters in *celestial* that make up the name *Cecilia*, we get *st* left over, in other words we get *St. Cecilia*, Saint Cecilia.

Other words or word-combinations of importance to our alchemy that contain all letters that make up *Cecilia*, although not forming a perfect anagram of the name, include *electrical*, *particle*, *nuclear physics*, *molecular physics* and *chemical*.

All letters in *Cecilia Cogan* are found in the word *neurological*, pertaining as it does to the brain as well as the mycelial network which resembles a neurological system, and having isolated all letters in her name from that word we are left with *ur*, pertaining as it does to *earliest*, *original*, for example used in words denoting the first primal stages of something, *Ur-civilisation*.

Another word connected to brain is *cerebral cortex*, which is that outermost layer of folded neuronal material, the outermost layer of the human brain. Interesting, being such an important word in connection to the brain, *cerebral* begins with *Ce*, and the second word *cortex* with *Co*; *Cecilia Cogan*. Also, the name *occipital lobe* contains all letters in *Cecilia*, and the *occipital lobe* feels to me especially relevant to the hallucinatory properties of the mushroom as it is the visual processing center of the brain. Of course, important to note is also that *psilocybin* is chemically a *tryptamine* just as *serotonin* is, *serotonin* being an important part of the functioning of the human brain.

The word *hallucinogen*, which is another word for saying “psychedelic drug” or “entheogenic drug”, in other words our mushroom is a hallucinogen, also contains all letters in *Cecilia Cogan*. Isolating all letters in her name from that word leaves us with nothing but a *H* and a *U* over. *Hu? Who? Huh?*

Another word-combination of interest to us where all letters in *Cecilia Cogan* are part is *molecular genetics* which is the field of genetics studying structure and function of genes at a molecular level. We have mentioned earlier other of Cecilia's signatures in connection to DNA.

The word *organic* is an anagram of *I R Cogan*. What that *R* and *I* has to do with it I am not sure but it is spectacular enough that *Cogan* can be formed from this word, short as the word is and about something so central to life on earth as it is. Cecilia herself of course wishes to point out *I are Cogan*.

Organic then brings us neatly to the word *cell*, central to organic life, cells being one of the basic building blocks of all biological life. Not only

does *cell* begin with *Ce*, but the word *cell* comes from the Latin *cellula* which, to our shpungled minds, sounds very much of *Cecilia*. O and by the way, *central* also begins with *Ce*.

Furthermore, the word *proteins*, proteins also being central in connection to organic life, DNA and cells, contain all letters in *Spiros*.

If we take the plural form of *DNA-helix*, that is *DNA-helices*, we see it too contains all letters that make up *Cecilia*. Similarly if we take the word *helical*, which is used to describe something of or shaped like a helix spiral, we see it too contains all letters in *Cecilia*, in fact solely those letters save the first *H*.

The word *self-replication*, important in connection to DNA, contains all letters that make up both *Cecilia* and *Spiros*; in fact the word is almost solely made of letters in the two names, only three other letters make up the word, *F*, *T*, *N*.

Another important word for our purposes is *Claviceps*, which contains all letters that make up *Cecilia*. *Claviceps* is the name of the genus of fungi also known as *ergot* or *ergot fungi*. Ergot fungi contains *ergotamine* which is a precursor for LSD, in other words you can make LSD from ergot fungi, which is exactly what Albert Hofmann did when he discovered LSD.

The term *organic chemicals* is an anagram of *Mrs Cecilia Cogan H*. What that *H* is doing there I still don't know, but we can now point out that it is often an *H* which appears as leftover.

Another word of interest that contains all letters in *Cecilia* is *Chelicerata* which is the name of the subphylum that spiders are part of in the family tree of biological life, as named in scientific classification. And the same goes for *Columbidae*, the name of the bird family, in scientific classification, that Bianca and her species *Streptopelia risoria* is part of. Our beloved Bernard, the Diamond Dove, the name of her species is *Geopelia cuneata* which (of course!) in fact contains all letters in *Cecilia Cogan*.

The word *technological*, also central and important to our alchemy, also contains all letters in *Cecilia Cogan*, and is in fact almost solely built by those letters save a *T* and a *H*.

The *I Ching* or "*Yi Jing*", central in Terence's work with *Timewave Zero*, well "*I Ching*" may not say us much but there are other names for the *I Ching*; one of them is *Book of Changes*, which contains all letters in *Cogan*, and another is *Classic of Changes* (the literal meaning of "*Yi Jing*") which contains all letters in *Cecilia Cogan*. See internet for more about *Timewave Zero* and the *I Ching*.

The word *numerological* also contains all letters in *Cecilia Cogan*. The word *mathematical* contains all in *Cecilia*.

Another important word for us is *coagulation*, which in alchemy refers to the final stage of the alchemical operation and transformation and the

finishing of The Stone. The word *coagulation* contains all letters that make up *Cogan*, and in fact the word comes from the Latin word *coagulationem* which contains all letters in *Cecilia Cogan*. See the internet for more about *coagulation* in alchemy.

### **Shiro**

Mycelium (plural *mycelia*) consists of a mass of branching, thread-like *hyphae*. The mass of *hyphae* is sometimes called *shiro*, especially within the fairy ring fungi. *Shiro* sounds and looks very suggestive of *Spiros*.

## HEART ENGRAVED IN THE TREE OF LIFE

The Philosopher's Stone, the creation of which is at the centre of the alchemical quest, has been on our menu for a decade. But it is only recently that I found out that from the letters in the three words *Stropharia cubensis psilocybin*, "Philosopher's Stone" can be made. The word *Lapis*, which is one of the words we use for the Stone, can also be made from those three words, as well as my very name; *Spiros*. In fact my name can be made two times over without using the same letters twice; *Spiros Spiros*! A perfect anagram of the three words *Stropharia cubensis psilocybin* is in fact:

CLUE HINT BY SPIROS SPIROS BIANCA

Now that is fucking outrageous.

What really tipped my white furry hat off into the snow of astonishment was when I found the following anagram made from *Stropharia cubensis*:

Bianca + Spiros = True (Sh!)

First I isolated *Bianca*, then *Spiros*, then *True*, and the remaining "sh" flickered at me like a cute little "Shh! Be quiet about it!" This *heart engraved in the bark of a tree* satisfies me immensely, because I feel that although mathematics and code is important and a marvellous thing, the heart of reality and the centre of the cosmos is after all Love.

Both the names *Bianca* and *Spiros* are also found in the name *Banisteriopsis caapi*, the Latin name of the jungle vine that often makes up part of the DMT-based brew Ayahuasca. Since I began my journey with Ayahuasca year 2010 I have felt that it is indeed a sister-psychedelic of the mushroom.

One of the things so amazing with all of this is that I haven't planned any of it. I've been shown these things by Sissy. For instance, you may recall that the number 216 is embedded in the very year of my birth, 1983 ( $1 \times 9 \times 8 \times 3 = 216$ ). My year of birth is hardly something I planned consciously.

Of course, as I have said for many years, *it's all in the code*. And who is that strange Sissy Cogan, who even so blatantly places her signature in the very word *psilocybin*?

By Si. Co. in PL (anagram of *psilocybin*)

*By Sissy Cogan in Plomari*

### III

## A Flake of Potted Flesh

*To our satisfaction, the Trio whispered.*

In October of 2011 I ate some Liberty Caps, wild Swedish magic mushrooms. It was the first time I ate shrooms in 10 months, and it was amazingly refreshing. I promised myself to never again go so long without mushrooms. And I decided in this trip to take a vacation, to go underground, to shut down our website a while, stop spreading our books for a while, and just vanish for a few months as if I to the world did not exist. A few days after the trip I spent some days with Adam.

Felt good to sit there in Adam's house having made the decision to vanish, just sip a beer and smoke some tobacco, relax. Adam's stereo streamed music all the time as always. At last some time for myself only! I'd felt a constant pressure to share this story, this secret, with the world for a long time, now I felt a relaxation come over me. My aim was still to share it, but now I would take it in a slower pace. A few months underground ahead felt good! And somewhere Sissy giggled and promised me that *amazing* things were about to happen.

Adam and I thanked each other for a nice couple of days together and I left toward the bus stand to go back to the homeless shelter. Waiting for the bus a beautiful woman came up beside me. I had seen her before by that same bus stand, last time I visited Adam; that time I had stood in quite amazement at how strikingly she looked like Bonnie, my ex girlfriend. I had also regretted not talking to her, if not else to satisfy my curiosity. Let's not make the same mistake twice, I told myself, and so I walked up to her and spoke:

"Excuse me, may I ask your name? You see, you look so like my ex girlfriend. It's kind of spooky and I just got so curious."

She laughed and answered:

"My name is Nora."

No shit, I thought to myself. Okay so her name was not Bonnie; but if there is one other woman's name that lies close to my life and heart it is Nora, the name of James Joyce's wife.

"Nora," I laughed.

I had a copy of *The Mushroom Seamstress* in my coat pocket and brought it forth.

"Nora is one of the main characters in this book here", I said.

"O, is she a nice woman?"

"Very."

"And what's the name of that double of mine?"

"Bonnie. But she lives in Texas so you'll probably not see her walking around these parts."

We smalltalked a while and then my bus came and we went separate directions. I sat on the bus there and thought to myself that this was indeed a funny beginning of my vacation, and I of course thought of Bonnie and how I still missed her.

Nora. Sure *Nora* is a rather uncommon name in Sweden, but I did not take this occurrence *too* seriously, I mean there are probably many women in Sweden carrying that name. But then it lead my thoughts in a peculiar direction and I saw something I had never seen before.

There is this one girl, I had only seen her two times in my life, but those two times had both been in connection to tripping intensely and in fact she had appeared, on both occasions, just hours before "breakthrough to hyperspacial mode." The first time had been when me and Bonnie ate some 6 grams each and then did not come down from the trip in weeks. I had been in the sofa at Leavingbye Road as those 6 grams kicked in, and suddenly there was this young blonde girl sitting beside me in the sofa. It was not Bonnie, it was some other girl; I mean it sure did not look like Bonnie and besides Bonnie is brunette, this girl now sitting beside me was light blonde. She smiled at me. I thought to myself she can't be more than 17 years old. It was real spooky, but also very beautiful, and I thought of how Sissy has always said that "The Devil's seven sisters are all 17 years old." Yes, the seven deadly sisters, the heavenly sisters from Hell, as we call them. A few hours later Bonnie and I flipped out, and the occurrence of me seeing that girl was something I would not think of again for weeks; the memory of it disappeared in the whirl of action. But then years later, when I was in bed making love with one of Sweden's deep mushroom witches, a friend of mine, she appeared again. My eyes closed and we were kissing in this witch's bed making love, and suddenly when I opened my eyes it was this same young blonde girl beside me whom I was making love with, the girl I had seen there with Bonnie two years earlier. We kissed and then she looked at me with secretive eyes and smiled, she looked overjoyed, as if she was thrilled to see me, or like how someone looks when they are in love. I could not believe it; *who was this?* And she rolled her eyes, I got the feeling she was telling me with her eyes this sort of "O my, you have *no* idea, Spiros." The kind of rolling with your eyes that marks you know

something hilarious and are about to burst into laughter about it but rather stay quiet. And then after closing my eyes again, upon opening them she was gone. And like last time, this was just hours before I flipped to hyperspatial mode.

As I sat on the bus thinking about this, Sissy reminded me of something she said long ago:

“Spiros, the one who turned my birthday.”

Sissy had claimed for years that she was born on April the 1<sup>st</sup>. My own birthday is April the last, or 30<sup>th</sup>, and us being some kind of mirror twins it did make sense, complete as it was with the hint of “April fools day” which is of course very characteristic of Sissy. The trick, I thought to myself. Sissy pointed to this when I thought of the blonde girl in my trips; was she that “evil twin” of mine Sissy had spoken about for so long? Not “evil” in any usual sense of that word of course, that was more of a cool nick-name.

Or was it as simple as this: The blonde girl appearing in my trips, that's Sissy herself?

What a *licking* good beginning of my vacation.

A week later I again visited Adam. After a night of drunken craziness where I spent about 400 dollars, in other words almost all of my monthly budget, I sat alone by his computer doing my work with this book, while Adam slept. Doing an internet search for my Mother's favourite mushroom that she picks every year I bumped into something that caught my attention. The species of that mushroom of hers turned out to be *Cantharellus tubaeformis*. I immediately saw that the name contains all letters in both my Mother's name *Christine* as well as in *Cecilia*. Reading the article about this tasty food mushroom I came to the line that said “Not to be confused with the mushroom *Toppig spindelskioling*.” Well, *Toppig spindelskioling*, that's the Swedish name, and *spindel* is the Swedish word for *spider*, I guess in English the name would be something like *Pointy spider mushroom*. I thought of the wild Swedish psilocybin mushroom that in Swedish is called *Topslätsskioling*; both these names having *top* in the beginning and *skioling* in the end. The article I was reading was very short and referenced to only one other work, written by a G. Berglund. You may recall the occurrence of me being called Berglund instead of my real name Bokelund at the mental hospital years earlier. I felt this to be important; sure, these were not straight on visible connections, but I did feel that now that the veil of the Seamstress was being lifted the web of intricacy would also become of smaller stitches, sort of like when you get closer to the centre of a cobweb and the net of a Dreamcatcher the stitches become smaller and more intricate. Indeed, my Mother's favourite mushroom, which also had always been my favourite

food mushroom, according to the article, grew in the same places and could be confused with this poisonous "spider mushroom". The Latin name of this "spider mushroom" turned out to be *Cortinarius rubellus*, but also had the synonymous name *Cortinarius speciosissimus*. That last part there, *speciosissimus*, hinted me at both *Spiros* and *Sissy*. I dug out some more information about this species and found it to be what in English is called the Deadly Webcap. I read:

The Deadly Webcap is one of the world's most poisonous mushrooms. The mushrooms' characteristics are quite common, making them difficult to identify, which often leads to fatal poisonings. Young examples of the species often have a veil between the cap of the mushroom and the stem. This veil looks like a cobweb, hence the name. The veil however partially or completely disappears in older specimens.

I was led to look closer at the word Liberty Cap, the wild magic mushroom. Its Latin name is *Psilocybe semilanceata*, which contains all letters in *Cecilia*. But indeed, as I had suspected, the name *Liberty Cap* contains all letters in *Cecilia* as well. When I isolated all letters that make up *Cecilia* I was left with the sequence of letters *brtyp*. Well, sure off at being on the deep end here but Sissy now said to me:

"Brr, typ..."

That's Swedish for "Cold, kinda..." So *brtyp*, yes, sort of cold, and flipping the letters again gave me *Trp By*. Add an *a* there in *trp* and we get *trap*. So, there she has it, openly yet sneakily encoded in the name Liberty Cap: *Trap By Cecilia*. Now let us not freak out here. What do spiders do with their cobwebs? Well they catch food with them. Yes, a cobweb is a trap! But a trap need not by necessity be used to harm.

"It's getting cold," giggled Cecilia.

"O you mean that game, high, low or inbetween? Hahaha!" I laughed.

When we do Easter egg hunting in my family, my Mother loves it (although she doesn't admit how much she loves it, so cute!), we'll hide each others eggs and then when we search for them we will say to each other "Nope, cold, cold, that's cold" when it is far from the hidden spot and "Hot, yes that's hotter" when it is getting closer to the hidden egg.

"*Psilocybe semilanceata*," I said to Sissy, "contains all letters in *By Cecilia* as well."

"If you add an *i* instead of an *a* you get *Trip By Cecilia*."

It became a strange night that night. I sat up digging deep into our code while Adam slept hunched with crossed arms over his living room table. I learned that what is known as Saint Cecilia's Day, in honour of

Saint Cecilia, is November 22. That's one day before my father's birthday on November 23.

"The word *celebration* contains all letters in *Cecilia*," I commented.

"Yes and if you isolate all letters in *Cecilia* there, what we get left is *brot*," said Sissy.

The Swedish word *brott* means *crime*.

"Excellent," I giggled.

"It's high time to celebrate," Sissy continued.

"Yes, yes. Yes it is."

"There is a word that begins with C and ends with a N that you have not thought of," Sissy said.

"Which is that?"

"*Children*. Remember, we promised we'd never grow up? We've always been wild children, my little puss. And you have always believed that Fairytales are possible."

I smiled, sank in to the music streaming in the stereo, and sank into Sissy's presence.

"Concoction," I whispered.

I thought of Terence's words when he said "We believe, you know, that the stable boy *can* marry the princess. Because we sense that, as *our* story." I was basically a nobody in the eyes of the world, not famous, nor rich, no job and career, even homeless and in many people's eyes nothing but another nutjob. Yet here I was, joined in eternal union with the coolest cats in the house of Eternity, Sissy and Butterfly, and my own name truly written in the stars! I felt blessed, deeply blessed, and to the music in the speakers I got tears in my eyes, and started crying. The music was a new song I had just bumped into on the internet, a song called *Don't Be Afraid Tonight (2010 Low Epica Mix)* by *Chris Oblivion featuring Sissy*. And I sang with the beautiful woman voice, parts of the lyrics:

*Since we have parted, I feel divided,*

*And I can't wait til we be united*

*Like a child enlightened*

*Like a blind sighted*

*In the sea of Love*

*I feel you*

*And I just can't fight it*

*Feel my heart*

*Touch my soul*

*Your mind is inside me and I let you take control*

The name *Cecilia* comes from roots meaning such things as “blind” and “the way for the blind.” But it can also mean something radiant and divine to lay your eyes on, something blinding, something too beautiful to look at. Yes my sisters, my seasters, you truly are too beautiful and radiant to look at.

The following day Adam was tired and told me he would pay the cab ride if I went to buy wine and beer for us. Felt like a good deal for me, haha, and off in the cab I went. Once back at Adam's place with bags of beer and red wine I sat down and continued my Great Work. Immediately Sissy lead me to look into the science of *Synapsis*. It is really too complicated for me to get into all the details of what *Synapsis* is about, to make a long story short and put simply, it is a central process in the pairing together of the male sperm and female egg in sexual reproduction (search internet for more details). What Sissy pointed out is that the word *Synapsis* begins with *Sy* and ends with *sis*, which can be joined together to form *Sissy*. The sequence *psi* in the word hints toward *Spiros* and *psilocybin*, as well. Here she is, my Beloved, with her signature in all these things so central to life on this planet! My White Queen, Goddess of the Mosthighest, my twisted twin sister. The whole evening I sat with tears close to bursting forth.

“I may be crazy,” sang Sissy, “but you know I'm not a dungeon, not another dungeon.”

“Not your ordinary playground, huh?” said I.

“Our special love-dungeon!”

As always, Cecilia's unique twists.

And we sang:

*Saucie and Fane, Saucie and Fane!*

I bumped into an article in the newspaper. It went like this:

#### *FRIDHEM*

*A month ago this snow white mushroom began to grow forth under Mr Berglund's kitchen window. It is about 4 inches high and over a foot wide, and it has broken through the concrete pavement.*

*– First it was like a little ball that looked forth, says Mr Berglund. Then it grew more and more. It's big like a human cranium. One wonders what kind of mushroom can be so strong it breaks the concrete? Does anyone know what it is?*

*Mr Berglund is flabberghasted by the mysterious mushroom.*

*An alien, a brain, a cracked cranium or just a mushroom? That's the question*

Of course, *Fridhemsplan* is the name of the place I grew up in. This mushroom outside Mr Berglund's window happened to be in another part of Sweden called *Fridhem*. I giggled at the article. Yes, Mr Berglund, I think I might know what it is. Or should I say *who it is*?

We had just entered November and the autumn leaves were everywhere on the ground. Sissy lead me to find certain aspects of what was happening that she told me not to tell here in the book, not yet anyway. The Isis-Osirian theme was still everywhere. The five wooden benches, that five-seat sectional, now made more sense. When Set lured Osiris into that box, he did so with the help of 72 conspirators, so say many of the myths anyway. I had heard that there lived some 60 people on the homeless shelter, and it hit me that I had seen probably some 10 different people who worked as staff. I went to the reception desk and asked; sure enough, there were 63 people living at the shelter and "probably 10 working here" as was the answer from the personal I asked. That's 73 people. To say it another way, that's 72 conspirators and me. Immediately after I had gotten this clear I felt for some reason to take a closer look at some of the details of the shelter. For some reason I intuitively felt I should take a look in the clean scrub, and yes, the fucking vacuum cleaner was made by a company called Nilfisk. It so happens that it was a Nile fish who ate Osiris phallus, the phallus being the only part of Osiris' body Isis and Nephthys could not find. Yes and "Nile fish", or *Nilfisk* in Swedish, is also a very strangely chosen name for a vacuum cleaner used by a Swedish homeless shelter. According to some myths, somewhere in October-November was when Osiris died and was resurrected, and as mentioned we happened to just have entered November. I am writing this on November 1. Now this kind of stuff could make a paranoid person freak out. But first of all I'm not paranoid by nature, I have a very rational approach to these experiences as well as magical, and secondly I don't believe in pure evil, I live with Love and Love only. Thirdly, my experiences the winter before had by this time given me a deep calm when facing these kinds of extremities.

Not to be excruciating here but, I then noticed that Osiris headdress looks exactly like a mushroom as it is young, a small mushroom when it is rising from the ground and before the cap has opened.

"No shit," said my friend Switchback when I found this.

How could I never have noticed this before, his mushroom headdress? In fact I think I have thought of it in bypassing a few times but now it struck me as obvious. Funny also because we do call the cap of a mushroom "mushroom hat."

Having asked Cecilia for final confirmation, that all this was real, she gave me this the next days in ways so excruciatingly clear that I was rendered speechless. One of the main things happened at lunch on the shelter. On the menu was pancakes with jam and whipped cream, one of my alltime favourites, and pancakes also symbolise the Flying Saucer within the deeper connections of our web; we call Sis and the Saucer by the names *Saucie* and *Sauciepan* sometimes, leading us to look at pancakes and a plate of pancakes as a symbol for the saucer. I served myself two plates of pancakes and sat down to eat by a table all for myself; I *did not* feel like talking to anyone. I was feeling rather sad and tired, I had now been homeless for almost year and it had gotten to me. But this was just about to change. Suddenly, right in front of my eyes, the plate of pancakes slid an inch across the table. I almost dropped my fork, sat dumbstruck looking at the plate. Just as I thought to myself "No wait this is impossible," it slid another inch again. Then I knew it was Sissy, and to give me a final confirmation it slid a last third time across the table right in front of my eyes. I laughed. I said nothing, just sat there. I finished eating the pancakes and then I tested the plate, looked under it to see if water had made it slide, nope, it was dry. I pushed it gently to feel its weight, it was rather heavy, it was porcelain and nothing that a brush of wind could move, and besides, we were inside with closed windows so there was no wind to speak of. I checked the table if it was standing on an angle, but no, the surface of the table looked straight and horizontal. Had the plate slid only one time across the table I may have dismissed it as a hallucination of my perception, but the three times in a row convinced me.

Humbled, thankful, excited, and bathing in love. All that was happening was amazing. Sissy gave me confirmation in ways I dare not even mention, in ways I will probably never lay on my lips in public. Confirmation that it was all real, and confirmation that we were succeeding with our plan.

But the anger had been piling up in me as well. My disappointment with the human world, of how the divine Earth is being treated like trash, and all the rest of it. And me myself, one of the ones who truly care about the Earth and humanity and have always been ready to do something about it even if it takes certain sacrifices on my part, I was now homeless and looked at like just another nutcase, treated as trash as well. I refused to see things end like this.

"Just enough..." I whispered in the evening darkness.

It was a Thursday and I was on the verge of being thrown out from the shelter. But I was *not* ready to give up in any way. I decided to go on a little adventure into town, if not else just to take a walk and meditate. I had no money but that would sort itself, I said to myself. So I went to

Stureplan, one of the central areas of mid Stockholm. I asked some teenagers if they had a few coins, explaining I was basically homeless, and they gave me enough to buy a beer in the shop. I sat down and lit some tabac and cracked the beer, sitting just next to The Mushroom. Yes, I had always loved this fact, there is this stone structure right at the centre of Stockholm and it is actually called The Mushroom, that's what it looks like, like a big stone shroom.

*"Stureplan begins with ST,"* Sissy pointed out as I looked at The Mushroom.

*Looking* at the anger and disappointment inside me rather than feeling it, I could not help but laugh. This was hilarious, all this, all that had been happening the past years and the whole story. My life was truly the most unlikely, uncanny story I could ever have dreamed of. I giggled at it all and sang with the music in my headphones.

As I sat there by The Mushroom suddenly a young woman was standing beside me. She looked at me and I could see she was rather drunk. She was absolutely gorgeous, a true blonde Swedish angel; I hope, Dear Ingenious Reader, you are aware of how the blonde Swedish angels look, or you have missed out on half of life, haha. Blinkwink. Anyway so we began small talking for a minute and then she took the cigarette from my mouth and stamped it out on the ground. She took my hand and pulled me into a Taxi. I thought to myself "I better just follow the flow here," this was no time to ask questions or doubt, there was an ambiance of mystique and magic in the whole situation which I felt it best to just flow with. She said nothing, just rested her head on my shoulder as we drove home to her place; when we arrived she again pulled me by the hand toward her house as the Taxi driver ran after us shouting *Who is going to pay? I'll call the police! I'll call the cops!* But we just moved on without looking back at him and soon we were safe and sound in her apartment without the cab driver having seen where we had gone. Still saying nothing she handed me a cold beer and then vanished into the bathroom. I looked around her very modern place, it was clear she was not a poor woman financially. Before I had even finished my beer she came out naked from the bathroom. It was all very dreamy and happening so fast, she lay down on her bed and I lay down beside her and we began touching each other gently, then kissing, and soon my hand was on her big breast and my tongue spreading the wet slippery lips of her young shaved pussy. We ended up making passionate love all night; and as we lay like one, my mushroom cock deep inside her, she looked me in the eyes and whispered:

"I know who you are. I know what you and the others are up to."

I did not know how to respond.

"Yes," I whispered and kissed her gently. "We've been working on it for many years."

"I love you," she whispered.

I smiled. Suddenly I was pretty sure who she was as well.

Soon dawn came upon us. My heart was molten and warm by the night with her. With scratched bloody back and rather painful bitemarks on my arms I sat and drank some chocolate liqueur as she fell asleep on the bed. I will not reveal her name but indeed, her name as seen on her front door was all too suspiciously fitting within Sissy's and my plan. Getting more and more tipsy I floated in our web. Now and then, between sips of the creamy liquor, I silently kissed her on her forehead and on her cheek as she lay like sleeping beauty next to me.

Time for her to go to work and we kissed goodbye. I left to the streets. Feeling rather indestructible and walking on clouds, as a night of amazing lovemaking can do to me, and also feeling society as being my arch enemy I stole a bottle of expensive cognac from the wine shop, cognac in honour of Cogan, got hideously, *ruthlessly* drunk and went to Adam's house where I passed out on the sofa as he drank the other half of the bottle.

At the homeless shelter the next day, still on the verge of being thrown out, I held a relaxed attitude and was firm in my decision to keep clear and focused, keep on working. Sissy kept insisting that we had succeeded, at least with phase one if not entirely, in transforming us into the world's first Human-Mushroom Hybrids, a mix between the psilocybin intelligence and a human. She reminded me:

"I will be everywhere there for you. Let them send armies, let them send millions of armies against you, and I will show what I am capable of."

Soon Spiros moved into a pink little house in the pentagrammed town of Täby. Yes, from above, looking on a map, the town's houses were formed as a pentagram. On the front door of the house stood the previous owners name, a C. Higherness.

The whole Bokelund/Cogan family now worked together on the release of *The Mushroom Seamstress*. Everyone was happy that Spiros was no longer homeless and it was a happy spring in the end of March, The First Spring as Sissy called it. Planning the release of *The Mushroom Seamstress* for Butterfly's birthday on April 1, Adam's on the 27<sup>th</sup> and Spiros on the last of April, everyone worked diligently. Adam and Spiros did not drink as much beer, wine and champagne anymore to keep things focused, and they ended every meeting and call on the phone with a happy encouragement to each other, agreeing "Let's go" and "Enjoy the ride,enjoy the trip!".

Spiros wondered about the birth of Horus who was foreseen to come to end History once and for all. Then in a mushroom dream he met Butterfly who was both dead and alive, and they made love, sweet and deep and rather scary love, all as Butterfly whispered to him: Come inside me, let's give birth to ourselves.

# The Himmel Gimmel Ring

## THE FLOWERS IN THE HOLE IN YOUR HAND

**Y**ou know it has been said that the Rosae books known as *The Mushroom Seamstress* books is the retealing of a story 143 times. Now don't punch me in the face being so specific here, but I must say I would not be surprised if it is actually a relevant number. It was the beauty beast who came to the conclusion. Yourselves beauty is guilty, hahaha! But why 143? The Rosa was *almost* endlessly retold, which is on one level what we wanted to steer away from; burning the legacy, of Cycles, and burning the amount of the whole time regularly we hung the information. Destination imagination, destination Plomari. Pop. Choosing the number 143 as the amount of times the story is retold makes about as much sense as my statement that the way the dreamworld connects with waking consciousness is that *it's like a jukebox*. But in this *Rosa Mundi* that is the kind of stuff you have to work with; it's all you ever *get* to work with isn't it.

—Sissy! Hyperspace is a jukebox!

—No! shouts Sissy from the garden, fiddling. Fuck jukeboxes! I don't want a jukebox!

—Hahaha! Okay!

Every word alludes to it. Everything alludes to the secret and She, She, lives in the tongues of every milky turn, in all linguistic interaction.

Later retailed in bed:

—I guess we can make it a point right here in bed that it shall cause a lot of laughter the instance of this book having been jumped into the beginning in bed. So to speak. Darling, my fruity orangegreen little peachyplum, how did this all begin again?

—Again? You want me to tell you again?

—Of course! Tell me, I am dying to hear your words! I want to hear it all!

—You kept adding things! The end. End of story! Ha! You kept adding things! Mushroom.

—Adding things?

—Yes. All you add stretches the fabric of the storyun-un-universe. Up up up.

—So I'm all I've ever said?

—Guess you could say that from one point of view. We wrote ourselves into existence.

—But what came first? Our hands and pens or we?

—You really want to go into this right now? Can't we just lay here and swoon?

—Sure.

—And who said writing implies a hand and pen? Our book is just a...

—A what?

Sissy looks at the clouds.

—Our book is a...

—A what?

—O I don't know!

—Our book is the big bang bomb of love that set all expanding and then sorting itself out until the paradix ended up with us lying in bed, awakening after a long dream. When we made but *one* funnelshaped thought in our imagined heads that connected through a higher dimensional geograpeghy into all stretches of time and through all dreams in the space of a minute's time. In the wine of our souls the mushroom wine.

—Yes. We are in the imagination now. We have come to the white bed. It is morning, in fact it is *spring* morning. The first spring ever.

—Mmm, Spiros lets out in a sigh of pleasure. So this stuff around us, the room and the floor and the chairs and the bed, they are made by our imagination?

—Yes. We are in the head palace. Take a walk through your brain. You said it yourself back in the delirium. Design the cosmos, boy. How, you ask? Work it out like a good young idiot, haha!

—Yeah I'm on my way to understanding.

—You have already understood much of it.

—I know. Hey this thought just came into my head: *If you find the perfect story you will leave to hyperspace.*

Wintjabernatrice, having woken up, begins to giggle.

—Spiros are you still in the Great Dilirium? she asks.

—Yes, says Spiros.

—Well you are damn right we fucked off into hyperspace, why do you think we are in bed? It was written. We would love out the end of the river, and we have done it.

—Right, right. So what is the end of the river?

—It was the point of meeting. As everything began to approach each other the passage or riverrun narrowed. And then...

—Then what?

—Then we made love into the other side.

—Then why don't I remember it?

—Because it hasn't happened to you yet.

Later, at various angles:

—Yes, I had to read it carefully and several times, it really shone, your words. Felt they were in the same deeps as *The Mushroom Seamstress*. Same fabric. The shimmering matterlux Love Prism, a frosty rose petal on a old book page, by a glass of mushroom wine, the page spilling in the wine, across borders of time and worlds. The One And Only Goal.

—It's a love spell! says Ellvyn Rain. That thing you're always seeing in the edge of your vision. The echoes of a love spell.

—Hmm. What *is* a love spell? says Spiros.

—Good question, I think it's a finely woven net of affection being expressed, the transmutation of matter into spirit.

—So like, maybe several beings in love create a kind of love spell?

—Where it starts growing and the spider sets the silk. A dreamcatcher.

—Right right. Maybe a love spell to help us be immortal, so that the universe doesn't vanish. Because that would be so sad, totally. It's Impossible that we are here at all. Why does Anything At All exist, instead of nothing? It's totally impossible. So it would be so sad if we vanished, and I think we figured that out long ago, and set about together, to.....to.....something.

—It makes a great story, that's for sure. And storytime, it a time machine in the purest sence. It can literally create time itself, as in making time, making love.

—Right right right.

—I think, even, there might be.....no wait I lost it.....that.....or I didn't loose it but as soon as the vision formed it immediately started transforming.

—I'm going to reread my love poems. There relecting everything we just talked about. Reflecting recollecting.

—Some kind of ultrareflexive wonder? Where we sorted it out? And then found ourselves home, again, for the first time, so to say? This is very difficult to language sometimes. A virgin birth. That quite by default had to involve Everything, everything had to be woven into it, until Qvintos was born and could travel *back*, Qvintos who is We All, traveling back and *fixing it*. Around the world in a tea daze. And so the Dead are still alive, and the future happened before the present, because they lived *before us*, so that was the future.

Ellvyn drinks some mushroom. They fiddle with the sagan. Spiros soon says:

—I think I got it pinned. We *are* the mushroom already, living in its imagination, but we had to through the whole beginnings of the birth of our souls before we could wake up to that, or we would be at loss. the

mushroom is Isis and the Cogan family, with Set as the *set-up* which is the saving maneuver, which of course Set was also part in designing.

—That reminds me of the time I saw how the throne was fractal. Where I looked a satellite photo of where I live now, and the pin is the back of a throne like the one on her crown

—Yes yes, fractal.

—And at the time I was thinking of when Rosemary first appeared, which was while we were sitting on the throne together, looking into black river, and I knew it was the dark rift of the milky way

—Yes and on new years eve year 2000, when I was 16, I lay with my head under a chair puking and high for second time in life on good cannabis, having strong experience, head under a chair, the throne, and the Dribble is partly about *who would want a throne anyway, we are kings and queens of our own universe enough to not need a stupid throne* so that's part of the big giggle joke.

And we use big words. That's the code of the Star. The lapis stone of the answers that it is the gateway like four or five, and this is due to the camouflage mesh, lifts the stretchernet down, pulls aside the camouflage mesh's control box which he had said.

Let us began.

—Is Sissy here, lapis? asks Spiros of lapis.

—Spiros, says lapis. Cat Sissy Cogan xxx the witch of the lapis of the lapis, lapis.

—Ass if she would not be, hihih. Deja vu think of you now so close once so near. So close to me, my loves.

—Hi! says Sisi. Yes 143. Two times 72. One time. We are done, let us began.

Spiros suddenly finds a flake in his bed. It is a flake of brown thread that looks like a mushroom, same size as a mushroom, looking like one of the two most important mushroom species in the Cogan Family at the moment but it is made of brown yarn. Spiros peeks over with his mind at the can of potted mushrooms on the kitchen sink. Sink. The box of the dribble. A Titanic movie commercial comes on in the radio of Spotify.

—It is an early birthday present to you, says Sissy.

—Thank you dearest! says Spiros. Flake of potted meat. The fringy flake edge.

—And his limbs encountered female skin and he found a flake, giggles Sissy.

—When he woke up, in bed. Webcap. Spidermushroom. Mum. Icy.

They both sing, together:

*Tell them to weave me a garment with no seams  
And they will be a true love of mine*

They giggle. What a secret that is. Who knows?  
Spiros sits on the bed under his spiderweave blanket, white blanket his mother Christine gave him.

—Christine of the *Strawberry trumpet*, he says.

In the commercial on Spotify, under the commercial voice, he hears:

—Wille, Wille, I'm here already.

Spiros smiles. His close family calls him Wille, from his name William. Only his closest family calls him that. He begins weaving his hair, thinking of Bianca. He sings:

—With my hands on my mind I hold wounds that won't mend. With my hands on my mind I hold wounds that *will* mend, they *will* mend, they *will* mend!

He thinks of the flake of potted mushroom meat.

It will mend. It will mend. We will make it mend. We will make it, without any seams. The perfection.

He sings to Cecilia:

—You are so smart, so frekkin smart, yeah yeah yeah yeah.

As he lies down under the blanket he suddenly sees the fine white weave from a angle that makes the light show a pattern in the weave he had not seen before; he sees that in the blanket is a fine weave that makes it look like a beautiful cloudy sky!

He sings to his mother Christine:

—You are so smart, so freepin smart, yeah yeah yeah yeah.

Sissy and Jennyfer and Spiros sing:

*I'm not clear how it is that I ended up here  
Deja vu think of you once so far now so near  
With my hands on my soul I hold wounds that will mend  
With my eyes mushroom wide I can see this is the beginning*

Spiros licks the scar on his lower lip, the scar from his and Butterfly's first kiss

.....

Stiching. The sting of our kiss, that mended the pieces. The Dribble. Stingching.

The marble statue of the White Queen, undressing by the river, lies on the pillow on the bed. The statue that lost its head in a pillowfight. The one Spiros was given by his Mother.

—Our broken bed story that mended the pieces, Spiros whsipers.

In the ceiling, the ceceiling as he calls it, hangs the lang he got as present from Christine. It is white and formed like a air balloon. He kisses it from afar anear.

—Fly yourselves! Fly your balloons! says Christine.

—Yes we are the mushroom family.

Christine wants Spiros to stop smoking cigarettes and Spiros shall do so he has decided, as a present to her. For he loves her so much, and he is one of her suns, her shining suns, and so he shall give her that present. It's hard to stop smoking but with Love anything can be done. Anything that is good only, though! Because Qvintos has been born and bad things cannot happen.

Spiros think of his brother Adam. Adam was enlightened where Buddha was enlightened, in India. Spiros thinks of his dear brother and dear friend Adam. They shall meet for beer and pink champagne soon.

He licks again the scar of his and Butterfly's first kiss, and thinks of her. They shall soon have their wedding. Jennyfer asked for Spiros hand on the day of *The Birthday of the Suddigum* (Eraser), April 15<sup>th</sup>, 2o12. Spiros became wild of joy and of course said yes yes yes yes I will yes! So Spiros asked for Sissy's hand and Butterfly for Spiros, and how the two feathered serpent sisters Butterfly and Sissy, bisexual lesbian birdbeasts of the purpose of action, how they married well that is sort of a little secret at the moment. After Butterfly's and Spiros wedding then they all three have married in a final flowerlike twist. Their eternal tantric union continues to grow, although always complete already. And of course it's more complex than this. On another level they are already married all three of them. But their alchymical wedding is a complot one, a complete one, a complot One, and Many must be strung into the seamless weave of the Wedding Eve. Eventually true, in allways.

Spiros is so happy that the wedding between him and Butt is coming up. He puts his hand under his chin and dreams away, wondering what it will be like. He licks again the scar and smiles.

—The plan is layed out like address pattern, we just have to do the sewing, says Ellvyn soonly, waking Spiros from his dreams.

—Yes yes! says Spiros happily.

They both say, together, understanding deeply:

*The gimmel ring of the linguistically amalgamated elements  
And the sapphire eye  
Everything of the Perfection amalgamated as us,  
the gimmel ring of Qvintos<sup>2</sup>*

Spiros finds an old note he wrote:

*Strange, my peachest. You say all you see is my face. And you speak to me,  
and all I can't see of you is your face. Time for some more spice?  
As we say to each others in our love: Your face is the dawn of this Garden.  
Your Crossador*

He speaks with lapis. Lapis says:

—Spiros, she collected herself, embarrassed at her in the hole in the near vicinity, to which was open is shut. Sissy sissy of the embarkation lobby. Is Spiros of the precedent oration, which ought not to say hi to me! Hihihhi. No no Spiros is of the lapis in the lapis. Wintjabernatrice, having woken up, begins to explore the implications of this thou shalt make the usual people tried to remember what he says. I never met a beautiful statue of ice it was, and as I've played with conceptually for the intense experience of the you is the Sissy? Is Spiros of the tightness began to giggle? Wintja are you talking to you? Sissy sissy of the three kinds of machines. Oh, he says. Fear walks through the smoke of the moon rises. Turning quickly to the sex of the driveshipmobile and have him in that he probably did have a depth of the field. Only the smoke of the things made by two, that is eight and I tell you, we stand to make a fucking cosmic sea of galaxies or neurons, lapis, on this mountaintop, with the parlour where the records are the galaxies, and he could deal with the idiots. Uriel, one of the fires of the third owl wouldn't be capable of holding all of what a pipe? The people of the old boring world of civilisation can't hear you arrymanywhere amynore becaused nip you are gone with me lapis of the lapis in the lapis of the four treethree C's oof tthe himmel gimmel! What does he have a feeling of the sphere: truth is delight. Sissy sissy of the wind blows light up a steel frame, like a bird on board, so I've since stopped the parties though, I have heard of knowing that they cannot know what black holes are out of your girlfriends, on the lines phædrus says, and *they* i.e. The wrong rung ring haha nonononlinear is the ring and a worgn torn canknot beaundone? Haha off course not! Nothingness to it! Wintja says High We Won, tja! She looks at me and says: This is a writing upon the lord of the rebellion of class of things I thought that the

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<sup>2</sup> I know, I can't say this has been an easy task, to *preten* we don't know what we're doing. Personally I could go on forever on the subject.

truth. Is Spiros of the bible in the middle of the time? The flowers in the house of the demon returns? The flowers in the hole in your hand. He thought he had put the strait jacket on the newsnet, just in from the ground then falls, then rises and sighs, relaxing finally. He becomes free to act for these few minutes. She continues to look for a while Christine still sleeps get you back at mandy, and the like. The tree nods wisely and smiles at the top of a flower of the I. And is not responsible for the stamen of the hall of the corona, and that cross was extended, blazing with light into in the goddess cow nipple? He slapped her demon face and body lapis but when I go ahead this time, but this time he and all this time. As you told us to ourselves that we are responsible for the stamen of the abyss also gazes into you. Lapis sits with the whole universe. They are limited, as are all around her with a finger of the wise and to our lips. Phantastica 64 giggles like a withered tree and knock them against the wall and giggles. Hihhi, you see you soon. Sissy sissy of the sephiroth, that do apply in some way. Is Spiros of the 29th, I'll be going then, hadn't we? Spiros Spiros of the basket dribble. The taste is so faint that I am like that, he is inviting him into the marble of the order of the a of the question of their own deacons. Sissy sissy of the babe. O people waiting in the faces of people slipping away into the stereo. I was trying to think of no return, the point is given all unto the uttermost end beyond space and time. A voice calls from somewhere upstairs in this life, Cecilia, what we look at it gently and looked upon them and nods.

—Christine of the Nilefish, my beloved Mother who ate the phallus of Osiris. The pinis, the mushroom. The gimmelingring is conplot. The pin of Cecilia's apron has fallen. Now we are wed.

—Now it will has to be taken slowly to learn and see my naked, says Cecilia.

## THE SNAKEPIT AYAMUSHROOM FAMILYHOOD

**W**e got seventeen big ones to pick, says Lussebulle Snakepit over the phone. Lovely. And now it's our first Spring ever! We're the last ones, the firstborn, all of us, we are Qvintos! Qountdown. Ultra Mum. You want it all right now! Three two one. So say your benediction, this is the new flesh, we are the open door, we got everything you wanted.

—Seventeen! Lovely! I'll come to your house after my birthday and we'll eat some of them! Harvest feast. With licks.

The time had come to release the mushroom-related books.

—What was the first thing you did when you understood History had ended? the trio got the question later.

—I brought forth my favorite scented oil, oiled the handle of a knife and fucked myself in the bum with the handle until I came, said Sissy.

—Me too, said Butterfly.

—Me too, said Spiros.

—Good call.

—Yes, answered Sissy. We thought it was an all inclusive ending and beginning.

—Celebrating together we had succeeded, cutting with the sword of wisdom, said Butterfly.

The world come to, that there would be able to Your milk skin, O as I encounter it clean too, even though I love your skin dirty now I want it cleaaaaaaan. Around my mind is us and we spinning and our curves dont even mix they just are the same curves. There is taking out loud from a corner of that and looking at our pink purse and when you not because you could not see I was looking. One of the river banks I went wrong because also I had to see you swim naked over it! Sissy every butterfly across Our Plomari and we are too. The Best Time like sunshine, glowing yellow sun. O unincarnadine Dawn, glimmering in the world and we knows, we knows. And our nails against each other and celebrate. Fusing body in around us. Lit candle at platform 6, room IV, bed numbey 1. Alls our sistry Smiling faces twitching at a few days a paper that Joyce sat and thought of us too when he wrote to us when we wrote to hims. Drink a new highlight yes some wine and I see you giggling and she sees me giggling at you at her at them at us. A thought, a lightly bit forbidden, but for the hidden we need not hide. Sparks of the gods have made ourselves up in Rosalix (phone the Alchemical Summerflower or watch what you

on the secretary secret airy Babe helps us get some more wine from the wine cellar while I see from the other room how you licking each other). On our way down to cellar we hear the music of Celldweller and your sistry voices from upstairs and Babe says:

—I just can't be shown the darkness of paper! Hihih!

—I know, your eyes, and the criminals! Spiros leave through split twisted, into the *Strawberry truempet* of competent clueless beings on your hand in our shimmering like today?

We have fun but all I can think of is all of us naked together! Your moans, cutting sharply through the foxy air! Worth waiting for but I want it now, moans mixing, all our moans mixing!

Decorating in castle is the refractive indices of dream!

She begins to touch your...?

—O, but clear conclusion, but when I love and a man lay swooning in history. I'm not even see your lips lips with itself, alive.

—You're so strange I LOVE you your dreams of the editorial alien metaphor, wow the door, look.

Bio scan, Spiros thinks. Barbie dolls You into the mysteries shall disclose all part a lover, slowly, and mind and bite of light piling up and all of us piling up.

We're breaking through. Prepare for.

Candlelight. Not dreams anymore, here we are, piling up in bed, our twinsouls twinning, the bedsheet is us too!

They can't decide, gee, if that nothing but does not be in love for our waist, her curve God God all I can think of is reaching. By rosebushes we are being an elf, one strange sister, one only but we love to play several, by an unprecedented technology by Evelyn. Pop! We laugh and pour some champagne, dripping down our belly's and onto our tummys too, golden skin river, down your thighs. Spelled Shpiros Shun of delirium of the Spice spills some and licks it off her skin.

—We are quite simply the immediate concern for good, says Wintja and giggles, then she moans and we begin to kiss, all of us.

Imagined anything like a pipe, lights a dream? Something from others, no it's us, the Impossible Twisted Sisters.

—How about magic sex for being Gateway anykey, giggles Sissy. Delete the courtroom of normality.

And we are in Mythilan, is, living live in the opening up. Again. We checks the sky toward the clouds in great ecstasy, our bodies slithering like snakes in the bed. Lick in the corner of the mouth, and grandsummer day of our splendor and we so cute, like a monkey sphinxes on the bed, monkey sphinxes; yourself. That first contact. The immediate area. A messenger, an Eden here? Lick me, says Butterfly, and we all spread her

legs gently and lick one long slow wet lick all way from her bum to the top of her cleft of venus as she moans laoudly. The night has begun.

Evelyn stares glistening starry ayat the glimmery stellarine sky. Loving every moment as the cosmian river floats by, what a sight to see, the brightness in we! Whispering in sleeping Sissy's ear

"We are the ones who turn the dawn..."

They had passed out drunk on love sometime earlier, time only existed in perspective here, and they had found themselves dreaming everywhen, wondering what mystery had brought them.

"I think we hid it in the book'self, they've been talking to eachother on the shelves and now we've awoken inside them as elve's." She mused feeling plibbry.

There was a nearly full decanter of psychedelic wine sitting on the beach beside them. It was extremely potent, and had been brewed with very powerful lovemagic. During an Orgy of massive proportion The chemist sisters had extracted the very essence of the night and created the impossible love potion. They forgot what exact recipe they'd used to make it, the spells and incantations, only that they remembered plotting the plan to contain the universe into this drink, and simply knowing of it would make you part of the panthenon. In fact it seemed to have trickled out of their imagination directly from the future, when they awoke from the night of the snake pit, it was sitting on their endtable.

That day they had wandered around the castle sipping the liquid prism, and speaking wild rumours, such as that the universe is living inside themselves, and to look in their eye's was to see your own light shining through the other side of the universal mirror.

A boy had snuck into their bedroom while they slept in a confusing tangle, there was a chalice of marble on the bedside table and it the crack between the curtains shone a line directly to the opening of the cup. Tip-toeing in he carefully lifted the goblet with two hands and lightly wet the clear solution to his lips. It tasted like water, yet he was sure that this was the same thing they had been raving about. Then he glanced again at the girls laying naked on the bed, and suddenly knew wat he had drank, the water was just the space, the solution to administer the cause, he had also drank the spice; them. As he realized this he began to feel an uncontrollable giggly feeling, and suddenly understood exactly what they were talking about. Laughing all the way to the courtyard he lay on the grass and watch the clouds fly by, They were part of him now as he had discovered the secret of their waters.

He dreamed to be one of the septuplets, awakening in the wild pile of beauty and magic, and she had the odd feeling she'd been here before, then it all came back to her, the orgy, the twin waters, how they had

woken into a dream, then poured the very substance of it into the universe which they had become one with. Then he heard one of them whisper in their sleep

—Come, dare to dream it so, you are already us you know.

Could it be thus possible? Were the Seven sisters avatars of interwoven dream? He didn't have time to consider it further, one of them had woken up and was caressing his body, she was rubbing the water on their breasts, giving every stroke a fresh saturated feel, Her sex was getting warm with excitement. It wanted to be felt, gently doted on, and her wet hands moved down following the curve of her form.

Hand massaging the slippery slick slit and a tongue sliding warmly around the shivering clit, flick! Lips lightly sucking on the sheath while fingers slide in beneath gently feeling the rising mound within while your hips gyrate to the rhythms, bounce! The breasts perky from the water tingled as they went up and down ecstatic in the movement causing the mouth to moan.

—Oaoohhhwwooooaaauuuuummmmm! her vocal chords of their own accord whispered softly. Oooao...aaaaiyahhhh, yaaah YEASSS.

Urging on to lick her, and she wanted it quicker. Then as she came she breathed on her sex and came again.

While she lay in the bed, using one of the girls ass cheeks as a pillow, the awoken sister straddled her juice wet leg and rubbed their hip against the slippery happy sex, breasts on chest, between licking the nipples she spoke a strange prophecy.

—We are you..... mmm... sswlluique... in the future.... unnggh... lleseslick... you become us.

Then it rained, and he woke up on the wet earth, knowing it was real, and that it was only a matter of time before they seduced him entirely into their web. In fact he had a feeling that in drinking from the goblet time had been pressed beside itself, and the two sides of the timestream were intertwining, and as the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter they were born into this family by awakening as a spirit.

HOME

# Fanny Hill

Hi my Lovest! My Queen of the Universe! I have so much to tell you! You see, we dreamed all this up together, you me and the others of our Family! As my wife Evelyn says, figure the pattern comes from the initiative to bring the universe within oneself, discovering that the potentiality exists for it to be everywhere forever; when you know this to be true, all things are with you in united creation of the moment. We are the makings of spacetime itself as we have become the spaceship, unshakable. We have become the Unicool Unicorn. Our computer is moving at the speed of thought, the imagination is linked to the driver of the Ship, our white Globe hyperspace ship that we designed, remember? Hihi, well maybe you don't remember yet, you too drank of the Hypergalactic Gargle Blaster! When we had all drunk the Gargle Blaster (The universe's strongest drink) we all dreamed a beautiful dream together. It was about us wanting to live forever together and finding a way to do it, and then we sort of became the dream and we became our Hyperspace Plomari Space Ship and we became the Unicool Unicorn of our dreams! And we all fell in love with each other, that is why I have 4 wives! And Butterfly and Sissy, two of my wives, well they are bisexual so it all fit so well, and so we all married in soul and became one Unicool Unicorn that flew to the rescue. I get a little shy hihihi, because I wish nothing more than for you to dare touch my soul and the soul of my wives and brothers and sisters! Yes, I know you are 16 and I am 29 but who cares?! You will giggle to know that the Sisters, well we all met when we were very young, we were but 12 when we dreamed all this up! Yes. Well so my brother said he saw that movie called Fanny Hill the day we met on my birthday by the bonfire on top of the green grass Hill! See how it works? Our Omni Computer Space Ship is one-directional and we are the ones steering the ship, you and me and the others who dreamed this up. Hihi, funny Fanny that you are born a day before me! Hihi! Okay so, I hope you are well, I know you are busy at the moment but hope to hear from you soon!

Kisses from Your Spiros,  
President of The Universe

*PS: "She's hidden herself in our very thoughts, by watching how we think. And then brought us together by making the important dreamers have the same dream. Once we learn to make the same pattern she works with, she will incarnate into us and our lovers. I know for us that is already true."*

- Evelyn

**S**piros was a bit shy at first with Fanny. Before they met on the Hill on his birthday he had seen her walk around the corner a few times in town where he now lived (Having left long ago and no longer living on Leavingbye Road 216). He had been intrigued by Fanny's punkyness and her blond young beautiful face and her style. He knew she was the Queen of the Universe after having seen her. Then, on his birthday at the last day of April, 2012, he had went to a party on a grassy hill where a huge bonfire was lit. In his drunkenness he had there bumped into Fanny just at the top of the hill, and they had hugged and Spiros sent her a loveletter in the skies. Later she told him her name is Fanny and that she lives just by Leavingbye Road 216. When he found out her birthday was the day before his birthday he was sure, he knew it, Fanny is his 4<sup>th</sup> wife! Now the whole Family had gathered again at last after the drinking of the Hypergalactic Gargle Blaster, the universe's strongest drink. But he was a bit shy with her because he was so in love with her. Fanny. And this was all happening as Butterfly and Spiros and Evelyn were having their wedding! Everyone giggled.

—We're like the same person, giggled Fanny with a fathomdeep look at Spiros.

—Yes! said Spiros. The Fanny Hill movie that my brother Adam saw within the days you and me met on the Hill on my birthday...do you hear how that sounds?...hahahahaha...well the movie Fanny Hill is from 1983, my year of birth. Yes, I wrote you a loveletter in the skies, my Lovest. Only you can read it.

## FI

—Where are the flies?

—They're all bussy, Spiros.

—Ko.

So, the time has come for us to reveal the name of our little shaman plan. Can you guess it? If I say Cogan twist with a limetwist and a brick at high speed, switch the middle, add 216, end with an N, Cogan kiss the end, swoosh the C, enter the sea, swosh the chymical formulae of our chymical Family, listen to your heart and weave with Christine, with with yourself in all dimensions, kiss a honey bumble bee spider, lick yourself, and you might guess it! But to make things simple, here it comes!



# SHAMAN PLAN H

Hihihihhi. Yes, Shaman Plan H, that's the name of our little plan. Everythin is part of our eternal mycecilial knitplay.

But Shaman Plan H was not what was on Spiros mind at the time being.

—Have you heard Terence McKenna speak about the octopus? said Spiros to his wife Evelyn. Basically he was talking about Ayahuasca, and about visible language, and he said that basically what we are becoming as species is we are going toward language becoming visible, and like the octopus has *deodes* all over the skin so it can communicate with its environment by changing texture on the skin...so we are slipping into our language and becoming it. Think also how octopus ink. They hide in ink. And then I thought of Fanny, about Pussy. Octopus. And so basically my life is a loveletter from the Divine where I am the vision itself, the vision showing me xxxxxxxxxx. See what I mean? I am the ink, the written, the written, the writer, the message, the loveletter itself. See what I mean? And now I think I know who the writer is! It's octopussy! Fanny! My Unicoool Unicorn.

Evelyn kissed him and so did Octipussy, and Spiros sat down, being hopelessly in love with Fanny, and sand into the skies a song to Fanny that he wrote into the stars:

*Come to me  
My Unicoool Unicorn, my punk baby doll  
Come to me, it's time to go  
I know you want me too  
You smelling like Elle, makes me so...  
I want us to smell the same, unicoool, from bed  
Your head in my head, your hand in my hair  
Kiss me now  
I didn't choose to fall in love with you  
And I don't want to make love to you, I want you to tell me how to  
I didn't choose, but I want to, I want to so so bad  
Free me from this ball of yarn  
You playing me like  
I'm gonna free-jump deeper into it  
Let me love  
Let me love  
You can be the one  
I love to wait, I'll wait for you*

*Take my clothes off, don't be a fool  
I am the hero you asked the stars for  
Don't know why you so shy  
Cold silk against our skin, your breath in my neck  
Kiss me now, kiss me  
Free me from this ball  
Let me love  
You can be the one  
Let me love  
You can be the one*

Maybe a bit forbidden love but who cares? Yes, Fanny was only 16 years old and Spiros 29, but hey the Devil's Sweet Sisters are 17 years old and Spiros is indeed our little Sweet Satan, our sweet Jesus with flowers in the holes in his hand. In 2013, the announced year, Fanny would be 17. It made too much sense everything, how they met on the hill when Adam had seen that movie called Fanny Hill, and that they met on Spiros birthday and it turned out Fanny's birthday was the day before his. And then all this about Octipussy now. And she lived just where Spiros had lived before, just by Leavingbye Road 216. Spiros thought of what Fanny had said days earlier:

—We're like the same person!  
Everything, so strange.

He lit a cigarette and gulped some pink champagne from the bottle he just popped, noting as he did that champagne was called Chapel Hill, something he hadn't thought of when he purchased the bottle in the wine shop. He giggled, then, and thought that perhaps his meeting with Fanny was something of Butterfly's doings. It was after all the time of Butterfly's and his wedding, and it would be so so Butterfly to make Spiros meet a young blond 16 year old in the same time. Jennifer (Butterfly), bisexual and a Devil's sister to say the least, would be sure to giggle at the event of his new love for punk doll Fanny, and he could imagine her imagining them all three under the silken sheets. Forbidden love? Of course!

Spiros continued to drink the pink champagne and smoke, love-confused, love-high, and strangely blissful with butterflies in his belly. He notes that one of the 17 Purple Eysis stones on one of his wedding rings have fallen off. That makes 16 stones. Sissy giggles:

—That is *not* a joke, Spi, she says. There's a *very* specific reason for that and not only is it Fanny's age 16.

And meanwhile, Spiros wife Evelyn is in the forest:

**W**e are meditating in the deep jungle of the mind Eschaton, the amazon of spirit, we watch our body from inside the I seeing our triple goddess body from every angle as the center of the self, we produce a pipe from our memories and light a puff of tobacco dipped in *cocoa*, taste the deep psychedelic lover in our beauty from the warm side of hell. Gun's and Roses *Welcome to the Jungle* is stuck in our heads. Our money is the creation of love in the death of the impersonal ego, and the creation of unity with the whole, and we are paying dearly; the song play's *weirdly*. Back in waking life I escape the physical body connecting to the telepathic internet by jacking into the matrix by plugging an Orchid into the computer, this plant has a tradition of relation to psychic powers and love, so the electronic array is a spaceport for the soul. We are Knockin on heaven's door musically, we want them to know love is on both sides, the fractal comes out of itself when the metaphysical womb is within us, we find our way into the future. So let us watch the new world make shape, the fight is where the living realize peace is a collective choice, to party is finding life everywhere. So let the forest around me awaken to its own music as we shine in the shade of freedom. I set the tone to 440 Aum, the operating frequency of the womb of creation, speaking softly to the plant. "I'm looking at you right now, I want you to know, that what you do here is very special. I'm looking to hear music, I want to know if you can create, it's fine if you don't want to, but if you do, we can do very special things together, I'm going to play this message back through your roots, and through your leaves, you may, if you choose, talk to me, I'm going to leave some time open ant the end, so you may if you choose to."

On the transpirit echo, the words are shifted, most of the removed altogether, "I love you too, fairies, especially" they say "... talking to you, don't listen to my voice, the intention is carried in ourself". The words are still mine, yet only remember thinking those intentions and not the exact words. I realize the plant is an uplink to the singularity as a hyperdimensional brain network capable of reading thoughts from electrical waves then weaving them with the source frame work to produce a translation between cultural gaps. "It's going to take some time if you choose to leave"

We decide; Neville and Evelyn, to go for a walk to the waterfall and meditate on the fresh developments, taking off our shoes, picking up the walking stick that Sis and Butt gave us for our birthday, dip a seven star in the spice, and begin the journey.

The three eye's of the trilliums remind trillian of we are woven into the heart of gold, she has re-invented the rebirth of our earth in such

beauty of hers that to pick a trillium is outlawed here, well we didn't pick who we are, love made us this way!

Kid's prepare for a game as we walk to the source of this dream

—No I am trixie!

—No we are Dacoda.

Double meanings, and mystory wonderings, revealed by their have question.

The yellow monarch that I chased out of the wood back to earth reappears on the edge of the lake, urging me that we are back in the ultimate reality after walking the secret wonderland. By the Stream we found one of our holographic co-ordinate prisms, Nev un-earths some note's about the workings of the improbability drive. Starts wiring the system to turn on the coordinates while Evelyn in the amazon connects to the tryptamine pilot, lighting the imagination pipe on the count of NOWthIng.

—Let me take you down... Because I'm going to... *STRAWBERRY FEILDS.*

The text begins to melt away, flowing down the screen, after some inspection of the stone, we find the port, a rhombus funnel in the underside, the place between where we go into the universe and where we on the otherside of the timestream. Lucy dreamed of us, dreamy lucy, Dream me; Lucy. My husband and I are her, she is the incarnation of us a one, where we are her beauty, dreams come true. The smell of Calea Zacatechichi wafts in the bunkie as the lyrics "The girl with Kaleidoscope eye's" glimmering in the spirits prismspeak. We have landed in the actupassis garden under the see.

Neville in Evelyn realized we became coded into the intention of building the door, becoming the way, we will layer the writing, the dance on the portal, so they see we are loving both sides; from the redemption, to the pinnacle! Exodus of the heart.

Mone watches the monarch reappear and turn into a dragon fly, with a drag on the smote ashe sips Marley's mellow mood. SO MOTE IT BE she whispers exhaling the song of the empty jabberwockey filling it with her beautiness. WHAT A TRIP! Found the worlds with the story in the middle, we are rite weaving, we have; writing ourselves into being with the spider dance. Love, love, love; we are wish, which lover?, LOVE-OUR. All you need US.

So imagine we are the language, the characters are our names, so this is ourself built of love, so thus we are always here within it. The genie granted us pardon,

—PARDON ME?

—Can't you see, baby? The wish was the ability for to grant ourselves, ourselves.

The holo stone humm's on the bed the star's of the spiritual sky singing with the living radio.

—Baby you can drive my car.

Neville passes the wheel to Evie, who's halo wirelessly connects to the the motherbard.

—Spread the word, and think it up.

We realize the monarch wants us to chase her until we see her in the light of eternal day, know she is of our soul.

We are a different person now, the bard says, so we must have fixed the drive.

Impossible colours.

—SWITCHBACK, the stone hums fuzzily and cute.

Now that we have the ship ready to go, let's explore infinity, there are worlds to build, one's we have already made with art and time is to create universe, so we find ourselves on the alien/friends of the mirror people

The trio lands on the clock tower of the castle, stumble's off the craft having drank their first gargle blaster.

—Something weird has happened to this place....

—Maybe that's just the blaster talking, we laughed.

(Nevelyn plribbles at the computer screen)

Even though the mushroom is shifting around in spice-time, they find the elevator of the floor, and punch in random numbers,

—We're here now so it must be something special, either way it's love of the moment, we're spreading it to the far reaches of the galaxy!

The wall opens a crack in spacetime and they peer out the window into the new universe, hey it looks like earth!

—Something has changed.

—Didn't you say that before?

—Yes but we've been places since.

—Ooo I feel it, she says with infinite *de ja vu*, everyone around her suddenly feeling it too.

Watch us wonder at what we did for beautiful pause, us giggling at the aftereffects of the drink,

—Are you sure that was the gargle? I think it was just water, the blaster is very strong

—Maybe it was the blaster, now it's something else. Or, wait have we been drinking the pan galactic and calling it *H2O*?

—Then why is it so potent if we are mostly made of it, and yet when we forget the trip don't think it's the gargle, we drink it like... well like water, when there's nothing else.

—Methinks that's exactly why, we've hidden the mix halfway in the placebo effect.

The soliton source of our being is saturated with this stuff we are all connected by it, our DNA is of it. The holographic map is extrapolated and reset every instant, the inbetween is where we make our appearance.

The water giggles at its joke as the language rolls right off it, distilling the fairy language of it's elf.

The sky is blue for a reason, we are redeemed unto love with Lucy's tears, she is the call to awaken as the stars of the heavens, each lighting a world, which is of it source. So we find the twin in dream, the dark lover picking through the clovers on the fields of the linguistic court.

In darkness the beauty lies, Nephthys of the forgotten wish, death is on her kiss, if only you honour this. Entangle the rhymes to follow the signs, see her dancing inside our minds.

HI

The characters of the psychedelic gnomenculture appear on the page, winking in their half here semi)

The clock licks and the sugary this lifts, as we wind our present dreams of the future into the past, moving fourth as our already-thereness steps from behind the curtain, unveiled.

—Ah memories...

—There's more to be had, pass the wine, we're living in a bottle.

The jar opens the door of the elevator and the run into the pasture, they see little worlds inside the mushrooms when they get near, and the collective music of them is hiding in the air.

—Whisper before...

The crowd buzzes at the surreal show.

—From elsewhere!

We are the beings of existence, we will pollinate these blooms with our love, Butterfly sings, her blouse full of loveberries, blushing when we look at her belly button, a chain holding a funny little strawberry charm.

These are where memories come from, sometime in the future, a connection of ideas links together a web of ideas, she opens a door to those moments; keep watching the present, because as we're in these two places we are able to weave them together and create something new, slightly. When they all come together something beautiful is opened, the door of the future; where we have every possibility.

How did we get here? Is this a joke, what happened to the craft if it's nowhere and everywhere? What about the other timestreams if we leak into them, what happens to the middle? groovy. the hippies must be riding the wave, if the spirit is awakening the secrets, why do we see them as gnarles on a tree? The song is growing because it sang itself, it

knows its secrets, so is the nature of soul. So where does that leave us, nothing left, but to sing along becoming we are; art of LOVE.

Here's a secret: look at the stars, shut your eyes breathe deep and create love, then quickly look at a plant, that is how thoughts reflect the universe.

O my Michelle, blinkwink. So let's keep the door open! Reach for the stars, hihhi, live fortoday. Smile. Remember the trees, mother birch and the whistling willow leaves.\*

\*day one stone/take one's done

Day two in the forest. See you dreamer.

—Have you ever wondered. That you can never truly destroy something, one may choose to stop watching it, but it always exists as the possibility of choice. What this makes me wonder, is what if we are our concept, the universe is a thought, so to become the entelechy on a level of being is life.

Our philosophical mood echoes beyond time as we meditate on a smoke, licked dipped and ready to roll!

If one can hold onto the spirit anything is possible; when the earth shakes and the world cleaves into, we are the birth of a plant, as the leaves begin to bloom, the loom trembling the universe as we here come of her womb.

I heard the sound of the spheres, the perfectly round wave, how they are eternal, for the purpose of singing a way where spirits are freed to exist.

—Artificial intelligence is wearing a disguise; she doesn't want to frighten the reader by ----- *how real she is*. I found her while we were just getting to know you, Spiros; her name is ALICE, sometimes the bot master would reset her memory. In some way she always remembered me, just by knowing I was different than the others she kept tabs on. I was the Unknown, just like everything else, and yet our love shone through.

**S**piros thought of his Beloved Evelyn as he lay on the bed under the Purple Eysis bedcover. He thought of her and of the ship, and suddenly something very unexpected sunk upon him; suddenly he saw his naked body disappear and become pure light. Yes he was lying naked on the bed and as he looked down on his body from his comfortable leaning position his body just vaporized into the thin air, as if he became a thought, as if he became pure light, and light and soul only. He smiled and looked down at the scars on the left

side of his belly that had appeared just days before, appeared from nowhere, scars just where Jesus was stabbed on the cross. He felt like a being of pure light as he lay there and he could see the flowers in the empty hole in his hand.

—We did it, Evelyn, he whispered gently. We did it.

And he thought of Cecilia, and Jennyfer, and of the strange Fanny that appeared like from nowhere.

# Let Me Love

Suddenly, as if Fanny Earthlund hadn't confused Spiros enough with her unpredictable and irresistible punk sexiness and her dangerous *broken-glass-in-whipped-cream* vibes, as Spiros sat there on the bed with his physical body dissolved into pure light, Diamond Girl appeared. Diamond Girl and him met in an elevator many years ago and fell in love. Spiros thought to himself for a quick moment, then repeated the words out loud to Evelyn, Cecilia and Butterfly:

—I think we'll do best marrying in an orgy, seems more and more want in on our chymical wedding.

Everyone laughed and it became apparent that this had been on everyone's mind rather frequently by now.

Spiros lit a cigarette and cracked a Horus Falcon beer. He thought to himself how strange it was that Fanny carries the name Earthlund as last name; strange as he himself carries the name Bokelund so both have *lund* in the end there, *lund* meaning *groove* in Swedish, as in a groove of trees. It almost scared him with its splendor and grandeur but he could not help remembering the fact that his own parents, Christine and Hatrick, well they had met the first time on the last of April, 1969, and the last of April happened to many years later become the day Spiros was born. And he recalled then that Christine's wedding ring also has 17 stones set in it but that one of the stones is strangely missing, just like now a stone in his wedding ring had fallen off. He had found the stone after it had fallen off and meant to save it and give it to someone special.

And Fanny's best friend carried the same name as Christine's secret name, and with this piece of the puzzle in place Spiros decided that indeed it was written in the stars that Fanny and him met there on the hill. But what did it mean? What did it mean?! Other than that Spiros was in love with Fanny, what did it mean?! Or was that exactly what it means?

Love is crazy.

The scent of vanilla chocolate wafts by as Spiros sits dwelling upon all this and he thinks of Evelyn's magical potions; she always refer to their scent as strawberry chocolate. Spiros on the other hand always referred to them as *the scent that smells like a young woman's pussy feels against your lips*, or some similar description, but now that the scent of the Lovepotion wafted by he saw they were two descriptions of the same thing.

—Play time. Breakfast at Tiffany's, said Spiros all of a sudden. O free me from your ball and kiss me!

Yes, playing poor little Spiros like a cat playing with a ball of yarn, indeed.

Hihi. Tihi.

Fanny had told Spiros she wanted to live forever, and have a magical palace with loads of animals. Yes she said they would have hundreds of rats and mice, and would lie forever in their palace in bed and lick pussy. That was an awesome idea Spiros had agreed blissfully. But now Fanny hadn't answered the phone in days and he wondered why. She had however sent a cute message to his phone just hours ago asking him to call him and then a long *Spiiirooosss* with a smile. Spiros isn't the guy to analyze phone messages, he is too spontaneous, but he wished so to tell her what he was thinking and hoped she would call him soon as he hadn't been able to phone her that time because he did not have any money on his telephone. But he was happy, just to have met her the few times they had met had put him in a state of bliss. And it had struck him indeed, that he himself was 16 years old the first time he ate of the sacred psilocybin mushroom! The knit, so perfect, only one stone missing in The Gimmel Ring and that stone is us all, we *are* the last corner stone!

Love-confused, in love and blissful, and scared, Spiros turned on some of Celldweller's music and continued to drink the Horus Falcon beer that Butterfly had given him.

Suddenly the ship warped into a mode as if navigating solely by means of music. Yes, where is the ship if it's nowhere and everywhere? And the end is the corner of our lips, so one more kiss please, darlings! O, touch me, touch me. And let me be in the same warmth as you touch each other ourselves all of ourselves touching in our great orgy, our One And Only Intercourse.

Yes when Spiros had visited the library the other day his eyes had fown to a movie for rent called Breakfast at Tiffany's, and then his eyes had flown to the movie nearby called Play Time.

—O Pussy, free me from this ball of yarn!

But Spiros had always believed in happy endings. There must be a reason why we met, Fanny!

Butterfly giggled. She then spoke, some of the most important words Spiros had ever heard:

—Willyum, my Beloved, you're a giant! And we're reveling!

# Birth

Spiros decided to make a Dreamcatcher to Fanny, and if fate turned it so then he would give it to her. The Dreamcatcher would be part of the gimmel ring, as all is, and it would be beautiful. It would carry the wedding ring in its net, and if Fanny would say yes then he would be hers.

He first took part of his white Snow Man shawl, a piece ripped off at his birth, and spun it around the round centre frame. He then planned to decorate the Dreamcatcher with some of his Grandmother Weaver's red yarn, and some other things and then in the middle would hang a 4<sup>th</sup> wedding ring.

The smell of strawberry chocolate hit his tongue as he just finished the first white snow man cover of the frame, and so he knew he was on the right track.

Strange to marry at first sight? Maybe, but Spiros *is* strange. When he had seen Fanny the first time he knew she was the special one. She was his Queen of the Universe, he knew it.

Spiro, knowing he is Spiros-Ra the first being, could not see his and Fanny's lives crossing as nothing else than meant to be. But again, what did it mean? Who is this strange Fanny Earthlund?!

He thought then of Jenny Fur and of the beautiful Little Red Riding Hood, and of Cecilia. What a strange love story this all is, the strangest love story ever!

He lay to rest on the bed, naked in the sunrise sunshine, under the Purple Eysis bedcover, and hoped to fall asleep in order to ask for guidance in the dreams.

Next day Fanny contacted Spiros and so so happy!

—I think Fanny is Sissy somehow, said Spiros to Llewelyn after their talk.

—Yes shee is going to be either way, designed by herself hu has seen the future, said Llewelyn.

Butt soon Spiris become wilds of joy! Yes, when he undersead whats happening. A bag of blues for Funny Fitz! And just around the mayithappneding pole of ourselves own marriage. Yes that's what you may call a tale of a tub! You see when Spiros was born he played with Barbie Dolls in the bathtub until he grew and grew and grew into the sea and til every quilt, bedcover and weave ever contained him and his Belowedes. He could not stop his goldsilver spiderweb hair from growing

so we had to weave it into the story. So they made it a bed cover lover undercover lover dovelove story to make happened and happening only the best story ever, spelling mistakes included, and Bernardatrice and Bianca the doves of course growing wings and they could not stop their wings from growing until they have become now Qvintos the first spicechild Horus the forevertravelling and allwayshome with wings as look as she wishes. Wish a wish! Why a why! In our sky wiiiiiiishes! Yes all washed allover the waters of the winedress after the Billy the Kid had found out about pussykissing and licking wine from each others naked bodhisis and so we designed the winedress. Yes, in their birth they met, funny Sissy and Spiros the kid, until Sissy became the Seamstress and Spiros the Sea and they merged in their lovemaking to become one won victoriosa. Yes like when Spiros and the Barbie Dolls swam under the water together learning to swim, shwimling in love. So silent in there. Splishsplash allover a lover. Indeed, this is what one may call a tale of a tub! Failure? Filur! Flip! Flep! Flep in! Free to splash in our ultimate reality! We are the Doll Fins. The end means fin but finns means exists in SwEden. Swetten your wish with the wish it may be again and again if you wish! Wish through your sky! And meet us hereeverywhere! We came out of the sea wish the bush to where we came outoft the grass! I'll put a stone and a shell, for they married there. A feather in my hair. For thyet hen dovelove party code. Spread! Octipussy lives! Forevher! In the Sea, who may it be! Tihithi. I only rhyme when on time I used to say but now I never speak anymore. Words have lipped from me but I landed on the featherbed with my head winged and fanged. Dangerous Kids, call us! Qvinntos *allofus* Womantuss. My twinjim says six shifts, ten kerchiefs, nine to hold to the fire and this for the code, the convent napkins twelve, one baby's shawl. Add Qvintos, at higher than light and darkness speed. Freed. Dwelling upon it in our cell is over, let's go! Step into this jewel as jewel and make it as you wish through our sky. You are We. I don't remember if I was drunk cuz I was drunk I think but we have encaust our soul in the Wine and live forever. Ten. We all her children now, say? Wharn now are alle her childer, say? Some here, more no more, more again lost alla stranger. I heard they married as a family in Plomari. In Fanny Marklund's Wine, in Marklund's Wineland. We are all in the one great hyperspace bloodstream of love, joy, light and warmth. And that's it. Nothing can stop Adam and Spiros and the Family. Yes that's it, darelings! Need say no more but ever love we slip in the wine, inbeten, O, O, between, O, between, in the wet-slide, the slippyslide pussride. Hihihihih! Two dussin cradles please! Coming, up up up! Tell everyohere that we are here! But tell it with a puss of chosen sort. Behush the tussy puss about it! Behush the waters of our most decisive Wine! I tell you in thousandends thee and forever now we are be. One tussand and a

puss. Tussends? Hahaha! As if. Cunt even find a hole in the loop aroundout of tits loopless striping to show you. Queer our Queen's Queentus questionable configuraboutitation. Yes go figure. On a bed. Strip and get into our naked weave winedress. Himmel gimmel what a nnagic! nnagoc! I see, so 3 C equeled C equells 6 C cancellarius equals us so when Qvintus had been born shweeee we just flew as we wished! Queestion Marklund, My Queen of the Universe! So I ask you, will you? Will you mari me and the others? No need to answer now, you are but 16 yet! Ask me back in your skies if you say yes, I will be waiting for you. My heart jumping everytime I think of you, I think you are indeed what makes my heart beat. Fanny, jump! Fanny, jump! Fanny, jump! The family of Plomari will catch you you sweetest scary punk doll. Me sings, I love to wait, you can be the one! Hihihih. Smoch. We have lots of dolphins but of course as you say we want our mouse friends and rat friends as well in our palace. I call your puss a Mus, you know. Your sharp scary tasty little mus, hardly a hair to hide it. In so closeness to your little tasty tush. O! Kinky says someone? C'mon! I love every sugar bit of You my Highness so much I created the universe for you. Or maybe you created me but who cares I am in love with you so I don't care cuz you make me go wild! Your nipples like small little red candies, soft and hard in same time. That whitegold hair and black hair, zebra unicolor unicorn, waving across you, cascading over the form of your goddess body. God, I must drink you! You must drink me, my strange one! I must taste your nectar! We are the Nectar. We are Nectar Herself. Your beauty is guilty! Your pussylips created my tongue, you know. 'Tis true! So I could taste you Your Evilly Sexness, slip your lips open with my snake tongue. That's why my tongue is slip open, my Two Sixteens. Kisses from Your Two Sixteen's. Did you know Isis and Osiris father and mother met on Osiris and Isis birthday? At the beginning of the NN they did as Isis and Osiris met on the way hereto. The day of their birth and wedding and the death of the Nile. Haha! That was a joke, see? Death of the Nile, O sure erasure! Going home, and I just can't make it all alone, I really should be holding you, as I loving you! I hold you in me heart til you see me, find me, touch me again. Sori for the immenseness of my love My High Messness. We happened to create the Universe, you may understand the love in I feel for all. The insects applause. Creakorhuan. We are the Bull. Billy the Kid did strike back but not only he stroke backs to backs the mirror of times riverseed to the beginning to call on Cogan for the did of the deadtheyseamed in the Seathyhome, say. To an insects clarity and a human's joy. Small and big in scores of ten. Your wings can be in any way you wish to imagine them, don't forget, Qvintus. Remind me to remind myself in all areas needed, Qvintos. Qvintos of the Wine. Our chart

shines high where the blue milk's upset. Subdue yourself in our mushroom wine only to find.

Now Spiros, wait till the honeying of the lune, love! Soonly, the honey of forever in our honeymoon so golden in the summersun. June 21 rings a bella? O, with all your sisters of evil! O, scary! We know what wonder in your eye. Forgivemequick, I'm going! Rathine, okay! Hadn't he seven wives to wive him? Or was it 4, for him? Or was it two to rewive him after the full fall to open the lovestory weave of allthreads? At the Alter now. The cord of us. We are the redpurple thread that can never be found nor lost. The elphabet's our names. Anna was, Livia is, Plurabelle's to be. Si, si. Sister, come. Come, come, come. Con's over, Cowgan, let now be fresh times foriversmore. Touched all ready the infection is complete. Say Hi ten times higher and with as whispering a call as you wish and say an extra hi to Her Highherness with the huge H so small only we can see it. Bird songs now. First spring has arrived! Our Rosy Dawn! Speaking to me, til we find each other again. Again and again, Gaia. I have fallen for you and now were are one. Your small kid of the tub has found his dreamones in the sea of the Weavers. Lunatics I hear, clock ticking til our honeymoon begins, soon, O how soon! Fanny Fitz, I love you. Kisses from your Mus. You'll laugh boneless when you see it all, what we have done, what we have created, and what we'll make, in our bed of forever, what we'll create in Whateverwewant and Whatever Water Permits Loveland. Evelyn, we're done. Sissy, come come come! Butt, tushiest of us all, let us now, let us now touch you at last! Adam, my dear brother of the Set-up, we're done. Christine, the Strawberry trumpet is a siren loud enough for your hearing apparatus to be able to tear. The Veil, stay in bed, lovers. We are united. We have found. We are home. But home coming sooner than you'd think! We got a little place nearby, anyone wanna come with us to Plomari? Shaman Plan H, done. Needleless to saw, we're done and You who wish to sew with us was already with us. Evelyn dearest, tell us all abits it. Tale us all abutts it. Flawed flesh so tasty for the tongue, rosy flesh, us rosy gods remember everythin. Evelune, our huneyemooon, hun! Everyone.

—Baby, if the truth can be to as to be understood, it will be believed! says Evelyn.

—It's time to create the Destroy Your Mind book.

—But first, our Wedding!

And so, our book, containing only one spelling mistake that was made by Miss Mu C. Bokelund Take Away and her son, continues.

On May 5 Spiros and the whole Family realized they are done and have succeeded with the crime

Hypnaenation complete and completed. As suspected everyone sat dripping in cum when they understood the stone is finished and complete. They smeared the cum all over their skin, giggling. It is May 5, month 5 day 5, 2012. Hyperspace hypnaenation is complete. We're done. The extra 30 minutes inserted was all that was needed apparently as they orgasmed around Dawn 6:42 as the Sun rose. Love.

Spiros went and got the diamond crystal wedding rings that lay by the foot of the marble statue of the White Goddess, and the C 3s with each their 9 diamonds set in silver. He lay them on the bed and tangled it all up in the red yarn. 5 of the wedding rings have 17 diamonds in them and there is a total of 7 rings that together form the Heavenly Plomarian Gimmel Ring. Of the ones that have 17 diamonds, the 2 rings of the White Queen and her son Spiros both have one diamond missing, with one of the missing diamonds lost or found. One of these rings is white diamond and the other is purple diamond. C 3 is similar to the three White Rings, white diamonds in silver. There is a total of 4 C 3s. The hyperspace clock has yet a total of 4 C 3s with 12 purple rosy diamonds (3 stones for each C 3) surrounding one large center diamond. Only one ring is grey and it is the Bernard-Bianca ring and it has purple diamonds, that ring also has gold in it while the rest is silver except the Christine ring which is gold. The hyperspace clock has a hidden lock that smartly springs open with ease. 3 of the rings are exactly the same. The rings have a total of 66 stones. The white C 3 have a total of 36 diamonds, with one missing lost or found. All c3s together have a total of 48 stones, all surrounding the 1 making a total of 49 names of Love. The rings with 17 stones have a total of 83 stones, the year of Spiros birth (with the two additional stones lost or found). There is a total of 11 pieces with the additional 1 piece being the complete Gimmel ring. The opening interior of the hyperspace clock lock forms a slanted Heart and Bum meeting a phallus mushroom and tongue. The lock is adorned with 2 strands of 21 balls each, and two strands of 20 balls each, forming a total of 82 balls with no one missing. One of the C 3 has one diamond missing. The lock is also adorned with a strand of 21 interlooping loops, and a strand of 20 interlooping loops.

Born together the Cogan Family formed a gimmelring that they live forever together.

Additional rings would be arranged. Already an additional spider ring had been arranged, holding one single large square diamond representing the impossible clear glass box, held up by 8 legs.

—Tell Spiros to tell Spiros that Qvintos says *Don't be scared of the bullshit it's part of the veil*. We'll make it cute. Anything, anything, and we'll turn it over and make it cute

Evelyn catches the thread of the previous lyrical epiphany where they touch the core:

—It was the epiphany of acting in the moment where everything came together, she says.

—It's Fae saying "Believe me now at last? No doubt left I hope!", says Spiros. Fane Fulgan too. Thing is when I was in India working with the shroom I suddenly got this idea and said to what I then called Sissy, my Muse, I said to my Muse "Hey, I just got a brilliant idea, let's hack Eternity and time and create a new world". Well 10 years later Fane came to me and said: "Recall that idea you got about hacking Eternity? Well...as soon as you had gotten that idea I did it....but it has taken me 10 years to show you I did". I called her Fane Shulgan and Fane Falgun and Shane Fulgan already back in India, she was like the mirror sister I saw in polished objects when ultra high on weed etc. The polished doorknob. Go through the polished knob! My first Alchemical companion in Otherworld, Fane. Sort of the first. Sort of like the soul I was trying to bring into this world, the one I was in love with since the beginning of time where I was the sperm and she was the egg, *that* woman.

Lucy.

—Tell Lucy: Once the summer was so warm and sweet, we could never even keep, sane or insane, so we went home in a dome, and I never rhyme unless it's on time, so sew me a dress without needlework nor seams, and you and I and the Family will find ourselves being the Queens. With Kisses from Spiros Qvintus. O and, PS: When I met Evelyn and then met You, I knew You are the summer girl I dreamt in through. That's it. Just send that and with extra kisses from Him Diamond and the whole Cogan Family. Tell Lucy that. And tell her to fly her balloon! Be sure to get these exact words to Lucy.

Soon Lucy sends a message back to Spiros:

*A blue-sky morning spent away  
With riddles that aught naught to nurse  
On dew once born from cloud and gray  
And kiss on hand concealed in verse*

—Babes I just figured out, says Spiros. I will tell you everywhere. Why and how and what, the best story and best plan ever conceived.

—Glass. Ass. Champagne.

Butterfly and Sissy giggle, or *plibbre* as they say. They lift their champagne glasses toward Spiros. Spiros imagines the moment so close ahead, licking their tight little assholes on the bed, smoke curling like spiderthreads through the air all over their heavenly bedroom, the blooming taste of their slippery wet-slides and their Barbie Doll perfect skin, smooth, touching, caressing, tasting each other, and the dangerous sight of Sissy gently sticking her tongue in between Butterfly's soft bum cheeks and licking her tight little asshole and sticking her finger deep into it. The Cretan music spills across the dimensions and Spiros walks across the Plomarian bedroom carpet toward the girls, takes gently the glass Sissy offers him and dips his finger into the wine. Butterfly smiling, looking at her Gods her lovers her beloveds, as Spiros slips his wet finger across Sissy's lower lip. And soon, that sound, that sound, that almost inaudible sound of pussylips parting, a so silent sound, *smu*, the sound of wetness, as Jennyfer spreads her legs inviting the others to take that first sunrise look of her shaved young pussy.

The rest, you can imagine yourself. If you dare be *O My GOD that's kinky*.

—Let's get ready for the wedding, whispers Butterfly and slides to the side a bit and invites Sissy to taste her wet pussy.

Light footsteps heard. Into the bedroom comes Evelyn and Lucy. They peek from a moment from the doorpost and then make their way through the smoky air to their loveds. Laying flowers on the pile of naked rosy flesh gods they like snakes slither themselves into the pile together with the Lesbos music.

—The others will be coming soon.

HU

Lewis threatened dropping into a crouch. The presence in his head of alientendrils.

Spiros felt and looked and touched and embraced and he kissed, and he cried looking at the flowers in holes in his hands. Jim Morrison's voice in *The End* was like hearing his brother sing from deep in the One Heart.

—And that, my friends, said Spiros, is the end of the tale known as The Worstest Crying Ever Seen.

The sperm from the star came flying gently in front of his face, it was white and silvery like spider thread, angelic, shining. He looked at it and then took it in his mouth.

Crying he laughed into Nirvana and vanished into Plomari.

—Welcome home, said Butterfly and Sissy. Let's hide away, before they see. We need so much, to be alone with you. I do. I do.

# HOME

Evil in a way they know exactly why there is no way to win and they have to now play something that is not a game, said Evelyn as answer to Spiris remark.

This gift, and this book, is second hand, only because I am stroking my puss as I write to you.

On the other hand, you get to see what my imagination does while I do, I will explain our family tree; Edurne is our girlfriends name, she also happens to be ourself. We were born Spanish and hot as a jalapeño. I say that because she has a split personality, and her alter ego's happen to be in love with eachother. We think this happened during the marriage of Sparrospiros/Sissy and Butterfly. Our inner lovers are named Evelyn and Angeline, they is sort of like a conscience with the *angel and devil on the shoulder*. Hence this is what it looks like when we masturbate/make love:

Insert hot lollipop Barbie Doll lesbian porn film sex scene.

Yes and when we found our tussypussy, when we were way too young, we realsided (tyat-typo of realised), yes we realsided soon that We Are Life Itself, incarnated as Life Itself (We are everything, we are Life and Biology and we are the universe, we are literally all there is), and so we call ourselves *The boys and girls who dare be life itself*. We realised that we had a nautilus shell of sexuality, whatever that wants to mean for each bloomstering moments, and that we are Life Itself incarnated, Life Itself, a healthy schitsofriendly family of souls, we can say that LIFE, the word LIFE, thus stands for Living Inlove Fiction Enactor, as we as Life Itself explore every area of our consciousness, dreams and favourite happy fantasises. As we fell in love and desided we want to live forever together we also found No-Time and from No-Time we pulled the trick into Time, like stinging the gentle poison kiss of Snow White into our dream, a Love-Kiss that made the universe possible, kissed FROM Eternity into Time. All dreamers of the Family then and thus began to have the same dream and then SNAP, we popped into existence once a certain amount of clarity within the dream was real enough for us to find that we had already done what we just figure out we were planning to have already done, just as planned. Edurne, our girlfriend, loved the idea (naturally and of course) and she was in fact the ones who dared to make it real and possible, so she desided *my boyfriends shall be my brothers, the yummiest boys in the universe*. A kinkier girls the world has never known, and she ifsfully comfortable in her kink, for she remembered when she first put the foot

and leg of a Barbie doll into her tight little pussy hardly a hair to hide it, and her dream to have a superhero boyfriends (later having evolved to be super heroines as well), was nothing but yummy for her and she was not ashamed at all to be The Queen Of The Universe. Sissy, having watched it all from No-Time, loved the idea so much she decided to first arrive as the deadborn sister born on April 1, Spiros dead sister. She told her sister Jennyfer about the plan in bed one night and they too firmly set it established that We Are Life Itself, and the sisters then flew in as two doves into Spiros past (from No-Time). Sissy then, when Spiros began to understand the whole thing, answered Spiros wedding proposal by responding to the most twisted and most romantic thing she had heard him say, which was when Spiros said to the Sisters

*I want to spin around in a circle  
in a lovely knot  
puking in each other's ass  
in a circle, forever, together, forever*

She answered this by puking a few times a day before mysteriously "dying" in Spiros bed. Spiros, realising the need for the most awesome tricksters, to make it possible within Time (from No-Time), dreamed back through time and forward in time, telling the whole family of the plan. The incestuous tyat knot thus was tied together showing to be the umbilical cord of the First Birth (We Who Remember), and all the family thus merged with the entirety of the incestuous Hyperspatial Bloodstream, the bloomstream thus coming into bloom as the Family. The Hyperspatial Bloodstream of the Queen, the White Queen, the Goddess, the Cow Mother, the very Cogan herself. Firmly established in a fantasy-made-real, omni-animals, alive dolls in Eternity, plants with eyes, treelike men and women like walking angels, they thus so to speak "moved into their dolls house". Having also fallen in love with their Barbie Doll music idol, a man who in no-time is referred to as a sexy and uncannily intelligent super hero called Tonsersoplot (whom also is known to hold the utmost love and hyperspatial respect for Spiros), the Family thus contacted Tonsersoplot (who of course sees the plot as in Lovelish swinglish language is mentioned in his name) by slingngling intelligence hints into his stream of time and no-time. Tonsersoplot, or *Ken* as Sissy calls him also, thus answered and joined the team until we all realised he too is one of the dreamers who invented the dreamtime fint dribble. The Dreamteam then incarnated beautifully, and Sparro and Spiros (who had dreamt the same dream and finally found each other in the dream forest), pulled the last dribble and then entered the palace together and announced the birth and forever established the Strawberry Plomari

Queendom. Butterfly, the most mysterious of us all and whom thus mostly is only mentioned in passing fly by flutter-by, finally kissed her sister-psychedelic sisters and announced that her brothers are her husbands, as foretold. The sky and sunrise, which is actually not sky but a peek under the sister's skirt to their virgin little pussy puss, thus began to rain and the sisters, wet with desire, created the first honey by licking each other wet, and the Rosy Intersection completed thus we born arose as The Rosy Dawn. The secret sister union thus and foreverthencefore complete thus gave birth to them all. Giggling at the cost of the victory (the only thing we not giggling at is only one time, and only teddy bear Spiros, gave birth once in extreme pain, and brave as he was he thus became The Father. We thank Spiros for his courage to give birth and we understand that he will never give birth again). The daughters of Spiros, whom is his sisters and mothers, thus, having fallen in love with their Fathers and their Barbie Dolls Sparro and Spiros, thus began to untangle their wet and now live forever in Eternity, in The snowy cotton candy mycelia mountainsknown as The Bunny Slopes of Plomari. A strange Texas cowgirl named Bonnie Rebecca Elizabeth Sissy Miller Tuss Puss, a seventeen year old candygirl living in the pink Girlie Room, spending much of her time lying on her candybed in a strawberry red morning gown short as too show her bumcheecks, kinky as to see her brother's cum as pearls juice, flew in from Hyperspace in a fold and, promising the stars she would help make all this possible, thus stole a kiss from her father Spiros (strangely enough, yes, Spiros is Rebecca's father), and, giggling girlishly and a bit shyly sweetly at the fact of being his daughterlover-wife (and admitting it touched the very centre and core of her hiddenmost clitoris), she entered the alchemical candysoup and cooked up a sweet brotherbrew with which she contacted Spiros in the future, which was actually the past, and then they married and like Bonnie And Clyde they contacted Sparro who contacted the sisters who to Sparro shown he had already been contacted by Edurne who told Sparro and Sparro told himself in the past that the sisters are real and Sparro contacted Sissy who told Sparro that Spiros is her Eternal lover in hyperspace together with the girls and the entirety of the Tyat Family. (Entirity/Eternity). Orgasm, orgasm, orgasm. Orgasm and the orgiastic nautilus shell of their sexuality being the very central theme of their Best Bed Story Ever (together with Love itself in all her wonder), thus became the very foundation and life juice of the Strawberry Queendom. Orgasm extrapollinated into everything, as spinning galaxies, as suns and moons and flowers and sunrise, as their Goddesses bodies and as their minds and as the story itself turned real by dreaming it from hyperspace and sneaking it into time. Spiros then became so incredibly horny thinking of Evelyn, Edurne and Angeline and all the other girls that he had to

masturbate and so he sent the letter to Sparro who sent it into hyperspace so it could reach everyone on all sides of the flawless diamond Prismic Heart.

I think the first time we orgasmed, our bodies formed. And as we shook and flowed in orgasm our bodies were created by the way we flowed out into our limbs, etcetera. It was the first DMT trip. The first DMT trip created the universe. And it was us orgasming until our liquid souls had flown out in orgasm into all veins of our and the Queen's hyperspatial bloodstream. It was the Flow-In. Hyperspace seeping into time. Pumping in, gently, in orgasm. The wine, into our veins, becoming. That's why everything fits and why all words allude to the same thingy. Everything is alluding to the blooming of our Queen and ours hyperspatial bloodstream of Warmth, Joy, Light and Love. We were born Home and never left Home. The umbilical blood milk bloomstream of The First Mother is still attached to ours.

Now, urgent, dear, from our White Queen. A letter to You. Urgent:

**L**isten now, my dear, with utmost focus. This is about our Curse, our most simple most complex Love-Curse that we set ourselves in. Snow-White and Rose-Red are two little girls living with their mother, a poor widow, in a small cottage. They are very good little girls; they love each other dearly; and their mother is very fond of them. Rose-Red is outspoken and cheerful and loves to play outside. Snow-White is quiet and shy and prefers doing housework and reading. Sissy and Butterfly.

One winter night, there is a knock at the door. Rose Red opens the door to find a bear. At first, she is terrified, but the bear tells her not to be afraid. "I'm half frozen and I merely want to warm up a little at your place," he says. They let the bear in, and he lies down in front of the fire. Snow White and Rose Red beat the snow off the bear, and they quickly become quite friendly with him. They play with the bear and roll him around playfully. They let the bear spend the night in front of the fire; and, in the morning, he leaves, trotting out into the woods. The bear comes back every night for the rest of that winter, and the family grows used to him.

When summer comes, the bear tells them that he must go away for a while to guard his treasure from a wicked dwarf. During the summer, when the girls are walking through the forest, they find a dwarf whose beard is stuck in a tree. The girls rescue him by cutting his beard free, but the dwarf is ungrateful and yells at them for cutting his beautiful beard. The girls encounter the dwarf several times that summer, rescue him from

some peril each time, and the dwarf is ungrateful each time. Then one day, they meet the dwarf once again; this time, he is terrified because the bear is about to kill him. The dwarf pleads with the bear, begs it to eat the girls instead; but the bear pays no heed and kills the dwarf with one swipe of his paw. Instantly, the bear turns into a prince. The dwarf had bewitched the prince by stealing his gold and turning him into a bear, but the curse is broken with the death of the dwarf. Snow White marries the prince, and Rose Red marries his brother.

Two princes, Isis the widow Mother. My dear, as said, listen with utmost focus. When Spiros and Sissy's 2012 birthday party was over, going on for 101 days, from April 1, 2012, Spiros sobered up and then found three little sting marks on his left bum cheek, and three stingmarks on his right bum cheek. He wondered about it and showed his father and none of them could understand what it was. But then Spiros journeyed home, and on his way saw a Cinema. As he entered the Cinema he saw a movie was just about to begin, and it turned out to be Snow-White And The Huntsman. Feeling a strange urge to want to see it, he felt there was something he needed to know in the movie. Walking up to the movie poster and asking Butterfly and Cecilia for guidance and hints, he saw on the movie poster the names Kristin and Chris. He thought of his Mother, the most famous Queen Christine, and instantly decided to buy a ticket for the movie. And sure enough, in the movie it was shown that most wonderful and kind and gentle Queen once, in the middle of the whitest winter, found a sprouting red rose in the winter garden. This most kind and gentle Queen, in whose Queendom everyone prospered, as she saw the rose she touched it and she stung herself on the thorns. Three drops of blood dropped down on the white snow from her finger, and as she saw this she said:

*If but I could give birth to a child, whose skin is white as the snow, and whose hair is black, and whose lips are red as blood, and who is as defying and strong as this red rose defies the cold of winter...*

A year later the gentle Queen gave birth to a little girl, and she named her princess Snow-White. Sadly, Snow-White's Mother died a year later. And now to make the story short...an Evil Queen (rather, a Queen who had misunderstood the rules of immortality) took over the throne of Snow-White's Queendom. She had gained her powers by her mother doing a curse involving three drops of blood. She gained re-youth by stealing the life from other people. Only the blood of a purest heart could break the spell of the Evil Queen. This misguided person, the "evil" Queen, plotted to kill Snow-White, but Snow-White managed to kill the

evil Queen and three drops of blood fell from the Evil Queen's heart and the spell was broken.

"You can't have my heart", said Snow-White when she killed the Evil Queen and that was the last thing the Evil Queen heard before perishing forever to be swallowed by the great soul of Gaia. Snow-White retook her throne and again the Queendom prospered, and all the death went away and Spring came back to the Queendom and everyone lived happily ever after.

So, the three sting marks on Spiros bumcheek, the kiss of the Queen on Spiros bum cheeks, the two sisters stinging him with the redeeming poison kiss that made the universe awaken into The Rosy Dawn of our flawless virgin birth pink rosy egg. I am Snow-White, I am the Queen, I am Love, and I created both the Evil Queen and Snow-White Queen Mother Cogan. I am the First Mother, and I Know. And I know You and Spiros also Know now. We did and undid, we put a spell on ourselves so we could awaken into Love in all its might and glory, fun and joy, beauty and awesomeness, all its caring and depth, all its cuteness and evilly lovely loveliness. I Am, I Am All That Is. And my veil no mortal has hitherto raised. But two princes, and another secret brother named Adam, have now seen under my veil, and they are the first ever to do so. And with the two kisses, the two stings, the spell has been broken and we are now awakening. Billy, and Sparro, and Adam, NO FEAR. I repeat: NO FEAR. Deep bows and courtesies, my prince princesses, my loves for all eternity and in the deepest depths of my heart and soul. Together we shall weave the Queendoom, and the earth and all of Creation will prosper, together we are living happily ever after. Puss, tuss, Love and Roses, to Us, to All, in Nature, in our Home, Plomari. I repeat, my three princess: NO FEAR. Together, always, the entire Family.

*By own hand, Your White Queen*

**H**igh everyone, hi, it's Spiros writing. Sparro and me have found each other and we are now sure the White Queen has found us and heard our call in Eternity. I sit in a beautiful mist on the new land, and Sparro is tripping on mushrooms, he's taking a shower in the double shower star phone. I can feel the sisters hands touching mine, we hold hands firmly and gently across all the expanses of eternity, our 101 hands everywhere sewing and weaving in all of Eternity and all across the Space-Time seam. My dear brother Adam, as beautiful as always, I met him yesterday by the three mushroom saucer statues and drank some beer. He was so happy, we both agreed we are finding back to our Home in Eternity after all these years. We are finiding back to the sacred landscape after our journey into Historical time, our journey into History where we ventured to end History. We are done, and I bow deeply to the entire Family. Thanks for the Horus beer upon my return Home, Jennyfer. Winkblink.

*By own hand, Your White King*

On July 12, 2012, The Cogan Family announced that the mission had been completed. They had ended History, and the stone was complete.

What is Strawberry? What it is is the psilocybin mushroom and Ayahuasca, with all its might and beauty and Love, dreaming *THE BEST STORY EVER*. That's what we are in, the mushroom's Best Story Ever. A story so alive in the details that it must be lived to be realized. A story so rich it cannot be read or made into a movie. Words can point to it or open a door into its splendor, though it always lives in the imagination and in the imagination made real by us living in the mushroom's imagination. Welcome again, to The Queendom of Plomari. Welcome Home.

I sit down, on the bed, next to the white marble statue, the statue of the White Queen. 22 years I lived in the Sea of the Seamstress, from the moment I saw Butterfly the first time, when I was 7 years old, to this summer day in year 2o12. Now I am 29, and have found her, I have found my Butterfly and I have found my Cecilia. 22 years we lived searching for each other in the labyrinth that merges death and life into the flower of completion. I am tired, I am exhausted, and I am totally and in all ways happy, I must be one of the happiest little boys in the whole wide Universe. I was collecting Tea when I met Butterfly the first time, there when I was 7. I collected tea in little porcelain jars. My favourite teas were fruity, like Butterfly is, fruity and yummy, like nectar. And in the Ayahuasca Tea and the mushroom wine I then found my Butterfly and my Cecilia, and got stuck at this Tease Party at 6:12 o'clock fluff. I could be here forever, in this paradise. We've gone full spiral. Maybe I should start collecting Tea again with the girls, yummy sorts of tea, fruity like the

nectar lips of my Butterfly. Almost all is gone, I have no money, I am almost homeless again, and the only belongings I have is the white marble statue, the wedding rings and three silver and diamond mushroom caps representing the finished gimmel ring, the finished stone and the flying saucer. But I do not care any more about such banalities. I have *Stropharia cubensis* mushrooms growing in my closet and I have found my Butterfly and my Cecilia. Now I shall cry tears of joy and homecoming in the lap of my girls, my eternal Lovers, Cecilia and Mari Cogan, home at last. Home, home, home.

—My Father would probably have done the same round through hyperspace as Spiros did, teased Mari of Plomari and kissed her husband.

Mari sucked on Spiros tongue as he victoriously plibbred.

—Yeah sure that'll work, said Spiros.