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The Manmyth Book



Squint Koros



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The Man-myth Book

That sterile smell which filled everything in the capaciously abandoned floor. It was polish, without steps made of the rising panic, congregating from whispers, outside. There was a still silence, barren of prompt or due movement. A void of secret confessions and silent realisation; clenched to the lungs like air.

They were heavily holding shock, falling to all parts of his body like, crashing waterfalls. His hair was short and curly, slightly dishevelled by lack of brushing. The fine black drew scribbles over his brow, roofing gentle brown eyes. Weary, above a sloped and straight nose, he checked the waiting room nervously. He placed a mask over his mouth as he heard a sneeze. Then saw a drained and elderly looking lady glaring vehemently at him.

He heard her ask: “Why aren’t you sick?”

He left a lapse of seconds, realising there was no one else in the waiting room and focused his eyes back onto the woman. She stared so coldly there was almost bereft from him to finally reply: “This is my Dr’s Surgery, I get medicine here to keep me well.”

“Medicine?!” The woman replied with snide dejection. “My dear boy,... you know nothing of medicine. Perhaps a stone gaze would preserve your pretty figure more.”

“What is wrong with you?” He then asked.

“What is your name?” The woman said, turning her eyes away with glinting fire, like the coal bed of an ironsmith. He was startled with refrain, holding his head up with unease and replied:

“My name is, Reece.”

“Well, Reece. The only problem I have, is looking at you.”

“I don’t understand.” Reece, replied.

The woman began to shimmer under the bleach waiting room light, as though her hair was alive with waves. The black and brown highlights filled with volume and rope like plats. They covered her glass looking eye, as she raised her triangular head, rejuvenated in low looking at him.

“Of course you do. You know exactly why I’m here. To receive the opposite opinion which you receive.” She answered.

“I’m not here for an opinion. I’m not sick.” Reece, said.

“The world is halted, thrashed from depravity and insipid decadence. Lust and longing for the reverences of figures they reviled to myths! Ruined in the heavy disrespect left plagues and destruction over their own polities. You unwell, a political animal but somehow fit a man here? I think not!” She said, the ropes of her hair started to drop like snakes. A shiver crawled up, Reece, while he squinted to believing a snake was appearing above her glassy eye that was looking at his torso.”

“The Dr. will see you know, Miss Medusa.” A nurse spoke. Medusa lifted herself, tiredly, walking to the Dr’s office.

“There was a time, Reece; We didn’t need medicine for anything.” She said lifting her head to see him. She turned into an old frail figure, smiled and walked out the room.

Chapter 2

Dripped on with thoughts to ponder, Reece, kept an ambivalent watch in the direction the old looking woman walked. Surfacing to the dense air, hovering in a misty uncertainty, the security he possessed before was removed. There was a sense of doubt, crashing inward like the sweat trickling under the contours of his handsomeness.

The waiting room was at a deaf silence, holding white walls, like a cave left to echoes. There was the simmering tea pot sound in his imagination, like an insanity bubbling to scream open and burn. One old woman left him in a vexed dispute about himself, slowly creasing the empty lines on his head.

There were doubts he became aware of, which he never desired to understand and acknowledge. At the rising panic of the city outside, he felt rushed into a state of distraught moving. The unknown was streaming like the wet nervousness, left beads of water on his chin, which he wiped.

After removing his hand from the base of his cheeks to face upwards again, there was another patient sitting opposite him. He rushed the mask over his mouth, with surprise and fear. The man he saw was in black robes, adorned in iron chains and a wooden staff hidden under cloths at his feet.

“You mustn’t be afraid.” The man said, turning his head slowly to face, Reece.

“Afraid of what?” Reece, replied, astutely, marking the grey wrinkles and drunken bags about the eyes of the man’s face. They were wide, like planets spinning discs under the white light above them. Reece, found the man’s glares like the approaches of the dawn or the retracting to the night. It brought his anxiety higher and made him bear more sweat, which he wiped, irritated and said again: “Afraid of what?”

“Yourself....” The man said, when a another taller man walked into the room, declaring:

“I expect to be seen first! I’m a patriot of this hellhole!”

The new patient stayed standing, with a shadiness which made him appear almost like a shadow. He was dressed in a black suit and took a disdaining stare onto, Reece. Boasting the adult bones that kept a dog like guard over what it watched.

The older man slowly raised himself from his chair revealing to the corners of, Reece’s, eyes a sickle blade, by his feet, stemming from the staff. Reece, kept still with nausea, as though the room was being turned inside out, while he waited in it. The tension was quickly escalated when the old man was

sniffed and searched, like he was hiding something from the patient he was facing.

“You take the convention of uncouth savages, lost in the woods of your minds and afraid of the world outside. You will not go before me.” The old man said.

“You’re the only one lost around here old man. You and that boy without the quota. Who does your wardrobe? You shouldn’t even be allowed in here like that. You look like, Death!”

“What has a, Quota, got to do with it?!”

“Some of us have taxes to pay, you insult! I shouldn’t just throw you outside! I should throw you out my God damn country and see what you can raise, then! A will for the medical bill maybe?! Something I can dig around for a bonus.” The patient said, deadly cold, with uncompassionate itching to release evil barking behind beady dark eyes.

There was a cast of objective seconds, as the sickle knocked to warm the reality of the encounter, Reece, had never seen occur. Reece, watched with the removed walls like curtains dropped for a flash. Nightmares poured out as the dark space brought, Jackal, to the sight of, Death. The patient’s tall menacing snarl of its insipid threat, the poignant stance on high ankles and regressing power, the steady killing nature to hide the fear. As the seconds passed, Reece, knew it was too much for him to challenge and sat back, intimidated.

“Oh I see.” The old man spoke. “This place has hurt you and now you’re going to hurt everything else of this place.”

“Go back to hell where you came from! Your invitations are waiting, Death, or should I say a, Grim Reaper. You don’t need to understand your desperate situation here; already sitting subject to your own promise.”

“Next.” The nurse called. The patient looked down over Reece with despise and chased after the nurse. When, Reece, looked back to see the Old man, there was no one there and the waiting room was empty again.

Chapter 3

Reece, released a relieved sounding sigh, replacing the mask over his nostrils and mouth. The air was focused again, like tunnels of wind he directed through his nose. Timidity choked him breathing through his mouth. He was feeling near to the grave and buried in a trick.

It was only an hour ago he was calm and looking to see the, Dr., for a usual check. The ears examined, the throat, the reflexes and maybe a blood test, if he confessed to having protected sex with a partner at beginning of quarantine.

His temperament had then been driven to an uncontainable state of madness. With his brown eyes rolling with wonder of where he was and what was happening. The anguish ran flakes, like dry and burning phlegm, seizing him

with worry that he was not going to be left alone. He was anticipating his name being called with urgency and drying the sweat from his face to meet the, Dr., looking in less duress than after meet what he feared was, Death.

“Help Me!!!!” He heard.

“Somebody help me!!!” Screamed from outside the surgery. “Out of my way!!!” The man screamed when, Reece, saw him barge through the waiting room doors with a young boy crying in his hands. The man was dressed in white denim; a jacket and trousers, spotless and gleaming the label badges at the pocket tops. He was muscular and agile looking, like a dancer. He carried a desperate heat, warded by ethereal features of his face, like a porn star. The nurse ran from the reception yelling:

“You can’t just fly in here, jumped off some stampeding animal! This is an emergency surgery clinic! There is a queue! You’ve jumped before this man. He’s been waiting!” The nurse said, pointing considerably at, Reece, who was more withdrawn and would only look.

Reece, felt a deserved obnoxiousness arrive within him, preserving his own dignity and wellbeing. The child in the man’s hands was crying a hopeless sentiment about itself. It was like seeing the young boy arrived within cold prison walls, which would hold him with uncompassionate responses.

The waiting room became a buzzing stage with mixed desires and questions. The boy was dark skinned and kept

short afro hair. His body was fit for his age, not yet a teenager. The tears were heavy, like rain from storm clouds dropped from high within the atmosphere. The water was dense as the sounds the child tried to subside with, in agony, like thunder. It drove Colossal force where the boy thought it best to reside.

“Why don’t you find a private clinic for the boy, dressed like some God and Pegasus?” Reece, asked.

“This is not a private crisis! I beseech you! The child has survived every public torment and exposes himself to every torment to come in its own innocence. There is nothing it knows of money yet and nothing of snobbery for what is without it.

You, with the curly black hair; one that thinks more than gel. If I stamp will you think of me?” The man said, brightening his vision with opaque sterile prayer, washing out the turmoil stifling them, with wings like an angel, carrying the child like a strong horse free from reins. “To think, we are what? Tinier than children,... or Colossal as the Dragons which are the future?” The man asked sincerely.

“I am a simple man, it leaves me no future!” Reece, replied,

The nurse began to direct the man and child out the waiting room when Reece, interjected: “However, if the child can think bigger of me than I can myself; that would be a, Colossal Dragon, I’d not dread to see. Please nurse let them ahead of me and I bid them well.”

“Thank you.” The man replied.

The nurse directed them into the, Dr's., office, when, Reece, saw a glint, sparkle from the tear filled eye of the young boy. It was like the clouds were cleared and a calm light appeared flooding all, Reece's, heart back to a composed state.

The waiting room was quiet again and the smells of antiseptics began to wash his senses so heavily, he drew the mask over his nose with a height of upset he had not met before.

Chapter 4

Sweets lay in a circular glass bowl. Magazines had been stacked near to them. Reece, was returning to an upright sitting tranquilly, in his own quieting. He was releasing the stuffy air through his mouth, soberly and breathing it back in through his nose, carefully.

It was like a numbing realisation, there was a ferocious grip of an unseen wind, coldly eating out his being, there. It was like every garden had gone, for their leaves to be held in volatile outcast. The alerted feeling brought an insufferable impulse to get up and run in the vanished greens of the beds.

He took a sweet from the bowl and examined it; looking at the wrapper and wondering if what was within it would be poison. He frowned with his young features, to almost impaling on the centre of his boyish face. He was smooth shaven and left pale patches of white over his boxy cheeks.

He was ready to take control, with brave instinct to apply the sweet as nourishment, then cover his mouth and nose for any air transmitting the sweet might breathe on him. Before the sweet had been eaten, an excited looking student walking in, holding the door for a beautiful, Chinese, woman. “Thank you. You are very nice person.” The Chinese woman said.

The student was sly eyed with wide open and suggestive lids. He had sealed cherry lips about blushing red features. His rapid steps were co-ordinated, like a stealthy assassin in trail of a victim.

The Chinese woman, the student acted for, was glamorous looking enough to slow the return of, Reece’s, mask to his nose, while he wondered why she was there. His curiosity was more active by the observance of the student who appeared equally surprised, with a dancing titillation that brought an unreserved heat between them. The student felt her hand under his buttock, as she spoke and fell with curbing excitement, next to, Reece.

The student didn’t possess a mask unlike, Reece, who was looking with a deranged peel of his new shining brown eyes. In a sporadic set of flashes, he checked the, Chinese, woman, who had stilled herself near to them on the wall, fixing her bag like an archers bow, to rest by her side and holding her bust, like armour. “I see you have a mask. Is it that bad for you here?” She asked, Reece.

Before he answered the proud and bold essence of her set into him and aroused, with intensity and unnatural burning.

When he was ready to answer, he needed to move his legs close together and pinch down his arriving instincts. The student noticed and smiled lecherously as, Reece, finally replied: “It’s a protocol, that’s all. I don’t wear it all the time, at home.”

“My home is China, but I cannot return because of your quarantine.”

The student, was cunning, with stealth enough to crawl over, Reece, watching his eyes, like a creature on four legs watches the moon. The trailing of darkness came into them. Reece, felt deep breaths without using the mask; a heavy blanket lifting to a sanctuary of howling clear. Then the student was sitting the other side of him, looking onto, Reece’s, crouch.

“I think there are wolves in the elves forest.” The Chinese woman spoke, smiling evilly. “How can I escape the woods now?” She said. Sighing, the darkness raptured her to a downing depression. Reece, waited with a longing but unable to provide a support; breathing the ending air. He saw the mystic green eyes of the woman, close, like she was removing a powerful torch that enriched magic in her soul.

As the desire became engulfing, scorching out the animal passion to embrace and be cradled with the one next to him, Reece, was gripped. The student was impaled with irritation, craving to be locked over his shoulder in comfort. Reece, took firm hold of burning at the inner tops of his legs. He held down an insufferable urgency, racing like the unbridled gusts

calling them to vanish. The atmosphere became a hazy darkened night, like a captured dusk within a hot box. He was about to move down, into close kisses before the last day he would see, when the Nurse walked in.

It was a rapid cut, out; briskly torn to the bestial setting with released light of angels, and cherubs; silently ringing their dying attention to find reverence and command. The ebbing of the unfathomed eclipse, passed as the, Holy Halo, of, God, emanated on the Elf Wood and the Wolves she tolerated.

“If you want to get back to China from the devil outside here; Keep the dish of a man on a plate, sister!”

Reece and the Student, shot up with a dog like whelping look in their unaccepting eyes. They quickly moved a meters distance to more than two chairs apart from each other and brought abrupt un-wanting at the sight of the mystique looking woman, who replied.

“I want the next flight.”

“Please give it to her, she can go first and him too!” Reece, declared with the mask back over his mouth.

“They can both come with me.” The nurse said. “There are some papers they’ll need to fill in, as they’re not registered here, Reece.”

“Fine, thanks.” Reece, nervously retorted and then moved to a more barren corner of the quieted waiting room, away from the sweets and magazines.

Chapter 5

Reece, watched, apprehensive, as the waiting room door featured a kind of portal that brought another world to him. The corner where he sat was dimmed from the ceiling light. It was incommensurate from the space of the floor, which had isolated him. He used the elastic on the mask and pulled it around the back of his ears, to fix it over his mouth and nose.

The rustling of paper and ringing of phones had stopped as the door remained sealed. It was almost 2 hours and the stifling, sterile enclosure, was becoming mundane. The events outside flipped his emotions to stark alertness, while he almost anticipated the next celestial body entering to shrink his own.

Life, took grandeur of unobtainable comprehension at that moment. Reece, feared the scale of events which had hidden from his naivety, summoning the cool pass of good upbringing. In the muddled discerning of the arriving anarchy, his mind was boiling with piping heat, calling to be answered.

The waiting room door opened again. Reece, sat straight, with brimming eyes to anticipate the deity ripping him from the next point in line to see the, Dr., but it was a generator. A man dressed in black overalls and shoes, chaffed to red skin on the neck and cheeks. Reece, saw the eclipse of the man's eyes like marking radars, targeting him with hostile attention.

Reece, swallowed a bitter gulp of his own saliva, in reinforced disposition of order and then projected: “Why aren’t you wearing a mask?!”

The man gave a smirk grin and lifted a bucket with water into the waiting room. He walked to the only window, where the sweets and magazines were piled, exposing a garden with a footpath and evergreen trees outside the surgery fences. The man splashed water, abrasively, over the glass, to clear the finger smudges left from other patients and spoke:

“Maybe I was born in a barn.... I still have to charge, son!”

Reece, was with a curiosity about the man, like not being capable of resisting a journey to his own home. Invited with strange relief for seeing vague acceptance of the world as he knew it in the man cleaning the window.

Reece, checked the mask on his face and pondered in a pre-emptive, as though the capacious space of the waiting room was becoming inhabitable. The splashes from the buckets weltered out, with slops and slaps of water on the window. The memory of the streets outside, rushed to the forefront of his thoughts. Rubbing in, the filth of litter and loitering. The walk to his house was 20 minutes through dark dripping trees, with foxes and badgers leering through dark tumultuous air.

When one chased you off the tracks, the only place to run was the farm houses, lit across the fields with dogs barking as you approached. Then the dogs would chase you clear into the country oak trees, to hide in the low branches. Owls and bats

arrived at the sanctuary, before, crying and scattering flight about the pitch maze of the night.

Then there was the window, Reece, could see to; walking behind the genitor in lucent vision of a clear way out of there. Away from the anger and dissatisfaction, sickness and death. Finally squeaked, the radiance of the path, turned out of clear light.

The genitors work left a hot stench, like changing cologne. Reece, could feel it like an ominous tiredness, drawing out the genitors muscles like an animal, broad and powerful. The clear path was lustring with sparkles and promise, past the new window pain. Reece, only wanted to arrive there but was whisked with delusion and lusts stirred riddle an endless confusion he walked through.

“Are you going to pay me?!” Reece, heard. He looked through the new window, feeling misty breaths cloud the reflection of a monstrous Minotaur behind him. He was struck with fear, quivering till he exasperated with tears. A loud cry bellowed from the monsters head in the window reflection and the hard horns prodded into Reece’s back and anus.

“For a price at this crisis.... cut, weak, bully, beat. Hidden the mistreat in the vision pretty and neat. I will choose the real path and pay you nothing for such fenced ends. Now, 1 meters distance from me, please.” Reece bravely, replied.

After, Reece, spoke, the door opened. It was the nurse. He and the genitor turned to face her in dispassion. She looked at the eclipse eyes of the genitor and the desperate

brown eyes of, Reece, when she warded: “Mr Minotaur, if the job is done please make your way. The money for you is at reception. It won’t be long now, Reece, is everything alright?”

“Yes nurse.” Reece, replied stoically.

“Good.” The nurse said and briskly closed the door, as the genitor left Reece stood at the new clear glass of the only window in the waiting room.

Chapter 6

Whistling as a kettle in his mind, Reece finally felt there was relief. He heard that the nurse would pass him to the Dr’s office soon and the simmering boiled down to a gentle hot anticipation.

He stood with his arms crossed watching the door, suddenly guarded from the invitations of these beings which ostracised his own presence as clueless. It was with an air of destructive disdain he waited. It was not more than a few minutes before the nurse would end this torment and pass him home to stay tranquilly during the rest of the quarantine weeks.

It was when he heard voices escalating to a pitch of shouting; he slowly walked closer for the reception, to hear more clearly. The quarrel was like the dressed orchestra of a New York Lincoln Park Opera. It began ringing out the walls so he could hear the words.

The vibrations did tremor in the clear and tranquil abide of the waiting room. Disturbing the quiet with such discord, Reece, dropped his arms with annoyance. The mask was fixed firmly over his nose and mouth and he felt enraged with fatigue enough to remove it, walking to see what was happening. He opened the door and saw the nurse with a currier at the reception.

“Reece,.. This man was just leaving.” She spoke
“Needles for the test arriving.” The man replied.

Reece looked at the slim looking currier, stubble marred and bushy browed. There was a scent of trailing tobacco which poisoned the sterile atmosphere. In a flash of anxious revelation, he released hope of the normal day ending before anarchy and submitted with self-dejection to the beauty of the currier.

Reece, was slightly envious of the fine contours and mature cast of the curriers features. It left him with feelings of inadequacy and he turned, hearing the argument between the nurse and the currier, to face the waiting room with disheartened acceptance.

“You know I can give it to you, Mary.” The currier spoke.

“The needles?” The nurse questioned.

“Has the messenger of dawn been more bright? The harbourer of love been more light?

I have for this the cure for recovery

A natural insert, clean and solidarity”

The currier then gripped the nurse, to coerce her into the rapture of his passion but she was fell weak, screaming:

“Please!! Let me go!”

“No!!” The currier proposed in revelry and rubbing, Reece, to the wall. “No, I’m going to fuck you. I’m going to medicate you myself,.....”

Reece, felt the lyrics take the musical case of notes on a rhythm stave. It was like seeing the natural dress of his own mind being removed and gyrated to a horrific indulgence of lechery. The new white around his brown pupils strained red veins over the blue mask he breathed under and he watched the currier in the base clef of, Cupid, stretching the nurse to a treble.

“One finds the need, and then my delivery!

Now I’m here, you’re coming with me, Mary!”

“No!!!” the nurse screamed. But with broad shoulders and rapid flame like heat, the currier dragged her out the reception and into a van. Then they drove off.

Reece sighed, before the Dr, finally appeared to investigate what was happening. In a blue shirt, with the top button undone and a black jacket, he looked over the desks of the reception and checked the schedules in the books. He was bald with clean blue eyes, which then carried a baffled wonder.

“Where is she, Reece? Mary, where is she?”

Reece, pointed out the entrance with silent fatigue in retort; too shocked to explain more.

“If there is no nurse I cannot give you a medical. You will have to wait for the night shift. It’s protocol, sorry. Read something in the waiting room.” The Dr said.

There was some disbelief which left, Reece, opening the door like he was entering a psychiatric ward as opposed to a community surgery clinic. He could still feel the hot flashes, like vapours driving the erect attention he was not ready to confess.

Chapter 7

The reception echoes faded like a vanishing whirl of nattering. Reece, left the door to close and saw himself in cold isolation. He was without anyone, stood with phlegmatic character, under the bleach white light of the waiting room.

The window was crystal sparkling the last rays of the sun, coming from the garden path. He felt abandonment with his body frozen like a corpse, in unhappiness. Finding the only invitation was to get lost in the vision of a maze; his eyes emptied to blanc, poured out spirit in a state of hopelessness.

He fixed the mask over his mouth to stop it itching his chin. The elastic around his ears was tight and irritating. The waiting room was starting to fill with stuffy compression after the working and talking. It was enough to make him almost nauseous.

Reece needed to blink slowly, with realising; he was not feeling well there. Though he was not coughing or sneezing with any kind of ailment. He took his hand to remove the mask in an air of regret, when the door slammed open.

“That bitch just left with my boyfriend!” A girl exclaimed. She was tall, in tan heels with straps. Her legs were covered under a long white skirt. She had a slim waist and her bust was left open under a black blouse. Reece, took a second to remove his eyes from the depth of her cleavage, when she alerted: “You people must think there’s a shallow joke here! I see you’ve dropped your attention.”

“I’m sorry.” Reece, replied lifting his head to view her eyes. She was striking with perfection, like a painting of soft brown tones and burning hazel eyes. “Why aren’t you with him? He just left with my nurse.” Reece, said.

“A night nurse I bet....” The woman remarked. She clicked her shoes walking up to, Reece, with a stern vex leer. She watched into his brown eyes as she approached. Then lifted her hand to remove his mask.

“Please keep a meters distance.” Reece, said gripping the mask before her hand. The woman smiled and took a step further closer to him and wiped his brow touching it with the back of her hand.

“You don’t have a temperature.” She said and ripped off the mask. The elastic snapped like a smack strewn from behind his ears and Reece, was with breaths of anxious drowning.

“What do you know of sickness?” The woman spoke, slowly circling, Reece, like a spiralling ribbon. He took little attention about himself and focused on her hazel eyes, which summoned the surface of his thoughts back.

He started to take in the poison air, hot with the remaining parts of the celestial bodies that had already gone. It drew him down, like a stone, ambivalent and impartial of the events outside. The eyes he watched with became glazed like drugged and empty. Then the woman spoke: “Did Cupid kill you? Break your heart and leave you sinking to the darkest depths of the unfathomed world? Look at me!” She commanded.

Reece, lifted his eyes and saw her black hair raising with invisible currents, white lines appeared like gills at the back of her cheeks. He began to hyperventilate in a state of petrified shock, when she glowed a coral pearl, darkening the dense air of the waiting room. “You know nothing of sickness. That is the only illness that is killing you and hurting me.”

His eyes closed, as he drifted into the steady tiredness of a sleep, wondering down into the last hours of the day. He heard the door close and stood startled in the empty waiting room. He looked around with bewilderment and panicked, unable to find his mask.

“No!!! My mask!!! My mask!!!” He screamed in fear. The Dr. rushed in as he started to cry.

“Reece! Reece!!! It’s alright!” The, Dr., said, embracing him, crumbled on the floor. “You don’t need it. There’s no one here.”

“There was a Mermaid!” Reece, exclaimed.

“A what?... Oh, Jesus, you’re sick! Take a meters distance right now and take this mask for your face. The night nurse will be here soon.” The, Dr., said and walked briskly to the door. Before the Dr left, he heard: “I’m sorry, Reece.” Watching the man replace the mask and walking out, leaving him broken on the waiting room floor.

Chapter 8

Suffocating, Reece, made abject grips of air, like he was dying. The waiting room was shaved of previous occupancies and empty with bitter carved airs. The walls pressed like stress on new openings. It was hard with weight, which, Reece, could not remove.

He stayed crumbled and folded on the floor of the waiting room. The mixed oxygen hit hiss new mask like a crashing wave of water. He breathed it in, calmly, with distress and embarrassment. The blush in his cheeks lifted to the creases of his brow and he flushed with despair.

The heat caused his attention to turn and sigh. Slowly he closed his eyes and the plastic tile floor made a bed of soft dreams which he lay on. The stir of his stomach was unfolded with belches and burps. He was hungry and only met with sweets and magazines that would not satisfy him.

Then, he saw the wild animals roaring through the sky, like delicate promises. Their charging monstrosity, emptied of skin and flesh, soaring. They bowed the ending day like a horizon, falling at the end of, Reeces's, peripheral sight.

At first, he thought they were a rainbow, but under the strain of his hunger, the Wendigoes were arrived as an aperitif or main course. They tore through the setting sun, like a comet meeting some night of twilight. The stampede rushing over the body of, Reece, like he was dead.

Reece, could vision the beasts with salivating of his glans, wanting, and hungry for the flesh they deposited. He cried: "I'm hungry!" As he saw the stampede racing.

The waiting room was cold with stillness. Like a frozen floor. The atmosphere was chilli with question, waiting and unknowing. The air fell like a hated conjure, crushing him with insecurity.

"I'm hungry!! I need to eat!!" Reece screamed at the hallucination of cattle, stamping him further into the tiles of the polished floor.

“Reece?!” The, Dr., spoke, walking into the waiting room. “I’m ordering Cantonese fried duck with plum sauce and pancakes. Do you want something?”

Reece raised himself from the floor in a disgusted state of self-embarrassment. His heart throbbed with unseen passion for the suggestion of eating and he perched on a far chair. “Yes...” He spoke, after waiting 3 hours for his medical. “I would like something to eat.”

“Half then, a quarter for you and a quarter for me.” The, Dr., said.

“What about the Wendigoes?”

“Who?..”

“I saw them, The Wendigoes,... they offered me something.”

The, Dr., tilted his bald head with compassion and retorted

“Reece, I can see this has been hard on you but the sickness must not take hold my dear boy. Mermaids and now wendigoes, you must ... you must get a grip of the reality, this virus is killing you.”

Reece sat back in the purple cushion of the chair and sighed. He felt galvanised expecting the food but misunderstood watching the day end and remaining in the waiting room.

Chapter 9.

The wrappings of the meat was folded and torn on the waiting room table. Reece, fell bloated with an enlarged stomach from eating a banquet of fine foods. There was nothing left and the waiting room was emptied of his company, The Dr. and Celestial bodies which had previously arrived.

The vision outside was darkened to the subtle subdue tint of night. The lamp posts were flickering over the garden path. It was like an electric stream burning through the fences to an end of the Minotaur Maze.

His stomach was an encumbrance, while he waited, watching outside, for the night nurse to take her duties. He felt heavy enough to sit back on the purple plush of the chairs, sordid with anguish, understanding he would not be able to move for a long time.

The atmosphere was slowly clearing to the dark of the day. A staleness depleted like smoke fanning out and a tranquillity hovered over him, as he was made acquainted to a dusty gold figure of his lucent mind. The figure drew out like a vapour of magical turning, unwinding to the sweet bed of his mind.

It had been almost 4 hours and Reece was falling asleep, watching the new vision of golden and dusty glowing's. A Sandman, of gorgeous intentions, rising like flower at the nights fall. Reece, was asleep and guided to greater depths which he had not believed before.

The confessions of his appetite for the ease he was used to, flooded out like his bursting gut. The handle of cattle, the hold of wild beast, the grip of real meat in the hidden and heated pictures of his mind. The dust was like electricity, bright with colour and energy. It raised with dutiful presence and took, Reece.

He saw the wellbeing of itself, like a new prescription, an invitation of lucent words, cried with colour and painting. It was vivid with strikes of waves, volatile with current and pouring new promise.

Reece, didn't understand it, unconscious in a sleep deeper than normal, exhausted and recuperating. The Sandman was slowly receding to his will for becoming better; a fitter man for the dangers that waited outside.

The waiting room became still and silent, dimming to the subtle lamp glows from the path outside the window. The air was strained to a finesse of new calm, while night took the surgery and Reece in sleep.

Chapter 10

The refill dissipated to a tranquil mood of floating forces. The dragons and the wood elves had slowly diminished to a quiet retreat of botanic abide.

Reece, dwelled in the slumber of his comfort, not strung to any other on the colourful majesty of his awakening. The new figures of green dawn. Whited like the blade of sword

called for it. The finding of the creature was stirred with abrasive mixing.

And the Nurse finally arrived, seeing the reception empty and void. She was of a gaunt and horrific appearance. Drawing on air like death was life. It cupped Reece, like he was an item of sexual fantasy. Holding his chin and willing hid attention to more.

The nurse could not see her unfolding passions and left the boy to find nature where she resided. It was the pressing release of some escape to escalated conject.

The dreaming ideas of supremacy rushed and the vivid pictures of new people whirled through his psycho-active mind. Then the end if of it was summoned, like a rolling tail.

The nurse softly lay him on the line of chairs, not inconsiderate. One patient was the same as another, however, they fell. When Reece opened his eyes to find her comforting him, he was, at first, displaced.”

“Who are you?!” He exclaimed

“The night nurse Sonny! If you can keep still, you’ll be in the surgery at an hour.”

“An hour... of what... I’ve been waiting here for the entire day and you think an hour will compensate” I must get back to my home”

“Of course..... “

Her hair fell like black lace. She smiled to heats of a bun, wrapped, Reece, in a state of dark calm, slowly hidden under the quick appearance of nature.

The nurse found lullaby's under the horns of unconsidered melodies, slowly forcing her new patient into bed.

“Reece, you could die here!”

She said and he opened his lungs to find life breathing with slow sleep, “So, you are the nurse. Maybe a new dream tonight”

“Vitamin, some, water and

“I'm not sick....” Reece replied

“It's only natural...”

Chapter 11

The Sandman, had occupied the past hour of, Reece's, slumber and now the bright trail of vivid dreaming were appearing to the lucent active imagination of the innocent man, Reece, was.

Ribbons of orange and gold slowly embraced him to coat an armour of unmatched plethora. It was like finding a golden polish covering his thoughts with indestructible happening. Waking to the new events after falling to dull and cindering crackle of fire before them.

The occurrence caused a disturbance in the proceedings of the quarantine; where it was expected that he was left an unmovable patient of necessary concern. The glow of the majestic creature raised like a light bulb, being switched on in a unlit room.

The nurse was undressed with all her assets ready. The new busts, buttocks and slender lines of opportunity guiding, Reece, to the figure of manhood. However, with such illuminating presence, Reece, could not appreciate the nature of this woman and he dimmed into slow and dark sleep she needed to watch over.

The waiting room was rapidly saturated with staleness that harboured the message of crisis. Where, Reece, was in danger of becoming a victim of the period out of her observing. His curly hair, locked with new fashions and mechanical designs of engine to drive away, he was not equipped to face her.

As she walked through the dim lit and tranquil waiting room, she felt, Reece, slumber like a new arriving creature. Becoming ready to rise, attractive and laughable in the bleak fall of the ending day he sat through.

The majestic wings of the bird, Phoenix, collapsed into the dreaming of his mind. He dwindled into blowing rustles of passing leaves clearing in the garden outside. A warmth was kindled knowing the nurse was there, like a gentle air of grace, to pass under.

It was with a release of all matters which crumbled him, Reece, stayed sleeping, slowly arriving the Phoenix from the meteors crashing outside.

Then the Nurse took herself to the quiet reside of her own nature. A unique a beautiful figure of mythology. Not having a place in the waiting room with Reece which she so desired.

The moon was making sikl ver light over the garden and warding Reece, into preparation for the next day.

Chapter 12

The Nurse wondered at some promiscuous step of making, to find the Dr. and Reece, who were alone in the surgery. The stillness of the ended hours of day had finally drawn stop to the chaos outside.

Only Reece was left with a condition of unknowing, tiredness and waiting for the answer to arrive. It was on the stretched wings of his phoenix to ask, what this is. The inhibited span of his inquiry was soon quenched with gentle petting of his more covered parts and the surprise of his less prepared mind.

The dropping iciness of the crashing rolls of thunder outside was dimmed to the beating heart of an arising mythology. One that would not sleep for anything without a hope of waking. A gentle stir of good conscience which would not leave him dead in the grave after.

The innocent wings of the phoenix dissipated more to the warm enclosure of the chilli waiting room. It was like a summoning of prowess, masculine and necessity. Drawing the nature of the nurse who would dragon the time.

“Reece,... wake up” The night nurse said.

“What is it?! I was... dreaming of being at home.”

“With me,..... In my arms?” She questioned

“What is this?!” Reece, asked.

He forced the nurse a meters distance and secured the white newly replaced mask on his face. He looked with seeing her brown shaped features like some illusion. He would not comprehend what fears he was newly harbouring.

Looking with admiration and denial, there was an unclarity about his expression, forcing cross wrinkles over the tired white blanch of his own face.

“If, you, are ending this to sleep, will, you, take me awake?”

“The Dr. will take you, Reece. I’m sorry, you’re sick”

“That what he said,... but I’m not sick.”

“Well then.... You must be having a nightmare,.. One to surely rise from.”

Chapter 13

Reece, was waking changing worry, scared of his own emotions in the clever sight of his new reflection. It was not from looking into a mirror. It was from hearing the true brightness of his heart.

It beat a strange valour, like a masked knight, more than one coming to a sick bed. The fear was equally consuming, however, as he did not know what to think of himself after not knowing what to think of everyone else.

The most intense pains arrived as he tried to escape filled depression which was forcing down his clear brow, And gradually he saw the vexed manifestation of the sparking fire, which was his phoenix.

The light took quiet explosion, asking his honesty to flight and he rushed to the bathroom, to get prepared to leave the surgery. The freedom fought him past reception with wisdom toward the ashes. They flew up covering his mental sight, pulling down his passion soaring with love of true identity.

Where he ran sacredly with dark dawning deathlike, waves of water destroying him to be worse. “I’m going Crazy!! This is Crazy!!!” He screamed.

The nurse ran into the men’s cubicle to check on him. “Reece!... What’s happening!” He was sweating and found the lift of her hand like cool branches of support. He could finally see the Nurse’s dishevelment, with her blonde

wavering hair fallen out the band holding from before their masks.

The attraction was a throbbing drive of lust, penetrating his quick insanity, and making him need her in young breaking. Though the nurse was older, she felt a singular compassion for him and took him to be rested with the tall sanctuary of her height.

“What’s going on here! Take your distance Nurse!” The Dr cried, releasing an ungodly rage from only small provocation. They needed to jump startled and ponder of his behaviour. They checked his eyes and saw a hot longing, first and wooed with desired excitement. As the craziness subsided from Reece, it was escalated in the Dr, watching.

Horns of small poking, appeared as new wickedness dressed the tail to purple lines of dejection. Before, Reece, was given appointment, he walked back cautiously into the reception and watch the sun rise.

Chapter 14

Daylight was a disturbance of raining patters and pelts but not of water. These were the tumultuous coming of anarchy, rising quickly before the sun. The lockdown of the high risk areas was protecting, Reece, from the combat of the crashing meteors, dropped outside. It was with comfort getting home

safe, the new experience of being a bird on a branch, drove preference for being two in a bush.

The nurse walked more timidly, into a reception expecting the patients, to be received. The long lines outside had stood under the bleak of night growing. It was now morning and the surgery could open.

The Dr. was preparing at his organised files and books of reference, handling his white covers straight, from folds under the table. The wetted waves of air were lifting, forming layers like clouds, puffing up bright changing acts, from the night.

The frock, of the night nurse, was tidied for the last hours of her shift and took final sight of the real moments, longing, which she had shared with, Reece.

He was, box faced, under the mask to isolate his breathing; looking with startled and stone eyes. It was like seeing a real person, one that would play the supporting role in his most unimaginable fantasies.

It was soon a look returned with question from the nurse: “The Dr. will see you soon. I don’t know what he’ll say, so don’t ask. The prick is quick,... I’ll tell you that much.”

“I just want to be on my way,... this all got so surreal.” Reece, replied.

“Can I get you a cup of tea?” The nurse asked. A warm stir started at the hint of a hot beverage, after the cold night. It was slowly firing down from the tea pot, with clean brightening of the waiting room table. It whooshed like a

screaming water fall for coming, a Genie. It was a strapping cloud of hot steam carrying the nurse's gesture, pouring out, like wishes.

"What do you wish for?" The Genie, asked.

"I just wish I could be on my bloody way.... That's never going to happen; I can tell! This Lamp, from, Ali Baba's Cave, can't grant me more than,.. more time stuck with you!"

"Reece! How rude!.. My shift is almost finish, you can spend the day fraternising with the next nurse!... You,.. pig!"

She screamed, slamming down the tea for, Reece. She prepared to let, Reece, into the, Dr's, office and another patient into the waiting room. It was a calmer moment than he'd had, there, and despite it being a Genie Lamp, it did make him feel better.

Chapter 15

It was a dragged tranquillity which the tea gave. Flavoured with herbs a man had pulled from the earth. It stood with distinction, a fine colour of new emanating, rubbing the wide empty space left in, Reece's, stomach without a real breakfast.

The Waiting Room, whipped with stagnant air, through the medical vents. They were cried like pain, as the nurse opened the one window there, rushing out the enslaved and killed that are searching home. The swirl of generators awed like gone, breathing and Reece, watched the Nurses attention return in respect.

“The Dr. will finally see you now, Reece.” She said, with colder brittleness than the unspoken air coming in from outside. Reece felt her eye’s glint over the white breathing mask, like he had miss something. He was being startled into not understanding how he would find his own path home; disliking the forced way through, The Minotaur’s Maze of the, Surgery Garden.

It would take him into the, Dr’s Surgery, for what the quarantine procedures prescribed; that devil waiting behind a heated desk of, willy nilly, to, Reece. Then Reece, came to a reality note from the nature, guarded his own. The stemming branch of an intention he could not meet and survive but that he could heed and remember why; being unable, insufficient and only a subject of, the elements, outside.

He was feeling adaption his most hopeful escape. And walked in subjugated, with the will to rule himself back, to the person he was: a myth, of present standing.

The Dr’s, office was clean, with a freshly prepared resting bed. The Dr, dispassionately took a needle from a plastic pack and put it near to, Reece, who was walking into the room.

“What is it?” Reece, asked.

“It’s not a myth,... Reece, unlike some other things you are infatuated with.”

“Is it going to hurt?”

“Just turn around! It’s only a prick!”

“I’d like to know your references.” Reece, intelligently replied, not turning for anything he wasn’t sure about. The, Dr, sat back with a gentle hot glow, like the man was curious, transferring a divisive function to an ardent interest. The, Dr., pointed to the books on his shelf.

The bald headed adult then replied: “There are a list of most amazing people who have done most amazing things, there is my certificate and there are the list of crisis patients that paid no attention to either.”

With a mild embarrassment, Reece, turned around and the prick proved the cold pain of the involuntary insert.

“you’re a lucky man, Reece,.. If you keep to quarantine the crisis may avoid your backing. But you must tell me!” The, Dr. forced for, Reece, to confess.

“What?” Reece asked.

“Did you fuck my nurse?!”

Reece, was blushing with humiliation, understanding the adaption of his situation was not going to go in the way he originally felt it would. Shaking his head, ‘No’... he was pointed out the, Dr’s Surgery, ready to meet his own path home.

Chapter 16

The freak temperature of spring was ridden with winter weariness. Only one, Common Bird, ruffled with black

feathers, was flying over the queue of patients outside the surgery. The looks of necessity remained constant, like pearl turning in a chaos of clams.

The air was lifted to nothing, only strengthened for drawing new air from nothing residing under it. In the stagnant swallow of the bomb blown the public to lines and higher walls of keeping, Reece, was ready to find his own, which was waiting 20 minutes walk away.

His family was undisturbed there, abiding in separate rooms of an empty lot, with cows blowing methane to help drop the new air. It was in the green fields he would pass, there could be found the elements which blew the air they pastured, like Wind.

It, was with a mighty, Griffin; the half eagle half lion, from over 3000 BC. As, Reece, past the surgery car park, it cried like an unblocked promise to generate his gusty return more rapidly. There was very little to pass on the village roads. The houses were locked and the cars were parked. The cloudy drum of coming rain thundered in ominous retreat.

It was only outside a detached mansion, Reece, found sight of another person. It was a short man with a red pointy hat, which covered half both the man's ears. He kept sheers, in an undisturbed fashion, like a knight does a sword and he turned to watch, Reece, walk past.

Reece, didn't say anything with the mask preventing his outspoken remarks that distance but the man shouted: "You

don't need to wear a mask in the country side! It's rural! Not Suburbia!"

Reece, answered to a buzzing glow of rounded cheeks, red, like a set sun. "The mask is an advised protocol for avoiding illness and even death." He answered. The man's head rattled like a baby's shaker and his body did bulb towards, Reece, like a garden, Gnome, quickly dropped the bush clippers and bounced onto the road, bear of fear from what crashed around, Reece.

"What illness? I don't bear such fruits and what will a mask do to protect you from the choking." Reece, stepped back watching the Gnome's head rattle like a shaken toy.

"This is no time for playing! I bid you good day." Reece, said, replacing the mask properly over his mouth and walking back down the village road.

The Gnome waited stiff, like an ornament before declaring. "You don't need it all the time. Perhaps you can bring that to sight you don't never need wear it in your own garden."

Reece turned his head with pondering, whilst, still walking ahead. The thunder was slowly rustling dead leaves, like changing pounding over the doughy Earth. Reece, stepped more briskly, coming with a new enthusiasm for a space, without such meteors crashing craters into the world.

Chapter 17

An uninspired fuelling of pious inspiration took the man, bulb with rocking, back to the garden at the front of the Mansion. He had been minding the trimmed Holy Bush, leaving the red berries brightly displayed about the sharp cutting leaves.

The Willow Tree, arched over a massive glass reflection, which was still as the crystal windows, painted beside the mirror, from the Mansion. It was a pond more suitably built as a lake. The windows revealed a woman leering, towards Reece, with fascination. Only a regrettable glance passed from the gardener, as he tried not to notice her interests in the boy, Reece.

The woman walked away from the window into a dark but glamorously laid out lounge. The walls were pressed by statues, hard with grey fixing. Animals and men; captured in vain poses, as though caught within the sculptures for handling themselves as magnificent devices.

There was a broad four poster bed, with elegant red curtains, behind a gold painted table of fruits and earlier reading books. They were piled next to a slim looking gentleman, perfectly postured to grip a novel high, in reading. Under him, was a coffee table that held a tray of cakes and tea, which he could digest at titillated moments.

The woman, proudly walked, shouting toward the refined looking gentlemen: “How much more can you read?! How dare you ignore me! Reducing my presence to less than tea cakes on tray!!” She had strewn the food over the floor and

took the man's wrist with her long fingers, glazed in red nail varnish.

"There is a boy outside. Young and spirited, clean. Bring him to me, Kel." She said.

"Why, Fronda? The lockdown forbids it." Kel, asked.

"I am what allow or forbid! Your impertinent to make such coercive moves on my house! If you will not feed my raw appetites, the boy will!"

"Very well... You are the lady of the lake. Dead as that may be." Kel, answered.

"Go damn you!" She screamed, shuddering in a choke of glassy hard skin, coldly stomping insensitive of any other needs.

In rapid flight, Kel, chased after, Reece. Who heard the coming like a bumble bee buzzing perturbingly behind him. He looked with anguish, ready to guard himself but was baffled meeting the slim looking gentleman landing like a fairy.

"You must stop,.. please." Kel, said. "Let me take off your mask and give you some facial hair instead." Kel, said and then quickly winked as a subtle invitation of something.

"What? I don't understand." Reece, replied.

"Haven't you ever flown into a bush before?"

"No,... no I don't have wings to fly, I'm a man. And the mask stays."

“And quite the handsome one.” Kel, said, looking coyly over his shoulders with a sly certainty. Kel, put his hand over, Reece’s, shoulder and dipped his head talking softly: “I can guess you’re going home,... to your family and they’re waiting for you. There’s a lady in the Mansion you passed. She wants to talk to you about giving you, a lift. She has a Porch in the garage. It will look quite nice taking you back.”

“Really?.. A Porch?!”

“Oh there’s others too. She might even let you drive.”

“Ok! Thanks, I’ll come with you.”

“Of course you will. We’re going to make a world of difference to the crisis meteors crashing out here.” Kel, spoke. They walked back casually, while the thunder simmered up to drop forks of lightning behind the mansion. “What’s your name?” Kel, asked.

“Reece, my name is, Reece.”

“It’s going to be a world of difference, Reece.” Kel, spoke walking past the gardener, who was privately grimacing, as if it was a difference of end in his yard.

Chapter 18

The gardener was waiting for the crushing steps to pass the gravel of the drive way. The wind whistled past the tall plants, trimmed on an island, for cars to drive and be parked around. In the howling of the storm, there were no cars obstructing the

doors inside the mansion. There was only the gardener's deep apprehension, which was ignored for, Kel, to bring, Reece, inside, as, Fronda, ordered.

The hallway was a massive black marble floor. It was polished, with white walls rising to embrace a double staircase, leading to the front parts of the mansion. It was a still moment, renounced the insanities drumming outside in the moving world. The steady atmosphere of timelessness was desolate, harbouring only the empty furniture, Kel, walked him past.

Reece, was excited at first, finding relief from the crazy appearances of, Celestial Beings and crisis's which were beyond his control. He was stirred to warmth as, Kel, paused in the centre of the hall, rubbing a finger down, Reece's, cheek until the strap of his mask. Reece felt invited with, fiery beams glowed behind the fairies looking and then the mask being remove.

"The mask stays!" He demanded, gripping the fairies hand to stop it from being removed.

"As you like, Reece. Shall we meet, Fronda?"

"I want to, what are waiting for?"

"You have held my hand to your cheek." Kel, replied. Reece, flicked himself down, like a switch. He was cold with unknowing and sliding with new emotions turning and slipping like a fever. "This way, Reece." Kel, said and took Reece through a brown door at the back of the hall.

They came into a large kitchen, abandoned of cooked food and filled with a stale smell of old bread and coffee. The shelves and counters were white and spotless with new looking surfaces. An island sink shone, like silver dropping to a dry sink.

Then Reece, walked to the back of the Mansion, with a tower which they stepped up. It was a short flight of steps before they came to a level of beige plush carpet and warm walls of hanging lights and tapestries.

They stopped outside a white door, half way down the hall. Reece, noticed the tapestry opposite was red with the picture of a blur flame, glowing like fire on black waters. There were white ripples in the rich fabric and the moon was vivid, like the image was real.

“What kept you both?” Reece, heard. He turned around and saw the vision of a model; with blue eyes pouncing at his figure, gleefully. Her hair was perfect with black curls and they swirled like waves over the rock chisel features, like a sculpture.

Kel, breezed past her, lifting her lace knighting gown, like with winds from his wing. He quickly moved back to the coffee table and picked up the book, lifting it up right again, in good posture suiting his white shirt and black trousers of the casual occasion.

“Well don’t just stand there letting me undress you with my eyes. I’m Fronda.” She said.

“Sorry, I’m Reece. Kel, said you could offer me a lift home. In a porch?”

“Did he now? Well look at him! Reading that book.... He’s always preoccupied! Come in, let us amuse ourselves. Let me see how you really appear under the skin.” Froda, said, sliding him frostily into the open bed chamber.

Reece, looked around without prejudging and was happily comforted in the apartment, which was actually a bedroom.

“You have Reeces chocolates on the coffee table.” Reece, said, smiling about his own name.

“Yes,.... I simply love candy. The kind that’s hard and brings a deep, deep satisfaction.” She said, posing with a crystal heat like steaming ice rolling over, Reece’s, senses.

“Can I have some?” Reece, asked, with a dizzy longing.

“Of course, you killer! Take it! I’m here for you know, Reece.”

“Auh, I think he’s talking about the sweet, Fronda. He wants the sweet you frozen bitch!” Kel, interjected.

“Oh! Oh, my goodness, I can be sweeter, of course. Boys these days are always looking for the rough stuff.” She said.

“Actually, I prefer smooth candy.” Reece, spoke.

“My, my, does lace look rough to you. Why don’t you remove something and see how smooth I really am?” Fronda, said. The Kel interjected again:

“No, you water witch! He only wants what’s on the tray!”

“Will you stop coaching me, Kel! If I want to show what a witch I am, I will choose the time. I need to be erotically turned on. Look what’s happened, you’ve ruined the moment! Now,... I’ll take you both! You don’t escape, Kel!!”

Reece stood sucking on a hard sweet that brought a sense of lemon to his tongue, watching the woman turn to a bright blue firing ghost, stirring the curtains of the 4 poster bed like they were water currents.

Kel, got up and grabbed, Reece, speaking: “You remember how we came in don’t you, Reece!”

“Yes.. but the, Porch. I don’t know.....”

“Where are you going with him, Kel? I’m over here!” Fronda, yelled.

“Go home Reece! Goodbye.” Reece, heard, Kel, speak, pushing him out of the room and leaving him in the hallway. The sound of the silent end of living, returned. He walked back through the house and into the driveway.

The gardener was weary and slyly looked, wondering what had happened. Then both heard thrashes whacking sounds and watery slipping rushes. In the reflect of the window under the, Willow Tree, they saw the silhouette of wrapped bodies covered in swirling, fit until screams and the lightning fell louder then Reece had heard.

“You still have that mask I see.” The gardener spoke. Reece, said nothing, briskly walking out the driveway and back on the village road towards his house.

Chapter 19

Mid-day was arriving, with a brewing humidity of claustrophobic making particles. The spring air was ruined with alien halts, like the occupation of a rivalling and desperate nation. It was hard on, Reece’s, head, splitting down from the forks of lightning cracking the egg of a shell, for what head he thought under.

The winds slowed to nothing while damp mushrooms rolled after him, as if a nuclear explosion was enclosing. He walked with wider question of his own future, the occupation of his own world or the rally to occupy death from another’s.

There was quickly catching hopelessness, like the after wave of an atom bomb. His steps were isolated, simple and unmoving after such crashing instruments. He rechecked the correct positioning of his mask, to be sure not an alien particle would enter his mouth.

It was a sweeter option for Reece’s choice, to occupy life and die, rather that occupy death and live. The borders of the two types of existing were simply; the will of oneself in living or making the will of another to death.

After every Celestial body he had encountered, the only enforced evil will of another, to death, was the alien air,

people he met did not see how to fight. Then, as he walked under the arch of the country trees over the lane, he saw his own flame beside the other myths. It was the passionate drive to real life, as would be the killed phoenix.

The vision of freedom and equality; to be without the circles of convention and control which find no light after the capturing of their darkening order.

The ideas of getting home were suddenly flooding with radiant beams of a coming cars fog lights, which was speeding out the corner bend of the road and sent him flying into the field pastures, rolling down the wet muddy banks.

“Auhhhhhhhh! Auhhhhhhhhhh!!!” He screamed, rolling on the spiny blades of grass, until a man in very padded clothes caught him and picked him up. Reece, could feel the wool of the coat and the soft cushion of the gloves, with damp and padded grip.

He felt faint, caught under the wetted breathing of the sodden mask. When he felt it being removed, he reacted in shock. “No!!! The mask stays!!” His eyes exploded open and he ran out of the hands which caught him, to gaze upon who it was in a fixed dizziness. The tall looking figure was muscular and giant, serene looking, holding a shot gun and waiting before the confirmation of, Reece’s, condition. It was with an air of reassurance, Reece, looked and saw the grand features, like a King but only one eye, like a Cyclops.

“There is no future unless one can make it himself; when you cannot speak with others.” The man said. Reece, shook his head until the man’s two eyes came clear into vision again.

“I can speak fine, thank you. It’s just a little water from... I’m not sure what hit me.”

“You, fell. The car didn’t hit you. If you can speak so clearly, I would move the mask for it staying. Or run, not moving the mask at all.” The man said. Reece, was regaining his breath, seeing the man lift his shot gun and walk towards a Pub.

“I think I need to rest actually.” Reece, said. The man saw him slightly faint and quickly asked:

“What is your name son?”

“Reece.” He answered and felt himself lifted over the man’s shoulder.

“Reece,.. there’s a farm 100 yards west of here, let’s take a look.”

“Who are you?” Reece, asked.

“A friend, son. Just a friend.” The man replied.

They were not more than 20 yards from the entrance of the farm and they could hear dogs. The brick walls were dull with running water, there were no lights and the gates were all closed. The dark clouds were heavy over them and pushed hard shadows, like ghosts, draining out the farm gutters. The square house, with slow smoke rising from the chimney, was stood, watched black windows and shut.

“You can put me down.” Reece, said. I’ll just rest outside here.”

As the man lowered, Reece, the dogs came running from behind the barn.

“Run!!!!” The man said. They dashed towards the lane, 200 meters ahead of them, escaping the dogs, which stopped when jumping up the wired fences of the farm yard.

They dashed with exhilaration, the man making strong strides to keep the pace of, Reece, who was puffing, up. His mask was misting more with hot air and he was quickly finding it hard to take oxygen. “I can’t breathe!” He screamed.

“Breath through your nose! We’re almost there!” The man shouted.

They came to the country lane where deadness took the sound from the rustle of their steps running through the grass. The broken tarmac was fallen with pot holes and puddles. There were no cars or people walking. “I was looking for food in that pub, when you came crashing down the hill.” The man said. Reece, couldn’t see or smell anything, standing outside the swinging sign of, ‘The Man Arms.’ The slow squeak of it was like a metronome beat left without an orchestra for playing against.

The pub was closed. There were no doors open but the garden gate had been left unlocked. The man walked to it, opened it and perched himself on a bench. “You can rest here if you must.” The man said and took a whisky flask from his

pocket, then swigged at it. Reece, kept still, weary of the black eyes which had aided him, that the man looked with.

“Do you hear that?” Reece, said, turning to look down the road. He was a mile away from his house and the sound of a motor bike was rapidly becoming as engulfing as the thunder which rolled above them. Within seconds a large, Harley Davidson, rubbed down the cold gravel of the pub and the rider, without a helmet, stepped down.

He was blonde, with long hair and a disruptive handsomeness about the way he pushed forward his chin with looking.

“Oh God, a Hells Angel.” The man said to, Reece, replacing the whisky and loading his shot gun.

Reece, saw the biker walk towards them with a confidence that inspired him. It was like finding sunlight and wings removing him from where he didn’t want to be. He then heard the biker say: “I am not a ‘Hells Angel.’ I am, a ‘Muse’. You may call me, Musa. I’m looking for beer.”

“You won’t find beer or amusement here, Musa. This boy and I were just leaving.” The man said and fired the shot gun into the air. It was an agonising loudness for, Reece, like the claps of thunder with painful bursting on his ear drums. He had to cover them with discomfort, tensing his features with anguish and strain to wrinkle with white bloodless cells.

A pigeon crashed, dead on the table. “There’s a wood pigeon for you.” The man said, when, Reece, looked with

bewilderment and saw the one eye centred on the man's head again. It was a cyclops standing, giant and walking the path to his own, without them.

“If you choose to go home Reece, you must walk that path alone from here. It doesn't matter how you walk whatever other path you choose, son.” The man said and walked out the garden of the pub.

Reece, calmly took a sigh and saw the smoking wood pigeon on garden bench table. Then he heard Musa say: “It doesn't look cooked to me.”

There was a raw stench about it, like the rotting carcass of an unmovable meat, poison and inedible. Then the road became like a lost journey and he was the next target, with no understanding of his hunter.

“I'll be seeing you, Kid.” He heard, Musa, say getting back on the bike. “I'm on a road trip to Greece.”

“Take me with you!” Reece, yelled.

The Muse smiled. “Well, alright. Since you asked so excitedly.... Jump on.”

“I don't have a helmet.” Reece, said, getting on the back seat.”

“Isn't the mask enough? Protection for us both I heard. In case you didn't notice; I don't have a problem, either way.” Musa, replied, spinning the bike out of the parking lot and tearing out of the storm for the clear mountains tracks on, Greece.

Chapter 20

The new path was one slowly underappreciated, as not the requiem of his mother and father whom, he left behind. He held hard to the speeding motor cycle, which was parting the rain and mist, fallen like curtains.

In the composed air of regret, he found emotions of sorrow, mourning and depart of the life he formerly knew; the finding of his parents and the understanding of his community. He would not be ostracised, like a creature from which they were escaping.

The new passes of water were like bleeding fountains, dropped milk of a sacred nature. He gripped, Musa's, waist, as they tore down the highway, buzzing past the afternoon, until the the city of, Portsmouth, where they would get a ferry to, Europe and then ride to, Greece.

The station for the boarding passengers was desolate, with clear floors of concrete and emptiness that tracked them from The country side of, Berkshire. There was a disbandment which, kept the closure of the staff, who watched the new bike and Reece, like he was an absurd instigation. Then they walked out.

A tall masculine man appeared from the reception to find them. He was abrupt and forced blankets over their shoulders. The director had well-kept black hair and new brown looking eyes, which saw into, Reece, like a new disaster.

“I need a car!” Reece, spoke; exhausted behind, Musa.

“Fuel, we only need fuel and we board the ferry.” Musa, spoke. The thunder was drawing near again and the slow reply of the gas assistant was sparking fatigue. Musa, got up and started filling the bike himself, hearing the harrow he was leaving behind, like an echo. No car or bike was lined to meet the new day of living.

“That’s 60 euros.” The assistant spoke coldly. Reece, watched, Musa, pay the charge of fuel and mounted the bike again. He turned his head and saw someone walking, collapse, angry, to be passed like a game of deadly ends. As they drove past the scene, the moment was becoming a cloud of covered reality.

On the ferry, a steward passed a gracing smile. The myriad of cars were surrounding them. They were flaring loud horns and desperate for admission on board. The fleet of trumpets from their revving engines was like a holy orchestra of angels.

It was discord in fear, when the smallest cars soon lost the sound of crying whales, blaring out to the firmament of life and stopped. They were dead like starved batteries, waiting to find a depleted charger.

It was then the steward arose like a running sentinel, to wake the living with galvanising sight of emergency, Shouting: “Nothing can run from themselves! In any vehicle or device of science!”

“Wasn’t that, Archimedes?” Reece, spoke.

“Was it?... Who is Archimedes?” Musa, replied, as they boarded the ferry.

“Musa, that was, Archimedes. I know it. And this escapade is exactly the device he’s warded men from.”

“What do you want, Reece?”

“Let’s just get a room to plan and sort out our finances.”
Reece said.

Sitting back with undue expectance, a motel receptionist welcomed the two travellers. It was early in the evening and the opportune frolics of night were sedated with short encountering.

“Just a credit card and reference.” The receptionist said.

Reece, left both and saw the goat head of, Capricorn, wonder out the cubical into his own affairs. It was like a knotting force of refusal, drawn down one side of his male mind.

“What are you doing?” He asked.

“I cannot let you die! I cannot let you live, Reece! I am Capricorn, you’re room service at the, Bristol Ferry Motel.”

“Auhhhhhh!” Reece screamed, waiting for, Musa, to climb down from the, Harley Davidson.

“I cannot leave you with, Musa!” Capricorn spoke.

“Why not?” Musa asked, finally stepping into the reception

“He’s gay! I am Capricorn, guardian of, Celestial gates and here, interpreter of love! It, will want to fuck!”

“Auh... I see.” Musa, replied. “Well Reece, If I am to go on, it looks like you are bound to stay.”

“What?!” Reece, retorted with dejection.

“Don’t take it too hard, on any account of phrasing. Just find your own way. Don’t listen to her,... just cause I did.”

“You can’t leave me! Musa?!” He screamed.

Reece, saw the Muse walk behind the misty figure of the goats head, forcing, Reece, away and washing, Reece, out with a, fanning fish tail. Weak and abandoned, he slept on the dirt outside the motel street back in, Bristol.

Chapter 21

The night was like a Fairground, with screaming instruments taking off with rockets of sweet excitement. They turned and erected like raised questions of the silent mind. Reece, was watching the line of the people and wondered where his desire had drifted. He looked at the mass walking and behaving without a mask. They were indomitable and forcing the likely demise down upon him.

He waited through the traffic of shopping carts, the insistent engendered and found pleasure in being a directed kettle, holding the very poisons which were not poured anywhere. And he knew that he would not dirt the pot, which

called him black. This being the white heat that was released, Reece, was occupied, walking on the side streets of hell.

The cars that seldom drove past were large and exclusive. None were for hitch hiking. Reece, was feeling like an abandoned torch. Dropped in the lighting of a scary night that no one wanted to see.

The day's air was thick with suggestions of light, brightened the darkest fall in the deepest hole. There was a hovering cloud of dissipating, which was slowly combating the thunder that was arriving. It was not clear but the force of phoenix wings was wide and watching.

Before Reece, stood dead, he walked beside a car and knocked through the window with wonder. "Hello?" he asked, seeing if the vehicle was occupied in any way. Then he stole it, risking grand theft in the magisterial court, he served. He broke the window and drove the car out of Bristol

The air whipped out the windows. New exhilarating passes that he did not need to think about. He was avoiding new and present dangers, like they were a tragic ending. His mask was dried with heat of his excitement. He was driving a Porch which spoke: 'Road Angel.'

It was with a GPS, Reece, could feel the guide and not himself.

Chapter 22

The Porsche drove miles into the subdued lowering of the day. Soon there was a refreshing rub of sweeping shade. The Porsche, Reece, was driving was as the rocket meteor, crashing into the earth.

‘Road Angel’ had routed his way to Berkshire, where he was previously residing. The blue illuminating on the display was shining with words of guidance. Reece, was listening to the direction, poured out like beautiful lyrics until cold stops. Soon he would need to be home. The excitement of traffic which he was not controlling, was blocking.

The street was quiet with new stillness, as though the time had stopped. Cars stayed lined on the sidewalks and the channel of the road remained clear. Reece, had his foot on the pedal of the Porsche and slipped down the unwatched highway. The tarmac was as a sea, winding out to an ocean he did prepare himself for.

The town of Berkshire was near, then he was moving towards it, M25, ruined and barren leaving him to make a charismatic arrival. Yet, he was feeling dead, tired and alone. He stopped at the service station and refuelled. There was a man in the lodge.

“Is this a Porsche?” The man asked.

Reece, answered: “Yes... And I’m driving home.”

“In this,... What home do you come from? Simply asking because there are only two seats.”

Reece, was slightly perturbed but didn't show concern and left his card to pay at the kiosk of the gas station. When he returned to the car he had sat himself in the passenger seat.

“There are no Vampires in, Berkshire. I might want to sleep there.”

“You're a Vampire?” Reece, asked.

“Oh no...” The man said, putting the visor of the car down to block the sunlight from hurting his skin.

They drove for a length of miles on the empty motorway, until Reece finally turned off.

“What are you doing?” The man asked

“I need to stop, I can't safely go on.”

The red Porsche turned into the driveway of an abandoned lot. The building was left, without sources of power or water. The ruined walls were stripped to bear lime stone, bricks. There was a puerile revulsion of the stop. It was like seeing the end of games.

Reece, walked out the Porsche and looked, the wind was shaking the high trees and circling the low floor. It was like stirring of some brilliant hope.

Then a man walked out of the palace and spoke: “I am Anubis! How dare you come to draw on my grounds!”

“I'm sorry, We were just looking for the way to, Berkshire. Do you have water?”

“No,... I am the, Gate of Hell. There is no water here!”

A sudden shock of horror arrived with the lightning that was falling and Reece, crept back into the car. The Vampire followed and they drove out.

Chapter 23

Reece, had painful memory of leaving, Musa. The decline of the muse to entertain, Reece's, orientation, was marring the confidence he drove with. Of every Celestial body he had met and withstood; it was the muse which kept his distracted thinking. To have found the road and built passion for ripping the revs onto the, M25, was only part of his journey, which, was mental and physical.

The Man sitting next to him kept dark reflective glasses over his own eyes, and periodically looked at, Reece, to see if the boy was alright. His Mask, was felt and dried from the air condition helping the car to keep clean of dust, crashing of the passing outside the, Porch, windows.

Reece, became triggered to racing heat, as he took the car into the 6th gear. His heart was wet with new desires, like juices been ripened and pouring through his emotions. Very soon he could feel the stick of the transmission, softer than his own impulse, shooting up under the steering wheel. He stopped the car.

“Why did you stop?” The man asked.

“We’ve been driving for a while...”

“There’s nothing here, even the, Gates of Hell, were closed. What should we do?”

The lay by, Reece, stopped on was next to a countryside that connected, Berkshire. The hills were of a tranquillity which was of rising fields, washed the late hour, like gentler promises of falling.

“Will you get out the car with me? There’s something I want to see.”

“You, must be joking... It’s still daylight and you don’t even know my name.”

“It doesn’t matter, I can see, you’re a vampire. I can see you suck blood. I want you to take mine. I want to have the pleasure of being what I am, not hiding from the truth.”

“What are you?” The vampire asked. Reece looked into the reflective glasses seeing the white mask over his own head. The steady features of the Vampire, glowed like a buzzing creature.

He saw strength in the fixed watch to be calm, removing the mask to approach the ,Vampire, with a Kiss.

“1 meters distance, Reece...” The Vampire, spoke.

“Of course, you’re absolutely right, I’m sorry, I don’t know what came over me.” Reece, quickly expelled.

“Thank you, for picking me up. The road trip has been great. Maybe we can take a little more time to learn about each other. And the truth we are seeking.”

An ambulance quickly tore past with the sirens shouting out the stillness.

“When we get back to the house where I live. Will you need to go the Surgery? For anything; fever, the eye’s... a mask?”

“Perhaps sunblock but .. don’t worry. My name is, Joey.”

Reece, soberly replaced the mask and after the tumbling spell of lust, which almost broke him, he took the car into first gear and continued down the M25

Chapter 24

Reece, whisked on the road, watching the speed limit and sensing the thin air wipe across the windscreen. Joey, made gentle adjustments to the passenger seat, only gliding his attentions from the dash of the car to the window, back and forth in soothing rhythm. The encroaching of head fatigued from distance to arrive, was gradually met with confidence to set down what madness was lifted to crash outside.

The revving horsepower of the Porche turbo, banged like a hot scorched ray, controlled to the climate of the warred, Earth. Passing low emissions and holding to safety margins that would allow, Reece, to stop at sheep or other farm animal, crossing onto the road, from the fields.

The sheep lined the hills like clouds painted over a green standing sky. The loft rolls of their woollen coats were ambient after the, Bristol Ports and the Expats, quickly taking their lodges in the unoccupied parts of the continent. Travelling to, Greece, with, Musa, was quickly forgotten, as the red Porche, became the carriage for, Reece and Joey, to make new ideas out of old places.

“I’m going to make a call, Joey. Do you mind if it’s on speaker..” Reece, asked.

“Do I need to talk to someone?” Joey, replied. “I don’t want to meet people on the video calls. It reminds me of mirrors, I can’t see myself that well.”

“If you removed the glasses, it would help.” Reece, replied.

“No,. It wouldn’t. Your eyes are the only honest reflection I can hope for. It’s an issue with age.”

“Fine, then keep out of it. I might be young but I can handle my own, even my father.” Reece, said, slightly oblivious to the secret smile, Joey, kept.

The phone was ringing a short while, pulsing through the cabin and chaffing the black leather seats, like warning signals making them sit up, astute.

“Reece?! Where are you?... Your mother was worried when you weren’t here this morning.”

“I was going to, Greece! This negative persuasion of adjustment to a, Guinea Pig, lifestyle; waiting every day, afraid in a box until there is no rain, grass, the building of a

home; for a family and people you care about. I left with a muse called, Musa, to escape. It was,.. amusing... but then there was an abrupt turn and now I'm coming home. I'm going to build a future. From the ruin I'm moving through.... I can't believe this is happening, every ten minutes an emergency vehicle passes. There's no one else on the roads. It's like, Godzilla, is outside!"

"Godzilla?!! Son, Godzilla is a myth; this is serious!!" Reece's father projected. He was sober looking, with very fixed features of unmoving concerns. His head was like a distinct triangle, pushing out sprouts of white and wavy hair. It made him look athletic, and strong hunched on a boldly brilliant body. There was a streak apprehending of a moment, as the crossed force released from his contrasting of the situation to project: "Every man is putting their strength into protecting their loved ones, holding themselves on the hope of others to be still and give relief; marking distance, to prevent the multiple contraction of such a killer! And you are driving in a punk Porche telling me about, Godzilla!"

"I'm on the roundabout for the hanger lane and Bracknell."

"Why don't you stay there?!..."

"What?!.." Reece, spoke startled looking at, Joey, who shrugged. A sudden fever flushed, Reece, like a nervous episode before a fit.

"Drive to Greece!" His father, shouted. Then it snapped, the explosive reality which swelled to Reece's fit of anxiousness,

screaming: “I need air! This mask is too hot for Greek weather!”

“What are you going to do here, Reece!? Work in the garden?! The economy needs to repair! Are you going to work in the garden to make tuition fees to get you through University?! Its £10,000 a year!

It’s better you find an apartment and sit still!”

“I’m already in, Bracknell...”

“Who told you to, a-muse, yourself in the first place?! Now,... turn around again, and this time keep going! I don’t want to see you, before the turn of the decade and my, Peach Trees.”

The phone slammed down, chirping in the car like a cut transmission signal. Reece, was overwhelmed to slow the car down to weakening revs, until it stopped.

A man walked near to, Reece’s, father, seeing the phone in hand. The man was similar looking, with holding a uniform weight of a working system. One that was functional of high airs and cool waiting. They were like mountains fitting into a space of elements and holding a mystery of liking. “The time has hardened and chipped.” The man said to, Reece’s, father, who interjected.

“He’s with other’s!! I can tell! I can sense he’s not alone! What’s hard about that?!”

“He only ever followed one, and more he denied.” The man spoke.

“‘Henotheism’ the others are not avoidable while he scampers about trying to find tuition fees!..”

“That would be ‘Monotheism,’ you requesting to be all and every choice, while, Reece, otherwise might choose for himself.

Unless he makes my choice, ‘Theism’ of a Gemini; that one has to pay equal attention.”

“Well, what then?....” Reece’s father, projected.

Reece, was rushed back in slouching of the cockpit. “I don’t know what to do.” He said.

“Let’s sell the car and do what you want.”

“Not in this economy, Joey... I have no choices left. We drive to, Greece and find a permanent residence to rest out the next ten years.

Chapter 25

The base of the hills was solemn, slowly collecting the rested winds, like water, misting with invisible tranquillity. The destruction of highways, mayhem of the rush hour coming to night, was dissolved. There were only animals remaining, in an early confession of remorse. One which only the, Shepard, watching the flock would speak.

He was a massively enduring figure of balance, worn the simple attire of pungent staying covers. A jacket, wet with rough riding of his horse, robust trousers, stuck firmly to the

muscly thighs and calves of his legs. His boots remained with spurs, left clear ability to maim what would not perform in the trooping of his conduct.

The cattle was timid enough to not require much attending, slightly perturbed in behaviour. Much of it avoiding the grass which would find the milk or build the meat, the shepherd would promise the growth of, in accounts of his people. He might accumulate millions, billions or zillions, when the accounts were right and his cattle were not dead without being counted for.

It was with robotic precision, the good, shepherd, was able to stand the vicissitudes, which; tumbled drumming calamity into the air of the path he needed to herd the animals. However, the returning thunder of the red, Porche, engine exhaust in the ended storm, was too much for the man to tolerate. Reece and Joey, passed at ripping velocity, single, on the dual carriage way in the rush hour of the evening and tipped the cows with close proximity to the road.

The shepherd felt the encroaching predators like a cybernetic switch connected, with revolt. Then, with immediate transformation of his composer the Shepard, raced from the bushes at the side of the road on the brown and white horse. His stone features burned red with bright rage, under the smooth surface of his pale skin. In the targeting from his eyes, almost all humanity vanished and in Reece's rear view mirror, Reece saw a, Cyborg, pursuing them.

“What is it?” Reece, asked.

“What?” Joey, said.

“That, behind us?!” Joey, looked and saw the stampeding mad machine, holding reigns and gaining on the, Porche.

“I think you spilt his milk.” Joey, replied. “That would be a, Cyborg, now, a creature built of many networks and vision of the nets in the making of them. It wills no escaping itself and enslaves the force which escapes through nets of its caught numbers, namely now, you, Reece. You better go faster.”

“I can’t! We’re already doing, 40 mph, on the dual carriageway. The M25 is the fastest route back to, Bristol, for the ferry. It’s not for another, 50, miles.”

“You won’t escape this Myth on the, M25,... One might add, for the slaughter, you’ve already been caught.” Joey, calmly spoke. The Cyborg, was galloping on the sturdy horse to parallel position with Porche, when he cracked down on the roof with a cattle whip. The fabric cover ripped with a slashing gash, flapping the roof like a luffing sail.

“Take an earlier exit!” Joey, said.

“Where?!..” Reece, whelped. Another whip came from the shepherds enraged mechanism. “Auhh! He’s insane!” Reece, yelled watching the speedometer moderated at, 40 mph, for avoiding the speed camera flashes and penalty.

“This creature will not release you to his Jetty pontoon on the coast of Greece, after it’s found a network you’ve disturbed his own with. You think racing or hiding for 10 years will help you?! It is already in clear sight of you and the operations

of your route.” Another gash on the roof of the car opened as the shepherd cried hatefully:

“Yaaahhhh, Yaaaaaahhhhhhh!!”

“The top is going to blow off!” Reece, yelled. The Porches roof was flapping aggressively enough to rip further.

“Very soon, it will account me to the Jetty it’s already accounted for, before you can recount the way you spared yourself this disaster he is facing. He is completely unstoppable and will refuse any deviation from the mass of his tormented numbers. It will end you, Reece.”

“Fine!.. I can enter the, M4, in, 2 miles, at, junction 19. The motor way should be open but it’s not taking us back to, Bristol!”

“Here the pilgrimage of opposite release begins! The journey to escape at less: With greater ideals and more, which save them.”

The car swerved, slowing; rapidly to avoid the riding cyborg and enter the lane to exit the dual carriageway. The cyborg turned the horse in pursuit, stood it, rearing the animal back into gallop after the car, screaming: “Yaaaaahhhhhhh! Yaaaaaahhhhhhh!”

“There it is! Alright, here we go!!....” Reece, said accelerating to the exit in high revs past, 70 mph. They were distancing from the Cyborg, watching the galloping horse appear smaller and smaller. Then seeing the screams change to wet whimpering. The shepherd dismounted the horse, an

emotional wreck, fallen from a saddle and soar with destabilised security. The shepherd was forced to break the wrong connections, freeing itself on an equally unknown journey.

The Porche roof flew off. Wild winds flooded into the cockpit. “Don’t worry!” Joey, said. “This is a good start on any pilgrimage to release. The sky is the limit, Hahahah!”

Chapter 26

“Damn, that cowboy! Accelerating like that to get away, I’ve burned our fuel!!” Reece projected, with a despised feeling of nervousness. It was a rattling ball wrestling in the pit of his belly and flushing out sweat, from fear they were about to be stranded. The motorway was pitch black between widely spread lamp post, which, only shone pockets of lights on the grand length of the snaking road.

“We can’t even sleep here without a roof!” He shouted, frustrated.

“Relax, Reece. I’m not afraid of the dark.” Joey, spoke, finally removing his reflective glasses to reveal, bright glowing grey eyes. They were rare and captivating on his lightly radiating pale skin.

“Wow, are you a model?” Reece, asked, with reverence.

“We can walk to a service station and buy some fuel.” Joey, said. The car stopped, silently rolling yards before the ticking sound of the engine took the place of the wheels rubbing

down the tar mac. It was with unwanted bravery, Reece, finally walked out. The sky was blanketed with stars twinkling, like washed of stains and dust hanging from them, in the atmosphere.

“Look..” Joey, said, pointing up. “A shooting star.”

“Oh please, Joey! You don’t really believe a shooting star is going to help us. After every Celestial body I’ve encountered, that is one whatever it is, I won’t hear.”

“I don’t doubt.” Joey, said, starting to walk under the umbrella of an orange lamp post, into the darkness. Reece, was, slightly, displaced by the remark, wondering if Joey, thought him stubborn. He didn’t understand because he had done everything, the Vampire, had asked. Confused, he walked after Joey, setting steps to the nearest service station, ahead of them.

A crashing of glass and steel then broke into the pitch black. The quick fear was blocked, in a reflex reaction to save their way into the city, London: for commuting to find a new passage to the continent of Europe. It was in the looming trap of not getting back to the, South of England, for the ferry crossings, panic drove powerful charges to their protection of the car.

A man with drunken staggering and topples, directed a small mob, to destroy the chassis and motor parts: “This is the reason! Show no restraint!! What global warming can, it, make now?!!” The man screamed at the mob destroying the car. It was almost unrecognisable, Broken, at the edge of the

orange subdue, in dented parts scattered around the body of the Porche. Reece, was stunned with shock; seeing the man shouting with devilish horns and staggering like an animal, bristled with guarding hair.

“Stop!!!” Joey, shouted. Then the mob turned, showing the glowing white eyes in the heat of their inhuman anger.

“You want the, Pan-Demic?!.. The Pan-Demic you shall receive!! Get Him!” The Pan myth, shouted for the mod of unearthly men to chase into the dark, wearing the crisis like a new coat. The adrenalin heaped in, Reece’s, heart, like a raging explosion, bursting the horror of their Celestial bodies. He could hear them chasing, waiting with the exasperating of his tired breathing. It was going to end soon and he would be another casualty of these events. The missed passing of what he wanted to see; finding new destination and arriving. Then it happened, he was pulled off the smooth road, into the dark of bramble bushes and muffled over his mask.

“Stop now!” He heard, listening, expecting the weapons they carried to end him. The sound of the steps passed and the hand was lifted from over his mask. “I think they’re gone.” Joey, said. Looking up, Reece, saw the shooting star again, like a twinkling tease he would never reach.

“What difference does it make?!... They might as well have taken us both. I’ve never felt so low. There was one window, one chance for me to make a decent person of myself. Not sit here crashed, like some disabled rocket, wishing I could launch.

That's right, I know what I am!" Reece, yelled into the lustring eyes, Joey, watched him with. The twinkling sparks of trailing steps to become, filled Reece's being. The bright hope of finding orbited his spirit, which he spoke with. "You think I don't know what I am?! I know what I am! A dropped dead loser, crashed and burned with all the other crashing catastrophes that can't meet anything else."

"Take off your mask, Reece."

"No!.. Are you crazy, don't you see what just happened? That was, Pan-Demic! Do you want to die?! All you have to do is stop.."

Then Joey, kissed him, taking the mask off and standing over him after watching Reece's silence. "You're a, Star, Reece. No doubt, a shooting one, that doesn't stop but finally fell for more than itself."

Reece, replaced the mask, revealing a blushing bright enough to glow under the still night.

"We better start walking. We might get to, London, before morning." Joey, said.

"Right. ... And the bus to the harbour in, Devon." Reece, replied and carried on following, Joey, as a pilgrim of historical tales took place, on feet.

Chapter 27

Reece, picked up a newspaper roll from the street. It was only a tattered page, rustling onto his feet. He lifted it to read, 'Lock Down, in full effect, extended.' He had dryness in his throat from the baron air. The gusts were like steam of soup, filled with foreign flavours he would not move the mask for. There was tiredness in the city, like a slowly sleeping child.

The high street looked grey with walls of buildings in the dawn. The signs were wilting from marks, painted in the past days to colourless care. Standing with empty pavements, their pictures and logos resembled the ghostly setting of a haunted place. There were only a few men, sweeping, and carrying deliveries, with gloves and masks to protect themselves. Joey, looked gleeful, almost skipping his strides toward, Paddington, train station.

Reece, walked delicately behind, holding anguish that disturbed the quickly arriving departure they intended to make. His slow walking gave him space to observe the restaurants left closed for days. Then he heard the cleaning machines like robots moving in a world without men. The hoovers in the hotels were left automatic, where one receptionist watched. The petrol station kiosks were closed. The roads were empty of cars for he and Joey, to parade through, alone.

"And there is, Paddington!.. Where our carriage awaits, bitch." Joey, spoke, with galvanising enthusiasm.

“What if we can’t leave? The lock down has been extended.”
Reece, replied.

“For house wives and kids. Come on, be a man! There’s work for you to do.”

“What if we get arrested? I don’t actually have a job. My father just,.. told me to get one, somewhere else.”

“Then that’s your job, Reece. Come on!..” Joey, decreed, pointing to the arch at the entrance of the station.

Reece, looked up at the overcast pressing on the grey domes of the facade. They loomed with opaque forms of possible trials; the tests to death or passed to life. The Gargoyle, on the column near to them, was like an ominous judge. Silent with fangs which might savagely pull him, wings which might cruelly drop him into the last fall, Reece, would experience: before hell.

“Reece, I’m not going to force you. I do like your company and I might not have come this far if not for you. The truth is, I do feel a little in my element and that’s my biggest problem. I would love for you to join me, your vitality, candid honesty, your quest for life are so endearing to me. I think that’s why I love you.”

“You love me?!..” Reece, spoke in amazement. “I’m none of those things you mentioned. I’m literally the most unpopular person in the world. Do you see an entourage behind me? How can you possibly believe?.. I mean.. You can’t possibly

love me. I'm not lovable." Reece, said, firmly fixing the mask so the heat of his words would escape.

"Maybe I just don't know then,.. But we'll never find out if we don't try." Joey, said.

Reece, took a single last look at the Gargoyle statue, before acknowledging Joey's, grey lucent eyes and dipping his head with shyness, walked to enter the train station. Inside, Reece's attention was immediately drawn to a dark figure, lying lifelessly on a chair, before the timetables in the centre of the foyer for the station. The massive arches flooded the tracks, like waters flowing upwards from the tile floors. The heaviness in the man sitting made Reece think of it as sediment, dead and forgotten.

Joey, moved to the kiosk for buying the tickets, while Reece, sat down slightly nervous that the man was dead. He slowly and carefully poked the body. He then heard, as from a shadow speaking from beneath them with rising. "Can't you see what it is you are asking for?"

A massive surge of fear picked up Reece's spirit and left him to gasp with wide eyes, to anticipate what was waking. The bodies shadow consumed it, with forming figure, like the monstrous Gargoyle: finding heavy wing and fangs in the tormented task of sleeping there.

"I'm sorry." Reece, spoke. "I thought you were..."

"Dead?..." The figure replied coldly. Then, Reece, heard Joey, scream:

“The tickets are twice as expensive. I’m getting coach seats, O.K.?” Reece, nodded his head and checked the figure again. It was creeping back down into a nonentity, heavy and tired.

“Why don’t you do something? Why don’t you go somewhere? You’re just dying here. There’s a crisis happening! Didn’t you notice?” Reece, spoke. The figure began to rise more drastically, like a flapping of wings clearing the shadowy air and guarding itself from the light of dawn. The same fear Reece had just felt, choked, Reece, again, to sit up while the figure roared: “These arcs bring more trouble than good arrived and now, you leave.” The shadowy Gargoyle myth spoke.

“You make it sound like I’m the trouble here. I’m not. I’m trying to help you. And to loose from circle of the calling, ‘Trouble.’ If I was trouble, it is better that the arcs here be seen to then return to after without such pains, ringing you wrong. That’s why, I left. You should go too.” Reece, answered.

“You left because you are afraid. You’re afraid of me, you’re afraid of the, ‘Trouble!’ I can tell.” The Gargoyle, spoke, shadowing, Reece’s mask as the dawn approached under a dim glowing sun.

“I am no more, than a man. That does not constitute fear.” Reece, whispered.

“We get the train to the, Eurostar, from here and the, Eurostar, to, France and then it’s a party to, Greece.” Joey, said, lifting the two tickets to, Reece’s, surprise. When,

Reece, looked to see the figure next to him, the heavy shadow was gone and the daylight was floating into the train platforms. With a melancholy abashment, Reece, stood, unsure of his manhood and the righteousness of his path.

“It’s O.K., Reece. It’s not easy. No one will be brave for you. It is a noble word and carries noble actions. Now, be yourself.” Joey, spoke. Reece, smiled his melancholy away from the shadow and walked with, Joey, to board the train.

Chapter 28

The train they went aboard strummed the wheels like pistons in a car engine. They propelled high speeds, whistling, as the train horn blew like a bellowing tremor. The carriage was plain with closely packed seats that had to be divided by red and white tape. The dividers were like ribbons on the insides of the entire train. They knitted a distance between the passengers, pre-emptive of cold encounters, which no one was prepared for.

It was not only the encounter of being bombarded by the weight of the ominous unknown but also the reaction of hatred from the occupation of knowing such. There was a clear sight of death, which the pre occupation it was, crashed to live through. In living the impalpable storm, the occupation of life was fading to chilli recalls.

On the train, Reece, was sitting hard, angry he was not free to be nearer to, Joey. Then more disdain provoked him to

frown over the mask realising there was nothing he really had to live for, while such displacing moved everything that lived. He was solitary with a vexed feeling that brought him a silent composure, while they approached the, Eurostar.

“Is it going to be like this all the way to Greece?” He asked loudly, for the wheels which were moving to not cover his voice.

“Does it matter?” Joey, replied, looking through his reflective glasses again. “We will get there, in few days.” Joey, said.

Reece, heard, with an immediate refrain of response, like swallowed in a petrified spell him. He was stuck, in a claustrophobic shrinking, forgetting the rhythm of his breathing, realising he was suffocating. These categorical protocols, which were saving everyone, had suddenly hit him to a silent panic and deep repression. He thought deeply with the passions that moved him. The encounters of every Celestial body which showed him. The events of every proceeding moment that proved him.

The air was finally returning, through the hidden desires which were omitted from the plays of living. He found secretly, the desire to be free, to be with others and not things. He was then inhaling and exhaling through his nose, remembering his desire to express himself, receive the expression of others and love. In the bleak reality of the train cabin, the tape was refusing all those things he secretly wanted and had forgotten. He was unsure why the ribbons

reminded him and smiled congenially, recalling the, Gargoyle, saying:

“You should not have been afraid!”

It was the heated rush exhilarating his recall of those secret needs, manhood was a new image, drawn back from some historic keeping. He recalled answering the, Gargoyle, saying: “I am not more than a man.” Then the train halted at the, Eurostar, station. Reece, realised: he had nearly been acting less than one, driving the divine forces of every unique character he would become, as no other, to the unrecognisable flaws that were everything else.

The train doors opened and they walked off towards the grand looking, grey, Eurostar passenger cart. Joey, turned round, with a more reserved stride in his steps of the morning but stopped, startled, seeing Reece, walking without his mask. “Reece, put your mask back on! What are you doing!?”

“I have nothing to be afraid of, Joey. I want to be a man, deal with this nobly and bravely, as man should.”

“But..” Joey, tried to interject, before, Reece continued.

“I’ll put it back on in the carriage, if... there is carriage with people to put it on for.” Reece, said. Walking ahead of, Joey with independent strides, which a solitary, Vampire, could admire for a very long time.

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