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THE BRIDE OF FRANK STEIN

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INSPIRED BY

Kelly Yvonne Zuniga

Scandinavia

Shari & Carrie

Esmeralda

Lilith

Ewan Lillicii

1

SOLILOQUY

"Look at the signs. This is not just some other kind of thing, man. I'm not just Last Knight of the Round Table. Epic hero and epic love of Kelly Silverman are not the only honors they gave me. I fit the prophesy, man. The real one. Tamar and Virgo branch. What do you think it means that the prophesy is riddled with propaganda about all the fearful elements of a doomsday or something? Yet Utopia is thrown in there all by itself without any details? Utopia is the *target*."

"I see what you're saying," says a voice.

"They create a false prophesy of the Gambler and throw the good they don't want in there all by itself. If

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there were too many understandings of Utopia it might be something that sparks notions of a worthwhile pursuit in people they want to scare. What do you think, Carlos?"

The lone man in the room pulls his shirt over his head then kneels to speak to a tile on the bathroom floor. "I think you're right, Kakablanca." says the image on the tile.

"Please," says the man, "call me Felix."

"Seriously, you have no idea how good the information is on Utopia. The practical implementation is almost exactly what we have already. To improve it to Utopian standards only requires a perspective shift!" Felix stands back up and walks to his closet.

Under the king-sized bed, the only remaining piece of furniture in this two-bedroom, two-bath condo that appears somewhat intact, lies D.E.I. Agent Frank Nicola Stein. His eyes rise slightly above the foundation of the platform bed. A narrow pathway leading to the condo next door has been dug under the floor and up into the room for surveillance of the greatest supernatural event known to mankind - The Garden of Eden.

The Division of Energetic Intelligence is a division of the Lee Mick Foundation chaired by Professor Brooke Anderson. The Foundation is funded by the UN Security Council and several private organizations in the U.S. and Europe. The D.E.I. tracks the radio frequency of brain waves emitted by those individuals who have achieved Rapture and been granted entrance into the Garden of Eden.

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"The nature of the situation has been persuaded to invert itself into a number of alternate labels of Ordeal, Initiation, Universal Soldier and other interpretations that focus attention on the outside of the space. The addition of the *bizarre love triangle* as a means of understanding the dynamics of a so-called Scarlet Woman, her shallow male superior, and her avatar blessed by Lilith with no ego, synchronicity, Grace and a full sphere of emotional depth is a means of limiting awareness of the true Underworld. The third point of the triangle is not supposed to be a competitive love interest at all. The third point are the D'jinn who are in attendance to view the rise of Kelly as a metaphor for their own rise to muses and angels. The woman that causes the situation inspires a love few people can comprehend. Simply the deepest, most full love on Earth. By keeping her away from the Garden the D'jinn limit themselves and torture the love of the artist. It's not their fault though. They are indifferent by way of having no emotions on which to base their judgment. They are perfect in what they do. Ideal. The compliment to artistic."

He continues, "Then there is the perspective of the avatar on his works of art. An artist can easily create an array of rich artwork from a plethora of Grace-reinforced creative flows to literature, music, lyrics, social, economic, engineering, sports and every other talent within the spectrum of arts and entertainment that lie along his or her path."

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"I've already channeled one miracle you know," said Felix through his black Ray-Ban sunglasses, "Maybe you have some ideas that you want to discuss with the world?"

"Thank you for asking," says a small voice from the floor, "The best ideas are the ones in which you are considering your personal love and let that wrap around up and forward into time."

"Yes. Kelly Yvonne Silverman. Let's get her soul in here and find out."

Felix pulls his shorts off and drops to his knees. Wearing only an emperor's fig leaf and sunglasses he takes a deep breath and begins increasingly rapid arm movements as if reaching out toward a moment in time eons away and bringing back the shimmering soul of a soft young woman with long brown hair and slightly parted lips. He leans in to let his pinkish lips touch the two parted shimmers and the sound of two gentle smacks is barely noticed.

"How are you, Kelly Yvonne?" he says. She looks down at his lack of clothing.

"I'm just trying to keep my ego in check," he says, "Look at my toes. I painted them pink! When there's a pounding from the walls and vents are smoking it helps to remember that I'm in control of my own humiliation if you should ever walk in."

He reaches up to the wall and pulls down a drawing held there by a kitchen knife.

"After all of these months of mayhem I don't have any more photos of you for the wall. Too many splashes, rips

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and flashes of pain that crumpled them before my other hand rushed to rescue them from the disgrace. Do you like it?" he says to the shimmer.

The soul shakes its head up and down, then tries to spirit away. Felix holds his arm out to catch her and opens his hand as she turns.

"Where are you going so fast, Kelly?" he asks. "Why don't you stay for the night? We can go to the library together. Or walk over to the Lakes if you want to get some moon shine."

The spirit takes a seat on the floor and he lowers himself Native American style across from her.

"Let me tell you about some of my inventions. Do you want to hear about them, Kelly?"

Kelly's ghost shakes affirmatively and Felix continues.

"I had an accident with my computer one night when the police came. I knew they were going to give me hell for being too loud. So instead of waiting I launched my laptop through the window screen at them. After that, typing became problematic for a few weeks. I drove down to the library for an hour each day to use theirs." Felix was building up to a proud moment.

"Then one night I was thinking about you and my money problems. I wondered if you were being silent because of a new boyfriend. Tom Cruise maybe? Or maybe you joined Scientology?"

Kelly adjusts her sitting position and makes no indication of her feelings about such things.

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"Anyway, it was a dreary night a couple weeks before Christmas. I was thinking about an article in LA Weekly about Babalon the sacred whore. There was a picture of a Babalon statue and it reminded me of you because of the size of some of her curves." Felix takes a sip of red soda and continues.

I have always had a strange feeling about the Marjorie Cameron story," he continues.

"Who is that?" she asks in an almost inaudible whisper.

"That's the woman who had ritual sex in the desert with L. Ron Hubbard and Jack Parsons. Hubbard, the depressed divorcee houseguest of Parsons, took notes and Parsons had the sex, mostly. The documentation is similar in tone to the work of Aleister Crowley. Yet Crowley is said to have been disapproving toward what Hubbard and Parsons were doing. They were as academic as Crowley had been – meaning completely untruthful. They may have simply been trying to innovate Thelema into a better catch-all for brilliant thinkers after Rapture."

"Afterwards, she decided to marry Parsons and move into his 11-bedroom home. She became an artist, but her art never sold very well until after her death. As someone associated with magic it seems a little awkward to suggest that with magic at her disposal she would be content to create art that didn't produce a profit. The story also mentioned she had a child with Parsons, but I thought I heard about her being a transsexual woman. I suppose Scientology makes anything possible."

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Felix walks over to the book shelf, picks out a book dangling over the edge at the bottom of a stack, and offers to read her a poem.

"This is my fifth poetry anthology," he said as he presented her one of the new books. "I titled it with both of our names so that you can find it relatively easy."

Kelly smiled and whispered, "Thank you."

"You're welcome," he smiled back. "See if you like this one."

Joan's Ark

Saints and sinners spinning 'round
Time trials catch their tales
Strumming harps sweet harpies sound
Joan's ark beached by whales

Blindfolded boys walk the plank
Creaking two-by-two
Diving down where Jolly sank
Praying I see you

Anemones wave air-free
As they do on land
Clown fish rustle by in threes
Stir up clouds of sand

Holding breath as best I can
As a worker bee
Playing hive and seeking man
Of the Wine Dark Sea

My mermaid's tail seizes eye
Cornering coral

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Sharks on high alert glide by
Encouraging quarrel

Feeling light casts me away
Dolphins soon appear
Sun has set on lovely cay
Greying cold frontier

Still I swim because I must
Silly submarine
Moonlight fills my pale of rust
Happy-faced sardines

Release last loaned little gust
Forget all my fear
Night's water floods, lungs adjust
Tide is rising here

Sparkles shower my siren
Only voice I hark
Joan is waiting by the pier
Waves have freed the ark

Surfacing to scope my pair
Flashing silent signs
Sunken treasures pay her fare
Anywhere gold shines

xoxo

"I hope you liked the poem, Kel." he says lovingly.

"I did. Thank you," says the spirit as she leaned in for
an on-air kiss.

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"After I had those thoughts the spirits outside that were hounding me decided to go away on their own. I was leaning against the wall in the dining room and I happened to look out through the patio door. On the doors to my laundry machines there was a large shadow that looked like the drawing I've seen of Leonardo Da Vinci and on the glass door itself was a shadow of what appeared to be Tom Waits in a bowler hat chewing slowly on a stem of wheat. He looked at me and shook his head affirmatively and uttered 'Mmmm Hmmm' and winked."

"At that moment I realized that the solution to both of our problems was the same solution that solves every major social problem on Earth - infinite currency. We already print as much money as we need. Yet the appearance of a necessary struggle for money is maintained. When this lie is replaced with the truth that we can confidently print as much money as we need without loss of value as a result of a new agreement in our society to do so the ramifications of having as much as you need when you need it to accomplish what you need it for is a human miracle that never ends." Felix took a deep breath and looked lovingly at Kelly's ghost.

"Would you like to descend into my pillow again and let me hold you while I sleep?" he asked.

"OK," said the soul. She floats above the bed and then the pillow becomes slightly more full and feels heavier.

Felix lays down and holds the pillow across his chest. He kisses it gently on the side. "Time for a nap, Kelly. I love you."

2

MEET FRANK STEIN

AVATAR REPORT

12 December 2012

Agent F. Stein, D.E.I.

9AM

Observed subject removing clothes. Applied nail polish - black. Changed into blonde wig, black dress and sensible shoes. Subject played a few songs from The Clash, Warren Zevon and "Give Me Back My Wig" by Stevie Ray Vaughn three times each. Watched XXX videos. Stripped. Removed nail polish. Took nap.

1015AM

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Subject woke from nap by telephone call. Discussed plan for improving the Constitution and social architecture inspiration at length with a muse named 'Carlos' that is projected onto the floor of the bathroom.

1030AM

Subject in positive mood again after phone call to voicemail. Work done on job resume.

1100AM

Observed a couple enter the facility that no one has identified yet. Appear to be in their 40s. They purchased item that subject had posted for sale online.

1115AM

Subject screamed for his girlfriend out every window. Ranted for 10 minutes then left the home.

1215PM

Subject returns home and removes clothing. Reveals the name of his love interest for the first time - Kelly Yvonne Rose. Conjures the spirit of his love interest and has a conversation with her about Aleister Crowley and Babalon.

Makes note of interesting notion: Crowley's name indicates a fraud. **ALL A STARE CROW, LEE.** Subject asserts to Carlos and Shadow People on various curtains in room that Thelema is a fraud to ensnare the beneficiaries of Lilith and the power of the Garden of Eden that may have once functioned as a way to protect

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the avatars while providing money and meaningful relationships to women like Crowley's mother. In modern times, once demonic rituals now simply attract men looking for ways to achieve sexual superiority over women who are willing or able to be fooled with an empty title of "Priestess" in exchange for bulk-rate prostitution. Faith-based nature of the paradox-riddled dogma could be a cover story for human and narco-trafficking.

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law. Love is the law, love under will. In order to understand the principles of Thelema you must take away the 'w' to make the word 'hole' in the first sentence. Then recognize that if **love** (heart) is the law then the **will** (brain) is over, stronger and superior to love, compassion or emotion. In other words, the *Abyss* is the hole that **anarchy** digs - the *opposite of any law*. Satisfaction is held above sincerity. Thelema is a **complete fraud** meant to be a puzzle of simplicity for the brilliant and a snare for the complex criminals who would abuse it. Tolerance for notions of worship to themes of evil behavior has allowed such fraud to blossom.

1PM

Subject works steadily on writing poetry and contributing to other projects in progress.

6PM

Subject lashes out in rage at two voices that he claims are relentless in their attacks on him through his window. Identity of first is the current leader of the Church of

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Scientology. The second appears to be the former landlord of his love interest. Claims of brain washing, ruining marriage potential, demands that both release her from their manipulations.

630PM

Subject returns to his work projects.

830PM

Subject creates a checklist for phone communications with his love interest (Agent Brooks). Calls her once, yet makes several practice attempts at her voicemail to ensure all items on list are covered and portions of song playing in the background ("*Hello Mr. Zebra*" by Tori Amos) are heard successfully.

END OF REPORT

Agent F. Stein, D.E.I

###

Meet Frank N. Stein. Agent Stein is a member of The Lee Mick Foundation's Division of Energetic Information (D.E.I.) and a primary source of information on the Scarlet Woman Hunt. He is thirty-nine years old. Divorced. No children. Agent of D.E.I. for 13 years. Twice awarded the Medal of Distinction by the Secretary of Urban Warfare.

The Scarlet Woman Hunt is an odd mixture of people, perspectives and interpretations on the part of the

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situation that arises for graced avatars after their Rapture.

These are steps within the situation:

1. Visit from a ghost or channels begin to express information germane to life and the avatar's graal path on Earth through voice or the avatar's own hand. Including notes of concerning the Game that will follow. Most avatars are not in receipt of any particular 'rules' for the Game. Merely expressions of confidence and considerations to achieve emotional balance during the rigorous years-long event.
2. Voices and sounds begin slowly in the night. First to inspire, then quickly forming inquiry groups that follow a deliberate trial up to and including severe biting criticism. These are ongoing.
3. Health concerns come to the fore. Basic strengthening exercises, routines of common behavior and eating plans become more self-evident and a regular schedule to each is kept. At some point there is an awareness of a presence within the blood such as a small being rushing quickly through the veins to clear them of any build-up. The body is polished in order that the Rapture may be as much of a rebirth as possible.
4. Specific voices of celebrities of note to the avatar will make repeat visits to advise, encourage and criticize.
5. Rapture. (Occurs on Pink Moon) Ghosts descend on the avatar in a pageant that includes a visit

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from the Grim Reaper and practical use of Illuminati methods to enforce boundaries to personal space and improve privacy. Another aspect of the pageant is the hearing of family and friends attending a fireworks display with the woman the avatar loves. This denotes the split of one dimension from the other with the avatar fully in a secondary dimension after a rocket attack on his or her home. The avatar's love is anxious to see him again and get married when the worlds come back together. A date in the future, more than a year away, known as the next occurrence of a champagne supernova is specified for this.

6. Work life will become increasing difficult with criticism from ghosts continuing. Assertions of meet-up with the avatar's love will be made relentlessly to inspire midnight drives to the workplace and elsewhere to find her.
7. Appearance of demons on the faces of others in traffic. Observation leads to strong negative reactions in some of the drivers, up to and including road rage reactions. Ghosts will create feelings of flat tires, driving over bumps or the sound of someone knocking from inside the trunk in order to delay most drives.
8. Shiny cars driven in noticeably awkward patterns by faces that evoke similarity with faces the avatar has seen in their thoughts or in their past

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are a primary feature of this years-long situation. Noticeable drivers begin with the notion of avatar that he is being followed by members of his or her own family. As time goes on the notion that both drivers and neighbors have descended on the area to kidnap his and many other girlfriends of avatars is brought into the avatar's mind.

9. Job loss is almost guaranteed. Work along a new path that is in sync with personal graal path becomes primary focus. At this time, ghosts and Shadow People visit by the hundreds or thousands some days. The first several months for some have been documented as so relentless in vocal attack that the words cannot be heard clearly in the thunderstorm of criticism. Most criticism is directed at the woman whom the avatar loves most.
10. Communication skills improve tremendously. Vocal ability, specificity of emotional intelligence and the ability to speak concisely and comprehensively at the same time are exceptional gifts. Negative aspects of personality tend to disintegrate, such as ego, paranoia, panic and hubris.
11. Trip home is outrageous. Doppelgangers line the streets and stops along the way. They man the register at gas stations. Stopping along the road can be met with vicious attack from the hounds of Hell. A few of the spirits may go along for the

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ride. Only the spirit of the avatar's love will remain the following day. This is where an angelic muse may appear - under the umbrella of former epic love of the parent to the child. This is a reflection of the calm that would be produced with the return of the so-called "scarlet woman" who is in fact the epic love of the avatar. However, and for whatever reason, these loves are motivated to stay away from the avatar. To stay away from calming and taking part in the miracle of the Garden of Eden is a true tragedy.

12. As the far-off date of the champagne supernova comes closer calm will descend on its own. The miracle of silence is complimented by the return of Shadow People who are very friendly and speak in an honest, straight-forward fashion.
13. After the date, life is in the hands of the avatar. More so.

"That's all he said, chief. There was some stuff about solving all of the social problems in the world at once using what he called 'infinite currency' but I think he was too tired out to think clearly by then," chuckles Agent Stein to his supervisor.

"You mean fiat currency?" asks the supervisor.

"Yeah. He seems to think that if we tell the truth about already having fiat currency that somehow that will lead to the improvement of every major social issue on Earth."

"OK, then. Thanks for the report."

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"Oh, one more thing," says Stein. "This guy said the name of his girlfriend for the first time. Should we track her down and pick her up?"

"Yeah," replies the supervisor, "Let's do a background on her and then send the white van over to her house. We need more brunette women at the NORAD facility. If she is determined to be a brunette then fast track her death scene and get her over to NORAD in a hurry."

"Will do, sir."

Agent Stein closes the video conference and begins to surf the Internet. First checking his bank accounts. Then he scans the headlines of a few news organizations. Finally settling onto a dating site where he browses periodically for a girlfriend.

OpalMine702 is first to catch his attention. She's 27, a Sagittarius and has one child. Agent Stein reads through the introduction. She has a cat. That's a deal breaker. He is allergic to cats.

Next he takes a look at the dating profile of *HelenaHandBasket47*. She's 47 which is more age appropriate than the previous woman. She has no children, no cats and has the look and stats of a Libra. He scans the introduction quickly. She works as a Front Desk Supervisor at the Rio Hotel. Very nice. He decides to message her.

Hello. I like the way you have your profile organized. Mine could use a lady's touch. Do you like dogs? Do you

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enjoy going out or staying in for fun? Have any skeletons in your closet? If you like me you can write me. -Frank

He thinks carefully about his first impression. Then he hits the send button. Frank closes down his computer and goes to bed.

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3

POWER SOURCE

Today Agent Stein is spying on the home of one Cyril Ichabod. Cyril is a special case of what the D.E.I. calls a "Shamdora's Box" avatar. Over the years the Division has collected a large number of conscious beings they call "Influits." They are the guardians of the Garden. Once they are trained using a specialized form of English that traps a mind with its word choice they are sent out to mimic the real Rapture avatar experience in order to gain control of the minds of executives, politicians and others the Division feels are worthy of manipulation. Mr. Ichabod is an energy company executive.

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"I'll tell you something else, Yvonne," says Cyril, "if you're looking for the best quality replacement for oil you can look no further than hydrogen."

Mr. Ichabod is on the telephone to an NPR talk show. The subject is green energy alternatives. the guest is an administration official. The host is Yvonne Gray.

"Sir, could you give us an example of how you would use hydrogen as a replacement for gasoline?" asks Yvonne.

"Certainly," Cyril says, "There was a company in Houston around 1996 I think that developed a welder that ran on what they called Water Gas - HHO. It separated out hydrogen from water and emitted oxygen as a by-product. We can repurpose that technology to create electric generators connected to the battery packs of today's electric vehicles to give them unlimited range. In an accident they would be much safer than gasoline - only water and a small amount of hydrogen might be released. Once the technology is affordable it can be scaled to create enough energy to power a home. Or stack them in arrays and replace existing power plants with hydrogen electric generators that oxygenate the environment."

"I see," says the host. "Well that sounds..."

"Oh wait," interrupts Cyril, "There's more. Our current oil price is about \$60 per barrel. There are 19 gallons of gasoline in a barrel of oil once it's refined. If the oil companies sell gasoline for \$3.50 per gallon where is their profit? Now think about hydrogenated water. Brand name bottled water will already run you over \$10 per gallon in

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some stores! Oil companies can make a bigger profit on water without exploration and pumping costs. Hydrogenation can be at differing levels to mimic the octane levels we have now. That way the pumps at gas stations can still be used. Only now they will pump hydrogenated water. Imagine how much safer we will be with all of those big trucks delivering water to stations instead of gasoline!"

"Well, that does sound like a good idea," says Yvonne. "Doug, what's your take on hydrogen?"

The administration official clears his throat and then responds. "Well you have to remember that hydrogen is a fuel, not a power source. When we're dealing with replacements for electric power in terms of green alternatives really we're looking more at sunlight and geothermal as power sources that can make a difference to the long-term effects within the environment."

"Well that's all the time we have for today," says the host, "Thank you very much Doug Ayole from the White House Commission on Green Energy Alternatives and thank you for listening to our show."

"That's it?" Cyril says to himself out loud. "Hydrogen is a fuel not a power source? Of course it's a fuel. So what!?! It's a fuel that competes with the fossil fuels like coal and oil that provide electric and auto power. Yes, it's a fuel. It's a fuel that comes from an unlimited power source - water! Oh my God, what is that guy thinking?"

"What!" screams Cyril at an unseen critic. "What the hell do you know about it? Oh she is, is she? Does she do

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that all the time or just tonight when I need her here the most?"

Cyril picks up a various items from the floor - a tin cup, glass paperweight, a tennis ball, two kitchen knives and a half-empty bottle of orange sofa - and chucks them one by one at the wall of his bedroom.

"Now what!?! Will you shut up now?!" Cyril screams. "Give me my wife back! She was going to be my wife before you stole her! You turned her into this silent wretch you horrible mother fracker. Give me back my wife!!"

With both arms extended, Cyril wipes all of the items off the top of his dresser. He pulls out each drawer and shakes out the contents. One by one he then throws each drawer over his head at the wall of exposed insulation and wires. On his last pitch he slips on the pile of clothing and ends up face down. He pulls his body up from the floor and back onto his knees. Then picks up whatever lingering solid items he can find to continue the assault on his home.

With all of the projectiles are either stuck in or lying at the foot of the wall Cyril Ichabod descends into a heap at the side of his bed with his head on the mattress covered by his arms. He weeps uncontrollably and unintelligibly for a few minutes. Then he drags himself to the bathroom to clean his face.

"Do you see what you're doing to the planet, Mr. Government Agents?" says Cyril deadpan as he walks from the sink back into his bedroom. "I know you're there behind the wall. It's in that movie "The Russia House"

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remember? Barley Blair is being interviewed by the CIA at that house on the lake and he drops his ice cubes right next to the microphone and that guy rushes out from the room behind the wall to see what was the matter. I know you're here!"

"Oh, boy!" mutters Frank to himself.

"Yes, it's true. This one thing is the basis for every movie in modern American cinema. Which means that every major writer has been tormented by this one thing. This Ordeal. Why can't you just let a call get through to Michelle? Why did you manipulate her to run and then submit herself to that false address program with the phony Protection Order she filed? Well, maybe she filed it. Or was it that Marshal she lived with? The one who pays her bills on time for her and swears he doesn't have any records of her rental agreement. That's odd isn't it? To be in a house with a girlfriend and then have this other gal who looks like a brown Barbie doll move in for free and pay her bills for her too but then she dates me for years anyway? Is he one of you guys hunting these women too? Mother fracker!"

Cyril picks up a vase from his nightstand and smashes it against the wall. Then he pulls all the drawers out of the highboy one by one and hurls them at the wall yelling expletives. He gasps for breath as he finally picks up the entire shell of the dresser and slams it into the wall, breaking it in a few places. Then returns to the bed to cry.

"What about Da Vinci?" he says from under his arms. Cyril stands up again and wipes the tears from his face.

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"What about Leonardo Da Vinci? He fits the pattern. He was an apprentice in Verrocchio's studio until the time he was charged with sodomy in 1476. He must have been in love with a man or a transsexual because after that he would have been unable to talk or spend time with his love. There are no records of his whereabouts until 1478. And this damn thing lasts about two years doesn't it!? Doesn't it!?"

Cyril grew angry again. He wipes his nose with a sock from the floor and then balls it up and hurls it at the wall.

"Then the guy goes on to not only paint amazing religious paintings, but also to document inventions that would have value hundreds of years later. He was being tutored by a channel. Just like me you mother frackers! So why don't you acknowledge that you are there listening? You must know that I'm going to come up with something major. Like the structure and detail of a hydrogen implementation for energy companies that increases profit while cleaning up the environment."

Frank quiets himself and listens stoically.

"What about 'The Annunciation'? That painting that Leonardo completed for Verrocchio? He used lead-free paint such that when it was x-rayed the angel becomes invisible. Look carefully at it and you will see something else. The trees all have faces on them. They aren't the only ones either, mother fracker! The shadow on the wall behind Mary has a man's face too. Angel Gabriel is even holding a Madonna Lily! Yes, LILITH! Have you ever

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seen the flowers of the Borrachero tree? Very similar, you bastards!"

Frank doesn't move. Doesn't write. He even forgets to breathe.

"Screw this, I'm done. I can't believe you won't let a call get through to Michelle. Why would you keep such a deep love away from the one guy that could help her get happy and get wealthy? This place. This Ordeal is a rare occurrence in a few peoples' lives when art and imagination are fueled by God and can flow into miracles of creativity that will make a fortune and a legend. Why won't you allow a girl who needs the love and the money to have both? And I need them too!"

Cyril falls to the floor again. This time he grabs randomly in the air attempting to find the lamp that lights his room. After a few tries he grasps it. Then pulls it to a crash on the floor. In a pitch black room all that can be heard is the whimper and moans of his broken heart.

A few minutes later a flame appears in the darkness. He lights a nub of a candle and begins to write a poem under its flickering light.

If Only

She can plant a row
I land a cloud of dust
She can grow our garden
I sit oiling elbow rust
If only she knows

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Saw her stepping brightly
See me screaming out
Saw her tapping lightly
Seems to think I'm out
If only she knows

She was and is the only
Only now is never late
Lately never is the only
Only vow she'll ever take
If only she knows
If only she knows

Wherever dark I've seen her
Wherever dreams I do
Wherever my love finds me
We always say we do
If only she knew
My dream was for two

xoxo

"I noticed something else about Da Vinci," Cyril said.
"From the similarity in all those paintings of the Scarlet
Woman - it was him. He concocted the scam to keep
Scarlet Women safer. He couldn't know that hundreds of
years later there would be people hunting them and the
men that love them to steal their ideas and use the women

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as a magical charm. It's time to end this madness. No more
Scarlet Woman."

"He's our messiah!" squeals a voice out in the
distance.

"I hope I don't end up like the last one," sighs Cyril.

4

DATING SERVICE

AVATAR REPORT

18 January 2013

Agent F. Stein, D.E.I.

9AM

Subject was asleep when observation began. Entered home through hatch in bathroom. Discovered one batch of writings with the mark on masthead. "Civilian Chain of Command" document was removed for delivery to Executive.

1130AM

Subject woke with moans. Began to call out the name of

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his love interest (Sarah) while rolling back and forth. Stood up to talk to a presence at the window. Discussion of previous evening turned to shouts/rant about the nature of the power. Smyth recorder picked up a female voice insulting and challenging to his necessity for her to arrive in person.

Notable for notions of his love being the power of the situation.

From rant: "You bring a chaos and intimidation to my sphere that echoes around my head into a miserable silence! Loving you through that *is* the powerful element that Earth recognizes as **valuable!** Babalon is *bullshit!* Thelema is a fraud. The spirits are good. They arrive for a lesson from two. The two - *us two* - that are the energetic pair are never here for class.

"Don't you see and hear them? I know you do. You ran down the street that day. I've been desperate to talk to you since then. Sarah, it's been years!"

"The value of this experience as a human is not as a magical being. All power is lent. Just like an election for president. The more people that vote for a president the more power he achieves. Once in office, the entire country becomes his power so long as there is faith projected towards the leader or to the country itself."

"After Rapture there is this grace for me too. Lent power of the Underworld. The Heaven and Hell that is among and around us. Souls from throughout history, current projections of souls and the cute, silly and naïve

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consciousness that arrives for its first lessons on energetic progress. Sarah, they arrive to see you rise in your vibration through faith and inspiration growing as it holds on to our renewed love for the ride. What Lilith did for me I do for you through our graced connection. I need you!"

"Spirits are not the best beings to achieve change in a human-controlled physical world. Especially so when you consider the perspective of time. The value of a human interacting with former souls in this way is the ability to filter information and perspectives from past wisdom through a person with modern perspectives to form the most synchronous and valuable conclusions of thought. Lucky us, this usually means the human gets wealthy too."

"Does Babalon get wealthy? Babalon is a reflection of the Earth. The Earth is a sine wave of ebb and flow in climate yet a virtual flat line of change. Unless you are on the site of a volcano you normally don't expect the Earth to change. Even in Hawaii the volcanic activity runs on a consistent basis in many areas and under the sea. Babalon is a metaphor for consistency that provides the foundation of growth and prosperity. I appreciate the Earth and your somewhat destructive interpretation of Babalon. Yet Babalon is not something to achieve as a female human being. It is an awareness in hindsight that you were running in synch with satisfaction and survival-minded perspectives of living that are the reflection of weather and seasonal patterns that flow in compliment to the consistency in the Earth. They take you up and down.

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They do not achieve much for you in the long term."

"If there is anything valuable to learn from the stories of Mr. Parsons and Mr. Hubbard using Miss Cameron for magical purposes it is the superiority they derived from doing so. Superiority over her and superiority over those that sought to find their own superiorities within other relationships and are looking for a metaphor to do so. Wrapping this personal confidence around someone might feel like inspiration or improvement for a short time. In the long run it does all involved no good. Especially the spirits who arrive with the desire to understand their first awareness of consciousness only to be met with yelling and anguish and men being artificially torn from the women they loved. This misery is informing the souls of future human beings."

Subject collapses on bed for a nap.

2PM

Subject listens to N.P.R. radio program concerning green energy alternatives. Calls in to express his support for hydrogen as an innovation for electricity generation.

3PM

Subject leaves home to purchase drugs.

330PM

Subject removes clothing and dons wig. Takes several hits of the substance. Watches pornography.

5PM

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Subject sharpens entire box of pencils. Writes several pages of poetry. Calls his love interest during writing and between each to read her the poems. Cries twice then continues to write.

7PM

Subject writes practice letter then emails the Vatican for assistance in identifying that he is in the Garden of Eden. Also wonders in the email whether the Pope knows of a human trafficking situation that applies directly to Scarlet Women for the purposes of a supernatural experience.

8PM

Subject begins replying to the beings at the window in whispers. Takes more drugs. Begins to shout periodically. Rant follows for 15 minutes. Concludes with a broken window.

END OF REPORT

Agent F. Stein, D.E.I.

###

Frank Stein closes his D.E.I. laptop with a sigh. Then he checks his dating email. It's been a few days since he wrote to the woman named *HelenaHandBasket47*. He immediately spies her reply.

Hi, Frank. I love dogs. Mine is a little Lhasa Apso named Hauraki. That's my favorite beach in New Zealand. Usually go out to hang with friends or for dinner. Last

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night we all went to the Strip to eat Pho and then karaoke.
What do you like to do? Concerts are my favorite. Do you
like to see live shows? Bean is playing here soon I think.
And 311. They're my favs.

-Holly

He reads the email three times and offers her a date.

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5

BULLETPROOF ROOF

"Hi. This is Elmo. Can you call me, please. I've left like twenty messages. I'm worried about you. Why don't you pick up? Have you heard my voicemail? I'm going through some crazy stuff and wonder if you're hearing the same things. Call me. I love you."

Today Frank is spying on a guy in his thirties named Elmo Randmore. He worked as a graphic artist until he lost his job in April. Now five months later he is still looking for work. Agent Stein is in the apartment above

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him. A small hole drilled through Elmo's ceiling is all his pinhole camera needs to record the scene. He looks up at the hole as if a laser guides his eyes there. In his mind a drip of dry ice slips from the hole and gently lands a millimeter from his forehead.

Elmo dials another number. It rings. "Carl. What's going on man! I have this great idea you'll love. Kevlar shingles, dude. When I went home to Texas recently I noticed a familiar sight. Temple, TX had a thunderstorm a few nights prior and the roofers were making their rounds with a clipboard signing people up for their hail damage specials. After a couple weeks it seemed like every house on the block had a new roof. That's got to be some expense for an insurance company you know?"

Elmo crouches down like a tiger hiding from a dragon and continues. "Kevlar shingles. Imagine if they made shingles as a lighter, fluffy even, square of recycled Kevlar from used law enforcement jackets. After a while they could just manufacture them as the price of Kevlar falls with the demand. Then people would have a roof that lasts much longer and insurance companies would save a ton of money. Lighter material means transport is easier and you could even make the roof breathable without those exhaust turbines spinning on them."

He pauses a bit and his face goes blank as his head tilts into his hand toward the floor. Then he emerges in a deeper voice. "The only thing is how to eliminate the impact on workers who won't be roofing as much. Perhaps lighter roofs and modern ingenuity can go hand in hand.

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If you don't need as much load-bearing timber you can build with hollowed-out lumber filled with insulation. Or completely faux lumber. Either way, if plans are drawn up in a modular way and materials are cheaper that means more add-on construction. Maybe even people replacing their homes entirely once or twice in their lifetimes. That would be really cool. And take the roof from one version to the next!"

His deep voice returns to shallow. "Anyway, let me know what you think. Call me, man. Seems like everyone is screening these days."

Like avatars always seem to do, Elmo fills a bit of free time writing poetry as the mood overcomes him.

Perfectionist

Racing erases tainted
Visions swimming weighted
Molly can see me
In her rear view
Dusty waves which every way skated
Sieving makes a lucky owl
Hoot without a reason, oh
Can I buy a vowel?

Summer rain shoots steam by hour
Saw none who've seen her bridal shower
Waking now to stare, no power
Pay the bills or love turns sour

Ewan Lillicii

Why'd I scream to her downstream
She telegraphed the same dark theme
Lost with me beats found by good men

Last dollar was rolling paper
For spices adding flavor
'Nother season which is flying by
Yet time has stopped to savor

Waiting 'til the next last hour
Standing still stilts under ivory tower
Hoping that I've made gold
Threads are wearing out

Striking out to cheering shouts
'Nothing to write home about
Lightning falls wash in and out
Timing wires her no doubt
Auntie deems my dirty dreams
Not worthy of her gentle teen
Turning with the Earth toward each other

xoxo

He calls his love to recite the latest verse. Then fiddles through his files of loose leaf papers stacked two feet tall under a line drawn on the wall at one meter marked "Zero" until he finds a letter in need of a finishing touch. With a

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sharpened pencil in hand he begins the end.

Gov. Whitesides,

I have an idea to share with you that may assist your political efforts. A series of fortunate events brought me into a love of social service last year even as my social status was decaying. From the sidewalk a contradictory notion of the express lane to Capitalist Utopia became clear - *infinite currency*.

Essentially it's what we already have. The trouble is that truth creates fear for whomever refuses to tell it. The evidence is in considering what the lie should result into - rising value over time. Inflation is therefore engineered to reinforce the lie and assure that purchasing and investment of other kinds take place instead of hoarding money like gold for future profit.

However, Infinite Currency is a far more magical agreement for an Aquarian society to possess. Once explained truthfully and, in plain language, comprehensively to the public it has many positive benefits for every member of society. Here are a few:

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1. Always enough means the moment we need an industry created we can fund its details and seed its takeoff using a mix of complementary private sector mentorships and free government angel investment, if necessary, to achieve venture capital. Handouts are regular occurrences anyway. When we legitimize them for the good of the country their label can have wings.
2. Superior thinking begins its decline as tax brackets and welfare phase out. The bottom levels of Mazlow's Hierarchy of Needs are easily met by every citizen. If more than lack of struggle is desired by a citizen the motivation and opportunity to get a job, go to school or become a billionaire still exists. Along with the lure of becoming the world's first verifiable trillionaire.

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- This new age of psychological improvement opportunity also ushers in the flow of Behavior Improvement strategies to dovetail the abundance of behavior control metaphors in our society. In many ways, metaphor drops in to fit the scene. Metaphor can also be installed to raise the floor.
3. Improving and faceted thought behaviors of the general public will allow confidence to shift into the governmental outlooks of countries with half-billion population or more. The problem of how to feasibly control the fractures of a huge and geographically dense nation will become the better problems of how to psychologically assess and manage the unencumbered responsible growth of a faith-based nation preparing for its bright future. Faith

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in this regard, being the true faith of yourself and the people that surround you.

4. Instant end to bankrupt communities as all people will receive a "struggle-free" paycheck for being an adult American. We will pay enough to survive and have a reasonable savings for unexpected incidents of life. The Congress itself will be thankful for ending their reflection of Food Stamp style benefits when their yearly budgets never again fail to bridge the last few weeks of a year.

That NSA super computer in Utah can take inputs from data at grocery stores, libraries, gas stations, alcohol & tobacco statistics, prescription drug usage, narcotics usage, yearly electronic census forms with optional psychological questionnaire to determine levels of Behavior Improvement's

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underlying necessity of **secular faith**.

Indicators such as:

- o Compassion
- o Sociopathy
- o Empathy
- o Emotional Perspectives
- o Time Perspective & Goals Planning
- o Integrity
- o Engagement with Society
- o more... work in progress...

After several years of faith awareness practice we will be holding a database that is unique in history. A database of mind. The psychological understandings of our counties, states and nation that form a reliable basis for anticipating choice in future situations without application of external stimuli. The personality of America.

Currency should reflect the value that society holds in its citizens. That fiat currency was protested strongly in previous years is a misplaced anxiety that should have been applied to finite currency models. Protesters had their paranoia aimed correctly at the dollar, but only in the cartoon version of what

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the dollar is to our society. Not only are we nowhere near printing a fiat bill, but the path towards doing so is the best thing we could do.

Consider this hypothetical. A country with half a trillion dollars in investment materials (gold, silver, oil) has a half-trillion dollar government budget. Each citizen makes a salary by their yearly work and various artistries. They expect to be paid with stable currency. Where does it come from?

Consider this example too. One worker constructs parking lots for his yearly salary. Another worker guards parking lots for her salary. Is the intangible effort worth less than the constructive effort if they both make \$50,000 per year? Did our country have to come up with \$100,000 in gold or oil to cover them both? At this level of government perspective on the issue you find the valuable conversation that inspires the entire nation with secular faith.

It's time we add the value of every citizen's work to the value of our nation and reflect that into a pool of national wealth that can be the substantiation of our total currency value. Work that

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creates a platform for others to accomplish new artistries is an additional profit to our society as a potential wealth that carries forward as opportunity. Combining reasonable investment in our human capital's infrastructure, future potentials and proposals for growth in a master planned nation creates a substantiation for government budgets as we move forward. That we do so with a standardized math and third-party oversight such as the Federal Reserve in the loop is the assurance that other nations need to feel confident they can replicate our Capitalist Utopia within a viable structure of foreign exchange rates.

As long as the inputs of faith awareness are kept to ambiguous levels such as the averages from a grocery store or local fuel station there is no opportunity for behavior controllers to bring deviled details to the table in the form of specific statistics that paint a grey hue over any colorful citizen that might fit their bad dreams. Also, ***no one at that data center will be able to pull up information on the habits of your girlfriend to manipulate her out of your***

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relationship with her favorite ice cream and preference for boxers over the brief.

I have written a booklet that introduces the inspiration of these ideas to American citizens. The booklet that inspires Congress and the Supreme Court is to come. All brainstorming with geometric observations on the way we are and the way we will be as lawmakers evolve into heroic statesmen in every improved Congressional district in America.

Thanks for your consideration of these ideas.

Elmo Randmore
Social Architect, Philosopher

P.S. Gerrymandering fixes itself in this situation so that the effects of great ideas from a representative will be fully realized within his or her own district without spilling over into another. Gerrymandering people into roughly 50/50 ideology stand-offs is really a decline in representation and an undue stress on the representative who will often be viewed as working against

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the interests of half of his constituents on major partisan issues.

Agent Stein wakes from his open-eyed petrification with a jolt as coffee spills onto his leg from the cup held forgotten during the letter's completion. After opening the seal on today's transmission codes he forwards the contents of Elmo's letter directly to his Denver headquarters with a single button push on the device that picks up carbon writing with a sonar-like ping. He BCC's himself. Then erases the BCC and makes a crayon copy of the letter against the glass of an empty picture frame to read again at home.

Elmo is on a roll as he rocks from side to side over a new poem. Agent Stein ticks the dial of his Octoperiscope from "infrared" to the one with the sun icon on it and watches closely.

Stations Left To Cross

Just in time to prove my theory
Turkeys roast my red eyes teary
Late for love early death nearing
Shouting bores, abhor slim, dreary
When will Molly change her tune?
Desperate for a different tune

Scientific proof is claiming
Angry truth equals defaming

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Holding wife my life is waning
Avatar sole man complaining
Forget mockingbird fly on
Off the carpet I fly on

Desert cold grows wild like crab grass
School is out for all who teach class
Mob stirs, unorganized dense mass
Love's a dream for mule a dumb ass
Babble on two B's and D's
Bees are lame with healthy D's

Silence David, Joe and others
Concealed permits unwed mothers
She and I were never brothers
To this day no heart rhythm flutters
Get a life but this one's mine
I'm bored I said this one's mine

Voodoo boys scout for an altar
Better luck querying Voltar
Go home, Molly, scrape your bong tar
Smoke until you see Quinotaurs
Fairy tales wag miracles
Work for food and miracles

Tired of your bull sight yet?
How much longer will you jet set?
Infinite allowance prevents

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Faith from forming confidence bet
Did they take your only phone?
Warden blocks only cell phone

I'm not kidding this is terror
Anti-astigmatic bearer
Seven more digits and clearer
Call me, never knowing we are
Too adult for childish games
Wealthy brats love childish games

Forget notes and invitation
Wait for death or incubation
Vacillate destroy our nation
Molly needed now 'cross station
Listen now or never know
Scarlet's trained to never know
Hear me? Say yes never no
Libra. Listen. This I KNOW
Libraarians must meet two know

xoxo

He picks up his cell phone and takes a photograph of the writing. He sends it to his love interest. Immediately he follows up with a call that falls to voicemail.

"It's me again. Did you ever see that movie with Jude Law? The one where he is a vampire that kills all of these women? 'The Wisdom of Crocodiles'. They changed the

name to ‘Immortality’. That’s kind of weird to do after it’s been released isn’t it? IMDB has a logline of the vampire looking for the ideal woman to redeem him. You know another word for ideal? Perfect. Perfection is certain. Certain is structure. It’s the compliment to artistry. Structure is what humans depend on while we indulge in what makes life meaningful – artistry. Filling in the details with ideal as a boundary and love as a muse. Art is perfect when it’s ideal from the perspective of the artist. Lilith gives an artist such a depth of knowing themselves that this perspective can be understood. Then along comes a troupe of sons-of-bitches to stomp on that perspective with their own.”

He grimaces while biting his lower lip. Calms a bit. Then changes tone.

“There’s no more time for sorry or explanations. I need you to pay attention for one Goddamn minute and recognize I’ve lost my life for you. I mean it. Everything I had. Everything I hoped. Everything I knew has been given up waiting for you. You may not believe in Grace but I know that it’s true. You never bothered to listen so you really don’t know shit about it. I need you to get your ass here. This isn’t about love anymore. It’s life and death. It’s whether or not the nation we live in will be around in 75 years or not. It’s whether all will die starving or not. It’s whether bombs will ever drop on America or not. Get your mother fracking ass on the phone and then be resolved to get your ass over here. This is no mother fracking joke anymore. Get yourself the frack here and I

mean it mother fracker. No more of this bullshit can be tolerated. You are turning the culmination of two years of deteriorating love, joy and graced exuberance into worthlessness and death that resonates out like an anti-miracle. You will ultimately be held to account when this is done. Guess what? There’s a prophecy written for that eventuality. It involves a fake Jew. Have you changed that fracking name yet, Miss Goldberg? Not many Huichols with that name I’m guessing. Pay attention and be here. If this doesn’t get written perfectly in my perspective some zealot is going to want to take you out. Or worse, some guy in uniform that has no idea what’s going on will try and insulate you from me – making you his charity cause with benefits. It’s too late to hide. I’ve plastered your name over everything in order to keep you alive and keep people from believing in magic reinforced by human trafficking. Call me. Not later. Now. Now, damn you. I care about your LIFE. Don’t get us both killed over whatever superficial bullshit is keeping you from talking to me. If I die who will notice that you disappear?”

He throws the phone at the wall in frustration. Then picks up his writing for a moment. Then flings the stack of loose papers at the wall in a storm of chaos. The lights go out. Must be an outage at this time of the early morning. In a simmer of frustration he lies down for a nap.

An hour later, Elmo wakes emotionless. A smile writes onto his face and he shares it in a kiss with the pillow in his arms. “I love you, Molly Yvonne.”

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With all of the lights off the lights a candle and continues to research his social architecture ideas. He hears something outside in the parking lot and rushes to the window. Nothing.

He sits back down with pad and pencil to write. Takes a deep breath. Then wonders with his eyes closed if he will ever understand his place in the world. As he opens his eyes he scrawls a word at the top of the page then begins to channel an answer.

Immortality

Time is a perception of the individual. If a race of beings could interpret life and reality at a trillion frames per second, which is already possible with femto-photography cameras, and if they could somehow project their consciousness into another vessel that was limited to perception at roughly eighty frames per second, the lifespan perception of that being would expand exponentially.

Apply that idea up and down the dimensions. At the highest level, a perception of everything at once would consider the lifespan of the multiverse as instantaneous. A pyramid. The all-seeing eye.

Next consider the other facets of sight. Not speed of frames alone, but

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clarity. The ultimate telescope seeing at the ultimate speed - anywhere at once. Such a thing would require more than our three dimensions. Working backwards from the highest level down, the removal of dimensions would correlate to diminishing sight of all kinds down to the single dimensions, or point.

Now consider how you would express, or display, our three-dimensional selves on pieces of paper. You wouldn't have one. You would potentially have thousands to reconstruct a 3D body utilizing 2D-like components. Now apply this to the one eye at the top. What would the expression of that one be in a much lower 3D world?

There are no beings. Just one. All of us.

Apply this idea to the sense of intuition. If there is one, then there must be a connection which binds the expression of that singularity in lower dimensions. By trusting, or having faith in the sight of your upper connections you can know. The easiest connection is the closest - the 4th dimension. It can see a little farther, and a bit wider. It can be accessed quickly and for things limited to the expansion of the dimension of Time. Since it too has limited sight, and

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since a viewer might have limited capacity to take advantage of that perspective, it doesn't necessarily lead to long-term understanding or comprehensive viewing.

The important ability then is to navigate to higher dimensions which have wider sight. Up the pyramid.

These ideas are truly fundamental. Apply them to all manner of thought - art, mathematics, science, etc. when a component of one pattern of thought is unknown, apply the corresponding component of what you do understand.

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6

SPRING-LOADED DRESSER

"This is Hauraki. Say Hello, Hauraki!"

Holly Yvonne is an amazing woman. She's the overnight Front Desk Manager at the Scenic River Hotel and Casino – *the best one they've got.*

"See that tree over there?" she says lightly. Frank turns to see the pink blossoms fluttering lightly in the breeze.

"That's a Cherry Blossom. I have one of those in my backyard."

"Really? We should have a picnic there sometime.

Cherry Blossoms are my favorite."

Frank spies Holly's hand at her side and reaches gently with a few fingers to brush hers. Holly turns and smiles as they lace their fingers. He takes a deep breath. "See those bunnies? Look at the shrub down there."

"Oh my God! They're so cute. I love little bunnies like that. Sometimes I see quail too, up on Mt. Charleston. Have you been out to the trails at the top?"

"I spend most of my time underground actually," he says chuckling. "One of my last projects was underneath a platform bed with a wide, thin opening like a bunker. I practice sitting still in a special jumpsuit that makes no noise when I move. It can be pretty intense."

"Really?" she says pulling back with a question mark on her face, "That sounds goofy. You were talking about this in one of your emails weren't you? What kind of place is it?"

"I shouldn't really talk about it," he says quietly. "That one was a condo here in the northwest. It started out pretty nice. Then as the time wore on the place got trashed. We monitored another spy agency that was actually torturing our subject to get him away from their high-value target - Babalon."

"What do you mean?" she asked, growing uneasy. "They were competing with you for the spirit or something?"

"The spirit but mostly the girl. That whole notion of Babalon as a woman with magic powers is a powerful draw for people. It's a big fraud, but when you combine it

with beautiful women who are a little promiscuous it tends to become more believable. From what I've seen it's the men having the force of creative thought and naïve thinking that really seems like a God force. The ladies they love are rarely seen again. By the time we catch up to them the girls have usually been taken anyway."

"Oh my God! What are you saying!" she says covering her mouth with eyes wide. "You mean someone takes them, really?"

Frank stammers a bit as he thinks of how to reel his words back in. "Sometimes. It depends. They aren't really taken. There is a network of them that play the part. There's another unit in our Division that has been doing reconnaissance on the network. We know it's out there. But the girls get new haircuts, plastic surgery sometimes, new cities." Agent Stein looks over at the frozen shock of Holly's face.

"It's not really the usual situation. Most of the girls just don't understand what's happening so they act scared or like their boyfriends are crazy. It's too bad too because these are the people coming up with the greatest innovations in our country. The girls they love are often missing the opportunity to make big money. The ones that survive and reunite usually achieve a fortune." He raises his brows and looks over for a hint of acceptance. Holly's stare is stuck on his. They stop at the corner park nearest her house and take seats on the swings.

"I mean, most of them survive. But it's an ordeal like no other."

Ewan Lillicii

"Oh my God! So this is that thing they're doing the movie about right now? Jack Parsons was one of those guys right?"

Feeling like he's said too much, Agent Stein begins to stuff the cat back into the bag. "Kind of. It's not the magic spells and sex though. In fact, it's more like an endurance brainstorm without any human contact for the guys. They are so in love with those women that the absence of their girlfriend or wife tears them apart."

"I had a friend that was being chased by her ex-boyfriend one time. He kept calling me asking for her new number and then wanting me to tell her he was about to make so much money. He sounded crazy. He said all these cars were following him and that she was going to be kidnapped if I didn't help him." Holly looked down at the sand as her foot traced swirls in figure eights.

"They do have a problem getting through on the phone typically. It's a strange thing. To call it kidnapping is a stretch. Often it's just a misunderstanding or they sense a threat because the men are so full of energy they appear out of control." Frank draws his own figure eights and continues.

"By the time the girls come back, if they do, they have allowed so much time to pass the guys are just empty inside. It's an ugly paradox. In the end most of the ladies end up with a rich guy that screws them over. If they're still young they usually bounce back. A few will reunite with the ones that have been graced."

Holly swims in her deep thoughts a moment. Then she

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offers up a question. "You know all of this already. Why don't you help them to reunite?"

"Good question," says Frank. The two of them swing a while longer in silence.

The next day Frank wakes with a spring in his step. Everywhere he walks he sees Holly. Everything he does is somehow for her as well. The curse is broken. He is in love.

He hunches over his spy scope and watches closely as his subject scrawls a poem.

Aiming to See You Again

Target practice every day
Only turkey left
Ham it up with cameras
Thanks a lot for all your theft

If I'm off-center at my base
How come the sellout crowd?
Cable news on grassy knoll
Only leave when I get loud

How come my poor vision's off?
I just can't clear my mind
'Cept for one big babbling thing
That got left behind

If you see a bit
Of just how long it's been
Then you'll know that I'm
Aiming to see you again

Ewan Lillicii

Calling in my favors
Party every night this week
Hats and jackets not required
Crystal ball is all I seek

Capable and rising
Find a booth to change right now
Go easy on guilt tripping me
Need love right now and how

Celebrity Outdoorsman
Hunting season late this year
Forgot to bring their gunmen
Now they're friendly to the deer

Come hitch a ride to Eden
I've got two seats for you
One husband here that loves you
One best wife I ever knew

xoxo

Today's subject is Brad Nicholas. Mr. Nicholas has been on a rampage. His left hand is bandaged and his right is still dripping blood as he reaches for his cellular phone. He dials a number.

"Hello," he says. "Yvonne. It's me. Please call me back. Remember what I told you the other day about how weird it was that that movie was titled 'Borat' because it sounds a little like my name? Remember, the guy from Kazakhstan? Do you remember what that guy's name was from 'To Kill a Mocking Bird'? It was Boo Radley. Well I just thought of another one. Remember Rocky Horror

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Picture Show? The girl's name is Janet and the guy is named Bradley. This is so weird. Oh my God. Jane 'T', not Janet. Like Jainism. Call me back, OK?"

An awkward tension fills his mind as Brad paces the floor. He hears something at the door and runs to check the peephole. Nothing. He speaks through the door at someone.

"Why don't you just buzz off you old buzzard! Quit lying to people. She's not there. She never is. Go home!"

The setup at Mr. Nicholas' apartment is difficult. He informed the security patrol that there was a cult after him. Ever since then contact has been through the use of a phony light tower equipped with laser mic and spotlight audio. D.E.I. has also been testing out a new virtual electric microphone and speaker system that rides in on the electric line and creates itself within the wall. With the loss of his job, however, periodic electric account shut-offs for non-payment have hampered the cutting edge technology.

"Go away!" he screams, "Do you know how much valuable time you've cost me? Too much! We were supposed to be wealthy by now. When I came back to this shitty place to find her I knew we were going to make at least \$50 million without question. I just knew. Now look at what you've done. This could have been over a year ago. But you're still lying!"

The apparition of a six-foot owl at the door has not much to say in his defense.

"Why don't you go find Yvonne? Do that. I know now

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why she was always acting crazy. It's because of you crazed spirits buzzing around her head! It is very telling that a woman her age won't answer the phone after a year of trying and those first few months of perfect poetry. Why do you insist on keeping her away from the wealth potential of this place? I know it's not the Ordeal X. This is the Garden of Eden!"

He begins to weep and falls into a lump of misery at the foot of the bed. His hands search for dirty clothing to stack on top of his head. He falls asleep.

A few hours later he emerges from his hibernation. He spies a pencil. Grabs it. Sharpens it with a trail of shavings following him to where a pad of paper is found. Then he scrawls a new idea.

You've seen the high-end homes that showcase a TV rising up from a cabinet on actuators. Now think about a dresser built for apartment living in San Francisco or other cities where space is at a premium. A dresser with a press-down-pop-up top reveals multiple levels of shelving at arm's height. The flat face of the dresser and light weight of wire or slotted shelving make it less expensive to ship.

The slim front lip also pops up to reveal a television backdrop that will hang a 50" flat screen in your bedroom.

The Bride of Frank Stein

Great for spaces where there is limited room for pulling out shelves. The DIY version comes with bare wood and allows customers to purchase shoe polish style containers of poly-stain for an easy way to have just the right look that matches your present furniture.

"Good idea," thinks Frank from his perch on the roof of a neighboring building. "Good luck, St. Nick."

7

HOLLY YVONNE

"If the next coming of Christ wasn't similar to Jesus Christ would that upset you? I wonder about the effect of propaganda lately. Especially the whole 'Anti-Christ Nazi Apocalypse Rapture or Doom' angle. Why would that horrible stereotype be allowed to exist in such prevalence with no alternative?"

Kyle Lee Rankin is a Semaphore Specialist at the Naval Air Weapons Station in Ridgecrest, CA. He spends all of his free time at the Boron motel.

"What if it's a lie? What if its purpose is to provide a cover, so that if the next prophet says too many of the right things that the people in charge don't want to hear they can just take him out and claim a hero badge for averting

Ewan Lillicii

disaster? Nothing is as powerful as language for creating friends, enemies, followers, or doubters.”

“One way I see the previous Piscean Age's story play out is the crucifixion. This archetypal incident is so powerful that even today people are more ready to die for their beliefs than live to compromise them for the sake of getting along. It's the paradox model – ‘my way or the highway’ - that causes fissures of men.”

“The architecture of the story sets up a Hegelian box of constraint that is completely different from the tone of the message in the life of Jesus. It's never discussed, but it's reflected in society in harmful ways that need to end. I hope the Age of Aquarius story is written soon with a more positive architecture of self-determined collaboration.”

“Whatever,” thinks Frank. He writes in his report notes. “This guy seems to think,” he pauses and erases the line. “This guy thinks we are up against the Apocalypse or something. What a troglodyte.”

He takes off his earphones and puts down his brainwave note taking device in favor of a Palomino Blackwing 602 and TADA notebook. He leaves Kyle Lee to monitor his own tantrum and begins to smile as he works on a new poem instead.

Holly Yvonne

Took a year to take off
Another year to find
Girlfriend that I wanted was

The Bride of Frank Stein

Not the girl I left behind
No time, no will, no place to meet
No one to meet there with
No girlfriend ever shows herself
Love seems an unjust myth
Now I'll try the Internet
One perfect dating site
Now I found one I can get
To call back on Friday night

xoxo

AVATAR REPORT

23 December 2014

Agent F. Stein, D.E.I.

1100AM

Subject woke in a mood critical of the fear tactics intrinsic to the Apocalypse and Anti-Christ propagandas that piggyback the prophecy of the next messenger of goodwill. His rant descends into bickering with himself and throwing his pill bottles against the wall while a doe-eyed prostitute looks on from the bed.

1125AM

After a short calm, subject begins new rant against the Scarlet Woman. Claims that the women themselves are to blame for setting up good people to die for them. Pushes the woman out of bed. She reacts with offensive stance at first. He pushes her against the wall and she crumbles into a ball, begging him to stop and asking repeatedly to go home to her mother.

Ewan Lilicii

Subject is clearly not a Lilith avatar. Appears to have been cleaned through some sort of cult ritual or pharmacological means in conjunction with magnetotherapy or other non-entity form of awareness.

Subject pulls out a gun from his nightstand and threatens her if she will not remain quiet and have sex with him. Her demeanor changes. Emotions go away and her moves become robotic. She lays back down on the bed naked and waits for him to join.

Fire alarm goes off. They dress quickly and exit the room.

1200PM

Fire Marshal knocks at the door. Subject answers only to discover police behind him holding a note that the woman has passed to someone during the fire alarm situation. Subject is taken into local custody.

NOTE: Departmental jurisdiction assertion not recommended for this subject. Not a candidate of merit. Intelligence opportunity minimal. Let him sit in jail.

END OF REPORT

Agent F. Stein, D.E.I

###

“I can’t take it anymore, Chief! These girls, some of them, spend their whole lives neglected or worse. If I see another scumbag pull a gun on one of these girls I’ll kill the guy myself.” Agent Stein is detailing his final report for the year to his supervisor.

The Bride of Frank Stein

“I know how you feel, but you can’t run afoul of the non-interventionist policy. That would ruin your career,” says the supervisor matter-of-factly. “It says here that the fire alarm went off. Who pulled it?”

“Kids,” says Agent Stein. “They were holding a séance for George Swain. Some candles kicked over in their room.”

“I see. Carry on then and have a merry Christmas or whatever it is you do for the holidays.”

“Thank you, sir.” Frank turns off his video chat and hustles off to the store to buy a last-minute gift for Holly.

On his way back home a text message appears on his phone.

Lucy: Hi, Frank. I miss you. Want to see you again.

Unfortunately, Frank doesn’t hear the beep or check his phone.

As Frank pulls into his parking spot he sees Holly getting out of her car nearby. She pulls several bags out of the trunk. He walks over to help her unpack.

After making their way into the house, Frank and Holly say their Hellos, then stack presents around the Christmas tree. They race to see who can string their popcorn length faster then feed each other with the leftovers. Frank lights the tree and they share a moment of peace gazing at the blinking lights and

colorful spheres. One thing is missing – the Angel.

“I left the Angel in my car. I’ll be right back,” he says.

In a few minutes Frank returns. He shakes off a bit of frost from the night air as he smiles and enters the room.

“I’ve got it,” he says as he places the Angel on top of the tree.

He looks back at Holly who is straight faced and arching downward.

“I think you got a text message on your phone,” she says.

“What do you mean?” he replies.

“Someone named Lucy texted you today. It was on your phone. Aren’t you going to return the call?” she says bitterly.

“Lucy?” he says quizzed. “What the hell... are you mad at something? I know a Lucy but that was a while ago.”

“Well it wasn’t a while ago that she sent you that text message,” she says angrily. Holly gets up and shoves the phone into Frank’s face.

“Call her now while I’m standing here. Call her!” she shouts.

“Holly, are you OK? You think I’m cheating or something? Remember when you were gone for a few months last summer and wouldn’t answer the phone? Well, that’s when I knew Lucy. But it wasn’t anything. I barely knew her a month before you

returned and I dropped her like a bad habit.”

“Is that all?” she said as she started to shake.

“Remember the argument we had before Thanksgiving? You said you were not going to allow me to move your car during the holiday. You were taking off to see somebody in San Antonio. I didn’t know who but I knew your story was bullshit. You didn’t go just to see your parents – did you? Anyway, you were screaming and acting like another break-up. And I knew you were going to be with someone else.... That Scorpio guy that bought your marriage license and a stripping telegram DBA from the courthouse on the same day and then you never married. I knew he and his traveling family were part of your plans. So I went over to see Lucy, assuming we were broken up again.”

“I knew it!” she screamed.

“Knew what? It was a mistake. Not an outrageous one. You spent the entire summer without picking up the phone. Then you cruise back on in to my life like nothing happened. Just like you did those weekends when I had trips planned to the coast – like Redondo Beach for Valentine’s Day. You disappear and I find out later you were at a birthday party? The only one in town on Valentine’s Day thrown by your poorest friend in an hotel room where everyone just happened to decide to sleep until the following morning.”

“This has nothing to do with me!” she screamed.

“You cheated! I can’t believe it. And you were going to do it again!”

“Whoa, just a second. I got hammered that night just to be able to look at that hag. Then I skated out of that place before sunrise without saying goodbye. I never looked back. When I turned on my phone and heard that you had called that morning and apologized I started to cry. I knew I wanted to be with you more than anyone. So I never called her again or accepted any of her texts or calls. I just walked away clean. I thought we would end up getting married this time!”

“Call her!” she screamed.

“Look, if that’s all you’re going to do then you should go catch your breath at home and come back when you are more calm.”

Frank escorted her grudgingly out the door. Holly was shaking and looked disoriented. She wandered off into the dark and freezing parking lot.

Frank sat down on the floor and took stock of what had just occurred. After about 30 minutes he cut off the lights and went to bed. From under the covers he called Holly every 5 minutes. Straight to voicemail. After 10 failed attempts he shut his eyes and fell asleep.

One minute later... “CRASH.” The sound of a rock shattering the patio door woke him up. Ho ho ho.

8

GOLD MINE

“Are you looking for an engagement ring, sir?”

“A signet ring, actually. I only wear silver. Can you show me what you have available for customizing in silver, please?”

Agent Stein remembers what he originally came to do and adds, “Also, could you please replace the battery in my Swiss Army watch? It’s got some atmospheric pressurization thing. I can’t change it out myself.”

“Certainly, sir,” says the smiling clerk. Then he leans in to whisper, “You may enjoy looking through our buybacks for your ring. We get some very

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affluent customers here. Their cast-offs are often the best value in the store.”

“Sure. I’ll take a look.”

“As for your watch, that will have to be shipped to our main location in Salt Lake City. We should have it back for you in about 21 days.”

Frank is already lost in thought over the rings. “Oh, that will be OK. Thanks.”

It’s mid-April and Agent Stein is out on a shopping spree to buy himself the perfect gifts as a compensation for the misery he still feels without Holly. He’s an Aries. Born a week and change before the end of the Aries cycle. He was three weeks premature.

“That one. The one with the Egyptian emblem on it. Can I see that one please?” he asks.

The clerk reaches into the case and presents him with a 998 Fine Silver ring with an Eye of Horus on one side and an image of Isis on the other. Adorning the top is a beautiful Ankh. It is in flawless condition.

“Wow,” says Frank, “it even fits perfect. I’ll take it.”

“Very well, sir.”

Agent Stein takes his new ring for a tour of Orange Julius. He takes a seat among some tables overlooking the downstairs food court to people watch. He spies a beautiful brunette in short denim, sweater and heels. The glimmer of her silver hoop earrings caught his eye. The smooth tan of her stilts

The Bride of Frank Stein

keeps them focused and his grin aloft for longer than usual. A thought of Holly rolls back into his mind like a ball popping out of the gutter to smack the pins at the last moment. He reaches into his pocket for a poem that is nearing completion.

Turn of Events

Went to watch a party
Brought some bottles filled with booze
Flat screen set was broken
An old radio for muse
Leaning in to hear it
Caught a drift of cold ice packs
Not a rope or string to hang by
Shoe is holed with pushy tacks

Seven hours later
Stories tell me it’s not you
Lunches here are eaten
Some are ate for two
Buzzing of the hills
Quotes are on the record
Bands play for a few
Silence in my heart
Missing one meant for two

Heard your friends
They're tapping softly
On my bedroom sill
Run to offer lively
Forsaken, no one will
Still narrow halls are closing

Ewan Lillicii

Sparks shine in barren night
Take tutor from wonder fall
Shake hands before you fight

Press ear to hear her sighing
Hope she says my name
Small joys sprinkle inside me
Remember why I came
Visions of us dancing
Sipping champagne fluted too
Silence in my heart has flown
Serenade her as I do

Frank takes a deep breath and scribbles the final stanza
with the nub of a pencil pulled from his sock.

Toppled by a cool breeze
Prayer dragons had me blue
Standing up I see her eyes on
Love and endless fun for two
Lying down I see forever
With a twinkle and a smile
Blessed to have her presence
Hope your ghost can stay awhile

xoxo

On the way outside a shiny object catches Frank's eye.
He strays off the sidewalk into the faux grass and wood

The Bride of Frank Stein

chips that adorn the mall. Reaching under a soulless shrub
he finds a silver dollar.

"Hey, I found a Morgan!" he says out loud to an
uninterested passerby. "I used to collect these when I was
a kid. My grandfather--."

He stops himself as the perfect head of hair on two
twiggy, perfectly browned legs gains more ground ahead
of him. She decides whether to dart out in front of the
Corvette or the Grand Cherokee as she makes her way to
her Trans Am.

Frank, still in a giddy stupor over the investment coin,
decides without a thought to catch up to her.

"Miss?" he says with a bit of respiration in the way. "I
just happened to find something I used to love as a kid and
thought... maybe you'd like to have it." He was
uncomfortable with the meaning of what he had said but
smiled anyway.

"You're giving me a quarter?" said her eyes as her
head tilted them into a gaze with his over her bug-eyed
sunglasses. "Are you stupid or something?" She followed
that insult with a strained laugh. She had accidentally said
what was on her mind again.

"Well it's the coincidence, see? You were right there
and it's as if I had a choice to gain something from the
past or to follow something out in front of me."

She waited for further explanation with mouth agape.

"I mean, coincidences have been happening to me
more and more. So when I realized that you and this dollar
were both the shiny new object I might find joy to hold I

thought...” Frank stammers then finds a trail out of the woods. “I thought why not set the coin free with you and you free with my number. If you promise to bring it back on our first date to tip the waiter I promise to pick a really nice restaurant.”

The Grand Cherokee blew its horn in the distance to give a nudge to the Corvette creeping too slow. The driver gave a last turn of his head to the backside of a lady in a jumpsuit coming out of the Lillian Vernon store. The trumpet seemed to change the course of the tanned Amazon’s thoughts.

“Um, OK,” she smiled coyly. “Why don’t you give me your number and we’ll get together for drinks.”

“That would be perfect.”

“I’m Kelly,” she said with outstretched palm turning on its edge for a handshake.

“Frank Stein,” he said in an agent’s tone. “Pleasure to make your acquaintance.”

The two of them get lost in the moment for a moment. Frank floats above them looking down on a successful beginning. Kelly bites her lip.

“OK, well then I’ll talk to you later, OK?”

“You got it,” he says backing away.

“OK.”

“Oh, wait,” he says running back up to her. “Here’s my card with my number on it. Oh, and the silver dollar.”

“Oh, ” she smiles as she looks down at the card, “you’re an agent with the D.E.I.”

“Yeah, I’m a field agent,” he replies. “Do I know you, ma’am? You sort of look familiar to me now but I can’t place you.”

“I have one of those faces I guess. My friend, Charlie is always telling me I light up the room without even trying.”

A few cars have backed up waiting on the pair to move. None dare honk their horns. Somehow, they all know that a special situation is forming in front of them.

”Thanks for the number. I’ll call you. I promise.”

Agent Stein mouths the word “Bye!” as he backs up and watches Kelly leave. His spider sense is on alert now. He knows he has seen her somewhere before.

Frank drives home with occasional swerves while admiring his ring in the sun. A car full of teenagers passes him on the right in a red Geo Storm. A slight girl in large round-eyed glasses stares at him. Then she produces a camera and snaps a photo as the double-date speeds away. He smiles for the moment, turning to a chuckle when he notices two round yellow reflectors patching the broken red plastic of their tail lamps. Another car, a teal Mitsubishi driven by an elderly couple, moves up to take its place. The lady in the driver’s seat throws a glance and smiles.

Back at his condo, Agent Stein is no longer smiling. His right rear tire has gone flat.

“Just bought them four months ago,” he thinks to himself.

“Hey, how are you?” says a man smoking in the

Ewan Lillicii

shadow of the entrance to an adjacent building.

“Not bad, Jerry. How about yourself?” he replies.

“Got my car towed again,” he sneers, “You know this place changed management again. Our security chief and all the groundskeepers and the towing company has a new script. They’re enforcing DMV regulations now. The cops are a better deal.”

“Yeah, I hear ya,” says Frank. “Hey, can you come by later and take a look at my water heater? It started dripping the other day and I found out when my slippers got drenched walking into the office in the dark. It’s not only dripping but it lost heat too. I can’t handle another stock pot bath.”

“You got it.”

The Stein home is quiet, save for a low buzz coming from the wall and ceiling. His upstairs neighbor Eric can be heard periodically hammering or nailing in his daily ritual of adding a new frame to a mirror or veneer to a countertop to perfect his palace. Meanwhile, Frank’s place is falling apart.

He grabs a pillow and makes a seat where his former leather couch once stood. Baggage and possessions drop to his sides before he loses focus on the words in his head. With a straight face and a flowing pencil he jots down a new poem.

The Bride of Frank Stein

Always Late

Once upon a time a crime
that started as a joke
From descent that meant
Our dreams burst into flame-free smoke
Turned a bully fully
horned blowing her cares away
To a ragged, flaccid
dollar treeing Jung Key Dei

Sister catch a greyhound
Leave driving her to us
Momma can you call me
Out of money God we trust
Aunts, uncles and cousins
Cable shows renewed
Crowds trampled beds and numbed my head
Tied over hat field

Instead of cracking jokes and yokes
and Making Kelly cry
How’z about we take a toke and hope
and write some nursery rhymes

A hill without a Jill with will
Is nothing but a Jack
Next time you take my poor wife’s life
She’s never coming back

Ewan Lilicii

She's outta time
Knot blowing cane
She's outta rhyme
The Catcher is insane
She's outta time
From seeing you
She's outta time
You and I dyed blue

Hear her screaming seeming
Like it's all the time
Never never walks, talks
All night in wise ass whine
While we're all looking, token
sight sees for three blind meece
That cult is making, shaking
Out the Golden Fleece

Get you off your Jello, hello
Moldy isn't dew
You've attacked and sacked
Pojunis, Kurzweil nothing new
We've played that heart less part
For three digit days
You greet her in the rhyme
Not thorny, corny maize
She's outta time
I'm pulling on big guns

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and
You know we are the ones
and
Utopia? Why not?
and
You're in her parking spot

She's outta time
and
And you know it's gonna happen so...

xoxo

Frank takes a few minutes to re-read his poem. Suddenly, a look of surprise wipes across his face. He realizes that he has produced the figure of an agent standing ominous in a raincoat with a fedora pulled low in the first part. Seeing the raincoat reminds him of the poems he picked up in the trash at one of his target homes. He rises from the floor shaking and whisking some of the crumbs from his body.

9

ACROSS A BRIDGE

"Look at the signs. It's all there. There's a Papal hat on that outline!"

A deep voice in a dark room speaks in hopeful desperation to the floor. Light from the phone screen reveals his audience. Carlos.

Love Stayed Here

In a torrent I waited
Practiced all my charms
Heard her sing her vows
Another guy held arm-in-arm
Now it's two years later

Ewan Lillicii

Skipping rocks to ships at sea
Still hoping she'll find a way
Come back and marry me

Kelly springs
Up in my daily waking dreams
Crying 'cause she left me forever
Or so it seems
Heartache brings
Up every detail dear to me
When she left without saying 'bye'
Love stayed endlessly
Pictures fade and truth is harder to see
Kelly left me but love stayed endlessly

Every day feels darker
Every day's the same
One thing keeps the light on
Endless burning flame
Still bright to bare
Insight here every day

xoxo

A deep voice in a dark room speaks in hopeful desperation to the floor. Light from the phone screen reveals his audience. Carlos. Felix Kakablanca is once again the subject of Agent Stein's analysis. In the years since he was first identified, tailed and corralling into perspective began he has become somewhat bitter and pessimistic.

"It's nothing short of treason, Carlos. Lucky for us there are double pink moons this year and last. But the

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next one is six months away. If they continue like this I won't be around for her or for the explanation that matters." Felix has lost considerable weight. His lipstick is smeared and he no longer bothers with the wig. He rarely even plays "Give Me Back My Wig" for the comradery.

"I'm going to do it this time. There's trafficking going on and someone has to talk," he says in a tailspin that takes Felix to the floor of his closet. Carefully sifting through the carpet strands in silence for a moment he emerges as if holding a communion wafer. He places the small shard of amphetamine into his pipe. Lights up. Rolls the bowl. Inhales deep. Waits as long as possible. Exhales.

"I love you, Kelly," he whispers softly to the photo tacked to the wall aside the bed with a kitchen knife.

Agent Stein is sitting on the edge of his chair hunched over a small monitor that displays geometric shapes pulled from the minds of his subjects. He can tell by the readouts that Felix is close to evoking one of the pyramids. He presses the blue-green button for three seconds and sends a random animation to his head instead. He bites the inside of his cheek as a fraction of his memorable talk with Holly enters his mind. He begins to feel the sadness her tears dripped quietly out on the swings that afternoon. He reaches over to the socket and rips out the power cord to the device.

"Whoa!" utters Felix.

Frank watches him from another display in the room. He closes his eyes and his head begins to wobble. Felix is

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a “Godhead” modality. Some people channel indications from their spirit guides by sound. Some by slight twitches in their arms. Some close their eyes and see the communication. Mr. Kakablanca receives indications like a toddler tracing a roller coaster car with his eyes as it zips past in a loop. With the fraud of those cartoon animations gone he can see the true environment known as the city of the Pyramids.

After almost 30 seconds his head bobbles to a stillness. Then a smooth lurch to the side. Felix is looking straight at the camera lens with his eyes closed. He spits in disgust but loses the cool of the look when some of it hangs on his lower lip and slides down his chin. He plays off the faux pas with a rising middle finger as he lowers himself to the floor. His hands work circles under lumps of clothing, broken assortments of usable garbage and the smell of dusty socks. One of them rescues a pencil. He crawls on all fours to a place near a nightlight to blood let another rhyme.

Certain Girls

Give me a break already
I'm off balance?
You're going steady?
Certain girls around these parts
Are never, ever wrong

Zip, Dart, Hark!
Just about to start

The Bride of Frank Stein

Mark, Get Set, Park
Look out! Shark!
T-ville's horror stories
Concerns but no worries
Certain girls are never wrong

Maybe an Eddy has Kel
Drop your pail in wishing well
Kay serra serra, ma'am
Wait for Beaver damned

Cliff, Stiff, Shift!
Why you always miffed?
Pout, All Doubt, Shout
Spring sprouts out
Tea for two without sugar
Cub Scouts hunt coy cougar
4-H'ers have the clover
Red October, come over!

You need a break already
I'm walking out
You're just getting ready?
Thoughtful girls are always right
Let a second help you see

xoxo

“Can you see what I am doing?” says a beautiful little voice from the direction of the bedroom entrance.

“Esmeralda?” says Felix with a growing anticipation. “I thought you were gone! Yes, I see you. Are you in a *bubble bath*?”

“That's right. You need to get up off that stinky floor

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and take a shower,” she says matter-of-factly. “There is no way that Kelly is going to see you if you present yourself like a beggar.”

“I am a beggar!” he says jokingly. He loses his smile quickly. “You’re right. Shower time is now.”

In the shower stall seems like the most obvious of places to find a bit of peace. Far from it. When the water starts to drizzle the air ducts come alive with voices of his love and her trailers. A few NSA agents make an appearance periodically along with their counterparts from other countries.

“Lillicii!” says one of the trench coats with typically zeal. “Staying alive down there?”

“Tbyen drivatz?” queries another.

“Da. Yes. Drivatz. Staying alive when I can. Enjoying the thought of death when I can’t.”

“We’re on a new frequency so speak freely. How are the ideas flowing on Operation Sieve and Seals?”

Agent Stein takes an obligatory peep into the shower room every 30 seconds to maintain coverage of the target. Felix is keeping things cool with his head looking down and soaked by the dual jets of a couples shower head he has rigged to give double coverage of a miserable bachelor.

“Remember that stuff about national personality?” he says with a ventriloquist’s precision.

“Comrade, don’t speak out loud. Throw your voice like we taught you. Can you reach Tblisi yet?”

“Ah. Right,” he says from the direction of Carlos and

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in his voice. “I’m used to guarding my sanity with vocal chords around here during the day.” He thinks about that as his shoulders sink. “The 24-hour day.”

“We’ve got news here in Pittsburg,” says a third voice with sudden urgency. “The beings of the lower realms have halted all magic. No word yet if this is a result of their disappearance or a willful display against whoever sits atop the societies they have friended.” A few beeps and blips follow the announcement.

“Kurzweil, this is Pojunis. Come in Kurzweil. Report status. Is the diamond in the rough? Ruff!” Typically odd humor for the shower network.

“Still single, Pittsburg,” says Felix. “Frack. Sorry. I meant to think that.” Felix backs up in disgust. His head leaves the steady streams of delicately angled water.

In an instant a light begins to bleet its disapproval along with a sound that mimics a low volume pager. Agent Stein moves himself over the alarm and reads the extraction from Felix’s cranium. Recognizing there are other agents involved he quickly pulls out his velour-smocked briefcase. Reaching in without regard for sound of crumpled collateral he pulls out a clear rectangular case about the size of a CD. He breaks it along the score down the middle. Then he pulls the halves apart. A small colored strip of paper is released.

With a slight shake in his left hand he holds the coded confetti over the backlit keyboard that appears from the base of his Octoperiscope apparatus when the glowing “A-Z” icon is pressed with the proper toe angle. He types

with his right index finger under one watchful eye. He keeps the other trained on the video of the shower recreated from several forms of wall-penetrating camera. With the Mega Infrared, Reverse Osmosified Water Screened and Lunar-filter-simulated Solar Reflective lenses working together Felix appears as an outlined chalk character with a cool blue halo around him.

The uplink to home office is obtained. A swirl of holographic dials and projected readouts indicate that all known frequencies are now under surveillance.

Felix tosses an empty Foamy can out through a doorless doorway. He picks up a small chunk of old soap from the corner of the shower. Upon initial scrub with the lye cake he re-identifies it correctly as a dried lump of toilet tissue.

“That’s all, Mockingbird. Monster Eddy, out,” says the voice.

Felix makes suds along his spotted legs. The look of varicella is his own unfortunate excursion into shaving parts other than his face with the same bravado. Faces are more forgiving. As he clips the top off some of his former razor burn he twists his pursed mouth and sighs. No one will ever see the rash anyway – except her. If she arrives as promised.

“National personality is a projection of a single person’s structure with every citizen’s details incorporated into the whole. As a result, the foundation for monitoring faith – nothing more than stability and improving psychology of a local, regional or national

‘personality’ – is already understandable. Acquiring the inputs is where the unknown finesse is achieved.” Felix pauses a moment. He realizes that his head is exposed. Then wobbles his head and open mouth in a swirl that makes a cartoon noise. Too late.

“Subject is expounding on psychology of a national perspective. 8:20PM. Identities of others within the conversation to be determined. Silent at this time.” Agent Stein checks his holograms. He stabs his finger repeatedly with a bit of reckless emotion on the readouts until the numbers begin to flow his way. The sonar-like display that now overlays the other cameras image composite shows a faint ghost. Then another.

“Two Caspers in attendance,” he whispers.

“This is the turn of the corner needed for centuries. A nod to the other half of behavior manipulation – improvement. It cannot be achieved with direct manipulation. Instead, an environment to support that desired behavior must exist as you learn to inspire the behavior from an understanding of psychology at the granularity desired.”

“Interesting,” says the American-sounding voice. It is now coming from a different vent on the ceiling.

“It’s interesting and it’s finesse, really,” replies Felix. “To do so at the proper granularity and with the proper correspondence is the difference between knowing enough to be a responsible steward and the over-invasive stumbling ground of a 1984-type Big Brother. The level of detail required is equal to the smallest granularity you

ever desire to improve at once. Doing things at the personal level is useless for the purposes intended. Knowing the reactions of the hypothetical ideal people you use as the basis for your improvement goals is ”

“OK, so how do we achieve a glimpse around the corner?”

“In the most dependable way possible. Estimate along a decision tree with an ideal mind’s typical reactions. The same ideal mind that is your basis for improvement goals Improvement is the key to healing the fissures of thought among an increasingly sociopathic population. The trouble with the sociopathic mind is that it responds to satisfactions. You never know how satisfactions are going to play out. Once emotions are descended to below the zero point they are caught in a whirlpool of the harmful memories of trauma or the fearful expectations of intimidations from a person’s past. Satisfactions can arouse reactive pantomime of positive emotion. Or they can be the stimulus of the trauma itself as the mind looks for explanations to assist in repair of the emotions. Hoping to delay the negative response long enough to achieve that understanding can twist the reaction along infinite paths back toward the calm moment.”

“Shouldn’t we spy on some ideal people then to gather their attributes?”

“You can’t claim to be stewards of public improvement if you are forever descending your perspective down to the single citizen’s life. To understand a mentality of region or even a neighborhood

with any reasonable specificity of ambiguity you must first help them achieve inspiration. When you are transparent about all of this and make known your desire to help everyone improve the program itself will be inspiring. Spying on people’s girlfriends is not at all inspiring!”

“I see.”

“That inspired moment is the faith that leads to confidence. Enough to attempt the experiment of an impromptu emotion again. Depending on dormancy time since the trauma, or even the cyclical harm that motivated a loss of faith, there may be gaps of emotional intelligence to fill so that wisdom and faith can guide a person. Secular faith.”

“OK, so how long does that take?”

“It can take five hours or five years. Most likely if there is an achievement among them it will be a confluence of peer joy, group direction and a momentary faith among dissimilar people that carries forward as a turning point, positive emotional queue to achieve again.”

“How does that help us with the project?” the voice says offhandedly as if the man, woman or computer behind it is taking notes.

“The improved mind will be optimistic again!” cries Felix. “Carlos, imagine optimism! Can you see it from the LaGrangian point? How long before we see that comet approaching? Twenty-one days from now? Or is it still twenty-eight days later?”

“Optimism is closer to a certainty of path in a given

situation then,” the voice says approvingly. “Slick and simple. Not sure I can sell it to a room full of PhDs.”

“Not just a fork in the road, but splinters in the road that’s floating in air. You don’t do all this without context though. You gather your inputs while minds are improving. Doing that early on will also give you a vector – the improvement perspective. Once your vector flattens from true Arc in the scatterplot you are ready to data mine the reactions that correlate as well as grow your artificial intelligence toward a wisdom engine. The notion of this three-dimensional arrayed wisdom along the event spiral’s fourth line is a true database of *mind*. It’s part of your system of secular faith management for Utopian Capitalism too.”

“Oh yes. We heard from the chatter lately that you are the lucky recipient of a half-dozen black ops hackers.”

“I knew it! Those mother frackers!” Felix throws his washcloth to the floor.

“How many times did they take down your website?”

“Seven so far. But worse thing was I had no backups a couple of times when the issues were talked through perfectly. I mean I had paragraphs full of crafted talking points. Perfection. All reduced to crap. Why do I get hit with bullshit like that after twenty-six months since Rapture but some knucklehead that stays in six months then succumbs to the abuse gets a novel, a screenplay written maybe and makes millions! These bastards reward men that don’t care!”

“You’ve got multiple traits going against you. You

have so many signs it’s impossible to avoid agreeing that you and your Scarlet are the Aquarian pair. But she’s a very attractive post-op. You know how many game players have never even seen a perfect girl like this? They are drooling man. They are going to wreck this girl’s mind like crazy as long as she shows up with her smile and forgetfulness at midnight.”

“Mother frackers! Why doesn’t the government put a stop to this already? I told you I found evidence of her former address being a setup, right. The brothers that owned it shared an address and phone number with the Frey family. They bought the half-million dollar home for \$10 plus taxes then never finished the bulldozed backyard. They also moved a kid in there in his twenties. She thought a man and wife from Oregon owned it and said the kid was there to work after they left to move back. All this treachery for one woman?”

“Not just any woman. A unicorn. I heard she even looks like one of the statues of Babalon.”

“This is bullshit. Babalon is a fraud! You know it! So why let these Scarlet Hunters and other dumbasses that want to own a supposed robotic girl’s life get away with it? She’s a sweet girl! And they trip out her mind so much she gets splintered!”

“The Congress is still sprinkled with magic believers. But the tide is rising. More countries are removing the Eden managers from their borders.”

“There’s no time! You have to get eyes on my ideas. Then cookie-cutter Utopia to all the other nations along

with the understandings about currency and a return to the mint-free Federal Reserve to keep everything stable. All the money you'll ever need is more powerful than magic. It inspires an entire world of people."

Agent Stein has several of the ghost images of the other speakers printed out on transparency in order to onion-skin their behavior. He flips them like a child's animated flipbook to get a sense of movement that has been documented in his voice print encyclopedia.

"This all sounds good. Make sure you apply for a think tank job somewhere. Or maybe even at the mother ship we're terraforming out there. We are always on the lookout for librarians."

"Maybe get Oracle to help with that too." says Felix as if assembling the building blocks of a deal on his make-believe CEO desk. He wipes away the soap and enjoys the smoothness of his legs and buttocks for a moment.

"I know why girls like this," he says. "And the hosiery too. Not only does it feel good but it inspires confidence like a dog sweater."

The voice chuckles. "Stay alive, Lily Liver. If you need a lift out don't forget to whistle. If there is a light crew or if you just get lucky we can send someone without prior approval. That can lead to continued existence."

"Thanks."

"I'm upstairs and they're coming back into the room!" cries the squeaky voice of a woman. "Help me! Help! Mommy! Oh God! AAaaaaahhhhhhGGGHHHH!"

"SHUT THE FRACK UP! SHUT UP! STOP

HURTING THAT WOMAN YOU ASSHOLES!" screams Felix.

The sound of the last swirl of water on its way down the drain gave way to silence. Too much silence. Without the low hum, sizzle, buzz or whirl of some low-level background sound there is no way for Felix to know.

He hits the broken switch that turns on the exhaust fan. The menaced voice returns.

"I need your help. I can't leave! It's your family. They are torturing me!"

"No they aren't! STOP IT!" he screams. "I can't take this anymore. Don't you want to be wealthy? Maybe have some success for once? Why do you demand to screw up both our lives like this? This was the brass ring and now it is garbage!" He switches off the exhaust and walks away.

10 TO THE THOUGHT

“If we are viewing the pyramid we are necessarily outside of it. Outside the Hegelian Box of thought control too. I wrote a short description of the universal structure from a spiritual perspective back in February with the aid of a being higher up the structure. Almost immediately I was attacked by the thought police. Some people call them the D’jinn. I call the nice ones Influids.”

“My crime was going outside the box. I began to notice the unchallenging necessity to correct thoughts of Aristotle, understand Kurzweil and other philosophers and recognize the multi-faceted intelligence of new formations taking place in reflections of thought (science,

technology, biology) that are evolving in new directions while the social control patterns I can now see are remaining in place. Much of this is a result of loss of ego and protection of my compassion which I believe is a reflection of the necessary lessons of the Aquarian Age. Lilith and the blue D’jinn took my ego. Her pictures saved my soul and compassion with love. All of what I’m saying is not metaphor. It’s true. Frankly, I fear for the safety of Holly as a result of how synonymous that label is with the human women that are often caught in the situation.”

“Then I recognized something very important from a quote by my favorite artist, Henry Miller. Art points the way to truth. Not just in a fun "day at the museum" sense. Art is the only place to view truth in a society on Earth that has lost sense of how deeply we are steeped in propaganda and walks with the crutch of verifiable scientific thinking while stepping on anything that doesn't pass a litmus test. Even dogmatic extremists these days get wrapped up in verification because they have lost the ability to feel the truth with their heart energy. The D’jinn come to men who love abused women, the Scarlet Woman spirit and her reflections both to assist them with their new talent and to persuade them away from the woman herself with a game of character that disappears inside of its own tesseract and emerges as a life plagued by games with those of limited character. The D’jinn themselves, I believe, are manipulated into resisting change.”

“That game is also a paradox - it can't be won between

opposites without breaking the rules. A new paradigm is required. The Game, reflected in the Michael Douglas / Deborah Unger movie of the same name can be deadly. As it was in Ian Curtis's case. This specific shared experience is defining the thinking of 99% of successful musical artists. It fit the Piscean Age of endless war. Even in song that is critical of war or seemingly upbeat you will find that the musical current is an up-down sine wave. This is a reflection of the way that torture methodologies, psychopaths, sociopaths, and my beautiful ex-girlfriend harangue people into submission. Even when not cognizant of it, artists have been perpetuating the archetype of paradox into society.”

“Black and white thinking has fractured society into fissures of men. Everything has been good or evil, smart or dumb, pro/or anti. Clarification by opposite is a natural way of being but so are parallels of unity. The eye at the top shown on the back of the US dollar bill is a representation of "All at once". The Chairman of the Bored. Lonely God in space. So we exploded into tiny pieces that slowly run back together like mercury drops. As they do, consciousness forms and matures. Then emotional intelligence. Then intelligence. Then awareness. etc.”

“Intelligence is a 5-cent pivotal moment with a fork in the road. Intelligence can be too smart and tend to think that it alone is the end and the purpose rather than the heart powered energy field that guides the journey of progress. Progress is one of few consistent truths that accompany

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the trip from 0 to 1 and back again and the only one that makes the entire voyage. Even God and the devil are constructs of this Hegelian boxed thinking. In truth there is only one being. All of us as reflections tilted on the angle of perceptions within our self. To think of God and the devil as separate is not mono-theistic. Most mono-theists will tell you they believe in the devil anyway. That projection of hatred and fear is a very real, negative power. When someone realizes that truth awareness is spawned just as consciousness, intelligence, and emotional intelligence are instantiated in their own 5-cent moments. All driven by instinct at shifts of change. Energetically, physically, artistically - all at once.”

“Ian Curtis tried to do with song what I do with writing - express it in multiple facets at once. The true speaking in tongues. Using his affliction to his advantage, he had seizures onstage which he said visually portrayed the intention alongside the words and music. He also hanged himself during what I suspect was a tangle with the D’jinn. I myself have been thrown in jail, lost my money, lost friends, gained knee-jerk skeptics and just lost a very nice car during my own shadow boxing match over Yvonne. The half-life that assumed the throne which clarifies her. Eve on. In metaphor anyway...”

“Truth of progress is a coiled spring like a soul’s path,. It is not concentric, flat, disconnected circles like an educational or social model of present day. A model of progress is more closely like that of apprenticeship.

Many people have pulled the sword from the stone. It's

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fun to say you took "words from the tones". Now the Hall of Records has been found too, along with some prophecies they weren't expecting. Can you believe that the American Revolution was a clever and conscientious ploy to ensure the start-up potential of the world’s inspired and inspirational nation? Or that the Trojan Horse is really an exercise in removing faith from a material of formerly certain value? Whether you can or you can’t the attempt is worth the effort for the small satisfaction it achieves in a world of peril rarely gifting choice, will and sincerity with lack of its focus. ”

Agent Stein grabs another sheet of paper with a quickness that indicates an inspired moment. He scrawls a new poem as fast as he can write.

Truer Words Are Spoken

Whispers wind in wild west breeze
Nipping through hung dancing leaves
Trapeze artists swing on branch
Rainbow's end marked by Smoke Ranch

Stars stride down in twinkle paths
Sizzling streaks on lightning rafts
Mark the place where Santa knows
Amateurs are reasoned pros

Pair of Turtle Doves lives botched
O'er the ramparts still watched
Crying silence dead of night

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Desperate kiss no landing light
Bring back the girl that Heaven bars
Ante up my feathered tar
Star from inside warms my limbs
Legions rise to sing their hymns

xoxo

After a re-read he takes a break and get some fruit juice. Then he gets into position for meditation. After a few minutes he jumps back to his regular pad to continue writing.

Channeled from Unknown Spirit Guide

Consciousness from the Underworld wants to rise. How? First it would try to understand more clearly higher vibration as well as what it wants out of the world. As well as it would want to be able to deal with the astrological flow that it has become a part of as a soul. So first it becomes a muse because in combining with a human being that already has an asymmetrical soul in it that has already risen somewhat it's able to establish an improving vibration. It's able to establish what it means to be happy so it breaks free of the rigid structure of what rules are and begins to learn good judgment that leads to the decisions made in compassion or decisions made out of

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urgency or faith, or things like that. They want to understand faith most of all because they realize that the human projection of faith is what changes them. So if only they could master faith and intention they could become what has manipulated their civilization for so long. Then so they would necessarily after learning to understand the astrology of the being that they had been a muse to in their own astrological makeup by virtue of the fact that they are the flow of archetype. They're all individual archetype for instance a Libran archetype perhaps would be a Siamese twin. That would be a perfect representation. Two beautiful girls - Sherry and Carrie. And they... and Yoric (Ha! Good one, Sherry.) They would decide on the astrological makeup they wish to be a part of. They would find a conception moment somewhere since they're synchronized so well like an undersea creature is they would simply flow to that spot. The currents of the world would take them there just like undersea animals. And then all they have to do is take off nine months from the birthday they require to get the astrological profile they are looking for. They find others perhaps who want to ride along in different capacities - watchers, doers, thinkers. Sometimes they know these. Sometimes they don't. Perhaps they race. Hop a ride on a sperm and swim!

11
NEVER, NEVER
PART A RIDGE
IN A PAIR'S TREE

Eleven. The place we meet when Pisces steps back from twelve and the perfect ten Aquarius embraces the one left behind.

It's been a few months since the Pink Moon of April 2013. That's when Frank Stein had his Rapture. He sits

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alone in a cabin in Northern California's gold country. The spirits that have descended are all wonderful. They love the rivers, the trees, the springs, the aquifers, the mountain tops that touch clouds and nature.

Frank is writing next to an open window where the spirits are all walking up graciously to say "Hello" and offer their give and take. He keeps a swift pace as he scribbles his thoughts. Holly Yvonne tends to their funny stories and jokes. Shari & Carrie, the Libra archetype in shadow form, are musing nearby. Esmeralda is on the curtain in the living room reminding him he should eat something if he wants Holly to be attracted to him.

Dear Sir,

After talking with my fiancé, Holly Yvonne, and comparing notes on what has transpired in our lives we have come to some disturbing conclusions about our future, the future of a growing number of victims of human trafficking and the future of our nation as it passes the half-billion population mark.

Imagine if every story you heard - in songs, in paintings, in TV and movie scripts - were a derivative of the story of Jesus Christ. A science fiction story about a man that could walk on water, or

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a love story where a person was betrayed like Judas as two examples. It would be comfortable. It would evoke discussion about the content of the story. And it would sell. Because comfortable things sell. In our society, when faced with music made by a guitar or a sitar, for instance, you're going to think the sitar is novel but you would most likely buy the CD with guitar music.

Now imagine if the Jesus story were retold entirely with Jesus in a different frame of mind, in 60 different stories. Some angry, some charitable, etc. it would evoke discussion. People would question it, but they would buy it because it's still comfortable. What people would never question is the STRUCTURE. No matter what "flavor" of Jesus you thought best. no matter if you thought he walked on water or if, as meteorologists now believe, he was simply floating on a hunk of ice that day, you would silently consent to the notion that new ideas should face ridicule and the messengers should face death. And you might also expect that that's OK because he can rise from the

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dead in 3 days anyway. And if he doesn't then he was obviously a fake. Just like those witches they used to dunk in Massachusetts that didn't survive the drowning so obviously they were meant to have died.

Why do we consent to the idea that if a man within our society should start to say things that run counter to popular opinion, yet they ring true to the few people who take the time to listen, that that person should necessarily have to go through trials and tribulations leading to a life-or-death situation like crucifixion? Life or death situations are a paradox. One way or the other. Regardless of the content of the story, the structure of the story is exerting its own power upon the minds of the people who have read it and derivatives of it. White/black, yes/no, either/or thinking within a society leads to horrible things. It's not just academic. It's endless war. It's fractures within society. It's the breakup of families. It's guilt or shame or embarrassment destroying the mind of an individual. The effect of being

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immersed within paradox every time you turn on the radio or read a book would be pure disaster.

While deconstructing song lyrics as a hobby, I stumbled upon similarities within the songs that startled me. Then I ran across documentation of what the songs were referring to. And it startles me. Because every major recording artist is writing music about the same adventure. Sometimes an overview of it. Sometimes feelings about it. Sometimes a description of a sliver of it. But the adventure itself is the same. It's an in-your-face struggle that relentlessly attempts to squeeze your perspectives and limit your thoughts while dumbing down your emotional intelligence and numbing your mind with useless cliché that is spoken in a flow of sine waves and flt-lined meaning. When compared to the abilities of a person who has just been gifted to catch up on his or her life path with perfected communication skills it is the most vile thing on planet Earth. Essentially a paradox against their effortless outward expansion. Over time, if all of your art

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is about the same thing, it doesn't matter if it is supposed to be uplifting or not. It tends to reinforce the original story. In this case that story is the hunting of the Scarlet Woman and the fraud of owning her as a means to artistic unfoldment. As someone who loves a human reflection of the Scarlet Woman I am somewhat disgusted. More than that, actually. There is nothing human about a flat-line sine wave. The Earth should follow that geometry. For a human to follow that geometry is a waste of life. Furthermore, the creation of women who can do so through stress or abuse, if and when it occurs, should be punished in the most strict and certain ways available. Death for the traffickers, if possible.

I know what every Cure song is about now. Robert Smith must have spent quite a bit of time in this place. He knows. And so does Hank Williams. So does Edgar Allan Poe. Lenore in the poem The Raven is a derivative of the name Elena or Helena - the Scarlet Woman of Troy. But whether or not they saw the bigger issue is another matter.

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Creating art around the same story makes art an organic propaganda tool. A vehicle for the same metaphorical structure. Just like its reflections in business, science, politics and societal norms - art must evolve. In many ways those other evolutions are taking place for the Aquarian Age. Art, however, is stuck. And I wonder if the stickiness is perhaps intentional. The story appears to be managed by the Djinn. You may not know the Djinn, but Middle Eastern cultures do. If you ever watched Star Gate SG-1 you know the metaphor. One of the 6 families of Djinn are the Gu'ul. Just like on the TV show.

What I read is that the Djinn can be controlled. It makes me wonder. If that's true, are the Djinn slaved to make artists conform to a single story the moment they reach the point of brilliance? Why would someone choose a paradox as the basis for endless artistic expression? Necessary questions, I think. Necessary to innovate as soon as we all can. I found the D'jinn to be quite fun and inspiring on occasion. A

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few of them that are synonymous with Shadow People were very friendly and expressed a desire to be a part of something historical. It is a particular shame on mankind that these exceptional beings are not known to the general public even as they are allowed to be labeled with a dark tone by cults of no particular faith or meaning such as Thelema. In the case of Thelema and other Babalon-inspired cults there is a sense of a right to ownership that is particularly troubling. I know of one Scarlet Woman's human reflection that was housed without her knowledge and abused with metaphor conditioning, constant subliminal training and used to initiate partially or wholly fraudulent Gardens of Eden by an unscrupulous group of madmen. I believe they should pay with their lives.

I close with congratulations to our nation on the upcoming switch to an economic policy based on Infinite Currency. I was surprised to hear that this philosophy was created by an economist from Stanford. I surveilled a man named Elmo Randmore who thought of a

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strikingly similar idea a while ago. He is no longer with us.

Sincerely,
Frank N. Stein
Former Agent of the D.E.I.

Frank and Holly aren't the only ones here at the scenic compound. Across a meadow lies another cabin. The two occupants are still asleep. A small white dog prances around the perimeter keeping everything safe. An alarm goes off. A hand slaps it off and its owner cozies up closer to his wife, Kelly.

"Good morning, red October," Felix says with a giggle.

The sleepy woman rolls over and kisses him. "Good morning, silly husband."

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THANKS AGAIN

**THANKS TO DONNA MOWWER. THE WONDER WOMAN
THAT BABBLES ON LIKE A JUMBLED LIAR PREPARING
CANNON FODDER FOR THE TRUE/FALSE TRUTH TEST GIVEN
BY THE LORD OF THE FLIES BUZZING AROUND HERE.**

**GRAB YOUR PIROGUE AND HEAD ACROSS THE BAYOU
STYX IF YOU WANT, HANK WILLIAMS. I'M STAYING RIGHT
HERE TO SING AND DANCE WITH OUR PICTURES ON THE
WALL UNTIL YOU RETURN TO HELIOPOLIS.**

**IF YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT I
HAVE JUST ONE THING TO SAY...**

LUCKY YOU

Ewan Lillicii

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