

ANGELO LOVEFULL

AN EXTREMELY DANGEROUS CHILD

BOOK 3

EVIL DEMOLISHED,

GOOD BUILD UP

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CHAPTER 1

NICK AND DAVID: “FRIENDS IN NEED, FRIENDS IN DEED”

It was a fine morning on the 11th of September. Not that September 11th, in which the Twin Towers were brought down. No. It was another September 11th, in which my life was brought up. What do I mean? I 'll explain immediately.

I was on the boat, which would take me from Piraeus Port to the island of Poros. Only two hours cruise. Though everything was so fine, the light fresh breeze was blowing and stroking my face, my head, my entire body. Though it was so shiny, so much light around me, I, I mean my mind, was heavy, very heavy, with distress, hopelessness, unhappiness, to say the least.

Let me introduce myself. I am David Faithfull, around 60. Not that David who defeated the gigantic Goliath. I am not that arrogant ... I am a simple man, an ordinary person. But I must confess to you that deeply in me, in my heart, there is burning a craving to defeat Goliath, a monstrously strong established state of things, which destroyed my life, the most precious element in my life. That's how I came to this despair, this deep sadness in my mind.

You could say -in a humorous or rather ironic disposition of mind- How can a David Faithfull end up to such weak and faithless state of mind. You 'll soon know about it.

So, I was on the boat, on the upper deck, and in five minutes the boat would enter the

port. As I told you, the cruise lasted only two hours. When the boat docked and the sailors threw the thick ropes on the land, for the people down there to tie them on the iron pillars to help the captain straighten the boat on the deck, all the passengers, we moved towards the staircase to step down and out of the boat. So, after a few minutes, I was putting my foot on land. I was among the last passengers to come out, and so I faced the people who were ready to board on the boat for the return trip. First, before we, the last passengers, moved out to the last one, the new passengers moved to enter the boat. Among them, just a few meters before me, I saw my beloved friend Nick, Nick Resist, his full name, who was moving towards the boat. He saw me, he opened his arms and hugged me lightly.

-Dear friend! Good morning! How is that you are on the island? How happy I am to see you again after sometime.

-I am not as happy as you look, I replied with a sad smile.

-What's the matter with you? he asked.

-Don't you remember, I responded somewhat bitterly, that you invited me to come to the island, visit you in your house and stay there for sometime, but though I sent you a message on the day before yesterday, and also yesterday, you didn't respond? Not a word. That's why I am unhappy.

-I see, responded my friend. I understand, but I have an excuse. Something happened that completely changed my plan to spend the autumn in my house on the island. I decided that, soon as I would reach Piraeus, and back home, I would immediately call you to tell you what changed my plan and decision. Now tell me what is your plan. Why are you here?

-I came to visit you and stay with you for some time.

-That's impossible, he answered. I am going back.

-Well, I said, do you think it would be possible to give me the keys and stay in your house alone for sometime? I need it.

-For how long? he asked.

-Perhaps for the rest of my life, if you can give me a room where I could stay without annoying you, where my presence would not disturb you in the least.

-Well, he said, that's not impossible, but please tell me is there a matter with you that makes you decide to leave in retreat and solitude on a remote place far from your house and your people?

-Yes there is a reason. A serious reason.

-If you can tell me about it, let's go on the boat, sit in the sitting room and talk. The boat will sail off in half an hour. We have plenty of time to say everything we have to say.

-I agree.

So we both moved into the boat, up the stairs and into the sitting room of the boat. But as it was relatively warm outside and very sunny, I suggested to my friend that we could go up to the upper floor of the boat and sit in the sun and fresh air. He agreed, and so, we are now up on the top deck of the boat, enjoying a most beautiful view of sea, sky, mountains and plains. The view was breathtaking indeed and for a few moments, I was out of my negative state of my mind, or rather completely out of my mind. I was feeling the presence of something internal that it was me, and that me was that presence. What an experience! I could not tell anyone, even my friend, about it. He would need words to understand me, but I had no words for this experience. So, I didn't say anything. I asked him to wait for me for a few minutes, and then I would tell him. I would answer his question. So it happened.

- Well, my dear friend, you want to know the cause of my unhappiness. I'll tell you.

My daughter died.

He said nothing. I felt he was a bit shocked.

At 22 a flowering girl, I added. The apple of my eye. My joy, my purpose of life for the rest of life, short or long rest. Now, I feel that this rest of my life will be very short.

- I see you are in despair, said my friend. Are you in despair? Am I right?

- Yes, you are right. This is despair. I am desperate.

- And how this despair has to do with your decision, to live in isolation, in self retreat, far from your house, in my house, in my remote house on this island?

- Well, my hope is that solitude and time will reduce my pain. Will cure my wound.

But I am not sure.

- Well, well, well ... my friend responded with a smile on his lips.

- Why are you smiling, I asked him.

- Oh! Ha ha. You noticed it. I am very glad you can see it. You are in a state of objective observation, of an awakened mind. I did not know that despair could lead to such a good state of mind.

- It's not the despair, I replied. It's what happened a few moments before.

- What happened?

- I can't explain it in words. It was an experience. Call it a mystical experience. I felt my existence beyond the mind and for a moment, despair and all similar thoughts and feelings disappeared. It seems that after this experience, I can see things, faces, facts as they are.

- How would you call it, my friend said. Objective consciousness. That's a good word for it. I like it. So, now let's come back to the main issue. Do you know? Can you tell

me, why your daughter died?

- Coffee, i said.

- What do yo mean, coffee?

- The diagnosis was that there was so much caffeine in her blood, it damaged some brain cells and Alice developed a certain small paralysis. She was not very conscious of her movements. She walked unsteadily and a week ago, as she was walked on the veranda of the apartment on the third floor, at some movement, I don't know how, she fell over the low wall of the veranda to the ground. Smashed, dead.

- Do you mean, she committed suicide?

- I don't know. It may be, or it might be an unconscious, unintended movement, which made her lean out very low and fall over. I don't know.

- Very, very sad, my friend said and I felt he meant it. I sensed he was moved. I think I saw some water in his eyes.

We stayed silent for sometime. Then I felt I had to break the silence and said,

-Now, please tell me. It's your turn to tell me what made you change your plans and left the island to come back to the city.

- I will tell you. But before that, I will ask you, if you remember the facts about the death of my son. He was 25 and engaged to your daughter when he died. Do you remember?

- Of course. It was cancer in his lungs.

- Correct. And do you know the cause of this cancer?

- I suppose smoking.

- Correct. Had I told you about it?

- No, but I remember him smoking, heavily. A kind of addiction.

- Correct. A kind of addiction for the last year of his life.

- Because of? I asked.

- Because of failure. A professional failure which wounded him madly. He felt losing the perspective of his life. We are all so limited in our understanding of life, in this so-called western civilization.

- I understand, I said.

- Now. On the main issue. Why did you decide to come back and leave the island?

- Oh! Now you come to the good news, that I have to tell you.

- Good news?

- Yes. For some time now, I 've been listening to Angelo Lovefull talks from the radio. Did you happen to hear any of his talks?

- No. Never. Who is that Angelo Lovefull strange name?

- He is a boy of fourteen. A very good nutritionist already. His mother, a famous nutritionist and psychologist, a most beloved radio speaker, taught him everything. Through his talks, he healed many many people from very bad states of health.

- Because of bad nutrition only?

- Basically yes. But he always insisted that the right nutrition, mainly vegetarian, salads and some beans, must be combined with a healthy way of life. Which means some physical activity every day, that would make the heart beat hard and the lungs breathe deeply, and an optimistic concept of life, based on compassion, love, sharing and liberation from all negativities. He insisted on liberation from negativities, because he believed, he was telling us, that these negativities are pushing people to coffee and tobacco and alcohol. This lack of meaning of life in our civilization is a very painful deprivation that people

suffer, and many of them, under the influence of others, and of course of the advertisement, out of imitation, out of ignorance, they fall into coffee, alcohol, tobacco, meat eating, fat items, bacon etc. Big dangers for our lives, for the lives of the young mainly. Many adults have gone through these addictions, but later, either because they suffered from it, or because they came under higher influences, out of imitating the examples of healthy wise people, they managed to get rid of these addictions, survive and enjoy the short or long rest of their life.

- Well, I said, I absolutely agree. I respectfully bow to what you say.

- Not to what I say, but what Angelo Lovefull says in his talks, and which most people, I mean informed people, know, by now, and spread it as much as they can, true?

- Yes, true.

- But nobody talks against these addictions, so gratefully, so lovingly, so compassionately as Angelo Lovefull does. We already know, what he says is true. But the way he talks about it, the vibrations of his compassion are awakening our mind, are somehow almost inciting us to act against these evils.

- What do you mean act? Are you up to something? Do you plan some activism in this matter?

- Until a few days ago, I was really perplexed. I felt the tendency to move to action, but I had no idea what action I would take up. I didn't know what to do. Go to a radio and talk? Start my own web radio and talk to a few people, or ... I didn't know. Well, this has disappeared now. This perplexity, this uneasiness, this confusion about what I could do, almost disappeared. That's the good news I spoke to you about.

- Can you tell me exactly what do you mean?

- Yes, I will. A few days ago, there appeared in London, an association, a group of people who are sponsoring and promoting any kind of peaceful activity against these evils, in their hope to reduce them and perhaps stop them ... make them disappear from our life, especially from the life of the young.

- Mmm, interesting. What then?

- Then it happened something unexpected. Thousands of people subscribed to this association, to their digital site called Acts For Life. They visit their office, they organize events, talks in big halls, in theater halls, in hotel conference rooms etc, and there is so much good vibrations in the atmosphere, that their movement will probably obtain its goals. And many people want to participate, to contribute in any way they can, in any way offered by others, or discovered by themselves, to help the movement. You see? What do you think? Isn't it good news?

I said, - Yes, good news. But ... they came too late for me.

I broke into tears. My friend respected my state of mind, my pain and its expression and stopped talking.

After sometime, I came back to myself again and asked calmly, - And why do you come back to town?

- Just for the same reason. I want to participate, to contribute to this very humanistic, very positive movement, very healthy, very wise. At last, after all this big terrible brain washing through advertisements, through influential people appearing on TV and exhibiting their habits of smoking, alcohol consumers and coffee addicts. At last! A reverse movement.

- And have you a plan? Have you found some activity in which you will participate?

- No, I have found nothing. I only feel, and feel it very strongly, that I must be there,

in the heart of the movement. There will be an opportunity for me to contribute. This is how I feel. You understand? I must help to destroy this evil, which killed my ...

- I do understand and I respectfully bow to your feelings, to your decision to contribute to the movement. I wish I could act the same way.

- Thank you, dear friend. Thank you.

At that moment, a loud voice was heard from the loud speakers.

Announcement to all people on board. The boat will sail off in five minutes.

All visitors on board are kindly requested to leave the boat. Thank you.

I got up and turned around. - Stop, my friend said. Where are you going without the keys of my house? Here they are. And he offered me the keys of his house.

- I 'm not going out of the boat, I replied. I am going down to pay a ticket for the return trip.

- What do you mean?

- I come back to city with you.

- Wonderful! What a change of mind. Am I responsible for this change?

- Of course. Mainly. The other cause is that moment, that mystical experience I told you about.

- OK. OK. Go buy your ticket.

I stepped down the stairs and bought my return ticket.

CHAPTER 2

ANGELO DETAINED AND QUESTIONED

At home. It is five to six and I am standing, not sitting, before TV. My friend had told me before we parted on board the ship, - At six o'clock, you can listen to Angelo Lovefull talk at Lightspark Radio TV Net.

So, in five minutes the talk started. Angelo Lovefull was really an angel, as if he came out of a picture of Michelangelo. So beautiful, so innocent, so alive, so aware. His eye, his glance was penetrating and at the same time healing. Oh! It was a cure for all my wounds, just to look at him. I have no more words to describe this experience. It reminded me my own experience on the boat some hours ago. During my trip back, my friend Nick gave me his pocket tape recorder, the one the journalists use, when they record the voices of other people, and allowed me to listen to some parts of talks by Angelo Lovefull.

I was already familiar with his tone of voice and the wonderful vibrations of compassion that he vibrated. As for the content of his talk, it was as amazing and as healing as his look and voice. He talked to the depth of your mind and made you feel that you can change everything in your life, by only allowing this depth which he stared in your being, to come out and take up action and bring down everything wrongly put. And then put it right up again.

This was the feeling I took from his talks. I immediately understood the enthusiasm

of my friend about Angelo and his zeal and willingness to participate in the movement that had taken a form of association for positive activity in our society. The movement called Acts For Life. But during this talk, I heard nothing about this movement, this association, any acts for life that took place or are taking place in the city or in the country.

So, during a recess of the talk, I rang up my friend, told him about my wonderful experience of listening to Angelo but at the same time, I wondered what is the movement he wants to contribute, to participate, to support and what relation did it have with Angelo.

He answered, - Wait for the second part of the talk and you 'll see by yourself. I rang up because the second part was almost started.

This second part of Angelo's talk was usually called *Positive Activities for a new Civilization*, as the presentator named it, just before Angelo started this second part of his talk. When he did, he mentioned that beyond all expectations, hundreds of thousands of people had sent messages to the association Acts For Life, signing their consensus, their agreement, their enthusiasm for the association and its activities. The main issue of its activities during this week was called "Stop Smoking". He mentioned many facts, many data, which prove that smoking causes lung cancer, even during the third decade of people's lives. If someone gets addicted to smoking for one of the other reason, there is a big probability of developing lung cancer. He talked about the great sorrow of people around this suffering person, parents, brothers and sisters, grandpa and grandma and all friends or relatives. Angelo was so compassionate and so much moving his listeners when he talked about the great sorrow of the relatives of the young people deceased from lung cancer, that I came to tears. Lots of tears running down my cheeks, down to my throat, to my chest. You may say, we understand, it was not for these people. It was for your own daughter. You are

right.

Soon after the end of the talk, my friend rang up. I felt, I sensed he had cried a lot during the talk. The tone of his voice betrayed it to me. He only asked. - How did you like it? I said, - Very, very much. He replied, - Perhaps we may talk later. Now, I need to rest.

-Fine, I said and finished the talk.

When he rang up again in the evening, he started immediately talking seriously without even a greeting, slowly and stressing each one of his words. He said, - Do you understand that we are all responsible for this evil? For the death of thousands and thousands of young and adult people from smoking? I said, - After the talk of Angelo, I understood it. Yes. We are responsible. We have accepted this state of things quite irresponsibly, indifferently, as if it was something coming from Heaven, something impossible to act against, to stop it, or at least to denounce it, to protest against it. He asked,

- What do you mean protest? Individual protest, individual denouncement?

- No, no, no. I don't mean that. That would be completely inefficient, completely weak, impotent. I mean some very important denunciation, very important protest, which could affect our way of facing this evil, to shake our compromise with it. My friend was very moved.

- Say nothing more, because what you say, is just what I have in my mind. You have taken all I had to tell you, and you give it back to me, to me who was ready to talk to you like that. Isn't it strange? Are we having one mind? What happened?

I was really glad, excited about the words and the feelings of my friend. We had one mind. How wonderful! What a power in my heart, and of course in his heart. My friend said, - I can't talk more, I 'm so moved and so excited about what you said, which was what I said

in my mind before I had the chance to tell it to you. It's time to be responsible, at last. You give me the power to be totally responsible, unequivocally, uncompromisingly responsible for this evil. Good night.

I was joyfully shocked at his words and a bit wondering about what he actually meant. If what he said was not only words, but a decision to express, to make clear his responsible participation and denunciation and demonstration against this evil, what could he mean?

The next day, at the nine o'clock news, I listened to something which was not one of the ordinary news. Photos showed a very big store ground floor building near the port. They also showed smoke inside the building. Not a big fire, high flames, only smoke and smoke and smoke. What happened? The previous day, a big cargo ship had unloaded a very big quantity of tobacco leaves, in big parcels, dressed in linen stuff. Workers with lark machines had transported the big parcels into the store house and placed the one upon the other, in layers, long and high. It was a very big quantity of tobacco leaves. Dozens of tons. In the store building there were already a big quantity of parcels of tobacco leaves as the speaker explained. What happened? What was the smoke problem? It was not a problem. It was a catastrophe. A financial catastrophe. Nobody was injured.

Research showed that a small fire was put on in two or three parts of the tobacco leaves layers, probably late in the evening, about the time when the workers had finished their work of transporting the parcels from the boat into the building. And researchers concluded that this slow fire without flame had burned slowly, during the entire night, and destroyed the entire stock in the building. The company of the store house calculated a quantity of two hundred tons of tobacco leaves burned out.

A police officer said, there was a research going on, but they had not any suspicions against anyone from the transport workers of yesterday, and so no one was arrested or detained. The news were really impressive and several specialists were asked and replied to questions of the news presentator. One official from the company said that this quantity of burned tobacco leaves, would give, after processing, about two billion boxes of cigarettes. That was also an impressive piece of news. You know, numbers are always impressive, and responsible people, bureaucrats, officials, TV presentators insist on mentioning numbers. For example, so many died in this or that incident or battle or anything. They never talk about the meaning behind this incident or battle or reason, or how it could be avoided. No. They insist on the number, which may change from moment to moment, from hour to hour, from day to day and they will report any such change of these numbers very accurate. What a poverty of the mind reduced to absolute and sole respect for numbers.

Well, I got out about eleven and went round to buy my salad for the lunch, and for some other chores. Back at home at about twelve thirty.

I thought of inviting my friend to a good vegetarian lunch, rather vegan, because it would consist only of row veg food items. But then I thought of the distance he would have to make to come to my house. He was living a little bit far away from me. So, I decided not to make the invitation and leave him alone. But I was sure that we would meet on the phone before six o'clock, so that we get sure for our common listening of a talk of Angelo Lovefull. It happened. At ten to six he rang me up. He asked, - Are you at home by your TV, for Angelo's talk?

- Oh yes. How else could it be? I said.

- Fine, enjoy it. We talk after the talk.

Well, the talk started as usual with the wonderful greetings by Angelo Lovefull wishing everybody health, joy, love, wellness, friendship and all mothercentric feelings and attitudes to life, as he called them. Mothercentric. He often explained that the world we live is mainly based on patriarchal values, attitudes, concepts: Strength, power, superiority, aggression, victory etc. Which he denounced as anti-human values, unnatural for the human level. It is natural, he said, for the big and small fish in the sea, for the lion and the deer in the jungle, but not for humans. Well, I came in touch with his ideas in his first talk and it was so sweet for me, for my heart to listen to them again in this second of my listenings to Angelo Lovefull's talks.

After the greetings, he said.

- Now the second part of my talk, "*Positive Activities for a New Civilization*", will start right now and not in the second part of my talk as usually. Why? Because there are great news relative to this subject. You all know about the burning of hundreds of tons of tobacco leaves which, as specialists said, would produce when processed, a quantity of two billion boxes of cigarettes. Are you happy about that? You, fighters for a non smoking culture, for the prevention of dozens of thousands of death caused by tobacco smoking in our city and many more in our country. I know you are happy. I am happy too. Let's celebrate these facts. It is a vary good thing that no one was injured and that this destruction took place in a way that no human being was put in danger. I will not talk about the financial loss of the owners, of the importers of the tobacco leaves, for the whole sale and retail markets, shops that would sell these million of boxes of cigarettes. We could say that this financial loss is a just payment for all the evil these tobacco importers and tobacco sellers have done to millions of people through their evil activity. Of course, they will be

paid for the loss by their insurance company.

Both me and my friend were really excited and moved by these words of Angelo, and I suppose hundreds of thousands, or perhaps one or two million listeners would feel the same. It was known that Angelo's talk at six o'clock every afternoon was viewed and listened by a big number of Londoners, and in nearby towns.

Now let's talk no more about me and my friend, and let's go to a police station, not far away from the radio station where Angelo talked. One of the police officers used every afternoon to go to a small room and listen to his portable radio to Angelo's talk every evening. He had never talked about it to his colleagues. He enjoyed these talks on his own, but this time, he felt it was necessary, it was imperative to talk to the head officer of the police station. So, he took his portable radio and went to his office. The head officer was there. The policeman asked him to listen to Angelo's talk for a while. He agreed. When he listened to Angelo's words and the tone of celebration for the fact of the burning out of the tobacco leaves and the big financial loss of importers, merchants, stores, shop owners, etc, he was strangely impressed. He could not express a definite feeling about it. So he asked the policeman,

- Why did you have me listen to this talk?

The policeman said, - Do you know about the association Acts For Life?

- I 've heard something, very little. Do you know anything more?

- Oh yes. It's not only an association. It's not only words and words as usual. It's activism. They have done several half-illegal activities, and so we couldn't denounce or stop or arrest or question any participants. I 'll tell you more about it.

The head officer said, - Can you give me details about it? Can you write a report with

these half illegal activities?

- Yes, I will do. But not now. Now, I must tell you my suspicion.

- What suspicion?

- This association has thousands, dozens of thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands of followers. People are enthusiastic about their way of talking and behaving in their conferences and meeting places. No one of them or the participants smoke, nobody drinks coffee, alcohol, bottled refreshments or eat hamburgers, meat, fish-and-chips. They do big events, where they serve only cocoa, pomegranate juice and other juices, herbal teas etc., but never coffee or alcohol. No member ever smoke in public or privately, among them. It's a very strong health-feeding movement indeed. They call it ethical movement

The head officer said, - Mmm, and where is the half-illegality in all these activities?

- The illegality is in the wording to support these activities.

- What about the wording?

- It's very anti-conformist, anti-establishment. I have already recorded some talks and I 'll give them to you.

- OK. Do bring them to me, or just give me a summary of them. Right?

- Right.

- Now, go on with your suspicion.

- My suspicion is that because Angelo's talks are exactly on the same line with the wordings, the ideas, the attitudes, the feelings, the main persons of this movement Acts for Life, because they are completely aligned, I dare to suspect that the person who put the fire in the tobacco storehouse, is one of them and probably one very enthusiastic follower of Angelo's talks.

- Hmm. I see your way of thinking. And do you have a suggestion to make? A movement that police could make on the way to discover the person who put the fire, if there is a person who did it? Perhaps there is no one. Perhaps this fire happened by chance, by something that happened in the storehouse and which was not intended, nor committed by someone. A human mistake. Don't you think so ?

- Yes, perhaps. But only perhaps. We must take into account the other possibility. Perhaps someone did it on purpose, consciously, deliberately, and this one must be a follower of the association Acts For Life. The heart, the spiritual heart of this association may be Angelo Lovefull or at least Angelo Lovefull's talks. Do you see where I target?

- I see.

- How long Angelo's talk will last now?

- Till seven.

- OK, go to your office. You 'll have orders from me very soon. Go wait for me.

Thanks.

The policeman went to his office and was on the alert.

Now, let's go back to the radio TV station Lightspark, where Angelo Lovefull was talking. At some moment the telephone next to him rang. Angelo stops his talk to answer the phone. There is an open listening, so that everybody can hear from his own TV set the dialogue. There is a listener who says clearly with a great enthusiasm, that the comment of Angelo on the incident of the burning off of this big quantity of tobacco leaves which would give two billion boxes of cigarettes, this comment was a revelation to him. It was like he felt unblocked, like a feeling of fear, subjugation, inferiority, conformism, cowardice, all of that together, disappeared in a moment shock.

He said, - your radio TV station Lightspark is actually a light spark, a spark of awakening. It happened in my mind. I wish it happens to everyone's mind. Thank you Angelo Lovefull.

He hung up without expecting reaction from Angelo. He usually never expected calls during the talks, but it seems that the young lady behind the screen in the studio, felt like she should allowed this listener to talk to Angelo in the air, because she sensed the meaning of his talk to Angelo. She sensed how many many people would enjoy listening to him, since he already explained to the young lady what he was going to tell Angelo. This is how it happened that she allowed him to talk in the air, for millions of people to listen. After that, Angelo was informed by the young lady behind the screen in the studio that many many many calls were coming which she didn't pass to Angelo, and told people to write messages through email, viber, telephone messages, fax, everything. The numbers were known to the listeners because they appeared on the TV screen and so they could copy them or write their message while looking on the screen.

Angelo could not answer the phones, he said, but he assured people that incoming messages were so positive, so heartfelt, so enthusiastic about this event. Two billion boxes of cigarettes, he said, means reduced, very much reduced, number of deaths from lung cancer for the next few years. The tobacco importers after this big financial damage would need a long time to recover, and repeat the tobacco imports, if they ever did. Angelo said,

- You know that I am not talking about such incidents in a simplistic Karma theory. I am not going to say, that the tobacco importers payed for the evil they have been doing for a few dozens of years, as listeners informed the managers of the studio. I will only say, let's forget about the past. I ask the merchants who suffered this big financial loss, to change the

object of their business. The lost tobacco was insured, so they will certainly cash a big sum of money for indemnity. Please, use this sum for dealing with a healthy product, with a creative activity. You all know me as a nutritionist. My mother educated me to the most healthy diet programs, and you know that one of the healthiest beverage you can have is cocoa drink. Bio cocoa. A spoonful of it in a glass of water, in which some almond powder has been diluted, and a teaspoon of cayen pepper. I heard that people who have founded the association Acts For Life, always serve cocoa beverage in their meetings, in conferences, in events, every time. Another very healthy beverage is pomegranate juice. Both of these beverages cost less than a cup of coffee and can be brought into our life through an investment that one could make for the import of big quantities of bio cocoa and pomegranate juice. I suggest that someone could do it. I can see messages which say that tomorrow there will be a celebration for this burning of the tobacco leaves at Kensington Square, and in the big conference hall of the nearby Veranda Hotel, where bio cocoa and pomegranate juice beverage will be served for only half a pound per cup. Let's celebrate the fact. Let's move on. Let's forget the past in which we unconsciously fell into unhealthy habits to say the least, I could say destructive habits, murdering habits, suicidal habits. And please, let me repeat, that behind the formation of these habits, there are big financial profits for those who deal with these items, tobacco and coffee and alcohol and drugs and everything. People fall into these habits through imitation of some influential people who have these habits. Now it's the time for some other influential people to show the general public, the audience of this radio TV station, our Lightspark, their healthy habits. Let them do it. We invite them here to the station, and let them enjoy a glass of rice milk, barley milk, herbal tea, cocoa almond milk or a glass of pomegranate juice. We have enough in our

studio and we offer them for free.

Now let's get out of the studio and go to the police station, where the head officer was attentively listening Angelo's talk. He turned off the radio, stood up and called the policeman to his office. When he sat down, the head officer told him, - I started feeling your suspicion may have a basis. The person who did the movement last night, which burned off the tobacco leaves store, must be one of the members of the organization Acts For Life. Just a suspicion, but I must consider the possibility that it may be true. What do you think we should do in that direction, to investigate for your suspicion? What do you think?

- It's a difficult question you are putting to me, the policeman said. I have no idea, where to start, how to start this investigation.

- Well, I have an idea, the head officer said. Tomorrow they have a big celebration in Kensington Square outdoors at five, and then at six they have another celebration indoors in the conference hall of their organization Acts For Life. Could you go there, both outdoors and indoors, as a simple citizen, no police uniform, just a simple citizen, and allow yourself to express enthusiasm, very big enthusiasm for what happened yesterday, for the destruction of the tobacco and the interior of the store building. Is it OK?

- That's OK.

- Well, you must be very extrovert, tell everyone how glad you are about it, and that you are ready to participate, to contribute in this activism and bring damage to unhealthy items sold in big quantities to the great public of London and the entire country. When you say that, take care that you are near the people who are the organizers, the main persons of the organization Acts For Life. Maybe one of them will be attracted by your enthusiasm and fanaticism about their ideas and goals, and think they could recruit you as an activist for

dangerous enterprises. If you manage to make them trust you, you may learn something very important about your suspicion as to who did the destruction last night. How do you like this idea?

- I like it. I'll do it.

- You are free for now. Goodnight.

- Goodnight.

The head officer, George Angery by name, looked at his watch. It was a quarter to seven. In a flash, he ran out of his office and into his car. He drove quickly and reached the radio TV station Lightspark at five to seven. It was not far away from his police station. He went directly to the studio and told Lucy, the young lady, and another person who were there, that when Angelo Lovefull finishes his talk, he would like to have a few words with him, before he goes out of the station.

The young lady, Lucy by name, talked to Angelo through a line they used to converse and told him not to go directly out of the channel building, but to come first in the studio, where the head officer of the police station of this area wanted to have a few words with him. By mistake, this message to Angelo was transmitted through the line which gave sound in the air. So a million of listeners heard it, though it was not intended for them to hear it. A few minutes later, Angelo finished his talk, greeted listeners with his usual-health, love, joy, and moved to the studio room as he was asked by the young lady. Well, the police officer introduced himself and asked Angelo to have a short talk with him, not here in the radio station, but in his own office in the police station, ten minutes drive from there, and then he would give him a lift home. Angelo consented willingly and stepped out of the building accompanied by the police officer.

Now, because of the previous message of the young lady, which was heard to everyone in the radio TV building, a cameraman, who immensely loved Angelo and his talks, came quickly out of his office and videoscoped Angelo Lovefull accompanied by the police officer in their stepping out of the building, and through to the moment when Angelo got into the police car and the officer moved off away. Then, he immediately went to the studio room and asked the young lady to broadcast this one minute video, so that everybody, all viewers and listeners could see this fact. Well, can you imagine what followed this broadcast? No. You can't. It's unimaginable. Viewers and listeners of the channel interpreted this video as a proof that Angelo Lovefull was arrested by the police and probably detained in the police station at a some room for transgressors of some kind.

Can you imagine the feelings of these people, who used to listen to Angelo talks every afternoon at six and enjoy a speech of the highest possible style and meanings, plus his advices for healthy nutrition, diet cures and many other advices for traditional home therapies, which had saved the lives of so many people who happened to listen to Angelo and practiced his suggestions? Of course, you can imagine their feelings, because you may have the same feelings right now, after you saw what happened, though you didn't interpret it as the listeners of the channel did. What you can't imagine, though, is their reaction, almost instantly after the one minute video was shown on the screen. Hundreds of people living near the channel building ran into it and asked the managers which police station Angelo was transported to. The young lady told them that it was the police station of exactly this area, about ten minutes drive from the building. Now, these people who entered the channel building, rang and e-mailed friends and told them which the police station was, where Angelo was transported to, and perhaps detained and questioned about a transgression

that no listener was informed about, or heard about.

After five minutes, hundreds, perhaps thousands of people were walking to the police station of the area. When they reached it, policemen blocked the entrance into the police station. The head officer was quickly informed about this commotion and decided to go out to the balcony of his office and talk to people who were just almost under the balcony a few meters away. He started talking to people, but he couldn't go on. People were shouting most loudly: "Set Angelo free. Set Angelo free".

It was impossible to make people stop shouting. So he asked a police man, - Bring me a loudspeaker. When he got it, he told people, - Please stop, I want to talk to you. *Set Angelo free, Set Angelo free*, was the deafening shout of the crowd. *Set Angelo free, Set Angelo free*. Now the policeman said, - I will set Angelo free, will you please stop shouting? Well, this worked. People shouted less and less and they stopped. - We brought Angelo Lovefull here just for a short talk with him. *What talk?*, someone shouted. *Questioning? Torturing?* Aaa ... aaa ... aaa, shouts of disapproval. - Please listen, the policeman said. It is our duty to investigate for the suspects of what happened last night till this morning. You know. The burning of hundreds of tons of tobacco leaves, a very big financial loss for the owners of this good. *It' is not good, it is not good, it is evil, it is evil*, shouts responded to his words. - Please, let me finish. Now, we are going to have a short friendly talk with Angelo Lovefull and ask him if he can have an idea for us where to start investigating for this financial crime. The audience broke into a big laughter. Some voices, *Angelo Lovefull suspect of a crime? Are you well in your mind? What are you saying? What are you doing?* -Please listen, the policeman replied through the loudspeaker. We must start from somewhere. Angelo Lovefull in his talks often referred to these items as evil and

destructive, murdering so many young and adult people. Because of these messages in his talks, the organization Acts For Life has proceeded to activities which are very close to criminality. *Uh, uh, uh*, a very big shout of disapproval, of anger, of indignation broke out at these words of him. Minds were getting hotter. The speech of the police head officer was a blatant failure. After his last words and though he had not finished his talk with the audience, with the demonstrators, a group of young people found an opportunity and pushed themselves inside the police station building. Their intention was to grab Angelo Lovefull and bring him out of the police station and to his house. They didn't know where to search. So they opened the first door they found before them. As they opened it, they saw five or six policemen near the window of the room, looking at the crowd outside and listening to the talk of their chief and the reactions and responses of the crowd. The young intruders asked the policemen,

- Where is Angelo Lovefull? Which room are you detaining him in? Open it. Now! One policeman, an aggressive one reacted badly, - Who allowed you in the police station? OUT. NOW. He moved on. The other policeman followed him. He pushed one of the young men by the door. He pushed hard and the young man fell over. The other young men of the group helped him stand up, and a fight started. A fist fight among the younger of the group and the team of the policemen.

Now, the man in the channel building who videoscoped the policeman accompanying Angelo Lovefull to his police car, had quickly driven to the place, as soon as he understood that people had been running to the police station. He reached the place just before the fight among the youngsters and the policemen started. He listened to the noises of the fight, the shouting, the insults and he moved in. He told someone who tried to stop him, - Reporter,

journalist. And the policeman didn't stop him. So he videoscoped the fight of the policemen and the youngsters. He also videoscoped the crowd outside the police station and the police head officer talking to the people, he recorded the shoutings of the crowd and very soon he managed to send parts of his videos through his gadgets to the channel. The channel people in the studio immediately broadcast these small parts of the reporter's video and now you will not be in a position to guess what followed.

The celebration that was announced for tomorrow afternoon started happening now, but it was not so much of a celebration as of a protest, a demonstration with the participation of thousands of people, perhaps a dozen thousand, and some time later two dozen thousand of people. Kensington Square and all the roads leading to it and near it, were full of people, anxious, angry, impatient about what was happening and what will happen next.

Now, the crowd before the police station was too big to be accommodated in the small area before the building, and they were pushing and pushing nearer and nearer to the entrance of the police station. The chief officer realized what was happening behind him, the fight among policemen and the youngsters who had entered the station. He wondered, - If those people pushing to enter the building, manage to get in, what would happen? He got panicked. He left the policemen fighting and went to the room where Angelo was detained. He asked him to follow him. They both went out of the building through the back door, quickly into his private car, and off as quickly as possible. He asked Angelo his home address and brought him there. He waited till he saw Angelo entering his home and then he left. Then he called the police station and told the policeman who answered, that Angelo Lovefull was brought back safe to his home and people should dissolve and go home.

The policeman took the loudspeaker and told people that Angelo was at his home

safe and healthy. Unfortunately people didn't believe him. There were so much excitement, so much anger, indignation, that people thought the policeman was lying and that Angelo was still detained in the police station. So, more and more people pushed in. Another big group of young men managed to enter the police station. They told the policemen, - Stop the fight. Can't you see? There are hundreds of us. Now, give us Angelo Lovefull right now!

The fight stopped. One of the policemen said, - We don't know where Angelo Lovefull is.

- Oh, you don't know. So, we have to find out by ourselves. Run friends! Young people ran to the corridors of the police station. Opened doors here and there. If some doors were locked, they broke them. Kicks and fists, backs and hips, doors were broken down, and wide open. The policeman, who had received the call about Angelo Lovefull safe back home, ran behind them telling them to stop destroying, and that Angelo Lovefull was back home safe. They wouldn't stop until they had searched all the rooms in the police station. Then they went downstairs. They were running in every space open or locked. They didn't find Angelo Lovefull, but the interior of the building was brought to ruins. The policeman insisted, - Angelo Lovefull is back home safe, believe me, please.

The cameraman videoscoped parts of all these incidents, sent them to the channel and people in the studio broadcast them to a very large public. People continued arriving around Kensington Square, talking among them, shouting slogans. Then, Angelo Lovefull safe at home, rang up the channel. He told them, - I am back home safe and well, the police had no time to interrogate me about the fire in the tobacco leaves store, which was their intention when they brought me to the police station. I don't know why they did it, but, well, it's finished. It's all well. Please announce it through the channel so that everybody listens and

so that people can quickly get out of this square and go back home.

And that 's what people in the channel did. They broadcast Angelo's message live, so that everybody can be persuaded that Angelo is well and safe back home and he didn't suffer any bad behavior at the police station.

CHAPTER 3

THE CELEBRATION BEGINS

Now, the reaction of the large public was not what Angelo suggested “go back home”. No. On the contrary, people got so joyful, so happy after listening to Angelo's voice, and message that they started a celebration. The time was already eight o'clock and it was getting dark, but that was exactly the atmosphere they wanted for starting a celebration, a big party. What did they do? They started singing and dancing on Angelo's Lovefull song which was so beloved to millions of people in London and around England.

You come, with us together
to take part in our joy of our feast
in our peace-making process
of the human friendship west and east

Together we put an end
In every war of every chief big or small
the end to all chiefdom
all kinds of violence, authority

Young ladies and daughters
wives suffering and mothers with orphans
deeply in heart wounded,
death-stricken by war-maniac crazy chiefs

Let us hold our hands
at last abolish all mischievous power
Our Direct Democracy
Stops every kind of war, authority.

People were so happy. For the first time in their life were expressing so much joy, happiness, positive feelings, brotherhood, freedom, liberation, anti-conformism.

Now at the center of the square there was a man standing up on a chair. He had asked and was given a chair from a nearby cafeteria. He held a big tablet in his hands, in which he had connected a headphone. Through another connection he could talk to people through the loudspeaker. So, as soon as people around him observed him standing up on the chair, they stopped shouting slogans and all talk, because they felt the man was willing to talk to them. So it happened. He said through the loudspeaker, so that many many people could listen and so that other people at the corners of the square could transmit what he was saying to people behind the square, on the streets leading to it.

He said, - Please listen. We just had a new message from Angelo Lovefull from the channel Lightspark. I have recorded it and I 'll transmit it to you now. He did it. So people around him listened to Angelo saying, - I am back home safe and well. So do not be anxious about me. Let your celebration go on. Enjoy your freedom.

That was all. That was enough for people to start transforming the protest into a celebration, into a feast, a big gigantic party. Everybody was shaking hands, hugging each other. People started dancing on the melody of the sound you have just heard, *You come with us together* The song was transmitted, transported from one group of people to another group and to another group and soon the entire square was full of people dancing on the melody of the song, and when the song finished, they restarted it and the dancing and the singing was unfinished.

Wonderful slogans could be heard. *No more addictions for their profit! No more deaths for their profit! Acts For Life! No acts for death! Acts For Life! Acts For Life!*

It was already past nine, so, because the crowd was growing around the square and for about half a mile in the streets leading to it, the officers, the authorities, started getting

anxious. They didn't know what to do about it. The head officer in the London centre police station, talked to the Security Minister through the phone. They talked for some time and it seems that they agreed on the line of action in this situation. So, then, the head officer was connected with one of the center channels in London and asked to talk through the channel, so that everybody, millions of people could listen. The connection was done. The officer said,

- We know what is happening in Kensington Square. Reporters and video reporters have described the situation. It is a commotion. We ask people to dissolve quietly and go back home. Everybody knows Angelo Lovefull is back home safe and happy. He was transported to the police only for a friendly talk with the head officer in his effort to find out how to start the investigation for the responsible person who did this horrible act, this financial destruction of a very big company. Two billion boxes of cigarettes is a value of four billion pounds. Well, now we kindly ask you to go back home. To end this protest, this demonstration, which seems to be in support of the criminal act that happened last night. There, he finished his talk.

The man standing on the chair transmitted it for everybody to listen but so many other people listened to this talk through their own mobile gadgets, so that almost everybody knew what was broadcast from this London central channel. Can you imagine the reactions? Oh oh! The man on the chair shouted through his loudspeaker.

- This is not a protest anymore, this is not a demonstration anymore, this is a feast, this is a party, this is a joyful celebration, a lovefull celebration. We invite everybody to participate. We celebrate our Acts For Life association, we celebrate an act of a life-saving individual, the act of destruction of two billion of boxes of cigarettes. We encourage such

acts for life, on condition they are peaceful, responsible and take into account the main principle. No human being must be harmed. Do not mind about money interests. People who have profited billions of pounds through these life destructive commercial activities, can find another section of investment. We can suggest to them some such activities, life enhancing activities, not death enhancing.

Urah, Urah, people shouted enthusiastically. It was clear that the man standing on the chair was a member of the association and his words had a weight, an influence upon people.

It seems that in the meantime, the head officer had gone to the central channel and was now sitting by the presentator and asked for the opportunity to talk to people. So he did. He said, - We have just had a report from the talk an unknown man had given to the demonstrators in response to our talk some time ago. It seems he is a member or perhaps a managing member of the association Acts For Life and it was clear that he encourages, he supports such criminal acts as the one of last night. This is illegal. We do not approve such activities, we are against them and we have to take measures against people who act that way. He stopped, because the presentator told him that they were connected to the Lightspark channel, where Angelo Lovefull was already there and listening to his talk. So, the connection was made and everybody could listen to Angelo's talking.

- Mr. Head officer, I just listened to your talk and the previous one, and I also listened to the talk of the man from the association Acts For Life, whom I don't know. I didn't know much about them till today, after what you said about them. Well, you said you will prosecute Acts For Life. You are against them. Are you perhaps for Acts For Death? Thank you for listening. And he stopped.

Well, his talk was broadcast through the central channel and millions of people listened to it. Now, can you imagine what happened in Kensington Square after that? You can't. People improvised strange, wonderful, amusing events as reaction to the talk to the police head officer. They brought with them from their homes imitation guns, they put on helmets and imitation soldier uniforms and shouted, - Mr. Minister supports us. We are acting for death. He loves us. Oh what a great man. How courageous. We love him. He supports us. He feeds us. Lots of money for us. For acts for death. Oh, what a man. And then people started dancing again and singing.

The man on the chair transmitted their words and events through his gadgets, and the reporters through their pocket recorders recorded it and transmitted it to the central channel. So, there was a dialogue between the celebrators and the channel and the police head officer. One woman asked the permission to talk through the loudspeaker of the man standing on the chair. He was willing to give her the microphone, he went down the chair so that the lady could stand up on it.

-Yes! Mr. Interior Minister. Yes! You are prosecuting Acts For Life. You are supporting and financing with millions and billions of pounds an entire crowd of lazy-bones soldier people, army, navy, aviation, but you have us women, mothers work hard ten hours a day away from our homes, our infants, our young children. I have to leave home at seven thirty to be in my job at a quarter to nine, and I have to leave my one year child sleeping alone, and I don't know how he will feel when he wakes up. I hope my mother will be there before he wakes up. But if she's not there, I really worry, I am anxious about him. So, Mr. Minister, you pay billions for lazy dogs soldiers and policemen whistle-blowers all around the country, not to secure our survival, but to destroy the possibility of giving this money to

young mothers, so that they don't work, so that they could stay at home with their young children for at least three years after their birth. This proves your deep disrespect for women, mothers and their wellbeing. This disrespect is the root for all evil. I support the activities of the association Acts For Life. I support them with all my heart. And from this moment I am with them. I am volunteering, I am willing to take up any activity that could shake the sleeping minds of the authorities and stop destroying us mothers, young women, older women, by hard work, forbidding us to enjoy the company of our young children and to cover their needs for the presence of their mother near them, for the first years of their life. Thank you Acts For Life for this great evening, for this great celebration of life. Thank you.

Can you imagine what a thundering applause followed her talk? Well, women on the square parted from men and made their own groups, only women groups, held hands and started dancing and singing, *You come with us together...*

After some time, the head officer talked through the central channel again. - This is my last warning and request. I am talking to the protestants and demonstrators in Kensington Square and all around London. It's late. Many people are on their beds and they want to sleep, so that they can get up early in the morning for their jobs. So please respect the right of the people residing around Kensington Square and all streets around it, which are full of protestants. I'll give you one hour to dissolve peacefully and go home, and let your neighbors enjoy their peace and quiet in their homes.

Now, listening to this, the crowd in the square broke into big laughter. The man standing on the chair spoke again and his speech was broadcast from the channel.

- What are you saying Mr. Head Officer? Everybody around Kensington Square and

the streets around it is down here dancing and singing. Why don't you come along? Participate in this life celebrating feast. You said you give us one hour to celebrate. You said, stop the protest. We are not protesting. We are celebrating. We are the winners. Why protest? We celebrate our victory. You are the losers now. So please, change your mind. Come down to the square and dance with us. We shall not beg you to give us one, or two, or three hours. We are not the sheep of big shepherds. We are free individuals. Acts For Life, I hope will support the entire population through their activities, their movement for liberation from addictions, not only to tobacco, but also addictions to alcohol, caffeine, drugs, meat eating, all kinds of carnivory, the submission to war and death activities of the top chiefs around the world. Chiefs wage wars, because of their ego-fights. I hope this movement will expand to all possible directions but mainly the direction the young lady suggested a few minutes ago from up this chair. Protection of women from hard work, long hours work every day, which damages not only their psychological health, but mainly the psychological health of their young children because of the absence of their mother at such a tender age. I wish there will be a big branch of the association Acts For Life that will be organized only by women and through which they will ask for their human rights. The acts for death of the big chiefs multiply death. They do not protect us from death. They cause death. Thank you for listening.

This talk was also broadcast for millions of people to listen and I can't go on describing the numerous wonderful events, singing and dancing that took place till late that night.

CHAPTER 4

EVIL AND GOOD CLASH

This is Saturday morning. The echoes from last night's festive celebration is in the minds and in the ears of many of the people who participated in the celebration or who viewed and listened to it through their screens. Of course, many people have a long morning sleep on Saturday, especially those who remained sleepless till late in the night or early in the morning, because of their participation in the celebration. Now it's almost eight o' clock and people who are already up, turn on the channel to listen to the eight o' clock news.

Well, a big surprise was waiting for them. The first piece of news was, that last night and during the whole night, something very extraordinary, very rare took place. It had never happened before in the history of England.

At six o' clock in the morning, a day keeper came to the very big store building of the company “Coffee Imports-Exports”, twenty miles downstream the Thames river near London. As soon as he unlocked the gate, so that he could get in and open the windows for the fresh air to get into the store, a very big quantity of water fell up on him and pushed him flat down on the earth. To avoid death, he gathered all his muscle power, rolled over, stood up on his feet and ran away from the huge quantity of water running out of the store building. He could only look at the water coming out for some time, unable to do anything else. Then he came to his senses and rang up the company. Nobody was in the office

Saturday morning. He called the Police Direct Action. They came. They stopped at a distance from the building, as the water was still coming out, but not with the first rush. It took about twenty minutes for all the water to come out and only one or two inches high water was remaining inside, because it couldn't come out from the main entrance gate. There was a protecting iron blade at the base of the gate and the rest of the water should be pumped.

That's what the police did. They called the Fire Brigade and told them about the situation. They came soon and they used their equipment to pump the rest of the water out of the building. It was watery, slippery and muddy outside the building, and nobody could easily get inside it. Very cautiously, some people of the Fire Brigade, with their appropriate high-boots and equipment, managed to get into the building, moving very slowly by small steps. What did they see inside the building? Thousands, dozens of thousands bags of coffee beans were deeply wet, fallen down soaked from the water, which had remained in the building, probably for many hours.

Their first conclusion was that someone or somehow a tap was left on since some hours ago, since last night, before the building was locked by the keeper for the night. This way or that, the news soon reached the "Coffee Imports-Exports" company people. Two of them ran quickly to the place, stepped very cautiously into the building and they had a shock. A very big shock. They were the owners of the company and based on the logistics data they knew about the store, they calculated and they told the police and other people around, that about a hundred thousand bags of coffee were brought to nothing. The damage was calculated to a very big sum of money about ten million pounds. As for the cause of the incident, they could not say a word. Of course, they accepted what the keeper told them, that

as soon as he entered the building this morning, after the water was pumped out, the first thing he did, was to go to the toilet's space, where he found two taps running and which he turned off.

So, the question was, how did it happen that the taps were left on since probably last night. The water had reached about one meter high up the ground, because the taps were left on just before or after the locking of the gate by the keeper.

Now, after these news were first broadcast, journalists and cameramen ran down to the place, photographed the building and started asking neighbors, who had been gathered outside the building, far away from the mud and the slippery ground, their opinion about this incident.

The company owner was there and naturally was one of the first people to be asked about this incident, about the volume of the financial damage made, and many other trivial questions. They talked about ten million pounds damage. To a strange question by a reporter, how many cups of coffee this quantity of coffee bags would produce, after procession, the owner worked on his gadget and calculated it to about two billion cups of coffee. Then policemen were asked whether there was an investigation taking place about this incident. They said that they had no idea about it and that was the business of the head officers in the police station nearby.

Now, it happened that the closest police station was exactly the one, that was involved in the events of last afternoon and night, and the head officer was the same man, who accompanied Angelo Lovefull to his office in the police station. Also, he was the main cause of an unexpected commotion, that took place just after the transfer of Angelo Lovefull to the police station. A commotion that was so loaded with emotions in favor of Angelo

Lovefull and against the police officer, that it will remain indelible in the minds of people who lived the event through, either by viewing and listening to it on their screens, or through their live participation in the protest and the celebration that followed and lasted during almost the entire night.

So, George Angery, the police officer, as he was still upset with last night's events, immediately connected this piece of eight o'clock news, with the previous night's incident, namely the burning of that very big quantity of tobacco leaves in the big store house, several miles away from the store house of coffee bags. He thought, it was a very clever connection he made, and he intended to transmit it to his superintended police officers in the central police station in London and to the Interior Minister. He also thought that he would be considered a very reasonable and very clever man if he told his chief officers, that they should combine the last night's incident, the destruction of the coffee bugs, with the organization Acts For Life, which he himself considered most probably indirectly or directly responsible for the destruction of the tobacco leaves the night before the last. He was so satisfied with himself about this syllogism, that he immediately moved on to get connected with his superintended authorities.

He rang them up Saturday morning. Very few people in the center police station, but somehow they managed to bring him in touch with the director, who was not in the office, but at home. He had listened to the eight o'clock news and some reportage about it, but he had never thought of combining this incident with the other one, the burning of the tobacco leaves. So, he was a bit surprised at the hint of the police officer, who was involved in the yesterday's protest and festivities and told him, that he would consider his suspicion, but he did not allow him to start any investigation or to invite people to the police station to

question them about this incident.

As they were talking, the police officer heard from the channel which was on, but at a low tone so that he could converse with his boss, another piece of news. People in the Lightspark Channel were again celebrating. Why? Because they had heard, what the company owner told the reporters sometime ago, that this destroyed quantity of coffee beans would give two billion cups of coffee. And why were they celebrating? Most probably because these people at Lightspark, the police officer thought, were supporting the movement Acts For Life who often stressed that coffee drinking leads to an addiction to caffeine, which chemically stimulates the central nervous system and sooner or later, badly damages the human brain, the heart or the digestive system. It is well known that a cup of coffee causes a momentary psychological stimulation, which is unnatural, lasts for only a short time and then it disappears. And if you get addicted, if you need this chemical stimulation of energy, you have to take another cup of coffee. For some people this means three or four cups of coffee a day, depending on the idiosyncrasy, on the particularity of the nervous system of different persons. There are people, who, after getting addicted to caffeine, may suffer, not in a long run, but very shortly, a small or bigger brain damage. There are people who became slightly or heavily paralytic in one or the other members of their body, because of their particular structure and their incapacity to assimilate, to tolerate the caffeine in their blood in the chemistry of their brain. Some of these people could not tolerate this invalidation and committed suicide. One of our listeners talked about it in the Channel.

People from Acts For Life mentioned all this information and it was not the first time that they did it. So, they expressed their joy, their satisfaction, that a quantity of two billion

cups of coffee will not be available for people, who are heavily addicted to caffeine. Of course, that would be not enough to make Acts For Life hope that, coffee drinking could be abandoned or substantially reduced. Their proposal was the transition from coffee to bio cocoa drinking, or almond milk, soya milk, oats milk, rice or barley milk drinking, which can also be combined with a spoon of cocoa. They hope that now their message would be heard by more and more people, because of this incident of last night, the destruction of coffee beans equal to two billion cups of coffee.

So, while George was talking to his head officer, he interrupted their conversation to allow the head officer to listen to the program of the Lightspark Channel. He listened. After turning off the set, the police officer told his boss that now he knows, why he suspects the association Acts For Life as connected with these illegal activities, or at least with inciting, supporting, motivating one or another man to act destructively as the persons who did these damages during the two last nights. Of course, besides saying all that, he mentioned the possibility that these destructions might have happened by chance, without the involvement of a person who could have acted consciously or unconsciously.

So, the police head officer told George, that he'd take in consideration all this conversation. He would be in touch with him, and plan together, if needed, a certain action, depending on the events to follow, on the information that would be gathered by reporters, who would question the owners in detail about the security steps they had taken or not taken, to avoid this big damage.

At this point, the conversation was over.

Well, soon after this conversation was off, the telephone rang again at the office of George Angery. At the other end of the line there was the Interior Minister. He said, - I am

Hay Monger. You know me, don't you?

- Of course, sir, George responded. You are the Interior Minister.

- That's right. The head officer of the central London police station told me about your conversation in detail. I must tell you that I support your suspicion about a connection between the association Acts For Life and the criminal incidents of the two last nights. Of course, we have first to exclude the possibility, that one or both of them were caused by chance, without a conscious interference of one or more persons. But, as this is only a vague possibility, we have to move on the line you suggested. Investigate the possibility of interaction between Acts For Life and some persons involved in the actual activity of the destruction of the two store houses. So I'll give you free hand to start to move in the way you judge helpful, to start investigation about this connection. You have my support. I must tell you, I don't like the organization Acts For Life. I am not talking about their fanatic belief in vegetarianism, but I will not tolerate their attack on the financial interests of people, who have invented huge sums, of money not only for importing tobacco and coffee, but also for establishing thousands and thousands of shops, cafeterias, coffee and tobacco retailer shops and kiosks and news agent shops. All these shop keepers, honest people, hard working, are in danger of losing their income because of the activities of Acts For Life. Perhaps you have noticed, that in last night's protest there was also political talk. Not only vegetarian talk. Did you notice it?

- Yes, sir.

- So, that's what I don't like most of all. You understand me?

- Yes, sir, I do.

- So, I'll say no more. Thank you and have a good luck in your work.

- Thank you.

The conversation ended at this point. Now, this man, George Angery, was kind of an impulsive temperament, a bit of emotionally burning idiosyncrasy. Without much thought, he moved on to his next step. He rang up the association Acts For Life. Fortunately or unfortunately for him, the secretary of the organization, lady Annie Sunny, was there and responded to his call. He said, - By permission of the Minister of Interior, I will ask you, as a secretary general of the association Acts For Life, to come to my office for a friendly conversation in the aim of avoiding future unhappy events, like last night's commotion, in which in some way or other you participated, either directly or indirectly.

The lady responded immediately, - I have no reason to come there, unless you have an order by the prosecutor's office to question me.

- No, no, I do not have such an order I could ask for it and have it, if I wanted. I don't want it. I want to have a friendly conversation with you.

- Well then, the lady answered, come to my office. I'll be glad to receive you here. We offer visitors almond milk with cocoa. You will like it, I am sure. Are you a coffee drinker?

- Of course, I am. Everybody is.

The lady answered, - Not everybody, and after last night's celebration, many people will understand that coffee drinking has damaged the brain, the physical well being of so many people, and in some cases, led their beloved ones to premature, tragic death. Perhaps, one of these wounded people moved on to this great deed, to destroy in one shot two billion cups of coffee.

- Did you call it a great deed? That was a criminal act in my opinion, and in the opinion of every honest and rationally thinking citizen.

The lady responded, - Are you calling me irrational?

- I didn't say that, I didn't mean it. I only ...

- Well, that's enough. I understand your attitude. You can come at my office at anytime before twelve.

George responded: - I can't come. I have to stand by in the office. So, I'll send a police car to bring you here. I will only keep you here for about ten to twenty minutes at most. He will be there at about half an hour. I know where your office is located and so it will take him a drive of twenty minutes. There is heavy traffic, you know, in that direction of the road. Saying this, he ended the conversation.

Now, lady Annie was very upset at the abrupt closing of the conversation. It was in the temperament of Mr. George Angery, but, lady Annie didn't know much about idiosyncratic behaviors. She was too rational to accept such impulsive behaviors. The first thing she did after that, was to ring up Lightspark channel. She asked the studio people there, to allow her to talk to the general public through their channel. The director of the channel was known to her, and he was willing to give her the microphone. So, lady Annie, addressed the very big audience of Lightspark Channel, and told them that the police is coming to her office in about half an hour, to take her to the police station, near Kensington Square, for questioning, investigating and possibly detaining her for the destructions, as suspect. She was a bit exaggerating, but this is how she felt. It was her fear based on the behavior of the police last night in the incident of Angelo been transferred to the police and questioned by the officer. Her upset, her emotions, her feelings were vibrated immediately, directly to a big number of people.

Can you imagine the reaction? Many people from the area around the central office

of the Acts For Life association, started walking to that place. Before the half an hour mentioned by the police officer passed, there was a big crowd around her office. When Annie saw this crowd, she immediately decided to talk to them through a loudspeaker. She told them, - Kensington Square is not far from here. Let's go there and wait for the police to come and get me at that point. If some of you can have a loudspeaker with you, it would be useful. I'll bring one. I'm coming down right now. Let's move to Kensington Square, and go on with our celebration of last evening. Early this morning another act for life took place. The destruction of two billion cups of coffee. It may have happened by chance. It may have been done by someone who had suffered a big damage in his well being, or a great loss in his family. He may have lost a beloved person because of caffeine addiction into which millions of people are pushed by the established financial interests, and their promotion institutions, indifferent to the evil they are doing to millions of human beings.

The *Urah Urah Urah*, from the crowd, was really thundering. Lady Annie stepped down the stairs from the first floor to the ground floor and out into the street. She made the way among people and came first in the big procession of at least one thousand people, who had surrounded the place. After some time, this thousand people grew to three thousands, and before they reached Kensington Square, it was a crowd of at least ten thousands, stepping into the square. They started singing and dancing the most beloved song, *You come with us together ...*

Policemen did not appear. They well remembered what happened last night. So, they didn't dare to interfere directly, but George Angery cracked his mind to find, how to act in this situation. What the next moves would be best for him to take, based on his support from the Interior Minister and the authorities in general.

Now, you can't imagine what fantastic events were taking place on the square. I will only describe one of them. A group of young people, fell on four and started walking on the square on four. Feet and hands on the ground, imitating sheep walking, and also sheep sounds *beeeh beeeeh beeeeh*. A thunder of laughters broke out and spread joy and hilarious feelings to all people, who could see this event. Then they shouted in a chorus. *Sheep Sleep. Sheep Sleep. Sheep Sleep. Sheep Sleep*. Only two words, but very very meaningful words. People laughed. Everybody enjoyed, everybody sensed the meaning of these two words. A most revolutionary event that ever happened in protests against the patriarchal established order of subjugated people, to attitudes and behaviors like going to war, going to kill or get killed, just at the stupid order of a big chief. Just as sheep do go to the slaughter house, at a whistle-blow of the owners of their flesh and life. So, this *sheep sleep, sheep sleep, sheep sleep* echoed like the most subversive slogan ever heard. Of course, it was combined in their minds with the wonderful talks that where emitted during the celebration of last night.

CHAPTER 5

WHAT A BLUNDER!

One hour passed, and Kensington Square was full of people, but also the streets leading to it, for about half a mile away from the center of the square. Then, something very unexpected happened. George Angery received a call from the minister. - Do not go there. I will go there by myself. Please tell the hotel Veranda owners to make space for me on the balcony on the left which faces the center of the square. I'll be there in about half an hour. Please call them now. Tell them who you are and that you talk in my name. Tell some policemen to go to the hotel, and in about half an hour go and stand at the entrance of the hotel on two columns, so that I can move between them safely to the hotel.

- I will do as you order, George said. I'll ring them now. He did. He sent ten policemen to the hotel. Though he was very intent on going there himself, he controlled his impulse and obeyed to the order of the minister not to go there by himself.

The minister's big car arrived at about ten o'clock in front of the hotel. A hotel groom opened the car door for him to come out. He walked between the two groups of policemen and into the hotel. He greeted everybody there and asked them to give him the loud speaker that George Angery had asked them to have ready for the minister. They did. In a minute, the minister was on the balcony. For some time, he was taken aback from the great spectacle he could view before his eyes. For a moment he felt very happy, very enthusiastic about it.

Just like a child who goes into a great circus with miracles happening before his eyes. But the minister did not allow himself to go into that happy feeling. He blocked it immediately, put it out of his mind and heart, because he had a difficult task to carry out from this balcony at this hour.

One of his assistants talked to people. - Attention, please. We beg you to stop your activities for a few minutes, for the minister to talk to you. When people listened to these words, they started reducing their singing and dancing, and turned to the balcony from where the minister would speak. He said,

- Two dangerous incidents happened last night and the night before the last. The storehouse of a very big quantity of tobacco leaves was destroyed, the night before the last, and last night, the storehouse with a huge number of sacks of coffee beans was also destroyed. The financial damage for the two companies is huge. And the cost of the indemnity, that the insurance companies will have to pay, is really very heavy for them. Perhaps not affordable, so the one or the other company may go bankrupt. I must add that thousands of big and small markets, coffee shop keepers, cafeterias and cigarette retail shop keepers will have to remain without supply for a longtime. The import of such a big quantity of tobacco leaves and coffee beans will take a long time and many shop keepers, honest citizens, hard working employees, will remain without supply and unable to run their business and have their daily income. The taxes lost for the state are also a very big sum of money. Do you follow me? Can you see the evil caused by these activities? Of course, investigation is going on, and we don't know yet the cause or what kind of people could be guilty for such criminal activities, but we all know, that some organizations, so called vegetarians, alternative lifestyle, alternative health systems etc. are supporting and openly

consenting to activities that could substantially reduce the consumption of goods they consider dangerous and harmful for the health of the general public.

He paused for a few moments. During this pause, the crowd on the square understood his meaning. They understood he was hinting at the word and talks of the association Acts For Life. Hearing the minister saying, that such an association could perhaps be responsible and guilty for the criminal acts, as he labeled them, they felt like being attacked. The word criminal act was intolerable for them, because Acts For Life labeled these activities as life saving of many people addicted to poisons like coffee and tobacco. The consumption would be reduced substantially for only some time, of course. But the great lesson could be understood. We are human beings and not flocks of sheep, whose lives are sacrificed for the profit of money hunters investing in dangerous items. Listeners considered the events of the last two nights, as an indication of awakening of the masses to this state of subjugation to the service of the money profit from dangerous products. So, the minister's words hinting at a possible involvement of Acts For Life, in a conscious deliberate participation in the destruction of the store houses during the last two nights, made them very upset.

So, during the pause of his talk, many people from the crowd reacted with a *Uuuuuuh, Uuuuuuh, Uuuuuuuuh, Uuuuuuh*. It was a strong expression of disapproval, of rejection, of intolerance for the words of the minister.

He reacted very strangely, in a tone of anger. He shouted, - What is this uuuuuuh, uuuuuuh, uuuuuuh? I don't want it. This is a very impolite rejection of my talk. Do you want me to prove why am I right? OK. Look here. This is my second cup of coffee during today. As soon as I entered the hotel, I asked for a cup of coffee. I drink it now before you. I've been drinking coffee for forty years, since I was eighteen. Did I suffer a damage? Did my

brain go wrong?

Pause. Someone from the crowd, just under the veranda, used his loudspeaker and shouted to the minister. - *Why is your hand trembling?* A thunder of laughter broke out which echoed to the walls of the buildings around Kensington Square. It was a long, very long laughter. People couldn't help laughing again and again. - My hand trembling? The minister responded. It's not trembling. Well, I am a bit upset from what happened last night and what is continuously happening this morning. The same man with the loudspeaker shout out, - *And why are you so nervous? Why is your voice so sharp and loud? Are you controlling your feelings, or is your brain controlled by caffeine?*

Ooooooh! Wow! Another big laughter broke out, and it was long, very long.

After a short while, a woman's voice was heard from the loud speaker, - Mr. Minister, she said, I am Annie Sunny, the Secretary General of the association Acts For Life. The minister responded immediately, interrupting her talk. - Well, that's exactly you that I want to talk with. Don't you think these criminal activities of the last two nights have something in common with your messages to the general public? Your slogans, your ideology, your theories for a new way of informing people about the healthy way of feeding, the avoidance of coffee, tobacco and alcohol, and because the government doesn't do it, you proclaimed your right to act decisively in that direction. Am I right?

- Of course you are. That's our intention, that's why we have founded this association. For the right information. Because what the government does, is the exact opposite. The government allows all kinds of advertisements, which promote the consumption of these poisonous items, very dangerous for the health of human beings. Psychological health, mental health and physical health.

- Ah, the minister replied. Now we can discuss honestly, openly, clearly. You are indirectly, psychologically responsible, guilty of the criminal acts that are taking place in our city.

The reply was, - You are perverting the truth. We have never asked people or incited people to do destructive activities. We ask everybody to promote a healthy way of feeding for human beings, beneficial for them, beneficial for the environment.

The minister replied, - Then, what organization is responsible for these activities? What do you think about the guilty people who did these very dangerous acts? With what organization are they connected? What ideology and propaganda have they assimilated if not yours?

The lady replied, - You jump to conclusions, Mr. Minister. You have a brilliant mind, I can see, but a bit perverted. Not so? Do you know anything about human psychology? Do you know that people who had suffered great losses, personal or family losses, people who have lost their own health, who lost lives in their family circle, don't you know that some of these people, out of utter despair, or anger, or indignation, could some day find a way to revenge for the evil they suffered, for the drama they have suffered? Those people are persuaded through personal experience, that their beloved ones, whom they have lost, were victims of caffeine addiction, tobacco addiction, alcohol addiction. Now you can consider this possibility, most possible possibility, that if these destructions were not accidental, or because of some human mistake, and if it is true that some people enacted them, these people may be those who took revenge for the great loss they have suffered.

Well, after these words of lady Annie, can you imagine the applause that thundered around Kensington Square? Almost unstoppable applause. The brilliant mind of the minister

was now pushed to accept some logical hypothesis, which went against his own brilliant ideas and interpretations of the facts. So, he moved on to his second brilliant justification.

- Look! (he lit a cigarette, which he took out of a box). I always accompany my coffee with a cigarette. It's a pleasure. A great pleasure for me. Did I suffer any damage in my mind? In my brain? In my behavior? In my control of reason?

Then, when the question mark was stressed at the end of his words, a thousandfold shout was echoing around. *Oh yes, yes. Oh yes, you did suffer. You did. We do see. Oh brilliant, how brilliant minister.* It took some time for the applause and the words from the loud speakers of the crowd to slow down. Then lady Annie asked, - Are you a man of one sin, two sins, or three sins?

- What do you mean the three sins? He replied.

- I mean, alcohol, the third one.

- Oh yeah, of course. Before I go to sleep, I have my small glass of whiskey or cognac. It helps me to relax. What's the problem?

- Do you know that alcohol causes obesity?

- Yes, if one, consumes a lot.

- So, you do consume a lot.

- How do you conclude it?

- You are obese, my sir.

He got shocked and confused. Annie continued, - You are a living example of brilliance of mind and of ethical conduct. Do you suggest that we follow your example?

- Ah, it's up to you. I never impose my ways of consuming this or the other item that goes down my throat.

- So, you are a man of three sins. Is there any other sin that you are enjoying? Let's say, sex in advanced age, a second woman, or a secret relationship with a female maid in the house, anything like that?

A big laughter broke out again. After some time, the minister replied.

- This is personal. You are interfering with my personal life. I'll sue you for such an offense you are now committing before me, and before this big crowd listening to us. That's why I said, you are exactly the person I want to talk with and start investigating your indirect or direct involvement in those destructive acts. And then I'll take measures to stop them.

Lady Annie replied. - What a brilliant mind. We are waiting for your next big blunder after the one your police head officer did last night, perhaps obeying your orders.

- What did he do? The minister immediately replied.

- Well, didn't you see on TV? Didn't you listen? He ordered the big crowd in this big square and around it to retreat and dissolve their celebration.

- Celebration for the crime? Do you see now that you are making yourself guilty? I mean your organization and perhaps your own person.

Annie responded. - Celebration for the fact that millions of people will be deprived for a long time their daily dose of tobacco drug and coffee drug. Celebration for the fact that so many people will start getting conscious of the possibility to wake up, to react to this hypnosis of consuming dangerous essences, only in favor of the big profits of money hunters, big corporations and investors. Money is the idol, the god, the religion of this culture in which you have a prominent position, Mr. Minister. That's the meaning of our celebration, and we will go on with it. The police station asked us to dissolve and gave us a

time limit of one hour, but we went on celebrating all night, and some of us till very early in the morning. Don't you think it was illegal to forbid our celebration?

- No, not at all, he replied. He had the right to do it, because you didn't have the permission from the Ministry to organize this protest. That was illegal, and not the order for dissolving the demonstration, which order you didn't obey.

At these words of the minister, the group of young people, who performed an hour ago, appeared in the center of the square, and asked people to retreat, in order to make space for them. They fell on their four, and started walking like four feet sheep. Then they started their song:

*Beeeh beeeh sheep sheep,
beeeh beeeh sleep sleep,
beeeh beeeh sheep sheep,
beeeh beeeh sleep sleep.*

*Chief, chief, great chief
Give us guns, give us buns
Hot hot guns, hot hot buns*

*We can kill
as many as you will
If we get killed
your glory will be built*

Laughter, applause, hilarity, great entertainment. The minister shouted, - What are they saying? What are they doing?.

The lady replied, - Oh poor people, poor sheepy sleepy people. They obey, they show you how obedient they are. *Sheep sleep*, that's what they say. *Beeeh beeeh sheep sleep*,

beeh beeh. Can't you hear?

- OK. Now I understood. Let them stop it. Tell them to stop.

- They will not obey. They had some coffee and got very excited. But, please, Mr. Minister, enjoy the spectacle.

Then, that group of youngsters stood up and started singing the song that was so much enjoyed by people. After the end, they sang it all together two or three times in succession. The song went like that:

One chief went to war. One chief and his dogs.

He ordered his dogs. Push on and on my sheep
against my foe's sheep, to make him bow deep.

He didn't bow deep, he ordered his dogs

Push on and on my sheep against my foe's sheep
to pay for his attack and make him bow deep.

Since neither bowed deep the dead sheep made a heap

Just then was heard a scream

-Why this killing, chiefs? Will you eat our meat?

-My ego feeds on it! My meek, sleeping sheep, for ever bowing deep
you don't know how great, you make my fame, and fate,
when you move to death, bowing till last breath.

At that moment, the minister heard a noise on his mobile gadget. He clicked and he read, "I did it in order to make as many people as possible, conscious of the dangers of alcohol, and also as the only way of revenge for the great loss I suffered. I lost my wife, because of alcohol". Watch this. He spoke on the loud speaker. - Listen, I just received a message which confirms that there are persons, individual persons, who do these activities. I am reading the message: *"i did it in order to make as many people as possible, conscious of the dangers of alcohol, and also as the only way of revenge for the great loss I suffered. I*

lost my wife, because of alcohol". So, there is someone, there are some people who did these activities of the two last nights.

Lady Annie asked, - What have these activities to do with alcohol? No connection.

Then the minister, looking at his mobile gadget, told people, - Now listen to this bad piece of news. I am reading it to you as I see it on my screen. A big fire broke out in the biggest storehouse of alcohol products, fifty miles downstream the Thames, near the left side dock. Thousands of barrels of wine imported from the continent, hundreds of thousands of bottles of wine, whiskey, cognac and similar products were destroyed by the fire, which also destroyed part of the building. Fortunately no people were injured or harmed, because there was no one in the store house when the fire broke out, late this morning, as people who live nearby say, since they heard the noise of explosions and smelled the smoke of the fire in their own houses.

Well, after reading this, the minister expected that the crowd down on the square would become serious, sad, and a bit guilty about this new big crime. His brilliant mind could never expect what would be the reaction of the crowd. Well, it was just the same as last night celebration and this morning celebration. *Uraaaaah, uraaaaah, uraaaaah.* Whistling, applause, laughter, singing and dancing. They shook hands, then they formed circles, gave their hands to hold each other and danced, and danced, and danced.

The minister almost broke down. He left the balcony and went inside the hotel to sit on a sofa and breathe deeply for some time. His heart was beating hard. When he came back to himself, he was not in a position to process in his mind the whole story of what was happening and what he could do in the following moments or hours. He felt he was not in a position to decide, to take any measures. He was in absolute confusion and wonder about

what he could or should do, or what he couldn't or shouldn't do. He stepped down the stairs, greeted the hotel reception people, got out of the hotel into his car and back to his office.

Now, Annie and everybody near the entrance of the hotel, realized that the minister left the place. They saw his car going out, and were sure the minister was in it. They felt relieved, very relieved, and very joyful about the wonderful debate they had with the minister. What a hilarious event! Now, much more than before, they were all feeling like celebrating the three victories. There was now a third victory against importing, storing and distributing poisonous products to the large public.

Then, some people went into one or two supermarkets around the place, and bought lots of bio cocoa powder, lots of pomegranate juice bottles, rice milk, almond milk, soya milk, barley milk, oats milk and of course lots of plastic glasses of one use. They borrowed a few chairs and a few plastic tables from a nearby cafeteria, placed them on the center of the square, and invited people to have a healthy drink, a real drink for only half a pound. They put in the vegetable milks, a spoonful of cocoa and then offered to people around. They were all enjoying their beverage. For many of them it was the first time that had such a beverage. Such a sweet taste in their mouth, and also a nice feeling in their stomach. Of course, because of the big number of people, this event lasted for almost one hour.

Now, the sun was going up and up, but as it was still the month of September, it was warm enough to stay outdoors, without the danger of getting cold. So, the celebration went on and on. People who stayed there for some time, left. Other people, new people came to the celebration, had their turn in drinking the nice beverage, participating in the celebration, presenting various events, which they organized on the spot, improvising very clever, very entertaining performances. There were people who made lyrics, lines for songs on the spot,

they sang them and asked people to sing them back with them in chorus. An atmosphere of creativity, vibrations of inspiration were filling the air. It was a heavenly state of mind in most people. My words cannot describe the feelings people were enjoying in this festivity.

CHAPTER 6

MOTHERCENTRIC CULTURE THROUGH DIRECT DEMOCRACY

Now, Mr. Andrew the Vegetarian had a fine idea. He decided to ask the Veranda Hotel manager to give him their Conference Hall for a talk on vegan eating, vegetarian meals and green life-style in general, at seven in the evening, after tomorrow.

The manager said yes, as he always charged the speakers a good sum of money for the event. Andrew thanked him and closed the conversation.

Immediately after, he called the Association Acts For Life. Annie Sunny answered the ring. Andrew told her about the talk. She was delighted to hear the news. Then, she told Andrew, - Could we make this talk into a tasty event, also?

- What do you mean, tasty event?

- I mean, offer people the best veg juices and beverages. Fresh lemon juice, pomegranate juice, almond milk, bio cocoa with cayen pepper, variety raw salads, etc. You know well, since that is your own daily diet.

- I agree, but who will organize it?

- Volunteers from Acts For Life. You ask the Hotel manager to open the big restaurant room at six o'clock, one hour before your talk starts. We 'll be there at five thirty and have everything ready to be served. We 'll charge only one pound each item.

- I suggest you charge nothing. I 'll pay the entire cost, except service and washing up

to be done by your volunteers.

- Excellent idea. My compliments.

- But how will people be informed about this event?

- Through Lightspark channel, perhaps?

- Of course, right ... As soon as we finish this talk, I 'll ring up Angelo Lovefull, my dearest friend, and ask him to arrange for the announcement of my event.

- Mind you, Sunny finally said, tell the Hotel manager to keep the dining room open, because there may be so many people coming, that the conference room will not contain them. And a loudspeaker on the wall of the dining room. Goodbye, good luck.

Angelo was more than willing to talk to the Manager of the Channel and ask the permission to announce the event for Mr. Andrew. He suggested that non-vegetarian people should come as earlier as possible, before seven, so that they could enjoy tasty vegan drinks and salads. “Come and eat” as the saying goes, adapted for the situation. Who knows? You may turn to veganism after the taste.

Between six and seven o'clock, many people tasted and enjoyed the offered vegan drinks and salads, expressing to each other their enjoyment and satisfaction, through smiling mouths and shining eyes.

Annie, standing by Mr. Andrew, introduced herself as the secretary of the Acts For Life Association, and Mr. Andrew the Vegetarian, as the Ex-Minister of Interior, to the audience. Then she asked his permission to recite a short poem she was inspired for the event. It went like this:

It's not only about food
It's something greater and good
It's about a new culture

mothercentric values nurture
It's about peace for ever
wars and chiefs no more, never

Direct Democracy, meritocratic
no pseudo-Democracy dictatocratic
Women, wake up, restore
Life's basis and core
womanhood and motherhood
Rise up, female Robin Hood

There was a long, heartfelt applause from the audience, in which females prevailed.

Then Annie said,

- I have a second gift for you. Last Christmas we, at the Acts For Life celebration, we sang this short wonderful song. Can I sing it?

- Yea! Yea!

She sang:

Mother Goddess, mother Goddess
we are praying you
we are blessing you
we are thanking you
Mother Goddess, Mother Goddess
and appeal to you, Mother Goddess
who give the sweet life
just like all females
to save our Earth, all beings
from mad war-chiefs males
Mother Goddess, Mother Goddess, Mother Goddess

A big, much bigger applause this time than the previous one. After the stop, a young woman shouted, - Please sing for us “You come with us together”.

Annie responded, - Lets sing it together, all of us.

After the song and as Annie was on the point of leaving the stage, a young lady raised her hand and said.

- Before you leave the stage, please, can you tell us what do you mean when you say mothercentric values?

- The exact opposite of the prevailing patriarchal values: Friendliness, not hostility, cooperation, not antagonism, forgiveness, not revenge, respect and adoration for the female gender in all section of life, not humiliation and exploitation of women, no more divisions of population in political parties, rich and poor, boss and slave, or any other division, but unity on the basis of our humanity, common meals in schools for children and mothers. In one word -Virtue opposed to immorality, Love, generosity, sharing opposed to the junglish individualism, prevailing in the patriarchal world.

A strong feeling of approval of her words spread out in the entire audience, and a long, long, hearful applause, as she was leaving the platform.

Well, everything went very well, just as Mr. Andrew would expect, when he first dreamed about the event. The speech was really original, authentic, persuasive about the need for new social and economic values for a new mothercentric worldview, a new meaning for living life, if the western world wants to survive.

His term mothercentric values evoked strong feelings in the female part of the audience.

So did his promise that if his party would win in the coming elections, he would ask

for the position of Social Welfare Ministry, or , at least, the author of new laws to be passed, that would cover the basic psychological and financial needs of all women.

- By this, I mean, he added, a three-year paid leave for her new-born child, half a year before birth and 2,5 years after birth.

One old lady interfered with a shrilling voice and asked.

- That's a very big sum of money, Mr. Andrew. Where will you find it?

Mr. Andrew smiled and said, - Well, with the support of you and ...

- No, I am not going to give you my money, the old lady hit.

A big ironic, hilarious laughter broke out.

- You got me wrong. I was saying, with the suport of yourself and of all female population, our Welfare Ministry will stand up against the Warfare Ministry and transport its funds to us.

After this entertaining interruption, the speech rolled out smoothly to the enjoyment of everyone, inciting great enthusiasm and expectations, in the female audience particularly.

Now, can you guess what Mr. Hay Monger, the Interior Minister, did about this event? Of course. You guessed right. He had sent two policewomen, not in uniform of course, with hi-tech mini recorders in order to record the talk of the Interior ex-minister, Mr. Andrew the Vegetarian, as many people called him in a humorous disposition, and also the eventual reactions of the audience. Which they did. Later, after they walked out of the hotel, they delivered their recorders to a man who was there exactly for this mission. And of

course, he delivered them to Mr. Monger on that same evening.

The telephone rang at the Veranda Hotel reception. It was Mr. Hay Monger, the Minister, who asked to speak to the Manager. Connection made, he asked if he could have the Conference Hall for a talk on this Saturday evening at seven. The manager said yes.

CHAPTER 7

A MOST LOGICAL CHALLENGCE

On Saturday morning, early in the morning, there was breaking news on the channels. A big explosion took place in a big ground floor building, a slaughter house for pigs and sausage production. It was located 50 miles away from London, on a side way leading to a Brighton seaside place. Some inner walls broke down and the entire machinery destroyed. Two men were injured, but not fatally. They were taken care at the hospital, out of danger. They were night shift workers.

The police found a big number of destroyed small gas bottles. Someone made them explode, and caused the damage. The police concluded that the operator poured petrol over the bottles and then, from a safe distance, he threw a lit cigarette on them or lit a wick one or two meters long, so that he had time to run away from the coming explosion.

No other findings, the police said. The only strange thing was two big letters, painted in green on the outer wall of the building. The letters read AL. Next to them, three smaller size letters reading FFL.

As it was Saturday morning, the people who had celebrated the destruction of the huge quantities of coffee, tobacco and alcoholic drinks, felt like going to Kensington Square, in the expectation of meeting people who had participated in the previous

celebrations.

Yes, it was so. Around ten o' clock, lots of people had gathered at the square. Most of them smiling meaningfully, eyes shining.

You understand they were the vegetarian ones, who thought that some very hot vegetarian, an activist for no meat-eating, could be responsible for this destruction of the factory machinery and part of the building.

It was a sunny morning, and soon, there arrived groups of young people who started performing events, singing and dancing, especially the song and event they called “Shepherds And Sheep”. The song went like that, “*One chief went to war. One chief and his dogs etc.*”

During the morning, all channels broadcast the news about the explosion, but only a few mentioned the detail about the big green letters on the wall AL and FFL.

However, one presentator on a channel insisted on this detail adding that the Interior Minister ordered Police to investigate on what organization or persons could be hiding behind these initials. He added that if there would be news from this investigation later in the day, it would be immediately passed to the Minister and the general public.

The appointed time came for the Minister to start his talk. The hall was full. After greeting the authorities present and seated in the first row, and the general public, he said that his talk would be short and mainly centered around the events of this week.

He said he was friendly about vegetarianism, though himself was a meat eater, but that he was very much against violent activities, causing huge financial damages and loss of

working positions. Smoking tobacco, drinking coffee or alcohol, eating meat, eggs and dairy products, was a matter of free personal choice, and that this freedom was one of the elements of our Democratic Governance.

He had been talking for about only ten minutes when some very loud massive shouts from a distance reached the hall. They said: *SET THEM FREE - SET THEM FREE*.

Soon, people shouting the slogan were just in Kensington Square and outside the conference Hall. The minister interrupted his talk and asked what was going on. One participant stood up and said, -Sometime before your talk began, the channels broadcast that the Police identified the letters on the walls of the blown up slaughter house, as the initials of the association Acts For Life and the initials of the Lightspark channel nutritionist Angelo Lovefull.

Two members of the Association, Mrs Annie and Peter Van, were present at Angelo Lovefull's talk on the Lightspark channel at 6-7 this evening. The police went there and took them, together with Angelo Lovefull, to the police station for questioning.

Now all the participants in the last week events reacted strongly at hearing this piece of news. They immediately started up walking or driving to and near Kensington Square to protest. Reaching there, they learned that the Interior Minister was giving a talk in the Conference Hall of the Veranda Hotel, at the moment.

So, they gathered outside the Hall and shouted, with resolution and indignation, the slogan *SET THEM FREE*.

Now, I feel you may be allowing your mind to suspect: Was this secretly organized

by Mr. Monger? I mean the identification of the initial letters A L as meaning ACTS FOR LIFE and ANGELO LOVEFULL. And that the decision of the Police Authorities to transport these three people to the Police Station was predetermined by a secret order of the Minister to a police head officer supporting him, in his movements against Mr. Andrew the Vegetarian.

No one could know for sure. Neither you, nor me.

The only thing I know for sure is that, if he, Mr. Monger, chose to organize all this, this was a rather unfortunate wrong choice, if we consider what happened next.

See what happened next. A group of the first row of demonstrators entered the Hotel and asked the reception lady to let them into the Hall. She called the Manager. He said - No! They said - We push the door and go in, anyway. The manager whistled for the Security Staff of the Hotel. They came a bit late. The protestants had already gone inside the Hall shouting, *SET THEM FREE. SET THEM FREE.*

The security men went inside and ordered the protestant to move out immediately. They wouldn't. The guards took the protestants by their arm and jackets and tried to pull and push them out of the Hall. Angry reaction.

Instantly a wild fight was on. Fist and kick fight. Strong emotions in the audience. Some ladies started shrieking in agony and panic. Some men rushed among the fighting men and hit and pushed shouting *STOP IT. STOP IT.*

What did Mr. Monger do? He retreated to the back exit of the speaker's platform. When out, he begged to be immediately locked up in a room in a high floor.

Can you imagine what next? You can't. During the fight, two or three men were injured, hit at the nose and bleeding. Some women saw the blood stained faces and started screaming in fear and panic.

They tried to flee out of the hall, but the door was blocked by the fighting men. They were blocking the passage. In their effort to flee, some women pushed right and left, fell on the floor. A man shouted - Let us flee from the platform exit. So, many people ran to the front of the hall to step up the platform. Now, there were more guards at the entrance of the hall, and many protestants who had entered the hotel, pushed into the hall to get involved in the fight. At that moment, a whistle was blown from the first rows of seats in the hall. Who did it?

George, the head policeman, from the nearby police station, had asked a group of ten policemen to attend the talk, not in uniform, of course. This was the idea given to him by Mr. Monger. It occurred to his mind as a good idea of precaution, of assistance in the case the unexpected would happen. But the unexpected, the unforeseen happened.

So, one of the policeman blew the whistle when he saw many protestants rushing into the Hall and outnumber the security staff of the hotel and the guards. At the whistle, automatically, mechanically, thoughtlessly the group of policemen rushed against the protestants.

A hard, very hard fight body to body followed. Many bloodstained faces. Some injured bodies were lying on the floor. A big, very big commotion.

In the meantime, since the beginning of the fight, the hotel manager rang the Police Direct Action to come immediately. A second person, seeing the bloodstained faces, rang the

hospitals, the ambulance to come quickly to the Veranda Hotel.

Police and ambulance cars were driving madly through other lines of cars, with their shrieking sirens pervading the atmosphere.

A hell of an evening for everybody present at the event or near the event.

Many people took photos of the fight, before they left the Hall. Reporters arrived and took photos of bloodstained faces and fallen down bodies. The channels transmitted on the spot the photos received from the reporters.

A hell of an evening for the entire population of London. Late in the evening, police officers announced that the two members of Acts for Life Association and Angelo Lovefull were taken back home, after a friendly conversation about the running events.

Next morning the screens of the main channels were full of the photos of last evening frightening events. Presentators and commentators were wondering and asking, - Are we going into a civil war? .

The Interior Minister Hay Monger appeared on a central channel. He was explicit as to the people responsible for these very sad events. He named the association Acts for Life as the first suspect of motivating and inciting people to proceed to such criminal acts as the destruction of the warehouses containing huge quantities of products for general consumption, legally imported and securely stored. Last morning attack destroyed the entire mechanical installation of a factory which is now out of function, unable to provide the market with the required quantities of its production, pork meat and sausages.

The presentator asked the Minister. - Could you please inform the general public

what are the products destroyed and their quantities?

- Yes. They were 1) Tobacco leaves, in a quantity that would give, after processing, two billion boxes of cigarettes, a final value of two billion pounds. 2) Coffee beans bags that would finally give, after procession, two billion cups of coffee, a value of three billion pounds. 3) Tins and bottles of wine and all sorts of alcoholic drinks of a value incalculable up to now. 4) Last, but not least, the total destruction of the machinery of the slaughter house for pigs, which cannot provide the market for sometime. 5) Taxes of a value of around one billion pounds were lost for the State, because of the loss of these goods for the market. Can you see the destructive consequences of these criminal activities?

On the spot, Mr. Andrew, the Interior ex-minister appeared on the screen. He also was invited from the Channel for this discussion of the latest events. He said: - Mr. Minister, dear listeners, can you see that all the four items destroyed, intended for consumption by the general public, are the most dangerous items for human health? Tobacco, coffee, alcohol, pork meat? Do you know how many thousands of our countrymen die of lung cancer, because of nicotine? Can you understand the grief these people go through? Do you know how many hundred millions the State pays for the operations and for the pensions of the wives of the dead and their children? That is why the Association Acts for Life celebrated the destruction of these products. They wouldn't go into the physical system of millions of people. You all may know the ideology and the efforts of this Association about reducing and finally abolishing the consumption of these items. But nobody can accuse this Association responsible for the destructions that took place.

The Minister interfered, - And how do you explain the presence of the big green

letters A L on the wall of the destroyed factory, if not as the initials of the activists Acts for Life?

- I can't explain it. But I don't conclude as you do. I consider the vegetarian movement to be the most humanistic movement in our country and a great hope for the entire mankind, which is threatened by these sickening products and by the pollution caused from these industries, warming atmosphere etc. Let me only refer to a very insightful remark Angelo Lovefull pointed out in his last talk. Such destruction activities may be expressions of anger, pain and despair of individuals, who lost their beloved persons, because of addictive consumption of these products, imposed on the general public by big money profit interests through advertisement, imitation and exhibition by influential people, politicians, or show business people, falsely called celebrities.

Finally, Mr. Andrew said, - Before we conclude this discussion, please tell us about the bloody events that took place last evening, during your talk at the Veranda Hotel Conference Hall.

- Everybody knows, he replied, that the activists of the Acts for Life association entered illegally into the Hall and attacked the security staff and the policemen present there. Now, everybody can have a reason to suspect these activists as responsible for the destruction of the warehouses. Police and Justice will soon bring this matter to light and punish the guilty.

They objected each other for sometime, each one trying to impress the listeners and improve their own popularity. Don't forget, pre-election campaign would soon start.

EPILOGUE

REVENGERS OR HEROES

It is the 11th of October. A fine, sunny morning. Only one month had passed since he morning of September 11th, when I was on board the boat with destination Poros island, where I hoped to stay at my friend's house on the island ... as a refuge far from where I had suffered the painful loss you know about.

I am again on board the same boat, waiting for my friend Nick, who called last night and invited me for a stay at his house. When he came on board, he greeted me with a serious face and then told me, - I shall not speak till we reach home.

At home, we had a cup of almond milk, and sat in the small sitting room. He said,

- I'll explain why I did not speak on the boat. It is about something nobody should hear or overhear. There is always a risk. So ... yesterday, I read a police report saying, that suspicions are turned towards people who had been employed in the destroyed tobacco and coffee warehouses. Someone told the investigating policeman, that he had seen, late in that evening, near the warehouse, someone, who reminded him of an ex-employee in the warehouse, who must be a pensioner by now. *I got shocked! You know why.* I am a pensioner, an ex-employee of the warehouse company. If the police starts looking for names of such people, they might stop on my name.

- So, what? I asked.

- So, what, eh? If they take me in for questioning, some specialist in body language, voice detection, etc., they might find me a possible suspect.

- You, a suspect for the act? I said it so slowly and with my eyes staring deeply in his eyes and inquisitively, that he could not resist to consent. I didn't say *Yes, you did it. Now, I am sure*. I only told him, with a meaningful smile, - I am sure you'll have a good sleep tonight.

He answered, with a meaningful smile on his face. - The sweetest sleep in my life.

Pause. Silence. Calm. Relief. After sometime, I talked. I asked, - And why did you invite me to come along?

- You always wanted to come for a retreat on the island.

- Only for that?

- I also thought that you might have a reason to disappear from the city, for the time being.

- What reason? I was never an employee of those warehouse companies.

- I listened to a radio reporter saying, that police considers the possibility that the persons who are guilty for the destructions, might be people, who had lost members of their family, due to the destroyed items in the one or the other of these warehouses.

- Like me. There are so many of them. How could the police ever identify such people ... There are thousands, dozens of thousands of them.

- Right. But some of them may have talked publicly about this loss, for example, during a radio program, as a confession, a protest ...

- Like I did during a talk by Angelo Lovefull.

- Did you do it? I didn't know.

I looked straight and deep into his eyes, inquisitively. I said, - You got afraid police might somehow locate me and question me.

- Yes, and that, during the questioning, you might betray yourself. So, I thought to invite you to come along for a safe retreat and hide. He said it with a meaningful smile on his face.

I replied with the same meaningful smile on the mouth. - A friend in need is a friend indeed.

- Will you sleep well tonight?

- The sweetest sleep in my life.

Then, a strange thought occurred in my mind, which I didn't tell my friend. I thought Nick Resist - what a strange name. Nike in greek means victory. Nick Resist and David Faithfull, one day, who knows, one day the history might mention us *“The two heroes, who defeated the monstrous Goliath of the established state of a culture based on the vast, unconscious consumption of items, most dangerous for human beings, for their physical and emotional well being. Producers and importers of these items, money hunters, being also unconscious slaves of the at any cost money-profit, anti-human mentality of this culture”*.

Who knows ... it may be ... Such is life.

THE END

You can read the previous Angelo Lovefull books 1 & 2 by Van Gras on

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