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The Belief System

I must start by saying this is a fiction story, not one of my beliefs.

& who am I well that am a bit of a hard question in this day & age.

This day & age is a good start Saturday 22nd of January 1999.

A time of madness some have said, just before the world is about to blow up or what ever.

My name is Mary & believe it or not I am married to a guy named Joseph we have 4 kids one of which is called JC, the others are called wind, Liz, & Annie.

We all shear a large home in London we have everything we need all ways.

I have discovered something that could end our perfect world, as we know it.

I don't know what to do with this info other than shear it.

I don't know how to explain or where to start so bear with me. You are wondering why I would want to shear something that could destroy our world.

I think its because not everybody on this planet has everything they want all the time like we do so I have this burning desire to change the world.

It all started in 1987 I found an alien I didn't know it was an alien at the time I thought it was a man.

The funny thing was he didn't know he was an alien ether we met in a tunnel of love, I was at the fair ground with some friends the kids were out with there dad Jo.

This guy was already sitting in a giant swan waiting for me to get in so I did. The mint I sat next to him I

Felt this strange feeling then suddenly I was transported to a very strange place out of this world best describes it.

Suddenly the words of my mate sissy came poring into my head; every body must stay with in the social boundaries if we are to have any chance of a normal existence.

The next thing I know is that I am no longer Mary but what ever. I am no longer on planet earth but some where in space waiting to land on planet earth with my good buddy Dave the alien.

We didn't have a space ship we weren't mortal beings we were sort of what ever we felt like at the time.

It was very tripy Dave held my hand and we flew into this woman's living room and I became this woman. I shared her mind and body for a life time all she had been and all she would be, in return she was aware of me and showed me bits of my life past & future there was no present no now just wow

Walking down the road as her with Dave people looked at me weird, I could see what they were seeing me like, to kids I was a dragon being, to some men I was naked, to women I was a large beautiful man. I enjoyed this trip very much I felt good and in touch with everything, the birds would talk about me to each other it was like being the elfish queen in a land of make believe.

I had magic powers of thought.

Can you now see what I had discovered, can you see how I cant start at the beginning there is no social boundaries. The world as I new it had changed beyond the realms of normal communication.

My world turned into a realm of tripy pictures, I had to observe all I could, I have remembered all that has been in my life and now for your benefit I will try and relay it like some kind of crazy dream.

Dave welcomed me aboard the giant swan in his own sweet way.

We made love that day in 1987 and every day since I never returned to Jo and the kids,

Some times I see him in a mirror I wave and send my love to the kids their doing better with out me.

I stayed in the woman's body I had entered for the rest of her life she liked me & Dave liked her so from there lets take it.

Her name was deb, she was an only child her parents were divorced. By the time she was 5 years old ...she lived with her dad because he had custody, she was told her mum didn't want her so there was no choice it did bother her but she would never admit it.to make up for the lack of a mum her Nan

Spoilt her so she was told any way nothing touched deb she was strong and happy living with dad.

Then along came new mum, mum that would love and care for her better than real mum, again so she was told.

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Deb's dad and new mum were happy and life was good.

Then when deb was 12 along came a lovely little baby girl a sister, another girlie for daddy to love.

Time to die it comes to us all but do we really have to die every day. Men hate me, women don't understand me, kids are scared of me, and all birds just want to fly at me, what have they got a death wish as well, Cows and sheep want to kill me, oh boy I'm white in a world where black people want to make me suffer for all the years of black repression.

Yes it was me I made you all suffer I was Hitler. When Deb was young Nan was her best friend, every Friday night her dad would drop her at Nan's house and together Nan and Deb would watch the black and white minstrels and that other old time music hall show on tv, during the show Deb. Would sing and dance just like the people on the telly.

Deb wanted to be an entertainer and Nan would encourage her.

Every Saturday morning Nan would get her up early with a bowl of porridge and toast, and take her on the bus to go tap and ballet dancing. Deb was good at tap but in ballet she was known as the farrie elephant.

Dave watched as I looked into the old mirror that was left to deb. By her Nan when she died.

Debs body split into 2 my arms were holding debs head in front of this mirror by her hair,

Her body began to move like a woman possessed by the devil spirit legs and arms moving like a spider dancing in a silver light.

Green piercing eyes looked accusingly at Dave, a black lace veil created an image of death, she was hanging from the electric light socket in the centre of the room swinging and happy, happy to be dead.

The grey cold world she once lived in was no more.

She danced she danced she danced every movement more beautiful than the last. Her toes more pointed than the ballerina with blocks in her toes. Yes this is it this is magic I cried.

What demon is at work here said deb. oh please don't spoil it said Dave there is no demon here.

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I explained to deb. that this was ok to feel good about her lust her desire to dance in front of the mirror was normal and the dance was a passionate expression of her love for Nan.

She ran to the bathroom and put on a thick coat of red lipstick tears ran down her shamed face.

Dave took her and we made love.

Thanks for your body lady I said thanks for one night in the arms of a god said deb.

Thanks but I'm searching for the goddess said Dave.

Dave was an alien from the eye of the eagle he had been down this road before, he was a worshiper of the goddess nothing much moved him, he was a rock and so was his python like cock hard till the last.

I found all this a bit hard to swallow lets not die tonight Dave lets sleep and try again tomorrow, Dave agreed look at poor deb. She can't handle much more tonight

The world was grey, as it is every day grey buildings tower above us making us feel small and weak and insignificant.

Dave is harsh in the mornings it takes all day before he warms up, just like one of those monitor lizards waiting for the warmth of the sun.

Last night we made a brake through in communication and this morning we are thrust back into the arms of the belief system.

Jo was nice Jo was into gear, black hair black clothes black fingernails, black hart, what you might call a Goth.

Jo went out with Penny she was great, tall slim, long black hair, a very sharp personality they made a good couple. Both a bit S&M if you know what I mean.

I loved them on the dance floor; I was there smack dealer for a while.

They were always arguing, or listening to birthday party.

Every body wanted Penny they would lust after her even me.

Jo hung a baby doll by the neck out side my neighbours letter box, he had burnt the head with a lighter and attached a noose round its head you know how it is, just for a laugh.

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When he was pissed he loved to be abusive to everybody, he wasn't a racist but when he was pissed he found it to be an exhalant way to get up peoples noses.

What ever made people take the bait.

In his last few days he was summoned to Croydon to visit Penny she was pregnant & they had split up before she found out so he had to go and sort it out.

That night he got pissed he said. Quote I got the shit kicked out of me by a bunch of rocker billy pakies.

I saw him the next day colly flour ears black eye and broken ribs.

Oh yeah sure they had a right to do that his mouth was being rude to them.

Yeah like fuck I call you a packy or Niger that gives you the right to cant take the what and kill me that's racist there is no freedom of speech when we live in a world like this PC bullshit god damn it.

Mig was once his good mate they stole bread and milk together and got caught that's when the friendship ended.

Live fast die young they both did .

I wonder what happened to Penny. I think I saw her once after she had the baby and called him Jo

Ding ding round 2.

The universal language of love Dave, did we really do all this or was it just a dream.

Since giving up smoking dope and fags I have started dreaming again last night I was in Miami where were you and who were you with?

That's the good thing about dreams you don't have to stay within the social & moral boundaries.

The social boundaries that have been put there by religion the belief system is changing read this book and make them change quicker.

Wright a book and create new ones.

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I met this Viking warrior that said there are 3 types of people.

The watchers, the doers, & the talk about its.

Steve was a 27 year old man blond hair & blue eyes. He went out with a girl from a large family of brothers.

Life according to Steve was not the same as anyone else I have ever met.

He lived a double life of top secret worlds with in worlds.

But at the end of the day he must have been a talk about it, because I have never seen his work out there.

Although he did inspire me to do all I have done to this day. Thanks Thor.

So Steve get this at 11 minutes past 11 on the summer solstice 1987 PM.

Astrid lady of the stars married Baphomet the fecking liar in the presence of the God & Goddess,

The huge fire burnt with an energy of a brass Shiva. Our belief is bigger than yours ner ner ner ner ner.

The belief system strikes again.

Its ok I can say what I want it is only a fictional book I am writing I mean none of it is true unless you believe it to be.

After the dodgy ceremony, I only say dodgy because a friend called Satan popped up with a bright idea,

Basically he offered us a set of works to extract the blood.

We were having trouble getting any blood out of our thumb because the switchblade and the baby's safety pin were both blunt.

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Any way after all was said and done the sky cleared.

David looked happy and so was I.

Mean while the biggest robbery in south London was taking place with Vince and the boy's, consernig

Some rather hot pieces of art work.

As we slept on the pavement at cormont rd, they were stashing stolen booty in our basement.

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The next morning we awoke to the sight of Brixton pigs coming over the walls through the door and up our arses.

Years later I got my come upance. My crime was to ask for a cuddle of comfort from the wrong woman.

Yes that was the straw that broke the horses back, before I new it I was being sectioned in a nut house for 28 days.

This leads me to believe that Steve was right not to spread the news about his secret double life.

Now I have no friends they are all dead. The ones I have now aren't real because they are scared of me they really think I went mad, and that I could revert back at any time. Basically all the things Steve Grant warned me would happen if I didn't keep this info to my self did happen.

There is only one way to survive with this knowledge.

You must keep out of the view of other lions and don't let the sheep know you are there or they will cry wolf.

Deb sat at the doctors desk and told him she felt like the main frame computer, this didn't really bother him I guess he had herd it all before.

So she went home to watch star trek and pick up some more subliminal messages.

I asked Deb what they were saying.

Some thing about the scientologists she told Dave.

Dave wasn't interested he mainly wanted sex.

Sex is very important when you're searching for the Goddess.

Deb knew this and tried to oblige when ever possible some times she was extreamly obliging in very interesting ways.

One time just after she had cut her hair in a short quiff, she put on a pair of Dave's pants and trousers and shirt.

She looked like a young Ted that resembled David Bowie; she then armed her pants with a soft but firm toy banana.

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She felt a real sense of manhood.

Dave was lying on the bed; Deb mounted him and pressed her pelvic into his groin she squirmed until she came.

Then Dave removed her clothes and fucked her senseless.

Alas he still did not find the Goddess; still we all had fun searching.

After she put on the mans clothes again and went out side onto the balcony.

I wondered what the proud black men thought of her strutting and bopping on the forth floor landing.

Surly this is living. To live so close to the sky that when the aeroplanes flew over it was as if you could touch them, they looked like those air fix models if you thought about it hard enough you could see Gods hand holding them like a little boy with a toy.

Well to day seems like a good day to die, what am I saying I'm all ready dead.

If we really thought we were all ready dead what a crazy life we could have, think about it.

You're here and all you think and feel don't matter you have just discovered you're a flipping gost

Every thing is a figment of your boring imagination.

What do we gain from that sort of belief?

An inner confidence that makes you realise you are a complete tosser for creating a world that is ruled by the other gost fragments of your imagination.

And every day you,we, reinforce there power because we see them with our eyes, we smell them, we touch them so they must be real.

Bullshit god dam it.

Deb put her pretty lace petit coat on and her pure wool cream jumper.

She brushed her mid length blond hair and just washed her face it was clean, she was now ready to walk up to Brixton.

Deb and me were going to challenge the other occupants of hell.

Every ghost of Brixton was there out side the library opposite the town hall.

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Deb had believed they were there and they surly did appear. Drunks, pot heads, junkies, and glue sniffers

Congregated with the workers on there break periods.

Time to talk they wanted to know who she was and what we might be doing there.

Unemployed young black men were the first to brave us.

Did you know they stop the trains running from Brixton to the suburbs after 8-o clock she said to a black bloke called Dave.

Oh know another Dave he was searching for the goddess.

Ill take you to Bromley with me he said.

What on that pushbike lets have a go? Dave's are good to girls he gave her the bike and deb climbed on.

It was hi every body starred as she rode it round the square.

This was a good move I noticed how now people were interested .why was that white girl hanging with those black guys, did she know them or what.

While deb rode round I slid up next to the old black dudes and blagged a smoke of weed, things were getting good cultures were mixing deb could really ride that bike.

They told me how the only women brave enough to be with them were the old Irish drunk women,

Because they had sussed how to get money of the old black dudes for what ever.

Deb gave the bike back to Dave and politely declined the offer of sex.

Tina was a glue sniffer she sat on the grass with a glue bag in her hand taking in the occasional mouthful. She was white with bleached blond hair, her legs were bent in a raised position she was wearing shorts that were to big Deb got an eyeful of her crutch no knickers and lots of pubic hair.

Good old Tina said Dave hill.she stuck with the glue, yeah laughthd Tina I have stuck with the glue.

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I was gang rapped by 7 or8 black teenage boys , I didn't need it ,I die every day now, I hate them barstards.

Dave hill used to go out with genie, he told us how she was killed.

She was well into gear we all called her nurse. Any way she was ill in hospital through the gear.oh no I said. Yeah she got better and came off the gear, when she got out of hospital she started getting into sex as you do with out drugs.

She went on the game in Streatham she enjoyed it.so what happened.

A gang of black blokes kicked her to death out side the 7 11 in Brixton for the cash.

What?

Yeah she went out fighting & kicking she was a true warrior, a tiny little body with black hair.

I suddenly realised that we only die if we believe it enough it took a lot for genie to realise she was dead.

Deb wanted to start the next Brixton riot with this news.

She new genie she new Stewart her brother as well, he died about a year latter.

They were Scottish they were really hard with harts of gold. She all ways thought they would live forever.

I went to see Stewart he confirmed what we had heard.

I told him deb wanted to leave he said we cant let her, he said we were all counting on her to make a difference to change the shit on the street.

I don't know if she can Stewart people are all ready on her case.

He assured me she could and a year latter he was dead.

The little man grabbed the big man and fucked him madly up the anal passage and then he awoke

Feeling disturbed yet very horny.at that moment his wife woke up and turned to her husband and said tell me about your dream, I cant he said feeling inbarised and scared that his wife might think he was gay.

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Oh please she kept on so he told her; this made her extremely excited sexually.

She couldn't explain why but the thought of men touching each other like that really turned her on,

Could this be normal?

Since then the lady frequents gay bars, she doesn't drink or smoke.

She watches male love then nips into the bog for a quick wank.

Her friend admits to being jealous of the sort of free love men shear in the ninety's. Too right the lady says,

Why can't us women have the same freedom, as men is it because of the belief system?

I mean how do women get enough courage together to touch another woman's arse,

Gay men are so rude about women it makes me feel glad that my Nan isn't alive to have to see what they really think of women.

The jealousy of gay men towards women does make me feel like being violent to my self. It really makes me feel like a worthless piece of shit, I want to kill myself in front of them because I want them to feel as shit as they make women feel for being born female.

Straight male chauvinist pigs are bad, but they're not as bad as gay men.

Stop this subject is killing me.

Deb loved men's eyes some times she would just stair into the eyes of a stranger looking and seeing there soul.

It was weird but as she did this, the man would become more and more beautiful by the second

Chemistry would start to flow; the men always mistook this for some sort of sexual come on.

It got her into a lot of troubles a lot of the time.

I did feel sorry for her, it was like she could not help looking and feeling love.

She walked down to the main bizzzy Brixton high street.

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It was later in the day some of the shops were shutting.

There were these 2 smart but trendy looking black guys they were closing the see through pull down metal gate to the mini market, it was situated in-between walworths and boots by the bus stop

Deb was like a vampire some times she felt the need to see eyes.

She turned to them and began to fall in love with their big dark deep eyes.

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They didn't like it at all; it was freaking them out.

Deb giggled and said hello.

They told her to fuck off, why she said you're beautiful,

They shoved her and said go away white hore, oh no they thought she was a prostitute thought deb.

In her nieverty she tried to explain that she was not a prostitute and that she nearly found them very fasernating.

Well this had a strange reaction from the 2 lads,

They opened up the metal gate and went into the other side of it and closed it.

And there they stood acting real scared.

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At first she thought they were joking she laughed and asked them what was wrong,

Are you famous pop stars or some thing, that don't wish to draw attion to your selves or some thing.

I think they felt safer behind the bars of the gate they laughed at this and started to do little dance moves and stuff.

Now deb was intrigued, she looked down the road a bit and saw the cat man.

Ah he will know what's going on with them, so she called him over, yo cat man come here a mint

What is up with these dudes?

He came over and spoke to them, Deb didn't understand what they were

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saying, and their accent became very heavy,

The cat man is a regular character in and around Brixton, he talks a lot about the cat and some white woman and some heavy phrophersy its hard to work out what he is on about, so Deb was none the wiser.

However she was now quite inspired with the situation, I mean why on earth would these guys be scarred of her.

Just then a gang of teenage black boys walked by, deb thought they might know them so she skipped over to them all sort of jolly and happy and said.

Hey friends do you know these 2 boys up here.

Fuck off white bitch fuck of f, said the smallest one nearest to her.

This shocked her she turned and said,

That's not a very nice thing to say what would your mother think if she herd you speak like that.

Next thing Deb new was the kid had jukeed her in the chin really hard with a bottle.

It really hurt and swelled up instantly, Deb cried out loud, every body just looked and stared. The boys just laughter and patted the little one on the back for a job well done.

One guys that worked on the market said are you all right love.

Deb. Just cried and cried like a little girl.

She went over to the rubbish bin next to the bus stop and sat and cried really loud.

As she cried she looked at the black women standing they're waiting for there bus,

These are all your children have you no shame for the way they treat me, don't you care how your children behave.

The looks they gave her were you deserve it lady, at that point the gang of boys returned and got on the bus. still praising the little shit that did it, and shouting abuse at her from the top deck of the bus.

That was defiantly a weird day for young black blokes.

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Because before those strange incidents another smartly dressed trendy looking black bloke was doing funny little dances in peoples faces. Deb approached him to look into his eyes and he freaked, out moving fearfully away he could not get away he ended up going into the the bissey road in front of a white large van and just disappeared. There was a little kid watching this with his mum at the bus stop.

Did you see that guy disappear she said to the kid.

He looked at her wide eyed and nodded.

What was all that about he must have got in that van from a side door or something she thought?

All these racist attacks must not lead to more we must pity the people that are raciest not hate them.

One day they will learn the error of there ways.

Deb. did she don't look into peoples eyes any more. It is a crime in our fucked up time.

And times they are a changing.

She woke early about 5 am on a summer morning she was a bird.

Above her head there was a mass of green and brown leaves her nest was well built just a cluster of thin holes letting in the morning sun light.

This was the start of a magic day a day of power.

She looked across the nest to her bed of feathers, lying there was Dave the man from the planet earth.

He was sexy, that's why she picked that one.

That's why they went to planet earth it's the sex capital of the universe.

Basically the inhabitants of earth are all male.

They have no natural birds there.

It was due to an experiment that went wrong about 5 million years ago, this is what Dave did not yet know.

She had transported him to her planet that night he was now an alien in her world a visitor from another world.

What was her friends going to think of him.

A real live spices from planet earth ba ba ba ba ba ba ba .

She had made his cage really big so that he would not serspect a thing.

The last thing she needed was Dave to get out of his reality and start running a muck on her natal planet damn it.

He was a wild one all right a natural born ruler of men, this could all get out of hand and believe me it did.

Dave gave us all a really good run for our money.

None of the ghost bothered them they were too hi up to be spotted.

She would take him down to the ground to foraged for food and other flightless creatures.

He would play dumb and gain lots of info as much as he could comprehend

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before becoming drunk with knowledge. He would then act irritable and some times violent through frustration.

The inhabitants of his world were ruled by money. and money was ruled by sex that's why he was told to camp it up, if he wanted to make it in the music biz.

How could she compete in this world as a bird?

When most no all the men are blind to what she could offer them and if they weren't then Dave would make them so.

She must appeal to his cock for some guidelines.

You have been reading about Mary the wife of Joseph.

She was the first woman to successfully give birth to a crossbreed male chilled from planet earth in captivity.

Dave was looking for some thing more he was a true pagan man born from warrior blood.

His tribe were dangerous assassin.

His mother was a bird from the 50tys sent to complete a deal made centuries before.

A deal between our planet and his eastern tribe of men.

Us birds have been coming hear for years said deb.

Dave wasn't interested he was searching for the goddess his morning boner rose above the peaks of the tallest mounting.

He took her on her back at the corner of his bed she spread her wings and he entered her.

She flew up out of the nest with Dave clinging on for dear life.

He came it was quick.

Deb landed with a thud.

Did you come he asked.

No but it felt good it felt like I was flying she said.

Dave was happy he asked if there was any thing he could do for her.

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She always said no. Too polite by far it was the way she was bought up, Irish. Don't say yes until the third time of asking.

That's the thing with humans there relatively quite easy to keep.

Providing all 5 senses are happy the human can live for quite some time.

That's why money is so important to them they believe they can buy things to fully sustain the need of the 5 senses, they simply won't acknowledge the 6th sense,

They would sooner buy somebody else's creativity than create their own; it's the belief system they have been bought up by.

And here we are Dave back in the time of Mary 9th of February 1999.

Should she change your world beyond recognition?

I mean do you think the people will follow her or deb or you Dave?

Did she know where she was going or do the blind lead the blind?

Can you hear me Dave or are you death.

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Death to us all Dave the great white death.

You know life is how you see it heaven help us.

We need more birds here more spirit of the wind carry me.

More spirit of the wind set my soul free.

At that thought she leapt to her feet adorned her beautiful body with robes of silver and blue with shimmering make up to match, she back combed her hair and danced and sang it was a magic day why the feck not.

Rules to live by people to keep in with, how could she show her friends this wonderful male specimen.

It was going to be dangerous; she had to be inventive with out Dave suspecting a thing.

She had to be careful or it could be a bit too scary for some of her friends.

His cock was right, when the balls are full the head is empty.

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Madness dose it come to us all?

Do we all take it up the barmy side in the end?

Uncle George rang yesterday morning he told me one of his mates had just died,

The mate had 2 daughters one was in Canada, she had gone barmy side, and she was in need of money.

The other sister wanted to send her inheritance but couldn't because the government would just take it from her.now that's mad!

Death is used as a weapon against us we wont get any where being scared of it we must use it to help us fulfil our life now, not then or later you could be dead then.

Let's not be afraid of our selves.

You must have found it to be able to lose it.

Rather then join the living dead the ghosts that haunt us all.

Where do you get your energy from they ask.

From you I am a vampire sucking your energy as we speak.

Did you know that inspiration is just a middle class way of saying I ripped this of some thing I have seen or heard?

Fear and loathing in Los Vegas, this is living and loving in west Norwood
Beyond the pleasure dome welcome to hell.

And there is no bigger devil in this place than the one I see every morning in the mirror.

Then that makes me Satan queen of queens a force to be recond with unto myself I must follow.

Just call me your auntie Christ. Said with an Irish accent of cores.

I had an auntie Alla once, she was Irish.

Me Nan was Irish too. She came from cork.

Oh God let me win the lottery tonight.

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Why is it never now why the feck not.

We could be arse holes just for one day, and oh boy it's all over.

Or is it? She was lost in a sea of bullshit; one thing could save her and the world.

It was deb. she had been committed under the mental health act for 28 days.

Pay back time for deb.

No one could save her now no one can help her now, screaming and dyeing my soul it is crying.

This is what she wanted.

She wanted to shear this alien with her mates.

She wanted to change the cold grey dismal world of men into a bright vibrant reality,

A world run by birds where every body could fly.

Fly into the next dimention a happy conscious death.

Fly into a moving life of new creation we must all create the new millennium.

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We are no longer lost in space.

It was a shit name for a band.

Dave liked it I think,

He is learning about computers now oh what joy soon we will be rich!

He can earn the money while I am free to create.

Some times being the creator can be a lonely job that's why I pop down and stir up the shit amongst the little people.

I even let them in my house now and again.

It's a bit like having a pet bulldog, keeping an alien here.

You have to train him well or it could all get a bit messy.

Well I think deb's doing better now with him it takes some doing but she finds it rewarding.

You see we can't Wright about now with out mentioning now.

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Deb was a hippie she had just arrived back in to London from a notorious tepee site in Wales.

The journey was slow in a blim bus, she was well prepared with grass to sell it was the druggy 80tys a long dress and feathers in her hair chanting as she went about her marry business.

The business of saving the world, first she must find him, the right man for the job.

Qualifications must be sexy, must be able to play guitar,

And full bike license and bike essential.

Well the buss stopped out side the half moon in hern hill, deb. got out and went in the pub it felt good to be back,

Things were spoken and she had a beer, then she left got back on the blim bus let's wait for john.

Park out side his house matt.

And so they did, matt parked up and got out his amazing long thin weed pipe.

There was a knock on the bus door, deb. Looked out of the window, she smiled, its john man let him in.

Matt opened the door in walked john and a sort of wide boy in denim.

It was Dave the alien's brother deb. didn't know this but she felt some strange string of connection to Dave.

They smoked a pipe and deb sold him some weed.

When Dave's brother left he told Dave about the meeting he had with this weird hippie girl that was right up his street.

Dave even went down the pub to see if she were still there.

Those strings of love were pulled a long time before that.

Deb.'s, Nannies best friend's daughter Mary. Had a daughter called Maggie she would baby-sit deb. from the age of about 5 deb. Loved Maggies lope loo doll.

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When they were all a bit older Dave would come and pick up Maggie on the back of his bike, his mate Steve was going out with her but would not pick her up because he was black, and I think the old man didn't like it.

So Dave met the baby sitter first, Dave's brother knew her too.

Many years latter deb. And Dave saw Maggie on a BBC drama and latter on an ITV drama about aliens.

Yes its true folks Maggie Oneale she is a fabulous actress don't miss her.

Take me out of here Dave do you want to find the goddess? I know where she lives Mary what are you doing here. Don't do that not now you cant. Dave I must I need you now I know how she keeps you chained up here, I can free you from the misery she puts you through.

I know why you had her committed she is your creator, but she has given me the key,

Take it Dave escape with me now.

Dave got violent he slapped me round the face pushed me onto the bed and walked away.

How does she do it why does she put up with him?

Why the feck not Mary.

Deb how long have you been there.

Long enough longer than we might imagine.

Is that really the key deb? I asked.

You know it is Mary see you in the next world.

Mary was a big bird, she new deb. was right its all in the creativity,

Mary created a world of magic and healing, she was a master astrologer she was an all over earth mother

She was big and beautiful she was calm and relaxed, and she fancied the pants off of David bowie.

I was told once she went to pick up her kids from school dressed in a Wendy house.

Page 22

If it was a suit and bola hat would she have been persecuted.

She eventually left London and moved to Devon doing tarot readings and astrology to pay her way.

I heard last year that she died of cancer.

So now she is here in my subconscious world until I meet her again on the other side.

What was deb.'s crime, why was she locked up against her will, why was she pumped with droperidol.

Well medically speaking.

She had bipolar affective mood disorder recurrent episodes.

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She had behaviour problems.

The doctors wanted to know what caused it, deb. couldn't tell them she had been offered a line of cocaine about a month earlier.

In the report made to her new doctor it was all written down in black and white,

At the end of the day she had beliefs that were out side the belief system.

Her beliefs empowered her.

She felt like a king and acted like one, according to the report, they also accused her of playing knight verses porn games.

She appeared to have no inebriation's and enjoyed sex with her self through masturbation.

So this must have been an awful state for a woman to be in, she must have been suffering from to much self confidence.

A truly creative spirit free to feel what ever comes her way.

At the centre of her universe.

Why is that such a bad place to be?

Page 23

On the report it said she was once a beautiful blond girl, you would not have known it though to look at her now. It went on to say she had shaved off all her hair and was very skinny.

So can we take it that deb's crime was to look and act a lot less lady like than she had over the past 30 years.

Oh Deere me burn her witch burn her.

This is what is the reality of becoming a woman .

This is a planet with no natural females, it is forbidden for them to get in touch with their feminine spirit more than the once monthly happening, and then it is frowned upon as a time of female madness.

It is a completely fucked up male world.

Just the sort of world for a big bird like deb. a world she has created with Dave
the alien and his jolly earth chapter of angels

Deb. thinks about cashing in on the old biblical prophases.

Yeah no it stinks. What about starting her own religion.

Yeah good idea.

What about writhing a book? Yeah good idea.

Next sing and Wright a song,

Do a dance.

Throw a party.

What do you humans want from me .

Whosaid that said deb.

I am main frame come in deb. how's life in there on our mothers planet

What the fuck said deb.

The kids are all listening in to this transmission can you keep it pure please
deb..

Oh sorry, and all the children laugh hang on this is great.

How far can we go main frame.

Page 24

Check out this nine dimensional vision.

Three hour's pass .

Deb. are you all right do you want some thing to eat,? I've put the kids to bed
there ok .says Dave

What? Oh yeah food em do I .

Oh fuck yeah food who are you again? oh yeah a human ! that's looking after
me I've just met or made contact with main frame David.

What do you want some thing to eat or what.

No come here I want sex let me eat it for you darling, let me swallow the pride.

Well after all the kids were in bed and deb. was quietly elated with her discovery's lets not waist our time together in these bodies that give us such pleasure .

I mean Dave if you had really got the key off of Mary that day would you have turned it and unlocked your door?

Do you really want me to live here with you or would you like to return to your own world where you can be free to frolic.

Where is your world Dave?

Don't be afraid to show me, is it too dark to speak of.

The world grew dark at the mar mention of his mortal life.

Where death is the almighty conqueror of men weaker than the likes of Dave.

Men less well equipped to deal with the terror of a relationship.

What is happening to you deb., some times you are not what you think you are.

I know Dave I am getting into the sixth sense.

I am exploring the boundaries of self realisation.

Page 25

Can you just go with it now and again, why not what is wrong with your world why is it so unstable there.

What are you afraid of.

I'm afraid of nothing says the man who is scarred to leash his world upon me.

In case he might get carried away and kill me in a moment of innocent pleasure.

I would never do that I have more self-control than you give me credit for deb.

Yeah so why are you trying to control me , she says.

Will you get of my case says Dave I am not doing any thing to you.

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That's my point do some thing with me I have great powers with your help we could be awesome.

Now you have found your goddess what would you really like to do.

And it better be good or I will be displeased and turn into a demon.

Deb. started hissing and growling.

Dave didn't buy it at all and an other night was wasted in battle with each other.

Still it was all a process of duel learning. together we make mistakes and together we learn.

So where are we going with all this mumbo-jumbo talk what dose it mean?

And how can it help save the earth.

Well Dave how can I explain its so hard to put into words.

Well try. Says Dave.

Its too soon, I cant talk when things are happening there and then I can but it takes away my total concentration, and it all comes out wrong like the ramblings of a mad woman.

Ok lunacy lunar linked to the moon.

Woman cycle

Worship goddess,

Page 26

Every woman is born with a special gift. It is the gift of woman.

We are hear to help you reach this place of utopia we are programmed to give you what you need.

If you tap in to the right line with a woman then she can make your life complete.

If you get it wrong then she will destroy you . in ways you might not think possible.

She has no choice over her actions if she dose not tap into her inner self.

It is the duty of all men to worship all women.

Trust her she will treat you right only then.

Make her dreams come true it has got to be worth it to fulfil your life and you dreams.

So can you believe I am the goddess, yes darling you are the goddess you are my goddess.

Bollix, I am the goddess not owned by you.

Things were getting complex you just don't believe me and its not going to work if you don't believe in my powers. Said deb.

Yeah but what powers said Dave.

Well you will never know all the time you disbelieve in me and want me to keep proving some dodge out of place sideshow. I am empowering you now if you choose to use that power to question and fight me were will that lead us Dave?. Me in a nut house & you crying on your own with 4 kids to bring up, think about it!

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Happy Winners

chapter 3

Auntie mim won £335000 pounds on the lottery yesterday.

Mum rang me up yesterday and told me her sister is a winner, it is so amazing.

Bob and Muriel George have lived in a council house in Dartford for a long time,

They don't want to move and auntie mim don't want to give up her job.

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Now they must be really happy there, good luck to them.

The strange thing is that at the moment there are a lot of planets aliened, this is meant to be good for life changing events.

I want a record deal.

I want a smoke.

I want a car.

Yeah and a big wedge of money to spend on what ever I want.

Out of all that I think I could achieve the smoke now.

See if you can tell what I have been smoking?

Money it could be the key to enforcing the belief system.

Every thing has a price.

Is good health the most expensive thing you can buy.

The doctors need death and illness to keep them in business.

Imaging if we found out that death was good for us.

Would we all go and kill ourselves.

Imaging if when people got ill it gave them some sort of insight into life an angle they haven't

Seen before.

Death would be the answer doctors would then be needed to help people die.

Page 28

The job wouldn't change much, people would still need drugs for a painless release from life.

Take our existence reverse its meaning and see what happens.

Live evil evil live.

Just turn round the letters and there it is.

Who invented words and why?

Is there more to the word than first meets the eye?

Let some one go.

Watch some one on drugs they are on their journey to the other side.

Deb. phoned her dad up and told him about her trip to the liver unit.

Yeah so I'm dyeing dad,

Oh we're all dyeing deb. from the minuet were born we are dieting.

This made sense enjoy it while you can,

The power of words began.

The post arrived it was a check for £267 and some wicked photos of JC looking very much like a supper model.

Mary Joseph and the kids had every thing they ever wanted,

Deb. had to work on her mind to gain things.

But since she found out about Jo from the presence of Mary's mind her reality was expanding.

She enjoyed all her good fortune life was efilion.

Weeee elthalion(elfalien).

Deb. was going out she was dressed in Dave's big black biker boots and black leather jacket.

Page 29

Her hair was all tucked up in a black stoking and a black Theodora sat upon her head, all Dave's stuff of course.

The door opened and deb. shot out like a rabbit, running behind her shouting like a grey hound was Dave,

It was 1987, deb. had work to do on the world stage she was on a mission.

Dave let her go.

She walked she follow very discreetly behind different women, she instinctively knew which ones to follow she could see it was leading her to Clapham to a lorry load of bikes.

The driver was out of the truck and talking to the man from the bike shop.

This was a perfect gift for alien Dave take him home a lorry load of bikes.

Deb. could drive but she didn't have a license so was a bit reluctant to brake the law.

The next thing she knew the driver had come back and got in the cab next to her.

All right waiting for your mate he asked.

Deb. thought of Dave yeah I'm waiting for my mate.

She opened the lorry door and climbed out.

She was standing in the back courtyard of the bike shop.

The smell of petrol smelt so good it was inviting her into the holy place of iron horses,

She walked calmly in and there it was a beautiful Honda rebel.

Oh the beautiful smell of petrol the shine and line of that 250 rebel was just heaven.

Deb. wanted a bike, deb. wanted loads of bikes she was in nirvana.

Can we help you said a worried looking man in overalls.

Yes please said deb. I want to look at some bikes for me and my husband,

We are getting a record deal you know we are going to be famous,

And I am very interested in these bikes.

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He took deb. out to the front of the shop.

If we are all dying why don't we make the most of what we have got?

Because it's not enough? Or because we don't fully see the greatness we have got?.

Deb. wanted it all now.

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She new she could see it, she just had to focus it in her minds eye.

She could then do what ever she felt like doing.

She sat on a moped, it felt like sitting on top of the world.

She held the the bike handles and turned them in one direction then the other direction.

The shop man watched her nervously.

Deb. thought this was funny, was she turning the access of the world in her hands.

She dismounted the moped and picked an all in one leather suit.

She went into the changing room with it and steered at me in the mirror.

What are we doing here she said.

I don't know deb. where is here.

Here is a prison a cold bland prison.

Most of the prisoners don't even know why they are here.

Is there prison Walden's I asked her.

Yes but only when you break the law said deb.

So are we free in this changing room or are they with us in here.

No said deb. there is know one with me at the moment.

So what are you going to do deb.

She felt at the centre of her world.

She would start world war three see how many people would go for it.

She went out to the front of the shop, there were loads of bikes.

Page 31

People were going about there business.

Those pore people thought deb., the world is about to end and they can't afford a bike.

Perhaps if she could convince them the 4 minuet warning had gone of they would feel brave enough to just help their selves to a bike.

Help your self she shouted free bikes, just take them the world is ending.

After a while of doing this and nobody taking her up on the offer the old bill turned up and took her away.

As they pushed her into the car they clipped her ear on the panda roof it hurt.

She better play the game they had in mind.

All right governor she said in a rank cockney ascent, where we going Clapham nick.

The two pigs in the front of the car laughed and seemed to relax a bit.

She had fun at the police station playing with the pigs and taking the complete piss.

She told them she was married with kids.

The WPC was also called Debbie, she asked if her husband was physic.

Deb. laughed I wouldn't call him a sidekick if I were you he wouldn't like that.

They were bored and had better and bigger crimes than her to play with, so they let her go.

X marks the spot said deb. and sighed the release form and left the station feeling rejected but lucky.

Where to now it was dark and getting late and she was amongst the old council estates of Clapham.

Page 32

She walked in the night hungry for food and not knowing what was round the next corner.

She found her self in the middle of council buildings.

She looked around and stopped walking. in front of her was a large building full of people doing things.

Through the large glass windows she could see down into the basement.

It was a large kitchen, there were lots of people washing up and putting away,
Deb. noticed that all the people in the kitchen were black.

She had a flash back to the days of slavery was it still going on in the 80tys?.

It was a modern circular building it reminded her of a space rocket.

She walked round the out side and up a level.

The glass window looked through into a small corridor.

Deb. pressed her nose against the window and starred at the people in side.

They looked like a malt cultural society of students.

Or they could have been freaked out humans desperately trying to save their
sorry asses.

Deb. smiled yeah that's what they are all scarred and in a hurry to get in the
lift, in a panic to get away

From this weirdo's crazy reality.

Deb. looked round the other buildings were flats.

There was nobody about to ask the way home to Brixton.

Just then a very big black dog came running out of the night.

It was just like the one on the omen with the red eyes.

Suddenly a red and white traffic cone came flying their way.

Its all right he has got his toy now, said a kind looking black man.

Deb. got directions to Brixton and limped home.

David's boots had cut into the back of her feet, they were sore and blistered.

Page 33

David and the 2 kids were pleased to see her.

Oh that's right said deb. I went out to cash me book this morning , I have all
the money I have not spent any except for this small bottle of lukozade.

It was great David there was this police helicopter with one of those heavy-
duty lights shining down on me, I was standing in the centre of this concrete
circle shouting "weeeeeee elfalien".

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When the spot- light came on me I started doing this fantastic tap dancing.

The whole family laughed.

Have some dinner now deb. we will go shopping in the morning.

Is it mad to see life a bit different now and again. Well in my case its constant I know who I am ,

But you don't

Still this is bollocks.

I don't want to talk to you at the moment I don't want to sit here and lecture you.

But I'm going to push my self, see if any of this is understandable.

That's the key push your self you can be your own worst enemy or you could be your best friend.

Men have been brought up to enjoy their penis, girls don't even know what there clitoris is unless they were like me a bit self-exploratory.

A wanker's den, of all the things you could think of she has to think of a den of wankers.

Female wankers of cores, just picture it a room full of women trying to reach an orgasm at the same time.

Now that's organised sex.

But where dose this lead me to? And do I really want to go there again.?

So to rock music.

Some thing you just can't talk about.

Page 34

Deb. was a famous woman of rock.

Her and Dave had done many gigs together over the last 12 years.

Mostly to small audiences in little shit holes around London.

They were a 3-piece band called lost in space.

Bob drums Dave guitar & 3 or 4 different bass players over the years, well that was there last project

92 to 95 with deb. fronting the band on vocals.

Stone henge festival what a party that was.

There has never been an other fessy like it.

Yes there were pigs there , yes there were drugs there.

But there was some thing more. a vibe back in the days when good vibes went round like the flue.

It was 1981 deb. had just been transformed into a blitz kid, Fanny & Sue were dead set on getting rid of that blond bimbo look. Deb. was 16.

She went to the stone henge festival with an android and a few newfound friends from gypsy hill squatter community.

The first thing that grabbed her attention were the tepee and the folk that lived in them all year round.

One day thought deb., I will live like that.

4 years latter she did.

Up until this point in her life she had only heard talk of hippies.

The kind of people she had met had been boneheads, this was the door to a new brighter world of art

& music this is where she could learn to explore other bits of life amongst crazy people that could understand where she lived in her head.

She only took speed on her first visit to the henge & smoked a bit of puff.

She had already had this before so android didn't mind shearing this with her.

Page 35

Some of the others were taking acid,(LSD), deb. asked android about it.

Oh no he said , you don't want to take any of that it will change your life forever.

I used to take it but I had a really bad trip and I don't want that to happen to you deb.

Right then Ted!

When they returned from stone henge, deb. went round to visit the lads at number 1 sainsburry road.

You see gypsy hill was a triangle of three roads of squatted houses, sainsburry road going down, berridge road going up to, bristow road going along.

Deb. was staying at no7 bristow road.

Every one there was trendy & extrovert coloured hair was in with lots of wild heavy make up for both genders.

Deb. knocked on the door of the run down squat no1, mark answered it, come in man so how was the fessy?

Mark was short with mousy shoulder length tight curly hair. His face was very clear white skin.

His eyes were like angelic blue.

No 1 was the most run down inhabited squat on the street, the guys that lived there were guys. there was no women they were the most unto-gether men but it was fun there.

Yeah stone henge was good it was far out man.

Is plant or Sean in?

Plant was a really tall big toothed leather jacket type of dude upper middle class nice nature guy from purely area

Sean was also from that area but his nature weren't so sweet.

Typical dealer mentality.

Mark explained that every one was out he was waiting for them all to come back with drugs & money.

Page 36

Steve lived on the top floor he was a really nice hippie dude.

Apparently he used to be a skin head & then later a punk.

But now he was the nicest guy you could meet a real pothead totally in to his records long thin brown hair and a caftan.

where is Steve then ?she asked.

He has gone to pick up his giro, oh great ill hang here and wait with you mark.

Just then there came a loud banging on the door, it was queer Steve and some guy they had never met.

Come in man said mark to both of them.

Steve came in. the other guy was wearing a white sort of karate suit his head was shaved, he looked at us and said.

Hi my name s Paul I have just arrived from Amsterdam, I am looking for my brother Sean dose he live here.

Oh wow man Sean has a brother far out come in tell us about the dam.

We all sat in the common room up stairs smoking and talking.

Deb. was saying about her henge trip and the acid she had' nt. taken.

Paul gave deb. a tab from the dam a yellow window pain keep this he said and take it when you feel ready and in a good space.

Deb. thanked him wow he was so different from his mislay brother he seemed really tuned in and Sean was never tuned into any thing.

Deb. dropped the acid later that day with mark and queer Steve he was bisexual but very camp with shoulder length blond hair blue eyes & a well-trimmed beard.

Miguel turned up and segregated we all went over the park at the end of the road.

What a great idea it was dusk the sun had just set a whole bunch of us were walking down the road towards the park.

Yeah said deb., she felt me enter her world who are you she said to me I'm Mary.

How did you get in here is it the acid,?

Yes and know but I can tell you . I will come to you again when you're not on the acid.

At that moment deb. raised her finger in the air and said to every one we can get here with out the acid cant we.

Mig laughed well you might deb.

She crossed the road and deb. was there at the entrance to the park. Only one thing stood in her way

Queer Steve standing crossed legged with an evil smile and beckoning finger.

Come into my world little girl he said.

Behind him was darkness deb. walked on in to the darkness of the park.

Wow. This word was used a lot in 1981 it just described every thing along with far out.

The park was alive with colour in the darkness.

As she ran up the path she could see the eyes of wolf running with her.

She looked up the hill to the laying log and stopped dead in her tracks.

What had she seen laying on the log that was laying down.

Her heart missed a beat it was a vampire it slowly sat up turned its head towards her and hissed.

Deb. let out a scream of pure pleasure the fear felt good the scream set off a few bad trips for others.

But deb. felt elated she had just experienced her first and long awaited hallucination.

She knew it cause she looked again and it was gone.

The funny thing was seven years later she moved to that area and took David to the log in the park where it happened.

David has the same face and hair as the vampire she saw that day on her first trip.

She made him lay on the log with his arms crossed and slowly rise.

Then later that night they made love in the bottom end of the park down in the shrubs.

He bent her over a tree took of her knickers and fucked her good

What goes round comes round in the end.

I mean look at hippie Steve he came home later that day and didn't take any acid or come up the park.

But in 1987 he pooped up at deb. and David's wedding as Satan the man with the works, remember him?

He was a good friend of Miguel the same mig as mate of Jo in an earlier chapter.

Mig was like a young ripe god full of laughter a very funny mimic of people.

He was free.

And now he is gone with the wind.

Free of his beautiful mortal coil.

I have to hold back from going into a this parrot is dead sketch.

Life was a good laugh for him we all were aiming for death

Is it funny?

Why did the monkey fall out of the tree?

Because he was dead.

Why did Billy cross the road because she wants to, because she wants to.

I love the dead Alice cooper, now theirs some good rock &roll.

'The Belief System' Ó Deb Elthalion 1999

Chapter 4 where now?

To the past, she was one of the happy people, there should have been more like her.

Now she will be a happy person again, she will fulfil her ambition to be a star.

Or she might just die sad and lonely.

And who is she any way.

That's my point .

Who is she? May be together we could find out.

Dose that mean there is more than one here. More than just me on this lonely planet?

To be honest I am talking to you the reader of my wonderful book.

I wont to get close to you I want to be unashamed to just pop out of the page and take you by the hand and mentally make love with you.

It's a real freedom.

Living in side your own mind do you see how far you can go with your self.

What happens when you start talking and loving and entertaining your self.

Well I have just heard that line that Kurt Cobain rights.

IM so happy I've just found my friends inside my head.

Now I feel aware of you. My audience of the future.

Some of you not born yet

A conversation of the future had in the past yet happening now.

I must just point out that Kurt's lyrics end with the word head 4 lines up.

Doesn't that seem apt.

Where as deb's lyrics start here.

As we step out of our dream descend the stairs of documents and silver
shattered screens,

The mousy hair now flowing hi in the sewers proud and deep stupidity crawls
on the back of wisdom's woeful pride.

And still in our love we cry, we love, we sigh, we love, and never die.

A memory with in our time , our present times a memory of reference but
never now.

We walk along the thinning edge, creating thoughts, and refurbishing heads.

Deb. awoke it was about 7.30 she could see the sun poring in through the top
of the tepee.

She could smell the earth she could hear the buzz of nature the birds singing.

She listened to the wind it was a beautiful morning her skin felt soft against
the sheepskin

Rug upon the bed of freshly cut reeds.

That was living it was a time of feeling good to be alive.

The fire was ready from the night before she just had to light it and blow it a
bit.

She put on the pan for some peppermint herbal tea, and sat in the now open
door of the tepee looking down the lightly wooded hill of the valley.

She was slowly eating her muesly and enjoying the moment.

When suddenly she was ten years down the line she was locked up in a nut
house with no way out.

No she had now gone 3 years back and laying on a bed in a flat in Brixton
throwing a tantrum.

Hang on Dave I'm on an out of control elevator what floor do you want.

Dave said he didn't know what floor what's wrong with the one we are on he
says.

Hang on says deb. Let's go to stone henge right here in our room together
let's visualise we are at a festival

Lets get into it and have a good time look I'll paint my legs with this liquid
eyeliner.

Look Dave it looks like far out tattoos.

Leave it out deb. I'm going to bed life isn't a big festival you are on one.

Yeah but it could be David it could be good right now.

It was good for her David her regret is that you didn't enjoy your self as much
as you could have.

Her time being is the time to be.

Says Mary.

Who was Mary, who is Mary,

She asked one more time .

Mary is your friend Mary is the author.

Mary meet, and Mary meet again.

What she means is we must all learn to redefine our selves.

We are born and told what we are called , what type of being we are. And we
are supposed to just except that as the truth above all we must believe in the
honest truth.

Who tells us the truth about our selves? Our parents our grand parent's?
Every one we meet?

No one .

What makes anybody qualified to know what anybody is really?

Lets take a quick look at conspiracy theories.

Imaging you had a child and you brought it up to believe in a load of untrue
conspiracy theories.

How would that kid turn out.

Totally paranoid?

Not sure who to trust if any one?

What are you saying Mary?

We all know that if you have unprotected sex you might get pregnant, if you're a woman.

Just like you can't get pregnant if you are a man.

But then we are all told what sex we are .are 'nt we?

We can't choose what sex we are born.

Unless we are born hermaphrodites.

So there dose seem to be exceptions to the rule regarding most things.

Is nothing sacred?

evidently not

So we turn out what we are because of what we are told.

So Dave says if we believe that crap.

It's a good job he didn't believe that crap.

Yes Dave it's a good job you believed your self to be an alien or maybe I would have never met you.

What the hell is this all about my advice is don't ask you don't want to know.

I want to be. That is the question

What do I want to be that is the answer.

On a par with Shakespeare?.

And Dave says he just had a lucky brake.

Yes Dave that's what we all want.

This is all just more evidence that life is how you see it.

Your belief system is what counts.

That is the key that Mary wants to give me.

But its all easier said than done how can I get what I want when I want it.

Bearing in mind my belief system is the key?

I don't like to compromise. I don't want to be criticised.

I want it all and I want it now.

You see its all to crazy and when we get it we just cant handle it.

So we go back to the beginning. We have to learn.

We have to teach ourselves.

We have to learn what we are and all that jazz..

Writhing this book helps me.

The baby was coming there was no stopping it the pains were intense yes unbearable.

I just let it spin round my head and down to my toes I swooned I walked around the room in a daze of agony, crying out mummy.

Deb. always cried mummy when in extreme pain.

Luckily it was like a wave of pain that would ease just when she thought she couldn't take any more.

And then it would start as soon as it had stopped.

Oh such joy the last 9 months of swelling and growing was coming to an amazing crescendo

Now she felt like she was going to have a massive shit. Oh no how embarrassing there's going to be shit every where.

Or was there?

Eventually David got out of the bathroom.

What was he doing in there ?

Deb. was shouting quick I'm gonna have a shit.

David ran in with the potty.

Deb. couldn't believe it, don't be so fucking stupid I'm not gonna really shit I don't need a fucking potty.

'So now Deb. knows what she really wants.

And it's not what she thought she wanted.

She thought it was a shit she wanted but really it was a beautiful baby.

As David looked whilst Deb. bent over on all fours he could see the head.

Deb. its there I can see the baby's head.

Deb. new all she had to do was one good push and the head would be right out and able to take its first breath.

And just one second push and out shot the whole baby now laying there on the floor in front of them.

So you see that's what the key is really for, the answer to life not the answer to how to get things you think you need to make your miserable little life happy.

The key is to you, the key is to your belief system.

Know wonder people go crazy with this knowledge they open the door with out knowing what the door really is.

So how can that info help you in your life.

For a start you have to see what things are, what things do ,why things are,

And how they affect you.

But first you must discover you.

What dose you mean?

Check it out folks, they say you should know.

Here is a good example.

Deb. read this book by a bloke called John Allegro, he was working on the dead sea scrolls in the 50s

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He was well in with the Church of England, that is until he started writhing about his findings.

Once the church found out about his findings they chucked him out of the church and branded him a mad man.

So what did he find that was so terrible.?

He discovered that the normal beliefs of mankind were very simple ways.

He discovered that early mankind believed in nature the power of all that was natural.

They believed that the father was the sky and the mother was the earth, and when it rained,

This was the father fertilising the mother to bring forth children upon the planet.

The children were all that grew upon the earth i.e. all the plants.

They were true believers in the power of i.e. sex .fertilisation

They also believed in the children of the mother and father to be powerful gifts for mankind.

They were thankful for all the plants that nature produced.

They had a shaman that would know the properties of each herb and plant.

One of the now most famous sons of god was a psychoactive mushroom called Jesus.

Yes this is obviously quite devastating news for the Christian faith.

To discover that their pious faith was founded by a cult that were bang into sex and drugs.

Ha fucking ha ha ha.

God bless that man.

Just think of it Jesus wasn't a man at all but a well tripey mushroom.

There truly is a god hallelujah let it rain.

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This knowledge did empower me quite a bit I mean for a start all that crap about Jesus being a man,

Oh yeah like women could never be that great or some thing.

And just think of all them stupid laws that have been so vigorously enforced by the church.

I felt like it was a revaluation of my time.

The thing is it's so simple, yet people just don't want to even discuss it Evan in this day and age.

To me now with this knowledge it makes a lot of things so much easier to understand.

I just can't believe I'm like the only one to understand the relevance of this information.

I wrote a song about it. It's called Johnny grow a leg, its wicked I can only hope that you all get the chance to hear it one day.

We have the key now. This is my belief system and you all create your own this is my gift to the world.

My world that I have created with my head.

Off with her head.

So Mary created a world for Dave the alien to live safely in his world, she then entered his world as Deb.,

His beloved, what then was Mary? His world? His planet? No it was his fucking wife.

Now this is where Deb truly finds her self, where? stuck in the middle of Dave's alien planet? Or a whole new concept.

That's the hole trip life is how you see it.

So my body is like a space ship that can transport other beings to this planet.

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That's why theirs one way to earth you gotta give birth. (Terse chorus 3)

I am a female so I can fully comment on that side of life.

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The key turns on the body. It can instinctively know what to do.

How do I fly this thing?

That's a good question says Mary.

Why don't you try and communicate with it, get to know where the controls are and what they do.

Deb. thinks, are they my feelings.

They are what ever you want them to be. You can do what ever you believe in.

Well that sounds like I'm stalling the engine.

What would Dave say?

Zen. Too much revs.

Don't think feel.

Try a story from the past and learn what we can.

Oh no way this all sounds like bollox to keep me locked inside my self.

I was at gypsy hill living now at no1 sainsburry rd.

The first girl to worm her way in to this male dominated squat.

I had one little box room on the middle floor, the day I moved in I painted it black including the window pains ceiling and door.

Then I put in a double bed facing the centre wall.

Making it look like a four poster bed using shiny dark green curtains.

On the wall in front of the bed I splattered white paint, it looked like deep space.

I also put some up side down crosses on the other walls painted in white,

And on the window pains.

It was dimly lit with one of those big old silver larva lamps.

It looked brilliant.

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I went round to tell my new best friend what I had done, this was fanny at no7
bristow road.

She was completely wild eccentric and neurotic a real blitz kid she lived for
old-fashioned granny cloths and red crazy colour. When she got up she was
small eyed and face less after an hour bouffonting and heavenly applying
some wicked make up, she would turn out looking fantastic.

Any way she had her religious christen brother coming to visit for the first time.

I was just explaining about the up side down crosses, and she was not
amused.

So off I went home to my wonderful room.

I was sitting on my bed and there was a knock at the door, come in .

It was Paul.

Hi deb. I like your room, yeah its great have you got any acid I replied.

Do you fancy doing a trip with me in this far out room Paul?

It's my birthday I was 17 yesterday.

Wow yeah I have got some more of those yellow window pains, here are we
can have one each.

Thanks Paul.

We both drooped a tab and began to talk about real spiritual things. I don't
know how long it took before we were tripping.the bed was now floating
towards the deep space wall I could hear Paul and he could hear me we were
still talking when we both realised our mouths weren't moving,

Wow Paul I didn't know this could happen I said in my head, Paul then said in
my head.

Yeah I have done it before just relax and go with it let it happen.

The night was amazing we exchanged info about our amazing flying machines, each limb had a function.

Every aspect of our selves controlled an other direction, keys to exploring and controlling what we wanted to happen.

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Paul was like a wise old man, he had been celibate for 2 years the (w)hole question of sex was non-existent which was nice.

That next morning I felt in touch with every thing, I loved everything, I saw a spider on my window I picked it up & spoke to this beautiful creature I love you spider.

Life was so good I just had to go and shear my new knowledge with fanny.

I went in elated I came out deflated, oh you pleb deb. that Paul's doggy, sue listened to him and she right lost it. He is a dam reject he was a Krishna in Amsterdam he thinks he's a big guru or some thing.

I went back to my room to tell Paul, but he had gone, he was nowhere in the house.

I was pissed off I felt abandoned and that the things fanny had said could all be true, & the night didn't even happen maybe.

Sitting on the edge of my bed I was looking down,

& there on the floor was a rizla packet starring up at me with what looked like some hand writing in pencil.

I picked it up and read some thing like this.

Deb. don't feel sad it really did happen Paul.

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chapter 5 /Mary comes clean.

Well this seemed to do the trick , said Mary.

I wasn't sure what to say so I just said some thing dum like, what are you talking about?.

You wrote this book deb. It's your body we are all living in at the moment.

Yes but did I invite you all in my body, I pause and remember the facts.

I am deb. , you are the readers.

I must be careful how I portray my self at this or any moment in time.

No fuck it there is no lore against fictional writing stay with me on this one don't read it to fast, or you might just get the picture and try and tell some one else you have the key.

Here's the question.

Decipher the problem of knowing?

And if you don't know you haven't got a problem.

Thoughts travel quicker than the speed of light.

Simple, think in the dark.

What I'm trying to say is Mary has an uncontrollable urge to want to protect me from some thing and I'm not sure what that is.

But after reading an earlier chapter I think it might be the cage she made for Dave.

If some one gave him the key he could escape.

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You see a long time ago in history before Dr boots the chemist and his bunch
of happy medical profession existed

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Mary asked if that was before Christianity?

I don't know says deb., ask Dave he will find out more about the early MEd's.

Is it important or are you just sidetracking me.

Man kinds history is linked to its body and the treatment it can go through

Disease is the reason why I am here says deb.

Let us under stand what is wrong with the world for it is your body and your
mind that can cure the madness of your planet.

What a load of bi polar mood swing disorder that sounds like says deb.

How can I heal my self says the world.

In one voice the world speaks through one person.

In one voice the world speaks through every person

I wake in the morning you wake in the morning,

No we all wake all the time at different times that are the same.

So where is this leading us up the Internet, and down the super hi way and
straight into Dave the aliens head.

It's quite simple should he stay or should he go.

Will he continue to believe in a nutter?

has he found the goddess?

Stay tuned to next weeks-thrilling adventures of Dave in space.

Who left the cage open will Dave know it

Or will Mary shut it before he susses out deb. is his planet,

The key is out there can deb. find it.?

In other words what a bummer the book is just fiction.

If this was life we could make a mint with this info hay Dave? Says deb. now standing on a cheese roll dressed as a fireman and sucking a lollypop.

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Is that what the doctors want to know. why do people become ill? are we like ginypigs?

Do they have all the arenas they think they have? did we all just freak out and die before they invented proper medical insurance.

Are we coming back round to conspiracy theories the old order foresters and masons.

Hell no.

Don't waist your time on that crap .it is time for utopia, get with the program buddy.

Women are all goddess it's worth remembering.

It's hard to for-get as I sit here amongst the beings of my time.

The more knowledge you cram in and keep to your self the lonelier you become.

Then one day you spit it all out of your head in one long illogical sentence.

Then you wonder why no one can understand you, alone on this lonely planet.

Deb sings the blues, deb has a wank, and deb tells the world about it, deb fills a true sense of relief.

So they ask her what the books about.

She is famous now in all the hip mags and on the lips of every media bod worldwide.

Well says deb to Richard and Judy one Wednesday morning.

I was hoping people would read it and tell me the answer .is it about you who I don't know or me who I know even less of?

I WROTE A SONG CALLED WHATS IT ALL ABOUT,the next line was tell me.

Well thanks deb that's all we've got time for this morning.

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I just want to sing and dance and entertain you I was born to be an entertainer I cant help it gives me what I need in life to be at the centre of focus amongst my self.

Some of my best ever performances have been in front of just me or maybe one other person.

There is always a set and always an audience lights camera action.

I cook I sing I make up I play it down I want to know you are you with in me.

The girl stops what she is doing and looks up.

Above her is a stair way three stairs up a naked man holds on to his penis with a firm grip his cock is throbbing as he watches 2 women tung each other and slap each others tit's gently.

Open your legs wider he shouts at them and the girls do ..

They both straiten their legs and point their toes.

At the same time spreading their legs wider.

The man lays on top of them and sticks his cock up the bigger ones arse hole,

Ah she cries as he shafts her bum as the other girl sucks her clit.

She is going to come says the man, stop liking her clit he says.

No you bitch suck it she shouts as she pushes down the girls head into the deep wet throbbing bushy cunt suck my clit and pull my tits, while this cock goes up my arse.

The girl licks and sucks as she shoves a dildo into her own wet pussy.

Cut cries the director this ones losing wood, for fucks sake man cant you keep it up for one more frigging take , we have got to bag this bitch.

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By this point the naked man is defeated, but the ladies are happily coming in harmony and sincrinized spasms.

Ah ah ah ah .

Thank you ladies that will be all for to day.

Go get me a bacon double cheeseburger Jo I'm starving.

You know it didn't really go like that I just got tell you how it did go.

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Dave sat up and said go on,are you sure you don't mind.

Mind about what all the sex and stuff any one else would maybe not be able to handle it.

Yeah but we are grown ups in a consenting world .

Yeah but not much consenting goes on especially when you cant talk .

Is this book about sex yes it is it is about me being free as a woman to enjoy sex .

Sex is a build up of emotion in the erogenous zones until you explode with a wet physical reaction.

It fills very pleasant is this a bad thing?

Why must we not acknowledge these desires of the body.

Maybe they bring about stirring's that bother people.

Some where in the deep end of sex there are answers for us all but its like witch craft unexplored territory forbidden by Christianity and god.

Why what great powers does it hold for us.