

In God We Trust, whatever you define God

Selected Stories From

IRHYMIELESS TAILIES OF A WINGLESS BIRD

*A collection of DON BIRD's Short
Stories*

From 2017 to ...

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Author's Word:

Following stories are a product of my mind and does not try to offend anyone. They are stories of different genres and my take on different aspects of life, tales from imaginary worlds and alternate perspectives of how the world could have been.

Any reference to any person or place is not to be taken seriously, even if I have referred to them directly and in a serious way!

They are just stories; That's all!
Read them, enjoy them and interpret them in any way you like!

UNBROKEN INTO PIECES

Written at: February 2018

Act One

Andrew tightly presses Catherina's hands as she struggles to break her hands free.

Andrew exhales and talks to her in a very calm and confident tone: "We will... listen for a moment, will you? ... We will walk to the crowd; you will kiss me and smile... You take a glance at the audience and leave."

Andrew points his hand as an invitation for Catherina to walk.

They both get close to an enormous red curtain. Catherina walks slower than Andrew, but her left hand is in his right hand, so he pulls her whenever she tries to get left behind. Catherina counts to four with her other hand in her mind. "One, two, three, four... One, two, three, four..."

The curtain opens as Andrew and Catherina get on the stage.

“Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome President Coleman and her lovely wife, Lady Catherina.”

Andrew waits for the audience to finish their applause. He kisses her wife on the lips, and they both smile at the cameras. Catherina’s fake smile disappears as soon as she turns her back to the crowd and leaves.

Andrew: “Hello and welcome to the Olympics. Here we all gather to put away all our differences and disagreements aside, to put war aside and enjoy sports in peace. Our country has had a very hard time, but we did overcome all our problems to celebrate the biggest event in sports for the 77th time, here in Hartland, the country of freedom and peace.

We are in 756-C, the age of technology and communications. We do not live in 90-B anymore *giggles*. Therefore, we will cover every single competition of this event in all the 19 countries of the world, no matter the political status of ours.

This year’s Olympics will be bigger than...”

A sound in the crowd breaks Andrew's confident pep-talk: "Liaaaaaaar. You're a lying Murderer, you son of a bitch. Dieeeee"

He then pulls out his handgun and pulls the trigger. The bullet hits the invisible bullet-proof glass between the stage and the audience and leaves nothing but a dusty mark.

Guards attack and arrest the man and take him away. The crowd boo, and the ceremony goes chaos. Special forces enter and try to control the crowd. A ceremony of plastic bullets and tear gasses takes the Olympics' opening ceremony's place. Andrew is standing on the stage, watching all the action without a bother. People can't stand against the forces for long.

Everything goes back to normal after a short while.

Andrew continues: "I do apologize for the delay that occurred in our plans. As I was saying, this year's Olympics will be bigger than..."

He continues speaking nonstop for half an hour like nothing happened.

Act Two

The opening ceremony is over. President is in his room. Joshua spills some wine on the desk as he pours a glass for himself after he gave one to Andrew.

Joshua: "Listen... I've known you for what? 30 years now? 35? I've been with you in the whole thing... I was right by your side, where you needed me. I was with you in the whole project, the whole damn project Andy. I care for you, ok? This is too much. You can be a good ruler, a good president, make the country... this world, love you. Why are you doing this? What is the point of making enemies? What is the point of making people hate you?

It will get out of control, Andy. Stop it. It's not late. Don't... turn... people ... against yourself."

Andrew: "Can you clean the wine you spilled on my desk, please?"

Joshua goes silent for a moment and then replies furiously: "What? ...

O fuck you, Andy... Don't try to boss your way out of this."

Andrew: “If I let people have peace, they will get bored. And people do many things we do not want them to when they get bored. They might even find out. So, we keep them busy with what we want. We keep them off the real game. I am fucking invincible Josh. They can’t kill me. So why shouldn’t I fill their tiny inferior minds with hate. They are trying to fight me in a game I created. I can change the rules whenever the fuck I want Josh. Don’t worry. The most they want is to make peace with a country that does not exist. *Laughs*

Now clean the desk for me, please. I want to work on this desk.”

Joshua:” Go get some rest, Andy. You had a long day. You look like shit. It’s late.”

Andrew:” Come on, it’s still 25% efficiency of the day.”

Joshua:” Don’t try to fuck me with this new timing system you fuck people with to do more work for you. I still own a watch. It’s 3 AM. Go to bed.”

Act Three

Chatting of the board stops as soon as Mr. President enters the conference room.

Joshua: “We do believe that the protests led by our opposition party is growing stronger. This might end in an impeachment that can take matters out of our hands. It might even lead to your dismissal.

As for that, all the members of the board suggest you to change your policies and make crucial executive decisions over the issue.”

Board member: “In fact, Mr. President, in my personal opinion, it is best for us to ...”

The conversation continues with Andrew standing right next to his chair, leaning on it. As the members of the board state their opinions on how he should change his policies, he follows the sun moving from east to west, seen from the only window in the room. It is a big window, but flags cover almost all of it, except for a narrow line. Andrew waits for the sun to reach the narrow line so that he can watch the sun itself, not just its light from behind the flags on the

other side of the window. As expected, the sun burns Andrew's eyes when the moment eventually comes. Andrew's eyes run with tears. All he was waiting for.

“ Ok. We will change our policies. We will handle all the matters more diplomatically. We will negotiate the details in our next session.” Replies Mr. President as he wipes out the tears, trying to hold his remorseful gesture.

Members of the board leave one by one, and the room which is luminous by the light of the sun goes empty. Its just Andrew and Joshua now.

Joshua: “Andy, you better mean what you just said. I hate all the formal tone when we are in the meetings. You should have changed that too. I’m gonna go simple. If you don’t get this shit wiped ASAP, we are fucked. F. U. C. K. fucked! They do not know what’s going on here. What’s the point in puppet consultants? Its like all you need is to hear is their approval. To feel that you’re right. Well, they don’t know shit about what’s going on. I do. Me. And let me open your eyes. 80% of people will gladly rape your corpse after they fuck you to death. And the other 20% might... only might stop after fucking you to

death. They want you dead Andrew. Dead. And you cannot go for Protocol 27 if everything goes to shit this time. Going for it twice in a short period will kill people. And you know you have to do it in what, 4 months from now? You know better than I do. If you go for it anytime sooner than it is scheduled, the ones who are in charge now will fuck you, and if you go late or don't go for it at all, the ones who are waiting in line will fuck you.

You have to solve this one with diplomacy, Andrew. You have to. Ok?"

Andrew sighs and pushes his fingers gently into his eyes as he nods as a sign of accepting Joshua's words.

Act Four

White big door of president's private room clicks open.

Andrew: "Oooooook girls, after the great night we had together, I have a surprise for you."

Both of the girls reply with an erotic voice as they move their fingers around Andrew's lips: "What is your surprise for us miiiiister president?"

Joshua enters the room. "Jason is here Andy." He says with a disappointed tone and walks away from Andrew.

Andrew grabs Joshua's arm as he was trying to leave and whispers to his ear: "Don't ever call me Andy in front of anyone again. I am President Coleman to you when we are not alone together."

Joshua replies with a confused voice: "But they are..."

Andrew: "Anyone."

Joshua: “Yes, Mr. President.”

He shakes his head before leaving. He looks dead in Andrew’s eyes in disgust one last time.

Andrew: “Good. Now call Jason in.”

Joshua: “Right away, Mr. President.”

Andrew walks the girls out of the room and into a hall. Hall’s floor is covered with plastic covers. Jason puts his gloves on and steps forward.

Girls panic and start screaming: “What the...
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?”

Andrew slowly steps back and turns around: “Slit their throats, Jason.” And then pulls the door open to leave.

One of the girls cry with a shaking voice: “WAAAAAIIIIIT... We have already uploaded the films. They will go viral. You can’t run away with this. But we can pull it off. We will pull it off if you don’t kill us.”

Andrew releases the door and turns back to the girls again: “I was expecting more from you. Before they sent you here, they did tell you that you might get caught. You knew this before

coming here, didn't you? Why are you so panicked?"

Girl screams: "YOU'RE FUUUUUCKED. IF YOU KILL US, THE WHOLE WORLD WILL KNOW. WE SENT EVERYTHING TO THEM."

Andrew starts laughing. He continues laughing, which makes the girls more desperate.

He then stops laughing and scratches his left eyebrow: "You know what? I can just kill you now and let you die thinking that you got me, that everyone will know that I had sex with you, and then I killed you. But where is the fun in that? I want you to know the truth before I kill you.

The thing you call the internet, I made it. Everything you do there goes through me. I choose what people should read and what they should not. I choose when they can reach the blocked websites and when they can't. I choose whether you can post things against me or not. And unfortunately, this time, you cannot. Let me tell you what is going to happen after you die.

Oh, I almost forgot, I also control your phones and their cameras and microphones. Every single telephone is my eye and my ear. So, I have recorded a film in which you get your orders from that whore, Saunders, to have sex with me and uploaded it on the internet.

So here is what happens next.

I refuse to have sex with you, and your mission fails. So, you go back to your bosses, and they kill you, two poor little girls. End of story.

Goodbye.”

Andrew pulls the door open and leaves the hall. He stops at the other side of the door, puts his ear on the door, and enjoys as he hears the girls scream for the very last time.

ACT FIVE

Catherina enters the conference room and runs to Andrew and slaps him on his face. She breathes heavily. It is obvious that she has cried as her eyeliner made all her face black after she tried to wipe it clean.

Andrew:” I’m really sorry, gentlemen. Can you excuse me for a moment?”

He then stands up and grabs Catherina’s hand and takes her out of the conference room.

“What?” says Andrew with nothing but anger in his eyes.

Catherina cannot hold herself any longer and starts crying again: “I know everything. I know it. You dirty RAAAAAAT. I hate you... I HATE YOU.”

Andrew: “Calm down. They might hear us in the conference room. What do you know?”

Catherina: “I know you had sex with those poor girls. I KNOW IT YOU SON OF A BITCH. You can trick the media, but you can’t trick me.

I saw them in your room. You killed them...
You killed theeeeeem..."

Crying stops Catherina from speaking. She takes a bottle of water out of her purse and drinks some water. She then inhales and exhales as fast as she can to stop crying.

Andrew waits for her to calm, then says: "So you don't know everything. You just know that I had sex with the girls who were killed last night."

Catherina explodes from the inside: "OH FUCK YOU ANDY... FUCK YOU. This is IT. I'm gonna tell everyone. Everyone will know what a piece OF SHIT YOU ARE."

She hits Andrew with her purse in the face and runs away, crying.

Andrew holds his face: "Kat, wait... Come back Kat... DAMNIT."

He sighs and walks to the conference room again after slapping himself several times.

Joshua comes to him before he enters the room, puts his hand on Andrew's shoulder, and stops

him from entering: “Is everything under control Andy?”

Andrew nods multiple times with closed eyes: “Yeah... Don’t worry... A dog who runs too fast gets her neck broken by the leash.”

Joshua: “What would you want me to do.”

Andrew: “What is to do? Kill her. And if she is gonna die, let her death be a help for us. It was Prime Minister Anderson who ordered her death after she found out that he was making decisions in my name to destroy my personality and make people hate me.”

Joshua: “You sure about this?”

Andrew: “People need heroes. And a good hero is a dead hero.”

Joshua goes silent for moment. Andrew seems nervous. He is waiting for Joshua to say something. Waiting for him to approve his plan.

“Now that’s what I call solving problems politically, you motherfucker. Let’s go.” Joshua yells.

Joshua pats Andrew on the back, they both smile
and return to the conference room.

ACT SIX

People all around the world gather around the TV in the square, holding up big signs with writings all over them. *'We are sorry', 'We owe you for what we have', 'People behind President'* are some of the signs people have in their hands. As the countdown starts, people stop cheering and focus on the screens.

"10...9... 7... 2...1 and we are live.

Hello and welcome to tonight's show. As you are all waiting for the special moment, I won't waste any time either and go right to the point. Since the tragic terror of President Coleman's wife Lady Catherina, he was silent in words but very active in taking actions. Well, Until today. Today, we are finally here to hear President Coleman's words after over a month of silence. Mr. President..."

The camera turns to Andrew. He tightens his tie, drinks a sip of water and stares into the camera lens: "Dearest people of Hartland, I do apologize... I let you all down. I do apologize

for not choosing the righteous people to help you.

Instead, I chose rats, people who came for nothing but destruction, and not just to destroy me, but you, us, our country. I do apologize for not seeing what was happening right in front of my eyes. I apologize to my wife, who is watching us from heaven. I apologize for not being able to save her, for the sacrifice that was made for me to open my eyes. I am nothing but sorry, and I am no one but a husband who couldn't save his wife. But I decided not to be a man who can't save his country.

Catherina was the hero our country deserved, but instead, she will be the hero our country will always miss.

After what happened, I stopped talking because I knew talking wasn't going to save this country. So, I closed my mouth and opened my eyes. I decided to see. To see where my country has gone. To see the events that happened without me knowing. To see this country as a citizen, not a president. After I finally saw what has come to the Hartland we all once loved, I sympathies with the man who tried to kill me at the

Olympics. I sympathies with the “Free will Fighters” who sent those two poor girls to destroy my personality. A man like this deserves to die, deserves to be destroyed. I couldn’t have just ignored the people who were out there. I told myself I will either change this situation or die. I found out the person responsible for all these actions over these years, the reason behind all the misunderstandings and all the agony and pain you all went through. It was no one but the closest person to me, Prime Minister Anderson. May God have mercy on his soul. He had to be executed for all the blood he spilled, all the pain he caused, for treason and for Catherina.

But finding out who caused the problem won’t solve the problem, it will only help it stop growing.

The next action I took was to undo what he did. I can never bring back the people who died trying to reach what was their right, and I will be forever sorry for that, but the least I could do was to help the ones who remained, the ones who still fought get to their right. Thus, I set a meeting with the “Free Will Fighter” party’s leader, Mrs. Saunders. It is a couple’s right to

decide how many kids they want to have, and the number of babies they must have should not be set for them by the government. Therefore, I made all the changes necessary in the constitution to eliminate this false action.

But I knew this was not enough. Everything was rotten deeper than I expected, and to fix it, I needed help. So, I appointed Mrs. Saunders, who is an incredibly intelligent person as the Prime Minister of Hartland, to be the guardian angel in bringing back the people of Hartland what they deserve. It was a miracle what we achieved in this short period. We all owe this to memorial lady Catherina and Prime Minister Saunders. And today, to end all the pain for you, the best people in the world, and to bring you what you truly deserve, I am here to make peace with Taunderia. This war was all because of a misunderstanding caused by the previous Prime minister, Mr. Anderson, and it has to end now. No young, innocent soldier deserves to die in the frontline for the words of the old politicians behind their desks. Hartland and Taunderia are brothers, and brothers they shall remain. Thank you all, and I do hope you accept my apologies.”

People all over Hartland go mad in cheers and glory. They just don't know when to stop celebrating. All the country celebrates and smiles. Days pass, and they bring nothing but more fame and respect for Andrew Coleman.

Andrew is in his private room with Joshua going anything but easy on Alcohol.

The telephone is ringing. Joshua answers:
"President's office. How may I be of help?"

...

Joshua: "It's the King of Norway on the line, Andy ...I mean... President Coleman."

Andrew: "Tell him that it HAD to be done. We will arrange a meeting, and I will pay him some of his money back in return."

Joshua: "Sir, he insists on talking to you in person."

Andrew points to Joshua to hand over the telephone to him: "Yes Harald? What is it? Why do you INSIST?"

Harald: "I paid TOP DOLLARS or whatever the currency is in your fucked-up country, to do

whatever the FUCK I wanted to do, and agreed to all you had written in the agreement and you make peace? YOU FUCKIN' MAKE PEACE?"

Andrew is drunk, but he answers with a strict tone: "Listen to me very carefully... It had to be done. Everything was going to shit. I had to stop it somehow. This was the only way."

Harald: "It is not my problem that you can't control your country."

Andrew: "Ow I bet the Queen of England who is in the line would love to hear that the reason all this when to shit was because you didn't make peace with me. Have a good night Harald." He then hangs up.

ACT SEVEN

Joshua opens the door and runs to Andrew with a telephone in his hand. He looks nervous. He is panting, and there is sweat running down his forehead. Andrew is asleep in his bed. Joshua wakes him up: “Mr. President, you need to wake up. It’s United States’ minister of foreign affairs.”

Andrew barely opens his eyes. He yawns and sits on his bed: “What’s the time Josh?”

Joshua: “It’s 5.30 A.M. Sir”

Andrew: “Our time”

Joshua: “5% efficiency of the day, Sir.”

Andrew: “Then why in the world did you wake me up, Josh?”

Joshua: “You have to take this, Sir.”

Andrew: “Hand it over.”

Andrew grabs the phone from Joshua’s hand before he hands it to him: “Mr. Tillerson ...
Yawns ... How may I be of your help?”

Tillerson: “Andrew, I sent a video. You have to watch it now.”

Andrew: “What is it about?”

Tillerson: “Just watch it for the sake of all holy.”

Andrew: “Ok Ok.”

Andrew sighs and gets out of his comfortable bed. He stretches his arms and goes to the window. He opens the window and jumps off. Joshua jumps off after him. A tunnel appears outside the window, which takes them into a secret room. It’s a two by two room with no windows. Everywhere is dark. There are 4 doors on each of the four walls of the room. Andrew goes to the door on his right. Door starts glowing in yellow, and the computer asks: “What is the password?”

Andrew: “Up, Down, Down, Left, E, V, E, R”

The door changes color to green and clicks open: “Welcome, President Coleman.”

Joshua follows Andrew to the room. The room has nothing in it but a table for two.

Andrew and Joshua sit, and Andrew puts his hand on the table.

“Finger-print recognized, Identity confirmed”

A Touchscreen shows up on the table. Andrew goes to his messages and enters the password, 77615623.

“One new message from the U.S”

Andrew opens the message. There is a video. He opens it. The video starts playing after loading for a couple of seconds.

A girl is sitting on a chair. There is nothing behind her but a green wall. She is a young skinny girl with brunette hair but has rays of gray hair on the right side of her hair. She has green emerald earrings, which she has her hands on and seems to be stressed as she is chewing her lips. She swallows the water in her mouth, closes her eyes for a second, and opens them again. She puts her hands off her earrings and picks up a notebook from the ground and starts reading it:

“Hello. My name is Sofia Adams. I am from Hartland. I want to tell the world how my

country is and to tell the people of my country how the world is.

We used to be a normal country like all the others, but about 15 years ago, Andrew Coleman was elected as our president. He seemed to be a decent man, someone who cared about our country. With him, everything went better and better for us. He started making changes, and the changes were very pleasant for the people.

Inflation went lower and lower and people were able to afford goods easier... much easier.

Everything was perfect. We were becoming one of the most powerful countries in the world. The technology grew and there were investors from all over the world here in Hartland.

Coleman turned Hartland into an independent country, a country that needed no one else to survive.

One day, President Coleman made a statement.

That they were replacing the identity cards, and it is compulsory for all the Citizens of Hartland to change their identity cards and receive the new 'Smart Card'.

The Smart Card wasn't just an identity card. It was also a credit card, a passport, everything. It also had some really tempting benefits too. Owners of the Smart Card received 2800\$ each month, life insurance, and a guaranteed job. Technically with it, you had everything, but without it, you weren't even considered a human being in Hartland.

Soon everyone had the new Smart Card... everyone but me.

See, ... I was a bastard. I didn't know my father, and my mother didn't want anyone to know that I existed. Her parents would have killed her if they knew she had a baby from that man.

With the new Smart Card, you got an extra \$500 for each kid you had but everyone would have known that she had a child if I received the Smart Card, so she didn't give my name, and I didn't receive the Smart Card.

Months passed, and I existed to no one but my mother. I didn't have anything. I never got out of the house. I didn't have a telephone, I didn't own a computer, anything.

Then suddenly, one morning my mother didn't wake up. She was breathing, but she was not

waking up. I panicked and ran out of the house to call for help but everyone was like my mother, everyone in the whole city but me. I don't know how it happened but it sure was the Smart Cards. I ran back to my house to find out two guys in special uniforms setting some kind of a chipset inside my mother's head. And they injected a serum to her body. I believe that serum was food to keep her alive

Luckily, they didn't notice me.

My mother was unconscious for almost a month, the whole city was unconscious. I was too afraid to get out of the house so I stayed in our house for all the time. There was enough food in our fridge for me to survive.

One day, the guys in the uniforms came back. I hid under the bed. They didn't see me. They detached the serum.

The next day my mother woke up but she didn't recognize me.

She screamed and threatened me with a knife.

So, I ran out of our house.

Everything was normal in the city. Like nothing has ever happened.

Everyone seemed to know their children and parents, except for my mother.

Guess it had something to do with me not having a Smart Card.

After some time, I started realizing that everything had changed.

There were only 5 channels on TV, and the things they talked about were very very weird. They used to say that there are only 19 countries in the world and the map they showed saying is the world was the map of Hartland. It was divided into 19 countries. They said that on the edges of this map is the wall of the world and beyond the wall is void.

President Coleman appeared quite often on TV and he talked about many things, many absolutely unbelievable subjects. But the oddest part was that everyone seemed to believe him like everything was that way for a million years. Their brains were completely manipulated.

President Coleman had changed the world for the people of Hartland and built a new world of his own.

New rules, new policies, new diplomats, new ways of living...

A new society, a new world order.

He had even invented his own epoch. It started with the year 1-A, and changed in strange orders.

The year after 1-A is 1-B, 1-C after that, and it jumps to 19-A after that.

The years weren't even 365 days.

He mentioned year 1-A as the year in which the prophet of light brought us the book of salvation.

And yes, he even had his very own Holy Book!

A book to justify each and every single one of his actions. And the good point was that he didn't need to waste any time making people believe the words in it. They already did!

President Coleman even changed the ..."

Andrew pauses the video, stands up furiously, and starts punching the wall so hard he breaks his bones: "GOD FUCKIN' DAMNIT.... GOD DAMNIIIIIIIIIIIIIT...FUCKKKKKKKKKK"

Joshua jumps to Andrew and holds him. He is crying: "Calm down, Andy... Calm down... Sit down... let's watch the rest of the video."

Andrew's hands are bleeding.

Joshua can see that. He doesn't say anything but he points at Andrew's hands. Andrew replies: "I know... I know... It's nothing"

Andrew continues: "We got this... We have to keep it together... Count to four inhale...

inhales... One Two Three Four

Count to four exhale... *exhales*... One Two Three Four...

Ok... Let's resume the video"

Joshua touches the resume button: "He even changed the timing system. The 24-hour system was changed to an efficiency percentage system. The length of the days was longer in the new system. About 30 hours in comparison to the 24-Hour system, but people could only sleep when the day reached to 20%efficiency. It is only 6 hours in 30 hours. But no one seemed to be tired after they woke up.

Everyone worked from 100%efficiency to 20%efficiency and as a result, everything was rising like a rocket: economy, technology, agriculture, everything.

Hartland became a world of itself.

Surprisingly all the other fake countries had their own presidents. The government types were

even different in the countries. Some had kings, some had presidents, some had nothing but an executive board. They seemed to operate independently. Like Coleman had nothing to do with them. Some of them were allies, and some were at war. Even the new Hartland which was ruled by Coleman himself had some enemies too.

News covered protests and wars in all these countries. Heads of all these countries changed a few times according to the news over the time I was in Hartland but the only one who was there to stay was Andrew motherfucking Coleman.

There was something very odd. On the last day of the so-called year, everyone went unconscious again for two entire days. Nothing special happened, no strange people in uniforms, no serums, nothing. People were just off for 2 days.

At this point, I decided to leave this country. The new Hartland was in the middle of the new world and wasn't near "The wall of the world" Her stressed laughter breaks her words. She continues after a short pause:

"So I had to get out of Hartland and go to a

country called Quinndor.

It wasn't easy. It wasn't easy at all. I suffered, but I finally got there.

There really was a fuckin' wall. A tall wall all over the damn place. There was no way I could climb up that wall. I was desperate, hopeless. So, I thought I'd just kill myself. I came all the way here, I was on the way for about a year and for nothing. But I couldn't. I couldn't kill myself. I didn't have the guts to do it.

So, I just sat there waiting for death to come for me. Waiting near the wall of the world.

But suddenly a miracle happened. At the New Year's Eve, when everyone went unconscious again, the walls came down. They went under water.

Ten ships approached the island. I ran to one of the ships and hid there. It moved again after about a day. It came here, to China. I tried talking to the Chinese government, to tell them about our country, but they didn't answer clearly. They said that it's too risky to intervene. They said that Hartland is a powerful country with many powerful allies. I even tried talking to the United Nations, but even they did not give

me a clear answer. Coleman's new world has become too powerful to be defeated. Or has it?

I know that the people of Hartland will not see this video as the internet in Hartland is not the internet, but just an Ethernet made and controlled by Coleman. But you, people of the world, you will all see this video, and I believe that the power of people is bigger than any single man. As a human being, I'm asking you to share this video and push your governments to do something about Hartland.

People of Hartland, the world does not have 19 countries. It has about 200. It doesn't have only one religion and one holy book. There are 4200, and people are free to choose any of those. There are not only 5 TV channels. There are millions and they are free to talk about anything they want. People can sleep whenever they want, wakeup whenever they desire, and have jobs they truly love. But do not worry. I am coming back to Hartland to show you the world person by person and together we will bring Coleman down. And the people of the whole world are behind us."

Andrew punches the screen and breaks it, but as his bones broke minutes ago, it hurts like hell! He growls like a scarred, angry lion as he leaves the room.

ACT EIGHT

Andrew's nervous face is seen with a telephone on his ear: "Come on... Answer me... Answer me... Answer me... ANSWER ME"

He is sitting in his private room. Tapping his feet on the ground continuously. His hands are broken and bandaged, so Joshua is holding the telephone on his ear. A man answers the telephone: "Did you watch it?"

Andrew answers with a scratched voice: "Put on Trump."

Trump answers the telephone: "Hello Mr. Coleman. I was..."

Andrew interrupts: "HOW THE FUCK DID YOU LET THIS HAPPEN?"

He points at Joshua to let go of the phone and struggles to hold it himself with his broken hand. He finally succeeds and stands up: "Tell me you pulled it off."

Trump: "Of course we pulled it off."

Andrew: "Did anyone see the video? Anyone?"

Trump: “You are not the only one who controls the internet. We pulled it off before it was even uploaded.”

Andrew: “Don’t try to fuck me Donald... Your internet is not safe like mine. They can hack it. It is out there on the servers. People can still hack it.”

Trump: “Why should anyone try to hack a video of a nobody?”

Andrew: “I said DO NOT FUCK ME. They will look for the video if anything happens, ANYTHING! Destroy the servers. Burn them. NOW! Take it off the internet physically.”

Trump: “Ok Ok... I’ll send the orders right away. You have more important things to worry about now. She is actually back in Hartland.”

Andrew:
“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
T? ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDIN’ ME?
HOW? How is she not dead yet? HOW THE
FUCK IS SHE STILL ALIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIVE?
And back here? HOW? We don’t even have

airplanes here. The only thing that can enter this country are YOUR GODDAMN SHIPS.”

Trump: “Well, that’s not on me. Tell that to Jinping. He thought killing her would drag more attention. He thought doing what she asked was the best way to drag attention away from her. So, he sent her back with one of his ships.”

Andrew: “If I go down, I will take you all down with me.”

Andrew hands the phone over to Joshua and points to the phone for Joshua to hang it up.

“Find out where she is. Give her face to the scanner and enable all the cameras on every single phone in the whole damn country. We need to find her ASAP.” Says Andrew to Joshua.

Joshua: “It’s a bit late for that Andy.”

Andrew: “What? Why?”

Joshua: “She is in Taunderia, under Harald V’s custody. He has admitted what she says is true, and it is everywhere on the national television in Taunderia. He said that he is the King of one of

those 200 countries and is there to help the people of Hartland get their freedom back.”

Andrew: “THAAAAAT
MOTHERFUCCCCKEEEEEER... *sighs* ...
What about the others?”

Joshua: “Good news. Not only are they all behind us and are calling Harald stupid and desperate to destroy your face in any possible and impossible way, but also this is too ... big... news ... for people to buy. No one believes him. Not even the people in his own country. The actions you took over the past months made you too popular and his position too fragile. You are too good for people not to trust. I told you politics would work.”

Andrew: “Put Harald on the line.”

Joshua: “Right away.”

Joshua picks the phone up, dials and puts the phone on Andrew’s ear.

“No need, I can hold it myself.” Andrew says as he takes the phone from Joshua.

Andrew closes his eyes each time the phone beeps and opens it with the next beep. The photo of his wife goes black and comes back in front of his eyes with every beep. But he can even see her face when his eyes are closed. But Harald answers the phone before he can miss her:

“Harald, Give me back the girl.”

Harald: “This is what you get for not respecting my rights.”

Andrew: “I’m not gonna ask again Harald. Bring her to me.”

Harald: “No I won’t. You are going down Coleman.”

Andrew gets mad but his voice is still calm:
“Don’t try to fuck me Harald. Don’t... Don’t try to FUCK me. If you try to fuck me, I will fuck you like you have never been fucked before. I will destroy you like you have never existed.”

Harald: “Do not try to threaten me Andrew. I will not...”

Andrew interrupts Harald: “You asked for this motherfucker.” And gives the phone back to Joshua: “Call Trump.”

Joshua calls trump and gives the phone to Andrew. Andrew sits down after putting the telephone on his ear. He then closes his eyes and sees Catherina's face again. Tears fall down of his closed eyes but he wipes them clean with his bandaged hand before they fall down of his face.

Trump answers: "What is it, Andrew?"

Andrew opens his eyes and replies: "I want your full force. Destroy Norway."

Trump: "What? Norway is one of the cleanest countries. I cannot just ..."

Andrew: "Ask Putin for help. Ask Theresa May. Ask anyone. I don't care. I want them down. Make movies, find something to point out, I don't know, Black Metal seems good enough for me. Focus on that. Tell it's against human rights. Crush them."

Trump: "Norway is a clean country. Black metal has millions of fans all around the world. It will take years for media to destroy Norway."

Andrew: "You have two weeks."

Trump: "It is imposs..."

Andrew: “Then send in your terrorists and bomb them.”

ACT NINE

Harald V and Andrew are standing against each other. Andrew is a short man. Even a bit shorter than the 80-year-old Harald, so he pulls his head up to look Harald in the eye. He scratches his beard with his bandaged hands: “I told you not to fuck me, old man. Now tighten my tie. I can’t do it myself. My hands are in bandages.”

Harald looks at Andrew despisingly but says nothing and tightens Andrew’s tie as he is holding his neck up for Harald to tie his tie.

He then turns to Joshua: “Take the girl back.”

Joshua and two of his men walk to Sofia, who is unconscious on a bed. Joshua points to the bed, and his men take the bed away.

Joshua too leaves with his men and Sofia.

It’s just Andrew and Harald behind the curtain when the big golden curtain opens. Reporters start taking pictures and asking questions.

Harald walks to the microphone on the far end of the stage.

Harald starts talking: “People of the whole world. Of all the 19 counties. Dear people of Taunderia, people of Hartland, everyone. I want to apologize for the indecisive actions and words of mine. They were all lies. All lies to spoil Mr. Coleman’s face. I didn’t think before my actions and disgraced my people. I disgraced the whole world and the prophet with my lies. I desperately wish for you all to forgive me. And Mr. Coleman, I am nothing but regretful. Please do accept my apologies.”

Harald starts crying.

Andrew claps figuratively as he can not clap because of his bandages: “I do accept your apologies, Harald. May God forgive your sins.”

He walks to Harald, and they hug each other as the crowd goes in cheers.

FINAL ACT

Sofia opens her eyes. Everywhere is blurred. She blinks several times to see clearly. Her hands and legs are tied to a chair. Three men in suits approach her. One is walking in front of the other two and one of the other men is bringing a chair. He puts the chair down and the man who was walking in front of the others sits on it. He then walks to her and pulls her chair forward to the man sitting on the chair. She can see his face, but she doesn't know him.

But she knows the man sitting on the chair very well. He is Andrew Coleman. The third man, she doesn't know him either, but he is holding a small silver briefcase in his hand and has his other hand on Andrew's shoulder, standing right beside him.

Andrew looks Sofia in the eyes and pulls a sadistic smile on his face:

“Very nice talk Miss Adams. Or can I call you Sofia? It makes me uncomfortable to be formal.”

Sofia grunts and tries to look away from Andrew, but the man standing behind Sofia

grabs her head and forces her to look at Andrew.
“ No need for that... I believe my words are going to be engaging enough for her to look at me.”

The man takes his hands-off Sofia's head. She shakes her head and looks at the man in absolute hatred.

Andrew leans forward to Sofia and continues:

“ As I was saying... Sofia... Very nice talk, near-perfect to be honest.

You just missed out on some very small but important details. First and most important one is that I had thought of a day like this. I've seen this through. I was expecting someone to escape receiving the Smart Card and see it all ... All the events. So, I had a plan for it. My plan was simple. Do the things in a way that even if someone sees it, he or in your case she won't know what ACTUALLY is going on... *Takes a deep breath* ... See, it was all in front of your eyes, but you just couldn't see.

The first question you should have asked yourself was how can one man be capable of doing this much change in a country?

Well, I'll tell you the answer, He is NOT!

It was not my plan... Well, it WAS my plan, but not just mine. Leaders of all the countries were in this masterplan with me.

I did not make a world for myself... I made a world ... for everyone.

A playground for politicians!

The world was going to shit. Almost all the countries were at war. There was blood everywhere. It had to stop.

That was when I came in with a plan. I said what if we make a hidden land, a very very big land, and send all the criminals, the ones who worth nothing to this world, ones who have no one to care for them, ones who are better dead than alive to this land and call it a country. But only for them!

Let them live there freely and as a country. Let them reproduce, let them work, let them become a society and create a civilization of their own. After they lost their criminal behaviors and started acting like a normal society, we take this self-nurtured society and manipulate their brains

and make them think the way we want them to think. We will divide this land into 19 countries and make people of this land think that this is the whole world. Leaders of all countries can reserve a country in this land and test whatever they want to do in the real world. They can declare war against each other, they can make peace with each other and see how it works. They can change their diplomacies and see the feedbacks without having to do that literally. Well, they literally do that, but not in the real world. A world where the decisions of the politicians had no consequences in the real world.

A lab rat for countries!

I said I will rule this world and you will all help this happen. I will have one of the countries of this land all the times and 18 countries can reserve the other 18 for 400 days. We will reset everyone's brains once in 400 days and upload the new data to it, making them think that you were the rulers of those countries for ages. We called it Protocol 27.

I even planned to base our years on that. A was

for the countries at war who wanted to test peace, B for those who had nothing to do with war and C for those who were at peace and wanted to test war. The number showed the number of countries who took part in the project so far in each section of A, B or C. We couldn't have started with year 1-A. Everyone would have noticed there was something wrong. I mean, you can't live at the epoch ...*laughs*... The project started from the year 666, my lucky number ...*smiles*... I employed numerous historians and philosophers to create the best story for the years 1-A to 666-A. To write a holy book, to make them be who or what we wanted them to be. We run protocol 27 each year, our own year, and the people are good to go with their new leaders.

All the countries agreed. I was the one offering salvation from beneath the blood.

The land was made in less than 5 years...
Hartland.

Scientists, doctors, engineers, artists, writers, designers... Everyone helped make this happen.

People who were offered to go to Hartland gladly approved.

Hartland was up and running.

We had our own world ready to go, our playground. But we didn't exist to the world. No one knew about Hartland. We were off google maps, globes, everywhere. I hid the world from my country and they hid my country from the world.

You know the rest darling, don't you?

The world became a better place again. Countries stopped fighting and took their battles here... To Hartland.

People are happy again all over the world thanks to me. They die at 80, holding hands with their grandchildren instead of dying on the battlefield at 25, holding on to their automatic death machines.

Politicians are loved again as they choose the right thing to do thanks to ME.

I have made the world a better place, a small sacrifice for the greater good.

And what sacrifice? They don't know anything. They think the world is where they live in. They mostly have normal lives like people all over the world and even if we fuck up ... I'm sorry... even if something goes wrong, we will reset their minds after 400 days and everything goes back to normal again. It's not even a sacrifice.

Every single country is behind me. They provide for me. They look after me. All the world is ...Under...My...Thumb.

You forgot this one before recording that video Sofia. One important fact. The man who built this world IS INVINCIBLE. You cannot destroy the destructor. You should not try to destroy the destructor.”

Andrew turns to the man standing beside him: “Hand me the chip, please Joshua.”

Sofia's eyes open wide. She cannot believe what she hears: “Joshua?”

Andrew: “Yes. This is Joshua, the prophet of light. He IS real. Well, he wasn't smothered by the sinners obviously, but he is the prophet of this land. The guiding mind behind Hartland.”

Joshua opens the silver briefcase and takes the chipset out of it. Andrew stands up and holds his left hand against Joshua. Joshua opens the bandage on Andrew's hand and puts the chip in his hand.

Andrew turns to Sofia: "This is what happens now. I will put the chip in your head. You will be asleep for about two days. You will wake up in your mother's arms. She will recognize you, and not as a bastard but as her beloved daughter. You will be the most loved member of the Adams family. Your grandparents will give you all they have and you will live happily ever after with no memory of your true past. You have lived like this your whole life. Is that ok with you?"

Sofia nods as she cries.

Andrew: "Very good."

Andrew approaches and injects the chip inside her head.

Sofia feels a sharp burn in her skull, but it passes after less than a second. All she can see is Andrew tearing the bandage off his right hand

with his left hand. He cracks his knuckles and smiles at Sofia.

Sofia's eyes fade as the smile on Andrew's face grows.

EPILOGUE

Sofia is sitting around the breakfast table with her mother and grandparents. She kisses her mother on her cheek after finishing her breakfast: “Your food gets more delicious every day Mommy. How do you even do it?”

They all laugh and thank the prophet of light for guiding them in the darkness that has past and pray for him to guide them in the darkness that is yet to come.

~~~ (The End) ~~~

## ROOM 4632

*Written at: May 2017*

*Edited at: October 2019*

\*Door clicks open\*

“It’s not a room; It’s the whole world!”

Alex: “You know... You have your mother’s eyes.

Now I’m afraid its time for you to forget.

Welcome back to Room 4632.”

Baby starts crying as Alex walks away

\*Cassette Rewinds\*

Adam whispers to himself before picking his phone up: “How the Fuuuuck do you know my phone number?”

“Hello, this is Adam Graham. Who is this?”

A distorted voice answers, it is hard to tell whether it’s a man or a woman, hard to understand his or her age, or any other information of the caller from its voice: “We

truly admire your perspective, Mr. Graham, though it is unpleasing for us to observe others feed on your beliefs. People are not supposed to know beyond their perception.”

“HOW THE FUCK DO YOU KNOW ME?  
WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?

I won’t stop posting my beliefs and opinions dipshit. Are you the government you fucks? Well, this might not be a free country, but the internet is not in your hands. I am free to post whatever the fuck I want.

You might keep other people in darkness with your propaganda, but not me.”

Phone beeps

“GODDAMNIT” Adam yells as he smashes his phone to the wall breaking it to pieces. Its battery bounces off the ground and hits his leg.

Adam his hands in his hair and starts pulling it as he slides down the wall he was leaning on.

A few minutes pass. Adam’s breathing starts to become normal again.

The phone rings again. It is clear that it is smashed, has no battery, and should not be working.

“What the actual fuck?” Adam stares at his phone confusingly for a while before answering it.

“No; We are not your government.  
You seek to know the system. You are carving  
for what’s beyond.

In a private talk with your high school friend  
eleven years ago you stated that what they feed  
you are all lies, they are like a pill

A pill to make you numb

A pill to make you dumb

A pill to make you anybody else.”

“How... No one except Johnny was there at that  
time. How do you know?

That rat told you, didn’t he?

How long have you been stalking me?” Adam  
answers with a desperate tone.

“We know you better than yourself, Adam. No  
one needs to tell us anything. We are knowledge  
itself.

And if you desire to claim knowledge too, visit

us

Come to us at Bermuda Triangle.”

Phone beeps

“What the fuck man; Bermuda Triangle??? Are you out of your minds?” Adam answers although he knows they hung up moments ago.

Before Adam puts the shattered yet incredibly functioning phone down, a message notification appears on the broken screen: “We know you will come.”

Adam sighs

\*Cassette fast forwards\*

Deafening screams of waves swallow Adam’s cries in itself: “Here I am... Can you hear me? I AM HEREEEEEEEE!”

Ocean’s rage seems endless. Adam is trapped in the endless wrath of God he always questioned.

In the outburst of wind, drops of water penetrate through Adam’s skin like shards.

Hurricane’s raid has blinded him, and he is deaf of the rebellious ocean’s waves.

But he can taste very well.

A taste of blood, salt and the tasteless taste of water.

His ark won't last long against its offenders.

All of a sudden, it all stops. Everything goes silent.

The ocean is leashed and has retreated its waves. Out of the blue, the wind goes, and with it, the sky goes blue.

Silence does not last long. The ocean opens mouth, all around Adam's yacht.

Walls of water surround him. Adam finds himself at the bottom of an enormous cylinder made of the sea that was below his yacht moments ago.

Adam is amazed but is not surprised. It seems like he was expecting this, but he does not know why.

He just smiles at the fact that he always hated to die of suffocation.

Gigantic walls fall apart. Mountains of water crumble upon Adam's head. He closes his eyes on the ocean falling down on him.

The yacht turns to ashes below Adam's feet.  
He falls to the endless void.

Everything goes silent.

Adam opens his eyes: "What... The... Fuck?  
Where am I?  
A hallway?"

Adam pushes his hand against his leg to help  
himself stand up.

There is a hallway of white walls and ceiling  
ahead of him as far as his eyes can see.

There are countless doors on both sides of the  
hallway. They all look identical. Doors of black,  
with no shapes, no door handles, no carvings, no  
glasses on them, nothing but a number in gold  
on each door.

One of the doors open and a man comes out. A  
man in black. A man with no face but a mouth  
and an ear on the left side of his head.

"We knew you would come  
Did you know... You have your father's eyes?"  
The faceless man greets Adam with this  
question.  
His mouth has nothing but teeth, everywhere.

No tongue, no gum. Only teeth, all the way down to his throat.

It does not scare Adam, but he can not stop staring inside his mouth while he talks.

Adam: “Where is here?”

“The Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end.

By the way, you can call me Alex.” The faceless man answers with a smile that only looks frightening on his face of blank. His face of blank might be bearable, his teeth might not scare him, but the smile... it is terrifying.

Alex’s face and smile seem to be less of a surprise to Adam than the hallway itself. He feels himself fading into the doors.

Adam runs to a door and opens it. He is stunned by what he sees: “Oh my God... Oh... My... God... How long?

How long have you been doing this?”

Alex: “It is unwise for a man of your intelligence to ask such a question.

Time is not a line for us who have defined it. We



shape it in any way we please. Inside this room, we have shaped it as a loop.”

Adam: “I am all questions and no answers.”

Alex: “We know your questions, and we are the answers.”

Adam laughs: “So God is... You are a programmer? Ha ha ha ha...”

You don’t look human, but you certainly are human. Aren’t you?

What a nice loop, God is a Human!”

Alex: “No. We are only creations, just like you. But unlike you, we are created to obey; Workers of the hallway. She... She IS the creator.”

“She?” Adam’s confounding laugh turns into a satisfied bitter smile as he continues: “Should have guessed...”

This beauty, yet this injustice can not be of a man.”

Adam turns to Alex and asks: “Why did you call me here?”

Alex: “It was not us who asked you to come. It was her. She wanted you here.

We obey her commands. That is our purpose.  
She... She wanted you back.”

“Back?” Adam cannot continue talking as Alex interrupts him: “She is waiting. Room 4632.”

Adam: “What about the other rooms? I want to see them before I go to her.”

Alex: “Time is shaped as we please. You will find out. Not today. But does it matter when, where time is not a line?”

Adam: “Why you? Why not me?  
Why did she choose you to help her with her creation and not me?  
Are we even on earth?  
Where are we?  
She is a human like me, isn’t she?”

Alex: “There is no you or I or she...  
WE are what it is.”

Adam: “Come on man. Answer me...  
Do you die? Will she die too? Will GOD die?  
Is she even alive?  
Am I even alive?”

Alex: “She is waiting for you, and she does not like to be kept waiting.”

Adam: “Do you die goddamnit. Answer. Please. I have to know. I have to know if I was right.”

Alex: “You are here because you were right.”

Adam’s eyes go round. He is afraid. He used to think about it, but he never wanted to be right. He asks Alex desperately: “Do I... Do we die? I don’t want to die. I don’t want to end. Pleaaase. Just tell meeee”

Alex puts on his terrifying smile on his faceless face once again: “It’s not a line Adam...

It is a loop.

Don’t keep her waiting.

Room 4632.”

Adam steps to the door. It is right in front of him.

\*Door clicks open\*

~~~ (The End) ~~~

ANOTHER ONE OF US

Written at: July 2019

“I don’t want to live like this anymore.
I want this to end.” Rebecca whispered to
the doctor.

“Ah... Rebecca, Don’t we all?” The Doctor
Answered

“I didn’t... before this”

“You sure?”

Rebecca sighs and puts a bitter smile on
her face: “In my life... well, I made many
many bad decisions in my life...Simon, Not

knowing myself, abandoning my family,
twice... Bad decisions and I were like
peanut butter and jelly. I was always an
underachiever, I never had a purpose. I just
did things because I had to do them. What
is a human being without things to do?
I played a game back in my childhood called
The Last of Us. The game ended with the
guy saying, no matter what, you keep
finding something to fight for. My life wasn't
any short of a war either. I was always
dependent on someone else, and I didn't
want to be. But... I couldn't. When I was
finally independent, I couldn't handle myself.
So, I started making bad decisions. Some
good people were thrown in my way by God
, but I kicked them all away. Sometimes
people started loving me, but then they got

to know me better, and they found out that they just loved the person I loved to be. I was nothing but another worthless piece of shit. Like many others. So, yeah, I wanted to die before too. But even that was to put on a show, to make people notice I exist. Putting myself in other people's shoes, why should I care for a piece of shit like me. Well now that I'm dying it wouldn't matter if I tell you.

The whole lesbian thing was to put on a show too. I enjoyed men more. But so did most of the other girls. That was the easiest way to stand out. Without actually having to work to earn it. I worked doc, I worked hard. I tried music, drawing, digital art, writing, interior home design, many many shits... but none of them paid off. This... this one was easy, and everyone noticed... well for a

while.”

Rebecca changes her voice and continues:

“OH did you know; Rebecca is a lesbian?

Oh ...” Rebecca keeps talking but her voice fades in the doctor’s ears. All he thinks

about now is that is he another Rebecca or all the lives he saved was worth something.

Did he ever save anyone or he just took his 32 work shifts a month and earned the money he wanted to?

He glances at the steel knife on the table as Rebecca is telling all her secrets to the last person she might ever see in her life.

Someone who doesn’t care about her. All the doctor thinks about is the reflection of the full moon on the steel knife and wishing that he was a werewolf.

But knowing this does not stop Rebecca from telling him everything.

She always was an introvert but you start talking in your death bed even if you are deaf and dumb. What would she do with those secrets? Take them with herself to an afterlife she doesn't even believe exists? Or does she?

Well let me tell you another thing; In death bed, even atheists, even nihilists, want to convince themselves that they are wrong, that this is not the end.

So did Rebecca. In the past month at Saint Denis Hospital, Rebecca found faith, found God and found all the holy in the world, because she found out that she had AIDS.

The doctor doesn't know that this exact moment will cause him to get cancer, but he knows

that this world isn't worth holding himself from smoking a cigarette that his co-worker left on his desk. He can imagine himself lying on the bed, telling the whole story of his life to another doctor. He knows that one day, he will be another Rebecca. He has seen many Rebeecas as a doctor. He breaks his "1 year clean from smoking" and clicks his zippo open. He had his zippo on his shelf for a year as a sign of being a smoker and quitting. He didn't know that his symbol of quitting will make him start all over again. Just like he doesn't know yet that the knife that he saved many lives with, will be the knife that he will cut his wrists with and take his own life. The bright orange light of the zippo fades the reflection of the moon on the knife. The only reflection on the knife is

the tip of the doctor's cigarette... burning, the tobacco, and his lungs. But he is not looking at it. He is staring at the smoke he blows out of his mouth which gets sucked out of the room by the room's advanced room control system. Technology has come a very long way over the last 40 years. He knows it and he hates it. 40 years from the moment that *The Last of Us* ended with "No matter what, you keep finding something to fight for." He also played the last of us 40 years ago. He forgot this sentence but Rebecca made her remember again. He felt good remembering the ending of one of the best games he had ever played, but he said nothing to Rebecca because he is an introvert as well. This was Rebecca's moment and he didn't want to ruin it by

talking. He thought that his moment will come one day too. He will talk about “The last of us” when HE is the one lying on the bed. But he doesn’t know that he will die alone with no one but himself by his side. He will die alone as his eyes fade out on the full moon reflecting over his blood on the floor, wishing he was a werewolf one last time.

That is another 14 years from now. Now all he wishes is that it was 2013 again and he could watch his older brother play The Last of Us, or just watch his older brother at all once again. He misses his brother so much. He doesn’t know that he was not his real brother and was adopted by his family before he was born. He will never know that. But maybe he would have missed him less if

he knew, maybe not. At the time being, his family thought not knowing this would make him love his brother more. What they didn't know back then, was that love doesn't always bring happiness.

He knows that it will never be 2013 again so he changes his wish and wishes that his cigarette doesn't end too soon. The cigarette that would be the cause of his cancer and the cancer that would be the cause of his suicide. He never knows what he wishes for. He never will.

Just deep inside, he still believes that his wishes might come true. He will die believing.

“So yes... I have thought about dying before, but I never REALLY wanted it. I

REALLY want it now.” Rebecca ends her audienceless speech with this sentence.

The doctor says to himself: “No you don’t. But you soon will.”

He says to Rebecca: “I think you deserve to know something.”

Rebecca: “Don’t worry, I won’t tell anyone.”
laughs but his laugh turns to coughs

Doctor: “Your partner, Vanessa, ... She passed away last week.

She also had AIDS. In fact, she had AIDS before you. You got AIDS from her. Some days ago, your ex-husband called. She

wanted to know how you are holding up. I asked him to come over. His HIV test came out negative.”

Rebecca is stunned by the news she just received. She closes her eyes and tries to remember the last good memory she had with Simon. She always saw Simon as an Evil man who tried to control her life. She remembers the last time they went to a mountain top. It was foggy or maybe it wasn't but she can't picture his face clearly. She remembers him holding her hands and helping her up. She remembers the song he sang while they were climbing:

“So close your eyes on Hushabye Mountain,
Wave goodbye to cares of the day,
And watch your boat from Hushabye

Mountain

Sail far away from Lullaby Bay.”

Everything has now changed in her eyes in just a minute. The evil man she made out of Simon crushes and burns and from its ashes rises a man who tolerated her and, in the end, let go of her, because he wanted her to be happy but never stopped caring for her. All the things she imagined of him, she sees now that were just her picture of Simon and not the real Simon.

“Simon was not an evil man. He always cared for me.”

But this also is a picture of Simon in Rebecca’s head. She never will know what Simon really was.

Rebecca instantly pulls the blame off her own shoulders. She has a new person to accuse. Vanessa. She was the person who tricked her into being lesbian. She made her hate his husband. She made his leave his husband. And most importantly, she gave her AIDS.

Vanessa is evil!

All she says to the doctor is: “Thanks for letting me know. I can’t see Simon anymore. I can’t look into his eyes. But... But tell him...”

Rebecca doesn’t know what the doctor should tell Simon on behalf of her. Yet she wants Simon to know that she thinks he is a good man. Even now, she seeks Simon’s attention. Knowing that Simon is a good guy, won’t come free for Simon. Simon must

pay her back by his attention. The attention she will never know of.

“Tell him I’m sorry”

“I will Rebecca, I will. Now take your pills and get some rest.”

“Why do you waste your pills on a dying woman.”

The doctor smiles and replies: “Because you paid for it.”

Rebecca feels the pills moving slowly down her throat. A sip of water she drinks helps the pills to move faster. Now she can feel the coldness of water pouring down her hips from the inside.

“Rebecca, wake up.”

Rebecca slowly opens her eyes. The place she sees looks nothing like the room she slept in last night. The room is bright, the walls are orange and white, the color she always wanted her room to be, and there are orchids near her window. There were no windows in her room at the hospital.

“What is all this?..., Where am I?”

“You are in heaven, my child.”

Rebecca’s ears scream from the inside and then all the voices in her head stop for a brief moment.

She is happy that all this is over, but somehow, she feels sad and empty that she is not on earth anymore. That she is not alive.

That's how people are. She would have missed hell if she was in hell for that long. When people belong, it's hard for them to pull free.

Rebecca looks at her hands. She sees two beautiful young hands. Her hands weren't like this the last time she saw them. She believes this is heaven.

She wants to say "Do I deserve heaven?" but she is afraid. That there might be a mistake and they send her to hell. She says:

"Am I here forever?"

“This is your eternity. You will get what you want. You will have what you want. This place is all you want.”

Rebecca examines the whole place. As she watches it gets bigger and bigger. The calming combination of orange and white, sweet breeze of the spring wind and Vanessa impaled and screaming as she burns make her feel very very good. After she is done enjoying hate and vengeance, she thinks that she can play the Last of Us again.

There is a huge curved screen right in front of her. The game is on. She starts playing. She always wanted to play the whole game as Ellie. Now she is Ellie.

Rebecca plays really well and doesn't die at

all.

People gather around and watch her play.

They love how great she is playing and cheer for her. She is getting the attention she was always missing back on earth. And she is getting it for doing what she loves doing the most. Playing games.

She thinks that she can't grow tired of this for eternity.

She is wrong.

Rebecca has been here for a very long while and she is tired. She has done everything she could have thought.

Everything that she thought would make her happy. Now she is out of ideas.

She was a movie star for a while.

She was a musician, a pop star, a writer

She was even a video game designer.

She made all the games she wanted to
make back when she was a kid.
But now she is tired.
Eternity is boring. She wants to leave. She
doesn't want to have everything by just
wanting it. She wants to try and succeed.
She thinks heaven is some kind of a charity.
If she wants one thing now, it is for this
heaven to be over.
She can go into an endless void now. She
doesn't care.
Rebecca has gone mad.

“CAN ANYONE HEAR ME?” Rebecca yells.
“STOP... I DON'T WANT THIS ANYMORE.
I WANT THIS TO END.”

Simon: “What did you do? Why is she

crying? WHY IS SHE SCREAMING?”

“They all get tired at some point. That’s part of the procedure.” The doctor replies as he closes the door and mutes Rebecca’s screams.

“It took her longer than we expected. Most of them do not last this long. She had so00o much to do.” Doctor continues.

“What did you do to her, you little fuck?”
Simon grabs the doctor by the collar.
He tightens the doctor’s stethoscope around his neck. Doctor grunts.

“I will kill you right here man. What the fuck did you do to her?”

The doctor struggles to answer but Simon pulling the stethoscope around his neck won't let his voice leave his throat.

Doctor taps on his throat.

Simon lets go off the doctor.

For a minute, the doctor's eyes go black. He can only see blinking dots in the darkness he is trapped inside.

He sits on the floor, inhales deeply, and then exhales. He can see again.

Simon has very beautiful shoes. That is the first thing the doctor sees after his blackout. He always wanted shoes like this. His wife bought him a pair six years ago, but he could never wear it. The hospital didn't allow them. He sold the shoes on eBay to a guy he didn't know. He does not know that Simon's co-worker bought the shoes from

him for Simon's birthday. He is looking at his own shoes. He envies Simon. Simon is an executive producer at VOiD studios. He is the lead producer of "Destination 7: The old man's Tale".

It is VOiD's co-founder, VONBiRD's last game of his life.

Simon breathes for a while. He thinks he is calm now. So, he asks again, with a lower tone: "What did you do to her?"

"I made her happy. Isn't that what you wanted? Isn't that what you paid us for?"

Simon is a short-tempered guy. He yells again: "DOES SHE LOOK..."

He breathes again and repeats his sentence calmly: "Does she look happy to you?"

“She will be when you talk to her.”

“What should I tell her?... What did you do to her man?”

“I sent her to heaven. Well, most of them call it heaven.

I sent her somewhere she wanted to be.

That’s how the pills work. That’s what you paid us to give her.

They manipulate the mind into imagining everything the way they want it to be. And it manipulates the concept of time for them.

She has been there for over four hundred years.

Its been 12 days for us, of course.

Everything for her is the way her brain wants.

So, it doesn’t matter what you tell her. She

will hear what she wants to hear.

We take away the pain from our patients in a way no one else can. They experience the heaven they always wanted for as long as they want, they live their final days happy... And finally, they grow tired of it. They grow tired of having it all. That's when they REALLY want to die. That's when we pull the plug on them, and their one final wish come true."

The doctor was talking as he was staring at Simon's shoes. A drop of water falls on Simon's shoe. He looks up and sees Simon crying.

He continues: "You wanted her to be happy in her final days. She was happier than any of us could have ever been. That's what she

wants now. She is happy that it will all end.

We made her death a happy one. Isn't that what you wanted? For her to be happy? She is happy now."

Door clicks open.

Simon enters the room.

Rebecca stares at Simon. She is stunned:

"Simon? Is that you? Are you dead too?"

The doctor is amazed. Before her, no one on the "Heaven drugs" ever saw anyone as they really were. They always see someone else. Someone their brains want to see. A celebrity most of the times. Never, never the person the literally see.

Simon was what Rebecca's brain wanted to see. And there he was.

But it was too late. She had wasted her life, and her eternity without him. Someone who truly loved her.

Simon answers: "No darling; I'm not dead.

You are not dead, either."

“That’s too sad to hear. How did you die?”

Rebecca answers. She wants to hear that Simon is in heaven too. And that’s what she hears.

Rebecca continues: “Heaven is not good Simon. You should not stay here. You should take me with yourself too. Heaven is boring. I don’t have any purpose. I am more worthless than I was back on earth. I don’t want it anymore.”

Simon starts crying again. He takes one last look at the love of his life:

“Why do I always have to do the hard part Rebecca?”

“Oh Simon, I did many things... I was a Pop Star...”

Simon moves to the plug and puts his hand on it. He waits for Rebecca to finish telling him about

her heaven. He listens carefully with a beautiful bitter smile on his lips covered with tears.

He pulls the plug.

Rebecca closes her eyes for the last time.

Simon holds Rebecca in her arms.

His teardrops fall on the knife that will one day take a doctor's life.

The love he had, have and will always have to Rebecca flashes in his mind.

“Why did it have to end like this?”

That's all Simon can think of.

Simon does not know that his story is yet too far from being over.

He will end up sleeping right where he is now holding what remains of his love in his arms. Just like Rebecca, he too will take the pills, although he knows it is nothing but his imagination. The pills will make him forget

that fact. Just like Rebecca, he too will end up being nothing but flesh, the remaining of all his memories. He won't be as lucky as Rebecca. He will die with a nurse pulling the plug on him. His brain will picture the nurse as Rebecca. But no one will hold his body in his arms after he dies.

He won't be as lucky as Rebecca.

Simon will live long enough to laugh at what he used to call "purpose".

~~~ (**The End**) ~~~

## **A DREAM CALLED ME**

*Written at: October 2019 and February 2020*

I am lying on a bed. The last bed I'll ever sleep on. My final smile runs away from my face. I try to keep it on as long as I can. Clouds intertwined deep into the night sky help me hold it on my face for another few moments.

I am being moved. Up above my head leaves of trees. Behind them, rays of the moonlight, making the leaves seem nothing but some black shapes without textures.

As always, in my final moments, I still see the whole world as a video game.

I do not know what's waiting for me beyond this shell. Is there a soul inside this flesh?

The flesh that will rot deep down in the ground embraced by the same earth I used to walk on it for a lifetime.

No, I do not know what will happen when I go under, and I never wanted to bother thinking about it, but I have thought of the life I have, and it's meaning a lot.



What did I understand?

That God is Game Designer like me. Created us with his own rules, by his own methods for his own desires, to feel Joy. To enjoy watching it all function. Watching his players play the game of life.

It feels good.

Seeing others enjoy playing what you strived to bring to life.

Giving birth to life itself.

I have felt it deep inside my heart every minute of the 73 years it beat for me.

My arm is hanging from the side of the bed. I open my hand and fill my fist with dust, as my bed is being pulled.

I open my fist and let dust dance out to freedom brought by the wind.

Maybe we're all dust in the wind.

Just a drop of water in an endless sea.

All my life passes before my eyes.

My father was an army man. Lived an honorable life according to his own words.

People can see honor in many different things.

He saw it in spilling the blood of people he was told to. He saw honor in obeying. Obeying the thoughts that were injected deep inside his brain. Who does not think like us is our enemy. And killing your enemy is saving your family. You either kill them, or they rape your family before killing them. So he killed them without a bother and always expected us to thank him. To honor him,

I never did.

I used to play games my whole childhood. It cost me my eyes. I started wearing glasses after my 16<sup>th</sup> birthday.

My father always tried to push me into the army but I always resisted.

He didn't know how to push.

A slight push from a friend of mine, and I was ready to dedicate my whole life to making video games.

We started learning and ... man, ideas were erupting out of our brains.

A new idea every day, which made deciding even harder.

Eventually, we chose an idea and after that, it was all playing God.

We made our first character walk by the end of the month.

Made him run a month after that. Gave him a name. Friends to talk to. Enemies to fight with.

We created a world for our little guy.

We were ready to share our baby with the world. Ready to see our creation get noticed by people other than the two of us.

The ones who noticed it liked it. Well, not as much as we loved our own baby, but that was not the problem.

The problem was that the ones who did notice it weren't too many. They were not many at all!

We had spent over 3 years developing that, and arguing with my father of the past 3 years, I was expecting to shut his mouth by throwing briefcases full of money, literally.

That didn't happen.

And following that, not long after, started my father's blames and sarcastic words against me.

Everywhere!

I wasn't safe from his poisonous arrows made of words, penetrating my heart anywhere in our house.

But I didn't stop pursuing my dream.  
God didn't stop creating us, and I'm pretty sure he was oppressed, bullied, blamed and discouraged too.

We started analyzing the market very well for our second project. We put all the money we had in advertising our second project. We even put our project on Kickstarter for help.

Everything seemed to be going well. Very well. We received feedbacks quite often. The game looked beautiful. Thousands of gamers were counting days to dive into the new world we were creating for them.

I didn't know how I could get any happier!

I never did.

My friend and I were really close. We were like  
brothers to each other. Brothers, we never had.

He had a sister.

They were walking through an alley.

An alley, with broken lights, in the middle of the  
night.

There was a junkie in the alley.

My best friend died protecting his sister.

I was broken.

I was crushed.

I was crumbled.

I have never smiled since.

I lost the only person who understood me. The  
only person I could turn to in my dark days.

The only person I trusted.

Without him, every day was a dark day.

And I had no one to understand me.

No one to heal my pain.

Darkness of my days consumed me and the  
burning light of my flaming nights grazed my  
skin.

I cried. I cried listening to every song he sent  
me. Playing every game he gave me. Watching

every movie he asked me to. Remembering  
every word he spoke, every smile on his face.

He gave me so much, and I perceived so little of  
what he gave me before he was gone.

He gave me, ME.

He made me. My personality. My thoughts. My  
style. My life.

And with him up above, every bit of him drained  
down below, out of my soul in the form of  
teardrops.

Everything he gave me was leaving me,  
scratching my soul, scarring my mind, bending  
my body, emptying my whole.

And I was desperately trying to grab on to  
anything that kept his memories with me.

Everyone told me to let his memories go. Try to  
forget him and be happy again.

But I couldn't. Maybe I could if I wanted to, but  
I didn't.

I didn't want to forget the best times of my life.

And he was in it all.

It wasn't fair to him. To someone who gave so much to me.

The pain I had from remembering him was sweeter than the relief coming from oblivion.

That was my rock bottom.

I guess my father was looking for the smallest event to start blaming me again.

After my friend's death, he started blaming me for making games again. Telling me that I could have prevented his death if I was a Police officer. If I was brave enough to actually do something instead of playing around in my phony world.

That he died because he couldn't stand for himself. Because he wasn't strong enough to defend himself. He said that by getting him into game development, I caused his death.

He said that I owe this to my friend. To join the Police and prevent this from happening to others.

He didn't know that my friend was a hero who saved his sister's life, and what I owe him was to

finish this game. To make his dream come true.  
To make him happy when he watches me.

So yet again, I stood against my father.

I left home, rented a place for a couple of  
months and worked day and night on the game.  
I couldn't bring my friend back to life, but I  
brought his dream back to life.

The game was ready to be released.

I worked for another month to bring the  
separated fan base back together after months of  
not posting any content or answering their  
feedbacks.

The game was released.

It exploded all around the world.

I paid my tributes to the one who made this  
game possible.

Who made me, possible.

It won many awards, got downloaded many  
times, and was streamed all around the world by  
thousands of players.

And his name was everywhere.



I held every award up above my head, saying his name.

Everywhere I talked about the game, I mentioned him. I kept his memory alive for myself and for everyone else in the best possible way I knew.

I continued making games, every single one of them representing a bit of what he meant to me. How I felt about him and what a great man he was.

I started my own game studio. Rose up. Made a name for myself and made sure our story was not gonna be forgotten ever. I carved our tale on the tree of life for everyone to see long after I die.

Long after today.

61 years after losing my friend, my job here is done. I'm going to find him again.

I'm going back to him.

I lived a life, remembering him, and making everyone remember him.

That's what I did.

Me.

Somewhere in this infinite universe.

Somewhere in one of these infinite worlds.

That's what "Me" did.

But the "I" living this world, wasn't "me". He was just someone who only had a dream called "me".

In this world, my father killed "me" and left a soulless corpse called "I" to walk around on this earth.

In this world, I was too depressed to make any decisions for myself. So I gave my leash to my father, and he strangled "me" and replaced "me" with his dream of what he wanted me to be.

He made "I" join the Police.

In this world, my friend died. The game we were making together died. "Me" died. And only "I" survived.

Time, which was "me's" biggest enemy, an enemy that was standing against "me", forcing him to forget his friend, became "I's" best

friend. Helped “I” forget him. His voice. His smiles. And what he meant to me.

I became a Police officer. A police officer who loved games. Nothing more. Someone who only enjoyed the music his friend used to enjoy but never told anyone about it. Never used them in the games he made. Because he had no games to put those songs in it.

“Me” never laughed again after his friend’s death. But he was happy.

“I” however, laughed. “I” laughed every now and then with my co-workers at the station, at my father’s jokes and at myself. But “I” never was happy.

“I” wasn’t allowed to be happy. In my world, happy wasn’t good. Anything that brought joy to MYSELF, wasn’t good. In my world, the only good was to sacrifice myself for others.

I still had parts of the personality my friend gave me over the years, but even I was starting to forget who gave them to me, let alone the world.

“All available units, there is a bar fight reported down at the 34<sup>th</sup> Avenue.”

I drove down to 34<sup>th</sup> Avenue.

There was a bar at the end of the avenue.

The fight seemed to be over.

I could hear the faded sound of music from  
distance:

“...

And he's quick with a joke or to light up your  
smoke

But there's someplace that he'd rather be

He says, "Bill, I believe this is killing me"

As the smile ran away from his face

"Well I'm sure that I could be a movie star

If I could get out of this place"

Oh, la la la, di da da

La la, di da da da dum”

An unconscious smile ran into my lips as I heard  
the familiar song.

I walked out of the car, into the empty avenue.

With every step that I took, the song grew louder  
and my smile grew bigger.

A sudden sound deafened my ears. I felt a sharp, burning sting on my chest.

I looked down just to see blood spewing out of a small hole in my chest.

I couldn't stand up much longer.

I fell to the ground.

I saw a man, a shadow of a man in the distance.

He seemed panicked.

He ran to me desperately.

His eyes went round as he saw blood pouring out of my body.

He had a gun in his hand.

He was the man who shot me.

He was afraid.

He was panting and grunting.

He then got down on his knees. Bend over and put his mouth on my ear:

“Tonight, I am drunk and destructive, but tomorrow, I will be sober and sorry.”

He looked me in the eyes for a few moments.

The avenue was dark but the rays of light from my car's lights brightened his face.

He is just a drunk man. He has a clean shave, a large nose, unibrows, and a small scar on his lips.

I am still smiling, but I'm starting to lose consciousness.

I can see flashing lights of red and blue. It is an ambulance.

Two men in white come out of the ambulance and start walking to me. They don't start running toward me before seeing the amount of blood I have lost.

It's already too late.

I am dying.

"I" am 37.

"Me" is 73.

I am dying a nobody, in an avenue, shot by a nobody.

"Me" is dying, from a heart attack, as a famous game designer, inside a bar that is playing "Piano Man" by "Billy Joel".

“Me” knows his friend is waiting for him on the other side after 61 years.

“I” don’t know if I can still remember his face after 25 years.

“I” don’t know if he still sees “I” as a friend.

But I know one thing.

“Me” and “I”, are both knocking on heaven’s door.

We are both knocking on heaven’s door.

We are both waiting for it to open.

I don’t know about “Me”, but “I” am singing:

“Mama, take this badge off of me

I can't use it anymore

It's gettin' dark, too dark to see

I feel I'm knockin' on heaven's door

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door  
Mama, put my guns in the ground  
I can't shoot them anymore  
That long black cloud is comin' down  
I feel I'm knockin' on heaven's door  
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door  
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door  
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door  
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door.”

~~~ (**The End**) ~~~