

THE NYSSE

THE PROLOGUE

The phrase “it all began” normally refers to stories about the beginning of the universe, but since every story creates infinite branches and brings to mind universal models, I choose to begin my story likewise. So, “it all began” on the 11th of September in 1987, under unknown weather conditions (usually storytellers begin with “on a sunny day” or something like that, but no one really remembers . . .) at the maternity hospital Mitera, my mother in the company of the “final countdown” and the success of the Greek National Basketball team gave birth to me. My parents who grew up in the 1970s had absorbed all the culture of their generation from the hippie ideology to the . . . hippie ideology. I don't doubt this generation as thought, art and music blossomed in that period of time, but I am happy that my parents were born then and not I. I would write more about my parents, but I am impatient to write my own story. I promise you that if you buy this book, I will then write a book about my parents. However, you must also buy that book.

This book is dedicated to schizophrenia from which I suffer the last years, so that's why I will not focus on the years previous to that. As you will ascertain, it is the most difficult and the most disgusting mental illness. However, it does have some good sides. My first encounter with imaginary friends was when I was four years old. Even though my brother was just born and even though I socialized with the other kids at kindergarten, I had a strange habit. I had an imaginary friend called Koki-koki. Koki-kok lived under the balcony table. The strange thing was that my imaginary friend had an image;

that is, I could see him and he could talk. When my parents first saw me talking alone under the table, they didn't pay much attention, thinking that I was simply playing. At some point, I mentioned Koki-Koki and the discussions we had under the table. My parents were concerned and tried to convince me that he was not real, but in vain Every day, when I got home from kindergarten, I would sit and talk to him. We spoke about everything, but because I was so young, I don't remember what we said. I still remember what he looked like. He had brown hair, he was a little older than I was and he was always laughing. This went on for half a year. The situation gradually changed when I met a little girl. My need to talk to Koki-Koki decreased, as I preferred to play backgammon with the little girl. So, that is how the story of my imaginary friend finished.

Since then and until thirteen years of age, I didn't have any outstanding psychological problems, except for the usual childhood and pre-teenage concerns. I will tell you about my first girlfriend, Dora. Up to the age of nine years old, I had the usual boyish attitude towards girls. They seemed stupid and I didn't want to have any contact with them (except, of course, for very few exceptions such as my friend from kindergarten with whom I had a friendly relationship). One day, however, during the school recess, as I was eating my sandwich, Dora passed in front of me and I started to feel strange. I had never felt that way before. Dora was one year older than me. After one week of internal conflict, I decided to speak to her. She showed interest gradually and, so, I acquired my first girlfriend. This affected me so much that I stopped playing with toys. Then followed my first kiss under great stress because, of course, I was shy. What followed was that she cheated on me because she was shy. I'm just being ironic.

My junior and senior high school years were connected with a lot of bullying since nasty nicknames came and went. Even though I

tried to react to this, I was often the center of ridicule. The climax was when I developed social phobia. Social phobia is a kind of agoraphobia and in connection with the intense depression I had, I can say that those school years were difficult. Apart from the social phobia, which became a basic part of my life then, I also had symptoms of obsession and schizophrenia. With my obsession, undesirable images appeared in my mind. Whereas with schizophrenia, I found things even more difficult. Every night before I went to sleep, I heard a panting. Not being able to endure it anymore, I agreed with myself that it was a creation of my mind and, so, it went away. This story continues with a very important part of my life. Pot....

I smoked my first joint when I was fifteen years old. I had already started smoking and a childhood friend of mine would offer me something that would radically change my life. I was hanging out with a friend of mine from afternoon school, when suddenly another old friend of mine appeared. When he arrived, we were smoking. He saw us and said, "Is that how you're gonna pass your time, assholes? Look here..." He took out some pot and said, "Wanna smoke this?" I immediately understood that a new world was opening up for me. I just didn't know if it was good or bad for me. My friend from school and I looked at each other uncomfortably. Without thinking much I said yes. My friend looked at me and said, "What are you doing, you idiot? I'm leaving." He didn't speak to me for days. As soon as he left, we went to a nearby small forest and my old friend started to roll. I still remember he rolled a blunt. As he was rolling, I observed the skillful collage that he made. They looked like magic. My first joint was lit up. I felt weird. I had become part of the drug scene. Nevertheless, I didn't get too high. I told my friend and he said that was how it was the first time. "Whenever you want, we smoke again," he said. I told him to arrange it and I left. That's how the

second time and the third time came along and so it went. From the second time, I started to get high. Nevertheless, until I was eighteen, I smoked little. A joint a week.

Another great passion of mine was always music. The first time I was occupied with music was when I was fourteen years old. We would hang out with my best friend and listen to music for hours. Mostly nu metal, that is, Korn, Deftones . . . as well as other kinds of music (ska, punk, rock). That's how the idea of creating a band came about. My best friend played acoustic guitar and I had a tendency for electric bass. During a trip to America (I have relatives there), my uncle asked me what present I wanted from him and I immediately answered "a bass guitar". My uncle misunderstood and got me an electric guitar and an amplifier with American voltage. As soon as I got it, I tried to play the song Blind from Korn. When I returned to Athens, I started guitar lessons. We slowly put together our first band. Since then and until today, music has been an obsession for me. Every Friday night, we would gather at my house and record on my PC. Since then and until the age of eighteen, I played in a lot of bands until Prozak Party was created. My current band.

Prozak Party started out as a band in the summer of 2005. We had just finished school and we had started to listen to a lot of punk rock bands such as Strung Out, Wilhelm Scream, Belvedere. That had a strong influence on us and we started playing technical punk rock. At that time, metalcore made its first appearance along with all its branches also known as the emo scene. Lots of bands emerged during this time in Greece. However, being occupied with music became trendy and, as a result, many bad quality bands appeared on the scene. From then for about four years we had to put up with side-bangs, make-up, fagety screams and a lot more. Music in Greece was connected and helped by the Internet, especially through Myspace during this period of time. I feel nostalgic about Myspace

since all the bands communicated with each other creating a strong scene. Lots of people listened to your music, lives were constantly organized...As Prozak Party, we experienced this. However, one cannot say that all this phase was based on the Internet. It was something more than that and such an acknowledgement would downgrade it.

My life, on the other hand, was closely connected with pot. From the time that I finished school and started university, my addiction gradually began. I went to the university (the Physics Department) only to smoke weed and I also smoked at home. Until my fourth year, pot became my only pass-time, setting aside music and girls. Somewhere here begins the story of my schizophrenia.

So, as time went on, my condition worsened due to pot. When I smoked, I had at best intense depression. At worst, panic attacks, catatonia and suicidal tendencies. With catatonia, things were really bad. I could be with people who spoke to me and to whom I couldn't answer. Comments like “what's your problem, asshole?” and “no, don't die in front of us” and “let's see if you reach 23 years of age” were all a fact on my 22nd birthday. I couldn't have sex with my girlfriend because of my condition. Generally, pot isn't so destructive. However, combined with psychological illness, it can cause many problems. In my bad condition, I had started to feel that something strange had happened to the world. A change. . .

THE PREMATURE STAGE OF COMMUNICATION

This started as a general feeling that something had changed in people and was conveyed with glances and facial expressions at its premature stage. You could feel it, something had changed in the communication between people. I thought it was the drugs. However, it seemed to be something much greater. It was a gradually increasing of communication from brain to brain. Nevertheless, because I was absorbed by my problems, I couldn't participate. I faced it with apathy as I faced anything else that came up in my life in that period of time. While I was hanging out with my friends, I started to hear words in my mind coming from them accompanied by the image of each person talking. When I went to a live show, I could hear people responding to what I was thinking. I often had the impression that all our conversations had a faint tendency to question what had happened to people and everybody seemed to wonder what impact this change had. Even though nobody knew what it was, it seemed as if a new magical world with tremendous prospects was developing in our minds. However, nobody really spoke about this because there was an undercurrent feeling that it was all in our minds. This coincided with my last trip to America to see my relatives.

Stressed because of the fact that I wouldn't be smoking pot for a week, I set off in August 2009 with my mother and brother to visit

America. On the way to the airport, I heard words from acquaintances on and off in my mind. However, I was used to not paying attention. I tried to convince myself to feel enthusiastic about the trip, but in vain. Depression had overcome me again. On entering the airport, I felt an intense panic attack, because it was overcrowded with people. The worst thing was that apart from the strange looks I got from people, I also had the odd comments of those people in my mind; such as, “oh, what a junkie” or “that guy has some problem.” As time elapsed, my panic attack and the comments in my head got worse. As the flight was delayed, we were forced to wait in the waiting room with other passengers. As I was waiting, one of the passengers was staring at me. After a while, I thought I could see what he was thinking. I saw him murmuring, “Oh, my wife. What have I done to her?” and, at the same time, he was trying to hold back his tears so that the other passengers wouldn't notice him. At some point, I felt that he understood that I saw what he was thinking as he looked at me like I had realized his secret. I panicked. I didn't know how to react. He continued to look at me in a threatening way. A few minutes later, I saw him look around to make sure nobody was looking and, then, something unusual happened. Through his mind, he had transferred the burden he felt for the murder of his wife to me. I was overwhelmed with a feeling of dysphoria and regret as well as thoughts like “what have I done?” and “How will I continue living now?” It was like other people's thoughts were in my mind; that is, although these thoughts were in my mind, I didn't feel like they were mine. The guy sighed with relief and changed seats....

After a ten-hour trip, during which I slept, we arrived at New York and then after two hours approximately we arrived at Tampa Bay, Florida. My uncle was waiting for us at the airport from where he took us to go to the house which we had rented for our vacation. The house was spacious (as we were three families and our

grandmother) and it had a swimming pool. The first two days I felt OK. Relaxation, swimming in the pool However, on the third day, the usual symptoms started. Severe depression and confused thought which resulted in my being withdrawn sometimes. Nevertheless, throughout my stay in Florida, I had only two cases of optical illusions.

One night, as I was drinking my beer, Letos, who was my band's guitarist and my best friend, appeared as an image in my head. "Where the hell are you?" he says. "What the fuck!" I answered. We started to talk.

-What's it like in America?

-Good, man, peace, pool, beer . . . How's it going there?

-Awesome. We hang out every day.

-How is that we are talking, man? Do you have any idea?

-It happened suddenly. I don't know. It's awesome. Check it out . . .

-What do you mean?

-Do you remember the last song we found?

-Yes.

-Did you ever wonder why it was so fucking good? Hahahaha

-Tell me.

-Check this out . . .

At this point, he shows me a magic spell which he had in his mind. It was in the form of a thought and it had various pagan symbols and when you saw it, it gave you a weird feeling. Something between an attraction to the unworldly and the feeling of creativity. I was stunned.

-Where the hell did you find it?

-Eh. . . It's usually kept as a secret. From a shaman, magician, something like that, he whispered. You have to be careful, though. You have to know how to use it because it is dangerous...little by little.

After discussing a little bit more and after promising him that I wouldn't tell anybody, I drank my beer and went to sleep.

On one of the following days, I went shopping with my uncle. We found a skateshop in a shopping mall and I ran in. As soon as I got in, a beautiful, blonde girl came to help me. "Do you need any help?" she asked me.

"Yes, I'm looking for shirts," I answered. After I tried on some shirts, I thought of striking up a conversation with her, since she was very pretty. Coming out of the dressing room, I showed her a longboard and asked her how much it cost. After she answered me, she appeared in my mind as an image and said to me: "Poser." I tried not to seem anxious and I answered through my mind with an image of myself skating to show her that I am not a poser. As I was going to pay, she was looking at me and I saw her murmuring under her breath "Fuck. You really suck." And I answered her through my thought, "And you got fucked by all those skaters." She seemed embarrassed. I laughed discreetly and left. The rest of the days in Tampa were difficult. Nevertheless, I was overwhelmed by a feeling of optimism because of the new data concerning communication between people. The time had come to return to Athens.

On reaching Athens and as my trip was good, I felt happy. When it was time to collect my luggage, suddenly two of my friends, Isidoros and Sakis appeared in my head. Both musicians. There was always friction between us as they played guitar faster than I did and they knew more theory. With a contemptuous attitude, they started to tell me about the magic they had found and that it was the best and that it wasn't dangerous. At the same time, they implied that magic is useless if you don't know theory. Their magic seemed lame in comparison with Letos's. They started asking about my magic and formalities like 'how's your band going.' As I didn't want to tell them that I didn't have any magic, I said, "hold on a minute...somebody's

talking to me” and I went straight to Leto for magic . . .to rub it in. “Dude, dude, tell me how to find that stupid magician. It's urgent. . .” I said.

-You asshole, I'm sleeping, he answered.

-I don't give a fuck. Wake up!

-I'll come by in a couple of hours. See ya.

-Dude, Isidoros and Sakis have come and they are talking shit about our band and they are saying that our band sucks.

-What? Those assholes? Tell them that theory is for pussies.

-Come on tell me how to find that magician.

-The guy's name is Spiritius.

-Spiritius? Hahahahahahaha. What a stupid name . . .

-Hahahahaha, yes indeed. He is the only one with that name so you won't have a hard time finding him.

-Yes, obviously he's the only one with that name.

-Just be careful because he's a bit of an asshole.

-OK see you dude.

Spiritius!? How was I going to find that asshole? As I said it something like a search engine appeared in my head and I immediately said the name Spiritius. The result of the search was a guy dressed as a shaman with a long beard and badly-made dreadlocks whispering some ritual hymn. Here we are I thought.

-Hello magician Spiritius!

-I feel a presence. A universal aura.

-Huh?!

-Who's calling me?

I thought that it was a good idea not to give my real name so as to avoid getting in trouble.

-My name is John.

-That is not your real name.

-Oh no, he got me, I thought . . .

-Your real name according to your universal aura is . . . Balzar!

-Hahahahaha what an idiot I thought.

-What brings you here?

He stayed quiet for three minutes.

-So?!

Three seconds later I felt a very intense strength running through me. My thoughts ran quickly and in a smart way and I felt slightly. . . possessed.

-Nice, thanks.

-Balzaaaaaaaaaaar!

-Yes?

-The only thing you should know is that if you use it with greed, it will turn against you and, in case of an argument, it will turn against your enemy.

-We are not going to argue. . . .I'm just going to rub it in their faces! Hahahahahaha I thought and returned.

-Hey, sorry that I left, but I was talking with Letos about the last details of our new song, I said after I came back.

-New piece, huh! Show us. . . .

-Sorry, I can't show you all of it because it is still in the process of being made. I can show you, though, some guitar parts. Half a minute. . . I activated the spell and I thought of a very simple idea on the song. Some pagan symbols appeared, my thoughts started to throb, I felt an unworldly strength and suddenly a clever riff appeared in my mind. I showed them. . . With obvious jealousy, they asked me.

-Very good. Did you use some magic?

-Yes, but very little because I depend on my creativity and not some spell or . . . theory. Dickheads, I thought and immediately felt a slight tendency to quarrel. Then I thought of playing with them a little...

-How about you showing me some of the stuff you have found...Pussies, I thought. Then they showed me a very good and technical solo. The tendency to quarrel increased in my mind because of the spell, however, I felt it was difficult to stop.

-It sucks, I answered, influenced by the magic. This magic had the characteristic of making you want to fight. As my answer seemed strange and irritating, they said to me.

-Chris. Watch how you talk. Don't insult us. This solo is objectively flawless.

-Hahahahahah, I laughed satanically. Sorry... Let's see what I can do with this mediocre riff.

-Fuck you, answered one of them and immediately seemed to be in pain. The quarrel had started and the spell turned against him.

-Man, what was that pain? he said to his friend. It fucking hurt...

-Sorry, dudes, check this out. I took his riff and I put it through my activated magic. The outcome was a big and clever musical phrase which had notes from their musical phrase, which made theirs seem like a simplified version of mine.

-Hahahahahaha! Eat shit! I said obviously influenced by the magic. Then I showed them two riffs one after the other and all three of us hurt. They due to the quarrel and I because I used it "greedily"...

-Dude, it hurts, Isidoros said to Sakis.

-You are such a bad guitarist that it hurts, I answered and he immediately seemed to be in pain.

-You're doing it! With your shitty magic! You're fucked. I also have magic which will hurt you.

-Bullshit...At this point he started sending me small electric shocks through his mind, which however increasingly turned against him thanks to the quarrel while I didn't feel any pain.

-Please stop! It hurts. he told me. At that point, reality returnedSuddenly the influence of the spell passed and I broke into a cold

sweat when I realized what had happened. “Stop giving me shocks! It activates with contradiction. Sorry. I got carried away...” I said to one of them. “You got carried away? Fuck you. It hurt.” he told me. As the spell was almost over, I felt like saying something nasty, like: “that hurt, pussy” and so on, but I restrained myself so it wouldn't start again. I then felt that it was still dangerous and I just left, after apologizing again, to avoid any further quarrel. At this point, I had to find the magician again to deactivate the spell...

While I was still in an ecstasy and I couldn't control my thoughts, I found it difficult to find the magician again. I was trying to remember his name, but in vain. At some point, I remembered it, but the search engine didn't appear. I came to the conclusion that in some way I had to make the search engine appear. I tried to think of the search machine, it appeared and I entered the name, but the results of every search were blocked. After many fruitless attempts, I thought of a search engine that searched search engines and to my great surprise such a machine appeared in my head. I put a search engine in that machine, but there was no result. Then I put in that machine the name Spiritius and I finally got a result! The search engine of finding people was blocked as far as finding people was concerned and the search engine which found search engines was blocked... as far as finding search engines was concerned. That is, the results which had to do with the purpose of each search machine was blocked and you had to input a search that had no connection with the purpose of the search engine.

So I found Spiritius. He was feeding a goat.

-Hello magician Spiritius, I said.

-Who's calling me?

-I felt like cursing him, but in a strange way, my mind blocked and musical ideas came to me which resulted in my being in pain.

-It's Chris...eh it's John.

-I don't know anyone by the name of John.

-I felt like cursing him again, but my mind blocked again and I couldn't control the incoming musical phrases that brought pain inside my mind. The magician smiled ironically as if he knew something. That idiot had an anti-spell that converted contradiction into musical ideas, so that the magic that he gave me wouldn't turn against him, but against me because of its overuse!

-It's Balzar...I want to deactivate the magic that you gave me, I said to him.

-Balzar...This magic doesn't go away. You keep it inside you like a charm and you live with it.

-Are you kidding me, you ass... I said and he immediately blocked the contradiction with his anti-spell and smiled.

-I can only give magic, not remove magic.

After a wave of desperation overwhelmed me, I knew I had to do something. I couldn't live the rest of my life under that shitty magic. The first thing that popped into my mind was also a good idea.

-Give me the anti-magic that you have with the purpose of turning it to myself and to convert contradiction to musical ideas, so that at least I wouldn't harm the others when I thought something negative about them.

-You mean the anti-spell?

-Yes, I answered.

-He gives it to me and I leave.

Now I had to think of something negative about somebody to see what would happen. So, I turn the spell to myself and I think something mean about my parents. My thought blocked and musical ideas came into my mind. I had to think of something clever. One solution was perhaps to give direction to the musical ideas so that they negated themselves...So, I think something mean about a friend of mine, while at the same time I gave direction to the creativity in a

specific musical idea. I kept repeating the same thing over and over again and as the ideas that could come for a specific musical phrase were limited, I exhausted them and the spell deactivated. With a lot of pain, of course, due to overuse...

Returning to Athens, I felt depression and exhaustion as a result of the intensity of everything I had lived through during the trip. The new data concerning the inner communication had confused me and I felt I wasn't ready to face it. In that period of time, people were slowly trying to get used to the new situation, although there was a general feeling that something big would follow. Something that would change people's lives.

One of those nights, I went to a nearby bar to drink a beer. The feeling that I had been left behind had at this point overwhelmed me. As the time passed, more friends came, but I found it difficult to socialize. I gave one-word answers to questions and I didn't participate at all in the discussions. I had completely withdrawn in myself. The conversation was lively as everyone was a little drunk. I continued to withdraw. At some point, someone asked me something, but I was unable to answer because I had lost the flow of the conversation. One of the guys felt sorry for me and gave me something which I didn't expect. Through his mind he gave me a way to look at things. This generally could happen; that is, for someone to give you a package of opinions or reactions inner communication-wise always. What he gave me was a personal philosophy of life based on hardcore ethics and streetwise perception. In the beginning I was glad because I could see the world through a different perspective. However, this "package" worked independently; that is, you couldn't think something in addition to it or add something to its philosophy. You had to use it in an absolute way, if you wanted to follow it. After I had socialized a little more because of it, I said goodbye, left and went home. This "perception

package” was interesting, but I didn't want it to be the only way I looked at things. I decided to use it, understand it and then deactivate it so that I could think about it later on without following it.

So, I activated it and I saw the following things. First of all, I felt pride. Pride is a basic characteristic of the hardcore culture and it was something that I liked even though I was a scumbag punk. Until then, I thought it was a defense, but through what that guy gave me I realized that it came from a more general set of reactions which made up the character of the hardcore kid; such as respect towards the people you choose, honesty towards yourself and, to some extent, the style you have and represent. Another thing I felt with the “package” was the rise and fall logic; that is, the rise and fall of ourselves are interconnected concepts and one always follows the other. Right. Then I saw a philosophy based on supporting those who had fallen, which was proved true since the guy gave me the “package” to help me. I appreciated that. Lastly, I saw a set of predetermined reactions, such as various greetings and expressions which take place between the hardcorers. This is a way to create a structure which through its repetition a global culture is supported. There are similar reactions in the hip hop and skate culture, since the birth of hardcore was interconnected with those two cultures. Coming out of what he gave me, I decided to keep some of the characteristics of hardcore, but not to follow them strictly. Only the feeling that I understood what it is all about and that I agree with a part of it.

The days that followed were difficult. The “package” hadn't helped me at all and gradually I felt that an attraction for a social exposure was in the air. This feeling was increasing more and more inside everyone, until there was ... a massive explosion. One day in September of 2009, something extraordinary happened. Suddenly, while most people were unaware or avoided the existence of inner

communication, there was a big “bang” and it was, then, impossible to hide from the new data of human nature. It was a wave of exposure for everybody, since the fact that everyone could see what you were thinking, it uncovered you. What happened more specifically was that your thoughts would direct you to specific individuals or groups of people without your being able to control it. For some it was cathartic, since they appeared in front of people with whom they had lost contact, hadn't seen in years or didn't have the strength to talk to again. For others it was a simpler matter, since they found themselves with friends or relatives, though enthusiastic as they could communicate brain to brain. However, there was a group of people who would suffer from this revolution of thought links. One of these people was me...

Since, due to my psychological problems, my thought traveled to people and situations I feared or I hated, this massive ...explosion which had come could have only negative consequences for me. Before the big “bang” occurred, I was going through a phase of ruminating, bringing to mind people who had annoyed me recently. More specifically, there were some guys who liked the chicks we hung out with and they often degraded me, while the chicks seemed to like them just because they thought they were cool. While everything was going on with the thought links, I was sitting and contemplating them. So, I suddenly find myself unexpectedly in front of those people. One of the chicks was making out with one of them while the others were playing poker. On seeing me, they started looking at me in a strange way and inner communicating mind to mind with each other, so that I couldn't hear what they were saying. The chick looked at me supposedly interested and said to me, “Where have you been? We haven't seen you for a while. How's your brother? Your family?” At that point, they all burst out laughing, even she. She immediately got serious like nothing happened and

with an obvious lack of interest, she said, "Tell us." Disgusted with the situation, I answered dryly, "good." It was at this point that she had to start discussing to seem social, even though she didn't want to.

-We got together here with Alexandros, she said awkwardly. He hugged her in a way that supposedly he cared for her and then he looked at me with a look that she's mine now and you are a loser.

-Eh what brings you here? continued the chick.

-He was thinking about us, said one of the crowd. They all laughed.

-What a great soul, said another asshole ironically.

-Go fuck yourself, I thought and they immediately glared at me. Since there were two kinds of inner thought: public inner and personal inner and as I was not familiar enough with them to distinguish between them, my personal thought was heard out loud. I felt awkward, but, on the other hand I liked the fact that it was heard because I stood up against those assholes, even if it was by mistake, something which I would have a hard time doing in reality.

-Sorry, it slipped, I said.

They were looking at each other a little surprised because they weren't used to me being that way.

-Way to go, Chris, one of them said. My self-confidence was boosted unexpectedly and I laughed spontaneously and loud.

-I don't think it's a laughing matter, said the chick, wanting to put me in my place, which was what she was used to from me. We're all friends, she continued.

-Don't listen to him, baby, he's weird, her boyfriend said.

-Yes, we treat him good and he curses us, the chick said faintly.

Her boyfriend looked at her supposedly sympathetically and he kissed her discreetly. A moment of silence followed. "Let's give him a second chance," the chick whispered right after.

-Why don't you go fuck yourselves instead, I said, surprising myself

again. The chick's boyfriend got up and looked at me in a threatening way.

-Get out of here now, he said.

-No. I'd rather stay and play a round of poker with you, I said and laughed out loud.

-What is he talking about?! the chick said.

-Nothing. We're hanging out with the guys, I answered ironically.

-Don't talk to her, the guy said.

-Yes, indeed, she will try to get me to hang out with you.

-Get lost you fucking asshole.

-I didn't expect this from you, Chris, said the chick.

-I'd beat the shit outta all of you, but I don't want to ruin this nice gathering, I said. At that point, they all got up to beat me up.

-Leave him, said the chick supposedly politely even though she wanted me to get beat up.

-Don't protect them I said and I started to run because I was going to get beaten up. They chased me a little bit, but I managed to get away. Since then and for a long time I didn't see them again. However, the thought links that directed you to people hadn't stopped...

So, I was trying not to think about people and situations that would lead me to people that I didn't want. In vain...The next ones I would find myself in front of were some sons of some acquaintances of my father's. I didn't hang out with these guys and, even though I liked them, I would feel awkward to appear in front of them. So I found myself in front of them without wanting to. I was embarrassed to say hi as I just appeared in front of them.

-Hi, they said.

-Hi, how are you? I answered. Sorry that I appeared so suddenly, but I can't control what's happening...

They felt a little awkward, but they said, "it doesn't matter."

-What are you doing these days? they asked.

-Nothing special, I answered. Mainly music...

-Have you heard anything about magic spells, as they too were involved in music. What had happened to my guitarist friends and the hassle of getting rid of that asshole's spell immediately came to mind. I had a bad trip because I had smoked pot before.

-Eh...no, I haven't heard anything. Basically, I got involved with a spell and some guys, but I managed to get away, I said, obviously high, confusing what I wanted to say.

-Eh?!

-Nothing.

-Eh?!

At that point, I started to laugh nervously because 3-4 unconnected thoughts came to mind.

-Sorry, I said, crying from laughter.

-Have you been involved in spells?! Way to go man! We searched, but we didn't find...eh...can you tell us where we can find, said one of them hesitantly.

-No, I said abruptly and laughed. At that point, they also laughed.

-Why? Why are you such an asshole? Hahahaha.

-I know, but it's not a good idea to get involved. I went through hell...I said, after laughing. At that point, I told them the story with the magician and the guitarists. They seemed frightened.

-It's not safe, I added.

-Can you find him and bring them to us, since you know him, that is. What they said seemed rude to me and I thought about cutting them short.

-You can also find guns in here, would you like a AK-47?

-Hahahaha . .he laughed awkwardly. No, I'm ok with the magic, he said, and blushed slightly.

-No, I'm ok with the magic, I repeated what he said ironically. At that point, he looked at me apathetically. You want magic? Search.

Find the search engine inside your head and find from there, I added.
-What search engine? Can you show me?

-Go fuck yourself, I said and left.

Those days, after the big conscience explosion, the direction towards the people you were thinking about stopped. There was a feeling, though, that something procedural was going to happen in that communication system and it would happen soon...

During that period of time, almost in a magical way, I had stopped thinking about situations and people that were unpleasant for me. The fact that I realized that my thought could lead me to find myself in front of specific people was also the reason why I thought about people with whom I didn't want to come into contact with. I functioned self-destructively. Like part of my brain had revolted against me. I somehow managed to block negative thoughts, something like a sick truce with myself, even though the catatonia I had was at that point aggravated. That and my obvious depression, worried my parents which resulted in my parents making an appointment with a homeopath, who supposedly was a specialist in counseling.

So, I set off one morning with my mother to go to that homeopath, somewhere in Holargos. That day my prohibition to see my friends and to drive would start, due to my condition. While getting into the car, my mother's first words were "I can't let you drive in this condition..." I sat in the passenger's seat and we set off. On the way, listening to music, specifically the twas hell said former child album from belvedere, I was thinking how much belvedere had influenced me musically and how much I wanted to meet them. Unwillingly, I found myself in front of their vocalist / guitarist. He seemed annoyed that I had found him and so I was too ashamed to speak. I realized that whoever had fans would have a hard time with the new data since, at any moment, you could find yourself in front

of anybody. The music changed in the car and I almost found myself in front of somebody from another band. However, I cut it off abruptly and it didn't happen...

When we arrived at the homeopath's, we had to wait for about 20 minutes because we were early. We chose to wait in the car. Twenty minutes later, we went to the second floor and the doctor opened the door. She was a 45 year old woman with curly hair and had a strange look of peace on her face. "Come in," she said, "You will have to wait a little..." On entering, we sat in the waiting area. The decoration of the room was of Buddhist style, while relaxed Zen music played from a hi-tech hi-fi. After waiting a short time, she reappeared and with exaggerated calmness asked us if we would like some tea. At that point, I felt like laughing, since the whole scene reminded me of a Buddhist ritual. "No, thank you," I answered and laughed shyly trying to hide my ironic disposition. She looked at me searchingly, having understood that I wanted to make fun of her and hiding her awkwardness, she asked me, "Would you like coffee instead? I have coffee, too."

-No, thank you, I had some.

-But if you do want some, I have some.

-No, thank you.

Then we entered her office. Behind her chair, there was a painting of a horse with a noose around its neck. I thought it strange because the painting was too depressing for a counselor's office. As I was looking at the painting for a minute, I didn't notice that she was looking at me, waiting to begin the session. "I'm sorry," I said, and went on to tell her my problem, mentioning my catatonia, depression and pot. . . not my experiences with inner communication. Her answer didn't differ at all from the advice which the rest of the psychologists had given me till then. She suggested various lame tasks, such as cooking stuffed tomatoes, cleaning the house and

quitting pot. So far so good. My life would change radically with the following thing that she would say.

-That which I not only suggest, but I impose, as your doctor, is never to see your friends again because they lead you to hash, she said with intensity.

-What???

-If you don't change environment, you will find yourself in a condition that may even lead you to suicide.

At that point, I got so angry that I spoke to her through inner communication, telling her:

-Something like your horse.

-The only difference is that my horse isn't a pothead, she answered, again through inner communication.

-Go fuck yourself, you come and make me stuffed tomatoes.

-I work. You stay home, spending your parents' money to get high and you're telling me to come and make you stuffed tomatoes?! How rude!

-At least spaghetti, something...

-Look! I'm here to get you out of this situation, she said out loud this time, interrupting the inner conflict we had.

-I understand that. But I'm not sure this isolation will help.

-This isolation, even if you don't understand it, will save you. I have no other choice than to tell your mother.

-Oh! I thought.

-I will give you some homeopathic pills for depression. However, you have to cut cokes and coffees for them to work. At that point, I laughed nervously from the pressure. That bitch had cut my friends, pot, coffee and cokes.....! And she wanted me to make stuffed tomatoes! In other words, she had fucked up my whole life in half an hour. The session finished and she called my mother to tell her the new data...

The day went strangely well. A feeling of relative internal balance. More specifically, the change in my way of life didn't seem so bad after all. The truth was that I was tired of self-destroying myself. As soon as I got home and with a heavy heart, I threw away the 2 grams of pot that I had left. I decided not to make stuffed tomatoes because it seemed like a stupid idea. During that day, people came to my mind, but I avoided them. Apart from these people, there was an image that also appeared, not exactly human, which was about to say something, but then it took it back. It was as if it was making fun of me and that it was going to say something important, but it never did. This went on for two, three days with an increasing tendency for me to feel confused. The third day after my visit to the homeopath, the thought links that directed you to people was restored to the inner communication system. This time I tried to deal with it in a procedural way and it turned out quite good, as far as the individual who was to appear was concerned. First of all, a guy from the Physics Department appeared in my head.

-Hey, what's going on? Were you thinking about me? he said.

-No, you were probably thinking about me, I answered, feeling in a humorous mood.

-No, I was thinking about Physics Department chicks.

-Cut the shit. I bet you found me through the search engine. That's how much you wanted to talk to me.

-Hahaha. I won't ask you how all the system through which we are talking came about, because I simply don't care. I see it ironically. How are we going to name it? Just so that we go down in history....

-Communication with a capital C, I said after thinking about it for a while.

-Good. Even though it's a bit too serious, dude, it's like the Internet. The Internet? How does that sound?

-Shitty.

-Hahaha, yes we can name it shitty with a capital S. Idiot....Seriously thinking, do I have your msn? (We used to have msn back then!)

-Ah! That's how we're going to name it, dude. MSN. MSN will be its slang name and Communication will be its official name.

-Perfect. We just named the first step of human evolution. This is the first time we are evolving. If you really think about it, since the time we were Neanderthal, we haven't changed at all.

-Apart from becoming smarter. I mean that we developed the use of tools and we understood the world better through science. Isn't that part of human evolution?

-As far as tools are concerned no, because they're only tools, as in the Stone Age, simply more developed. As far as science is concerned, I believe the first time man understood the existence of mathematics and physics was when we evolved as a species. Because on this fact was based the ever-increasing knowledge in the world.

-So it is, I said and the human-like image appeared in my head and looking at me said "I didn't look at you". It shocked me a little, but I didn't pay any attention. Then I thought about giving my msn to my friend in the Physics Department and before I could say it, the image appeared again and said, "your msn is ..." without telling me my msn. I freaked out again a little. His image wasn't exactly scary, but was unworldly and frightened me a little. I was going to tell my friend my msn and the creature appeared again in the place of one of the letters of the msn numbers that I had in my mind. It laughed for half a second and disappeared suddenly. So I gave the msn to my friend and then I was about to ask him for his. One second before I asked, the image replaced the depiction of the phrase I had in my mind with the phrase, "would you like coffee instead? I have coffee too." The phrase, in other words, that the doctor had told me a few days earlier. Unconsciously, I asked him that, instead of his msn.

-Hahaha. No, I've had coffee.

“And I had drunk”, I almost said, but I didn't, as soon as I realized that the creature was about to make me say it.

-Hahaha, what are you talking about? Have you lost it?

At that point, I didn't have anything to say and the creature looked at me in an awkward way as if waiting for me to say something. Then he laughed and disappeared suddenly.

-Wait, dude, I freaked out, I said.

-Hahaha, what happened, man?

-It's probably a lack of pot.

-Hahaha...withdrawal symptoms?

-Yes, I cut pot three days ago.

The creature appeared again and showed me an image of the homeopath smoking a huge joint. It laughed again, more this time, and left. At that point, even though I found what it did funny, I felt even more afraid. I was completely white. After saying goodbye to my friend quickly, I lay down and fell asleep within ten minutes.

The next day, I got up, took my homeopath pills and thought I would fuck around on the PC. I saw some videos which Zach Galyfianakis had made with some comedians who I liked then, Tim and Eric. As I was watching, I thought about how my humor had been affected by such comedians in that period of time and suddenly the creature appeared again. Against my will, he tried to make me appear in front of Zach. In the beginning, he didn't manage it, but he insisted and so I appeared in front of him.

-I'm more Zach Galyfianakis than you, I said kidding as he was looking at me like he was asking me what I wanted.

-OK...There is only one way to solve this. Let's do a Zach off.

-Hahaha.

At that point, I showed him some funny scenes which I had experienced and then he showed me. With the new data of

“Communication” you could show various memories, which were conveyed to others as images. This went on for two, three minutes until we realized that we were showing our memories to each other. I was crazy about the fact that you could show memories. Zach didn't seem to care much...

-We can show memories, I said enthusiastically.

-Poser, he answered, you are showing off your memories.

Then the creature reappeared. Oh, no, fuck, I thought. He tried to show something, but I stopped him by looking elsewhere. He seemed to be getting angry and he forced me to see what he wanted to say. When after a while, he managed it, he didn't say anything and vanished. Two seconds later, he appeared again and tried to use my search engine. Although I resisted at first, afterwards, he was able to use it. He wrote the words memories, and there appeared in my mind millions of blurred memories of various people, without me being able to distinguish to whom each memory belonged. Then he intervened in my search engine, without my realizing it, and did the following. He made one of the memories clear so that I could see it and he substituted it with a fictional memory of somebody who was trying to kill me with a butcher knife. Since I didn't realize that it was his creation, I started pacing in the house. I then remembered that I had left Zach waiting. I looked around and he had left. In his place was the “creature” which was feeding carrots to the horse which had the noose around his neck from the homeopath's painting. Out of nowhere came a memory of the memory of the person who supposedly wanted to kill me with the butcher knife. It was the kind of dream that in your dream, you dreamed that you were dreaming. The whole thing just seemed too surrealistic to be true and, even though I had been really scared, I tried to deal with it logically. Before I even went through the process of doing that, that image appeared again, this time giving coffee to the horse with the noose

and with a lack of interest, he said, “That's the way it's going to be, lies and realizations. Realizations of lies and lies concerning realizations.” and it disappeared leaving behind only the horse's noose.

The following day, I decided not to use Communication, since I thought it had a connection with the appearance of the creature. I had countless questions on my mind. What was the creature? How could it be that we were speaking mind to mind...? All these new ways of communication had come completely suddenly. And the fact that I had experienced its most intense and harsh side had frightened me. Especially the prospects of it. If in such a short time so much had happened, who knows what my future would be like. It was a period of contemplation and the fact that these days the creature didn't appear helped me to stand on my feet and calm down. However, this wouldn't last for long.....

One of the following days, though, I felt that it was impossible to avoid the communication anymore. As much as I wanted to ignore it, there was an impulse to talk to friends and there was also an impulse from friends to speak to you. Therefore, it was relatively impossible. A friend of mine, who I hadn't seen for a long time, appeared then. Viltos. Viltos had had a terrible misfortune lately. He had separated from his girlfriend with whom he had been with the last six years. With Vlasia, they were together since they were sixteen years old and she was the only girl with whom he had done something. Even though they were very close, Vlasia had probably got tired of him and with the first chance left him. Since then he had made a lot of attempts to win her back, but in vain. I typically remember one day when we had smoked pot in my basement and he had confessed to us that by the age of twenty-four, he would propose to her. Since they had split, he felt depressed and was isolated. He looked better. “How are you?” I asked.

-OK, he said and then smiled and sighed.

-You haven't come to the basement for a long time. To hang out.

-I quit pot. That's why I don't come to the basement anymore.

-Me too. I don't smoke anymore.

-You? How's that?

At that point, I explained the story with the homeopath. The discussion went from pot, to music and as always ended up with the existence of Communication. As I always felt comfortable opening up to Viltos, I started to refer to my experiences up to that point in the field of “msn”. He stood there with his mouth open, but it seemed that he had also experienced some strange stuff inside, but it was difficult for him to say it. Finally after apparent inner pressure, he managed it.

-You know, I also searched some stuff inside here. You know..., having to do with Vlasia.

-OK, tell me.

-Since we broke up, I've been going crazy and have been searching everything having to do with her.

-Yes, I can imagine that, I interrupted him. He looked at me strangely and continued. Our separation happened to coincide with...what's it called? That with which we talk inside here.

-Msn, I've heard it's called. Continue.

-Yes, since I couldn't find her outside because she disappeared, I tried to find her in here. I didn't know how and a friend of mine told me about the search engine of the inner communication.

-Msn, I corrected him.

-Yes. Firstly, after finding this search engine, I put her name in it and it came out with a lot of results because she has a very common name. However, checking the different faces which it came out with, I found her. I said hi. She looked annoyed that I had found her. She told me that she didn't have time to talk to me and not to come,

because she got upset. OK. I told her for her to come by and talk to me when she had time and felt ready. She said OK and told me to leave. I waited a week and she didn't appear at all. I found her again and she told me the exact same thing. That she didn't have time and that she was upset. She also told me not to come again (he said as if it weren't something important and continued). Since then I have an obsession, as to why she dumped me. I suspected there was somebody else in the middle and I decided to do something clever.

-What?!

-I thought about playing with the search engine to see if she is with somebody. So I put a search engine in the search engine, which had her name inside. To my great surprise, it came out with all the search engines that had been used to get her name as a result. The great thing, great thing anyway..., was that it came out with blurry images of people that corresponded to everyone who had searched her name. I asked and this happened because the search engine works with positions in the system of inner communication. Every person has his own position in this web and, even though the search engine is the same for everyone, every time somebody searches, the search engine takes the position of that person.

-Interesting...

-Yes, but that's not the point. Even though the images were really blurry I managed to discern at least three of four guys at our age. What a whore!

At that point, I thought about what he told me and suddenly the creature appeared. Oh fuck I thought. This time I realized that it was going to make me say things that I didn't want to say.....

-Yes, what a whore, I said unwillingly because of the creature and I immediately felt that a difficult time was to come. Viltos looked at me strangely, but he didn't say anything as he was tense from what he had already said. The creature looked like it wanted to destroy my

life. For a short time it blocked me and I couldn't speak, while it was thinking about what it would do to me. Viltos looked at me questioningly, but he was so absorbed in his problem that he still continued to speak.

-Yes. So, I don't know what to do. If I only knew who those guys were, I would...I would fucking kill them. Then the creature laughed in a cunning way as if it had decided what to do. "Nooo. Please." I said. He laughed again. It was the first time I was speaking to the creature. "Who are you?" I asked. "The creature," it answered freaking me out as that was the name I had given it in my mind, wanting to show me that it could read my thoughts."It's time to confess." it said. Even though I didn't realize what it would do, I let out a big "oh" which resulted in Viltos hearing it.

-What do you mean oh? Then I slowly felt that the creature would control the flow of the conversation.

-I have to confess something to you, I said again unwittingly, but I don't know how you will take it, I continued in a high-pitched voice, since the creature not only wanted to destroy me, but also wanted to humiliate me.

-Hahaha. What dude? Why are you talking like that?

-I messed up, I said this time with a normal voice.

-What dude?! What did you do?

-One of the blurry images you saw was me.

-What?! You searched for Vlasia? Why?

-Come on, stop, I said to the creature, but it made it sound loud so it was like I was saying it to Viltos.

-What do you mean, stop?

-Come on, stop getting on my nerves, I said like I was reading a text in school.

-I'm not getting on your nerves, dude. Why did you search for her?

-Because I wanted to fuck her again.

The creature was laughing and I was crying inside. I was trying to tell him that I didn't do it and that the creature controlled me, but in vain. He was looking at me bemused not being able to utter a word because of the tension, making gestures about whether I was serious or not. At that point, the creature made me mimic Viltos' gestures, making fun of him. That's when he started to cry.

-Are you serious, he said with a broken voice, ignoring the ridicule.

-Yes, I'm sorry, I said without interest.

-And you say it just like that?! he said crying.

-Yes, I said crying. That simple. Viltos was biting his lips and was letting out small cries, looking at me with bulging eyes.

-I'll. . . I'll fucking kill you! He shouted and attacked me.

-I'm sorry, I said laughing.

-What do you mean sorry, you fucker?! I'm going to kill you!

At that point, even though the creature was controlling me, I sighed with dysphoria. Viltos noticed it, stopped for a second, his eyes teared and then went to choke me...

At that point, a small black dot appeared in my head. Like some kind of message, even though I didn't know what it was and hadn't seen it before, it seemed extremely threatening. The creature laughed and then said, "here comes the 'nyse'." I then felt puzzled and asked "What is the nyse?!" The creature laughed and said "a death precursor".

-What?! I shouted. The creature made a gesture for me to be quiet and showed me Viltos who was about to kill me.

-So, I arranged to come and kill you with my cousin, Viltos said as if he weren't ready for something so extreme....I imagine you got the nyse...he continued with a serious look that the decision was final. The nyse means that your time has come. Whenever there is any sort of threat in your life, it appears and believe me it doesn't lie. You're fucked. The question is whether you are going to surrender or

if we are going to find you. I'll let you choose. You have an hour, he said. Then as soon as he left, I went to choke the creature and an electric shock ran through my hands and feet, accompanied by a strange symbol which looked like a pentacle.

-What's that? I said with difficulty because of the pain of the electric shock. The creature showed me a badly-shaped pentacle like he was making fun of me because I didn't know the symbol that he had showed me.

-What do you want? I said crying.

-What I want could be anything. If you could describe the mechanism of how I want things it would be like the procedure of finding the results of the lottery. The bullshit that you people do and base your future on how those stupid little balls with the numbers move. On the other hand, I myself do not depend on luck. I ride it, he said and showed the homeopath's horse with the noose with him as the rider. And for ...some reason it led me to you, he continued and pulled the horse's noose, choking it.

-What can I do for you to leave?

-Don't worry about that, we'll figure it out, it said and laughed. And, by the way, I'm not called creature. History has given me another name, he said disparagingly for history.

-Who are you?!

-The devil.

The next hour passed with anxiety, as the situation was disappointingly bad. Viltos wanted to kill me while simultaneously I was in a mess with the devil. Thoughts that came to my mind were how I was going to get away from Viltos, as it was impossible to explain to him how the devil controlled me because...the devil had blocked all my set of reactions that had to do with telling Viltos the truth. I decided to tell my parents through Communication. I chose my father because my mother would go completely crazy.

-Dad, I said hastily.

-Sssssh, we don't speak in here, Christos. It shouldn't be done, he said looking suspiciously right and left.

I decided not to tell him about the devil, but just to tell him that my life was in danger.

-Dad, my life is in danger.

-What, he said, trying to whisper. Are you paranoid again? Calm down, he continued in a milder tone.

Then I told him a made-up story that I had got involved in a fight about a girl and it got out of hand, without mentioning anything about Viltos, since he knew him. There the devil appeared again. "Have you heard the expression that lies bring other lies," he said and there I felt that I was in serious trouble.

-Dad... I said unwillingly thanks to the devil. Unfortunately things are more complicated.

Since he didn't have time to react to the first story that I had told him, he was mystified by so much information.

-What do you mean? Are you sure? Up until lately you were smoking pot which brings paranoia. Could it be connected to that?

-No, it's not paranoia and I showed him a memory of the nysse which came to me in reality. They told me that if I don't surrender they will come home and harm you. What should I do? I continued.

-To surrender?! Where do you think you are living? In the wild west?

-No, Dad, in the wild nysse, I said unwillingly and the devil laughed and said ironically "nice line".

-What bullshit are you talking about?! Are you sure you are not high?

No, Dad, I said and showed a ready joint, I haven't smoked it yet.

-Are you an idiot? Don't get me in trouble and don't smoke pot. And if you're involved with assholes apologize, so you don't get in

trouble.

-You mean so that we don't get in trouble, I continued.

-Your trouble is your trouble. From there on, if you need help, we're here. I'm leaving. And try not to talk in here.

-Did you understand what the memory was that I showed you! It was a nysse! the devil made me say desperately at that point.

-I'm leaving, said my father and went to the kitchen.

“God damn that fucking idiot,” said the devil and retired and did something that looked like sleep.

Without realizing it, half an hour had passed since Viltos had told me to choose whether I'm going to surrender or not. I had to think about what I was going to do. Even though I didn't feel like it, I had to find a way, a trick to show him that what he had heard was a lie. The devil appeared again. “Do you accept help?” he asked me. “I'm going to give you a magic spell which will clear the images that Viltos saw so that he sees that it's not you. You will give it to him, but you won't be able to speak because I will have blocked you. Logically, he will understand that it's not you, but he won't understand why you said all that bullshit. Just to see his reaction, the confusion on his face.” So I waited for three quarters of an hour until Viltos showed up upset. He looked like he hadn't decided what he was going to do with me and that he still needed more time.

With a magic mental knife which he found, he clumsily stabbed me, but it didn't hurt much because the magic sucked. This happened two, three times, until he got angry because I didn't seem to hurt. We sat opposite each other without speaking. He from the tension and I from the devil's block. At that point, the devil gave me the magic spell which was activated as soon as you gave it to the other person.

-I'm going to kill y....., he went to say and I interrupted him with a gesture and I gave him the magic.

It directly went over to the search that he had done for Vlasia. Since

he didn't notice right away that the pictures had cleared up, he hated me even more, thinking that I was making fun of him. He knifed me one more time which hurt a little bit more and said, "Go fuck yourself." At that point, the images of the search engine blinked on and off (the spell was made in a way so that the sender and the receiver could see it), something that the devil did so that he would pay attention to it because he was starting to get bored. Viltos glanced without paying much attention, but three seconds later he realized that the images had cleared.

-Duuuuude! The images cleared, he said out loud. That idiot Timos (a pot connection of ours), Isidoros (to which the incident with the spell and the musical ideas had occurred!) and I twice, he continued. You aren't there, he said startled. Then I made a face that it was a misunderstanding without being able to explain. Viltos understood and started to ask me why I had said all those things about Vlasia. But due to the block, I couldn't utter a word. The devil seemed to be having fun.

-...Tell me you asshole! Why were you saying all that bullshit about Vlasia? Were you high? Are you nuts?

-..

-Why don't you speak? Is it sure you haven't done anything with Vlasia?

-...

-Speak up, you asshole! Your life was in danger!, he said and laughed relieved.

-...

-So you didn't do anything with Vlasia, he continued smiling.

There the devil let me gesture negatively.

-Hahaha, he said and hugged me. You've lost it, though, dude. You are not in your right mind, he added.

I gestured again negatively because of the devil and then laughed,

something which the devil couldn't stop, taking advantage of the second of the devil's inertia and I managed to say, "I'll explain another time, we'll talk ag...". Viltos sighed, said goodnight and left.

The hours that followed were difficult even though the devil was absent. In a very short time, I had experienced more than I had in my whole life. My life was in danger, I got involved with magicians, the devil! I felt that these experiences had left their mark even though they were very recent and they hadn't sunk in yet. So I was in a tense state and memories from the past were starting to come. This worked nostalgically in its positive form, but negatively as far as how my future would evolve. Simultaneously I had a deep depression and self-destructive thoughts came to me, such as that I shouldn't give Viltos the spell and that instead of that I should surrender so that he could kill me. One thought sparked the other until I had the tendency of suicide. At that point, something would interfere with my miserable situation. Again something would happen in Communication and you feel like it was going to be something different and big. Something similar to the thought links that directed you to specific people. The Communication was nothing more than united consciences at a world-wide level which result in a Global Conscience which work independently, even though it came from the total population. This independence led the system of msn to universal actions, which you couldn't avoid (like the thought links directing you to people) imitating human discovery (such as the search engine) and logically in other fields which had not surfaced yet, due to the immature stage of the Communication. Even though it was difficult to conceive it in its entirety, the Communication seemed like it was thinking, as a result of course, of the total of human thought. I was waiting, therefore, to see what would happen without really feeling like it. It had just dawned and I went downstairs to the kitchen to eat something. I saw my father sitting

angrily in a chair with a packet of cigarettes that I smoke in front of him on the table. I was in a tragic state.

-Good morning, I said with a voice that was barely audible.

-Good morning, he answered, without changing the expression of dysphoria he had on his face.

I sat across from him and after taking a croissant from the kitchen, I looked at him as if I was asking what the problem was. Then through the msn, he showed me all the efforts he had made for me. Since I was little until now. The expression of dysphoria was fixed on his face. He was very upset. He showed me the pack of cigarettes. There I felt that the conversation would go somewhere where I didn't want it to go. Then he showed me through the msn what I had done to him the last years and after restraining his tears he said through inner-communication, "I still love you. You are my son. But I can't stand it anymore. I want you to leave the house for a while. You are a grown-up, you'll make it. Don't worry about the money." At that point, all memories came to me. Both the recent ones, after the creation of the Communication, as well as past memories of my childhood with my family. At the same time, the time had come for the next massive action of the msn, which probably was to direct yourself towards some repressed subconscious thought. A situation you wanted, but you repressed, connected, of course, to some specific person, in front of whom you would appear and who would know about your repressed subconscious thought. At this point, the memories in combination with my father's stance and the pressure from the system of Communication for your most deeply repressed subconscious thought to emerge led me to burst out intensely. While I was sitting at the table and eating my croissant half-heartedly, I was overwhelmed by hysterical crying with endless sobbing. I got up from the table and walked nervously, crying intensely. First my mother and then my brother ran to me and hugged me and after that

my father, regretting his stance, did the same, gesturing to me not even to think about leaving home. The crying wouldn't stop and the only thing I said was "I have a problem." without realizing it and without stopping my crying and saying that I have a problem, I found myself, due to the "action" of the msn in front of an old friend of mine, Nikiforos. Nikiforos was a member of the first band that I had made when I had just started playing music and we used to gather in my basement and record. I often caught myself listening to those old recordings and I always felt nostalgia.

As I was worked up from bursting out, without giving Nikiforos a chance to speak, I shouted at him crying "I didn't want the band to break up, you fucking asshole! I wanted to continue playing music influenced by the Lawrence Arms. Boohoo. Idiot."

-Eh I never really liked the Lawrence Arms, he said surprised by my attack.

-But that was the direction the band was going. Asshole! I answered crying and laughing at the same time. Now, what kind of music do you play? I asked, after collecting myself a little.

-Eh, we're playing with some guys. Something like the music of Devendra Banhart with folk influences.

-Go fuck yourself, hippie!

-Hahaha, cool it man. You sometimes have to fuck one kind of music to go to another one.

-Yeah and then you fuck your bandmates.

-Hahaha , you are stuck on the past...I can't believe that it affected you so much, the fact that we stopped playing music, which emerged as your most repressed subconscious thought in the new "activity" of the endo-system.

-It's called Communication or msn and the "activity" is really called "action". Ah and fuck off.

-So, I'm leav.....

-Don't say anything, I interrupted him. I'm leaving.

-OK. Ah and grow up.

I gave him the finger and he left. Rather I left....

I couldn't believe that music we played had affected me so much so that it emerged as a repressed subconscious thought in the "activity of the endo-system." Sometimes you have repressed subconscious thoughts that are so stupid. Perhaps because your brain works in a stupid way sometimes. In combination with the fact that you are completely stupid, I thought and ate the last bite of my croissant. Things weren't so bad after all. My misunderstanding with Viltos was solved, I would continue to live at home and I had the impression that the devil would soon fuck off.

...

-I made an appointment with the homeopath, my mother said and she immediately ruined my mood.

-Oh no.

-Everything is OK, it's for your own good.

-OK...when?

-Tomorrow at 8. Early.

-Doesn't she have any Buddhist ritual to do?

-.....

Since I had the whole day ahead of me, I thought of doing something pleasant. After playing the guitar for a while, I remembered that I had 600 euro put aside in a random forgotten account. In a short time, I decided to buy a trumpet, a PSP and something more... "What could that something be?" I was thinking, making fun of myself. "Could it be a gram of pot. Maybe?" In a few seconds, I arranged it, got dressed and I went and got a gram of skunk. Then I went and got the PSP with two games and with whatever was left, I went to a Music Store and bought a trumpet. With the trumpet, I had a great passion when I was 16. I had even bought a cheap one and I took

lessons. However, I broke it one day from my nerves and I was never occupied with it again. Returning home, I rolled a joint and started playing the trumpet. I played the trumpet and blew smoke into it, I laughed, I got serious and then I tried again. After five minutes, I gave up and started playing PSP. After playing for about two hours, I got bored and thought about talking with someone through the msn for the first time. I checked out my environment (there was an internal environment which resembled the exterior environment, however, it was in the form of a thought). The devil was absent and from what it seemed he wasn't going to bother me anymore. First of all, I went and spoke to our guitarist, Letos, who was in a phase of intense suspicion and secrecy.

-Where've you been, dude? I said.

-Oh...what's happening?

-OK....I bought a trumpet, a PSP...eh and pot. Hahaha.

-Nice going for the trumpet and PSP...

-We haven't talked in a while. We should arrange a rehearsal!

Letos had a guilty expression.

-Eh yeah dude. Basically, there is a little problem.

-What?

-Eh Aptos (our bassist) probably wants to leave the band. From what he told me that is, he said and coughed.

-What do you mean?!

-From what I understand, he doesn't want to be in the band anymore.

-Why? How come?

-Don't make a big deal of it. I'm not really sure, he coughed again.

Then I looked at him suspiciously that he had done something underhanded.

-What are you looking at? he said and looked away.

-Nothing, it just seems strange that we have been a band for four years and you take it so lightly.

-Actually we are not four years...

-You threw him out of the band?

-Hahaha, eh, me no.

-Why did you throw him out?

-Hahaha, Is this a questioning?

-Yes.

-Eh...actually he owed me some money for a PC game and he lost a controller which I had given him. Eh and we had a fight and I told him you didn't want him in the band.

-What?! That I didn't want him in the band?! Why did you get me involved?!

-Don't put me in a difficult position.

-I'm going to arrange a rehearsal with Aptos and if you want, come. If you don't come, you are out of the band.

-Fuck you, you are always getting me mixed up, he murmured.

A minute later, I found Aptos. He seemed angry with me.

-Dude, I want you to be in the band. I didn't say anything.

-Sure yeah. All that shit you were saying behind my back? That I'm setting the band back because I don't know how to play the bass well.

-Bullshit. Letos blamed me.

-For fuck's sake. I'm leaving the band. I can't put up with Letos. For a controller?

-Wait a minute, I said and went back to Letos.

-Letos! Apologize to Aptos and then to me for the bullshit you did.

-No way!

-Dude, I found the controller, said Aptos, since he came to me, only that Letos was there also.

L.-The 30 euro!

A.-What do you want 30 euro or the controller? Should I sell the controller for 30 euro?

Let.-At this rate, you're going to destroy the band.

A.-At this rate, I'm going to destroy your controller.

Let.-You just left the band.

A.-Yes, I just did.

Let.-Christos, you wanna play bass in the band?

Chr.-Go fuck yourself.

A.-Why man what's wrong with the bass?

Let.-It's not played this way.

A.-You can go fuck yourself. You're ruining the band. You turned it into a progressive death band from punk rock.

Let.-I made punk rock more technical. That's what I did.

A.-Learn to play with less distortion!

Let.-Learn to play with your fingers.

A.-Learn to respect your bandmates!

Chr.-Don't you think we've come to this point many times?

A.-Yes, we have. This asshole is always putting me down.

Let.-This asshole lost my controller.

A.-But I found it.

Let.-Yes. And the 30 euros?

Chr.-You've paid 10 times as much for a studio for the band. So and part of that was for Aptos!

The conversation continued at this pace for quite a while. However, it didn't make an impression on me. These kinds of fights were typical of our band. And we always made up in the end....

-....

Let.-Who gives a fuck for the 30 euro, dude. Treat me to a bottle of rum...

A.-Awesome, dude. I have a sealed bottle at home. I'll bring the controller to the rehearsal. When did we say that was?

Chr.-Tomorrow, the day after tomorrow....

Let.-OK, we'll keep in touch. Bring the rum and we'll celebrate the reunion of our band.

Chr.-Fuck off...

The day continued smoothly. I decided not to smoke anymore pot and after I played PSP a little to listen to music until it got dark. Anyway, a difficult day would follow. Who knows what the homeopath was going to tell me the next day....so after playing one hour of PSP, I found an old mp3 player which I didn't know what it contained. I saw it as an adventure. So I pressed play and the adventure began. First, I found some old recordings of our band. I listened to them and I realized that even though they had the characteristic sound of our band, we had improved. Then it had some proto-metalcore tracks by Botch. I listened to them with pleasure as I had a long time to listen to that band. After Botch, an A Wilhelm scream album followed. This band was Prozak Party's (our band's) main influence and I sat and listened to the band meticulously from the beginning to the end. Then it had some punk bands, which I didn't know and the mp3 didn't have titles. I listened to them twice from beginning to end. In the last song, a musician from one of these bands appeared in my head.

-Thanks for listening to our music, he said.

-I listened to your music twice.

-Double the thanks.

-How did you find me?

-Don't know. Sometimes you can feel who thinks of you inside here. Listening to my music is like thinking of me.

-That's how you found me? You felt that someone was listening to your music?

-I felt that someone was thinking of me.
-And since you believe that listening to your music is like thinking of you, you felt that someone is thinking of you.
-True.
-That gives a really free identity to the system that we're talking right now. It's really flexible, the way it works.
-What do you mean? I believe I'm the flexible one, not the communication system.
-It's a sum of flexible minds.
-True. A sum of different flexible ways of thinking.
-Fuck. Nice to meet you.
-Nice to meet you too. My name is ...
-Rabbit?
-That's my nickname. How did you know?!
-I felt it. Sometimes the communication system gives you the answers, because it's starting to work on its own. Of course, because we work on our own.
-True. Did you like our music?
-Yup...
-...
-Gotta go.
-Me too. Bye Rabbit.

Then I sat and heard A Wilhelm scream again. In a minute the singer appeared in my head and immediately disappeared. I got the courage to go and talk to him.

-Hi! Big fan!
-Yeah I know. You get those happiness stings from fans.
-What?
-Happiness stings. It's a new thing in the communication system. When you earn a fan, it stings in a good way. Every time it stings, I check where it came from.

-I think that you'll get tired of it.

-What? Do you have it too?

-No, but...

-Oh yeah it came again . Gotta go check. See ya.

-Wait, I want to show you a riff.

-Gotta go. Come tomorrow noon and show me.

-Ok bye.

He said goodbye quickly and left.

It got dark and I thought I'd smoke a joint and hang out and listen to music until I fell asleep. The next morning I had to get up early to go to the homeopath. So I rolled a joint with a lot of pot and I went out on the balcony to smoke it. Half way through the joint I got paranoid that my parents were coming. Right under the balcony were our dogs. So, paranoid I threw the joint down even though there was no one around. I realized it and I started swearing. I looked down and saw the dog eating the no longer lit joint and desperately I went to see if there was anything left. I saw a joint butt covered in spit. I was disappointed. Then I decided to listen to Faith no more. The first track was Easy. I started to sing loud in my bed.

“Know it sounds funny, but I just can't stand the pain
girl I'm leaving you tomorrow
seems to me you know I done all I can
you know I beg, stole and I borrowed.”

-Yeah eww that's why I'm easy, Patton started singing with me out of nowhere and we continued to sing together until the end of the song. Patton is the vocalist of Faith no more.....

-I'm easy like Sunday morning yeeaah yeeaah...

As soon as the song finished I looked at him in awe and he questioningly at my expression.

-Gotta go. Something unreal brought me here, he said leaving and

disappeared.

I continued to stare, even though he had left, until I fell asleep.

-Christos wake up...Christos! Wake uuuuuup!

-Damn, I said and immediately got out of bed. It was 7 o'clock in the morning. The second thing I did was to remember that last night Patton and Nuno, the vocalist of A Wilhelm scream, came. My self-confidence soared and while I was going to the car, I was thinking about the conversation with Nuno, but especially about Patton line. "Something unreal brought me here"...

-Hi Christos.

-Hello.....I said having arrived at the homeopath's office.

-Come in. How was your week?

-Good. I quit pot. I took my medicine. Good.....

-Did you stop seeing your friends? The stuffed tomatoes that we discussed?

-Eh, basically I'm not about to quit seeing my friends. Especially because of the music we play. I didn't make stuffed tomatoes.

-Well, Christos . . . You have to immediately quit seeing your friends. Place an ad to find other musicians. And help your mother with the cooking.

-And if I chance on junkies? Or on guys who don't know how to make stuffed tomatoes? I said through msn.

-Look whether you like it or not you're going to make stuffed tomatoes, she said with a weird look, through her thought.

-Fucking psycho.....I continued through inner communication.

-Tomorrow we have a rehearsal! What should I do, cancel it? Anyway, my friends don't smoke pot anymore.

-I doubt that. I will tell your mother to make sure that this rehearsal doesn't happen. As well as the following ones...

-Bitch! I said through Communication.

-I know you are cursing me inside, but it's for your own good, she said out loud.

-But. . . .

-There is no but.

-Anything else?!

-Take your medicine and make stuffed tomatoes.

The session continued for about half an hour, without saying anything important. I said goodbye with hate and went home.

...

-Cables and picks... I've run out of them. In an hour we're coming to your place for a rehearsal, Letos said when I was in the car.

I explained to him what had happened with the homeopath and since she told my mother for the rehearsal not to happen, it would be impossible to have the rehearsal.

-What?! The chick ruined our band. Stuffed tomatoes? Hahaha. I believe she likes you. In the next session, she will invite you to her house to have sex with the stuffed tomatoes you made.

-Have mercy.

-Dude, what are we going to do with the band?

-We're not going to let this happen. For a while, the rest of you can play and through msn you will show me what you found and I will find the guitar parts. I've checked it out. It can be done. I showed riffs to those idiots Isidoris and Sakis and they could be heard. But not with spells! Within our own abilities.....

-I agree. I'm going to call Aptos. Long live Prozak Party! Ah, before I go, what is Viltos doing? Call him also to hang out.

-Dude, I have to tell you what happened yesterday after you left. It's extreme.

Leto's face shone with optimism. He looked at me, sighed and went to call the others...A little bit later they came.

-What's uuuup? Fucker! Hahaha, Viltos said.

-What's up Duuuude? Aptos shouted.

At that point all four of us looked at each other and we realized that many things had happened about which one didn't know about the other.

-I got in a mess with the devil, that's why I said all that bullshit about Vlasia, I said to Viltos.

-That's why I'm here, Patton said, as he appeared out of nowhere and he showed us an inner communication translator he had found (we were talking Greek with the guys). Don't ask how, but I was searching for the devil inside here and I found you.

-What's this, we have celebrities here too?!

-Fuck you, Patton answered, who could translate what we said.

V.-Does the devil exist?!

Chr.-Yes, and he broke my balls with you and your stupid girlfriend.

A.-Who, Vlasia?

L.-What a bitch!

V.-Hey....don't talk shit about her.

Chr.-Fuck you. I'm almost died for that bitch.

A.-What!?

L.-Eh?!

V.-Come on, I wasn't really going to kill you.

L.-Dude, what are they talking about?!

Patton, in the meantime, was humming some Italian song....

Chr.-Hey, dudes, Patton is here. Let' talk another time.

L.,A.,V.,-....

P.-...(he stopped humming). You interrupted my singing with your silence.

L.-Silence kills music.

P.-Obvious...!

Chr.-So you are here because of the devil? Don't mess with him.

L.-Yes. Go away!

P.-I'll stay, although I have better things to do. I wanna know about the devil. He's an existence inside here. Fuck!

A.-An entity...(speaking Greek)

P.-Yes! An entity! By the way, you can talk Greek. I have a translator.

...

-Boohoo, we're always fighting. Boohoo, said a kagoura from my neighborhood, who suddenly cut in the conversation. Probably, the thought links directing you to your repressed subconscious thought (what happened with my old friend and the Lawrence Arms) and I was the target...

V.-Who's that kagoura?!, he said out loud.

Chr.-Dimos. A guy from my neighborhood.

D.-Boohoo, you will never see us for what we really are. Boohoo. Sniff.

P.-What's a kagoura? The translator can not translate it.

Viltos showed an image of a guy with a fenced haircut doing a wheelie with a small motorcycle. Patton made a questioning gesture. Aptos showed him Dimos and because he resembled the image that Viltos showed, Patton laughed out loud.

P.-Punk Rock! he said ironically.

D.-What's Pan Rok? Sniff.

P.-His translator can't translate that. Hahaha.

D.-You're complete assholes, he said after wiping his tears and he collected himself a little.

Chr.-Hey dude, we don't hate you. You hate us.

D.-Yes, you're trendies.

V.-What?! Hahaha.

Chr., L., A.-Hahaha.

A.-We're not trendies, we're musicians.

D.-Do musicians have a certain style?!

V.-Yes, he said and showed himself in shiny glam clothes and a weird futuristic mohawk.

D.-That's disco man...Apart from the hair, it reminds me of my dad's pictures from the 80's.

All.-Hahaha.

D.-Hahaha, he laughed without understanding why we were laughing and continued. Man, say hi to me in the street. We've been in the same neighborhood for so many years.

Chr.-Dude, I'll say hi but...

D.-There you see, but....You're an asshole.

Letos made a gesture that he is saying bullshit.

Chr.-I thought you didn't care.

D.-Yeah that's true, I don't care.

P., A., V.,Chr.-.....

D.- So dudes I'm leaving.

V.-Bye Dimos!

P.-Now you have to tell me about the devil.

Chr.-Told you don't mess with him. He's ...Wait my ex-girlfriend is here.

P.-What the...!? I don't have all day.

At that point, my ex-girlfriend, Adelay, came. I hadn't seen her for about two months.

Ad.-If you can't fuck me, piss on me, she said ironically.

L.-Humiliation!

Chr,-Dudes go. Patton, just try to stay away from the devil, Bye. Since they left I had to sit and talk to her...

-I was catatonic, then...that's why we didn't have sex.

-What do you mean catatonic, you asshole. You are putting me on. That's why I imagine you dumped me also. You were...catatonic.

-No, that's not the reason I left you.

-I can't believe you're even answering me, dickhead!

-If you want though we can have sex. I'm better now.

-Why don't you go fuck yourself. I found someone else. You think I would be waiting for you? Wait a minute, my phone is ringing.

Her ringtone was Not the same by Bodyjar. As soon as the song began, we looked at each other.

“You're not the same, you've changed...”, went the first line of the chorus and Adelay looked meaningfully at me. “I don't need you anyway...”, it continued and we looked at each other like we both felt it. Adelay looked down and didn't answer the phone on purpose so that the song would continue... “You're not the person...”, followed and I looked at her angrily waiting for the song to continue, “...that I believed in yesterday.” and she looked at me sadly.

Her phone stopped ringing and a moment of silence followed. We were about to kiss and were interrupted by her phone which rang again.

-I have to leave..., she said with some guilt on her face.

-Bye, I said and left first...

“Hi,” a guy that worked at the shop where I bought the PSP said, answering to the “bye” I said to Adelay. “Dude, what the hell is going on in here” I thought...

-I saw the personal moment you had with the girl and I fell in l....I thought you were really cool!

-Weren't you the one who sold me the PSP ?

-And since then I searched y... I searched...

-What did you search?

-Eh, the PSP... Don't pay attention, I'm talking bullshit. Milk! Mi-les-kies (Don't -say-kies in greek).

-What's kies? Short for bullshit. (malakies in Greek). And mi.l.k means...

-I got what it means.

-Are you doing anything now?

-Nothing in particular. Why?

-Wanna play PSP. I have the same game, the rallye that you bought. We can play the same level and see who made the best time. I from my PSP and you from yours.

Even though I felt the guy was making a pass at me, I agreed to play with him, to see what it is like to play video games through msn.

-By the count of three, press start. And my name is Haris. Nice to meet you.

-Hahaha. 1,2,3 go!

We started playing.

-Hahaha I am ahead of you. Eat shit, I said.

-Now you'll see, baby, he said and picked up speed. I didn't comment on it.

-Fuck dude I fell on a rock, I said.

-That's how you are like a hard rock, he said absorbed. I didn't comment again.

-Last lap. You're ahead.....

-I will wait for you so that we finish together. Can you imagine finishing together.

-Dude, are you making a fucking pass at me?!

-No, no ...milk.

-I'm not gay, by the way.

-Milk, milk.....

-Whoever loses, takes off his clothes, he said smiling. I look at him and he's already taken them off...

-Hey, dude, what are you doing?! Get dressed!

-I'm doing it to distract you so that you lose.

-And if I lose, I take off my clothes?! Are you putting me on, I said, after pressing pause.

-Milk, milk..., he said continuing to play.

-Man, sorry, gotta go.

-Are you leaving already?! Would you like to experiment? Come on, a little. Most people like it...

-Milk, milk, I answered ironically and left.

Leaving I felt paranoid that someone would answer again to the last thing I said and I looked around searchingly. I didn't see anything. Gradually, I started to hear violin music, like the kind in thrillers used for suspense. I look again and see the devil smiling and playing the violin. "Sorry, gotta go, I have a rehearsal," he said. He took his violin and left, leaving behind a bottle of milk which was in his pocket.

Three days passed and the devil hadn't reappeared. There were times that I felt his presence, but I looked and he wasn't there. Apart from that, I didn't speak much through msn those three days. Just a little to Letos about a song, a little to Viltos to get together....very little. So, the immediate fear that the devil would appear again had been reduced. Provided the above, I decided to do something unusual for the premature msn. I decided to have a party. To invite friends, chicks, musicians...I had to start inviting people and that wasn't easy because I had argued with some, like Isidoros and Sakis, others I didn't really know, like Nuno and others I had never spoken to through Communication. The choosing of my guests gradually narrowed for the above reasons, but I had the impression that the party would be fun. My party list was the following:

-Letos, Aptos and the rest of Prozak Party

-Viltos

-Patton

-Arletta and her friends (Arletta was a friend of mine whose best friend I liked.)

-Adelay and her friends, with the risk of her mocking me.

-Nuno and Rabbit

-Some rapper friends of mine

-Dimos.

So, I started to invite people. Prozak Party and the rappers would come. Patton asked me if the devil would be invited, but generally he would come. Arletta would come, but without her best friend so that I wouldn't get on her nerves. Adelay would come only under one condition that she would come with her new boyfriend and that I wouldn't be jealous. Nuno and Rabbit both said "yes". The funniest reaction was Dimo's. When I told him, he said abruptly, "Are you gay?" Then I explained to him that chicks were coming and he said to me, "I'll come then." As far as the music was concerned, there was a trick through Communication with which your environment could be heard with a mental switch. So there would always be someone around to do that. And everybody brings their own drinks. Just like the parties of stingy people.....

The time for the party had come and the first.....not exactly guest....arrived. The devil. "Damn," I thought.

-Party and you didn't invite me, he said dancing in an absolutely stupid way.

-...

-I'll be the organizer. I won't hear of anything different, as if they were taking photos of him at a club in Mykonos. What should I do to you, let me think...Hahaha, as soon as the party starts you're going to lose a part of your memory and I'll be invited without you being able to say that I'm an asshole. It'll be blocked, -he said, continuing to dance like an idiot-and I'll be controlling what you remember and

what you don't remember. It will be awesome! Yeeah! I'm leaving and I'll be back in 15 minutes when the guests come. I don't want to be the idiot who showed up at the party first...I want to make an appearance. Ciaaaaao.

The first thing that came to my mind was to cancel the party, but unfortunately it was the first thing that came to the devil's mind, too...I was blocked. The devil had his own spells that could block sets of reactions. Those fifteen minutes seemed eternity because of my anxiety. The first guest that came was unfortunately Dimos and, of course, the devil in the background.

-Where are you man? Where is the pussy?

The first memory loss came two seconds later.

-What pussy Dinos?

-I was right when I said you were gay...I'll grab a beer from the fridge and be back.

I waited a bit and Adelay came with her boyfriend and her sister only. Before she had time to greet me, Dimos returned.

-Ah, nice! Chicks! He said and scratched his balls.

All three of them looked at him in disgust and started talking to me, ignoring him.

-Hi, Christos. This is Giannis. Of course, you know my sister.

At this point, I realized that for the rest of the evening I would have a memory loss.

-Hi, George. The girl I don't know. What's your name?

-You're rude, said Adelay's sister, Rosa.

....

D.- Dimos. Nice to meet you.

R.-Rosa. Nice to meet you too...

D.-Do you have a drink?

R.-No, not yet. Are you a friend of Christos?

Chr.-Christos who? Do you know each other?

R.-Fuck off.

A little later I remembered my name and tried to cover it up. I was in such a condition that I couldn't even remember to remain silent.

Chr.-Aaaaa sorry I thought somebody called Chr....would come. What was the name again?

Ad.-Stop acting weird! You were so shocked? she whispered to me while Giannis was talking to Rosa.

At that point, I forgot that she had whispered and I answered out loud.....

Chr.-No, I wasn't shocked. George seems like a great guy.

Giannis looked at me, interrupting his conversation with Rosa and I blushed.

Chr.-Who's going to put some music on? I said trying to change the mood.

D.-I'll do it.

Fortunately, Arletta came with Viltos, Letos and the rest of the Prozak Party and he forgot. They also brought a friend of mine, Garsos, whom I had forgotten to invite.

-Hey, what's up? Long time, no see, said Garsos.

Chr.-Really?!

G.-A fucking good answer. That's the way it always was. Even if I had a long time to see you, it was like I didn't feel your absence. Like you were there, he said seriously.

L.,V.-What's up Chris? The gathering has started eh?

Chr.-Ehhhhhh.....I said with a hoarse voice feeling weak. Thankfully, I managed to greet Aptos and the rest of the Prozak Party, but with difficulty remembered the name of our drummer. Aptos took care of the music. He put punk rock on. First song was Not the same by Bodyjar. I said a big “damn” inside me, I checked to see if Adelay was looking and then I forgot about it. She was looking...Her boyfriend was talking with Arletta and Adelay was lookingwas

looking at me...And I couldn't understand why she was looking at me...

Chr.-Why are you looking at me?

Ad.- You're an asshole, she said and went over to Arletta and Giannis crying.

G.-Why are you crying, baby?!

Ad.- No reason, she said mincingly.

Arletta left them alone and come over to me to say hello.

Ar.-Hi, Christo!

Chr.-Oh, no.

Ar.-Oh, no?!

Chr.-Why did you say oh, no?!

Ar.-What's your fucking problem? she said and went over to Letos. At that point I remembered that his name was Letos.

Chr.-Let me introduce you. This is Letos.

L.-Typical shitty joke.

Ar.-True.

Right after Patton came and soon after Nuno and Rabbit. The only ones that hadn't come were Arlettas' friends and the rappers.

P.-Hey. What's up?

R., N.-Hey dude!

Chr.-What's up?...What did I answer?

P.-What? Where's the fucking devil?

Chr.-What's the fucking devil? What do you mean?

N.-Are you all fucking high? Great party...Wow fuck my music's on. Happiness stings!

At that point, the devil came dressed in a rockabilly style.

P.-Who's that dude?

The devil electrified him with information. That he is the devil and that he shouldn't say it.

P.-You're the fucking devil? Patton shouted.

The devil made me say out loud, “who is he talking to?” to distract everybody's attention away from him.

Arletta answered: “Why are you talking bullshit today?! Oh dude, it's Patton!” and the devil smiled as if it was an easy game not to be perceptible.

Dev.-Oh, it's Patton!

Patton was about to say something, but the devil made him high.

Dev.-Hi, guys, I'm Devis. Nice to meet you. I'm sometimes a friend and other times an acquaintance of Christos. Weird kid. Eh, Christos.

-Chr.-Yes, I'm an idiot, he made me say.

Everybody looked elsewhere.

Dev.-Weird kid....Patton are you high already?

P.-Motherf...said Patton and then fell asleep.

Dev.-It looks like Patton wants to sleep. Rock life...Let's leave him.

Ar.-What a shaaame!

Dev.-I also play in a band. We play rockabilly.

Chr.-Rockabilly, my ass, you fucker, I managed to say.

Ar.-Dude, what's wrong with you today? You're nasty to everyone!...Oh, my friends are here. Aaaaaa! Hi Nadia. Hi Jenny.

This is Devis. He plays in a band. Check out who's sleeping there.

J.,Na.-Aaaaah it's Patton!

They were standing over him and looking at them like dumb bitches, while he was snoring.

Dev.-Poor Patton. Who knows what he took? Girls, let him sleep. Should I tell you about my band or do you find that boring?

At that point, we all gathered in a circle, except for Nuno and Rabbit, who had a conversation about punk. I was trying to explain what the devil had done to me, but in vain. I kept forgetting what I wanted to say. Having forgotten that I was even tired of trying, I also sat in the circle. The devil started to talk about his....band.

Dev.-We started playing rockabilly in 1982.

Ad.-Get outta here.

Dev.-Yes. Those were the times....We got a lot of respect. The other rockabilly bands were jealous of us and didn't treat us well.

L.-Really!? Which bands?!

Dev.-I don't want to mention any names, but the Stray Cats, the Cramps. I imagine you've heard Psychobilly...it was our bastard child. We were a really underground band then.

L.-But how? How come you're not famous?

Dev.-Some bands leave behind other worthy bands. It's the way it works. But you continue playing because you dig it.

The devil had a complex because he wasn't human and he couldn't play in a band. I understood it and it seemed very funny to me. However, I couldn't say anything.

V.-What was the name of your band?

Dev.-Wait a minute. I think Patton woke up....

After he sobered up Patton, the devil said that he was going for a drink and disappeared, betting that everybody would be occupied with Patton. My loss of memory didn't stop, but trying to speak I understood that the only thing I could remember to say was that I had a memory loss and a few incidents from my childhood. That was also the devil's aim...In the meantime, all the girls were occupied with Patton, who was slowly sobering up and didn't understand a lot. I spoke to Viltos and to Garsos first.

-Dudes, I have memory loss, I said.

-What do you mean? Why?!

-I don't remember.

-Dude, things are serious, Garsos said.

Viltos stopped the party and told everybody the situation. The chicks were upset because they had to be occupied with me instead of with Patton.....

-What's my name? said Jenny in an insistent and annoying way.

L.-He's bluffing...

Chr.-I'm not bluffing, I said crying. I don't remember.

G.-What do you remember?

Chr.-Only that I don't remember and that in kindergarten I had dressed up like a fireman in a celebration.

D.-My dick is a fireman (greek expression).

Ad.-Shut up you idiot, he has a problem.

Chr.-The doctors told me that I have irreversible brain damage, the devil made me say.

D.-Hahaha.

All.-Shut up Dimos!

D.-OK.....

Ad.-Oh no what are we going to do?!

Then the devil reappeared.

Dev.-What's up guys? Sorry I'm late.

Ar.-He doesn't remember. He has memory loss and he told us that the doctors said the damage is irreversible.

Dev.-Wow, things are serious. But I think I have the solution. Our drummer had the same thing and I helped him. Could you leave us alone for a little while?

Ar.-Yes, of course....

Dev.-So now I'm going to cure you. If you try talking shit about me you won't be able to do it and you will have memory loss for two weeks. And the consequences I will have will be that I won't be a hero, about which I don't give a fuck because the chicks don't look that good.

Chr.-OK. But you will never know what it's really like to be in a

band. That will be your consequence.

Dev.-Fuck you, he said seething with anger to the point that I was scared. You're fucked for what you said! You can't imagine what I will do to you....

Dev.-Fortunately, he's well. His problem is obviously psychological. Perhaps, he doesn't want to accept his homosexuality.

Chr.-Ehhhhh!

Dev.-I shouldn't say it? Big deal they're your friends. They are here to support you with your....sensitivity.

D.-What sensitivity? asked Dimos who had just returned from the toilet.

R.-Nothing, he's probably gay.

D.-Hahaha.

Ad.-Shut up! Could it be my fault?

Chr.-I'm not gay!

D.-Good for you!

Chr.-Ok guys, why don't we call it a night....

Dev.-No. I think you should sit down and discuss what's bothering you with us.

L.-Maybe it's better for him to rest and to talk some other time.

Dev.-But if he doesn't discuss it.....

P.-Maybe another time, he said abruptly, after he had recovered and realized what a fucker the devil was.

Ar.-Yeah. Sit and rest. Sorry that we got on your case. Before we leave.....I brought you a present.

So she gives me a toy fireman.

Chr.-You're a really sweet girl....

I hugged her as well as the rest of them and after I said goodbye to everybody except the devil, I was alone.

A minute later, the devil came and said only one thing and left:

“Your band sucks. Get prepared for tomorrow. It’s going to be a difficult day....”

I was depressed and I didn’t care. I felt happy, though, about my friends. They stood by me in a difficult moment even though the devil had made it up. So my confidence was boosted a little. Three hours later and although I was ready to sleep, the rappers came.....

-What’s up man? Sorry we’re late but we were rolling some joints and we got high. Where’s the party?!

-....

-It finished, huh? Hahaha.

-Goodnight dude.

-See ya bro.

The next day I woke up and I just waited for the devil to come to see what he was going to do to me. Around noon, instead of the devil coming, an annoyed guy came whom I avoided in the beginning, but then the devil came and he urged me not....to avoid him. So I appeared in front of him,

-You’re fucking dead! You’re the one who trashed my car and left, he said and..... started to beat me up.

-Fuck, stop! I didn’t trash your car!

-I’m a street fighter! (a street boxer) you don’t fuck with.....

The devil’s expression showed that he felt I deserved it. Probably because I made fun of him for not being in a band and he said to me: “You heard him. You don’t fuck with.” The guy kept beating me up. Normally, if somebody beat you up through msn, it hurt a little, but the guy was a street fighter and I was dying from pain. This went on until he stopped and said the following.

-I’ll stop if you give me your credit card number with six thousand dollars in the fucking card.

-I don’t have that kinda money.

He continued to beat me up more.....

-How old are you? Give me your dad's. I don't give a fuck!

-I can't do that.

Because I had been beaten so badly, I sat in a chair, I couldn't move and I was sobbing. I came to the point that I couldn't stand it anymore and then something extraordinary happened....A breath came out of nowhere, filled my lungs, it boosted my self-confidence and made me stand up and punch the street fighter so hard that he got up and left crying. It was like the devil knew something and he murmured: "Shit, it began..." He then said a very threatening "it's not over and left." Full of self-confidence, I was jumping up and down and shouted "I kicked the ass of a street fighter, I kicked the ass of a street fighter". This went on for fifteen minutes until I fell asleep from exhaustion and woke up the next day

It seemed that the devil wasn't going to let me go easily. However, this power which appeared suddenly inside me and turned away not only the street fighter, but also the devil, perhaps was the solution to my problem. The next person I would have to have to face would be a kid who had bullied me at school. It may sound stupid that a kid who had bullied you at school would create a problem for you at the age of twenty-two, but the dude had gotten involved and was dangerous at that point, which made him ideal, in the devil's opinion to break my balls. Two hours after I woke up...who else was to appear...and he told me to get ready. So, I appear in front of the guy from school when he was shaving. In the bathtub, he had a gun and half a gram of heroin, wrapped up. He had a strange look on his face as if he were about to beat somebody up. Before he saw me, he licked a cut which he had from shaving. "I'm fucked," I thought. I tried to leave without him seeing me, but unfortunately I didn't manage it.

-What are you doing here, you asshole?

Then the devil decided not to let me leave and what was to be was to

be.

-Eh sorry, my mistake.

After hiding the gun and the heroin, he wiped his face and said:

-Get outta here before I kill you!

-I can't leave, the system is stuck.

-What system, you pussy?

-The devil put me here and I can't leave.

-What devil, you fucker. Get outta here and he pushed me.

-I can't.

-Do you see this? he said and showed me his gun.

-...

-I'm asking you, do you see it?!

-Yes.

-Do you know what it is?

-...

At that point, I was waiting for the "breath" that saved me in the previous situation, to come, but in vain. I thought about reacting, just in case it came because I was brave. Stupidly...

-Go fuck yourself, I said and waited, but the "breath" didn't come.

-What did you just say you fucker? Are you asking for trouble?

...He said and pointed the gun at me. I immediately regretted cursing him.

-Do you still live where you used to live? It was a one-family house, wasn't it?

-No, we sold it.

-Bullshit. I've seen you parked outside.

As the situation got completely out of hand, the devil let me leave. Regretting he messed up so badly, but in the mood to continue it, he gave me a magic spell. It was a sphere, which according to the situation, suggested a way of reacting.

-What's this bullshit?! You're putting me on, he's going to kill me.

-With this you will gain a little time, when he comes in here to bully you, until you find a way to face him.

-Why would I want to do that? Are you nuts?!

-Because you told me that I would never understand what it is like to be in a band and because you're the M...

-Eh?! M...Who?!

-Nothing.

-You're an idiot. And if I just hide?

- I'll take the magic and make you appear in front of him again without you being able to leave which will make him even angrier.

-Oh come on....

Time was going by and the only thing I cared about was for this story to finish. I didn't have anything to do, so I tested the magic sphere until that asshole Pitsis came (that was his name). "Wanna have sex?" I said to the sphere. "I don't know if I like you or not. Can I think about it?" was its incredible answer to that situation. ... "Will the devil ever play in a band?"

-Eh, said the devil and he took it from me.

-Let's see what it says! I said and took it from him. "Sorry, I don't believe in the devil," the sphere... suggested.

-Give it to me!

-Hahaha, awesome. Hahaha.

-Fuck you. I'll give it to you when Pitsis comes.

-...

-...

-You're fucked, you idiot! said Pitsis after he came outraged...

Dev.-Come, take it, he came.

Chr.-Damn you...

I activated it and I said what it suggested.

Chr.-There seems to be a misunderstanding.

P.-Are you fucking kidding me, you fucker?!

The devil was starting to feel ashamed about his sphere.

Dev.-That's enough of the sphere. I'll make sure you can avoid him,- he said and he made me disappear from in front of him-, but you have to face him. Otherwise, as we said...

Chr.-Sorry, I don't believe in the devil.

Dev.-Fuck you! You are not going to make fun of me. I am the devil. At that point, he made me appear in front of Pitsis and he made me say: "that's where I live."

Dev.-Eat shit. Hahaha. Now whether you like it or not you have to face him. Now do you believe in the devil?!

I took the sphere from him and I asked it to suggest an answer to what he said and it said to me. "But I told you I don't believe in the devil," it said.

-You will believe! he said controlling his nerves.

Every time Pitsis came, he was even angrier and I avoided him. I had to find something like the breath to leave me alone. I took deep breaths, hoping it would come, but in vain. The devil was laughing.

-It won't come....he said.

-Don't be too sure.

-Ok...go on thinking it will.

After many unsuccessful attempts, I was disappointed and stopped. I rejected the idea of going to my father again and after thinking a little I decided to go to my uncle. My uncle was a master at working out and at martial arts and he might be able to help me.

-Hi uncle, I said, after finding him with a little difficulty.

-Hello, Christos, how are you?

-Ok. Actually, not so good, I'd say.

-Why? What happened?

-...Nothing, there's a dickhead from school who thinks he's a gangster and wants to come to my house and beat me up.

-Do you want me to come by and give you some self-defence

seminars?

-No, I just want you to give me some help as to how to face him in here.

-Mmmm. Let me think. I have something. Take a look at this.

-He gave me a set of reactions just like the hardcore guy had given me.

-I got it from a guy on death row, who turned towards religion. It has tremendous weight. However, you have to keep it a while as a sign of respect towards Christ.

-Ok. Bring it. How long do I have to keep it?

-I don't know. About a week and with respect.

-Does it matter if I use it only to ditch him...and without respect.

-If you don't show it respect, you will get involved with demons. The devil!

The devil looked at me with an expression implying that my uncle was talking bullshit and said, "I can't understand why people still believe that I am still occupied with such nonsense..."

-Ok. Ok.

-Do you believe?

-Eh, I wouldn't say so.

-This is perhaps a chance for you to believe. To see things in a different way. It hides great truths inside.

-Ok, I'll see.

-If you mess up a lot, call me so that I can come by. If you don't show respect the demons will come...What the fuck? Do they cooperate? I thought.

The set of reactions that he had given me had already begun to work. Symbols, ways of repenting and strength after...the bad act. I only cared about the part concerning the strength. To scare him, like the street fighter, so he could fuck off. The guy came every three quarters and said only "you're fucked" and left, since he had

understood that I was avoiding him. In the msn, the weight of personality played a very important role, more than in reality, because not only did you feel it, but you also saw it like an image. In order to frighten somebody, you could also show him an image of your weight of personality. The weight which my uncle's set of reactions gave me belonged to a guy on death row which was ideal to scare that asshole Pitsis. The devil had understood that the time had come and took a seat. I didn't want to go to Pitsis and for that reason I decided to wait for to come. A little later, he came and repeated the same motto.

-You're fucked!

-Did you say something?

-Who do you think you are, he said and tried to grab me from the neck.

Then I showed him the image of the weight and I had an expression that he was in trouble.

-Whoa, whoa I don't want any trouble.

-Get outta here and don't come back. And I don't live where you think.

Dev.-Come on dude. Why so fast, why didn't you bully him for a little?

As an answer, I showed him the weight of the guy on death row.

Dev.-Oh no...now you frightened me, he said. I can show you weight with all the shit that I've done the last 1200 years, but you're going to have a hard time. Then I showed him the weight I had due to my band.

Chr.- You like it Devis?

He showed me the weight he had from all the positive reactions and the references to his name, from the world of rock n roll and all its branches, from when it started until now. It was impressive...

Dev.-Goodnight poser party.

Chr.-Goodnight Devi.

I threw away the set of reactions and the stupid sphere and I fell asleep.

THE PROGRESS OF COMMUNICATION

I woke up. I had set the alarm with Wax Simulacra by Mars Volta. The fast drums in the intro were just perfect to wake up and to be alert all morning. After drinking a cup of coffee (ignoring the homeopath), I hummed the drums of the intro of Wax Simulacra. Fifteen minutes later, the devil came.

-What are you humming? Sounds neat.

-Wa...

-Wax Simulacra by Mars Volta, I'm kidding, I know it.

-...

-Today, I'll let you chill generally. But you're not going to get on my case. Slowly, you're gaining fame...

-What do you mean?!

-What with Patton, Zach, Nuno. The communication you have in here gathers like dynamics and the more you talk with famous people, the easier it becomes that some other famous person can't ignore you. The same would occur, for example, if you spoke to a girl in here and then went to speak to a friend of hers. Without her knowing that you spoke to her friend, it would be easier for her to talk to her because you would convey familiarity. Something like the weight of familiarity. Patton, apart from the fact that he's an idiot, and searched for me, felt familiarity with you, which was connected,

of course, to me and... he found you more easily. What can I say. Take advantage of it.

-How? I don't want to appear just like that in front somebody that I don't know.

-There is a "knock". It's a way to "knock on somebody's door". And if he wants, he talks to you. The knock can be plain or it could be accompanied with some message. As for example, a musical piece. Generally, don't be bothered that you are going to annoy because the "knock" still has a discreet nature in here.

-And how does this happen?

-Noob! That's how....

-He showed me how it's done and it was easy, almost obvious.

-To whom are you going to knooooock? he said in a mood to start his bullshit again.

-You said that today you would let me chill.

-Yes, true. The time has not come yet.

-What time?!

-Nothing, he said and smiled politely. Simply, I'll be present today. Know that...he continued.

-Ok. I'll talk to the drummer of Mars Volta. Thomas P. I'll think of a smart musical phrase to "knock".

-A good idea would be to use a "gap"

-What...?

-The gap is when you show something half-finished to somebody else and you call him to fill it in.

-Nice. I'll find a song without any drums and I will show it to him with a "gap."

-Do you think that you are going to be the first to do that...? And do you have such a high idea of yourself that firstly he will like your song and secondly that he will be occupied with it. Think of something smarter.

-Ok. I'll find a drum piece and only one part will be missing, at the point when all the rest of the musical instruments pause and there is only a drum fill. I'll leave a "gap" in the pause, so he can find the drum fill.

-Gap in the pause, what a great musician...

-Musiciaaaaan, I said and showed myself, making fun of him because he wasn't one.

-Fuck you. Anyway, I believe you have to try harder for him to notice you.

-You think so?

-Eh yes, he's a great musician. He can't be occupied with bullshit. And don't put your own drums. Suggestion...

-Let me think about it...I'll take Wax Simulacra and divide it into parts. The first part will be without drums and instead of electric instruments, it will have classical, like the cello, the contrabass. Like a cover to classical music. Ah and it will close with fade out and the second part will begin with fade in, which will again be without drums, but with a symphonic black metal sound. Then the third part will begin again with fade in with a swing feel and, lastly, the last part of the medley will enter with a clarino (a Greek instrument). I'll "knock" at the count of four with the hi-hat.

-There goes our clarino player. Hahahaha. Think of an outro. For an outro, I'll put a fill that he always plays in the song. I don't feel like searching it anymore.

-Eh I think he might show some interest.

-Don't do anything stupid.....

-No, I admire music.....

So after I had set up the idea in my head, I knocked. With the hits on the hi-hat, he just turned. In the first part, he played two hits. In the second, he started shredding.....both the devil and I stood there with our mouths open.

Dev.-Make up other parts so he can continue playing.

Chr.-Shut up.

Dev.-Be careful how you ta.....

Chr.-Shhhhh

Dev.-You shhhhh

The piece finished and Thomas continued playing, ignoring the outro.

Chr.-It's a good thing you suggested putting an outro.

Excited the devil didn't answer. A minute later Thomas stopped. I clapped. The devil did the same, but Thomas didn't hear him because he wasn't in front of him.

Chr.-Hahahaha. He didn't hear you. Not even with clapping can you participate in music.

Dev.-Do you want to chill today or should I start fucking around?

Chr.-Nah I wanna chill.

Dev.-Shut up then.

Thom.-Nice medley. I enjoyed jamming over it. Did you use any spells?

Chr.-Thanks. My creation. No spells.

Thom.- Respect. What's your name?

Chr.-Chris.

Thom.-Nice to meet you.

Chr.-Mice to eat you too, the devil made me say. Thomas took it as a joke and the devil was turned off because he wanted to have cut the conversation.

Thom.-Hahaha.

Dev.-Very funny asshole, he said without Thomas hearing him.

Thom.-Is someone there? You seem distracted.

Chr.-No. Not really...

Thom.-Wait I'll call Omar and Cedric (members of Mars Volta).

Chr.-Cool. I'll call Patton and another friend of mine. Nuno. He is a musician too.

Thom.-You know Patton?! Fuck, great musician. Wait...

A minute later, we all gathered. I, Thomas, Omar, Cedric, Nuno and Patton. After introducing one another, we started talking.

P.-Mars Volta... I like your music. Bedlam in Goliath is a really good album.

-Yes. Although we had a rough time recording it. Difficult period...

P.-I know...Didn't you mess with...

O.-Yes. Let's talk about something else.

N.-It's a great album whatsoever. I prefer At the drive in, 'cause I play punk rock. Haha.

O.-Yes our previous band was more punk oriented.

C.-With a different context though...

Chr.-The context in music is very important. It's what defines the sound of every album, every band...

P.-It's by itself the definition of the sound of every album, and even every musician.

N.-True. Inside here, where we speak, you can see an image of the context of music.

Chr.-Kills the mystery. That thing where music invades your subconscious and your mind translates it into feelings and thoughts. That subconscious perception of the context is a basic part of music.

P.-Understanding music too.

C.-I agree. I believe that generally, our subconscious helps us understand things better. It's like an invisible translation.

Thom.-Yeah, but the way the context works is weird. If you listen to a song backwards, does the context remain the same?

P.-Wow really fucking deep...

At that point Patton went to add something, but my breathing difficulty interrupted him. The “breath” which saved me from the

street fighter was coming back. I felt more and more self-confident. The conversation had stopped because I had a strange expression on my face. Everyone was looking at me. The devil said “oh no, here we go again,” sighed and sat in a corner (without being visible to the others) to see what was going to happen...

N.-Are you ok?

Thom.-Yeah what's wrong?

I closed my eyes for five seconds.

Chr.-I think I can play Wax Simulacra backwards, with my head.

N.-What? That's impossible.

O.-I don't believe you. Is there a spell?

Chr.-With no spell...

T.-I don't think there is a spell that can do that...

Then I played the first thirty seconds of Wax Simulacra backwards, with my mind. And without a spell!

C.-Amazing!

O.-Wow!

P.-I even have a spell detector and it's negative.

N.-Yeah me too. Zero spell...

Chr.-Now a version with regular drums and the rest of the instruments backwards.

Thom.-Fuuuuck!

N.-Sounds neat.

Chr.-Now a version...with regular drums, the rest of the instruments backwards and one second forward.

P.-Fuck it's better than Mr. Bungle (Patton's old band)!

O.-You're really fucking talented.

C.-Yes.

Chr.-Thanks. Now, Cedric. Think of Aberinkula, the first song in

Bedlam in Goliath.

C.-Ok.

X.-I can tell you, what was the first thing that popped in to your mind, while thinking of it.

C.-No shit!

All-...Tell us, tell us!

X.-The tin man from the Wizard of Oz movie.

C.-Fuck...True.

O.-Fuck..

N.-It was the fucking tin man, it was the fucking tin man!

Yeeaaaaah!

At this point, as the strength that found me developed I came up with inexplicable knowledge.

Chr.-Do you know what the «deepest part» is?

P.-I think I know. It's an image, inside here, that is responsible of connecting all the... “ ingredients” of something. For example, what connects a song or a ...a movie and makes it a unit, can be demonstrated with an image. Only inside our heads though.

Chr.-Exactly. The image may not be easily comprehended, but we' re slowly building a language, inside our heads that can translate those images. Not into words though. The understanding can only be accomplished in our heads and be communicated with images.

P.- Yes. Like a mind to mind communication with incomprehensible images. By the way, a cult is emerging in the...What's it called?

Chr.-Communication with capital c or msn.

P.-Cool. What I was saying is that a cult is emerging in the msn, on finding the «deepest parts» of stuff. There's a «deepest part» in anything really. Songs, paintings, books, even ways of thinking. No one, has achieved to find a «deepest part» yet.

Chr.-I think I can do it, but it's really difficult.

P.-Get the fuck outta here...

Chr.-I think I can do it with something easy. Like a stupid song or something.

N.-Mary had a little lamb?

Chr.-Wait I'll try...

I closed my eyes and two minutes later I found it. I show it to them.....

P.-Fuckkkk! Congratulations. You're the first person on earth, who found a «deepest part».

Everyone was moved and was hugging me.

N.-...Fuck. Isn't there a Mars Volta song that says «Never heard a man, speak like this man before». I wanna dedicate this to you.

O.-Don't use that...

N.-Why?!

C.-Long story. Don't give a shit, though.

Chr.-Wanna jam?

Thom.-Yeah. Why not.

Chr.-Thomas will give four and we'll jam on Wax Simulacra. Everyone will start alone in their head and at some point we'll start showing, still we start jamming.

Chr.-Ok. Let's start.

Thom.-One, two, three, four.....

Each one of us played his own version of Wax Simulacra in his head without showing it. The only thing that could be heard was Thomas' counting. First Patton, who didn't know the words of Wax Simulacra, came in. So, he sang the line "Never heard a man speak like this before". Nuno followed doing a duet with Patton. At this point, the devil got jealous and wanted to participate, but as soon as Omar and Cedric came two seconds later, he understood that he would only destroy the jam. Omar was playing the guitar in his characteristic way while Cedric sang Wax Simulacra. At that point, I entered with a bass with effects, simply trying to keep the beat in the

jam and at the end Thomas entered and soloed with polyrhythmics. The result was tremendously good. We kept playing for about twenty minutes. When we finished, we discussed little about which parts of the jam we each liked the most and then we split. A minute later, Patton and Nuno came again.

P.-I would consider working with you.

N.-Me too. On a different project though.

Chr.-Ok. We'll discuss it another time.

They said goodbye and left. The "breath" had started to weaken, but it hadn't gone yet. I was enchanted by my new life, but also by my abilities. As narcissistic as that might sound. As the devil wasn't paying attention, I was thinking of ways to take advantage of the new situation as long as I had the "breath". More specifically, I was thinking about chicks. Paris Hilton and Tracy Bonham came to my mind. After rejecting speaking to them, I wondered whether you could have sex through msn. As soon as I thought about it, the devil who was actually paying attention....used my question as a "knock" to Paris Hilton and Tracy Bonham. Both of them laughed...

Par.-Knock, knock, someone wants to fuck.

Tr.-Hahaha. You fucking loser.

Par.-Yes, people fuck in here, but I guess they don't fuck with you.

Tr.-People even have group sex in here. Haven't you heard anything? Haha. We're outta here.

Par.-Don't come asking, if you use condoms in here. Bye.

Chr.-Fail..., I thought and the "breath" gradually disappeared. I decided to chill out a bit and think about something else. After some time, I ended up thinking about chicks again. And more specifically, one chick with whom I was completely in love with the last eight years. Alik...

Alik was a brunette, with a beautiful face, unusual body analogies and a characteristic beauty mark on her cheek. She went to the same

school as a friend of mine and at one of their school's celebrations, I fell in love with her. My friend didn't really know her, so it was difficult for him to introduce her to me, even though I had broken his balls to introduce me. Aliko was a year younger than me and was usually with someone when I ran into her at my friend's school. The only thing I had managed to do was to say hi to her a year ago at the shop where she worked. She smiled and answered with a "how are you?" It was the only communication I had with Aliko. She was for me one of those girls whom you fell in love with for years, but for one reason or another, it was impossible to happen. I was relaxing and I was thinking about her. From what I had gone through for her until how I was shyly to meet her. As the situation was depressing, I went to the wine cellar and took a bottle of gin which I found. I searched the refrigerator for a tonic, but I didn't find one so I started to drink. The more gin I drank, the more I wanted her. Having drunk half of the gin, I started crying. After crying on and off for about ten minutes, I took the drunk decision to talk to her. However, I wasn't ready. I drank another two beers, threw up and made some coffee to get with it and start thinking seriously about how I would speak to her through Communication. I had to think of something clever.

So after rejecting about ten ideas, I settled on this. In the msn, you could show a feeling like an image. I thought of "knocking" with a message of the image of the feeling you have when you get stuck when trying to talk to a girl. After fifteen minutes, I got my shit together and I "knocked". She didn't answer... Within seconds I came up with the idea to "knock" first with the image of the feeling which you have when you are thinking about talking to a girl and another "knock" with the image of the feeling having to do with your decision to talk to her. She smiled and I appeared in front of her.

-Hi, she said to me...

-Hi, how are you? I said uneasily.

-Ok. Aren't you the friend of ...

-Of Petros, I said interrupting her. Sorry, I interrupted you, I continued.

-Hahaha. How are you?

-Ok.

A moment of silence followed. Aliko spoke first.

-Well, say something...you wanted to meet me.

-Eeeeeeh.....

-Hahaha. I'm just kidding. I like to put people in a difficult position. Chill. I'm not doing something.

-Hahaha. Are you still working in the shop?

-No, they fired me.

-You're kidding again. Hahaha.

-No, unfortunately, I'm not.

-Oh and I'm laughing like an idiot. Why did they fire you?

-Because I killed my boss.

-So who fired you then?

-Hahaha. Good point. That asshole made me work overtime without paying me and he threatened to fire me if I didn't work overtime. Eh, so, I said fuck you in the end and he fired me.

-What an asshole.

-Stop pretending to be a hero.

-...

-Hahaha. I'm kidding again.

-Fuck you.

At that point, the ice melted.

-Are you alone in this period of time?

-What do you mean? Couldn't you ask me what kind of music I like to listen to?

-It was obvious that you are a progressive electro latin girl. So I

didn't ask.

-Hahaha. And you are a post thrashcore guy. So, I didn't ask.

-...

-Hahaha. No, I'm not with some guy or with some girl.

-Hahaha.

-Hahaha.

-...

-Neither am I...

-With some girl or some guy? To know whether you are bi or not...

-What's the difference between a bi-sexual or someone who is obsessed with shit?

-No difference, same shit.

-OOOK....you can't be bi-phobic. Be bi-acceptual.

-But if I were necrophile, I would be die-sexual.

-I think you overdid it.

-It's what happens when you try to impress a girl and you end up being more extreme than GG Allin.

-Hahaha. That works only on me?! She said ironically.

-Can I make up for it?

-No...

-And if you don't want me?

-You put me in a difficult position.

-What's it called when...?

-Don't say it...she interrupted me.

.....Then we looked at each other intensely and despite the rawness of the conversation, we started to make out. Making out through the msn was not like the real thing, but it was with Aliko, so, I shut up.

-Time to have sex, funny guy.

-E. Don't have an orgasm just because of my jokes.

-Poser.

We had sex and we hung out and I smoked. My dream had come

true...Sex through msn was a brain thing. That is, you didn't have to do anything with your body. So, you could have sex without anyone on the outside understanding anything. Except for, of course, the erection.

-What does an anti-smoker say after sex? said Aliko smoking.

-....?

-Typically, he makes a speech against smoking.

-Hahaha. What does a necrophile's chick say after sex?

-You overdid it again. What?

-Nothing.

-Hahaha. Are you still trying to impress me? We had sex...

...After we had sex again, we fell asleep in each others' arms.

Next morning, Nuno came and interrupted my dream.

-Dude, wake up!

-I'm fucking sleeping with a chick. What?

-Yeah, I saw her. We gotta talk about making music together. The project...

Al.-(yawning) Good morning. Who's that?

Chr.-That's Nuno, baby,...

Al.-Baby?! I know you two hours. I'm just kidding, baby, half-ironically.

N.-Stop the shit, we gotta talk.

Al.-I'm going to make coffee and I'll be back, she said sleepily.

N.-So we form a band, inside here and then you come find me somehow. Let me think. I'll give you my e-mail. Show me that riff you wanted to show.

Chr- (yawning). Ok. Check it out.

N.-Wow sounds like A wilhelm scream.

Chr.-Yeah that's why I wanted to show you.

N.-...Wait fucking Patton is here.

P.-Dude, we gotta work together. Woork.

Chr.-Hey Patton...I'm forming an msn band with Nuno. Yeaah!

P.-...Well are you going to work with me or with him? You gotta choose.

N.-Yeah you gotta choose. It's a full time project.

Chr.-You're fucking dumb. I'll work with both of you.

P.-...

N.-...

P.-Fuck you..., he said after looking at Nuno.

N.-Fuck you, dude. Who will you work with, duuude?

P.-Listen I've got a lot of bands. I don't wanna play music. I wanna do something else.

N.-What like, fucking off?

P.-No, like starting a relationship with your dumb girlfriend. Who will you work with?

Chr.-I can't choose. Can I work with one of you at first and then work with the other one.

P.-Yeah, who will be first?

Chr-....

N.-Coin toss? I get head.

P.-No, I fucking get head.

N.-No, you fucking give head.

Chr.-Fucking morons.

At this point, Aliko came smiling.

Al.-You gathered, huh?

P.-Who's that?

Chr.-My girlfriend, I said joking.

Al.-I'm not your fucking girlfriend, she said with a pretentiously slutty attitude. I see you have famous friends, she said and kissed

me.

P.-...

N.-Coin toss!

After tossing head or tails, Patton won...

N.-Fuck...Well how long are you gonna be working together?

P.-Don't know. It depends on what we're gonna do...Don't worry, we'll inform you.

N.-Oook, gotta go.

Chr.-Bye Nuno.

P.-Go fuck yourself, he said as soon as he left. So what do we do? he continued...

Chr.-I don't know. Since you don't wanna make music...

P.-Wait...Music...No. Movie...No. Art...

Chr.-...No. I suck at art.

P.-I suck a tart too, said Patton sucking on a tart.

Chr.-What's a tart?

P.-Nothing. English humor...Science...no.

Chr.-Wanna make a fucking video game?

P.-Well... Yeah why not. You mean the conception of a video game? Cause I don't know anything, about programming stuff.

Chr.-Yes, of course.

P.-Ok...How do you start making a video game?

Chr.-Don't know. You think about the main characters. The plot isn't that important. I mean you have first person shooters and fighting games.

P.-True. Who will be the main character or characters?

Chr.-Could be us. I'll be the bad guy. With a different name though.

P.-Ok. I'll be the good guy. My name will be Seth...

Chr.-Ok, Seth... I wanna make a fighting game, with different

context though. Like...like a fighting game with sounds.

P.-Yeeehaaah....Could be. Every character has sound...or a bunch of sounds and some sounds beat other sounds.

Chr.-Or do certain damage and lessen the «life» of a character.

P.-Yeah that's better. Let's do that. Every sound should have a move too, so it's not like an annoying noise pollution.

Chr.-I agree...I want something deep in the game.

P.-Something with the «deepest part»?

Chr.-Fuck yes! Something with the «deepest part» of every character. Like a special sound/move based on the «deepest part».

P.-Can the image be translated into sound?

Chr.-Yes, if you pass it through a filter.

P.-Yes...

Chr.-I can pass all the characters' «deepest parts» through a certain filter, with my head and create their special sounds. The move will have nothing to do with the sound. It'll just look good.

P.-Can you do that? Which filter?

Chr.-I'll try on different filters on Seth, and choose the one that sounds better. It will sound better for the other characters too.

P.-How do you find a filter?

Chr.-I'll think of a cool sound and I'll find the logic link between it and Seth's «deepest part». I'll connect that logic link to the other characters' «deepest parts» and some sounds will come out. I'll find the «deepest part» of the combination of those sounds and we have a filter.

P.-Ok my fucking brain hurts. We'll continue tomorrow.

Chr.-Ok. Bye Patton.

P.-Bye

Al.-What happened, did you finish?

Chr.-Yes, you feel like hanging out?

Al.-Actually, I have some things to do. I'll come by later.

Chr.-Ah, ok...don't get yourself fired again.

She looked at me with tears in her eyes, she kissed me and left. What got into her? I thought ... Maybe she has problems. When she comes back I'll ask her discreetly. Oh, Aliki...

The rest of the day I spent waiting for her to come. To show character, I neither "knocked" nor talked to her. Towards the end of the day, I decided not to wait for her and think of the video game. Two or three good ideas came to me and before the fourth one came, I fell asleep....

The next day, as soon as I woke up, I thought of going to Patton to continue the video game. The two, three ideas I had found were good and I wondered if he had also found something. So I found Patton...

-Hey, Patton.

-Hey, he said with a very serious expression which seemed strange to me.

-Well...I found some stuff, on the video game. I didn't find any filters, but I thought about some characters.

Someone was about to come and Patton withdrew.

-Oh really? That's ...Wait. My girlfriend.

-Wow, Patton's got a girlfriend. Hahaha.

I immediately stopped laughing when I saw Aliki...They both looked at me with a serious apologetic expression.

Al.-We're together now.

P.-Yeah, I'm sorry it just...happened....

Chr.-For fuck's sake. For fuck's sake, I said not being able to hide my disappointment. When did this all happen?

Al.-I thought that we just made out. I didn't want to hurt you!

Chr.-You can't understand how important you were for me before I spoke to you. For years! I said in front of Patton.

Al.-Look, you can't just make out with a girl and then the next day confess to her that you were obsessed with her for years.

Chr.-But all those moments? Didn't you feel it too?

Al.-Hasn't it ever happened to you to make out with someone for two hours and then for something else to come up? Because I didn't go after it, it just came up.

Chr.-So you care whether you went after it or it just came up?!

P.-Can you talk about that in private? I don't have a problem if you do that. And I'm sorry dude, I didn't know you were in love.

Chr.-Fuck you, Patton.

P.-That's a pity...you should talk in private with each other. I am leaving, so if you wanna talk, talk. Bye, love.

Chr.-...

Al.-....It won't last long. We are just making out....

Chr.-And you're telling me?! Have you any idea how you are making me feel?!

Al.-You're an asshole! I didn't become your girlfriend. In two hours! You think you rock so much?!

Chr.-Fuck you groupie! You didn't feel a thing...

Al.-Firstly I'm not a groupie. And secondly I did feel something but to put it rawly, it wasn't enough to keep me away from Patton!

Chr.-I'm leaving...

Ten minutes later I went to Patton.

Chr.-You're a fucking dickhead.

P.-You're an immature brat.

Chr.-Is she that important to you?

P.-No, but I like her...And it's none of your fucking business. I don't

wanna make the video game with you if you're acting like that. Cause I didn't know the situation. She didn't mention anything, anything about being in love with you, so I thought that you were only making out.

Chr.-I can't continue the game either. And I won't mention anything about your dumb excuses.

P.-So I guess the game's over...

Chr.-Yeah, game over.

P.-So, I'm leaving. It was nice meeting you.

The day passed with a bottle of gin. When it finished I wanted to buy weed, but my friends had told my connection not to give me any and to fuck off. So I went and got some tsipouro (a Greek alcoholic beverage) and after I threw it up, I slowly went to sleep. At about three o'clock in the morning the devil woke me up.

-Get ready for something that will shock you.

Shit, what does that asshole want, I thought. Nothing happened and I fell asleep again. When I woke up, everything was blurred. An image appeared in the distance, but I couldn't discern who it was. I looked elsewhere so that the blurring would go away and so that I could understand who it was. I hear a stomach rumbling.

-Sorry, I ate lakerda (a Greek salty delicacy) said the person.

I turned around and saw my grandfather. My grandfather died in 2003....As soon as I saw him, he seemed frightened and left.

-You asshole, you did that? I said terrified to the devil.

-I can't tell you, you will find out soon, though.

The next two hours were difficult. The possibility that the dead could talk to us had freaked me out. As much as I tried to dismiss it from my thoughts, it came back leaving numerous questions. Around eleven o'clock I decided to do something to get away. I asked my father to go for a ride in the car.

As we were driving and talking about philosophy, I got a tic

because I was afraid. I opened my mouth (not to talk) and I couldn't close it again. My father noticed it and said that I had to see a psychiatrist immediately. We interrupted our ride and made a U-turn on Mesogion St. to return home. On the way back, the police stopped us to check our papers. Apart from our driving licences, they also asked to see our ID cards. In Greece, everywhere you go you need to carry your ID card with you. My father gave them his and after searching a little I gave them mine. The long-haired police officer looked at it searchingly and said.

-Yours has no signature on it. I am forced to take you to the police headquarters to confirm your identity.

The devil appeared, laughed and left.

-Is it necessary? my father said.

-Yes, it won't take long. It's a procedural issue. However, you have to get a new ID for the young man.

So we went to the headquarters accompanied by the police. On the way, my mouth tic started again...

-Stop it, we're going to the headquarters said my father.

-I can't....I answered.

When we got to the headquarters, I managed to control it to a certain extent. The first five minutes they didn't notice it...Then,they made me stay in a small room with a window. That was when I freaked out and...I couldn't control it at all. The policemen were looking at me strangely and my father was making gestures for me to stop, but in vain. I keep opening and closing my mouth, continuously. The procedure finished and a policeman said to my father.

-He should be institutionalized, he's not well.

At that point I turned white.

-I'll take care of him, said my father. It's better if I take care of him.

The policeman looked at him doubtfully, but finally he agreed.

-Ok, Ok you can go.

On the way back, we didn't talk at all. The only thing my father told me was that he knew a good psychiatrist and that the homeopath couldn't do anything at the stage I was. And as if all that wasn't enough, the devil appeared...

-Up to now you've had it easy. Now it's time to see the bad side.

-Come on dude! Don't treat me like that.

-Don't forget that I'm not with you. It's different when I joke around sometimes. You and I are obliged by history to be enemies.

-What do you mean?

-You'll understand...Now I'm going to call the nut case. An ex-referee basically who lost his job because he did extreme shit and now he just lets off steam on people in here. Good luck.

I waited a little...

-Oh kid, he said and started to hit me.

-Don't hit me you moron.

-Oh kid, he said and hit me again.

Dev.-He's a little bit retarded. He was in the Third Division and as soon as they told him he would go to the Fourth, he locked the two teams of the last game in the locker room and left with the keys. Forget it, he's extreme.

Ref.-Do you play soccer?

Chr.-No, I hate it, the devil made me say.

At that point, he got out a whistle, whistled and went to beat me up again. I reacted by slapping him. The devil said to me: "Way to go and I wanted to do it myself" and blocked my movement....

-Offside, he said and whistled again. You fuck, me in the Fourth Division, he said and pushed me.

The following hours were difficult, but fortunately not with a lot of beating up. I had found a spell with the search engine secretly from the devil which neutered the pain. It was annoying though to see that idiot hit you without being able to do anything. Even if it didn't hurt.

After a certain point, the devil left and paralysed me so that I couldn't leave.

-I'm leaving, our referee will take over, the devil said.

At that point, I had to find something to ditch that idiot.

-They informed me from the federation that you're going to the Second Division, I said.

-What Second, you fuck, I'm Third. With a capital T, he said and slapped me...

-The president of the federation is my father's cousin and if I tell him that you're beating me up, he'll bury you. You will stop being a referee.

-Te...te...tell him to put me in the Third and I'll let you go.

-What do you want Second or Third?

-Third!

-Ok. In two weeks, you start, I said to him. But don't show your face here again.

-Corner! He whistled. Bye, he said.

-Fuck you.

The next day, when I woke up, my parents informed me that they had made an appointment with a psychiatrist. The appointment was at four o'clock in the afternoon. They also told me that I would stop going to the homeopath. At three o'clock, we set off and we arrived at about a quarter to four. After waiting in the waiting room with a chick that probably had a persecution complex, I entered the psychiatrist's office.

-Have a seat. Before you say anything, your parents told me that you developed a tic with your mouth. Do you still have it?

-Yes, I can't stop doing it.

-That will go away with the medicine I will give you. Tell me what occupies your thoughts lately. What's on your mind?

I decided to tell him some things that had happened in the msn. It

was the first time I spoke about the existence of Communication. As soon as I had finished, he said with an expression like he was hiding something.

-Christos, you have a kind of schizophrenia that can be treated more easily than typical schizophrenia.

-You're kidding me?! I said through inner communication.

-Don't talk to me through here, he answered again through msn.

We continued talking through Communication, simultaneously with our external conversation.

-But it exists...How are we talking now, I added through inner communication?

-It's one thing to talk and another thing to have adventures with the devil.

-Wait a minute. Now I'm going to ask you externally if it's possible to talk inside.

-Doctor, is it possible for someone to talk inside your head?

-No, it's completely impossible.

-Way to go asshole, I continued through msn.

-Ok, listen to the good part...he told me through Communication.

-Eeeeeeh?!

-You need to leave a little from Athens, to relax, to have a change of scene. I will also tell your parents, he said out loud.

-You rock, I answered from inside of me.

The session continued for about fifteen minutes more, until he called my parents and told them about the excursion.

-We can go to Mykonos where a friend of mine lives, said my mother.

-You two can go, because I work. And if something comes up, I'll

follow, said my father.

-Very good, take care of him, said the doctor.

As I was leaving, I smiled at the girl who was waiting outside and told her through msn:

-Nobody's after you!

-I have schizophrenia.

-You don't. Psychiatry is at this point an obsolete science. Bye.

-Bye...

MYKONOS

The trip to Mykonos was arranged very quickly. My tic went after three days thanks to the medicine and the fourth day after our visit to the doctor we set off for Mykonos by plane. Those four days only the devil appeared and told me only one thing. “Way to go. Next year it will be Ibiza!” with a smile that showed he was up to something strangely ignoring the fact that the referee had left.

Before boarding I was in a strange mood. I was obsessed with the idea that people around me could see what I was thinking. Only with one passenger did I have an inner discussion. I was thinking randomly and I saw his image in my head watching me.

-Don't watch what I'm thinking, I said through msn.

-Man, have you realized what you are?

-Eh?! What do you mean?

-The fact that we talk inside here has to do with....

At that point, the devil muted what the passenger said and he said to me: “useless information.”

-What the fuck is going on?! I asked the devil intensely.

The passenger said goodbye through inner communication like I was some kind of celebrity. I made me feel strange.

-Nothing! Don't pay attention to what every idiot says.

-First the “breath” and now you're talking in riddles.....What's going on?

-Nothing, you just feel a lot and that shows, he said, but it was apparent from the look on his face that he was lying.

-...

-Come on don't pay attention. Try to have fun on that trendy island. As much as I let you, that is....

-Damn you, don't break my balls. I need a vacation.

-Go in the summer, it's November now.

-Fuck you.

-Anyway I don't think what you did with the referee will work because he will see that he is still in the Fourth Division and he will return even angrier. Anyway that's your problem. I won't break your balls in the airplane because I want to repose.

-What you do that looks like sleeping? Repose...Hahaha.

-Don't make fun of me, it's ten times better than sleep. I have to do it once a week and I create the dream that I see. I say, for example, today I'm going to dream about chicks, I repose and ...

-Repose...Hahaha. Couldn't you say sleep?

-I don't use the expression....and it's like a mov...

-Hahaha. I'm too bored to hear it.Go repose then.

He gave me the finger and he withdrew to ...repose.

In the airplane I didn't have time to do much because it was half an hour trip. I thought about Aliko a little, the video game accompanied by guilt and then we reached Mykonos....After collecting our suitcases, my mother's friend was waiting for us. After saying hi, we got in the car and drove to the house. On the way, we had a discussion through msn.

-Welcome, she said.

-Thank you, I answered.

-I feel blessed in here she said. The fact that we can talk in here has given me a strong sense of self-confidence.

-Do you mean the weight? Everything you do in here boomerangs like a weight of personality.

-Yes, I know. You have a tremendous weight as if you are someone...someone not exactly famous, but... gifted. Show your weight with an image.

I showed her.

-Are you serious? You are something...

-Show yours.

-She showed me.

-Wow, you are also gifted.

-That will be our joke. That we are both gifted.

-Hahaha. Awesome.

-So, we stop talking in here because I'm driving and I'm distracted. I have to talk to your mother...I haven't seen her in a long time.

-OK.

As soon as we got to her house, she showed us where to put our things and where we would sleep. Even though it was small, the house was very nicely set up. It was in a bungalow complex and it had a big garden with trees and plants. The beach was right outside the complex which made me very happy about my autumn vacation.

After I made a cup of coffee, I went outside for a walk. At some point, I got tired and sat on a rock near the sea. A little later, Aliki "knocked".....with an image of the face of GG Allin and an image of herself ready to apologize.

-Hi Aliki, I said.

-Hi, she said with the grace of a pinup girl.

-I'm on Mykonos.

-What are you doing on Mykonos in November?! Only forensic scientists go to Mykonos in November to crack cases concerning celebrity deaths due to drugs.

-People also go to forget that celebrities have stolen their chicks. It's not only like that.

-And their chicks visit them to apologize through inner communication. That's Mykonos....

-Yes, typical of Mykonos. So you came to apologize?

-Yes, I'm sorry. I'm not with Patton anymore. Patton also wants to apologize, but I don't think you care, she said and went to kiss me. I moved away for fun and then I kissed her.

-Hahaha. Fuck you, she said and kissed me. You know, it's not that I didn't notice you in the old days. I had you in mind.

-Yes, but you were always with someone. Did you have that in mind?

-Hahaha, I imagine you're looking for something serious, eh, she said.

-Yes, I have some girls in mind.....

-No, I'm talking about me, she said joking around.

-And all the rest? What will they do without me?

-They can go find someone famous.

-Yes, whores. So, you wanna be my chick, huh?

-Yes, a relationship! she said, making fun of those who take their love life seriously.

-Very nice, so sit near me on the rock.

She sat and I pretended to push her. She laughed and for the next hours, until sunset, we sat in each other's arms and mused. Five hours later, Patton appeared in front of us

P.- So you're together now. That's cool. Wanna continue the videogame, you idiot?

Chr.-Yeah, of course

Al.-Can I be present?

Chr.-Of course, baby, why not?

P.-Ok then... What did you find? Any filters?

Chr.-No, not really, but I can do it now.

So, I sat and found some filters. The results were as follows:

Chr.-The basic sound, the filter gives to Seth is... that.

I show him.

P.-Wow pretty impressive. It's got, bass frequencies mixed with a spacey treble sound. But it's not enough. Since he's the main character, he should have like a special move.

Chr.-You know what the E8 is?

P.-Yeah, that surfer's connection graph to the universe.

Chr.-Ok, we use that. Seth has a sword and hits it onto the E8 and it makes a sound.

P.-Cool. I thought of a second character, Geish. She is a ...geish.

Chr.-Ok. I'll pass her through the filter...The outcome is a midrange/bass rotating sound. The midrange frequency does different damage from the bass one, but it's one move. Other characters I thought of are Tre, Jackal and a bad guy atom.

P.-I thought of two characters. Uli and Burd. Uli is a small sphere with a grin and Burd is a ...bird. A normal, small sized bird zoomed up.

Chr.-Tre is a tree, that has that eerie and threatening sound. Jackal has no sound he only collects information, when the black out happens.

P.-...

Chr.-Oh, the blackout...When Seth overuses his powers a black out occurs and Jackal collects information on how to regain the system and Seth's powers, of course. The black out occurs only to the good characters. The bad characters can see. Ah, forgot to say that it will be a fighting game with multiple characters appearing every time. Something like the Final Fantasy games. Well now I'll pass Uli and Burd through the filter...Uli has a UHF frequency, Burd...well Burd has a completely stupid sound.

P.-That's ok. He looks dumb as fuck too.

Chr.-Haha, we keep that.

P.-What about atom?

Chr.-Well he has ... Wait. I've got a blurry vision.

Aliki and Patton looked at me like they knew something. I saw a blurred image that was trying to talk to me. Just like my grandfather. Aliki and Patton weren't talking and the image became clearer and clearer. Did someone appear? said Aliki.

-Slowly...

-Don't freak out, she said and looked elsewhere.

A minute later the image became clear. It was GG Allin. GG Allin was dead...

-Die scum, he said to me.

-GG??! Aren't you fucking dead?

-Yes I am. But for some reason, I don't give a fuck, I can talk to the living.

-Wow. Apocalypse...

-Fuck your apocalypse. Wanna do heroin?

-No, thanks. Can you do heroin in here?

-Yes, but it's not as good as real heroin.

-How did you find me?

-I don't know and I don't give a fuck.

-...

-We, the dead, actually knew that this was going to happen. Talk to the living. And some shit, about a new Messiah. I won't believe in him. I hope he isn't a fucking cunt though, cause he'll have great power in here.

-Who's that new Messiah?

-Don't know, but I'm supposed to find him and tell him, that he's the new Messiah. He's supposed to be a punk rocker, so they chose me. Bullshit... That I would appear in front of him and then a shitty sign would come...

At that point GG Allin turned green and blinked.

-Oh the sign is here. Who gives a fuck...

-...

-It's you, you're the Messiah scum. Try not to die from an overdose, like me. I'm outta here.

At that point, the "breath" came again, this time accompanied with different symbols one after the other which when I saw them, in the

beginning, I couldn't understand what they were, but then I understood the previous one before the next one came. It was like it gave me a sense of direction and explained the things I had to do. Also predetermined reaction sets to different possible events came with a fast pace and something like an "archetype dogma" which I was unable to understand completely. Finally, a message came that the understanding of the dogma would come gradually and that slowly people would start to know about my existence. Aliki and Patton didn't realize anything and the "breath" demonstrated to me not to tell them anything. For it to come naturally.

-Did someone who.....is no longer with us come into your head?
Aliki said.

-He's with us from now on, I answered.

P.-Don't talk to the fucking dead, dude.

Al.-Leave him alone. Who was it? she said and looked at me meaningfully. Her look overflowed with love and understanding.

Chr.-GG Allin...

P.-Get the fuck outta here!

Al.-Hahaha fucked up.

Then the sign came to Patton that I am the Messiah and he looked at me searchingly and with awe. It hadn't come to Aliki yet. An image also appeared in my head that the inhabitants of Mykonos were slowly realizing it.

P.-Dude..., what did GG Allin tell you?

I showed him an image-message that GG Allin wasthe messenger, as funny as that might sound.

P.-I won't believe in you, he said.

Al.-Stop being an asshole, said Aliki, who hadn't understood a thing. At that point, Patton and I looked at each other and he nodded to me that he wouldn't say anything. Without purpose because a minute

later, my mother's friend Giota came with ...the good news.

G.-Hi, guys, she said. Do you have any idea who Christos is?!

Al.-Eh?

Patton wanted to speak, but he decided not to do it.

G.-Christos is the new Messiah.

Al.- Where do you get your drugs? I want some, too.

Then the sign came to Aliko, too....She didn't know what to say. She was about to say something, but then she didn't speak.

Al-It doesn't have to do with Christ and things like that, she asked me.

Chr.-No, there is no connection. I feel human, but all of a sudden this lucidity comes. Like I've taken LSD and I can convey knowledge and experience in here without much effort.

Aliko got scared. I realized it, so I hugged her and explained to her that I would be occupied as little as possible with this bullshit. She kissed me and went to make coffee.

-Don't start pretending to be the Messiah with me or else you're fucked, she said before she went.

-Only if I have to....

-What do you mean?!

-Nothing, I'm playing the Messiah. Hahaha.

-Fuck you. I'm coming.

G.-Anyway, people in Mykonos are starting to realize what you are. Whoever feels more in here understands it faster....Patton left after a while and Aliko returned. I was curious to see people's reactions and went for a walk in the village. I told Aliko and she told me she would stand by and watch while I was going for a walk, without being noticed by the passers-by....So, I started my walk.

The house was about a twenty-minute walk from the village. On the way, I passed some people who didn't pay much attention. Most

of them ignored me and only one or two looked at me suspiciously that something was going on with me. On arriving at the village, however, something magical happened. As I was walking, more and more people were looking at me with awe. It seemed that as I was walking, they were telling each other. The feeling was indescribable. It was like they were looking at you because you were famous with a sense of secrecy though. Like a common secret that nobody could externalize because it was a part of his brain. And that part of his brain was me as the new Messiah. Nevertheless, the experience still seemed weird because, firstly, I wasn't used to be looked at with awe and, secondly, I had never believed in any religion. I was till then an atheist. The walk finished and I went to Aliki to discuss it.

-Alikiiiiiiiiiii, did you see how they were looking at me?

-Yes, I think it is wrong. What did you become in an hour? The leader of Mykonos? Don't you think it is a little pretentious to be an atheist all your life and then become the ...MESSIAH in whom everybody will believe. You are a pretentious asshole.

-Believe in me to be saved, I said jokingly.

-Quit the trolling.

-The sacred trolling.

-Fuck you, she said, half laughingly.

-That's blasphemy.

-Hahaha, fuck you, poser.

-Sorry to interrupt, but we got work to do, said Patton, after he appeared.

-The fucking video game? Not now ..., I answered.

P.-No, it's not the video game. It's something bigger.

Chr.-What now?

P.-We've got to define the Communication system. Since you are the

Messiah, you can create new rules in the msn. Communicationwise, though, we don't want a fucking fascist god.

Al.-Don't you dare! Msn is a space which has to develop naturally.

Chr.-Yes, without leaders and gods. The only thing I'm going to do is to find some new tools, such as the search engine and the "knock". Like a "technological" evolution of the msn.

Al.-I agree, but the freedom of communication should be preserved in here.

Chr.-Yes, that's understood.

Al.-That's not understood. You might find some bullshit that seems to work freely, but has ramifications that can harm Communication in the future.

Chr.-Yes, we need to be careful. I will limit dangerous spells. A spell that can unmess you from any dangerous spell and will have the form of the search engine. That is, anyone can use it.

Al.-Don't you think that by forbidding the dangerousness in this way, new stronger spells will be created which will result in the msn becoming even more dangerous.

Chr.-Don't worry. It will be like a data base with anti-spells which someone can use when he messes with a spell. Every spell has its anti-dote in here because the degree of freedom of the msn allows the creation of anti-spells.

P.-Can we continue with something lighter...

Al.-Yes, like sex or something.

Chr.-Challenge accepted!

Al.-Die!

P.-Let's make sex better in here.

Al.-Yes, like a spell against condoms.

Chr.-Yeah ... That's easy. We can use an enhancer. Sex in here is like 20-30% like real sex. Yes, make it 50-60%, so people won't stop having sex outside. People should be able, though, to choose

whether they like to use the enhancer or not. Like a switch.

P.-Can I have a special 120% sex enhancer.

Chr.-No, Patton.....

Al.-Communication drugs? They exist.

Chr.-Yes, I know and fortunately they are still safe. I will give everyone the choice to neutralize the effect of the drug and to returnto reality. I could also make them non-addictive, so that someone can avoid becoming addicted, if he wants.

Al.-Yes. Do those two things. It could also be used as a way of detoxification. From the outside world drug, someone makes the transition to the inner communication drug, which is not addictive and gradually the addiction of the outside world drug goes away since the inside drug works like a substitute.

Chr.-What else? A spell that can reduce pain already exists, but I will make it accessible to everyone. So, I activate them. Anyway, what I found could be chosen. If you want, you use them or else you live with the current data of the msn.

Five minutes later, a man in a suit came.

-What you're trying to do, won't pass to us. The system needs a leader, and strict rules. Don't worry. We're on it. We're slowly creating an organization that will define the boundaries of the system.

-So it's us against you, I guess.

-You won't survive.

-Get the fuck, outta here, now, said Patton.

-Who was that dude? asked Fat Mike from NOFX, who was secretly listening to our conversation.

P.-Nothing, dude, a corporate fuck, who thinks he can change the world. I am being ironic.

F.M.-Sooo. It's us against them, but I don't really give a fuck right

now. Why did you take addiction out of inner drugs? That sucks!

Chr.-I didn't. I just gave you a choice, whether you wanna get addicted or not. You can get addicted if you want to, if you don't activate the outcome of my divine intervention...

F.M.-Divine addiction control. Anyway. Wanna get high? Let's try all the inside drugs together, since it's safe.

So, we started to do inner-drugs. Their high wasn't like real drugs like GG Allin had said, it was, however, fun.

...

F.M.- ...Hahaha. Now I'll try LSD, with MDMA and skunk. And if I bad trip I'll stop the trip with that spell you gave us. Lord...Hahaha.

Al.-I'll do pot and amphetamines. Hahaha!

Chr.-Hahaha. I wish I had my cat here.

P.-Go talk to him. Make him believe in the Messiah thing.

Chr.-I'll do it, just to see, what happens.

At that point, I spoke to my cat through msn. He just meowed. The "breath" though translated what he said and we started talking.

Cat-I ate rats.

Chr.-You're disgusting.

Cat-What's disgusting? What are you doing there? I'm coming to be petted.

So, Chicco came to our company to be petted...I introduced him, but he ignored it and he went and sat on Alik's lap. The next hour passed pleasantly. My cat didn't like Patton, but after he petted him, they started to like each other. Alik was high and hugged me all the time for fun and Fat Mike did a mini-gig with songs which he had gathered and hadn't played with NOFX. As soon as we got abruptly sober from the spell, we hung out a little and then we split. I went to sleep exhausted from the overload of information!

The next morning, the devil was waiting for me to wake up. Because he saw that I wasn't getting up, he did an awful "knock"

with the image of the referee.

-Wake up! he said.

-Come on, you dickhead, let me sleep.

-The referee is waiting for you to explain why he is still in the Fourth Division.

-Tell him that the Fourth Division became the Third.

-You tell him...he said and called him. He, also, gave him a magic taser that hurt a lot. That's how I woke up.

Ref.-Why did you lie to me, you brat? He said and tased me.

Chr.-Hey, you asshole, that hurts. Let me sleep.

Ref.-I won't stop. I'll do it until I kill you. Anyway Devis told me that nobody would realize that I killed you.

Dev.-Use the multiplier. You see those numbers on the taser, press the one that says times ten. We'll see if he takes you seriously.

The times ten hurt so much that I jumped out of bed and screamed.

And that asshole was so retarded that once he found it he did it continuously! Aiki and the others hadn't come yet. I was alone and I writhed with pain. I was in so much pain that I didn't have the strength to find the anti-spell.

Dev.-And so the story of the Messiah ended, he whispered. But I heard him.

Chr.-You asshole, you want to do away with me?!

Dev.-Messiah, huh? What do you think I was preparing for the last 1200 years? My survival.

Chr.-You asshole, I don't have anything to do with religions. Aren't you against Christianity?

Dev.-Christianity as a threat ended for long ago. With the rearrangements.

Chr.-Aaaaaa. What rearrangements?

Dev.-Nothing. The various battles I gave against Christianity. Your dogma is more dangerous. That's why you have to die today. Our

referee! Finish him.

Chr.Aaaaaaaaa.

Ref.-Are you in pain, young man?

At that point, the “breath” blew the taser which resulted in its falling down. We both ran to pick it up, but finally I picked it up. I set it at 100 times and started to electrify him.

Chr.-Does it hurt, you scum?

Ref.-Aaaaaaa.

I electrified him for about fifteen minutes and then the devil gave him another one. Thankfully, the idiot only knew how to put it times ten, whereas I had become familiar with the multiplier. I set it times 1000 and we electrified each other. At the end, he dropped it and fell down writhing with pain.

-Are you ok, our referee? said the devil.

-No, I think I’m dying, answered the referee.

Then I threw my taser and ran to help him. It was too late. The guy was dying.

-Killer! What will Aliko say? said the devil.

I immediately was filled with remorse and I felt like committing suicide. The only thing I wanted to do is to get rid of him. Three seconds later, Aliko came who reacted as if she had been present at the battle that had taken place.

-Why did you kill him? We are separating. Killer! Patton would never do something like that. I need support. I’m going back to Patton and don’t ever talk to me again.

The devil smiled and said-

Time to kill yourself...

-That can’t be true. Aliko talks differently.

-You saw her though...

-Yeah, I saw her.

-So. It’s true, he said and hypnotized me.

A little bit later, the first suicide attempt came. Without being able to think, I went to a tree which had a curve like a noose and tried to hang myself.

Luckily, my mother saw me and screaming she pulled me down. A little bit later, Aliko came inside my head and crying she said to me:

-Why, baby, why?

...Patton came too who tried to calm down my mother. The devil set up a fake scene. Aliko didn't say those things, Patton was just sleeping and the referee wasn't present. It was all a huge lie, the battle with the tasers, the referee's death, Aliko's words. It was all an optical illusion which the devil had created.

-Whyyyyy? said Aliko again.

Why....

A few hours later, my mother informed me that my father was going to take off and come. I hadn't recovered yet and preferred to spend time alone with Aliko. Our conversations were heavy, but at this point, she loved me....

...

-I can't stand having the devil on my back all the time. Sometimes, I feel like facing him. To end it, I said.

-Don't mess with the devil. He is very strong. Just try not to mess with him too much, ok baby?

-I wish the "breath" would come and send him away.

-Stop depending on this Messiah bullshit. The more you play the Messiah, the more he goes against you. You can reject the title.

-That's what I'll do and, now, so that I can get rid of him.

-Yes, baby. With caution, though.

-Yes, I said and kissed her. I'm going to the devil, I continued.

-Devil, I reject the title of the Messiah.

-What happened, you chickened out?

-I want to live a calm life without a lot of hassle.

-I'm going to disappoint you. You give life to the "archetype dogma." In itself it has no power. The fact that you are living is the only reason for it to live also.

-Why me though? Can't someone else take this package? Someone who really wants it.

-Unfortunately, no. The "archetype dogma" was created when you started to pre-exist and was de-activated until you were born. Up till now, for the 22 years of your life it was activated, but it couldn't be expressed because the...miracle of Communication hadn't occurred yet. Now that it occurred, your influence on things is ever increasing. The final stage will be for one of us to prevail.

-Damn it.

-I'm sorry to tell you, but in a few days the first relevant "action" of the Communication system will take place. Like the thought links directing you to people. A message will be sent with a "knock" to all your admirers and to all of mine. There will be a battle/survey and the result will be the precursor as to who will prevail. However, don't be afraid. Dogmatically, we don't have many differences, except for the fact that you are good and I'm...an asshole. Get ready. See you around.

-Wait a minute, don't leave...what do you mean, I pre-existed?

-Ah, so now you're interested in the truth around your name? The system of Communication, in the past, even very much in the past, existed only for us the entities and for the dead. You were something like ... like the nysse in here. Like an entity in the form of a message. Like multi-dimensional information.

-I don't give a fuck, I interrupted him.

-Get ready...

As soon as he left, I went to tell Aliko the news.

-...

-I don't know what to say, she said, and if you don't survive.

...She started crying.

-I love you! But I can't continue being with you. It's too big! When you unmess, come find me. I won't start another relationship. I'll wait for you, she continued sobbing. Even if I am with someone, I will leave him and come back to you.

-Whatever you think. It's up to you. I'm leaving.

-I will watch you secretly, baby. That is, you should know that even though we will not talk, I will know what you are doing.

-I love you.

-I do, too.

-Bye.

I waited three days for the "action" to come. I was condemned to be defeated because from what I imagined, my followers would be few compared to the devil's, who was the expression of opposition for thousands of years. The only thing I could do was to try not to think about it, but it was difficult because even my life was in danger. The devil didn't appear these three days because, I imagined, he was preparing for the "action." So the third day, when I woke up, I saw thousands of people waiting for this battle of popularity. A guy came up and explained to me how the battle would take place.

-Do you see that horizontal bar with the indicator in the middle, at the bottom on the right? he said.

-Yes. The green one, I answered frightened.

-At 12 o'clock, time will start counting. When the indicator goes to the left, it means that your popularity is greater than the devil's. And vice versa when it goes right. Have in mind that most of the people are undecided. So to a great extent, it will be game of impressions. When the indicator goes to the right, show something to win the people over. The battle finishes at two. Don't worry, we are with you. I and all the people you see in the east are the core and we will

always vote in your favor. Good luck.

-Thank you, I said, terrified.

I looked west and saw a callous crowd disapproving of me. That was probably the devil's core...It was huge. I compared the people to the west and to the east and the west outmatched the east. Very much. That scared me even more. The "breath" hadn't come yet. It was 11.57 and the crowd was getting bigger and bigger every second. One minute before the battle began, the devil outlined a symbol that looked like a pentacle in the dirt and sat on it. I didn't even have a symbol. So, I sat on a rock and closed my eyes. When I opened them, the rock had taken a weird shape. It looked like an atom which instead of protons, neutrons and electrons, it had planets like the Earth and each one had a terrestrial part and an aquifer. The "breath" had come....The battle began.

I showed an image with part of the "archetype dogma." This image couldn't be put into words, but was understandable to everyone. The devil didn't show anything and had an expression of humbleness, wanting to show that his dogma was already known. The indicator went towards the right, but moved slightly towards the left. A little later, the indicator moved a little more to the left, but again to the right of the border line (in the middle of the bar there was a border line). I thought that there were people who just felt sorry for me and I immediately showed that I didn't want to be in this position. The indicator moved even more to the left. It was probably atheists who appreciated the fact. The devil showed with an image the connection between atheism and his dogma and I immediately showed with an image that he was an ass-kisser. A lot of people laughed and the indicator came close to the middle slightly to the right. The devil repeated what I had shown, that I didn't want to be in this position, wanting to show that deep down I was interested or else I wouldn't answer. I answered that that didn't make

him less of an ass-kisser. I also stated with an image that I was an atheist. And I showed that that was the difference between atheism and the devil's dogma. The indicator went in my direction for the first time and I smiled. The devil reacted saying out loud that the part of the "archetype dogma" I showed was for pussies and that I didn't even know what it meant. At that point, I said, "it's true, I don't want to be in this position." I looked at that part of the "archetype dogma" and I humbly said "I agree." The indicator went even more towards my side. The devil got angry and electrocuted me with a taser. The indicator went back and forth. The devil put me and him in a sphere in which it was difficult to see inside and he afflicted me with the taser. The "breath" worked and created a spell with which the devil couldn't kill me. "I'm going to make you kill yourself from the pain." he growled. In my mind, the phrase "the second battle" appeared. The first battle was probably the popularity battle.

The devil was hurting me in a rage with the purpose of killing me although I had created the spell. When he saw that I wasn't dying, he found another weapon. An...accelerator which increased the other person's heartbeat when you stepped on it. Due to the spell, my heartbeat was increasing a little bit and then it returned to its normal pace. He got really angry and tried to deactivate my spell. My spell worked as follows: My life was in a straight line in Euclidean space and the actions that the devil could do to sever my life were in a parallel straight line in the same space. As the two parallel lines could not meet at any common point, the devil couldn't kill me. He tried to bend his line and then mine so they could meet, but it wasn't possible. He got extremely angry and hurt me again a little with the taser, just in case I killed myself. In vain. He sat and contemplated, while I was trying to take the taser and accelerator. After making an effort and with the help of the "breath" which blew in his direction, I took the taser. I used the multiplier of the taser times a million and

he shouted so loudly that people were trying to get in the sphere to see what had happened. The devil didn't allow this. On the contrary, he thought of something smart to break the spell of him not being able to kill me. He converted the Euclidean space of the spell into projective space. In projective space the two parallel lines meet, which would result in his line of actions to kill me and the line of the continuation of my life having a meeting point. In few words, he could then kill me. For that reason, I couldn't lose the taser. The more I hurt him, the crazier he got and tried to kill me with the accelerator. The "breath" worked again and blocked the multipliers of the weapons (the accelerator had a multiplier, too). They were then useless. At that point, the devil created a spell in which my life was expressed with real numbers. So, he tried to square root a negative number to make it imaginary (the number which represented my life) so that it wouldn't belong to the real numbers and I would die. That's when I made the set of the real numbers natural numbers which are positive so he couldn't put the square root of a negative number and he immediately made the set of natural numbers into a set of integers which expressed the continuation of my life. Then he tried to make the number that expressed my life negative so that it would be again out of set and I would die. In vain, because I forbade the negative sign with a spell. Then he expressed my life with the concept of the indivisible and he tried to introduce the number four which can be divided. So, I set my life in a dimension that was expressed with the number one and included only prime numbers. Also, I restored the system of the Euclidean space with the two parallel lines and I added a third parallel line. The line that expressed the actions that the devil could do to make the space projective again. And so the system locked and the devil couldn't kill me again. I activated the multiplier of the taser and started hurting him. Then so that he wouldn't hurt, the devil made a

makeshift spell that deactivated the taser when he was moving. He went back and forth so that I don't electrify him with the taser. That's when I got tired. I created a system according to which the taser was moving in such a way so that the devil remained still. The battle continued in my favor...

I was hurting him continuously with rage, without any purpose. The devil was screaming. He was trying in various stupid ways to distract my attention. He made a wolf come and cry to me that she had lost her cubs, basing it on the fact that I am an animal lover, but I didn't believe it. It was his creation. He created a character that looked like the alien (from the well-known film) to help him attack me. But I called a horde of dead Mongolian warriors and they encountered it. He showed an image of Aliko kissing with Patton, but I thought it was stupid and I didn't pay any attention. From the intense pain, the devil was trembling and stammering. After a certain point, he just sat and looked at me smiling.

-Aren't you going to kill me? It's the only way to get me out of your life, he said and laughed satanically.

At that point, I hurt him more and more, but he was laughing even though he couldn't stand it anymore. Time was passing and he wouldn't die. I was tired. Then he showed me with an image that he wasn't mortal and said to me:

-Hahaha. You will see what will happen when you get tired and stop. I suffered very much. From now on, the more you hurt me, the more I will torture you, he said and spat a little blood. There is no point in it. Will you spend all your life hurting me? At one point, you will stop. Stop now and I won't kill those that are close to you. Hahaha. Slowly, everything started to blur from my exhaustion and with a little hypnotizing he used, I slept.

-See you tomorrow. Hahaha, he said.

I had officially lost the battle with the devil...

The next day, I woke up with the same blurriness that I fell asleep with. When my vision cleared, I realized that I couldn't move. Around me I could see a lab full of blood with various tools on a metal counter. I looked up and I saw my scalp opened and the devil behind me doing various...experiments.

-I have blocked the part of your brain which has to do with your mobility. Even if you want, you can't leave...

-I tried to talk, but I realized that I couldn't.

-Ah and the part that is responsible for speech. Now, I'll play with your neurological connections.

-Aaaaaaaa, I shouted, as he was messing with the part connected with my sense of pain.

He did it for about fifteen minutes and I groaned with pain.

-Now, you'll trip a little.

Two memories came into my head, one of which entered the other's space. Then he messed with the part that was connected with laughter and crying. I laughed and I cried simultaneously.

-Now, we'll play with Alik. I replace the memories you have with awful images. And I'll make you laugh.

-Hahaha, I said and then cried spontaneously because he did it.

Then he stopped my crying and he made me have spasms.

-Now, I'll use the taser in your brain, he said.

I had never felt such pain...

-You've done that bullshit with the parallels and I can't kill you...It doesn't matter. At least you'll suffer. I'll unblock your mobility so that I can see you writhe.

-Aaaaaaaa.

-It hurt, huh? I'll do it again.

-Aaaaaaaa.

At that point, I couldn't take it anymore and I took a knife from the kitchenand cut my wrists. Thankfully, it was a butter knife and

I wasn't cut a lot. The devil was glad and he left me to see if I would die. A few hours passed and the cut healed.

-Damn it, he said, it's time to do something else. I have a spell that causes internal bleeding. Not actually, thanks to the antidote spell you gave to people, but you shit in your pants. I'll let you free and whoever comes to your thoughts we'll do it to that person. It will seem like you did it. You can tell the truth, of course, that you messed with the devil and he messes with anyone that comes to your thoughts. They'll hate you even more. I'll let you choose.

I tried to block my thoughts.

-Thoughts can not be restrained, said the devil, after he noticed that I was straining not to think.

Aliki came to my thoughts first.

-No, no! I said.

-Hahaha, we'll "knock" also...

Aliki turned at the "knock"

-How are you?! Tell me that you got out of trouble.

-...

At that point, I managed to put another two parallel lines in my spell: the internal bleeding and the things that could happen to others who came to my thoughts. Since these two lines were parallels and didn't meet, the devil couldn't cause internal bleeding to anyone I thought about.

-Speak up! said Aliki.

-Leave, I fought the devil and I lost and now he is torturing me. I'll come when I unmess or at least when I think it is safe.

Her eyes swelled with tears, she hugged me and left. The devil took a while to realize that I had enriched my spell, but as soon as he realized it, hell boiled over...

-You're acting smart, you fuck? I'll fuck you, he said and electrified me with the taser for about fifteen minutes.

-Stoooooop! I was shouting.

-I want to do something that will really get to you. The taser is not a spell so I can electrify anyone.

-You're bluffing.....

-Would you risk it?

-I tried to see if it was practically possible, but he blocked the action.

-You won't know. I will make you do things and if you don't do them, I'll electrify the people who are close to you. Friends, relatives...I'm going to crush Aliki. Ah and meet the girls Konstantina and Irini. They will help me with the torturing and I will fuck them. Isn't that so, girls?

- Yes, baby, they both said and kissed him.

That's when a period of humiliation began, outside the msn. The devil and his chicks would make me do things in front of people under the threat that they would electrify the people close to me.

...

-Lick the floor, you fucker, Irini said a little later.

-But in front of my mother? I answered.

Kon-Eh, what?! Don't try to get out of it.

Dev-Do it you idiot, she said and showed me the taser.

I did it and my mother freaked out. My father was coming the next day and I really didn't want to know what was to follow...The torturing continued the same way until my departure from Mykonos.

...

Dev.-What should we do to him now, babes?

Kon.-Do you eat oil with your food, fucker?

I didn't answer.

Dev.-Answer you idiot, the girl's talking to you.

Chr.-Eh, a little.

Kon.-Oil is healthy. Drink half of the bottle that is in the kitchen and

then go lick the living-room wall in front of your mother and her friend.

Chr.-Come on, now...

Ir.-Do it!

I did it and after that it was felt in the house that I had lost it completely. My mother kept a close watch on me and her friend tried to calm me down. The next day, my father came. As soon as he came, Irini had a wonderful idea...

Ir.-Write 'I am an idiot' two-hundred times on a piece of paper and give it to your father. I showed it to him, but thankfully he had already been informed about my behavior. He said a disappointed 'you're not an idiot' and turned the other way.

A few hours later, they started again...

Dev.-Go break your PSP and go lick that paint bucket that is in the garden.

...

Dev- Show these porn movies to your mother's friend.

...

Kon-Break "So long and thanks for all the shoes" (NOFX album). Doesn't that album have sentimental value to you? Hahaha.

The last day they decided to physically torture me. They played with the aorta of my heart, putting various objects inside. I ended up in the hospital, but the doctors told me there was nothing wrong with me. The time had come, after all that, to return to Athens.

So, after saying goodbye to my mother's friend, we headed toward the airport. On the way to the airport, the people were looking at me sadly. There was a general feeling that people didn't know what exactly happened, but they knew only that the story of the devil didn't turn out well. The devil and his sluts, thankfully spent a lot of time together, which resulted in my having a little free time without their bullshit. While I was in the waiting lounge and

while boarding the airplane, they didn't appear. They appeared a little later.

...

Ir.-What should we do to him today?

Kon.-I say we make the airplane fall.

Dev.-Hahaha. Awesome idea. Or at least an emergency landing.

Ir.,Kon.-Hahaha.

I was ignoring them, but I was afraid. The flight began smoothly. Ten minutes later, the bullshit began...

Dev.-Dear passengers, we would like to inform you that due to the passenger Christos...the flight have some technical problems.

Ir.,Kon.-Hahaha. Make it fall.

Dev.-Ok, babes, he said with a supposedly submissive expression.

Ir.,Kon.-Hahaha.

...The airplane was losing altitude, the turbines were making strange sounds, the seats were shaking and the devil and his sluts were having fun...

Ir.-Fog the pilot's window! Do it.

...

Kon.-Lock the stewardess in the toilet! She is taking a shit.

...

Dev.-I'm going to do something awesome. I will put things that didn't really happen in the black box. That the pilot pissed in the cockpit and that our Christos here threatened to hi-jack. Hahaha, he said and smacked me. His chicks followed.

Towards the end of the flight, the devil played with the plane's altitude which frightened the passengers and made the pilot apologize twice. When the flight was over, nobody clapped. Everyone got out cursing...me, too.

As soon as I got home, my parents had arranged an appointment with the psychiatrist. There was a feeling that there was a problem,

but we weren't talking about it. In addition, my parents overdid it to take care of me. Everything was ready and I had everything I needed. Until I went to the psychiatrist the next day, the devil and his chicks didn't really appear. Only a little mocking here and there, but not much. So the next day in the evening, I visited the psychiatrist for a second time.

-How are you Christos? Come in, he said politely.

Petrified, I entered his office, determined to tell him everything. Perhaps, it was a solution.

-I'm in serious trouble, doctor, the devil and his girls come to...the thing that we talk brain to brain and torture me, I said and checked his reaction. To see whether he knew something about the Messiah issue. It seemed that he didn't know anything. He sighed and he told me:

-What you're saying that we speak brain to brain doesn't exist, Christos. And stop believing in devils and shmevils. Could it be that the music you listen to influences you? At that point, the devil and his chicks appeared.

Dev.-Oh devils and shmevils, he said making fun.

Kon.-Hey, shmevil?

Dev.,Ir.-Hahaha.

Kon.-Hahaha.

...

Psy.-You have to get away from the world you have created inside your head.

Then I understood that I couldn't communicate and continued answering in one word, "yes."

The session finished and the conclusion was that my parents would have to watch me 24 hours a day, I would have to take my medicine and be isolated in a safe place to avoid being committed to a psychiatric clinic. My parents thanked him and we headed home. On

the way, they announced to me that for some time we would move to my grandmother's house in Glyfada...

GLYFADA

A few days later, after we collected our things, we moved to Glyfada. The house was relatively small, but it had a large garden which was ideal for morning walks. I would sleep on the couch and the others on some cots. As the devil spent most of his time with Irini and Konstantina, I had enough time for myself. I spent the first days in Glyfada drinking a lot of coffee in the garden, playing cards and playing a little soccer in a nearby field. The devil continued doing bullshit, but to a lesser degree. He freaked me out that the plants, the coffee, the straws were talking to me. Nevertheless, I felt that it was safer now to talk to people through msn. The only thing I really cared about was to talk to Aliko again. I needed someone to talk to to make sure it was safe. My friends had felt what had happened with the devil and wouldn't talk to me. On the other hand, I didn't want to talk to anyone so that there wouldn't be the possibility of getting him involved. So I was waiting for somebody to come and talk to me. That happened soon. The vocalist of Botch spoke to me.

Botch played a hybrid of metal and hardcore and for many it was one of the first bands to "bring about" metalcore. So their vocalist happened to appear in front of me and we started talking.

-Hey, dude what's up? after I saw him sitting in front of me without talking.

-Great, I guess...I...I was in front of the battle. I voted for you. What happened when the devil closed you into that sphere?

-Bad stuff. Another battle started...

-How did it...

-Go? I fucken lost and now he's torturing me. I am afraid to talk to people, because of him.

-Why?

-Long story. Can someone tase you all of a sudden?

-I don't think so. Didn't you give an anti-spell for everything to

everyone.

At that point the devil appeared.

Dev.-End of conversation. Change the subject or I'll tase him, he told me in a pretentious Greek-American accent and sat in a corner and watched.

-Let's talk about something else. What are you drinking? Coffee? I said after noticing that he was drinking coffee.

-Wanna teach you how to make frapee. It's cold Greek coffee.

-Cold coffee?

-It's like instant coffee, but cold.

-Enlighten me.

-You put the same amount of coffee and sugar that you put in your instant coffee. Then you add a little water. You shake it. You add more water and some ice, a straw and then you scratch your balls.

-What? It's like a Greek custom to scratch your balls after?

-Yes, it's necessary.

-Ok. I won't forget that.

-Gotta go. My mother wants to shoot heroin with me.

-Mothers...

-Hahaha

-See you dude. Be careful with that weird impersonator of evil.

-I'll try. Bye.

-Bye.

As soon as he left, I was happy because there was a possibility that the devil couldn't tase people because of the anti-spell I had given to humanity. There was only one way to find out. To electrify myself and see if it hurts. Three seconds later I felt like an idiot. The devil tased me and it hurt, but because I was so happy I might see Aliko again, I forgot it. I checked to see if I had an anti-spell just for the sake of it and I saw that the devil had blocked it. I was glad because Aliko's which was activated would probably work against

the taser. Also according to what the vocalist of Botch said...A minute later, I checked to see whether the devil was present and I did a fast “knock” to Alik.

-Do you wanna see me? I said.

-Yeeees, of course! What happened, you unmessed?

-No, but I can talk to you. Tell me only one thing though. Can the devil harm you with the taser?

-I can't tell you.

-Eh?!

Then the devil laughed because he had changed what Alik had said in my ears. Anyway then I saw her relaxed and even though I couldn't hear what she was saying, she was probably safe.

Dev.-Tell her you are coming in a minute.

Chr.-What do you want?

Dev.-I will let you see her under one condition.

Ir.-Not having sex.

Kon.-Yeah, so you don't catch anything.

Dev.-Only under that condition. Otherwise, I'll tase her.

Chr.-But the tase is a bluff.

Dev.-Do you risk it?

Chr.-Fuck you, I said and appeared in front of Alik surprising her with a kiss. We started making out and we had passionate sex. The devil had an expression that showed that when I finished I would be fucked. That was also a battle with the devil that I won. I would be with Alik.

Dev.-Do you want to suffer in front of Alik or alone?

Chr.-Alone.

Chr.-Goodbye Alik. I'll go suffer now. I'll come back later, I said determined. She restrained her tears and didn't cry. She looked at me

like we were together in this struggle and said to me: “Be patient, baby...” She kissed me and left.

In seconds, after Aliko left, the torture began...The devil and his sluts were really angry and did the worst to me. Specifically, they changed the position of my internal organs. Kidney in the place of the liver, heart in the place of my feet. At the end I was so distorted that I didn't look like a person. Konstantina suggested that the torture continued in front of mirrors. I wanted to faint and they were taking pictures of the “monster” (that's how they called me). The torture continued for about three days. The fourth day, I woke up because a new day was starting. Five days later, they stopped and busied themselves with fucking. It was time to go back to Aliko.

-How are you, baby? I said bitterly.

-Babyyy! What happened with the asshole?

-He tortured me with the bitches he hangs out with and now he chilled and I can talk to you.

-Should we have sex? It might help. Quick.

-Yes, but because I've suffered so much, I can't promise a ...good performance.

-Good performance...hahaha.

-Yes, funny, indeed, I said looking right and left, paranoid.

-That's ok. Your ...performance is below average anyway. Hahaha.

-You're wrong. You probably didn't fuck with me. Whore...

-Yes, I must have made a mistake and fucked with your modesty.

-Which has reached rock bottom...

-Exactly, she said and kissed me.

Then we had sex...After sex, they devil came.

-What do you prefer? To humiliate you in front of Aliko or electrify you for ten minutes? he said.

-Humiliate me in front of Aliko...

-Are you sure? You might lose her. I will make you curse her compulsively without being able to stop.

-No, no.

-Now, it's too late.

-Aliko go! Fuck you.

-Hahaha, ok I'm going. Come by when you can. Bye.

-Bye. Fuck you.

-Hahaha. Bye, she said and kissed me.

-Fuck y.....

Dev.-Damn it, she thought it was funny.

Chr.-Do you want to create the same compulsion with me and your chicks?

Kon.-What happened to the "monster?"

Chr.-Fuck you.

Kon.-What did you just say?! Devis, electrify him!

Chr.-Aaaaaaa. Fuck you.

From then until I left from Glyfada, I pretended I couldn't control thecompulsive "fuck you" to the devil and his chicks. I suffered more in the beginning, but then I broke them and they tortured me less.

The next month was bearable. Apart from the devil's bullshit, I could see Aliko and I lived easy in my outside life. Something like a terror routine that I had got used to and seemed relatively bearable. In that period of time, an American billionaire appeared in my head who seemed to come out of nowhere...

Steven was filthy rich and confused. He was present at the first battle, but didn't vote even though he was on my side. What had happened had affected him so much that he came and talked to me.

-Hello, Messiah, he said and made me feel strange.

-Hello, my real name is Chris.

-I'll call you Mesh, because I'm rich and I don't give a fuck. I'm only kidding...Chris.

-What brings you here?

-Are you fucking kidding me?

-No, you were actually kidding me ten seconds ago.

-Haha really funny! What happened after the battle?

Because I was bored, I showed the devil and I told him «I lost». I had no purpose of opening up, telling him the details...

-Only that?!

-Yes.

-I had a great idea on how I will spend, the last million I earned.

-Oh, really...

-I will give it to you!

-What the fuck!?! Are you fucking serious?

-Yes I have thousands of those. Hahaha.

-Why? Like supporting me?

-Yes. The battle was awesome. It was the greatest experience of my life and I want to thank you. With nothing in return.

-You're fucken welcome.

Aaaaaaaa I'm rich! I shouted inside.

-What are you going to do with all that money?

-Well let me think I'll keep the 700000 and give the rest to charity. Should I give you my bank account numb...? Don't know... What is it called?

-No, there's a...spell, he whispered, that you can transfer money, from one bank account to another. Inside here. And I've already done it with your bank account. So enjoy!

-Thanks...

-Who will you give the 300000?

-I have a great idea. Half will go to organizations that help people.

-And the other half?!

-I drive around with my parents and I think it would be a great idea to give 1000 to strangers on the street. Just give it to them and tell them.

-Can I join?

-Yes. You, my girlfriend and I will give money to strangers on the street.

-That's... awesome.

-I'll go call her and we start in ten minutes.

-Alik, I'm rich!

-What ?!

At that point, I explained to her what had happened, gave her 200,000 and we started giving money to passers-by. The bank account in which Steve had deposited the money was my parents'. So I just told my mother through msn, not to be surprised if she saw a lot of money in it. Then we started going around.....

Alik was cursing people and then gave them 1000 euro. Just to see their reaction. One guy had a fight with his wife in his car and she threw him out and we gave him a little more. Another guy almost crashed and started cursing. I told him not to curse the sacred for fun and gave him his 1000. Steven saw himself as a philanthropist and we were making fun of him. That day, we gave at least 40,000 euros. There was a problem when we came across a homeless person. That idiot, Steve, tried to give the homeless person his share and he gave him the finger because he was homeless and didn't have a bank account. We went home and tried to find a way to give to the homeless. We searched for different spells, but in vain. There was nothing. A little later, the devil came and I sent them away because as usual I didn't want to suffer in front of them.

Ir.-What's happening, "monster"?

Chr.-Go fuck yourself, you stinky whore.

Dev.-Now, as usual, you are going to suffer...

Chr.-Wait a second! Let me light a cigarette. Dude, where did the lighter go?! It was here...

The devil made it appear in front of me, through msn and then in reality. “Devis” was glad because he had impressed his chicks, but I felt even gladder because he used the teleportation spell. We could teleport checks to the homeless. As long as I could steal his spell...Fortunately, the torture was light this time and then he did what looked like sleep with his chicks. The spectacle was funny because the devil’s “sleep” was scary and his chicks were sleeping next to him like it was no big deal. Their sleep was also heavy so I didn’t have a hard time stealing the spell. The next day, we went only to homeless people and gave them ten thousand dollar checks through teleportation. At the end of the day, we called them and hung out together and talked about how they managed up till now. They were touching life stories which made you realize that anyone can find himself in such a position from one moment to another. Some of them lost their jobs, some of them got involved in gambling and some were simply victims of fraud.

The “terror routine” continued for about three weeks. Hanging out with Aliko was awesome and we were slowly thinking about meeting in reality. Steven came once in a while and we hung out and gave money to strangers, but not as often as in the beginning. The good thing was that I saw Patton, Nuno and my friends hastily. I explained the situation to them and we agreed to talk in the near future. My parents paid off the mortgage with Steven’s money. Even though they told me that my grandmother had sent the money. Towards the end of my stay at Glyfada, I acted like a spoiled brat so that my parents would buy me gaming consoles. PS3, Wii, PSP and a television since we had 500,000 to which I had no access because

the account was my parents'. After a little persistence, we went to the nearest shopping mall to buy them and the following happened...

All the way to the shopping mall, people were staring at me. Most of them talked to me. Some were at the first battle, others just felt that I was the Messiah and others to give them 1,000 euro. In few words, in one way or another, I saw that more and more people recognized me. At the shopping mall, I felt the way I had felt in Mykonos with people. Only to a greater extent. People for the first time were flirting with the idea of believing in me, in a religion which I had not yet managed to define. This, despite the fact that it was in contrast to my beliefs as an atheist, it pushed me to create a new world in everybody's head. A new religion! The "breath" would guide me, but I decided to choose which parts I would follow. So, I searched the "archetype dogma" a little and to my great surprise that was its basic principle. For the people and I to choose the characteristics of the new religion. However, the sad thing was that I had the devil over my head who would go against any such action. Then I realized that Christ was also an entity in the Communication system. In a short time, I "knocked" to the representative of that entity with an image of my dogma only to see what his opinion is. He ignored me giving an answer which essentially stated that they follow what they have been dedicated to for years. It didn't bother me because I didn't believe in Christianity anyway, however, it didn't seem that their circle would create a problem for me. The only problem during that period of time was the devil and the fact that I preferred to hang out with Aiki instead of being occupied with dogmatic issues.

As the period at Glyfada was finishing and we were getting ready to move somewhere else, a new person appeared in my life. Alice D. Alice D. was a beautiful blonde girl who I only saw in lives before the msn. With Alice D. even though we hadn't met, we had a lot of

common acquaintances. Alice D listened to punk and happened to have the same name as Alik. Many times, I caught myself gazing at her in punk lives when she wore heavy make-up and that Ramones t-shirt. However, I didn't talk to her for the same reason that I hadn't talked to Alik. She was hot and she had a boyfriend! Alice D appeared in front of me without a "knock" and then she did a "knock" in front of me for fun. She laughed radiating with self-confidence. I laughed, too.....

-How rude, without a "knock"? I said.

-Hahaha. I "knocked"... she said.

-Hahaha, Christos.

-Alice D.

-...

-Should I leave, she said politely.

-No, just...

-Just stay...

-Yes...How did you find me?

-Search engine.

-Useful tool.

-Yes.

-Have you heard the monosyllabic girl from NOFX? Where Fat Mike's girlfriend answers only with one syllable to whatever he says?

-Yes, she answered monosyllabically for fun.

-Are you going to answer only with a "yes"?

-No.

-Checkmate. Now you have to say something more than yes.

-Yes.

-Hahaha.

-...and she looked at me meaningfully.

-I'm with...

-I don't want you, she interrupted and smiled.

-I'm sorry.

-Hahaha. Checkmate...the reason I'm here is because lately I talk to people that I see in lives. I feel like I know you, damn it, but I have never spoken to you. The Greek punk scene must bond more.

-Unity...

-Huge word.

-The hugest that you could ever say. Monosyllabic girl.

-Hahaha, you trying to get to me? Scene kid!

-Me, a scene kid? You have made out with half of the scene. Scene kid!

-Hahaha. What's your problem? I took your boyfriends?

-No! We didn't get to make out. Hahaha.

-You weren't punk enough.

-Hahaha, I have the impression that this conversation is leading to a catharsis.

-Hahaha, I don't see it so seriously.

-That's because you are more punk than me.

-I dedicate Boxcar, from Jawbreaker to you.

"You're not punk and I'm telling everyone, save your breath I never was one ..." we sang together.

-Hahaha.

-Hohoho.

-Hahaha, she said and kissed me.

I was stunned. I really liked her, but I was with Aliko. I immediately had regrets.

-I'm leaving, she said like nothing happened and she tried to kiss me again, but I withdrew.

She insisted, kissed me again and left. That day, I didn't go to Aliko. I felt bad. Aliko knew that if I didn't come, I was in the devil's hands, so I was covered. So, I sat and played with the PS3 that I had just

bought.

.....As I was playing, I felt that someone wanted to talk to me. A guy showed up for a split second and left. That happened three or four times and after a certain point I waited for him to come to ask him who he was. Ten minutes later, he appeared again and I was able to ask him. The answer I got was as follows:

-My name is Svensgar. I can help you with the devil.

As soon as he said it, he left and strangely I couldn't find him after. Perhaps, he was the solution that I was waiting for all this time. I was enthusiastic. While I was feeling enthusiastic, my mother came and announced to me that we had rented a really nice house in Nea Makri. In this way, my stay in Glyfada came to an end and a new part of my life started, Makri. It was February 2010.

THE FIRST MAKRI

...Arriving at Makri, I saw a very beautiful house with a garden which was behind an unrented store on Marathonos Avenue. The move took us about two days because we were moving things both from our old house and from Glyfada. I set up the television, the gaming consoles, the drums, the guitar and my pc in a big room at one end of the house and my bed in a small room to the right of the corridor that led to the room with the drums. The corridor was so long that I could skate it and I took complete advantage of it...As soon as settled in, I went and spoke to Aliki with whom I hadn't spoken to in days and who had no idea that I had moved

-Hi, baby, sorry that I didn't come the last days, but I had a hard time with the asshole. I moved to Makri!

-Really, baby?! Damn it baby, he broke your balls, that idiot....

At that point, I felt really bad because that wasn't the real reason I hadn't spoken to her.

-What did he do to you? she asked and I felt even worse.

-Eh, not much, but I wasn't in a mood.

-I understand, you didn't feel like talking to anybody.

-...Yes. Only one girl came and we started talking, but I wasn't in a mood and I sent her away quickly, I said with a fast pace.

-Really?! Which girl?!

-You don't know her...her name is Alice D.

-Ah, we have the same name. You should introduce her to me.

-Ah, ok. I don't know if she will come by again.

-Eh, I sent her away too quickly and she might have been offended, I said and blushed.

Fortunately, she didn't notice it.

-Ah, ok.

-Yes..., said and I kissed her. Let me show you the house, I continued...

I showed her the house and after we hung out for a while, "Devis" came. I sent her away and told him to go fuck himself. He ignored it and brought his chicks to see the house.

Ir.-Nice house, "monster".

Kon.- Yes, we'll take advantage of it.

Dev.-Do you like it, girls?

Ir., Kon.-Yes, yes, let's find a place to have sex.

Chr.-You're not having sex in my house.

Ir.-Shut up, "monster". Devis fuck him up.

Dev.- I don't feel like it....I just won't let you play PS3. You'll have it on medium and it will be so hard that you won't be able to play.

Chr.-Challenge...

Dev.-You won't manage it... I will break your balls.

Kon.-Ruin his pc.

Chr.-Yes, tase him.

Dev.-Shut up you idiot.

Chr.-I'll go play PS3.

Ir.-Tase him!

Kon.- Yes, Yes.

Dev.-Girls, he can't suffer all the time.

I was stunned. The devil was starting to get bored with making me suffer. So I went and played PS3 and I didn't manage it because of the difficulty.

...

Dev.-Go to your closet, I have a surprise for you.

Chr.-Oh, no. What now?

Dev.-I've put two joints in there.

Chr.-Yeah, bullshit...

Kon.-Go, you junkie!

Later on, I went to the closet, supposedly for something else and I saw a little bag. I opened it and there was pot in it. So, I found some rolling papers, I rolled it and I was about to light it. The cigarette wasn't getting smaller, there was no smoke and then it disappeared.

Dev.-Hahaha. I created an illusion, he said and filled my room with pot which I couldn't even touch.

Chr.-Come on, you asshole, I wanted to smoke pot.

Dev.-Yes, but it was a lie, he said and kissed me on the forehead maliciously. I'm going to my chicks. Don't disturb me, he said and left.

Chr.-And I'll go to my chicks I said inside also maliciously. So I went to Alice D...

-How are you? I said without a "knock".

-Fine...Sorry about the last time. I didn't know you were loyal to your girlfriend.

-It doesn't matter...things like that happen. I came because...

-Because you like me and you haven't decided yet inside if you want to cheat on what's her name....?

-Yes, kind of. Her name is Alik.

-Do you see each other in reality too?

-No, only in here.

-Are you an idiot?! In here it's for those who want to cheat on their real girlfriends. Otherwise, you don't do anything in here. And she's not even your real girlfriend...hahaha.

-Yes, but we've bonded.

-How do you know she doesn't cheat on you, too?

-She's already done it. But it was a messed up situation.

-So, then, why do you feel bad? In here anything goes...she said and kissed me.

As I am a very weak character, I had sex with her and then we hung out. I felt weird. Like, on the one hand, I had broken my faith with Alik, but, on the other hand, it wasn't such a big deal because she had done it, too. Or did she do it before we were together? Are we together? I was confused. After I said goodbye, I decided to go to Alik and tell her...

-How are you, baby? She said after she saw me in front of her.

-Ok. I did something really bad, I said testing her tolerance to stuff.

-What baby?! she answered...

-I...cheated on you with another girl.

-What do you mean you cheated on me?

-I had sex with Alice D.

-That's ok. I've done it, too.

-...For fuck's sake.

-For fuck's sake?!

-Why didn't you tell me?

-Because I thought it wasn't important. I fucked with a guy and two days later I made out with a chick. I can say I liked it with the chick, too.

-Fuck you! I thought I had done something completely wrong. Do

you want not to have sex with others? Because I can't. I feel less important to you.

-No.

-You're a slut.

-Why don't you go fuck yourself.

-At least, let's avoid it and tell each other. Ah and it makes me really horny that you had sex with a girl.

-Hahaha, you're immature.

-Can we avoid it?

-If we manage it...

-Please. At least, let's be honest. I know that what we have is not like being together outside.

-It's close though, she said and sighed. I love you.

-Me, too...

After we had a little "cold" sex, I left. I went to lie on my bed and I saw a girl that I had met recently. Natalie. "Damn it," I thought. "I have to avoid it." Natalie was a brunette with a wild beauty. I had fallen in love with her recently...

-Hi, Natalie, I said.

-Hey...

-What are you doing in my bed?!

-Ah, it's your bed? I got lost and I was looking for a little sex.

-Hahaha.

-What are you laughing at? she said and started kissing me.

-Wait, wait...

-Hahaha. You're playing hard to get. Do you want me to leave? Because you are not the only one on this planet that I want to have sex with.

-No, no stay.

-Hahaha. You're an idiot.

After making out a little, we ended up...where else?! Having sex.

-I'll come often, she said after we hung out. Something attracts me to you even though I didn't like you in the beginning.

-I'll come.

-What? Do you have a girlfriend in here? I will come privately, she won't realize it.

-So, even if she realizes it..., I murmured guiltily.

-So, I'm leaving, lover boy. Have a good time.

-Bye, Natalie.

How did it all happen?! I was in ecstasy. I was in a phase when everything in your head and in your life go around fast and not being able to think a little more, you act mechanically and instinctively. After what happened with Natalie and the other girls, my first "instinctive" thought was to have a cup of coffee with my father at the port of Makri to change the scene.

A few minutes after I suggested it to him, we were sitting in a pretty café in the port. After we had ordered, we started talking about philosophical issues, as usual. Philosophical discussions were a common subject with my father.

-...Yes, indeed, it has to do with the relationship between cause and effect.

-However, what is the connecting link between cause and effect? The act? The accomplished? Or does the cause itself connect its meaning with the effect? All those expressions. The cause, the effect, the act only comprise the way that man has found to interpret things and this is parallel with a reality that exists without us. I consider that magical...I said.

-Does this way though coincide with this reality that exists without us?

-Why isn't the way things coincide a human comprehension tool?

-Or is it a tool of that reality that we as people have understood?

-The more this conversation goes on, the more we answer with

questions instead of answers.

-Yes, hahaha. Right...Let's drink a little coffee. However, due to natural selection, the reality which you describe coincides with human thought. It is a way of survival for humans.

At that point, the devil appeared. Fortunately, alone.

Dev.-What are you talking about? Are you playing smart?

Chr.-At this moment, if science were an entity, it would mock you. Go to your sluts.

Dev.-Science as an entity, how little you know about the issue.

Chr.-I'm not interested in your opinion. By nature, you are anti-scientific.

Dev.-Oh, yes?! Let me show it...

Chr.-Oh no, what now?

Dev.-The tendency towards science is for some like the tendency for religiousness. I will put a gasoline taste for half a minute in the mouths of all science-worshipping atheists. Faith in science works with a faith receptor to it. Whoever has this receptor activated will feel my wrath. Hahaha.

Chr.-Come on, you asshole, don't do it...Gasoline in the mouth?! Haven't I given an anti-spell for your bullshit?

Dev.-I won't use it as a spell, I'll do it as an "action" of Communication. Like a massive act of the system of msn towards everyone. I can do it. Only, just because you called me unscientific, ...you atheist pest.

Three seconds later, I had a taste of gas in my mouth. My father made a face as he was drinking his coffee. The asshole had put gasoline in the mouth of everybody who believed in science because I called him anti-scientific...A little bit later, his chicks came. The devil was anxious whether he had put gasoline in their mouths, too...

Dev.-Girls, girls you didn't taste anything strange, did you?

Kon.-No. What taste?

Ir.-What the fuck are you talking about?

Chr.-Hahaha. Anti-scientific whores. Hahaha.

Ir.-What is the “monster” talking about?

Dev.-Nothing baby.

Chr.-Your “action” includes knowledge of the multiplication table, too? Hahaha.

Ir.-Tase him. That fucker is making fun of us.

Chr.-Aaaaaaa.

Dev.Let’s see if you can solve a riddle, since you’re playing smart. A mathematical equation which you have to solve so that you don’t have gasoline in your mouth.

Chr.-I don’t want gasoline in my mouth...Fuck off!

The equation he gave me was unsolvable. Its result led to new equation and the result of the new one to another equation and so it went on... I tried to solve it for half an hour, with the taste of gasoline in my mouth, but I couldn’t do it. In the end the devil got bored and my taste recovered.

That day, my grandmother visited us to see the house. Out of curiosity, I wanted to see what her connection with the msn was. So, as soon as we sat down to eat, I started an inner conversation.

-How are you, grandma?

-Christos? Don’t talk to me in here. I get confused. I talk only to the guys.

-What guys, grandma?

-The metalheads. What’s their name now? The Black Metalers.

-Eh?

-Yes, they’re really nice.

-What Black Metalers, grandma?

-They found me and they told me that I have the black metal feeling and they talk to me. They keep me company.

-Have you learned anything about black metal?

-Eh, I've learned something. Hehe. Darkthrone, Belphegor. And the others who I liked, what was their name? Ah, Behexen. I don't understand what they say and what this all means, but I like it.

-Hahaha. Enjoy your meal, grandma.

-Enjoy your meal, too, grandson.

So, we started to eat. We had chicken. As I was eating, I felt more and more that the devil was going to start his shit. His came soon and it was bad...

-You know, of course, that you can speak to animals now, through msn? he said.

-...

-About the dead, I imagine you know...that you can talk to them...

-...

-Combine those two a little...

-Fuck you. Noooooo!

At that point, the chicken that I was eating started to talk to me... "don't eat me, disgusting human"... "I wish you were in my place" and other such comments. The devil seemed to enjoy it and he called his chicks who also enjoyed it. That day I stopped eating meat. Fortunately, not for a long time, but I did it. I decided to eat only vegetables or at the most shrimps which didn't have enough intelligence to mock me. The day continued smoothly, but there was a feeling in the air that a new "action" in the msn would take place. The system of global conscience was creating again...

A little bit before the new "action" of Communication happened, we hung out with Aliko and waited at first bored, but then impatiently because it was taking so long and we were curious to see what it was. As we were waiting, a series of lists which had various numbered names on them came to our minds. A little later, the word "rank" appeared in our heads. That's the way the lists were named.

Every list had a subject and under it there were classifications of people. For example, the “rank” of mathematicians. In the first place was the best mathematician in the world. In the second place, the second. It was interesting. The “rank” worked with parameters. That is, you could insert, for example, “the best mathematician alive” or “the best mathematician in the theory of numbers” etc. We checked the lists with Alik. The prettiest girl alive was a girl from Norway. Alik was number 829,456, which was pretty high. Then we looked at the smartest person on the planet. I was number 2,789,416 . At that point the “breath” was activated and magically went up in the “rank”. Taking into account the fact that I carried the “archetype dogma” and that my brain many times gave answers to everything because of the “breath”, I went up to 121. I was so glad that I shouted out loud “I am smart”. Alik laughed. Then, we looked at various classifications such as the best musician and I was number 83, due to what I showed to Cedric, Omar and Thomas. Alik kept adding parameters as to who is the most beautiful and she went up the “rank”. She reached 790,821 and was very happy. She was really pretty. After we searched the best scientist, the best doctor and the best athlete, my eye caught a very funny part of the “rank”. The most awesome, the most punk and the worst asshole. I put in the parameters for the worst asshole and entities like the devil could be classified too. The devil was the worst asshole of all. He had first place, because for thousands of years he was doing shit to people. I put a parameter only for entities in the “rank” for assholes on purpose to see which were the entities of msn. I was in the fourth place...Because of the “breath” I was an entity as well as a human being. Being an entity generally meant you existed only in the msn. In my case, the fact that I pre-existed in Communication before the explosion of global conscience made me also an entity. The entities were many and they all had super powers. It was interesting that

Satan and Lucifer were different entities from the devil. Satan was responsible for the wars in the history of man, whereas the devil and Lucifer were occupied with people on an individual level. Other entities were Nilsen and Tatiana. Budha and Christ and many others were also entities. Now I will tell you about Tatiana...

Tatiana was a girl who lived somewhere in Athens. She was an electronica music fan and she never missed the chance of going to such parties. She was also a fan of drugs and an intense lifestyle full of sex. The first time I saw her was at an electronica party to which I had gone with my friends where we did ecstasy for the first time. Influenced by the drug, we couldn't stop dancing. Tatiana was dancing so intensely that she stood out. As soon as the party finished, she passed in front of us and we immediately felt that she had something special. That she was something...Her look was extraordinary and she radiated a ruthless, unbeatable self-confidence in combination with an expression that automatically reduced you because you had lived a lot less than she had. One day when we were hanging out with Alik, she appeared in front of us and she struck up a conversation.

Tat.-Oh, a couple? Who gives a fuck, she said commenting on me and Alik.

Al.-Get lost, you junkie.

Tat.-I'm not here for you, girl. I came for the guy that fucks you.

Al.-Die, bitch...

At that point, she ignored her and spoke to me.

Tat.-You are supposedly the Messiah? My name is Tatiana and I got a sign from the system we are talking through...

Chr.-It's called Communication...

Tat.-I know, don't interrupt me...I pre-existed, too. I was like the "nyse" of ecstasy, in the pre-msn and that makes me also an entity.

Chr.-I know it already.

Tat.-Nice. My purpose is supposedly to supplement a part of the “archetype dogma”. To convey the meaning of ecstasy to you...like a lesson that will help embody it in the lives of people. The sign that came to me was clear that I could choose the way I would do it. So, I choose to remove my ovaries with my hands so that I don't get pregnant and start fucking in front of you and Aliko. Aliko and I stood there with our mouths open. The chick did as she said she would. While simultaneously, she was cursing us...The first quarter of an hour was fun. Then we got tired. She wouldn't stop. She did the most perverted stuff in front of us like it was no big deal. Two hours later, something between catharsis and intense inner understanding came to us. That didn't make her stop fucking and cursing us. In the end, we started cursing her.

...

Tat.-Eat shit, you pussies...she told us for the hundredth time.

Al.-Stick an umbrella in your ass, you filthy whore.

...

This went on for quite a while. After a certain point, we realized that she was doing it on purpose. It was part of the catharsis and the deep understanding of ecstasy. Five hours later, after all of us were exhausted, she kissed us and said: “Expect this.” We didn't understand what she meant and we sent her away politely. The next day, the devil woke me up.

-Wake up, idiot, the apocalypse has come.

-Let me sleep, what the fuck are you talking about?

-The apocalypse has come. It's time to judge people. Since the first battle didn't have a winner, we'll have to do it together. It's like an obligatory confession for everyone.

-I won't do it. I think it's wrong. Except if I'm going to judge you.

-Nobody judges me. So I guess I'll do it myself and you will undertake the plan because I don't feel like doing it.

-What plan?!

-All the leaders from all the countries will gather and you will have to suggest a plan about how things will be in the world.

-If I do it, will they abide by it?

-Probably not. I think my job has more meaning. Ah and Christos, let me tell you...

-What?

-FUCK YOU!

-Smart...

At that point, I had to wake up and think of the plan to show it to the leaders of the countries. A few hours later, they gathered together and I started suggesting what I had thought about.

-Good evening. Due to the way the world is today, the plan is only a suggestion which you can consider. Whatever comment you may have is acceptable. I have no political power so don't try to kill me afterwards.

-Hahahaha, they all laughed.

-First of all, I propose ending all hostilities and war fronts all over the world. Secondly, I propose worldwide disarmament which will be accomplished by satellites and robots, which are harmless to people and which will locate the weapons and destroy them. I also propose policing is stopped and replaced by a smart system of self-defense, which will be available to all citizens of the world. This system will also record illegal actions, such as an attack. Through a data base, after a certain point, the offender would have to appear at a lenient and humane court. I also suggest free entrance at all borders for all people and a global currency. All decisions will be made by means of an internet referendum whether they concern a specific country or the global community. Goods such as food, accommodation and access to the internet will be available to all the citizens of the world at no cost. This is my plan. I hope you like it.

At that point, most of them left since hearing my opinion was a nuisance for them. Some stayed and apologized for not being able to help. I felt happy simply because I expressed my opinion. A few hours later, the devil came.

-Ok. I judged them. I also tased some idiots that believed that they had to be punished. I won't ask how it went with the leaders because I know they ignored you. Now it's time for your judgement. Do you believe you have to be punished for your sins? he said and moved the taser.

-Go fuck yourself.

-Today I'm in a really weird mood and I will be an asshole. I found a trick that is not a spell and it causes a stroke.

-No, don't use that. For fuck's sake.

-I'm going to use it on someone, not on you to begin with, to see what it does.

-Nooo. It's dangerous.

-Yes, and I like it. I'm pissed off today. I had a fight with the girls...

-Oh, no.

-Yes, oh no...

A little later a girl showed up. I told her to leave, but the devil struck up a conversation.

Chr.-Go away, he's dangerous. He wants to harm you.

Dev.-He always ruins it. If you don't want to stay with us, you can leave, Christos. What's your name girl?

Kel.-Kelly. What's his problem?

Dev.- He has schizophrenia, leave him alone. I'll take care of him.

Chr.-Go away, I said crying.

Dev.-Don't pay much attention to him Kelly. You have to be careful. A new "action" of the msn is coming.

At that point, the devil was lying. He wanted to create a fake, massive "action" of Communication in the eyes of Kelly.

Kel.-What “action”?

Dev.-The schizophrenias will be released for a little. The schizophrenias which some people have will be released like images in the msn and will start doing bad things. But it won't last long. Don't worry, I'm here.

...

Dev.-Oh no, it's starting.

So all the schizophrenias ...appeared. He had created them as entities that tried to drive you crazy with mindfucks. He directed some towards Kelly to supposedly protect her from them. Then, Patton came and he sent him away by directing some towards him. Kelly was scared and was sitting near the devil. As she was sitting next to him, he did the trick with the stroke without her realizing that he did it. She turned red and immediately after turned white. “I don't feel well,” she said...

Dev.-It must be the schizophrenias. Don't worry, they will leave.

Chr.-Assshooooole!

Dev.-Oh no, they got him, too.

Kel.-I'm not feeling good, she said crying.

Chr.-That asshole gave you a stroke.

Kelly was in no position to hear me. I had to help her...I blocked the devil's ability to move and through the search engine I found a spell which recovered brain functioning to normal. The devil was pissed off and tried to move in vain. He created an effigy that was one tenth of his height which used Kelly's anti-spell (what I had given to people) so that my rescue spell wouldn't work. At the end, the “breath” worked suddenly and she was saved. Kelly ran away. However, the devil's ability to move recovered and he had that horrible little creature as a helper. They kept making me have strokes until I couldn't stand it anymore and I told my mother to take me to the hospital.

When we got there, they put me in a wheelchair and they took me to a room. A little bit before they gave me a green injection, the nysse came...I was going to die. The doctors were looking at me anxiously because my condition was getting worse. I was dying. I saw beautiful images from my life and then remembered that it was finishing and I was crying. At that point, I was half-way unconscious and everything around me seemed blurred. I saw Svensgar talking to the devil and then coming over to me and saying “don’t worry, I’m going to save you.” He did some magic and I slowly recovered. The devil had gone.

-Thanks, I told him.

-Don’t worry. Tomorrow, we’ll fight the devil and it all be over. There is no way we’ll lose. Trust me.

Then I fell asleep abruptly and woke up the next day in the evening. The battle had already started...

Svensgar was sending spells to the devil and his creature. The devil was in defense whereas the creature was sending electric shocks to Svensgar. As soon as he saw that I was awake, he said to me.

-I saved your life last night, save mine now.

-Thanks. Done.

I started to tase the creature, which didn’t have the anti-spell I had given to people, so that Svensgar could break the devil’s defense. (The devil had created a defense for himself.) The devil gave an anti-spell to the creature, but strangely he lost his defense. Svensgar tried to tase him. Then I remembered the second battle and told him:

-Don’t tase him, he doesn’t die. What are we gonna do? Oh, I have an idea. Let’s change him. I have a spell that works like a lobotomy for evil.

-Bullshit...where did you find that spell?!

-No time to explain...tase him so that I can put that spell on him.

Before I started tasing him, he magically lost his powers and Svensgar managed to put the spell on him. As much as he tried, he couldn't turn against us. The devil became good after that! The spell did away with any tendency for ...destructive and hostile behavior. He apologized and tried to stop the creature that seemed to have gone crazy from too much tasing. Then the battle continued a little with the creature. Although he didn't have a lot of power, it was smart and managed to get away. At the end, Svensgar showed me an ancient prophecy that on that day I would prevail and that humanity and I would thereafter live in paradise. As soon as the creature saw the prophecy, so that it wouldn't suffer it transformed itself and swore to be my helper from then on in the new life.

-Whatever you need from now on, I will be next to you, it said to me. My name is 10,000.

-10,000?!

-Yes, that's how the devil named me because he thought I had 10,000 IQ, he said and transformed himself drastically. He looked like Nuno and told me that was who he was influenced by for his new appearance.

...

-Heaven at last! said Svensgar and raised a glass of beer.

-Heaven at last! said the devil, 10,000 and I and we said cheers...

The following days were indeed heavenly. The "breath" although I felt it was confused, gave me some magic which would improve people's lives. Immortality until the age of 85 for everyone. A system of self-defense that could immobilize anyone who tried to attack you in reality. We were also giving out money with 10,000 in the street like we had done with Steven. With 10,000 we became friends and often hung out looking at funny things in the rank. The devil and Svensgar spent a lot of time together so I didn't see them often. They would join us once in a while, though. Our circle was

huge at that point. Its core was Prozak Party, Patton, Nuno, old friends and acquaintances, Alik, Alice D and Natalie who got to know each other and hung out together. I didn't do anything with Alice D and Natalie only with Alik. With Alice D and Natalie we were only friends despite their frequent pressure to have sex.

-...How can we go about it? I want to have sex with you, Alice D said at one point.

-I know I want to, too, but I'm with Alik and we are about to get together in reality.

-Come on, I really want to...

At that point Alik came. "Oh, no, Alik came," I thought.

Al.-What happened? What are you talking about?

Chr.-Nothing.

Alice D-Eh, not nothing.

Chr.-...

Al.-...

Alice D-He wants to fuck us, Natalie and me and he can't.

Chr.-Fuck you.

Al.-I'll kick your ass, she said jokingly.

Alice D-I'm kidding, it's me that wants, but you are lovebirds. What can we do?

Al.-Do you like him?

Alice D-Yeah, damn it.

Al.-Me?

Alice D-Haha, interesting...Yes, I like you, too, stupid.

Then all three of us looked at each other. Nothing more was needed. We had sex and it was so interesting that one more time seemed too little.

We decided to form a "triple" relationship. We all liked each other and felt like it was healthy. A little bit later, Natalie, who Alice D had informed, came and said, "I'm in too, you can't do this

without me”... After we accepted her, we had sex altogether and that’s how the “foursome” was created. I was the luckiest man in the world...The first days Aliko and Natalie fought a little, but after that they got along with the help of Alice D. We gradually realized that despite our differences, we all liked each other. It had developed into an intense relationship, with a few outstanding moments of tenderness. Deep down, we loved each other. Despite the sexual part, one helped the other and it resulted in something between a relationship and a friendship, which all four of us liked. Especially me, though. Haha.

As the days went by, our good time had become a routine. The only thing that wasn’t going well was my relationship with 10,000...It seemed that he had gotten bored of helping and sometimes he had outbursts like lying to me about the girls and trying to harm passersby. He always apologized afterwards and blamed it on his relationship with Evelyn, his girlfriend. This went on for quite a while and it had enraged me. At one point, I burst out and spoke to him intensely. This unfortunately had a negative result...

Chr.-What’s your problem, you asshole? Because you have problems with Evelyn, you take it out on me?

10,000-Sorry, it’s a psychological problem that I can’t control.

Chr.-You’ve overdone it. Fuck off!

At that point, he lost control again and threw me a small electric shock. That was his first attack...

Chr.-What the fuck did you just do?

He threw me one more. There were a lot of people in front. Some panicked and others were strangely more patient.

Chr.-Are you a part of it? I shouted, meaning our company.

Then he got up and left. Evelyn came a little after and apologized to everyone. I cursed her and told her to restrain him. She got angry

and left. Right after I went and slept with my girls. The dream I saw was terrible. I dreamed that the whole Physics department had formed a conspiracy to kill me. When I woke up, I saw Svensgar standing over me and saying: “Bad day at the Physics Department, huh?” I didn’t answer and he left. I went to make coffee and on returning, I saw Aliko making out with a guy. When she saw me she stopped for a little, but then she continued like nothing happened. I got angry and without saying anything sat down in front of them.

Al.-Leave!

At that point, I got up and threw a glass of water on the guy’s head.

Guy-What the fuck are you doing, you asshole?!

Chr.-Leave now, idiot.

Al.-Christos, stop!

Guy-I’m leaving, baby.

Chr.-Who did you call baby, you fucker? I said and grabbed him by the neck.

Guy-You have a problem, man.

Chr.-Get outta here!

Guy-I’m leaving.

Al.-Are you fucking insane? What’s your problem? What do you think we are, your harem?! Fuck you.

Chr.-At least, don’t do it in front of me.

Al.-I believe we have a different opinion about the foursome.

Chr.-Yeah. Tell me about it...

Al.-You’re covered. You have three chicks. And anyway you do it in front of me with Alice D and Natalie.

Chr.-Excellent, you just zeroed our relationship.

Al.-What relationship? It’s only a foursome.

Chr.-I don’t see it that way. It’s something deeper for me.

Al.-Yes, because we are three chicks.

Chr.-No, because I love you. You and Natalie and Alice D. I feel love. You're everything for me and I can't stand watching you make out in front of me.

Al.-You're an asshole.

Chr.-Doesn't all we have created mean anything to you?

Then 10,000 appeared. "You're fucked" he said and within seconds he had blocked all communication with everyone.

-What are you doing, I said surprised.

-Time to suffer. I've been waiting for this for a long time.

He, then, immobilized me and started to freak me out. First, he put a live rat in my intestine and ,then, a horse's head in my stomach. "Get it out of me," I shouted. After he made ten pigeons eat me. I went to light a cigarette and he replaced it with an old, wrinkled finger. Next, he replaced my heart with a pigeon's heart. I tried to attack him and he threatened me to do worse. "And that's only the beginning," he said and left. Right after that I went to Alik.

-Alik, baby, I'm sorry I behaved in that way. I love you. I did it because I was jealous, I said falling apart.

-Calm down, what happened? Why are you so freaked out?

-10,000 tortured me. You do whatever you want. You're my sweet girls.

Alik started crying.

-Sorry, baby, my fault, I shouldn't have made out in front of you. I won't do it again. That asshole tortured you! Baby...

Then, Alice D and Natalie came.

Nat.-Why are you crying, Alik?

Al.-Because 10,000 tortured him and because I'm a whore.

Nat.-What are you talking about, girl?

Chr.-You're not a whore. It was my fault. And don't worry about 10,000, I'll find a solution.

We hugged each other and we realized how important we were for

each other.

The days that followed were difficult. 10,000 would come and freak me out and then leave. One day he set up a whole scene that Aliko wasn't real and that the real Aliko was dead. He made the dead Aliko talk to me from the world of the dead. But, at some point, Alice D came and revived me. The sessions with the psychiatrist took place at regular intervals and their only purpose was to enable me to drive so that I could find the girls. One of those days, we arranged to meet with the girls, although my parents wouldn't allow me to drive yet.

We arranged a meeting at a café. I went a quarter of an hour earlier. Time passed and they didn't show up. 10,000 had blocked all communication and I couldn't know when they would show up. Three quarters of an hour later, Alice D managed to say to me that 10,000 had blocked her and she couldn't come. That asshole used the self-defense immobilization, which I had given to people so that they wouldn't attack each other, on the girls, so they couldn't move. Natalie, annoyed, arranged to meet with Alice D and they told me where Aliko lived so that I could go to her house. So, I went the apartment building, where Aliko lived, which was ten minutes from the café and waited underneath for her to come down. Time went by and the people who lived in the apartment building were starting to stare at me from their balconies. 10,000 had blocked all communications again and I didn't know which bell was hers, I rang all the bells asking for Aliko. Most of the people told me to leave, but two bells didn't answer and I came to the conclusion that Aliko lived in one of the two. After waiting for another ten minutes, I left. When communication unblocked, Aliko told me that the asshole had blocked her movements. The only good thing that happened that day was that Natalie and Alice D met in reality. It was a start, but I had to face 10,000 so that we could meet each other in reality...

On returning home, 10,000 set up a scene that my psychiatrist was in danger. I told my parents that I didn't want to go to that psychiatrist anymore and we found a new one. The first time I went to my new psychiatrist I told her that the only reason I came to her was that my previous psychiatrist was in danger. She told me that no-one was in danger. Nevertheless, I didn't confide anything from my internal life to her because Communication had acquired a very subjective meaning for each person and it was like a common secret that nobody talked about in reality. After talking generally about irrelevant issues like music (we enjoyed the same music), she pressured me to tell her my problems. I told her only a few which had occurred in reality and I reassured her that I was ok so that she would let me drive. Unfortunately, I didn't manage that, but I did manage to convince her to go for walks on my own. The only thing I cared about was to meet the girls in reality and I wasn't about to isolate myself under the wing of my parents. The session finished and I went. A few days later, my parents announced that due to financial problems, we would be moving to our summer house in Amarinthos. It was May 2010...

AMARINTHOS

Amarinthos is a seaside village in Evia, a little outside Eretria. The town of Amarinthos has many taverns and cafes as well as a lot of hotels. Our summer house was located in a remote piece of property ten minutes on foot from the beach and the town center. It was a little wooden pre-fabricated cottage with a big garden, trees and unkempt plants. After we settled in, I went for a walk on the beach. When I got there, I called the girls to see the place.

...

Al.-Wow, nice place.

Nat.-Yes, you're lucky. You'll be staying in a place where people come for vacation.

Chr.-Yeah, vacation with that asshole, 10,000.

Alice D-Come on, damn it...Try not to pay much attention to him and hang out with us on the beach.

Al.-Yes, have sex on the sand. Aaaaah

Nat.-We can make fun of passersby.

Alice D-We can stroll in the stupid village.

Chr.-Yeah, why not? One problem is that I won't be coming to Athens to get together often...

Alice D-...

Chr.-Alice D?!

At that point, 10,000 cut communication. "Time to welcome you

to the new house,” he said and freaked me out that I am a skeleton. Instead of seeing my hands, I saw my hand’s skeleton. It was a terrible experience, but he didn’t stop there. 10,000 felt like experimenting...He enlarged my ribs and made my spinal chord crooked. He changed the geometry of my skull and put muscles in my deformed skeleton. I wanted to scream, but he had deformed my mouth in such a way that I couldn’t speak. That went on for about ten minutes. “Time for the next phase of your mutation,” he said to me. He changed my DNA to one of a fly’s and then to a snail’s. Besides the freaky part of all this, I realized that snails feel love towards everyone, but are very afraid of fire. Flies think completely procedural and egocentrically. The mutations continued and for a minute I became a vulture. It was a very bad experience. I needed help. Svensgar and the devil had disappeared completely ever since 10,000 started the torturing and the girls could only console me, but couldn’t ditch him.

The next torture 10,000 did was optical. It was like a bad trip from drugs as I was entering and leaving various parallel worlds which had different given parameters of existence from our own. There was a different spatial and time arrangement and other parameters that our world didn’t have. The torture worked like a radio with a frequency band of different parallel worlds. As 10,000 changed the “stations” I found myself in a parallel world that was similar to ours. In one of the parallel worlds, there was a guy who looked like me, but he was in a bad condition. It was my parallel universe self, Christophoros.

-What’s up, man? It may seem strange, but I am you from a parallel universe. Christos.

-What?! Is it true what they say in the democracy of America? Christophoros.

-You mean in America?

-Yes. The democracy of America. The revolutionaries had made a speech about that.

-What revolutionaries?

-The resisting guardians of knowledge from the universities. They have created a pseudo-state called the democracy of America and the Americanians are after them. All the revolutionary world is with them. Me too. Fifty years ago, they were planning a mission to the moon and the Americanians bombed them. Never forget!

I was about to correct his "forget," but then I realized that that was the way it was said there.

-When did brain to brain communication occur to you?

-Hahaha. Are you fucking kidding me? It was always like that. Are you Neanderthal? Do you mind if I shoot a little opium?

I felt sad. My parallel universe self was very messed up...

-Have you been doing opium for a long time?

-Yes, ever since my parents abandoned me.

-They abandoned you? Why?

-Because I entered the resistance and they were pro-Americanians. Assholes.

-Do you work?

-What's that?

-How do you spend your day?

-I go and contribute to get food stamps. I spend half on opium. Hahaha.

-To whom do you contribute?

-To the big ones. Only they give food stamps. I am secretly in the resistance. Things are difficult.

-I imagine that the big ones are Americanians.

-Not all of them. They are from a lot of borders.

-Do you live in Athens...?

Then he shot and became a mess. There were tears in my eyes and I

left. A little later I returned to my girls. Something big and at the same time bad seemed to have happened.

Chr.-How are you girls?

Al.-Christos. Listen. There is a rumor that 10,000, Svensgar, the devil and many others have created a secret organization called the “conspiracy” and they intend to kill you. Today or tomorrow, the transmitter of the “archetype dogma,” the “irl” will convey a message to everybody about who you are so that more people will believe in you. The “conspiracy” will try to prevail and to impose its own dogma with the help of a strong drug “Bendels.” “Bendels” is the strongest and the most awesome drug in here, but it leads you to become a follower of the “conspiracy” dogma through a lack of judgement which they take advantage of. The “conspiracy” dogma is to make people their pawns and to become dominant in the outside world. Whoever is a member and reacts against this is killed by the other members. The “conspiracy” keeps this secret and presents itself as a cool alternative to the “archetype dogma.” We and five thousand people who have understood the trick of the “conspiracy” are with you, baby. We love you.

Chr.-Fuck. So that circle of 5,000 will be called “protection group.” We offer everything we have to everyone regardless of whether they are in the “protection group” or not and we inform people about the consequences of using “Bendels.” I’m sure that they will try to strike immortality and the system of self-defense that I have given to people. I will protect that no matter what it takes. Alik, can you do a massive “knock”?

Al.-Yes. You can, too...

Chr.-Nice. So, I’ll “knock” at the circle of 5,000 to inform them about the existence of the “protection group.” Don’t worry about the “irl”...

Alice D-I love you.

Nat.-I love you.

Al.-I love you.

Chr.-I love you all, too. Let's gather slowly...

Within an hour, the 5,000 had gathered and they sat down in a circle around me and the girls. The atmosphere was indescribable. A lot of people knew each other. Some were drinking beers and others were making out. At some point, before I was able to say anything, a guy suddenly shouted, "Long live the protection group!" The people were shouting, whistling and cheering. Then the "irl" came. The "protection group" went silent and a luminous cylinder with a two-way rotation appeared behind my head. A flash and a loud bang followed and gradually more people started to gather. The "protection group" was now a total of 15,000 people...The party continued for hours and, at some point, exhausted the girls and I said goodnight and left. "Long live the foursome!" shouted an elderly woman and the gathering slowly scattered. The next day, Svensgar appeared in front of me.

Sv.-What's up, dude?! Everything Ok? he said like nothing had happened.

Chr.-Fuck you. Get the fuck out of here! I know about the "conspiracy."

-What "conspiracy" dude? I saved your life. Wanna try this new drug, I ...

At that point, I interrupted him and pushed him.

Sv.-I guess, you know. Alice D is fucked. Tonight we'll try to kill her, he said and disappeared quickly.

I immediately went to Alice D and the others.

Chr.-Baby, tonight you have to stay near me, I said and I checked what condition her immortality spell was in. It was ok. I decided to protect her spell all night.

Alice D-Why? Not that I have a problem, she answered and kissed

me.

Chr.-It's nothing. Just stay near me tonight.

Nat.-Did something happen?

I answered "no" and immediately I said to Natalie and Aliko what had happened in private. I told them to keep me awake.

The day passed and the girls went to sleep. I was keeping awake and was watching Alice D's spell. Just as my eyes were closing, a girl came and upset started to tell me the following...

-Good evening, Christos. I did something completely stupid and I want to tell you about it. Some guys approached me and gave me a drug. What was the name of it? "Bendels" I think. The high was incredible and I couldn't compare it to any other drug. But when the effect was over, they tried to initiate me into some kind of religion. I am very frightened and I feel like I'm in trouble. What should I do?

-Don't do it again and keep away from those assholes. Go to a member of the "protection group" and whatever you need tell me.

-What's the "protection group?" It's not some stupid cult, eh?!

-No.

-Are you sure, because I don't want to get in trouble.

-No, it's n....

At that point Svensgar appeared and the girl disappeared.

Sv.-Alice D is dead. The girl you were just talking to was an optical illusion created by the devil, he said and left.

"Aaaasshole," I shouted. I immediately went to wake up the three of them. Alice D wouldn't wake up. I checked her spell and it was cut in half. Natalie and Alice were panicking. I sent small electric shocks to Alice D, but she wouldn't wake up. The three of us started crying. I tried to connect the broken spell, but I ended up crying on it, not being able to connect it. The girls did the same. The disappointment was unbearable. We had lost Alice D because of those idiots from the "conspiracy." All the moments we had lived together came to our

minds and we couldn't believe that she was gone. We started to organize revenge, but it seemed difficult and not enough. The assholes of the "conspiracy" were well-hidden. Time was passing and the pain got bigger and bigger. For the three of us.

Fifteen minutes later, one of my tears fell on Alice D. The "irl" started to rotate quickly on Alice D's immortality spell until was activated again. "Wake up, wake up!" we shouted. As if nothing had happened, she got up and asked us what we wanted. The "irl" gave me a message that even if the spell was cut, after a while it would recover.

Chr.-Nothing, Alice D ...Go back to sleep, I told her.

The girls and I decided to tell her another time. Crying with happiness, we went to sleep.

The next day, Angie came. Angie was another girl I was in love with in the last years. She was upset and she was accompanied by Letos. They seemed freaked out.

Let.-We did "Bendels."

Ang.-Yes and ideas came into our heads to harm you.

Let.-I would never harm you.

Ang.-We didn't know what it was. We got high and an asshole started brainwashing us, she said with her eyes wide open.

Let.-Then somebody told us about the "conspiracy." I felt like I had betrayed you, but I didn't know. Now, I'm going to wait for the effect to wear off and then I'm going to kick the shit out of that asshole. If I find him. They hide very well.

Ang.-They made us organize your murder.

Let.-"Bendels" makes you lose it.

Chr.-Take this spell to sober up. Wanna become the organizers of the "protection group?"

Ang.-Yes.

Let.-We'll do the best we can. We'll leave now to sober up.

Chr.-Bye. Be careful.

Ang.-Bye and I'm sorry.

A little bit later, I would have to face another enemy, who had also become a member of the “conspiracy.” Satan. The “conspiracy” had also made Lucifer a proposition, but he didn't accept because he wanted to spend his time maintaining his cult. Satan appeared in front of me in the mood to duel. Then, a representative of Christ's dogma appeared and told me that they didn't want any involvement in this and to never bother them to ask for help. The first thing that Satan did was to cover me from top to bottom with snails so that I would freak out. The battle began while I was covered with snails. Then he brought several cannibals to help him. He tried to immobilize me so that the cannibals would attack me. I cured the cannibals so that I wouldn't be in danger, but Satan was giving them strong doses of “Bendels” in order to get them on his side again. For the time being, the cannibals weren't a danger because they were high. Satan was throwing strong electric shocks and was trying to give me “Bendels.” Fortunately, he failed. At that point, the “irl” gave me through the “breath” something that would get me out of my tough spot. It was a defense which would rot anyone that would turn against me and, at the same time, did “Bendels.” The cannibals got scared and left. Satan was under the influence of “Bendels” and started rotting. He was so brutal that he didn't care. He tied me with a wire and hit me with a piece of sheet rock that had nails on it which he had found in my garden. Then he tried to turn against the “irl” but it was smarter than him and gave him “Bendels” doses which resulted in his rotting even more, thanks to the defense. He was in an ecstatic condition and went towards the “protection group.” Letos and Angie activated a spell that I had given them like a defense. It was like a circle that nobody could penetrate. After many unsuccessful attempts, Satan had completely rotted and

couldn't take it anymore. So, he returned running to the "conspiracy." The battle with the "conspiracy" hadn't finished yet. A little later, Svensgar came...

With a mental device which transmitted frequencies, he tried to get on the same frequency with the "irl" in order to deactivate it. I got my guitar and connected it to his device and an amplifier. As I was playing, I changed the frequencies it transmitted adding chords. The new frequencies weren't dangerous for the "irl." Svensgar directed himself frantically towards Aliko. He wanted to get her on the same frequency with the device to drive her crazy. Then I started playing music to Aliko so that Svensgar's frequencies wouldn't come through. The musical battle was becoming more and more difficult. Due to the frequencies that Svensgar transmitted, I had to play more and more quickly and melodically. At one point, I was playing so fast so that nothing would happen to Aliko that I almost got tendonitis. I wouldn't stop and Svensgar got bored first and stopped. I was exhausted.

I turned and saw 10,000 trying to burn Alice D with a cigarette I had let lit. Because I didn't know whether it was an optical illusion or reality, I couldn't risk it and ran to protect Alice D. I took the cigarette from him and put it out. He told me that every time I would light a cigarette, he would burn Alice D with a spell. I shouted "damn it" and threw the pack in the garbage. The communication with the girls had blocked and I didn't know in what condition they were. Natalie managed to show me that everything was ok, so 10,000 turned against me only.

I tried to fight him, but he took the shape of my spinal cord and embraced it; so that if I wanted to hurt him I would injure it. At the same time, every spondyl hurt and the only thing I could do was to try to change 10,000's shape carefully so that I wouldn't be injured. At some point, I managed to give 10,000 the shape of a ball. I

would hit him and he would go back and then come back to attack me. A little later, a woman with a birthmark came to see out of curiosity what was happening. 10,000 took advantage of it and hid in her birthmark and threw electric shocks from there. The woman had freaked out, but she didn't want to leave because she would take him with her. It was better if I were there. The idiot did "Bendels," not knowing that I had a defense against anyone who attacked me and at the same time did "Bendels." He immediately started rotting and got out of the women's birthmark. In a panic, she left. His decay had gotten worse and, not having understood my defense, he did more "Bendels" to stop the decay. After a certain point, he had rotted so much that the girls and some people from the "protection group" came and we were all happy that he was dying. A little later, Svensgar came annoyed and took him.

The next day, I woke up with the girls from something we didn't expect. Half-asleep we found ourselves in the middle of a crowded soccer field, where the fans were waiting with for their team to come out. The atmosphere was indescribable. A little later, the team came and the people shouted "PAOK" (a Greek soccer team). The intensity of what they shouted made me wake up and shout, too, although I wasn't involved in soccer much and was a fan of another team. As soon as the fans saw me shouting, they came over and hung out. What I had seen was a reenactment of a game which a fan (a member of the "protection group") had organized. It was ten o'clock in the morning and we started drinking beers. A little later Letos who was another team came and hung out with us. By twelve o'clock we were wasted from booze. Then Nilsen another member of the "conspiracy" choose to come. As soon as the PAOK fans saw him, they started beating him up. Nilsen ran away before managing to do anything and the PAOK fans started laughing. As soon as he left, they suggested being present to protect the "protection group."

Without thinking too much about it, we accepted and the PAOK fans became an integral part of our company. Soon after, another group of people came to hang out. The Tsitsanides. The Tsitsanides were gypsy musicians and offered to play music whenever something important happened. They also offered us guns, but after laughing we said no. That day was one of the happiest...

The following days were relatively calm. The “conspiracy” wouldn’t attack and there was a “cold war” atmosphere which was better than war itself. One of those days, I found two identical stops for the door. They were wooden and as soon as I saw them I felt the air of the “breath” touching me. I decided to experiment. I joined them and formed a rhombus. Different symbols connected with the “archetype dogma” immediately appeared in my head. I started to make different movements with them and a huge range of spells appeared. Some were defenses, others were musical and a lot of others. What attracted my attention the most was a spell that made women prettier. So I activated in and for fun went into the town of Amarinthos. The spell was incredible because all the women I saw were beautiful. The pretty girls looked like mythical creatures whereas the ugly ones looked really good. At some point, I turned the spell on me to see if it worked on me, too. Immediately, all the chicks started looking at me and smiled or were shy. I spoke to two or three of them, but I didn’t get their phone numbers because I was with the girls. I fucked around until midnight and then I went to my girls to sleep.

On waking up, I realized that a large part of my memory had disappeared. I tried to think of some scenes from my childhood, but I couldn’t remember them. I told Aliki and she said that something terrible might have happened when I was little and it had blocked my memory. So I went to my mother to ask her about my childhood. I spoke to her through msn.

-Mom, I don't remember at all what happened when I was little. My memory is blocked. Did anything strange happen when I was little? My mother started crying, collected herself and then answered me.

-No.

-Why are you crying?

Then she broke down and started sobbing.

-I didn't want to. Those assholes made me do it, she said sobbing.

-What didn't you want to?

-I can't tell you...not being able to stop crying.

-I forgive you already since it wasn't your fault.

-They made me bury you when you were three years old. Some people approached me and forced me to take a substance and I buried you. As soon as I realized what I had done, I dug you up and you were still alive. My little boy....Boho.

I was shocked and didn't want to know anymore. Then I found out from Aliki that some people knew about the coming of the Messiah and since then they were trying to stop me. The "conspiracy" had existed since then. Someone from the "protection group" told me that it was time to meet the prophets of the "archetype dogma." Strung out (band). A little later, they appeared. Without speaking, we sat in a circle and did a ceremony. The message that came out of the ceremony was that although things were difficult and would be difficult, the whole movement should continue. Then, a musical phrase came into our minds that expressed the outcome of the ceremony. The Tsitsanides came and played a melody with their bouzoukies (a Greek traditional instrument) as they had promised. One minute later, Svensgar showed up. I was eating. Suddenly, the food acquired a poisonous taste and the asshole said to me.

-You'll either die of poison or of hunger. Your choice.

-Motherfuuucker, I shouted and he left.

The next days, I didn't eat because I was scared of being poisoned. My parents pressured me to eat, but I threw the food on the walls, which resulted in their taking me to a neurologist. During our visit, I realized he was a member of the "conspiracy" from a painting he had on the wall. It was a head of a worn-out man which came out of the ground. Nilsen had it as a tattoo on his leg. I told it to my parents and we didn't go again. I decided to eat. Strangely, there was nothing wrong with the food. The Tsitsanides played the melody again. Tatiana used a spell and saved me. Crying I thanked her and we all sat and ate together. The only one who wasn't there was Alik...

Chr.-Where's Alik? I said.

As soon as I said it, she came. The Tsitsanides played the melody again.

Chr.-Come on, you've overdone it. Stop.

Tsits.-Hahaha.

Alik wasn't well.

Chr.-What's wrong, baby?

Al.-Nothing.

Chr.-But there seems to be something wrong with you.

Al.-No, I'm ok.

We continued eating quietly until Alik shouted the following.

Al.-I want to fuck with Svensgar.

Everybody was stunned. Alik started crying and left. A little later we went with the girls to see what was wrong. Why did she say that...

Al.-Go away, I'm not well, she said crying as soon as she saw us.

Nat.-Are you nuts? What the fuck were you talking about?

Chr.-Don't get on her case, she's not feeling well. What's wrong baby?

Al.-Leave me alone.

Her eyes were wide and expressionless. They reminded me of Letos

eyes when he had done “Bendels.” I looked at Alice D who also seemed to have understood...

Alice D-Did you do “Bendels,” Alik?

Alik looked at her with hate. She wasn't herself. I went to sober her up with a spell and she looked at me with hate again. Then she started biting me and acting like a dog. Alice D and Natalie were crying.

Al.-Tomorrow, I will introduce you to Svensgar. Dress well, she said with a blank look.

Then the girls held her and we managed to sober her up. They had given her a strong dose and she slept immediately exhausted. The next day, she didn't remember anything. Only that some guys from the “conspiracy” approached her and she didn't manage to get away. We told her what happened and she started to cry and apologized. She immediately went to the members of the “protection group” whom we were eating with and explained what had happened. They told her that they had understood that the “conspiracy” was involved. The next days we were trying to get her out of her guilt trip. The “conspiracy” wouldn't show up so we were sure they were planning something big...

Three days later, a guy from the “protection group” came in a panic and with difficulty told us that the “conspiracy” tried to prepare a massive destruction day, but didn't manage it and overloaded the system of Communication. That would result in a lot of people losing it. Communication in msn was starting to become difficult a few hours later. It was like the system of Communication didn't have a good signal anymore. After getting a coffee and a cheesepie, I went to the town of Amarinthos to see what condition the people were in. As I was walking, I spit a little bit of my cheesepie and Nilsen appeared half-crazy and told me that they'll give life to that piece of cheesepie and they will turn it against the

people of Amarinthos. After I told him to go fuck himself, I headed from the beach to the center of Amarinthos. Since animals were more vulnerable to the overloading of the system, they were the first to go crazy. In the street, I saw a dog holding a half-dead seagull in his mouth and ten cats walking in a row like they were marching. On the beach, I saw people going in the sea with their clothes on. Entering the town center, I saw two guys fighting over who owned a certain car. A little later, they both got in the car and left. A little bit farther down, I saw many families who had gathered in the square and who had put their kids in a row and were measuring their height. Amarinthos had gone crazy. I decided to go home and on the way I saw a man who was on the roof of a hotel and was shouting, “the end is here.” Underneath a group of well-dressed forty-year-olds were cheering and shouting. I went to my girls and it seemed that they had gone crazy too. Aliko and Alice D less than Natalie who had completely lost it and was hitting people. More specifically, she was hitting members of the “conspiracy” who had gone crazy and had left their hideout. I ran to get her, but unfortunately Nilsen reached her first. With another two members of the “conspiracy,” they grabbed her and took her to their hideout. I followed them secretly and I arrived at a place which had many small cells with bars. It was their prison. Walking past, I heard people talking to themselves. Others were screaming because of torturing. I had to get Natalie out of there. Since they were mental prisons, I changed my appearance and created a mental cell and sat in it. A little later, Natalie went down the corridor in the hands of two guys from the “conspiracy.” Immediately, I filled the neighboring cells with images of people so that they wouldn’t put her in those and would put her in my fake cell.

-We are full of scumbags. There is no space, said the member of the “conspiracy” that was holding Natalie.

I started to shout supposedly so that they would notice my cell which was empty.

-Let's put her in this one. Bring a strong dose of "Bendels," said one "conspiracy" scum to the other.

So, they put her in my fake cell and I tried to kiss her in disguise. She freaked out and I immediately showed her that it was me. She cried from happiness and kissed me.

-How are we going to get out of here? she said whispering.

-Time for a little jogging, Natalie.

I took apart the mental cell and we started running. We reached the "protection group" and after we created an impenetrable circle, we sat down altogether and drank beers...

As I was drinking my last beer, I remembered that I hadn't communicated with a large part of the msn. The dead. The dead could interact with us through the msn without any particular restrictions. I decided to talk to Bradley from Sublime.

-Hey Bradley, I said.

-Fuck! Someone among the living talked to me. People are usually afraid of us. It feels great to talk to someone from the living, because it happens in their space. It's our only link to life. Can we continue this conversation in your living room or something. I wanna live again.

-Yes, for sure. If you don't mind that my living room is also my parents bedroom...

-Wow, get a house.

-Hahaha, I guess I have to do that, man. How is the land of the dead?

-Pretty different. See that wall, on the far right of your head? That's what separates us.

-Fuck! Can I jump over?

-Yeah, for sure. You 'll be my visitor. Some dead people, don't like the living entering our area, but I don't give a fuck. We 'll go to a

really special place, where I get to hang out with my dog.

-Really fucking cool!

On our way there, he showed me an image which created a feeling of infinite freedom, accompanied by a melancholy that filled you in a strange way.

-What's that?! I asked him.

-My burning sun! he said and jumped excitedly.

A little later, we arrived at an abandoned playground. The feeling was unworldly. Every now and then, frequencies from the beyond came into your head. The perception of space was different. My thought flowed and my creativity was at its peak. I went to speak, but Bradley closed my mouth and put on his sunglasses. We sat for about an hour without speaking and time passed like eternity. Even the wind, its blowing, was different. It filled you with memories. A little bit after we smoked a joint, hung out in my living room and then I said goodbye and left. It was a life experience.

I returned to my girls, who were hanging out with Patton, and I gave an account of my experience. I decided to create a band with Patton to channel the creativity which that experience gave me. The band was named "Irel" after my "irl." Right after, I showed the girls the wall which separated our world from the world of the dead. They climbed the wall and got glimpses of their world. They were ecstatic. After Patton left, the four of us went to sleep...

The next day, my mother woke me up and told me that once again we were going to move. The house in Amarithos wasn't big enough for us. So, we rented a house, again, in Nea Makri. This time at the port. After collecting our things, we went to the new house. The new house wasn't as good as the first one we had rented in Nea Makri, but it was definitely larger than Amarithos. We each had our own room, but the best part was that it was located at the port with its stores and it was one minute from the beach. It was August 2010...

THE SECOND MAKRI

The girls were tired of my many relocations and they didn't pay much attention. They simply came and settled down in my new room. At some point, we remembered with Aliko that Steven had left us a lot of money in our bank accounts. After giving some of the money to Natalie and Alice D, we decided to do something creative with all that money. After a lot of discussion, we decided to create a record company. Everything Records. We had many famous musicians in our company who were tired of the record companies' attitude and they wanted to do something authentic and independent. That was the concept of Everything Records. So we

started to contact some of the musicians who were in our circle. Most of them accepted. The list of Everything Records soon became very long. Metallica, Iron Maiden, Slayer, the Red Hot Chili Peppers, Dinosaur Jr., Kyuss, Deicide and Irel the band I had made with Patton were the first to join. The Red Hot Chili Peppers, for example, were going to make an aggressive funk album. The rest of them came up with the idea of taking the best parts of their music till then and creating an original album, each one of them as they had thought of it. Time passed and in the first two weeks, we had the first recordings. The music they created was unreal. The fact that we were all friends made their music even more interesting. They were influenced by each other and this emerged in their music. In that period of time, other bands joined too, like Anthrax, the Foo Fighters and Weezer. Unfortunately, this didn't last long because the assholes of the "conspiracy" hadn't ceased their "work" and were planning their next blow. The only positive thing was that one of those days, the devil came and stated that he had left the "conspiracy." He wouldn't help me, but he left because he said that he was smart and he considered them idiots.

It seemed that the next blow of the "conspiracy" would be heavy. Without them having done anything, I felt it was going to be bad. That's why I had stuck to the girls and my friends. With my parents, I didn't have much contact through msn, especially because I didn't want them to worry. I was sitting and thinking about the scene when my mother had buried me against her will and as I was starting to remember my childhood, I felt that I didn't have such a memory. The burial memory was starting to seem fictitious. I ran to tell my mother through msn and I saw something horrible. 10,000 and Svensgar were giving "Bendels" to my parents. "You're not going to survive this," Svensgar said and immediately left. After that, my parents turned against me. The dose which they gave them was such that I

couldn't interfere with any anti-spell. From then on started the worst period since msn started, for me. My parents whom I really loved had started torturing me through Communication...The only thing that kept me was that during the torture I continuously told my mother, "you didn't bury me." And she nodded her head. The "conspiracy" assholes would cut communication with the girls sometimes and I would be alone for many hours. Things couldn't be worse.

All the above coincided with my birthday. It was the 11th of September 2010 and I was becoming 23 years old. That day, almost magically, my parents stopped being against me...For the first time all the msn seemed to be fake for one moment. But then Alice D came and hugged me and reminded me that at least the good part was real. I tried to speak to my parents through Communication, but they weren't present. That fact confused me, but also gave me hope that a part of the msn wasn't real. That day my friends called and we went to a tavern in the port of Nea Makri. We started talking and having fun and for the first time I started to forget the msn. A little later, I felt bad that I hadn't shared those moments with the girls, so I started to talk to the girls while I was with my friends. Their reaction was that it was ok not to talk to them since I was with my friends, but I insisted. At one point, I started ignoring my friends and started joking with the girls. I was laughing all by myself and my friends were looking at me strangely. "Don't they understand that I'm with the girls?" I thought. "Haven't they ever spoken through msn?" The girls understood what was happening, so they kissed me and left telling me to have fun with my friends. After apologizing to my friends, saying that I had remembered something and that is why I had laughed, we hung out till late and then we split. My birthday was a breath which gave me some sort of hope for the future. Hope for something different.

On arriving home, my parents were waiting for me with a birthday cake. They seemed happy about my birthday and we sat around and celebrated it for a little. The hope that my parents would no longer be against me made me feel really happy. After I said goodnight, I went to the girls to tell them the good news. They weren't there and in their place were my parents freaking out, waiting to torture me against their will. "Nooooo," I shouted inside me and they started torturing me. When they had finished, I was in a very bad condition. Without really thinking about it, I collected my things in a big suitcase, took 70 euro from my father's wallet and was about to leave the house with the purpose of living on the streets. My parents were asleep and it seemed easy to leave, but what I hadn't thought about was that my brother was awake. As soon as he saw me, he blocked my way and started shouting to my parents to wake up. Terrified, my parents hugged me and we sat down to talk. I was confused.

Mother-Are you crazy, son? Where are you going?

Chr.-I couldn't stand it anymore. I had to leave the house. Live alone.

Father-But... where would you go?

Chr,-...

Mother-You're not in your right mind. You want to live alone?! Don't you realize you're in a bad condition...

Chr.-Yes, because you were torturing me all night, I said through inner communication.

She had a crazy look on her face through msn and she scared me. I had to get control of things.

Chr.-So from tomorrow, I'm going to look for a job. To live alone. I can't stand it in this house anymore.

Mother-Why? What did we do to you?

Chr,-Torture, I said through msn.

She had the same crazy expression and I felt sad.

Chr.-Nothing...It's just that I've grown up and I want to live alone, I said.

Mother-I can accept that. It's your choice. Do you feel good enough psychologically to work?

Chr.-Yes, I'm fine. I believe it would help me.

The conversation continued for a little and then I lay on my bed. The next day, I would begin looking. Everything was turning in my head. The girls, the "conspiracy," my parents all creating a dullness in my thoughts. A little later, the girls came and without talking much we fell asleep.

The next day would be devoted to looking for a job. The only job I had done till then was private lessons in math and physics to some junior high kids. I didn't have any experience in any job and no training whatsoever. So, I decided to look for a job in cafes. So I went to Aghia Paraskevi and Papagou (suburbs of Athens). I went to all the cafes in the central areas and the result was disappointing. Most of them required experience, some of them gave me a cold 'we'll contact you' and others didn't have positions. I went to a total of twenty cafes and the result was that not finding a job. I had to leave the house because my parents' torturing was terrible. The "conspiracy" seemed to have left all the dirty work to my parents and I wasn't about to continue living like that. The girls were very supportive and the good thing was that we found time to hang out. Steven's money in the bank account had disappeared and Everything records stopped abruptly like a idea which resulted in my falling into a deep depression. The situation had gotten out of hand and I had to find something to calm me down. I followed the first and the worst idea that came to mind...

The perception of time had stopped and I found myself in the subway going towards Omonia (a central Athens square). My

internal world might have been undergoing changes, but I had only one purpose in my head. Like an obsession. To buy heroin. It was a wrong survival instinct and I followed it without being able to think. On reaching Omonia, my purpose was almost achieved since it was a given fact that I was going to do it. So, I bought heroin from some guys and returned home confused. My only experience with heroin was that I had smoked with a friend and his girlfriend. My plans were bigger, though...I wanted to shoot. To get rid of all the pain I had inside me. Without telling the girls, I went to the closest pharmacy to get syringes. The procedure wasn't as easy as I thought. Entering the pharmacy, I started talking with the pharmacist.

-Good evening, I would like two syringes, I said.

-What do you want them for? the pharmacist asked.

-Our dog is sick and needs an injection.

-What's his problem? the pharmacist asked suspiciously.

-Eh, he has leishmaniasis and our vet is abroad.

-Ah. Are you sure?

-Yes. Poor dog.

-Ok. I'll give you these. They are exactly what is needed in this case.

-Yes...

-2.60, please.

-Here you are. I have the exact amount.

-Thank you.

-Bye.

-Are you sure you want them for your dog?

I didn't answer and left.

Five minutes later I got home. My parents were awake because it was evening. I went to my room and started preparing myself.

As I had never shot before, I felt anxiety which then became impatience. Not knowing how to shoot, I took a spoon, a little iced tea instead of a lemon and I started breaking the heroin cube. I put

iced tea in the spoon with the heroin, I warmed it a bit with the lighter and I put the mixture in the syringe. The time had come to shoot. With a lot of anxiety, I took a belt and tightened my arm so the vein would pop. The vein popped, but I didn't shoot inside it. I missed and shot intramuscularly. The high came soon, but it wasn't that intense due to the intramuscular shooting. After a while I went high to the girls.

Al.-What's the matter? You look like shit...

Chr.-I did "bendels" just to try.

Nat.-Cut the shit...You did something else. I have never seen you like that before.

Chr.-I did heroin. Don't say anything.

Al.-Are you fucking nuts?!

Nat.-Damn it, Christos. We have Alice D doing cocaine and now we have you doing heroin? Damn it! What else can happen to me? she said crying.

Al.-If it means anything to you, I have spit blood for you to be ok and you destroyed it in one day, she said and started hitting me in a rage crying.

Chr.-Calm down. I won't do it again. Alice D does cocaine?!

Nat.-Yes, damn it. She's overdone it. She feels pressured and she lets off steam there. And now you, heroin?! Fuck.

At that point, I felt high from the heroin and I didn't answer. A little later, Alice D came strung out and crying. She hugged Natalie. It seemed that it had happened a lot of times. Alice D high and asking for hugs. Then I hugged them, too. Alikei couldn't take it and broke down.

Al.Fuck you...fuck you...I can't stand it anymore. I'm leaving the foursome. You ruined my life.

I was so high I didn't react. Neither did Alice D.

Al.-I mean it!

Then I reached out my hand and Aliko pushed it.

Al.-I'm leaving. I deserve something better.

Aliko left and Natalie and Alice D stayed. What happened affected me so much that I wanted to shoot heroin again. I had lost my Aliko. A little bit later, my parents came and influenced by "bendels" tortured me. The situation was tragic. As soon as things calmed down, Natalie brought a friend. Her friend's nickname was Dils. Dils was a short, blonde girl with a really strong personality.

Dils made tremendous efforts to recover me and Alice D in that period of time. The result was inadequate since we continued our bad habits, but I gained a new love. Dils...When we weren't high and when my parents weren't torturing me, we had incredible conversations about everything. Once and a while I went to see Aliko, but she refused to join the foursome again. Dils gradually took her place. One of those days, in bad shape, I took a decision that would destroy me completely...

So, I woke up one morning and without saying anything to the girls that were sleeping, I tried to find money to leave home in a completely stupid way. In all the confusion I had in my head, I decided to rob a bank...My goal was to collect 3,500 euro and go to Holland. I would try to find a job there to support myself and to bring the girls to live there. I put on a sweatshirt, took a knife from the kitchen without having any intention of harming anyone and went towards one of the banks of Nea Makri. I was waiting outside for all the customers to leave and when they left I entered the bank without wearing anything to hide my face! I was out of control...

...

Chr.-This is a hold up! Give me 3,500 euro and I will leave. I have no intention of hurting you, I said to the employees of the bank.

They thought it was a joke because I was dressed like a tourist from

California.

Cashier-Are you joking? Get out of here! he said.

Then I went towards the cashier's desk, pulled out the knife, showed it to the cashier and told him to give me 3,500 euro. He gave it to me. I put the money in my pocket and started running. I threw the knife in the street and then I immediately heard police sirens. I ran to my house and terrified I went inside. I hid the 3,000 and told my father to come with me to buy an acoustic guitar with the 500. I wanted the guitar because I would leave my things in Athens before I left for Holland. After I changed sweatshirts, I went outside and the policemen were waiting for me outside...they told me to empty my pockets and they found 500-600 euro and my cell phone.

...

Policeman- Where did you find that money? Tell us, did you rob the bank?

Chr.-No, it is from my savings. I'm on my way to buy a guitar.

My father was stunned. A little later, one of the bank employees came and said: "It's him." They put me in the police jeep and interrogated me until we got to the police department. They told me that they would see who had done it from the bank camera and if I confessed I would get off with 4 months imprisonment. By the time I had got to the police station, I had confessed. "Don't worry, we'll help you," the policeman said. "You are from Nea Makri."

At the police station, they checked my identity, they asked me about the details of the robbery and put me in the police station's cell. I was completely lost. Before they put me in the cell, my mother came crying and told me, "Don't worry, we'll stand by you in all this." It was the most moving moment of my life.

In the cell, I was with another guy who was trying to make me a pot dealer. After I said no, I ate the souvlaki that my father had bought and went to sleep. Everything was turning in my mind, but I

knew then that my parents were with me in reality from the sad look on my mother's face who was sitting outside the cell.

After being held at the police station, they handcuffed me and took me to the courthouse. I was waiting for many hours in a waiting room where the policemen put my handcuffs so that my hands were in front so that I could lie down on a bench. My thoughts were blocked from anxiety and I didn't speak to anybody in through the msn. Nobody knew anything from my inside friends. It was October 10, 2010...

A little later, the lawyer and his assistant came and tried to calm me down by talking to me. The lawyer was a metalhead and we started talking about Slayer. While we were talking, it was time to talk to the district attorney. The district attorney was a very pretty woman and had a look like, "What did that idiot do?" ... She ordered that I be held in prison until my trial. My parents made an attempt to speak to another district attorney, but in vain. My next destination was Police Headquarters. They checked my identity and took a picture of me and it was time to go. The lawyer arranged for me to be put in the Psychiatric ward of the prison which was supposedly better than the central prison. They could have sent me to Psychiatric Hospital, but I would be in danger of confinement so my parents decided against it. The time had come to go to prison...

PRISON

The policemen led me into a lobby where they took my cell phone. Fortunately, they left my cigarettes. They put me in a lobby with another thirty people. I was afraid because they were all criminals. You could see it from their faces. After waiting for about

an hour, they led me through various offices where they verified my identity. In one of those offices, one of the prisoners spoke to me. He asked me if I knew whether they were going to do a drug test. I answered that I didn't know and, then, it was time to enter the psychiatric ward of the prison. I thought that since it was a psychiatric ward, things might be easier. It could be like a clinic where doctors look after you and there are no fights among prisoners...As soon as I got there, I saw a real prison. Bars, cells, corridors. I got depressed. The first place they would put was in isolation. All the newcomers had to stay there for two weeks before going to their regular cells, probably for intimidation.

So on entering the isolation area, they showed me my cell. It was the cell numbered one. The only thing that the cell had inside was a bed and a hole in the ground as a toilet. The rest of the prisoners were looking at me with curiosity and suspicion until Sparta (one of the prisoners) showed up. Sparta was nuts just like the rest of my co-prisoners as I was in a psychiatry ward. As soon as he saw me, he called all the prisoners in isolation and reminded them of the following...

Sp.-Hey, idiots, who is he who lives in cell number one? What have we said?

Prisoners-Chief, they shouted in a bored way.

Sp.-From now on, as long as you are in cell number one, you tell us what to do. You will advise us and command us. Isn't that right, guys?

Prisoners-Yees, they said in a way that showed they were tired of Sparta's shit.

So we all went to a cell so that they could test me to see if I am smart. If I am good enough to be a chief.

-One of those two is against you, said one of the prisoners and showed two other prisoners. Who?

-I don't know. Both?

-No, neither of them. I am against you because I told you. The time has come for you to learn the most important thing in prison. D.T.A.

-What is D.T.A?

-Don't trust anyone, because everybody is lying for their own reasons.

Then he took a towel and started choking himself.

-What the fuck are you doing? I asked him.

He got dizzy for a while and when he recovered he told me the following.

-Towelie...if you don't have drugs, you do dumb shit.

-Chief, do you want anything from us? Can we leave?

-No, you can do whatever you want.

-Do you have a cigarette?

-Yes, here you are.

-The food is coming in a bit. Omelet and sausages.

-Is it edible?

-It you're hungry...

The food came and it was so terrible that I couldn't eat it. I left it in my room just in case I got hungry later on. Two hours later, it wasn't there. Someone had stolen it. It was evening and they locked our cells. The next fourteen hours I would be alone in my cell without light. There was only a dim light from the bathroom's light bulb. So that I wouldn't go crazy, I decided to talk to the girls. They had no idea that I was in prison and I was afraid about how they would take it. A little later, Natalie came by herself.

Nat.-Don't say anything! I know. We are going to support you. It's completely unfair you are in prison although you did it. You weren't well.

Chr.-I love you, I said crying and hugged her.

Nat.-I'll go call the others. Aliko will come too.

Chr.-Aaaah! My baby will come too.

Nat.-Don't worry, we'll pull through this together. We just have to be careful with Alice D...

After a while, they all came and we all hugged each other crying. I explained what happened to them and after we had sex, we slept together.

The two weeks in isolation passed quickly with the company of the girls. I understood, at some point, that the thing with the "chief" happened because everybody was crazy in there. The "chief" thing didn't last long and a series of cigarette and coffee thefts replaced it. As long as I was in isolation, no visiting was permitted, so I didn't see my parents for that period of time. I missed them and any attempts I made to talk to them through Communication were fruitless. They were absent.

When they took me out of isolation, they took me to the regular cells. The prison had three floors. On the third floor, lived those who had connections and those who worked in the prison. The cells on the third floor were nicer than the cells on the other two floors. The rest of us lived on the other two floors. They put me in a cell with another seven prisoners on the first floor. The canteen from which you could get cigarettes, coffee and phone cards worked twice a week and if you ran out of something, you had to wait. Except if you exchanged one for every two packs from some prisoners. In other words, they gave you one pack and you gave the two packs the next time the canteen opened. There was no money in there. Only tokens with which you could buy cokes and sandwiches from the small prison mini market. The first time I went to the canteen, a guy bullied me to buy him two packs of cigarettes, but I didn't give them to him. He chased me all the way to my cell and I got away with four cigarettes and a coke. In the beginning, I stood my ground and they didn't steal from me, but after a certain point they overdid it. They

would take my clothes and made me treat them to cokes. I would hide my cigarettes and got away with a little cadging. I was the second youngest in prison. I was 23 and inexperienced...which resulted in my being taken advantage of a lot.

One of the first days in prison, a dealer named Manos approached me. He started talking to me, telling me how cool I looked and other such bullshit.

-...If you want, I can find you a little heroin, too. You seem to know the ropes, he told me at some point.

I didn't think about it much and answered the following.

-With a syringe?

-Hahaha, where could we find one in here, man?! Nose. If you want tell me. I have some now, too. As for the payment, we'll see. Don't worry.

-I'm in. Let's go, I answered.

So, we went to his cell and he took out two lines of heroin. After I sniffed them, two other prisoners came and were looking for cocaine. So, I sat and did cocaine too and I left in pieces. After that day and for about two months, I did both heroin and cocaine. Manos was very strict about payment. I had to give him two phone cards, tokens and several packs of cigarettes every week. Things were bad in msn also. Alice D was also constantly high on cocaine and in bad condition. When the rest of the girls weren't collecting my pieces, they were trying to collect Alice D's. I clearly remember a scene when we didn't catch Alice D in time and she did cocaine in front of us. She opened her eyes wide and said in a determined way, "I didn't do it." That was her typical reaction. She had gone crazy and, sometimes, she fucked with several prisoners and then she came crying, saying that she didn't do it. At some point, I felt that I was having withdrawal symptoms when I wasn't getting high and I felt that if I continued I would die. So, I took the strongest decision of

my life and quit, continuing to pay Manos so that he wouldn't harm me. From then on until today, I never did it again. Neither will I. I still remember the withdrawal pains and I never want to be in that condition again. Before I stopped, I remember an incident when I thought that Manos had given me a fatal dose and I started to hallucinate seeing skeletons and, at some point, Alice D helped me recover with a ...spell. On the other hand, my stopping heroin and cocaine, helped Alice D to, at first, reduce and then gradually to stop, too. Things seemed to be going to be going better.

Visiting days had started about two months ago and the fact that I saw my parents made me happy. They brought me skate magazines, books and cards from them and my friends. "Negotiations" had started so that they could bring me an mp3 and a PSP. They managed to bring me a mp3, but not a PSP. I hadn't listened to music for two and a half months. After filling it with music I had asked for, they gave it to me and I started listening in the corridors. Dumb...within four days it had vanished. More specifically, two guys came and said that I had raped one of the two's cousin. Since I hadn't done such a thing, I asked them what they wanted. They continued the bullshit and at some point I asked them.

-Do you want my mp3?

-Yes, they answered.

-I'll kill him. He raped my cousin, said the other guy.

-Come on, leave him alone, he said after taking my mp3.

-You won't like the music it has, I said.

-Ok, ok.

A day later, they brought it back, because they didn't like the music. Two days later another prisoner stole it...

The situation in prison was getting appalling because many of the prisoners had knife marks in their necks, apart from their self-

injuries. A knife mark on the neck was quite common, but the prisoners never told the guards because they were afraid of getting in more trouble. I was just trying not to make any acquaintances so that I wouldn't get into trouble. One of those days, though, I was about to get in bad trouble through msn...

As I was relaxing and getting ready to sleep, one of the prisoners came in my head and started bullying me. Then, unfortunately Svensgar came, who had just found out after three months that I was in prison, and he started making me beat up the prisoner with a spell. The prisoner had connections and promised me that the next day he would kill me with another three prisoners. Time went by and the four prisoners were showing me the ways they were going to kill me. That was when I couldn't take it anymore and I made my first attempt to commit suicide in prison. I lit a cigarette and started burning my veins. As soon as they opened the doors in the morning, I hadn't lost any blood and I went out slowly to see what was happening. The prisoner looked at me like nothing had happened. It was an optical illusion that Svensgar created and after that I was very wary of anything that involved Svensgar.

A week later I would have problems with Argyris. Argyris was brutal and had a life sentence. He didn't put up with anything. Something was always bothering him and he was always getting on my case. Since he was brutal, I always apologized and it stopped there. One day, they stole my coffee. It was early morning and I can't stand it if I don't have at least one sip of coffee in the morning. Argyris had a ready coffee on his night table and he wasn't in the room. I looked left and right so that nobody would see me and I took a sip. I looked again and took a second sip. Fifteen minutes later, as I was walking down the corridor, I saw Argyris shouting at me, "Come here, you." I went up to him and asked him what he wanted.

-What happened, Argyris?

-You drank my coffee, you scumbag?

-No, no...I didn't...

He punched me in the eye and some of his friends surrounded me.

-You know that if you were in real prison you would have been stabbed? one of his friends told me.

-Sorry I only took a sip.

They were about to beat me up again, but Argyris stopped them. My eye was really black and I didn't say anything to the guards nor to my parents who saw me the next day at visiting time. All this would continue in a very bad way because Svensgar came. That asshole threatened that if I didn't punch Argyris, he would torture my parents. In the beginning, I didn't believe it, but Svensgar brought my mother in front of me and started hitting her. I couldn't stand it and went gave Argyris a very weak slap. Argyris started chasing me and I immediately went to the guards asking from them to put me in isolation to get away from Argyris. In the beginning, they wouldn't, but then for some reason I managed to be sent there. So, they put me in a cell without light with another two prisoners in isolation. Svensgar continued hitting my mother and made me fight with the two prisoners. That's when I got beat up again. Svensgar thankfully stopped and I fell asleep. The next day, as soon as the doors opened I called my mother. She sounded just fine...

The next thing that would happen in prison would stigmatize me for the next years. As soon as I got out of isolation, they put me in a cell with another two. "So that you are quieter," they told me. After bringing my things, they closed the cells for the night and I fell asleep. Shouting from my two roommates woke me up. "Are you cumming, cocksucker?" I got up to see what was happening and they were masturbating each other. "Stop!" I said. "When you start, you can't stop," said one of them and they both laughed. I went pale and sat at the edge of my bed without watching and without speaking. I

couldn't call a guard because the cells were closed for the night. Luckily, they didn't bother me. The next day, I went to a guard and told him and he answered that "if I put you in a room with seven, all seven will masturbate." Fortunately, that didn't happen again and one of them changed cells two days later. That incident fucked up my life.

Life in prison continued with an intense phobia that I would get raped. I was ready to react violently to such an incident. As time went by, I realized that that didn't really happen. The prisoners did it with their own will. So, I calmed down at some point. In prison, I had no friends. I only hung out with a Chinese guy and a guy who would violate safes. The latter explained to me how to violate safes and congratulated me on robbing a bank. He was old and at some point he said to me, "Bravo Christos. A bank? Bravo!" The scene seemed really funny because it was like an old man praising you with the only difference that it was for a robbery. Things would change soon as far as the girls were concerned. We didn't have much sex anymore and it seemed like they were tired of all the difficulties. First Dils came to talk to me...

-Before you say anything, I want you to give me time to talk before you interrupt me.

-I would never interrupt you, girl...

-Well. Things in prison are very bad, right?

-Yes.

-We have supported you tooth and nail till now. Do you agree?

-Yes, but I didn't want to interrupt you.

-Come on, quit joking. We're leaving. We can't stand such a hard life anymore. We get really depressed.

-I am a burden to you, eh?

-Look, we love you and we are willing to try again when things get calmer. When you get out. So we are going to say good bye and I

hope you get out of this mess soon. I love you. Wait...here come the others, too.

They said goodbye and left...I was hurt, but I didn't want to destroy their lives anymore, so I didn't do anything to keep them. I was alone at a time when things were getting a lot worse.

In that period of time, a prisoner named Vasilis was getting on my case. He stole my cigarettes, my clothes and my mp3s and he threatened that if I said anything he would kill me. He claimed that he had a life sentence and didn't care if he killed because he was in for life anyway. That's how he took over all the prison. He made the weak do him favors. I came to the point of not having any cigarettes because he stole them and had to smoke cigarette butts that I found on the ground. Otherwise I got one pack for every five I gave to another thief. The worse was the battle that existed behind what Vasilis would ask of me. Svensgar gave him "Bendels" and made him ask for extraordinary things while some members of the "protection group" used spells to somehow control Svensgar. Nevertheless, that situation had made life difficult for me. This went on for about a month until somebody ratted on him. So, they locked him up in a ward which was for disciplinary purposes. It was called the "blue" ward and was a lot worse than isolation. When he got out, he came to bully me in a mild way, but I explained to him that it wasn't my fault. So, I was able to get rid of him once and for all.

The following days were easy in the outside world, but difficult on the inside. The "conspiracy" had incorporated other organizations, which also turned against me. In one of these organizations, there was a girl who had fallen in love with me, but her life was in danger if she didn't harm me. They made her torture me and she did it while crying. The new torture was a spell which brought you to a semi-unconscious condition. One of the times I was in such a condition, she told me that she loved me. They immediately started torturing

her and made her torture me also. Then members of the “protection group” came and took her. I was still in a semi-unconscious state. Those assholes wanted to involve one of my loved ones, just to get back at me because they lost the girl. Since the girls were away they couldn’t involve them. So, they thought of bringing the girlfriend of a very good friend of mine, Iphigenia, who was also a friend of mine. Some of the scumbags told her that I was dying and that I asked to see her as a last wish. I was in no condition even to react. So, Iphigenia came crying and hugged me. I wasn’t communicating. I said and did things that I couldn’t control. I was telling her that I wanted to marry her and a bunch of other bullshit due to the lack of communication with my surroundings. A little before I fell asleep, I saw Svensgar giving her “Bendels.” I tried to react, but they gave me a spell and I fell asleep.

The next day, strangely enough I woke up stressed and with a clear memory of the incident. I had to call her to see if she was ok...So, I called my friend and asked for her cell phone. He gave it to me and after we talked a little, I hung up and I called her.

-Hi, how are you? Are you ok? I asked searchingly trying to understand if what had happened through msn had really happened.

-Fine. Who is it?

-Christos.

-Aaaaah! Hi Christos. Where are you calling from? Prison? What happened?!

-Are you ok?! I insisted.

-Yes, yes, she answered casually.

The fact that she had answered my question casually and from the tone of her voice I realized that she was ok. Then I came to the conclusion that some of the things that happen through Communication were not real. I continued the conversation feeling embarrassed.

-It was a bad moment. I wasn't well and I did it.

-Of course, you're not a criminal.

There I breathed a sigh of relief and I continued the conversation. Our conversation was so constructive and so true that I wanted to talk to her again.

...

-Can I call you again or are you generally busy?

-No, call again, no problem. If I'm not at the university or if I'm not studying, I can talk.

-Nice, I'll call you tomorrow evening.

-Ok...hang on in there. Bye.

The conversation made me so happy that the world of msn seemed small and stupid. That didn't result in the assholes of the conspiracy not coming. Different assholes this time.

-Did you fall in love, scumbag? one of them said.

I didn't answer. The "protection group" came and told me that it was safe and that I could call her. What the asshole from the "conspiracy" had said, echoed in my head, but I convinced myself that we were only friends. The next evening, we talked on the phone for about half an hour. As soon as I hung up, the idiots came and gave me a spell which made me fall in love with her.

-You're going to die from being in love. We will do whatever we want with you, they said.

The days continued and so did the phone calls. As much as I tried to fight it, I had fallen in love. I would die for the small moments that happened and communication with her made me feel really good. Unfortunately, the "conspiracy" took advantage of this and organized stuff like cutting the telephone lines and giving me that stupid love spell which made me miss her and suffer. However, apart from that silly flirt, I never told her how I really felt. I had the impression that it would be better to tell her up close when I got out.

At some point, she came to see me in the visiting hour and I was disappointed...She came with a friend of mine and I had the impression that they were flirting in front of me. I was consumed with jealousy behind the glass that separated us. The possibility that she didn't like me overwhelmed me and brought a depression that the "conspiracy" took advantage of. I was going through a phase during which the assholes were judging me and making fun of me all the time. One day when we were talking, Iphigenia asked me, "What are you scared of?" Her question shocked me and influenced by the daily inner crisis I was going through, I answered: "being judged." What I was really scared of though was that communication with her would be cut. Which was something that would happen soon. And it would be my fault...

As my enemies in my head were increasing, the situation had become very difficult. They had closed me in a mental sphere and they were torturing me. This sphere had only one entrance and one of them was guarding it. The "protection group" unfortunately couldn't get in, so I didn't have any help. One of the tortures was to stop my breathing. They would bring me to a very bad state and then leave me. One time, I managed to turn the spell against them, so all of them fainted and I managed to run out of the entrance. Right outside a group of three psychologists was waiting for me. Two men and one woman. They helped me recover a little and told me that one of them would be responsible for me because the "conspiracy" would come back. They let me choose. I chose the woman. Her name was Anna and she was tall and blonde with a pretty face. A little bit after, Anna put herself in a protective sphere and she told me that when they make me suffer, I should hug her and talk to her. To get it out. Our relationship had become very strong, because of the difficulty of the situation and besides the help that she gave me, I talked to her about Iphigenia too. Many times our relationship was

about to become erotic, but we said the word “friends” and it stopped there. Once, they harmed me so much that I started sobbing and she kissed. I responded and we had sex for the first time. I was hopelessly in love with her and she said she felt the same, too. I promised I would never call Iphigenia again and from then on she became my girlfriend...

The first days with Anna were great. We talked, we made fun of the prisoners in front of them, we dressed strangely, we listened to music and we learned things that one didn't know about each other. We were so much in love that we couldn't stand being without each other for five minutes. Sex was awesome and full of fantasy. The only problem was that she was always watching what I was thinking and she was jealous if I thought of other girls. So I avoided thinking of other girls. The problem was that Iphigenia was a very recent love of mine. I abruptly killed any feeling I had for her and that came out in my dreams. Another problem was that I was also very jealous and for any slight reason, I got on her case. The “conspiracy” was still attacking, but it was bearable. As soon as they realized that they were not a great threat, they organized something horrible.

So, they set a scene where they would kill Anna if I didn't do various bullshit that they told me to do. In the beginning, I didn't believe it, but when the knife mark on Anna's neck appeared, I was shocked and I did what they told me to do. First, they made me ask a roommate if he wanted to fuck Anna. Then they continued to make me say things to my roommates. At the end, they wanted me to do crazy things to inmates with a life sentence and guards. Not having any strength left, I told them that I preferred to die.

-Very good, they said. Either you or Anna. What do you prefer?

I told them that I prefer to die rather than Anna dying. So, I made two suicide attempts. One by burning my veins with the cigarette and the lighter and the other by intense towelings. After losing

consciousness, some prisoners took me to the doctors and they revived me. When I recovered, I saw Anna hitting with rage the guy who had organized my suicide.

-It's not true, shouted Anna when she saw me. I'm ok. When you get out, we get married. I won't hear of anything else.

-Yes, baby.

-I live in Al..... 17.

That is where all conversations with Anna were cut until I got out. But we found ways, like gestures, to communicate.

It was May and my parents announced to me that I would make an application for my release. We collected all the necessary papers that said I was crazy and they took me to the court house on Alexandras avenue. The time had come for me to be released. When the judges saw me, they saw me negatively. I saw it from their expressions. After I spoke, while holding Anna's hand, a little about what I had done, they had a private conference and decided that I had to stay in prison. My depression was very deep. All the toughness of the prison had influenced me so much that I couldn't stay another day in there. I decided that until the trial which was in September, I would live well in prison. I avoided fights, I watched a lot of tv, I listened to a lot of music, I ate in a makeshift "tavern," I hung out with Anna and I made new friends in there. My new friends were good company even though I sometimes freaked out that they were against me. Despite that, I will always remember my "friends" like a good memory in prison. I will mention their names in the thanks list at the end of the book.

Time passed and the trial approached. It was going to take place in September and in June I had already started counting the days. Not having much to do, I started writing the book, but some prisoners found it and tore it up, saying, "What, you're a writer, now?" The "conspiracy" was tired of me and had given a pack of

spells to a stupid psycho to make me suffer. The psycho was very persistent and had made my life difficult. Anna supported me and when I wasn't suffering, we organized our wedding. With my inside friends, we hung out and joked around all day, although the idea that they were against me still freaked me out. So, at some point, the time for the trial had come...

They handcuffed me one September morning and they took me to the courthouse on Alexandras avenue. From the wired glass window of the bus, I could see Athens and I was thinking that most probably I would be enjoying it in a short period of time. It was something that we talked about with Anna. We would show each other our shoes and we would promise that we would melt them walking in pretty Athens. So, I got to the courthouse and they put me in a waiting area with another 50 people. There I was anxious for my turn to come to go on trial. Around me there were so many criminals asking for cigarettes all the time. That didn't affect me and, at some point, my turn came to go on trial. So, I took Anna's hand and went tied up to the court room.

The trial started and I was stressed about saying something stupid. We were aiming at 'diminished capacity' so that I could be released with a three-year parole. The judges' questions were difficult, but I answered all of them the way I wanted. The doctors' diagnosis, my good behavior in prison and the fact that I was a physics student all were positive for the result of the trial. After they had a private half-hour session, the judge and the prosecutor came out and said, "Such young people shouldn't be in prison." I was officially out of prison with three years and three months parole with restrictive measures. The lawyer requested the right to appeal my case in the future so that my sentence would be reduced. His request was accepted. The only thing left was for me to be released the same day or in three days which was one day after my birthday. They took

me to the prison and thankfully the lawyer had arranged to release me that same day, before my birthday. I don't think I could have handled another three days in there.

So, I quickly gathered my stuff, got my prison release papers and went towards the exit where my parents and my brother were waiting for me. Crying, but happy. My mother tells me till this day she had never seen such a smile on anyone's face. I was free at last...

THE AFTERMATH

So, I got into my parent's car and we went towards home. In the car, there was an atmosphere of awe and we talked with caution, so as not to ruin the perfection of the day. My parents mentioned that they had found syringes in my room, but they did it casually because I explained to them that I had stopped. My mother asked me what food I missed most and so we stopped and I ate a burger. The experience seemed incredible. As soon as we got home, they showed me my room and after I settled down, my friends called. We gathered at about eight o'clock at my house and we had a mini party. Iphigenia called, too, and we spoke for some time. The day ended when we went to the neighborhood square where I used to go when I was little and we drank beers. The next day it was my birthday and I treated my friends at a place that Iphigenia had told me about. At this point, I will interrupt my narration wanting to say that although I feel bad that I haven't used the real names of the people that have "participated" in my book, I prefer that it stays that way. I feel that it is better.

To continue my narration, the "psycho" was still destroying my life, but I lived so intensely and fully that there was some sort of a

balance. My passion for Anna continued and we still wanted to get married. For her sake, I rejected a lot of girls. Even girls I had been in love with in the past. I was determined to meet her and make her my wife. So I started a series of unsuccessful attempts to meet her. At A..... 17, there was only an abandoned house while her last name was in none of the telephone books. I was disappointed...

At some point, I was upset and was thinking about whether there was a way to know when I would meet Anna. Something like a countdown until we met, although it was a fact that I didn't know when it was going to happen. That spurred my interest mathematically and I occupied myself theoretically with how we can count backwards to a fact that we don't know when it would happen. I thought it would be a timer which would count forward and backwards simultaneously. I didn't like that idea. So, I contrived a new set of numbers, that would have the properties of a countdown to a fact that we don't know when it is going to happen. An imagery number like the complex numbers that counts that thing exactly. I named the unit of those numbers 1 with a dot on the top right. I thought there would be 2-"top dot" due to the continuity that is created if the fact is accomplished in the future. So, I thought of two scales that describe those imaginary numbers. One scale was the sum of 0-"top dot", 1- "top dot", 2-"top dot" and so it goes. The second scale was a series of zeros, that expressed the time, the countdown would stop. The time, that is, that the fact would happen. Since we don't know when the fact was going to happen, it is possible that it can happen any moment, so the zeros are ordered in the series of time, the one after the other. The fact that it was possible to happen, connected the imaginary scale, with the scale of the consecutive ordered zeros, on time. I also occupied myself with luck and I came to the conclusion that it is relativistic and also with a theory for prime numbers, where their sum can be expressed with the

indivisible unit and can be expressed like something integral, despite the fact that it is a sum... It was November 2011 and it was time for a change. A conversation with my best friend, Garsos would change the course of things.

So one of those days, we went out with Garsos for a beer and we struck up a conversation for the inner stuff. He explained to me that he, like I, had had adventures with imaginary friends. At the beginning, I found it strange that he named his inner friends “imaginary” as I believed that Communication was real, but then he spoke about voices. Garsos’ description of the voices was identical with what I had also experienced inside me. In msn. He told me it was all in my head and that it was a relatively common illness. At this point, I will quote a part of Garsos’ experience with his “imaginary” friends, written by him.

“After four years in college, things started getting tough for me...my mind was elsewhere. Instead of keeping notes, I was sketching various things in my notebooks, thinking of various titles for our songs and for the time when classes finished so that I could join my friends. Although I seemed calm, I was overwhelmed with the anxiety of possibly failing in college. The only thing that calmed me was the library. It was quiet and had couches for a good snooze and pretty girls around, some of whom I met and fell for to say the least. The anxiety I felt made me increasingly introverted, difficult and distant. In a short time, I would drop out of school. I had already failed courses which required oral presentations, something that I have yet to surpass...So burdened with my failure, I confined myself to my house where I lived with my parents for about a year. I played pro (a pc soccer game) day and night. I rarely went out. I drew and recorded music on my pc. As time passed, I caught myself talking to people inside my head, something that, later on, would become a lot more intense, real and unbearable. Wanting to get away from it all, I

went to work in my aunt's café. There I had my first obsession with transmitting thoughts through electromagnetism. I tried to stay away from wires and electrical appliances, so that people couldn't read my thoughts. However, my imagination went wild and conversation cliques were created in my head. One of them was a Greek punk rock band that was looking for a guitarist and I was one of their possibilities. After they approved of me, we arranged a welcoming meeting at Syntagma square. The only problem was that I drank the beers alone because nobody showed up. On returning home, I started to believe that in the apartment building across the street, some guys had received my frequency and were bullying me without reason...So I went and rang their bell...An elderly woman came to the door and told me she lived there alone...and it would be better if they didn't bother her at night. Unsolved police cases and satellite spying became obsessions that I had to solve. I felt really confused as I couldn't untangle my thoughts. Despite being tired from all that, I continued creating conversations in my mind, as a need for communication. I was always thinking of people that I admired and wanted to be like and to reach...Now that the brutality of post-adolescence has passed, I try to remember my mistakes and to explain my thoughts logically.”

That was Garsos' story.

After the conversation we had, I gradually realized that at least part of Communication was a creation of my imagination. I was also led to this conclusion, by Alice D's coming, at some point, in my head. She came to me and explained that all that world I had created with the Messiahs, the devils, the conspiracies and the Annas was not real. It was a creation of my mind.

-So, you aren't real either, I said to her.

-No, I'm real. I exist in here for some reason that I can't explain it and I can communicate with you in this way. Through my thoughts.

-You mean all that epic stuff we experienced wasn't real?

-Yes, and the reason I'm here is that I saw it all happening in your head and I was impressed by the way your brain works.

-Go away, you're not real, you're a voice!

-Very well...if you ever want to talk to me, you know how.

-Go away, I said crying.

All my internal world had fallen apart. Without realizing it, I had created a world of illusions inside my head which was far from reality.

The next four years, I spoke on and off to voices while at the same time I was troubled by all the difficult experiences I had had in prison as well as all those I had had in my head before. At some point, I opened a shop to occupy myself. We appealed in court and the sentence was reduced... The problem with schizophrenia is that although what you experience is not real, you experience it like reality. Like you really lived it. So, I was talking to various girls inside my head like Juno, who is an upcoming Hollywood star, Ioanna, who actually has another name, but I had fallen in love with her in a Deftones gig, Nora and Danae, who I knew weren't real people, but who were unbelievably helpful...At some point though, I realized that it was all a creation in my head. Now, I am struggling to find my torn apart self.

When you have schizophrenia, the best and the worst scenarios you have in your head come to life. You're always living in extreme conditions, whether you like it or not. I hope you never live it. See you around...

Thanks list:Dad, Mom, Brother, Friends, the girls who took place in the book and my two friends in prison Giorgos and Yannis.

ALL REAL CHARACTERS IN THE BOOK ARE FICTIONAL!

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