***Clockwinder***

***East – West***

***thesis – anthithesis - synthesis***

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Opened back up 04/03/2020

Back to the writing notes of 12/2/2011

* Clock winder cleanses the town
* A carpenter arrives- journeyman
* Refugees arrive
* Society of the Deatheater develops
* The monks in the mountain
* Trade begins- gluten?
* Deatheater is invited into the monastery
* Revives head monk who has been grave ill.
* Monk takes over becomes a king- more power, more development
* Clockwinder goes to sleep leading to decline and uncertainty
* He wakes up
* He seeks out the King
* He’s called
* Journey to the council
* Where’s the carpenter- he might be sleeping
* What are some physics principles that I could allude to or help to structure the story or the logic of the universe?

Poem:

We make no claims on paradise.

We beg no vision from the barker in return.

Why color Christ with our crusty tongues.

Why hang our paper flowers from his strong arbor

        Awaking in the dark.  Death in the room, but waking death.  Quickening.  The old man’s body is now nearly fleshless.  Skeleton, sinew, a layer of dirt collected particle upon particle over the last three hundred years.  A new skin of dirt and dust.  The skull, still loosely attached to the neck stirs.  Empty sockets as black as the rest of the cave see nothing.

        And then they see all.  Eyes open.  Blue where black had been.  A blue light shines from the eyes and the whole small chamber of the cave, where the corpse has lain undisturbed for three hundred years, is illuminated.

        The Clockwinder has awoken.

        He remembers nothing.  Three hundred years of sleep have wiped away most of his memories of his last life and the before and the one before that and on and on.  In fact, in this moment of awakening he is conscious of only one thing- his hunger.

        He weakly sits up.  There is a small opening out of the chamber by his fee.  If he has enough strength he can crawl though it and out of the chamber.  Slowly he is becoming more aware of his flesh, what is left of it. With this awareness comes the awareness of the rock.  The stone is dry and cold and smooth.  It is very cold, but his senses are blunted and he will not be able to truly feel until he finds a new form.  This thought occurs to hi, this and his hunger.  He sits all the way up, turns and sets his back against the chamber wall where his feet have spent the last three centuries.  Putting his hands and his arms against the chamber wall he walks his feet back underneath him and then attempts to stand and rise thought the opening.  As his arms and head pass out of the chamber his iridescent eyes send light spreading out into a much larger chamber that looks large within the arc of his light and extends beyond in every direction.

        He positions his hands on the lip of the opening and starts to pull the rest of his corpse out of the hole.  Brittle bones quiver and knock against the stone cracking and popping.  Instinctually he digs deeper inside.  The glow from his eyes dims and then intensifies.  The light then travels through his body and into his arms.  He bends and heaves upwards again.  The force propels his whole skeleton all the way through the opening high enough for his feet to clear the hole by a yard before gravity grabs him by the ankles.  His feet and legs do not resist when they hit the smooth floor of the larger chamber.  Nothing resists, not the blue light or the withered muscle sinews.  His corpse crumbles like an imploding building.  He remains in a heap on the larger chamber floor.  Waiting for his utter exhaustion to pass.

        As he lies on the floor his hunger grows.

        At last he is standing.  His eyes are dim, but the blue light pulses through his body.  He surveys the stone chamber.  His field of vision passing along the floor.  Turning in a circle his hallowed sockets follow the arc of the blue light cast from, his eyes, bis glowing body.  There on the ground, a line. a wire.  He does not bend down to it, but keeps his head bent as he steps forward to follow the line into the dark.  The line continues on in the dark and he follows it.  , shuffling his feet under him.  He reaches a wall.  A hole has been drilled into the wall and the line disappears into the hole.  He stares dumbly at the wall.  He touches it.  White limestone dust clings to his bony fingers.  He rubs his hand against the wall to wipe off the dust.  More dust falls away and more dust clings to his hand.  He doesn’t notice the dust on his hand.  Beneath the white dust he sees color.  His blue light touches the color and the color answers with faded evanescence.  Rubbing more dust away he reveals more color and then form and color.  It is a scene.  A glowing blue skeleton and a line and yellow orange flames coming from its fingers.  The flame passes to the line where the fingers touch the line and then passes along the line to the wall.

        He remembers.

He  found the cave three years before he went to sleep.  He found the cave down in the canyon, but high enough up the canyon wall so the floods couldn't reach it.

Convicts from the town had been brought out from the town to excavate it.  They thought that they were mining.  Paying back their debt to society, broken stone by broken stone.

        The Alchemist had overseen the task.  When the chamber was complete he ate the convicts one by one. Leaving their lifeless bodies in one chamber.  The Alchemist sealed the chamber.

Light the wire.  Explosives stood ready to do the work.  Gan'el stood at the entrance of the cave.  His old man's form pulsing with the vitality of the souls he'd just taken.

He looked out over the canyons red and yellow soil and past the canyon to the town.  It was a clear evening and he could see the mountain beyond the sooty haze surrounding the town itself.

His castle standing on a foothill near the town rose out of the haze.  A funeral pyre raged high upon the main tower that roase over the castle gates.  The four lower towers flew half-masted flags.

The updraft that drew the pyre's smoke in a slow ascending line broke ranks swirling down to find the flags where they hung defeated.  They started and began to whip and snap like new fire feeding on green wood.

Gan'el watched the flags and the pillar of dark smoke that was supposed to be ferrying his earthly form into the sky.  He felt vital. He clenched his fist and sighed.  He forgot for a moment the weakness that had hounded him these past three years.  Everything in him desired to cross the canyon at the footbridge and the plain and climb the foothill to the castle tell his grieving wife that he was not dead, lower the flags extinguish the fire, throw open the gates of the castle and invite the town in.  King Gan'el who had reigned for over two hundred years was not finished yet. Come to the streets and see.

He shuffled back along the line his blue light extinguished.  He held the line in his hand and followed it into the dark.  At the end of the line back to where he had begun he held the line in his right hand and touched the end to the palm of his left hand.  As he did this in the dark he

stands motionless line end against his palm.  He retreats inside himself closer to the stree that has consumed him these last three hundred years.  Out of the cave beyond the decayed flesh that clings to his body.  beyond the bones towards the point where space and time collapse.  Where he exists infinitely large.  At this point he begins to turn, movement without form, cracking speed and light fixed on nothingness. The point begins to expand out.  The bones ignite blue as it swells outs of the darkness. THe bones radiate blue light.   The bones down from the skull, up from the gnarled toe joints towards the palm in his left hand.  The light in the palm intensifies as and spreads into the rest of his form.  The light bombards the end of the line.  It begins to sizzle and spit.  The skeleton quivers his knees buckling.  And then flame.  The line ignites and the fire begins to spread along the line illuminating the cave like a rolling wave of light.  The skeleton drops to his knees.  He is near the opening of the small chamber.  He lowers himself inside.  He hoping that he will have the strength to pull himself out again.  Inside the chamber he lies down to wait and rest.  He cannot see the burning line, nor can he see it.  He lets the blue light fade.  slipping closer to sleep.

The Alchemist had assured him that all would be well.  The explosives were set just right,. The stone was prepared just so.  The line would ignite the explosives packed in the wall. They would explode outwards opening the cave.  The explosion would also alert the castle and the people would come out to collect him.  The only problem was they didn't know when the king was coming back,  You can't predict those sorts of things.  The waves of the explosion rocked the through the chamber the skeleton rolled in chamber like a dingy on the see.  Dust and bites of rock dusted his feet.  He twisted around and he sat up, got his legs under him, reached his arms up and pushed from inside out.  This time he passed through the opening in control of his body.  He hoisted himself up until he could sit on the lip, lean back and pull his legs into the chamber. Despite his control, the weariness remained and so he lay for a few minutes looking toward the gapping hole in the wall of the larger camber.  The half light allowed him to take in the whole chamber.  He surveyed the smooth walls and the toothy ceiling.  The hunger was still with him and so soon he was up again, the walking dead padding his way across the camber to the mouth of the cave (instead of “the walking dead” here I should add in more details about his physical appearance.  Of, course he is a Zombie like creature, but I don’t really have to call him that.)

The water was low in the canyon.  The air was warm and dry.  Summer, he thought, late summer.  Crawling and rolling he was able to cross the rock heap and get on to the ascending path which climbed out of the canyon.  He climbed.  He climbed slowly, each footstep pulling through the mire of 300 hungry years.  The sun was setting to the west of the town crouched beneath the rising foothills and the castle.  The foothills climbed north with the mountains beyond.

        Smoke rose from cook fires and smoldering garbage heaps threaded with gold as the light of dusk settled.  An explosion in the foothills above the castle, white smoke marked the spot.  Whilte the skeleton scanned the hills for an explanation another cloud flowered and the explosion boomed after it.  He could not see any movement in the hills or below.  He continued to climb the canyon path too exhausted to speculate on the meaning of these explosions.

        In the toll booth on the east side of the canyon the keeper lay on his cot in a fever dream.  He burned and shivered.  IN his mind trapped in unsettled sleep he wandered the streets of the

town carrying his dead child.  The child was impossibly hot, nearly searing him through his ragged tunic.  The world beyond was freezing cold though.  He huddled close to the child’s body even as it burned him.  There were no lights in the city, but everything was illuminated in the pale blue.  He was sick and he knew it  His child was dead and he knew it.  He stumbled through the town in search of someone to help him bury the child.  In his dream he had tried, but the earth was impenetrable.  Winding through the streets at an ever increasing speed the world around the man swirled in blue images.  His town where he had always lived returned to him now familiarly, but utterly devoid of the comfort that familiarity should bring.  The familiar returned to him now twisted and mocking.  Lost in blue, the butcher shop spewed blood and meat in his wake.  Sick, poisonous blue flowers bloomed in the street.  The coffin makers display coffins vomited frozen hunks of meat (swirling images- maybe there should be people in this- rewrite next section)

In the square he met the king.

He ran through the town.  Eyes called out to him.  Dead hands raised and reached for him.  THe butcher’s window burst open and the butcher leered out at the Bridgeman.  A smile spread across his round radiant face, his lips splitting to reveal the fleshy rot of his gums.  Limbless animals scrambled to escape through the open hatch of the butchers window.

        Blue poison flowers bloomed wherever the Bridgeman stepped.  He looked back into a veiny blue abyss, which either following him or chasing him seemed to matter little.  The flower girls of Almsworth alley pleaded for pennies with frozen hollow eyes.  They picked and ate the poison blue flowers in fistfuls pulling the petals into their mouths with swollen bovine tongues, their hands frozen in gnawed arthritic claws reached out toward the man.  He pulled his son away from them and hurried past.  The blue flowers consumer the girls in his wake.

        On through the streets he stumbled.  The maze of the streets finally delievered him unto the town square.  The openness of the square terrified him.  The close, encroaching horror of the narrow alleyways had faces, had hands, here a nothingness of cold and space surrounded him.  Clasping his burning dead son to his chest he whirled around looking for a way out of the square.  The blue flowers did not enter the square with him but had surrounded the buildings and alleyways surrounding the square.  There was no way out.  Still, his eyes darted across the organic blue.  A voice forze his already frozen form and stopped his eyes.

        “Gatekeeper, turn and greet your king.”  The words rang through his entire body.  Cold and heat were forgotten.  The space of the square and the blue beyond faded to darkness.  He turned in the darkness. He turned without moving his eyes in their sockets.  Until he faced a man seated upon a golden throne.  The throne was enormous and rose up before him like a tower.  The king sat on the throne undwarfed by the throne despite its enormity.  “I’ve come for you and I’ve come for your son.  You must be tired.  Lay the boy on the bed.”  A bed illuminated by the light form the throne lay covered with a golden blanket to the right of the Gatekeeper.  The heat of the boy was gone.  As was the cold and the numbness of his arms.  All that remained was weight.  He took a step toward the bed and then bent to the ground holding the boy with his left arm and supporting his stiff form with his left leg.  He pulled back the blanket and lay the boy in the bed and covered him.  The weight burst out of him.  He sobbed beside the bed until he was too

exhausted to have and to cry.  When he was quiet and had been quiet for some time, the king spoke.

        “Gatekeeper, I have a place for you too.  You have suffered too long and need to rest.  Come, Gatekeeper.”        He heard the king rise from the throne.  The gatekeeper stood up and saw the king standing beside the throne with his left arm extended, offering up the throne to him.  The gatekeeper stood. He looked at the king, the throne, and then down at the bed.  The bed and the boy were gone.  He looked back at the king again and the king gestured toward the throne.  The gatekeeper stepped toward the king and the throne looking at the king’s face.  He took another step and another.  The king stepped forward and gently grasped his wrists.  The king applied pressure to the gatekeepers hands just below his palms.  As he did this he turned the gatekeeper and seated him on the throne.  The red mantel surrounded the gatekeeper.  He felt like a child being nuzzeled into the crook of his mother’s arm.  He looked beyond the folds of the red mantel searching for her face.  The king stood before him.

        “Are you comfortable,” asked the king.  The gatekeeper opened his mouth to reply, but was stopped by the sound of the king’s voice.  The resonant, paternal tone which had addressed him was gone.  The pitch of the voice was higher, less certain.  He recognized it at once.  It was his own voice.

        The king diminished before his eyes, growing older and more stooped.  The luster of his hair and clothing faded.  The fullness of his beard was replaced by wisps of hair that dropped in a line from his eyes down to his chin.  He recognized the face at once.  I was his own.

        And then all was darkness and the weariness at last overtook him.

        The Bridgekeeper woke up and dressed.  he walked out of the toll shack.  He reached his arms toward the sky and breathed deeply.  The morning was covered in a low mist which rose up from the canyon and rolled over the plain.  He could not see the city and the castle, but the mountains rose above the low cloud of the fog.  he picked up a shovel leaning against the door post and held it in both hands feeling its weight and balance.

        Behind the shack the Bridgekeeper dug two graves.  He worked quickly and without tiring.  When he was finished he went back into the shack and returned with the boy wrapped in a white muslin sheet.  he put the boy in the first hole and filled it.  Then he returned to the shack for the skeleton, the bones no longer connected and so he carried them together in a rough sack.  He put these in the second hole and covered them with the sandy soil.

        It was still early but the sun was beginning to burn off the morning mist.  He went back into the shack and found a rope and a long knife.  He wrapped the rope under his left arm and over his right shoulder.  He found a battered leather sheath for the knife and attached it to his belt.  He covered the rope and the knife and his torso with an old musty cloak and walked out to cross the bridge toward the town and the castle.

        Below the bridge the canyon dropped a longways down.  The bridge was not one of the busy commercial bridges.  It was small and narrow, given to swaying when too many people or sheep were on it.  The Bridgekeeper walked at an even pace resting a hand on a hemp rope on either side.

        Once across the bridge he began to cross the open plain between the canyon and the town.  It was almost noon and all the fog was gone and the day was hot.  In the clarity of midday, he could see the town and the castle and up on the foothills and he could see a dozen camp fires smoking up from where the cannon fire had come from the day before.

        He arrived at the town in the mid-afternoon.  A wooden fence surrounded the perimeter of the town and the gates were closed.  The Bridgekeeper stood in front of the gate looking up.

        He called out to the Gatekeeper.  There was no response.  He waited, listening, leaning against the gate.  He called again.  Again no response.  The Bridgekeeper placed both plams on the gate.  He stared hard at the gate and a point of blue appeared in the middle of his pupil before expanding out thorugh his large pupil and through the sliver of brown surrounding it.  His eyes closed and the blue traveled down through his hunched figure and through the plams of his hands into the door.  Metal bit into metal as the rusted workings of the gate’s lock pried apart.  The Brigekeeper stepped back and the high door swung open.

        In the town everyone was dead.  Corpses lay strewn in the street.  They lay in the gutters like the remains of all night revellers.  Bodies lay piled besdie the gate.  In the center of the town a communial grave had been dug.  It was half full of bodies.  The Bridgekeeper synched his cloak over his nose and mouth and looked down into the hole.  Beside the hole grew a clump of blue flowers He stooped and tore them from the soil and threw them into the hole.

        He worked the rest of the day and through the night and until late in the afternoon of the next day collecting the bodies in the town and dragging them to the hole in the center of the town.  At first he dragger the corpses close to the square two at a time.  He’d lay lay two corpses side by side.  He tied large loops at the ends of his rope.  He worked one of the loops around the chest, under the arms of one of the corpses.  He secrued the second corpse the same way.  Then between the two, secured the middle of the rope over one iof his shoulders and diagnolly down under his opposite arm.  Then he dug in and pulled, dragging the corpses through the streets like an ox before a double plow.  The work was slow and there were many bodies to move, but he worked without stopping making a meticulous clockwise sweep of the town, starting at the main alley that ran from the square to the main gate.  There were four main alleys.  After he had cleared the first one he moved on to the second.  In the second alley he found a peddlers cart.  He removed the shelves and display cabinets from it until it was a simple flatbed on two wheels.  His work went faster then.  He moved six or eight bodies at a time.  As he moved through the alleys, building to building, collecting the bodies, he also collected any flammable oils he came across.

        In the early afternoon of the next day when he had gotten all of the bodies into the hole he began to dump in the oil.  He splashed the contents of the pots and bottles he had found evenly oever the pile.  To this he added pots of roofing tar that he had found.  He threw the pts on top of the pile, smashing them into one another as he piled them on to break the clay pots.  The black tar oozed and spread out over the remains of the clay pots and the people.

        He made a torch from a wooden plank he’d found wrapped in an old woman’s shawl.  He grasped the shawl wrapped end pint and thrust the plank away from himself.  It burst into flames. The Bridgekeeper held the torch high staring int the flame.  He moved his lips, closed his eyes and then threw the torch into the pit with a whirly release.  The oils and the tar ignited instanly and the fire spread throughout the hole.  Then the pile of corpses was covered in a dancing glaze of red and yellow.  In the morning when he returned to the pit, blue flowers had begun to bloom in the ashes.

        He swept through the merchant’s building they were probably the first to know about the evacuation; first to evacuate.  They were here not here now.  Only the empty chamber room where the council met.  On the upper level was a room for relaxation above that a store house that despite the desperation of the situation had been emptied.  The Bridgekeeper wondered where the surplus grain and oil was now.  There were no bodies on the upper floors.  On the main floor most of the doors were unlocked, left open wide. A large metal door at the back of the meeting chamber was the exception.  The somber chamber was also a courtroom behind the mtal door was a staricase to where the accused were kept.  The Bridgekeeper walked across the council chamber to the door.  He looked the door over.  The hinges were large and heavey like the door.  next to the door was a wrought iron hook, on the hook was the key to the door.  he removed the key from the hook and unlocked the door.

        Behind the door was a stone staircase leading down.  The darkness of the staircase did not break as he approached it.  It simply consumed him as he stepped down the stairs.  He felt his way down the stairs slowly, feeling his way along the stone wall with his hand and feet.  At the bottom of the stairs there was an indent in the wall.  He felt inside the indent and found a torch.  He removed the extinguished torch from the sconce, waved his hand over the end, the opposite wall flickered with shadows as the room illuminated.

        The basement consisted of a walkway between two rows of cells. The hallway was wide enough to allow a person to pass between the open barred cells our o reach of the occupants on both sides.  The Bridgekeeper walked along the middle of the walkway holding the torch before him.

        A scratching sound to his right made him turn.  He extended the torch in the direction of the sound.  Three rats moved along the back wall of the cell.  It was the first life he’d seen since entering the town.  He passed the light of the torch over the emptiness of the cell.  As he turned back to his left to scan the left cell a long rasping sound froze his movement.  At the back of the cell was a heap of rags and thin limbs, it’s movement was slight, but the rasping came from there, the pile was breathing.

        He took the key off his belt and entered the cell.  The dampness clung to him and to the air he breathed.  The darkness attached itself to each breath.  He inhaled and exhaled the darkness as he unlocked the cell door.  Just as he was about to turn the key in the lock he stopped.  He listened to the weak rasping of the rag pile.  Water dripped against wet stone and rats moved over the straw in the cell behind him.

        “Come out,” he said.

        The big man came out of the shadows wearing shackles and hanging his head down against his chest.  His hair hung down over his face and he didn’t look up even when the Brigdekeeper said, “Look up.”

        The Bridgekeeper banged his fist against the cage and the big man held his hands before him as if he were praying.  He held them before him and then raised them.  His hands were shackled together and a short chain ran from his shackled hands to another one around his neck.  He raised his hands and leaned his head back to look through the thatch of his matted hair at the Bridgekeeper.  The Bridgekeeper unlocked the cell and entered.  He looked into the man’s eyes.  The man’s eyes caught the blue of the Bridgekeeper’s eyes.  The Bridgekeeper held his gaze as he unlocked and removed the shackles fro the big man’s wrists.  Then he turned away from the big man to the heap of rags.  The big man stared down at his festering wrists as the blue light fades in his eyes.  The Bridgekeepr picked up the rasping pile of rags and carried it out of the cell and up the stairs out of the basement cellhold.  The Big man folloed him up the stairs and out into the daing light of the day.  Before the Bridgekeeper reached the square the rasping had stopped.  He tossed his load into the hole and turned to the Big man behind him.  He looked in the Big man’s eyes again and took hold of his wrists.  He held them tightly.  The Big man’s weary face grimaced and then slackened.  He closed his eyes and his shoulders sunk, but he remained on his feet.

        “I need your help,” said the Bridgekeeper.  “We need to find them all and put them all here.  Before morning.  You are tired.  You can rest when the sun rises and then you will be free.  After tonight your captivity will be over.”

        They worked through the night.  The Bridgekeeper finding the bodies in the houses and the buildings.  Lifting them out of their beds or off the floor or the ground.  He carried them to the street where the Big man loaded them on to the cart.  When the wart was full he pulled it to the hole and added each body to the pile.

        They finished just before dawn.  The Bridgekeeper lit a torch and passed it to the Big man standing beside him.

        “Your work is finished,” he said.  The Big man took the torch and walked to the edge of the pit.  He held the torch above him as he slide into the pit, sliding down the embankment on loose clumps of frozen soil and stones.  He climbed through the bodies to the top of the heap on his feet and knees and using one hand while keeping the torch raised.  He laid down upon the broken tar pots nestling in among the shards.  He lay on the pile with the lit torch beside him, looking up at the last stars of the night before sleep overtook him.

        The Bridgekeerp locked the city gate behind him.  Smoke from the pit climbed up over the walls of the city.  He walked on toward the castel.  The land to the north becgan to rise just outside of thee city.  The white clay raod betweent the castel and the city began to rise just outsside of the city.  He soon climbed off the plain and into the pines above the city.  The road climbed up the plateau where the castle was situated and continue to clim through the mountian.  A shepherd guiding his sheep down toward the town stopped to speak to the Bridgekeeper.  He asked where the Bridgekeeper was headed and told him it was best if he did not go to the casle as further up the moutian the mountain road was controlled by merchant rebels.  The subjects still loyal to the Oligarchy were either in the castle or fending for themselves out in the place.  The townspeople had mostly been whipped out bya botched assasination attempt on the Merchant council.  The Oligarchy of Alchemists had grown tired of the Merchants constant attempts to expand their influence and so they concocted a sickness that could be transported in an animal (this could be rewritten in a chapter about how the Bigman had come to be lock up).  Two men, the bigman and the Codswitch had agreed to deliever the sickness.  They brought it to the town and attempted to leave the animal in the council chamber.  The animal was a bird.  The council chamber was well known for the presence of a black raven who resided over all the council meetings.  Before the start of each council session each ember would file past the bird.  They would each feed it a morsel of food and stroke its feathers.

        The raven represented the town.  Something that they all shared in the care of.  The council men feed it many differnt kinds of food- kernals of grain, bacon fat, bits of chees, rum soaked crusts of bread, slivers of fruit, artichoke hearts.  The bird ate it all gratefully accepting each bite and stroke before walking to its perch beside the council head.  Over the past fifty years since the council had formed, the council head had changed nearly ten times, but the bird had remained a constant.

        The bird was as fat and jolly as a prosperous lord.  The councilmen joked that he was to be their monarch just as soon as they could relieve themselves of that false king the Alchemist.

        It was this bird that the Bigman and the Codsnitch were suppose to kidnap and replace with the diseased raven  The Alchemists had made sure to fatten him up as much as they could.

The Codsnitch and the Bigman gained access to the council building by lighting a fire during a council meeting in the northeast alley.

        Once insdie their job was as easy as catching the bird, which wasn’t much of a task since the old fat bird hadn’t been able to fly at least a decade.

        They were distracted upon entering the chamber by a ring of money sacks set at each place all around the council booths.  Each council member had brought a sum of gold from the guilds they represented.  The money was a symbolic gesture.  Each guild had twenty voting members.  If the voting member supported a full insurrection against the Chemical Crown then they were instructed to give one gold coin to their council representative.  The people had been very patient.  The gold on the tables represented the end of the people’s patience.

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        “You’re the Bridgekeeper... Where is you son... I’m sorry.. They won’t let you into the castle.  They won’t let me in either.  They don’t want my sheep.  I have to take them over the mountain before the season ends.  I’m waiting though.  The castle might send soliers up their to clear the rebels out.  The Bridgekeeper asks about the canon fire.  The castle has more artilliary than the rebels, but they have nothing to shoot at.  The rebels set their cannon up every few days and shell the castle.  The castle has sent forces up a few times to retrieve the artiliary piece.  It’s the castle’s.  The alchemists makde it.  They they lost it when they first tired to clear the mountain of the the rebels.  They thought they could just march up with a handful of their mercenary palace guard, fire a few cannonballs into the rebel’s camp and be done with them.  They were wrong.  They never got to the camp.  The rebels attacked them up and down their line.  As soon as the guardmen grouped up the rebels would be gone, leaving a dozen dead and wounded behind them.  Now both sides were waiting for reinforcements.  Across the canyon the next Kingdom to the south was sending troops, or so the Alchemists claimed.  The rebels expected help to come from over the mountains.  Aside from the ravaging plague that the Codsnitch and Bigman had released and the ravages that followed this was the main reason why the rebels had fouth their way up the mountain.  That and they hand’t wanted to be boxed in if the Fan kingdom had come to the Alchemists’ aid.

        At any rate, the rebels were up the hill and the Alchemists were in the castle.  The Bridgekeeper thanked the shepherd for the water he had given him and continued to climb the road toward the castle.

        He arrived at the castle in the mid-afternoon.  The sun was high and illuminated the white clay of the road.  Beside the road were the pines and they grew close together, their canopy started high up their trunks.  There was shade under the pines in the heat of the afternoon, but the Bridgekeeper did not go to it.  He stayed on the road and made his way up the road toward the castle.

        When he arrived at the castle the big door was closed.  The dust on the road blew against the door when the wind blew.  He hit the door with the underside of his fist.  A small window opened and a voice came from a man he could not see demanding his business.

        “My son is dead,” said the Bridgekeeper.  The Gatekeeper didn’t say anything for a long while.  The wind blew through the high pines with a whistle and a moan.  The Gatekeeper looked through the mesh screen and the Bridgekeeper looked back at him his eyes focusing on nothing.

        “I can’t let you in,” said the Gatekeeper.

        “It’s not your decision.”

        “No one new has been allowed in since the rebels went up the mountain.”

        “I’m going up the mountain too.”

        “To join the rebels?”

        “No, I need to go over the mountain.”

        “Where?”

        “I don’t know.”  There was a long silence between the men, as each breathed on either side of my dark mesh divide.

        “You can’t come in.  I can give you some water.  And perhaps some bread.  Wait here.”  The Gatekeeper went away and the Bridgekeeper leaned against the big door, looking out from the castle down towards the town.  The pit was still smoldering.

        A small door, lower than the mesh covered window opened and a hand reached out holding a leather flask.  The Bridgekeeper crouched.  He reached toward the flask and then beyond the flask and wrapped his hand around the wrist of the hand holding the flask.  The wrist was very slender and the bones at the wrist were very thin.  It was the Gatekeeper’s daughter. The Bridgekeeper’s hand around her wrist had startled her, but only for a moment.  He did not grab her wrist.  He simply wrapped his hand around it.  She felt a sort pressure at just below her palm between the two thin bones of her wrist.  She was not startled now.  She lifted her arm back through the door, still holding the flask, the Bridgekeeper’s hand did not resist.  His fingers slide along the back of her hand and then dropped to the ground.  His body followed, crumpling against the door and down to the ground with a dull thud.

        The Gatekeeper who had been standing behind his daughter called to the Bridgekeeper through the mesh window.  There was no answer.  The Gatekeeper couched down and looked through the small door.  The Bridgekeeper lay on the ground lifelessly looking back, face turned toward the door laying in the dust.  His eyes were open, but all his life had gone out of them.  The gatekeeper slammed the small door shut.

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        The Gatekeeper’s daughter was standing in a field of blue flowers.  She picked a flower and stood watching the sun set.  The wind came from the south stirring the flowers and the skirts of her dress.  She twirled into the wind with the blue flower in her hand.  She turned two times and a half turn and stopped facing north.  The world was darker in this direction.  The mountains were already under shadows.  She could still see the castle.  Two fire beacons burned in the towers.  Below the castle the town silent and darkening.  Closer to her at the edge of the canyon, the Bridgekeeper’s hut.  She smiled in recognition and ran through the blue flowers stepping between the flowers as she ran.  The land was very flat.  She ran without tiring.  She stopped outside the hut.  Her chest rose and fell and she looked at the hut.  A man came around from behind the hut carrying a shovel.  He did not seem to see her.  He leaned the shovel against the door frame of the door. She called to him.

        “Uncle!” He turned and stood smiling.

        “Uncle, where is my cousin. I’ve brought some flowers for him.” The Bridgekeeper smiled with his eyes.  He looked at her with the wind soft behind her and the line of color fading below the blue black sky.  She was still holding the blue flowers. Smiling and breathing from her run across the plain.  The wind caught her hair and it covered her eyes.  She moved her hand across her face to tuck the hair behind her ear.  She smiled at him standing in front of his small hut.  the Bridgekeeper smiled with his eyes.

        He nodded and motioned with his arms, turned, picking up the shovel.  He walked around to the back of the hut and she followed him.

        They stood over the two graves.  He told her which one was the boys and lay the flowers on the grave  She cried and stood before the grave.  The Bridgekeeper rested the shovel on the ground holding the end of the handle to his chest.

        They were silent as she cried. The light of the sun was gone when she stopped.  The moon rose above the mountains and the blue light of the moon was on the castle and the city.  She ran her fingers under each eye and then bent down to the flowers on the grave. She took one flower from the four on the boy’s grave and place it on the second grave.

        “Who is here,” she asked?  The Bridgekeeper told her that he had buried the bones of the king here.  She turned to him to look at his eyes.  He nodded.  She looked back at the grave.

        “He isn’t coming back,” she said.

        “Those are only his bones.”

        “Why are they here?

        “He left them here.  I buried them here for him.”

        “Where is now?” she asked turning back to the Bridgekeeper.

        “He is at the castle, but the gate is locked.  They don’t want him to return there.”

        “I know,” she said. “I’ve been waiting.  We’ve been waiting.  My father didn’t burn his book.  He kept it and read it to me and taught me to read it.  I’ve been waiting.”

        “You can let him in,” the Bridgekeeper said.  He was standing very close to her now.  She looked far off towards the castle.  He was behind her and his voice was close and full of warmth.  She did not no move at all.

        “Yes.”  His hands moved down her arms.  This word was not her word and was not spoken by her, but she felt this word as close as it if was hers.  Her lips parted, his hand moved along her arms.  Her eyes did not leave the castle, but she no longer saw with her eyes.

        “Yes,” she said as his hands reached her wrists.  He turned her wrists and her fingers opened out toward the graves.  She bowed her head and then turned.  She took the shovel from the Bridgekeeper and guided him to the ground.  The Gatekeeper’s daughter dug his grave in the blue light of the moon.

        The Gatekeeper took his daughter to their quarters. They entered through a doorway to the right of the main entrance and descended a winding stone staircase one level.  He held her firmly just under her left arm.  She followed with resistance.  He led he down the hall of the Gatekeepers barracks and into their apartment, through the main room of the apartment and into the back room where the girl slept and where the Gatekeeper kept his books.  He sat her on the bed.  He looked down at her and she looked back at him.

        “You didn’t touch him.  He is sick and you didn’t touch him.  You have been down here all day studying.  Study.  Write about what we talked about last night and put the date at the top.  Write quickly and I will come back to see you later.  I will bring you some food.  Stay here.”

        He left and closed the door behind him.  She heard the key turn in the door as he locked it.

        On wall of the small room was covered in books on wooden shelves.  Opposite the books was her bed.  The door was a third wall and across from that against the last wall a desk.

        She stood up and walked to the book.  The spines were leather and had numbers on them but no words.  She chose the final book on the highest shelf, stretching to grasp its spine and pull it down.  She took the book to the desk and opened it.  She began to read.

*I am writing so that we will not forget.  Many will forget, but no all, so I am writing for those who will not forget and so they will no forget.*

*The Kingdom continues on though the king has left us.  He is gone, but he will return.  He promised to return, and we who have lived under his promise these fifty and five years know him to be a good king and know his promises to go good.*

*The story of our Kingdomis the story of our king and so to tell the story of our Kingdom I must begin with King and end with our King and trace him through each and every strand that weaves us together.*

*The early life of our king cannot be truly known.  Only he knew his early life and he told us little of what went on.  He came to life with a purpose and through his early life he endeavored to complete this purpose and he did.  After this first purpose was completed he set about to find a second purpose and he found it in the founding of our Kingdom.  It is the story of this second purpose which we must commit ourselves to since the first purpose can only be know by the King himself.*

*Through many conversations with the King over his long life and the many years I knew him, I have attempted to recount the story of his second purpose as he told it to me himself.*

*I do not presume to know everything about this second purpose, but what I do know I have written as he told me it, using the words he spoke to me.*

*I awoke in a desert alone.  There was no water, no vegetation; the nothingness of the place was complete.  The sand swelled around me in mounds and hollows.  I lay on my back and looked up at the stars.  The night was cold and I shivered because my clothes were thin and loose and because I had been lying in the cold a long time.  As I assessed the nothingness and stood up to move and try to warm myself one emotion rushed through me pushing our all the others: joy.  I was alive under the night sky.  Intent and present, my first purpose complete at last.*

*I ran down the first mound I crested and then ran up the next laughing at how hard it was, how the sand resisted the strength in my legs, giving way each time I pushed.*

*My mind was clear, but formed no thought.  I climbed and ran until I was too tired to move and then I walked, breathing hard and laughing to myself.  The night was cold and I knew the day would be very hot and I had no water or food or shelter, but my joy was impenetrable.  I walked up and down the sand dunes.  I was very tired, but I couldn’t keep from laughing.*

*As the sun began to rise, I saw a line of palms far off.  I laughed finally expecting them to disappear at any moment, proof that my madness was complete, proof that once again, I was fully alive.*

*The sun rose and the sand grew hot under my feet.  I kept on walking toward the line of palms.  My joy was replaced by thirst.  There was no emotion in this feeling.  The intensity of it kept my legs through the hot air.  The air that covered my entire body, that was thick and difficult to move through.  I counted my steps and breaths and then counted palms as they grew taller, closer.  I felt like I was not moving at all.  The land had flattened out and I was no longer climbing and descending.  The trees moved toward me, but very slowly with my steps.  Each step struggling to move the unending miles of sand toward where I stepped in place, alternating feet to keep them from burning.*

*My consciousness wavered.  I ceased to notice the approaching oasis.  I just continued to step and step, and then I was there.*

*I stumbled into a leafy bush that grew beneath the palms.  I was to push through to the water that must be sustaining the trees and the bushes, but instead I lay where I had collapsed in the shade of the bush under the palms.  When I woke it was night.*

*I crawled out of the bush on my hands and knees.  The light of the moon reflected off the water.  The sky hung over the ring of palms, covering it in the darkest blue.  In the center of the ring of trees a pool of water reflected the light of the moon.  I tried to stand, but couldn’t.  I crawled toward the pool and then crawled into the pool.  The water soaked through me.  I crawled in with my mouth open, the water flowed over my parched lips and swollen tongue.  I clenched my throat, but I couldn’t swallow.  I left my face in the water trying to let the water soak into my face and lips and tongue.  I didn’t breath for a long time.  The water suspended me like sleep and I forgot about time and breathing.  And then I rolled over on to my back and gasped.  The water in my mouth tried to flow down into my lungs and I chocked and sputtered and flailed in the shallow waters.  I got my legs under me and stood up.  My chest rose and fell and my wet hair fell before me over my face.  Someone yelled to me and I looked up through my hair.  It was a man standing on the other side of the pool with an arrow notch in a bow.  He motioned to me to step out of the pool.*

*I walked backwards out of the pool.  When I was standing on the other side with the poot between us I tried to speak.  I need water, I tried to say, but my voice sounded like wind in sand.  Without bringing my hands down I pointed toward my throat and coughed.*

*He spoke, but not to me.  A young girl came from behind him and walked around the pond towards me.  When she was close enough she threw leather flask in my direction.  I caught it and looked back across the pool at the man with the bow.*

*I poured water over my face and into my mouth.  I still could not swallow, so I leaned back holding the water in my mouth waiting for some to trickle down.*

*When I looked back at the man his bow was lowered and the girl stood by his side.  The light of the moon was on the pool between us.  A fire was burning behind them and a few other people sat around the fire.  If they had been watching before their interest had waned.  The man with the bow motioned to me calling me around the pool toward the fire.  I took a step and my legs folded under me.  And so I sat where I had fallen trying to drink the water.*

Note:  The narrative should be more of a myth or a parable.  The writer attempts to make the story realistic, but the narrative progresses very purposefully between several, possibly three main episodes- fear, physical need and, \_\_\_\_\_\_.  There three (four) episodes and the narrative of the king journeying and finally settling in the land under the mountain and pulling the people together into one people is the main narrative overview.  It should set up the religious basis for the King’s reign and deification.  The three questions that his myth asks become the seeds of three religious tenants which blossom into his cult.  Maybe I should research- three evils or three lacks.  His whole thing is that is is discovering these things and trying to cope with them with an earthbound intellect and an earthbound physical form, though he is conscious that his time is passing and that this is only one stage of his being (where does he go during his hundreds of years of hibernation... perhaps nowhere, maybe that is where the ? (Ghasts, Ghosts, Gausts?) come in.  I’m leaning less toward pulling in truly historical references, but we’ll see  I just need to keep allowing the story to work its way out.

*The arrow hung in the air.  The light of the moon lit its tip on fire.  The man’s eye bore through the point in the Traveler’s chest where the arrow was destined to go.  He felt that point ache and his heart bent inside his head.  The arrow left the hand of the archer and pushed out away from the bow. propelled by a strong line of camel gut.  The pool reflection of the arrow traveled over the surface of the pool.  There was no wind and the surface was smooth.*

*Pain in his throat, an intense burning, spread into his chest during the night.  His eyes overflowed with pussy tears, even though he was not sad.  This feeling could not be called sadness.  He could not get out of bed.  His legs had sunk into the mattress and no longer responded when he tried to move them.  Smoke filled his head.  He could feel the gases staining the inside of his head black, tar accumulating inside.  There were dancers in the smoke.  They moved in elaborate formations passing him between them as the patterns of the dance evolved and the great sweeping choreograph swept through the smoke.  He was open to each new partner.  At first he’d tried to predict the movements and lead his partner through the smoke, but his partners were always just ahead of him.  He would predict the next movement wrong and step away, his partner trailing off into the smoke or he’d be passed off and the dance would enter a new stage and all that he had just learned was rendered useless.  Now he gave himself over to it.  He followed the progressions without questioning and the gracefulness of his partners relaxed him.  He wanted to dance away with them in to the smoke.*

*His stomach kept him conscious.  It had its own fire.  It was a hot bed of coals being stirred by an iron stirring rod.  He grit his teeth and tried to follow the dancers.*

*Beneath the reflection of the arrow in the pool, a fish.  It swims with the arrow as it crosses the pool, keeping pace.  It is red and gold and swims in sync with the arrow.  In the sky under the dark blue dome there is a bird.  It flies with the arrow.*

*The fish swims with arrow across the pool.  It swims low in the water, a hole in the rock that lines the pool.  Water comes in and out of the hole between the pool and an under ground river that brings water under the desert from the mountains.*

*The bird flies toward a cloud heavy with rain.  He is dark and impenetrable.  It is the only cloud in the sky, but it is large and heavy in the light of the moon.  The arrow continues across the pond toward the Traveler.*

*The Traveler tenses and instinct races commands towards his brain, but no time has passed at all.  The palms, even in the soft breeze, have not moved at all.*

*The Traveler has lived many other lives.  Some immortal, some not.  Each cycle he passes through each state, there is a time for each as there is a time for sleep, when questions of mortality cease, though time does not cease.  The Traveler passes into existence and out of existence as we all have and will do and do again.  His memories of the passings are remote.  There are clues to be read in each new life to remind him of where he existed before.  He is a reader of signs, by instinct, but his memory remains remote.  He is a discoverer and rediscoverer.*

*Two old proofs of life approach.  They fly with the arrow as if they were the feathers truing its flight.  Fear and pain move over the water.  The fish follows the line toward the underground stream, the bird follows the line into the rain cloud.  The traveler sees the arrow and no time passes at all.*

*Water is poured into his throat.  His fever broke.  He is on his back beside a fire.  Night.  Still night.  A new night? He does not know.  The stars are brighter than he remembered.  Someone tells him to tilt his head up and drink.  He does not stop looking at the stars as he sits up.  The water fills his mouth and he swallows some and some runs out of his mouth on to his chest.*

*He tries to raise his left arm but cannot.  It is wrapped in a bandage.*

*“We took the arrow out.  You’re healing.  Don’t try to lift your arm though.”*

*The Traveler kept his eyes open and looked away from the stars.  A man sat next to him.  It was the archer.  There was no one else around the fire.*

*“Drink.  Drink as much as you can.  If you’re going to walk out of here, you’re going to have to be pretty well full.”*

*The Traveler fell asleep and when he woke up the archer was gone.  A woman sat beside the fire.  She noticed he was awake and offered him a leather water flask.  He accepted it with his right hand and drank.  The woman put a bundle of clothes under his head.*

*While he drank, a man came to the fire and sat across the fire from the Traveler and the woman.*

*“He just woke up,” said the woman.”Maybe he’ll keep you company.”  The woman got up fro the fire.  She looked down at the Traveler and then walked passed him.  He heard her enter the water, but could not turn around to see where she went.*

*The traveler and the man sat in silence.  The fire burned very low but it did not go out.  Wind moved the high palms.  The traveler thoughts of the desert beyond the bushes.  He sat up.  The bushes were high and he was low on the ground.  He couldn’t see over them to the desert.  The man stood up and walked around the fire.  The Traveler looked up at him, but did not speak.  The man held a long and narrow piece of cloth, the length of the fabric stretched between his two hands.  He gestured with the cloth towards the Traveler’s arm.  He crouched held the cloth to the*

*Travelers arm and then began to unwrap the dressing on his arm.  He unwound the wrapping.  Two clean wraps came off and then two more blood had soaked through and dried.  The last layer, stuck to the wound.  The man removed it with care.*

*The traveler looked at the wound.  The wound was closed with five large stitches.  It was clean.  The skin around the wound looked pink and tender, but it was healing well (What does a wound look like?) The man told the traveler as much and then wrapped his arm in the new cloth.  He threw the blood soaked cloth into the fire.  The drowsy fire woke up and leapt and climbed up and down the cloth until it was gone.*

*“You can leave when you are ready, said the man.  The Traveler looked at the man and cleared his throat.  He remained sitting up, but his right arm behind him and learned on it.*

*“And can I stay until I’m ready?”*

*“Of course.  Just don’t go into the pool again.”  The Traveler looked over his right shoulder at the pool.  It was still. , covered with white clouds marbled with blue.*

*When he came out of the desert he had no idea what the pool was and had entered it without a second thought.  Now he realized exactly what it was.  He would not enter it a second time.*

*“How long has it been open?” he asked.*

*“It has always been open.  It has never closed.”*

*“Does anyone ever get through?”*

*“Besides the watchers, no.  Not for a long time. Now that you’ve wound the clock where will you go?*

*“I don’t know.  I haven’t had much time to think.*

*“A lot of the Winders are already asleep.”*

*“So I see.”*

*“Here, drink more water,” said the man with the red beard.*

*The traveler left three days later.  His arm was fully healed.  The camel carried seven days of water and food.  He picked a direction that would allow him to walk with the sun at his back in the morning.  The woman was with him the morning he left.*

*“We might see you again,” She said.  “We have helped you.  We might need to ask for a favor in return.”*

*“I’ll do what I can,” the Traveler said.  He turned away from the woman.  She stood at the edge of the bushes and watched him lead the camel out into the desert.*

*Eight days into the desert and still only sand.  The Traveler did not think.  Movement became thought.  The camel followed him and they moved across the desert, dragging hoofs and feet.*

That was the end of the white note book.  After perusing the Chinese section in the book I can get rid of the manuscript!!  Let’s plow through the clutter in my life.  Let’s simplify your mind!

*through the sand.*

*In the night the cold replaced the heat and in the morning the heat replaced the cold.  The sand bit his eyes.  He kept them closed and walked without seeing  He drank his water, but was afraid to drink too much.  His throat felt swollen and narrow.  Sand found its way into his mouth*

*and his throat and he coughed, hacking and learning forward.  He did not spot the sand out.  He tried to wipe it from his mouth with a piece of cloth.  He out the cloth in his mouth and rubbed his gums against it and licked it with his tongue, butt soon sand covered the cloth.  He dropped the cloth.  The camel sniffed it as he passed.*

*On the ninth day a caravan saw him.  They sent a rider on a black horse to see who he was.  The man on the black horse asked him who he was.  The Traveler looked at the man and said “Water.”  The man gave him some water.  The camel sat, folding its legs under him.  The man asked the traveler where he was headed.  he looked across the desert and noticed the line of the caravan for the first time.  He pointed in the direction where the caravan seemed to be headed.  The man helped the Traveler on to the horse and walked the horse and the camel back towards the caravan.*

*When they reached the caravan they fell in line at the back and walked for a few more hours, the Traveler on the horse and the man leading the horse.  He attached the camel to the horse and the camel followed, keeping pace, walking with his head down.*

*The sun set over the desert.  The river caught the light of the late sun.  Darkness filled the space between them like black water.*

The Gatekeeper’s daughter read on.  She read about the Traveler crossing the desert with the caravan and arriving at a port city on the edge of an enormous sea.  In the city he met the daughter of a high ranking majestrate.  They fell in love, but he was forced to flee when the magistrate tried to have him executed.  His anonymous background was his only crime.  He boarded a ship and crossed the sea.  On the ship he was befriended by the Reluctant Sailor.  This Reluctant Sailer invited the Traveler to travel with him across the plains on the other side of the sea to his home, a small village at the foot of the mountains.

        (*the myth can become a dream.  The words of the chronicle can meld into a dream that the girl dreams that the King dreams.)*

When they reached the other side of the sea they used money the magistrate’s daughter had brought to buy a small head of sheep.  The Traveler became a shepherd.  The magistrates daughter became a shepherdess.

        The Shepherd, Shepherdess and the Reluctant Sailor traveled with the sheep across the plain away from the sea.  They walked fro almost three months.  They followed a river called the Jiang.  The sheep ate the grass of the river and their keepers fished and hunted with bows and snares and dug roots and plants from the ground where they could find them.  After a month the Reluctant Sailor began to miss the sea.

        The Shepherd and the Shepherdess walked ahead of behind the sheep, keeping them together.  They talked any hours and many hours they walked in silence.  She told him about her life in the city on the sea.  She told him about her life.  He asked questions.  he wanted to know about the tastes of things and their smells.  He told her about his past lives.  His living ones.  He did not remember everything about them and he did not tell her they were past lives, but he wove the details together into a narrative of what he had known of the life before arriving in the port town where they had met.

        From the Oasis they send someone with him across the desert and the sea and they plain to the canyon.  To defend agains teh force from the other dimension.  He and the Angel collect a

huge army and basically tunnel from the canyon into the city and have a huge battle and then stay and set up the city, or which the Traveler becomes the king,

*It’s like a cross-dimensional crusade- really ratchet up the conflict...intertwine the past crusade with the current civil war.*

In the trees of the oasis the Traveler dreamed of a clock.  The gears were intricate and pulsating with life.  They moved with the harmony of the stars.  Each moment was counted out and counted out the next.  At the center of it all- tension slowly unwinding, evenly releasing strength out into the world.  The strength spun the earth’s eager heart and she beat and pulsed and the sun rose and the sun set and the earth rose and the earth set the moon traveled round and round the planet as it rose and set.

        The girl closed the book.  She set it on the bed and looked at the bookcases.  Then she stood and walked to the door.  She tried to open the door.  It was locked.  She kept her hand on the metal handles and closed her eyes.  She opened the door and walked out into the living room of the apartment.  her mother looked up from where she was sitting near the empty hearth.

        “What are you doing? Your father told you to stay in your room.  Please go back in and shut the door.  Your father was very clear.  Please, go back in, my dear.”

        The Gatekeeper’s daughter looked at her mother and then walked toward the door that opened to the barracks corridor.

        “Rosanna, back into your room this instant!” She opened the door to the corridor.  Her father had just descended the stairs and was coming toward her in the hall.

        “Where are you going? Get back inside!  I said I would come for you later!”  He grabbed her wrist to lead her back inside.  She slipped her hand through his and wrapped her fingers around his wrist.  She turned him to face her and he looked into her eyes.  They stood in the hallway facing one another, and then the girl leaned forward into her father’s arms.  He carried her back into the apartment and into the back room and laid her on the bed.  He went back to the living room and locked the door with a key hanging on a ring from his belt.  His wife looked at him, but he did not say anything.  he walked back into the corridor and down into the stairwell.  As he ascended the stairs a page boy was descending.  The boy stopped and pressed against the wall to let the gatekeeper pass.

        “Boy,” he said.

        “Yes, sir,” said the boy.

        “I want you to go to the Alchemists and tell them I request an audience.”

        “Yes, sir,” said the boy and he turned back and climbed the stairs.  The Gatekeeper could hear his steps climb the stairs and run off across the courtyard.

        In the chamber of the Alchemists smoke grappled with light.  The chamber was a large domed room in the middle of the courtyard.  The dome displayed the universe.  Below the dome the alchemists tested and prodded the universe to see if it could be bent or shaped or ever fully understood.  They were not kings and they made no attempt to claim the patch of royalty.  They ruled by committee.  Four elders headed by a chief elder that changed every three years.  Their legitimacy lay in the technological achievements they provided to the plebians. The plebians were grateful and therefore didn’t revolt. But how could they anyway. Revolt requires organization. Revolt requires loyalty.

        The head alchemist sat on his throne. He looked down upon the Gatekeeper. He waited. The Gatekeeper looked around the room. He looked up into the domed ceiling radiating with starlight the constellations pulsing to the dim rhythm of the sphere’s cool music. The universe swirled in white and red agains the blackness of the dome. He did not speak. The Alchemist lookeds at his head advisor and the advisor spoke.

“Gatekeeper, what do you want?”

(is the head advistor the other Winder?)

The Gatekeeper looked at the advisor and then past the advisor at the Grand Alchemist. He wore the robes of a King. Though he often insisted he was ot a king The Gatekeeper stared at the Grand Alchemist. He looked into his eyes, but he did not say anything.

“Gatekeeper. What do you want?” repeated the head advisor.

“Where is your king, Grand Alchemist?”

The question rang in the mids of the Grand Alchemist and the head advisor. The Gatekeeper had not opened his mouth, but the question rang in their minds.

The Grand Alchemist touched his nose and inhaled. The head advisor turned to look at the Grand Alchemist and then looked back at the Gatekeeper.

“So you have come back. We thought you might, but we also thought you might not. But now, here you are. Good. I am glad you are here. I am glad you have come to me. I know what you are and I can help you. Your kind needs help and I can help you. I can explain what needs to be done. I help people. This is what I do. This is why I sit here, above you I am not a king. I am not a god, nor immortal. When I die I shall be dead, almost for certain, but while I am here I have helped many souls and will continue to help and defend my people.

Am I your people? I know the old stories. I believe them. I believe that they can impart truth. I am a seeker of truth, but I believe too in new truth. My truths have helped people and so I remain to seek truth, new truths from out beyond the old truths, for the new truths are the older truths. Can they help but not be? Come and join me. We can make the new truths together.

“I’ve been to the village.”

“Yes.” I could not help them. Nature is beyond me. They fell sick. I could not cure them this time. But there will not be a next time. I shall root out the cause and find the turht and record the truth for the kingdom. They shall never be forgotten.

The Gatekeep took a step towards the head advisor. He spread his fingers and thrust his arm out. His palm covered the Head Advisor’s face. The Head Advisor tried to search reach for the hand, but his arms dropped to his sides. The flesh of his face sizzled against the Gatekeeper’s palm. He released the head advisor. The advisor stepped back, but looked straight ahead into the face of the Gatekeeper. A blue handprint smouldered on his face.

“Go up the mountain and tell them to come down.”

The Head Advisor stumbled out of the room without looking back.

The Gatekeeper turned to the Grand Alchemist. The Grand Alchemist laughed.

“Your time has passed, my king. Your witchcraft may have impressed the peasants in the village, but we are no longer beholden to your arbitrary acts of godlikeness/godliness.

The Grand Alchemist motioned with his arm and the chamber door clamored shut and then he drew a short metal cylinder that connected withn adooden handle in his hand. With his other hand he cocked a leaver at the base of the cylinder.

An explosion ripped through the room. Smoke obscured the Grand Alchemist. He coughed and sputtered as he tried to wave the smoke away.

Where the Gatekeeper had been standing was a pool of blood. The Grand Alcehmist opened a compartment in his thrown and removed a small leather pouch and a few steel balls. He scanned the room as he fumbled to reload his hand canon.

“You are bleeding, my king,” he called into the murky flicker of the smoky chamber. “I didn’t know you could bleed. I wonder if you’ve ever bled before. Like I said, I pursue the new truth. I am the Enlightener. I’ve prepared a gift for you, my lord. I’m sending you to rest. No more nightmares and mysteries. No more lore and the weight of civilizations upon you. I shall set you free!”

The Grand Alchemist pulled back the hammer of the cannon until it clicked into place. He stood up and looked about the room.

“Are you ready to be free, my king?”

“The Grand Alchemist stood before his throne with his weapon. In the chamber the torches burned and cast shadows. The shadows wavered and lurched on invisible drafts. Four torches at the four corners of the room burned. The Grand Alchemist (The Grand Wizard?) stepped into the center of the room. The Universe pulsating and breathing heavily above him.

There was no place to hide in the room except behind one of the pillars. A torch burned on each pillar. The Grand Alchemist approached the pillar to his right. He followed a trail of blood on the floor.

Crystal Torches = Red light.

“There is no where to hide! Not behind the pillar. Not behind the Gatekeeper! Come out!

He followed the trail of blood round the pillar. He held his weapon before him. As he rounded the pillar, he looked to his left. The king was not behind the back pillar. He looked back to his right as he stepped around the pillar. The king was not there. The trail of blood continued on back behind the throne. He followed it back. The blood had dropped in lines and globs. The Grand Alchemist walked behind the throne sweeping his weapon left and right. The king was not behind the throne. The area behind the throne was illuminated in a half light. Lit indirectly by the four torches on the pillars before the throne. As the Grand Alchemist continued around the throne, the room began to grow darker as the torch to the left of the throne extinguished and then the back left torch and the back right and then darkness.

The Alchemist laughed. Like a madman he laughed in the dark.

He release

11/09/2020: The Ides and 8 produced a lot of new material for the stew! This Document is up to 16,000. What does it look like when it is 10 times that size?

10/14/2020: added to body…

**05/14/2020:** 30 min- reading from Nietzche

05/15/2020: 10 min- editing

05/21/2020: 10 min editing

05/24/2020: 1 min. still loving this idea of hacking into the for a minute here and a minute there. I want to learn how to write from CMD into a word document. Shouldn’t be that hard… just ned to figure out the gem etc….

Bibliography:

G.K. Chesterton, “Orthodoxy”

02/11/2021

Added first file extension link and image link. Really jazzing up the Clockwinder builder. Already thinking about how an HTML & RUBY/JAVASCRIPT program could make this easier. Will continue to craft tool and see how it comes ogether. It is certainly providing a great model fro projects well beyond Winders, which is all I have ever wanted really! The chances that I pull together a longer, more polished project go way up the longer I stretch out the timeline of consistent, persistent effort and return to material. I mean, even my typing is feeling strong, which is a nice side benefit to both my writing and my coding! It is that familiarity with the process and the file systems that allows you to begin to appreciate the composability of it all. I feel like these basic, I mean really basic web development skills can be learned by people and if they have the curiosity or the personality to go further with it they will and if they do not htye will not. This experience this year has given me the time and the space to explore technology at my own pace, under my own direction, which has allowed to me approach if in a spiralling, review focused manner, to bolster my longterm memory rentinon of the material, build good coding habits, and really consolidate my fundamentals at every step of the way so that I am as versatile of a tech talent as possible— allowing me to follow most any substantial and appealing lead that eventually comes my way. Competency translates to confidence. Not over-confidence and cockiness, but just the simple self-assuredness that you have covered the prerequisites to complete the given task. Or if you haven’t quite, you are quire familiar with the resources you would need to consult to quickly get up to speed. You enjoy this learning process and are organized about it. Your background as an educator and language learner have been a great fit with the basic web development skills I have developed this year. My first two “major” projects were building a basic timeclock/progress journal in Ruby and beginning to apply my budding HTML/CSS/JS knowledgebase I began building my DevSite where I could pull together and organize my studies. Both of these have proved to be trusty tools in my journey towards career change. My confidence has grown slowly but surely, built hour by hour of study and application, grown by the depth of conviction that I feel about wanting to continue learning and this stuff for the rest of my life. The synergy with my language learner and love of AV projects is uncanny. Grounding myself in Tech has reconnected me to my love of these AV projects and I no longer feel overwhelmed and “digitally dislocated”. I feel in control of my personal data storage and have an understanding of scalable memory storage best practices. My coding journey began with work “hacking” my work Outlook into a custom CRM that more fully met my needs as a luxury watch salesman at an extremely busy and kinetic ROLEX boutique on Michigan Avenue in Chicago. The presentation room was simply a rectangular figure of cases. Customers entered through Michigan Avenue glass doors which oddly opened in, as opposed to most business doors that open out(?). Then they would enter through the door directed to them by the doorman/security guard and they would make their lap around the rectrangular row of cases. As sales associates we have a very strict UP system that was govered by an all powerful clipboard and rabidly enforced by our boa constrictor top salesperson Mary. My mother’s name was Mary. My family worshiped Mary. Brother and new wife knelling before Mary. Brother’s twin sister singing angelically from the choir loft in the back of the church. Mother Mary basking in the sound of the one twin and the vision of the other achieving unity before the Marys. It was a moment. I had been a bit ung over and lost my bow tie and felt really stressed out and frustrated by the whole thing, but tried to olay it off real lowkey so as not to add to Caleb’s stress and somehow make my bow situation a big main focus of the preparations. It was easily resolves as I wore Calebs bow tie, which matched the other Groomsmen and he wore another blue bow tie supplied by a favorite professor of the boys who brought the tie out to the lakehouse where we were all preparing and helped us tie the ties. And Calebs was different and maybe even a little bigger than our, but that made sense, that felt right. He was the man of the day. He was to be married. He was to be wed. and we woke up earliesh and took the boat aout and sawam off the boat and I stayed in the water and sawm and treaded water because it felt goold to be cold, as if the cold was stripping the alcohol and latenight and cigareet leftover residue right out of me and the effort I was keeping up with my arms and my legs would burn some calories and make anything I ate soon tase very good and the food would probably clear my head a little bit. Caffiene might help too. And a cigarette? Perhaps a shot? A PBR? Just a quick one. Lots of little quick drinks the whole weekend. SO much so even your steady drinking at the family reunion didn’t come to anything, though maybe further on the road you felt a bit sleepier and thirsty than usual. This totlerance in retrospect was probably not a great thing. You were running a fair amount. Enough to keep the weight off, but your fundamental health, and lets even discuss mental health was being eroded by your excess alcohol consumption. I mean just thin of the sleepiness at the en of the day and the lake of clear-headedness asn how that has affected your love life and your relationship with your wife. It has also affected your social relationships because you have used alcohol as a repressor. You repressive patterns have made social situations awkward because you worry about being TOO DISTANT or TOO INTIMATE. You have always worried about over LIKING people… oh, fuck you, poet, that is just unrequited love— Courtney, Brianne, Katie, Stacey, Laura, Johanna, Laura. But all of that is bb. For this is not a tragedy. This is a comedy. This ended with a wedding at the beginning. The chandeliers in the trees. You and me and Indian spices and moderately priced wine from Bordeaux. Her brother reading a decree and the wedding guests parading through the woods out and through a field and left through a forest and then left through a field and up a hill where my siblings were blasting “Come Sail Away” with pep band splendor, and then left again right into our sanctuary. A place of ritual. The afternoon darkening beneath the trees, but the warm glow of thrift store chandeliers is casting upon the guest filling into rows to the left and ot the right of white folding chairs. And ahead the Groom has taken his place after leading the march through the field and the wood. And the pastor is there and a white arbor and flowers and paretns and friends and relatives and the warmth of the chandilers falls around everyone.

03/07/2021 (recording from 11/16/2020)

Don’t ask him he’s a SoLar.

Different calendars.

Learn more about the process of Calendar formation the historical development of it and the lunar vs. the solar calendar.

Calendar- time- religion (religious holidays connected to certain moons

Yingyu, Putonghua

Rise.

Pass through the fire.

Brief as it may be.

Dance a while why don’t you

It pleaseth the Lord, it pleaseth her so.

Episodes:

***Clockwinder awakes***

*04/02/2021*

Clockwinder wakes up— HERO finds him. Battles him. Clockwinder transforms into hero, realizes the hero has had his leg crushed. He fashions wooden leg and finds horse outside of cave in the ravine. Rides horse into the desert and comes across gatekeeper—he and his son have the fever—the town is dead—all dead, my son went to help, somehow he contracted it, he came back now he is in bed as he has been for some time. He’s a ferryman on the other side of the river. The winder visits the boy in a dream to find out if he is well. Transforms into the boy. The boy and the father burn the bones of the hero and then the father is ill now. The boy stays with the father until he has finishing preparing all the food stores. They send the supplies across on a pulley system. Then swim across the rivier and collects his suppplies and heads out—the ferryman’s shake blazing behind him. So the ferryman’s shack burns and the ferryman’s son hightails it across the desert and arrives at the gated town and sure enough everyone has succumbed to the fever—crops rot in the fields—animals wander about braying, half-starved, terrified, wandering lost over the dusty untiled earth, chewing grey cuds of weeds and alfafa from the rocks with the moon rising behind them and the silence in the silver light cast all around without fire or mansounds, silver in the moonlight. He finished his spit and started his fire to build up the hot coals, then went looking for the fattest goat among the starved looking several.

After the goat had roast and he hard carved his meal and let it come as he added grasses to the fire to make the fire smoky and slow smoke the meat still on the spit. Then he sat and watched the silver city below for signs of life. Then he cleans up the city… where did I write that part? Maybe Jonathon comes to help him? Maybe Jonathon is an angel. A demi-god?

Enter the desert— Cormac McCarthy light, biblicalesque, ala Old Testement adventure tales and Herman Hesse (like a lighter hearted Kakfa) and Arabian Nights and Fairy Tales and so on—the language has to be a little off—a little other—a little infuse with fancy and magical thinking and the hope and warmth and homecoming there in and the nightmares that also inhabit that fairyland and just like that I walk into one answer—

Reading is one interface with the subconsciousness, as is listening , writing, meditation, intentional or unintentional quiet thoughts, walking, stretching, connecting sinew to thought, walking, breathing—connecting breath and sinew.

* sinew —breath —thought —nourishment
* earth —Air — Fire — Water

***Night Flight***

12/03/2020

King about to steal away into the night explains to son responsibilities. The dictates of natural law. He must leave his beloved wife. A Morg is coming for him. He is a winder and the time has come to wind. He must leave. The son is the audience. Shocked dumb in disbelief at what they are hearing.

He leaves, has his adventure and then returns and is buried with his love. She saw something more in hom. She knew what he was but did not fear him.

Romulus, head of the captain’s guard comes in. Winder becomes him.

You have a good body, strong, solid, stable, limber.

You carry yourself incredibly for your age, sire.

Ai, but its exhausting.

He pats Romulus’s arm.

That’s a good arm. Romulous has a withered left hand. This is his shield hand. He can also attach a weapon to it.

Then to his son— Quickly call a high holiday. Bury me with a lot of panache and self-aggrandizing. Put on a huge fireworks show. Lots of trumpets. Bring the elephants down from the mountain and hold camel races.

***Forest Pool***

04/01/2021

Poet seeking out the muse at a waterfall. Muse is really a Winder resting there on its journey. She has the form of a beautiful maidan and the Poet. The Poet is of noble birth and the winder convinces him to bring her all sorts of provisions. And then they consummate their romance and during this consummation the Winder takes the Princess and places her on the hut that he has helped her build. I want to make a sacrifice to my God. Doesn’t want to cross the desert as a woman. A lone woman makes even some cowardly me feel brave. A Royal cloak would probably be enough to scare off all but the most craven of thieves, and it he truly brought me a fast horse I would be able to outrun most of the others. So blah, blah, blah, they make the funeral pyre. They fill the bottom with straw, where he had assumed she would be sleeping. I will sleep on the top tonight. Closing to the stars. The sky is very clear. He looked up and before he could consider the strangeness of the structure she was next to him and he hand had slide inside his open shirt. His mouth found hers without effort. And then they were on the ground and she was on top of him, thrusting against him and her passion blazed and his body caught fire and he thought pyre. It looks just like a funeral pyre. She shifted her body and rolled to her side directing him on top of her, just pulled him to her and thrusted against him reaching out and gripping his left writst and touching catching his bottoming lip between her lips. And then a blinding light and she was gone. He held himself against he for another moment in transcendent tension and then he relaxed and released her and she lay limply on the ground, her wrists dangling floppily and the ends of her thin, elegant arms.

He stood up and walked into the pool. He lay back in the water and looked up at the stars. The stars shown down reflecting in the pool and he floated, suspended among the stars. Then he wadded out of the pool and picked up and princess and carried her to the pyre. Once his provisions had been secured to the horse he lit pyre and led the horse out of the clearing and into the thick forest beyond.

**The Desert Fox**

12/06/2020

We fought hard against the depression. Pushing across the interminable inertia shifting sand before us with the desert Fox and his forces forever clouding the horizon line behind us with their approaching dust cloud. We skipped meals and some rests and did not break for a full camp for several nights. The Fox would not stop his relentless pursuit, nor would the Summer Winds hold off much longer. But neither of these cruel pursuers could even touch the vileness we willingly to some degree or another journeyed toward.

They said the Oban was a great man— a giant. A giant Cyclops with a rounder belly than Buddha and a bolder laugh. He was blue faced and adorned all in red. His entire palace was gold or accented in gold or draped in gold threaded tapestries accented with blue and red. It is said that he ate fetuses and sometimes babies and that he would sometimes bugger men or sheep ritualistically and with great pleasure and gusto.

But only he posses the hope for a cure for my dying princess dear who even now is wasting away by the hour. Held up in the wood cutters cottage ever since the sudden fall of Paravel.

The Gods had turned away from the land and the meager crops that had been scratched from the leached white soil rotted on its stalks as the villages had all gone off to fight or flee or were slaughtered in their familiar streets if they had stayed behind.

A child drinks from a river down stream from where a bloated corpse lulls in the shallows.

This mist along the river. Humid, warm, incessant, grey transluscent shimmer in the hazy smoke surrounding them.

The sun turns dark red and projects brilliant gold reflections all around the bend of the river.

**The Soldier**

12/01/2020

Soldier leaves camp. Finds a corpse wearing a gorgeous and elaborate and intricate vest, reaches out to touch it. Everything has been different since then.

**The Bear**

11/16/2020

With no but a knock for a trade to travel with, and knowing full well that empty, idiot hands weren’t welcome past the palace gates unless you had a crown on, the young man set out to find his fortune.

Along the way he met a magic bear, who convinced the young man to pose as his master, so they could both pass quickly and without incident through the valley below.

So the boy took the proffered rope and they set out down the easy sloping grade of the road. The grade was easy, but it felt better to keep walking now, the road seemed to draw them on and so the bay and the bear continued their way down in to the valley towards the town, like strems of water running down an inclined plain, all the roads in the valley led to the town eventually.

This is a mythic swiss town surrounded by fertile fields— mountain passes can be blown out to block advancing armies.

Th bear has ulterior motives. He is really trying to get near the town’s bear pit and rescue his friend. He fears his friend is being forced to fight or worse as he has heard rumors of the vile experiments, the alchemists of the town do on animals.

The boy is a wizard or a mystic of some sort, but he is violently sick if he tries to doing any conjuring on an empty stomach and ravenously hungry if he conjures on a full or empty stomach. He grows fatter and fatter as the book goes on because the kingdom needs more and more magic from him. We were his friend when he was a thin and awkward peasant boy, before the decadence7 and the toil his demanding work had taken on him. The king asked much of his sages. He rewarded them handsomely for their good work. But he asked a great deal in return. And the wheel depended on them. They did not have another choice. They were in an arms race against the alchemists and the industrialists just over the mountains who were said to still be longing for their home back beyond the sea. To reclaim that land they first needed to reclaim a mythic port. But which direction from the valley no one knew. The town was on the western slope of the Ridgeway and to the west the land hardened and the cracked and shifting sands replaced the long forgotten swaying of sorghum and winter wheat.

**Clearing the town (**Zombie God’s Tale of Salvation)

He is back and in the town and he has flashbacks to coming into the town the first time and have it be full of the plague and then cleansing the town with the help of Joshua the carpenter. And they take turns being martyrs. And then he comes back to the town that is based on him as the Messiah and the has to make his way through the town to

Crosses desert comes to town. Town is overrun by the plague.

Clears town with Joshua.

Rules town. Saves town. Goes to sleep

He awakens…comes to the town.

He is the god returned.

Takes down Alchemist Priest.

Gets the call.

Meets Joshua again.

Race to winding.

He is freed

All good poetry is myth.

Themes: present god as political force; salvation- protestant, catholic, buddhist; zombie god’s race to salvation, ego, religious ferver abd discipline

Style: Straight, noir, Hemingwayesque, Cormac McCarthy

Ways of thinking- Logic- Myth- Theology- Philosophy- Aesthetic