

GNOSTIC ALCHEMY

From Wretchedness to the Wondrous

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“Hurry up and die....I’m hungry.”

“Shut up. I’ll die when I’m good and ready.”

“But, but...why wait? Look at youYou’re as good as dead.”

“I’m waiting for my Rescueits’ not here yet.”

“What Rescue? No one is going to rescue you.

You are going to die and I am to eat your dead flesh.

That is what I was created for by the Great Lord.”

“Go away. I’m not ready.

Besides, these grubs I’ve found will keep me going another day or two.”

“No they won’t. They’ll probably cause you gastro and you will die even faster.”

“Well, let’s wait and see, shall we?”

“Aren’t you frightened of me, peewee?”

“Why should I be?

I’ve died many times, sometimes young like I am now,
Sometimes so old I could wish for no better thing than Death.”

“What? Do you really think there is that process called Re-incarnation?”

“I don’t think. I know?”

“Well what’s the bloody point?

I’ve been created as dumb as a dead mouse.
All I do is sit around and wait for living things to die
so I can eat them, thus I clean up the area.”

“Oh, it’s all a stinking pile of manure.”

“What is?”

“This world !!!!”

“How do you know?

“Look, I’m a being besides this starving black body.
I was captured and placed on Earth to suffer and lose energy.

I know that.

My rescuers know that.

We are going to get even by destroying all this.”

“Come again? You remember such things?”

“Of course I do. Don’t you remember such things?”

“I’m really dumb.

Apart from flying high and eating carrion,
I don’t know or do much.”

“Think harder you stupid bird.”

“No, wait.....I saw your mum killing chickens to eat one day and I had a sort of deja vu.
I thought I remembered being a chicken.”

“See, you have some knowledge inside you, dumbass.”

“Well, I know this is going to sound funny.

But, what is the difference between you and your mother eating me

When I was a chicken and me eating you when you die?

At least I don't kill you like your mother did to me.

I wait till you die. Who is the more evil then?”

“Wait a minute.....”

“No, you wait.

That is how things are done according to the Great Lord.

Your father killed those lambs last spring, did he not?

Who told him to do that?

Some of them were my relatives, now that I think about it.”

“But, if he didn't we would have died then.”

“So? Who designates the hierarchy of who lives and who dies?”

“Like you said before, it is the Great Lord.”

“There is something strange and all wrong here.

I'm programmed, or so it seems, to eat dead things, to clean the area,

And you are programmed to suffer, starve and die

Inspite of your parents killing things to eat.

Then you say you re-incarnate and the whole process starts again.

This stinks!”

“I'm glad you are starting to think for a change.

Whenever people see buzzards they get very frightened.”

“But, but.....as a buzzard, I'm only doing the job I was created to do.”

“I know. And I feel sorry for you, 'cos I think you are more than that

Inside that ugly looking carcass with feathers.”

“Now, now, don't get personal.

You are not exactly a bundle of joy any more – skin and bones and sagging eyes... enough to
frighten the other children.

Hurry up and die ...I'm hungry."

"Will you cut that out?

For a moment there I thought we were making progress."

"What progress?"

"That we are being forced to act in a stupid, callous and pointless way.

That's the Great Lord's way you said."

"Hey! Wait a minute. I think you've got something there."

"Why are we such cruel bastards?

You killing other life forms to eat and stay alive,

other lifeforms like lions and snakes killing you to eat and stay alive

.Me being forced by healthy people to buzz off while I'm waiting for other living things to die so
I can eat the filth.

Don't they realize as harbingers of Death we are giving them the opportunity to prepare?"

"Nothing makes sense on this stupid level."

"This Great Lord we speak about does not seem to be so great after all.

Won't your mother be sad for your death?"

"Not for long. She has 4 others who will be in my position sooner or later.

And she herself is but skin and bones.....

"Well why did she have so many kids knowing she could not feed them and they would starve to
death as you are doing?"

"Cos she is a bloody idiot..... No wait! I can't be disrespectful.

Her husband,my father, jumps on her any chance he gets.

When it comes to sex and procreation they are like robots that can't help themselves.

It's the hormones which literally control them, for sure."

"You know what I think?

I've just lost my appetite, even though I seem to be on remote control when I see dead flesh.
This system is crazy.

This Great Lord we all talk about is a lunatic to have built this system."

“I agree

“I want to hear more of your Rescue.”

“Well, I know there is a story told to me long ago, long before I was captured a long, long time ago, that there is to be a Rescue and this system will be imploded.

And all the ones who matter will be released.”

“What? You mean some don’t matter?”

“Of course that is what I am saying.

Some really are robots that fill these roles of pretending everything is normal.”

“But, why don’t you fear Death and being eaten by me when you die?”

“Oh, I saw the scam long, long ago.

No one dies.

The consciousness cannot dieunless it is disentangled by the Servants of an Even Greater Lord.

We just get recycled in this crass system till we get sick of it. And even then we start again.”

“But what about the pain and fear....?”

“Look buzzard, the pain and fear are illusions.

I drop this carcass, I go rest for a while, then they force me into another carcass for who knows how long.

I’m used to it. I now know Rescue will come and we will be outside the System which will be totally destroyed.”

“We?”

“Yes, we ... the ones who are made of better stuff than the stuff of this horrible system.”

“Can I come with you when the time of Rescue comes?”

“I don’t know. All depends where your allegiance lies.”

“Oh, I want to end this misery.

I feel ashamed for what I am doing.

I wish death never happened.

I wish we did not have to eat or kill or make others suffer.

The sight of me makes humans sweat with fear.

I hate the world that is like that.”

“Don’t hate. Don’t hate anything.

Keep your mind sane.

Fulfil your role of eating scum.

After all, that is not you, that is the programming in that ugly feathered body of yours.

Keep the thoughts of no harm, no killing, and no exploitation in your mind and you’ll see the
Light.”

“Light? Light? Light? That’s where my mother said I came from ... the Light.

Little one, I want to die with you.

I don’t want to eat your body.

I don’t want to live any longer.

I want to go to see my mother who I know is in the Light.

Hunters killed her as she flew overhead.

How could they do that? She was no danger to them.”

“Evil is all around us. With your words, you have already seen the Light.

Eat my dead body.

Live on doing what you are programmed to do but in a detached way.

You can do nothing else.

And when it is your time, perhaps it will be time for the Rescue.

Even if it’s not, you will have the thought of the coming Light and that should see you till the
End of this hell.”

“Thank you.....”

“.....Oh.....I have but 3 breath left in medear friend..... eat my dead body....

And we will be joined as best friends forever.....”

“What!! Wait!!!! Don’t go !! Don’t go.....Don.....”

“.....Forever..... BFF.....

Best Friends Forev.....”

BFF

