

Love, work and travel in a time of Covid

Part 1

by

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Acknowledging additional contributions by Sir Julian Montague

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Introduction

This book in no way supports or condones war in any form or any of the political divisiveness media inserts into the public's consciousness. This is purely speculative travelog fiction based on current historical happenings at time of writing. The story was written in a world with a relatability to the feeling of being an 'Outsider'. As technology grows beyond our human control, therefore the human awareness and consciousness and feeling of 'outsiderness' is growing. People are extending themselves into new and bigger definitions, forcing evolution of the mind in the difficult pleasure of finding definition. The story captures one moment on earth, where our psychology has been given a new language of 'information' in a constant ever changing digital feed. Stories are how we represent ourselves in the common evolution or change, while poetry captures the emotion, the visual arts captures the form. So for people born half into a digital world and half in an analogue world are the ones that may seem to find this representation. An analogue generation and Baby boomers will leave the world in the time of this book being written. So enjoy a slight scream at the world from a contrarian view stuck in constant transience. Looking for Love, work and a home in the world's biggest upheaval of the existing system. Although set in various known places, this book is a work of fiction and any similarities to names, people or places is purely coincidental.

Note to the reader

*“Don’t Worry... It’s only the last day of your
Life that kills you.” Ashley Graetz*

ROADHOUSE MESSIAH

Love, work and travel in a time of Covid.

Chapter 1: **Day one homeless.**

So for lack of a spiritual journey the decision after stress and stupidity of humanity attempting to kill everyone with best intentions. That it was time to undertake a massive odyssey. The unfortunate series of events that sparked the journey, started with being kicked out of my place in Port Adelaide.

So I packed the few bits of my life into a storage unit and packed the Rav 4 Toyota with survival gear and guitar, swag and art supplies. There was hope to find somewhere I could live, work and create away from the cursed Port Adelaide Freemason taste of corruption in my mouth. Chose the travel time to be on the full moon after using up my rental bond in rent I didn't pay. November 16th was my auspicious day of 20 years ago, having a British backpacker girlfriend break my heart and leave me for her love of Durban, South Africa, one year later exactly on that same date Nov 16 2001 I was almost killed by a meth smoked, angry clubber coming down of a big bender. The clubber broke my jaw. I missed out on dying by a one millimeter fracture on the back of my skull. A moment of angel's luck that hit the street one millimeter from death. I got knocked out cold. But that is another story. So the

decision was made to drive across the border to Victoria seeing as it was closed to Victorians but South Australia was covid free.

I stopped for a smoke at a roadhouse. Clear skies, the stars and a lukewarm pie. Before approaching the border at 2am after seeing the zombie stoned, drunk people of Renmark walking home through the dusty hot streets. Young women in hot pants and tits barely covered seemed out of place in McDonalds. Was glad to just fuel up and fuck off. The dimly lit old bridge over the river Murray to me passed Paringa. The town was empty as if no one was alive on the earth and cars dusty and rotted in overgrown grass. The bright high beam car lights hit every tree and fence post naked white. Fear rose in my throat as I listened to my music. Seven albums I created in the 2020 great lockdown of self imposed creative solitude sounded perfect in the anxiety of the unknown adventure. I puffed on a menthol cigarette angry, raging about the random car that drove into my kitchen wall of my overpriced Deco 1900s studio/shop house rental. Only to have the rich cunt owners not show up at the housing tribunal. Then watching the Adelaide freemasons clique of lawyers and realtors fuck me over. At least I got the final word in the court.

“So I just want to say that you are officially making me homeless in a year of Covid.” The look from the Judge and Realtor was one of absolute hate masked with forced smiles and no reply.

I sang in the car, screamed at the nothingness pushed the haunting memories of the past behind me. As each white line on the road appeared to feed my car. Watching the speedometer push towards one hundred and twenty kilometers per hour, driving through the Border from South Australia to Victoria with no real plan. To my surprise nothing except parked cars and a few fluorescent flickering lights on the temporary border structure. The media had been reporting almost as if there were Checkpoints everywhere, yet not a cop in sight. Just a few trucks parked in tandem, obviously sleeping or getting covid tested. The next hours on the road spent drinking pink monster energy drink cans and smoking a few cigarettes watching the familiar towns appear leading into Mildura as dawn was only an hour away. I felt that my vehicle was being followed as a brand new car trailed behind my SA license plates for at least a kilometer through town. I turned to take the long way to Castlemaine. The Cops appeared predictably in my rear view mirror with the cherry blue lights I pulled over.

“Just a random breath test sir.” Masked cop shoved the Breathalyzer into my face. I blew into the tube and handed the license over to the facemask-clad police officers.

“Why are you in Victoria?” the male cop said as the female shone her flashlight into the back of my car. “Work, and see that my friend just had 6 heart attacks.” It was true as far as I knew. He handed back the blow tube from the breathalyzer.

“Here you can keep that. It’s probably got Covid on it.” The male cop said.

“Thank you.” I said, sighed in relief while starting up to drive out of the remainder of Mildura and its vineyards and wineries. I guessed at that point only Melbourne City and suburbs were locked down properly, so it was mainly bored cops looking for anything to do in the country areas. I checked my emails at the next piss stop and saw that the Oracle had sent me a reply to my questions on the Troubles of Saturn and its strict rules that didn’t make sense.

Sudden realization that Saturn the son of the sun in every one's chart is the jiva or individually fragmented essence of a unified solar or soul-spirit essence. Saturn is the wise over father or grandfather, that aspect of ourselves which has experienced everything, who knows everything, who even as the lord of time is unbound by time, Saturn is where the jiva is inevitably absorbed or released from the time organism. Saturn is only apparently severe to the jiva whose adolescence causes it to make the same mistakes over and over, Saturn works upon our psyche like a master sculptor who attempts to fashion a masterpiece from a granite rock, where indeed each blast of the hammer and chisel feels to our sensitive souls like an agony, and yet if we can endure the process the miraculous can happen...

It is a myth to believe that we will find our authentic self after we have left behind or forgotten one thing or another . . . To make ourselves, to shape a form from various elements – that is the task! The task of a sculptor! Of a productive human being!”

We can even locate where we are in this creative process by locating the love of the sign that Saturn rules. You for instance have Saturn in the earth virgo whose lord Mercury is considered along with Venus one of the true-friends of Saturn. Mercury which is your atmakaraka or soul planet is then located in the Venus ruled libra. What I am saying here is that Saturn the grandmaster or our link to an already self realized or awakened genius is blessed to have evolved these advanced relationships....the first phase of Saturn's effect can seem crazy and even terrifying, as the Buddha and Prometheus promised. All life is suffering, until one wakes up to and stones to the higher purpose or principles of that other order of being.

So there I was hallucinating about army vehicles appearing out of the bush at the end of the road from 9 hours straight at the wheel. I stopped at the worst looking petrol stations as I was not going to wear a mask for the lie that Covid was. I bought some bad old dry bacon egg muffins and an iced coffee. I was exhausted but felt like standing still would just attract more bored cops. I kept going until my body couldn't take any more. I was getting caffeine shakes from too many energy drinks and decided to pull over near a farm

road across the train line. Threw my swag near the car off a dirt road and slept for an hour. Everything seemed horrible, watched and resentful.

Chapter 2: **CASTLEMAINE NOV**

Checked my phone and saw I was still 200 kms from Castlemaine. I sang a few songs to stay awake and again had to fuel up. “Hi sir, you know you need a mask to come in here!” The lady was most distressed with her masked face at the petrol station with a Bank tellers perspex shield on the serving table between us. “I am from South Australia Covid Free state!” I said and put my bank card out to the EFTPOS machine. She frowned like a petulant child. “It doesn’t matter if you are in Victoria now!” The transaction was finished. I raced out of the small town before she could notify the COVID cops. The surprised look on face mask-clad farmers waiting in line to pay was worth the outburst. I kept driving through the hills and the greener pastures glad to be out of the hot dusty sunburnt wheat fields, pitted with empty harvested stubble and stony summer tan. There I was finally making it to the Oracles place on Nov 16th my death day. I chatted to Sir Jullien Montague, the Oracle and eventually set up the Tent for the first time. It was a Chinese 10 man tent. Took me and the Oracle a good 2 hours of

figuring out the various spread of poles and crossovers and how the fly was put together. The big dome tent sat on top of a hill next to the smashed up Mitsubishi sedan and underneath ancient old pine trees from a hundred years ago. The highway nearby sizzled with cars going over a fresh slight rain. The winds picked up. I put the swag inside and set up my methylated spirit camp oven with coffee espresso ready to go. "I have some bad news." The oracle's brother walked up with an ipad. "They have just announced the border is shut to SA, as one case announced at a Pizza house in Adelaide." My heart sank as his serious tone continued "Well we just have to keep you as quiet here and if anyone asks. You have been here for a month." I felt a quiet relief and put the lamp on inside the tent and started to read the story on the news site about Adelaide having some pizza delivery guy having Covid. "Hey you there." The oracle spoke outside my tent. "I have some bad news. Do you remember Sharky from India? He died today!" The oracle said holding his own ipad. "Fuck... how?" I asked. He drove off a cliff, they are saying it was an accident. Not a drunk driving moment. Cremation is in 1 day." I didn't know how to take it, as I was good friends with Sharky when I went to visit him while

traveling India. We did some of the best road trips and epic drunk, stoned driving in India through the hills and to various places. I tried to explain to Oracle “He was one of the richest people I’d ever met. And always smiling in that Pisces way of never seeing anything as down.” I tried to make some kind of parting speech but that was as much as my vocal chords could manage. I recalled his legacy as always just another opportunity to have fun. Always partying at any time, loved food and cooking, celebrating life.

“That’s India for you.” Oracle said and left for his part of the house his brother and he had divided into two separate living residences. I went to sleep early, tired and exhausted.

I dreamed of Sharky lost in a New Delhi Carpark. He was looking for his car in the empty car park. The yellow sulfur glow of lights and his lost look as I tried to guide him into the dark. I woke up feeling something in my temple as I was still in the sleep position. I grasped it thinking it was a leaf from my swag and threw it. I was surprised as it felt like something else. I heard tiny scratchings of a living thing I had just thrown to the other end of the tent. I put on the head torch and saw a gray and white huntsman spider that had been sleeping on my temple as I dreamed about Sharky. Noticing

the spider was the same colour as Sharky's gray and white beard. I couldn't kill the little fella and scooped him into a plastic container and put him outside the front of my tent to watch the sunrise. I went back to bed exhausted to only wake at dawn. The spider is still moving around in the plastic container. I picked the box up and threw him into the tree. "Be free old man." I said and made a coffee, smoked a rolled cigarette and went to the oracles place to use the shower after 2 days of sweaty driving and stress. Oracle was asleep usually until 10am, so it was awkward trying to be as quiet as possible. I took a horrible shit from the stress of the whole 48 hours and went back to the tent. Each day was much the same as lay in my swag and read esoteric literature from the Oracles library. Sometimes we'd sit out on the front porch and talk about the deeper meanings of life and the various mind tricks that the human had been entrained to believe. Even questioning the very nature of astrology as a mind control event.

"But it's a mud map of sorts kind of like reading a thumbprint for a sleuth." I said. "Well who knows really it's all bhakti to me now. I just travel this life from the heart." The Oracle said while sipping at his tea cup that almost looked miniature in his large hands. I went

back to my tent and slept. A huge gust of wind woke me to that feeling of electricity building in the sky. I felt fear of a tree limb falling on me, as one limb had already fallen on the rusted old Mitsubishi next to the tent in some previous storm. Lightning lit up above my tent as I dragged some electrical items back into the car. Whipped with winds and rain, the tent collapsed in the corner. I rifled through the tent bag and realized I had not put the structural pole through the roof of the tent. I struggled in the rain until it pierced into the holder of the tent, attempting to sleep. Every moment the pine trees cracked in the wind. I prayed for a quick and painless death. The morning arrived with sun and told the Oracle over a coffee I must find work and will go to Mildura. I did the same thing in 2016 after returning from a really tough six months in northern India, where I almost died multiple times. Once from spider bite that went septic, being hit by a scooter crossing the road, then almost going off a cliff on the back of a Royal Enfeild motorbike with a puny muslim butcher not knowing how to use back breaks on a steep decline. Then getting the worst gastro after drinking from a mountain stream that felt like I was poisoned by monkey shit. I packed in the morning and oracle and I said no

goodbyes as it was tradition on the road to never say goodbye. I got to Mildura and found almost every backpacker was being renovated or boarded up due to the lockdowns and no international travelers. I called the one number on the facebook page while seeing an email from the oracle had showed up. "Yes you can go to the motel in Buronga." Mario said. I was overjoyed but didn't compute in my head the level of where I was going to New South Wales.

I was confused and after seeing that it was only a 20 minute drive across the bridge over the Murray River from Victoria. Eventually I found the quaint place looking quiet and desolate. It was a border motel with white stucco render, red roof tiles and well worn workers accommodation backpackers, a small pool sat along the driveway and a well grown row of palm trees. I booked into the shared room. It was basically old motel rooms in a row converted into a six bedroom dorm with a separate couples double bedroom. Met a German Backpacker Muller who already had the couples double bed part of the dorm while I set up in the bunk bed with no one there except us two. I caught a glimpse of a hot english girl wearing a G-string in the pool sunning herself to tan in the hot 35

degree days. She had the dorm room next door and I found out she worked at the hotel down the road as a bartender. I lay down while I could hear the German Backpacker Muller playing some RPG on his phone. I opened my email and read The oracle's words.

The way of the heart is a silent respectful humble acknowledgement of the source of truth and delight within....you must approach it like a lover's most belovedyou have to turn off the internal dialogue and dare to be comfortable with whatever seems to be happening and in that turmoil create some space or spaciousness. You will know when you have approached the door of that deeper perception when you feels tears welling or butterflies in the belly ...and yet you can't force or manipulate it because it is the most sacred thing in you....it can't be fooled and yet it's response to your longing will be instantaneous..The mind will immediately reject and deny what's happening or convert the connection into something trivialego consciousness is about five years of age and totally dependent on attention and it's mother mill ...the addictions we developed etc a bottomless abyss Your destination might well be that rundown or over expensive boarding

room...in any twenty four hour day there are moments possibilities when an opportunity may arise when we are n the same frequency of the heartwhich is like the voice of a loved one attending to our every need and whispering love and faith in the possibility of us awaking from this self induced coma. Everything changes when we enter that heart portalbut of course it's not a construct or another distraction but something paradoxical and indescribable...

Chapter 3: **Locked down RONGA
NSW**

The boredom of Summer was heat mixed with nothingness. Muller and I watched movies and talked a bit about our past. He was an interesting guy but 20 years younger than me and had done 3 years of farm work and travel in Oz. Muller would come home from his zucchini picking each day at 2 pm. We would try not to look at the beautiful English girl in a bikini but failure was never the right option. For some reason the English girl only kept to herself and basically talked on her phone about her spiritual journey in lockdown and how she was going to Perth. Muller and I drank and talked while I mostly smoked cigarettes. He would go and do his workout regime to get fit and buff for all the ladies he was going to meet on dating sites but never met. I tried not to be too cynical, yet the anger I had from the last 2 years still boiled at peak steam in my chest. The manager was a British backer Jack who had done five years in Australia and landed a job as the manager of the motel. Jack was a funny guy but took things very seriously and hated the pay and conditions being stuck seven days a week yet

twenty four hours he was on call sorting out all the dramas of holiday makers and various workers who didn't want to do cleaning or anything. "Hey can you look at the back of my neck?" Muller asked me in his German almost ozzy accent. I inspected the huge golf ball sized cyst on his neck. "You should get that cut off." I told Muller. "Is it cancer, do you think? My mother died of cancer so it's in my family." I took the phone and got a doctor's surgery for him to call.

In a couple of days I drove Muller over the border and got some booze and food while he got a local doctor to inspect. "I have to get it cut off." Muller said. "They did a biopsy and I am waiting for the words if it is cancer." Muller seemed worried. "It's not a cancer mate. It's just a cyst you should have popped ages ago." I replied knowing he told me he had put up with it for 1 year because of not having health insurance. It was a couple of weeks of doctors not being able to make a decision and Muller and I just drank and smoked as he got his painkillers to stop the pain of the cyst. It was life at its most mundane. The hot backpacker the Asian women bringing her older Thai friend over to get sex with anyone who would take her during the shared dinners and drinking sessions. It

was at least social in the games/dining room playing pool watching Youtube on the TV. Eventually I got a call and picked up Muller from the Hospital. His neck with a gauze stuffed in the gaping wound he showed me on his phone. "Look, it's like they cut a golf ball out. They can't sew it up. I have to get it cleaned every day at the chemist for 2 weeks." Wow. I could feel the fact he was relieved was good and no cancer, just a cyst as I told him. The Hot English girl still walked around in g string and never talked to Muller and I. That was one of those strange moments. I overheard her phone conversation and knew she was on a different path to both of us, so we just appreciated her fashion show. I spoke to the Oracle on email about the crazy mixture of life I was stuck in. I mean everyone else seemed insane wearing masks to go to the shops and cops stuck on the bridge in temporary shelters with no Air conditioning doing border control. I had lost trust in fellow man humanity or the greater idea of society being something to even consider as fellow beings. They were manipulated into the one leash for one neck ideology of corrupt politicians and corporate globalists. I found a new email from Oracle in my inbox.

The timing for every event is written apparently in the sky. I totally

disagree but can see how that sort of manipulation passively works for docile sheep who need at every turn to be led to the gate, to the slaughter house of destined fate.

Astrology is for followers, it's useless for wolves and lions, it doesn't wait and weigh up the right time to eat or make loveto kill and feed its family. Our destiny is beyond the stars it's written in our will to create and defy, a will that dwells in chaos and magic ...in love for that which is always going forward never looking back....order is the domain of souls trapped in the holographic dream in which everything is predestined...it's not evil it's just a precondition of what is inevitable, of what has been brewing in us beyond the fetters of a narrow soul consciousness. We are gods in embryos whom the old gods fear. We are in the twilight of the old world order and the key for this transformation is the proper recognition of women by the mothers and grandmothers who have hidden themselves in plain sight.

Chapter 4: **BRONGA. DECEMBER**
2020

I snored like a dying Wookiee, and the drinking and smoking was always following my world as a coping mechanism with life, frustration and panic. Mario the owner had found a job at the motel. First I had to prove myself by digging out rock hard dirt from the poles around the pool. I smashed my finger on the crowbar and my pinky fingernails went black. I finished the whole job in a day. Mario said there is a painting job going. And I found myself stripping paint from the old window sills for the short, skinny, diseased old man Bernarnd who loved aliens and conspiracy theories and smoked too much weed. He was intelligent but neve knew when to stop with the end of the world conspiracies. "Check out these inserts." He would lift his shirt showing lumps where the slow release drugs were placed under his skin near stomach and liver. It was not too soon where the short painter, loner, conspiracy theorist would clash as his anger spilled over at his thirteen year

old daughter. I knew there was only days before the grand conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter would appear like one star.

“You can’t just yell at me for everything that is Bullshit!!” I yelled. Toe to Toe looking well down on his skinny wrinkled face. He yelled back with his paint covered hands waving around by his side. “Well fuck off princess! I don’t want someone who can’t mask up the power points properly.” The heat bore a sting into my skin biting like ants. I served back at Bernard. “You can’t treat people like this.” I pointed down at Bernard’s paint splattered face. “That’s it you threatened me with a punch.” He stormed off. I threw the masking tape on the ground and walked off. We simultaneously both got into our separate cars and divided as he went one way in his driveway with his daughter and I went to the front driveway to get an energy drink. The owner of the backpackers called up asking what the problem was. It all seemed childish. I first thought about running away, then while talking made excuses about heat and being hungry. Then the painter called me up and it was water under the bridge both accepting it was the most childish argument. I drove back and we both silently went back to working separately. Him at one end of the hostel and me at the other end. The hot

english backpacker who lived next door who never interacted. She was walking past the pool driveway with shopping bags. She must have heard the yelling of the fight out the front of her door. She stopped by my station of paint and brushes. "You were right and you do more work than he does, You should stand up more to him. Well done." I nodded and she walked back to her room and that was the only consolation. As I could see she had no interest in fucking anyone in the backpackers and was sure she had been hit on by every guy at the bar next door. It was bizarre in an empty backpackers room where only four of us occupied the twenty rooms available. The big boss arrived when Bernard went home with his daughter, he just laughed about how he told us two kids to kiss and make up. The next day of work scraping paint was as if nothing had happened. Whenever we talked to each other in passing we just blamed it on the weird energy of the year twenty-twenty. It had been forty degrees every day and no wind felt like hell and even more ominous like feeling with the lockdowns and the thirty police on the bridge doing Checkpoint bullshit. I watched the Thai cleaner work in her skin tight clothes, but also found she was not keen for sex, but loved wearing skin tight pants

and tops to show off her womanly curves. Always showing off her ring and some spurious marriage that seemed like a marriage of convenience. The Thai cleaner brought around her older female thai friend again looking to fuck anything with a dick. I was not up for it. The British girl left one morning and neither Muller or I cared anymore. It was just another day. Muller did his muscle work out and smoked weed. Jack the manager went about checking cleaners works and booking in people, but mostly just surfing movies about van life in other countries. I took a week off to go north on a big driving adventure to find something but found nothing. Mostly needed an excuse to leave the painting job and the angry little painter. I returned A week later when a petite French blonde showed up who was looking for something but no one could figure out what it was. She spun stories of bad relationships and her ex boyfriend stealing the house they renovated in France from her. I loved her from the moment I saw her. Yet I was conflicted as it was exactly 20 years from my first real relationship with an English backpacker that used me up. The 2001 journey with a British backpacker I found at the end of the journey I was used just as a financier and chaperone around

Australia and I ended up broke. The English backpacker girlfriend ghosted me after our massive journey picking fruit up the eastern states of Australia. I was haunted by that 9 months with her. All the love, tears, sex and hard work on different farms around the east coast of Australia. To be drained of everything at the end.

Now I was thrown into the deep end as the French girl made passes at me and intimate touches that meant more than just little flirtations. Sometimes she would give me a total cleavage view from the couch seat next to me. Or running the fingertip around my hand when I showed her a cut I had. I had stopped working with the painter job and stupidly took an offer to work at a different farm picking watermelons, I failed at the first day, gassing out and almost having a heart seizure from dehydration and exhaustion. The words rang in my head before I picked the first twenty kilo watermelon. *'YOU ARE AFRAID OF LOVE'*.

I quit that shit job of slavery at the melon farm where everyone was driven to the point of puking their guts up after each row of watermelons. Mario needed people to keep paying rent and not leave so he offered me a job Working at a commercial Laundry across the NSW bridge border to Victoria untangling wet sheets

and towels by the ton. First day I almost ripped my shoulder out of its socket as a ton of wet towels fell too fast to land it properly in the drying bin. But it didn't matter, the two days of work failed due to the border being shut to NSW. Again I was locked out from the job as the Victorian Government backdated NSW from green zone to Red Zone. I was fucking pissed off. Losing a job and having the department of health services trolling my message bank trying to convince me to go back over the border and pay for a hotel room for two weeks to isolate. The French girl laughed at me in the kitchen as I drunkenly ranted, "My Grandfather fought against Colonel Hitler in Fromelles and his son fought in world war two having to build the Changi railway for the Japanese. Now after all that sacrifice I have to live through this Nazi dictator shit." I tried to explain the apathetic public just sucking the media's dick like a mind rapist on government propaganda viagra. I ranted more "Locked out of my own country that is meant to be a federation of states. Where is the Federal Govt in this equation?" Eventually after I got drunk and stoned outside with Muller. Eventually the french girl Fille joined me and the now totally wasted Muller. Both

now friends of which I was always generous with gifts of rum and dry and cooking food for Fille food to try.

I even cooked for Jack the manager, Muller and a Fille a traditional Christmas dinner ozzie style. The roast leg of lamb roast veggies and pan gravy on a 40 degree day. They kind of liked it and it was a drunken night of youtube shitty songs, playing pool and the French girl danced with me as we hooked our arms and skipped dancing a jig badly. I assumed. She tried to convince me to go to the Midnight mass. I told her I was not Catholic, nor would I set foot into a Church after my upbringing and lockdowns. She and Muller went and I drank until passed out on my bed. I woke up in the morning and jerked off for like an hour in the shower while Muller was out working getting his neck wound cleaned. I thought of Fille the whole time. It was fear, lust and greed mixed in my own semen going down the shower drain. I dressed up and shaved the overgrown part of my balls and face. Walked outside and poured a Japanese whisky and then went with my curry spices to cook dinner. Fille put her phone down as I walked past her out the front of her room. "So what do you do for an hour in the shower?" She asked. "I was very dirty." I replied and asked if she would like a

curry to which she said she already had a quiche. Had a delayed reaction to her being next door listening in. I knew I was in with a chance to fuck her but all the nightmares of the year 2000 kept me questioning myself and repeating history. I just drank more whisky as I knew this was my problem and that was the way life was in a time of Covid. All I could do was take the next job. Muller and I went to the Fig farm and began picking the Figs. It was horrible, hot and you had to cover every part of your legs and arms, wearing rubber gloves to stop the white acid sap from the figs burning your skin into a red rash. We worked hard as many people left and only a few Malaysians and Indonesians were left in the crews. It was just hourly pay and well it gave me an extra few grand. But as soon as my arms were ripped to pieces with bloody sores regardless of gloves. I told Fille, Jack and Muller I was leaving.

“I want to be an artist.” I said. They all wished me luck and we hugged goodbye as I felt failure and the weight of the last twenty years of life haunting me. I yelled at the road and talked myself down from the cliff edge of running the car off the road in desperation to escape myself. I checked for a new message from

the Oracle.

We have been indoctrinated to believe Saturn is some sort of boogeyman , a creature lurking in the shadows. These astral projections are the stuff of dreams, the dream within the actual dream so good luck navigating a way out of a coma.

Again the Saturn sun thing in the D9 has to be acknowledged in terms of the grief and frustration it gives but it wouldn't be there if it wasn't a function of a mission perspective. It begs the question of whether it's better to have soft or easy aspects when in terms of art or creating history most genius or pure insights have been gleaned by those tossed into impossible conditions. Nothing comes easily or quickly with Saturn when it connects with the sun. On a deeper level Saturn can master the realm of shadows. In the Cabala it's the mysterious realm of DEATH. Very few souls evolve in an atmosphere of gentle planetary aspects. Even less ever experience an initiation of pure awareness burn from the dark night of the soul. The dark night itself is where SAT or that transcendental truth transcends the narrow or trapped subjective of the SOUL. In that light your pact with the devil or your better

nature explains and justifies everything that has ever happened to you.

There are signifiers of absolute genius with your mars-Uranus scorio in the third house of the D 9. Mars is Heracles in its own sign. Uranus is promethean; its genius is not dependent upon recognition or acclaim or even fame. It has a William Blake like indifference to what anyone thinks. I would worry if your art was achieving recognition. Blake was surrounded by geniuses like Shelley Byron and Leigh Hunt who just assumed he was a nutter. Saturn's task in the chart is to destroy or deconstruct our dependence upon a narrow frame of identities. It has zero interest in the usual frivolities and egocentric distractions and addictions. Saturn is never boring because it always has its eye on the prize. The task in any Saturn cycle is to just stop sook-ing and surrender, resistance is useless and once we get that then progress is possible. My own experiences with the harsh or cruel hand of a Saturn period was made clear to me in my first second and third ten day Vipassana sessions. Where every part of one's mind, body and soul feels torn apart with no mercy, no relief, no escape. I've seen grown men scream and curse when their minds

break. Serious meditation like life itself under a Saturn spell requires courage and fortitude.

Saturn and insight meditation are identical in the way that it teaches the ego a way to disassociate from the misery of that is aversion and attraction. Its enemy is the mind and its emotional dependence.

Chapter 5: **TAMWORTH.**

The majority of NSW country areas were still classed as green zones so I decided to travel up the inner parts of NSW to see if I could find somewhere. I dreamed of Nimbin being some sleepy village full of hippies and easy women. I stopped at Dubbo and got a chicken burger for lunch. A Bunch of Indians asked me if the Queensland border was open again or if it was closed. I told them I had not gone that far north yet. They looked distressed, the whole family not knowing where to go. I was glad my eleven year old pact with the moon, cynical depression and self loathing had given me no kids or long term relationships. The World of Covid was now a minefield of bullshit rules and Corporate Governance doing the biggest social experiment with untested MRNA Vaccines, mandates, compulsory surgical masks and lockdowns leaving people alone panicked and suicidal. I looked at Saturn in the daily chart and it showed it transiting Aquarius, the house of science. It was more than coincidental that the planet of restriction, jailer and harsh father Saturn, was in the house of Science and innovation

'Aquarius'. I drove all the way up the Center of NSW. The Towns passed like wallpaper Albury, then at West Wyalong I stayed a night. Then Parkes, Dubbo and Arrived at Tamworth to a fucking huge rain storm. I saw lightning only 200 meters from my car as the thunderheads set in. I stayed in a flash motel, got a six pack of beer and drank myself to sleep. For some reason on my friends list the algorithm had linked me to Fille the French Backpacker from Buronga. And we started talking on the message app. It was a short and sweet conversation. I was too drunk to talk and sensing I had failed by not making a move, or even being rejected or even stating my love. I passed out after writing to The Oracle about Fille and how we had connected. The fact I had done her Tarot cards and birth chart attempting to make friends before sex. The rain flooded the front of the motel and the back grass area turned to a river. You couldn't hear traffic, only sheeting rain. The anger sickness and beef jerky mixed with menthol cigarettes hit my gut badly, as I shit pain in the morning.

I moved to the Tamworth hotel the next day which was the original wooden pub designed back in the old times where bars looked regal with carved Jarrah woodwork and red carpets fit for a king to

walk on. My room consisted of a bed, wall mounted TV and a hand basin with a window facing a red brick wall. It wasn't much but a week in solace should sort me out. I looked for jobs and mostly it was farm work that looked exploitative. I smoked and drank at the bar. Meeting a few people but mostly I ate from the lunch menu and drank apple cider by the pint. The nights were the worst with the thumping bass and DJ playing in the beer garden. My hatred for people even though not needing masks made my introversion deeper. I would watch all the locals with friends and girlfriends all talk, get drunk and go home.

The sting of cigarettes and lips still covered in Apple Cider sugar made for the worst sleep. Each day was the same. Find a place in the bar where no one was and play pokies, get drunk and have cigarettes in the alcove out the back of the bar. The one day I had a smoke out the front an aboriginal guy with bad hair colour and strange choice of fluorescent pants asked for a cigarette. I gave him one. He told me about how he was going to bash his girlfriend's boyfriend and break his jaw. He seemed fucked up on drugs, or coming down off something. I went back to the lonely seat at the bar and played a few pokies until the remaining ten

dollars were gone. I couldn't handle the place and drove to smaller towns. They all seemed the same. The bakery, chemist, food outlet, post office, unused town hall and bar that only opened for locals. Last night a cute girl kind of made eyes in my direction but it was not Fille, it was not definite enough of a look. I stared into her soul too much and she gave up on the intimate moments and began talking to the other customers getting drunk at the bar. I went to the room and saw a cute girl with dreadlocks, the kind of earthy woman you would think that would free the shackles of a desperate man. But the look was superficial, just a mask created by the 1960s free love and peace debacle that never happened. She looked the other way and made toast in the communal kitchen. I went to bed watching the never ending propaganda of cases and lockdowns and vaccines.

I grasped my phone hoping Fille would call and say she loved me, or that we shared something intimate, or say something that would calm the fears in my head. I recalled knowing that no woman ever had this power on earth. I was alone yet the oracle had replied to my last message.

If you have the wrong planets in the sixth, eighth and twelfth then you're cursed. That's a matrix right? We get what we deserve and so just suck it up. Ok so what do the spiritual masters have to say about that.

Well Lord Krishna is very clear about that in the Bhagavad Gita

*“tri-vidhaṁ narakasyedaṁ dvāraṁ nāśhanam ātmanaḥkāmaḥ
krodham tathā lobham tasmād etat trayam tyajet”*

“There are three gates leading to the hell of self-destruction for the soul—lust, anger, and greed. Therefore, all should abandon these three.” Fair enough. So from this it's clear that the 6th House in our horoscope on a Soul evolutionary level is the house of (Shadripus) or the six enemies. So who can we blame for these tendencies towards lust, anger, greed, delusion. Pride, jealousy etc. do we blame the planets that were the wrong signs and houses at our birth. Or is that just a metaphysical trick for avoiding responsibility. Our astrologers have attributed archetypal or symbolic associations to these negative capacities. Karma, or is lust venus tricks. Just pray it doesn't drop in the wrong sign or house. 'Krodha' is anger in mars. 'Lobha' is greed in Saturn.

Chapter 6: **BRONGA Backpackers**
JAN

I arrived back in Buronga to a nice welcome after 3 weeks of solid travel across NSW only to find that I was locked out of Queensland and that Nimbin was a shithole of a commercial town feeding the faux hippies and the selfie patrols. Next I woke up at 4pm as the French girl Fille told Muller and myself about the Fig farm picking and looking for packers. Muller and I both went into it very naive and learned the hard way about the Fig Sap acid burning your skin. After two days of easy shed work we were sent into the fields as every crew quit the job due to shit conditions of 10 hour days and only one or two breaks 44 degrees on some days people were barely coping with the sun. Eventually I failed after a month of skin on my arms ripped to shreds by the acid and the salt from my own sweat in the shirt fabric cutting my elbows to my wrists with burn marks weeping with blood every time I picked a fig. The heat of the day made the stems impossible to pick without damaging too much. The bosses came out yelling at everyone to pick properly and not miss any fruit. Muller and I just looked at each other heat dazed after picking tons of Figs in the 12 hour day. My mind was going crazy. *I had to escape this beautiful and intelligent blonde French girl Fille before I repeated history? Or Was I just projecting*

the past on the future? I was lost and destroyed, so indecisive yet horny and wanting to be in love. My mind made all the excuses as I thought. *'She is just using you, you are repeating the 2000 journey, she is ten years younger than you, you're an old man, what are you doing, is it your dick or your brain that matters, what happened to the journey into bhakti, pure love no expectations the heart centered decisions.'* One day I just left the job and packed the car and the Muller guy commented as I hugged Fille the French girl Goodbye. "Maybe you two will meet on the road. It's a big country." Muller said as Fille and I waved to each other. I drove off in an emotional dizziness. I felt as if I was a fugitive in my own country, haunted by my ex-girlfriend's fear of being used, locked out of jobs and borders and basically told I am too old and grumpy to be in this current world of COVID events. Having been banned from crossing border into Victoria because of the stupid laws around green zones yellow zones, Fucked zones and they just retrospectively rezoned the yellow zone as red, yellow as green, all the colours of the Globalist flag. I passed Gol Gol and went all the way to some shitty small town. I drove through massive hail and rain storms flooded down the streets. I drank like a six pack

and felt kind of excited for a second, then it was gone. I went to the hotel and just drank and smoked, and snored another slice of dreamless sleep. I started the drive back down the east coast. Sydney and the state are still open with no Covid cases. Yet the rain was following me everywhere. The roads with car crashes and thick layers of water covering the black shiny bitumen. I stayed in small towns, still torn about this french girl. Arms still torn to shreds as the acid burns from the fig sap still destroyed from the humidity. I decided to visit my ex-girlfriend's mothers place in the desert. I received another email from the Oracle after explaining a dream where I saw the face of a god I found in history called YAMA. The dream gave me a psychotic breakdown in 2019 where I lost everything: job, friends, family, money and trust in life as real or even my thoughts as my own.

The Yama story is typical of the Vedic deities. He is the son of the sun making him the twin brother of Saturn, their mother 'Chhaya gag' we gave birth to them in her shadow form. In astrology Saturn rewards or punishes or makes us accountable in this life. Yama, gives the results of one's deeds after death. Yama is not directly linked to the 12 zodiacal signs, but is considered to be the lord of the lunar mansion bharani located in Taurus. Yama is the embodiment of righteousness dharma) and the king-of-justice He is, however, amenable to pity. He is the king-of-Ancestors. He rules over the kingdom of the dead where the Ancestors dwell. He is the king-of-ghosts. The word yama means binder, restrainer. It is Yama who keeps mankind in check. He binds, he decides what are the actions of the living beings that bear or do not bear fruit. The astrological keys to your Yama dream could naturally be traced to your 8th house which has more to do with the various stages of life, death and renewal. The 8th house planets are where the journey into the unconscious realms begin. The sun will penetrate into the shadows, what it sees there is never judged. The ego

won't comprehend that light but that's ok this is where the heart which is the inner sun takes over. To meet death is scary but it's also cathartic. The Hidden truth about the 8th house will be understood by the house ruler, or in your case venus. Venus is a spiritual agency in which the heart transforms everything even death, especially death which is of course a sham. Yama-like death is not real. Love is beyond these narrow constructs. The rishis who named everything in the cosmos knew that the soul would get disorientated within the time space organism. The star maps are field orientation within a holographic theater in which the inner meaning or divine purpose is veiled. Who knows why but that's where our dreams can provide a mythic or archetypal context. But again the quantum field is not the full story. There is more going on than just waves and particles. But for now it's as good as we got.

Chapter 7: **Brekin Hill.**

I arrived in the heat of February to see the familiar blonde hair of my ex-girlfriend's mother from 2005. I kind of knew that my Ex-girlfriend was now living north of Perth after we broke up in 2005. A bit of facebook stalking I could see she had recently divorced and had two twin teenage girls. The old homestead in the red desert. *'Home away from home'* I thought. It had not changed a bit. Old broken bits of bygone eras, when things were only made of steel, wood and leather. The rusty old Morris minor, farming implements, mechanical contraptions and pieces of odd ceramics all placed perfectly in some order of agreement with thought to showcase it like a gallery. It was not much different from when I was there in 2005 and could admire just every tiny thing in its own place. I got out of my car and said "Hi". In true country style I was offered a seat at the table verandah, I didn't introduce myself but was greeted with a friendly cigarette and coffee. I had my straw cowboy hat and aviators on. Like a kind of camouflage in case I was recognised and hated for some reason. Millie, the mother of my ex-girlfriend, talked to me interested in the randomness of whomever I was. Millie's tall curly haired boyfriend chewed at his pinto cigars and drank coffee, he offered not much but a few

grunts from behind the paper he was reading. I talked and smoked and eventually I relented that I had been here before in 2005. I still felt seedy from drunk stoned last night with a German guy the night before. And had no clue what returning to this bed and breakfast in the desert would do for me. Millie recognized me from 2005 and happily explained to her deaf boyfriend that I went out with Lyna back in 2005 and visited her for a week back in the days where she had another Cowboy boyfriend and was going through a messy divorce with her husband of twenty years. It was a long shot but I made it into the fold of their company. I felt like a lost soul had found a roof and bed still completely lost as to why nothing was really working out or if anything had a reason. We sat and talked for a while. Her boyfriend Len, not really interested in anything as he got in his 4WD grumbling went off to fix something in town. "Let me call Lyna?" Millie asked and fumbled with her phone. I listened to the phone call between my mother and my ex. Here, talk to him to see if you can recall who it is, "Hello." I took the phone. "Who is it?" My ex-girlfriend's voice was familiar as always. "You remember me from Western Australia at University?" I said hoping my voice would be recalled. "Errmm." I cut to the chase at

her oblivious recognition. “Tubby.” I said the pet name she gave to me. “Ohhh yess. Wow how are you?” She instantly took to the conversation and it was as if we had never stopped talking and just filled in on the recent events in the Covid world of divorces, jobs, housing and strange happenings. I started drinking wine with her mother as I spoke while sitting at the table. The boyfriend returned in his Ute and a cloud of bulldust followed. The heat of the day started to relent into a beautiful peach sunset. Len started throwing ice into the wine glass followed with large gulps at the white wine. As the party had started with three of us getting drunk and the boyfriend cooking food between the next bottle of wine being taken from the ute fridge connected to the solar panel on the top of the canopy. They showed the different artistic constructions made from old found telegraph poles, animal skulls and fairy porcelain stuff thrown in eclectic arrangements around a coy pond. We walked around drank and the Boyfriend began to become irritable and more deaf the more wine he drank. He showed me his art much to the dismay of his partner drunk at the other end of the table just chain smoking away. Eventually he got pissed off “What!!” he yelled at her. “Let our guest just enjoy the

atmosphere.” She said to him in a shy, almost motherly tone. He got up almost like a giant angry and irritated by something imaginary that we obviously could not see. His wiry frame moving towards the hall behind the seated area verandah lit up with thousands of moths circling in the safety light cutting through desert darkness. “BANG, Crash, BOOM!” The sound of the drum kit on the stage went into all chaos and no beat. Lyna’s mum rolled her eyes and said. “Don’t worry this happens all the time. The dogs ran to the drumset as if called to perform. The drunken artist on the drums with no ability or rhythm bashed away loudly like a three year old. The dogs jumped on the hall stage like performers and started howling and barking along with the off kilter drunken beat. There was no conversation for the next hour, just more drinking and silent cigarettes. “Here is your key for the room you are probably tired after a big drive.” I took the key and stumbled across a thorn covered oval surrounded by attempts to grow bushes and fruits. The pair of rubber thongs I wore on my feet were feeling the three corner jack prickles push through into my toes. It was pure chaos. A train passed on the tracks nearby with all its cargo. The moon shone rising above the mulberry shaped hill in the distance.

I fumbled the keys that fell in my shorts, my mood went into a horrible nightmare of slumber and snoring in the hot dry air yet the fig scars had dried and started to heal for the first time. The next three days continued like this formula of conversation, lunch, drinking drums and howling dogs at the drums. Eventually I could sense a huge depression falling with the oncoming moon. I had no idea what was going on. My mother had just been put in hospital for some glandular cancer operation. My sisters daughter had run away to her half-sisters gay family to punish her father for taking away her ipad. I was in no state to drink, eat and converse. Eventually I could feel the offers coming from Millie, dangling the carrot of me being the caretaker of the homestead feeding the dogs and booking in groups of people to stay in the different rooms pitted about the desert and rocky outcrops. A desperate woman with a bad cough was invited over and almost dangled as a possible sexual partner dinner. Both of us felt played into a strange matchmaking game neither of us wanted to play. I just ignored it and drank and smoked. "So your not interested in sex it seems." Mille said as I passed her in the kitchen to fill up more wine. I felt it hit my core as I was not a fuck boy, or even up for the desperate

sex. Confronted by all this, darkness descended. I walked back to the unit in the dark and snored like I was dying. The morning broke with that familiar sting of being thrown in hell. All I could do to shake the feeling of being in a psycho depressive state, was to masturbate like I was to face the Death penalty by lethal injection at midday. I grabbed my bottle of wine from the fridge and began to get drunk at 10 am. I walked to the train line and thought this is a good place to die. I took a few selfies and eventually got up, got drunk and sat down to some random tears only stress and no nutrients could really explain. I was pissed off. I got in my car and texted Mille. I am going to see my mother in the hospital. I drove like a demon possessed running from something running again and again but never happy at just sitting down and being solemn. It made me recall the dream I got haunted with. Me stuck in neck chains with a large demon twice my size at the end of the windowless shed. It was damp and horrible. The demon looked like the devil Tarot card yet there was no female stuck in chains with me. I looked for escape from this prison of concrete and steel walls perpetually never drying. The one hallway to my left had this mangy dog with a rat-like face and desperation to kill, purely out of

its irritation with its own chains and skin problems. I could see the light of day pass the dog. I said something to the Demon. It seemed to laugh or almost incapable of laughter it looked as if screaming in torn frustration. I took my moment, removed the chains from my neck and ran past the sleeping dog. I made it outside to the desert. I could feel the dog had reached the end of its chain and was choked when it hit the chain's length and began to tear at the chain in frustration. The dream continued on, lost in the desert I began walking the desert until I found a street sign pointing at a couple of tyre tracks in the red dirt. "MIDDLE OF NOWHERE." it said as I kept on walking into the small moguls of dust and dirt like a moon landscape continuously evolving into more unfamiliarity. A bitumen road appeared and there were a lot of cars and vans and motorhomes all driving towards a bridge. I tried to hitch a ride. Nothing was working as passing under a bridge I met all these underfed women in rags who directed me to a small motel and instructed that I could find refuge under the eaves of the terracotta roofed white washed rooms. I recalled the dream perfectly as the rain started to fall in the desert hills driving back to my mother who had just gone into hospital for surgery.

Driving through the historically prominent railway towns that used to allow horses to feed and beer to be consumed. With lockdowns now just seemed to be dusty echoes of the past with shells of houses and worn welcome signs rusted in the creaky breeze. I eventually passed the small misty mountains with trees far and few between in the desolate interior of South Australia. I'd crossed the border by about 200 kms and yet it was only at 200 kms from Adelaide was there the COVID-19 checkpoint charlie. There was a fruit and vegetable inspector looking for people bringing fruit. He was joined there by three police officers with a laptop under a blue Gazebo tent. They all looked bored. I had done no paperwork, I just smiled, parked and followed instructions as the older sergeant helped me fill in the documentation to get into South Australia, even though the border line was 200 kilometers before the checkpoint. I turned after handing over my drivers license and declaring no fruit or veg in the car. A big huge Cop stood in defiance towards me as if bored and looking for a fight. I traversed the path of least resistance and went towards the car. Trucks made loud crashing noises when going over the artificial speed hump. I couldn't help but feel for the police dragged down to the

level of border patrol. The lowest of all jobs in the world. Possibly the most depressing of all positions to hold while carrying a gun. The rain started to come in the more I approached the Southern ranges and green hills. There was roadworks going on everywhere. The Government's answer to the high unemployment was to start fixing roads they neglected for decades. The endless caravan of boomers driving at least twenty kilometers slower than the speed limit to escape the lockdown Communist style government restrictions. There hundreds of thousands of dollars earned in stocks and superannuation are no longer able to be spent on Fancy Cruises worth fifty thousand dollars.

There is money going on motorhomes that cost as much as a house and land package. Yet I observed none of them could even put air in the tires due to their weakened arthritic states of years of sedentary money earning. I tried to quell my distaste for a shitty situation where the world had gone and being treated like living in a communist dictatorship in my own country Australia. I was now seeing as the least free country and basically corporate owned. The Government doing the same as Soviet Russia just before the economics of control brought down the social experiment in late

1980s. I checked my messages after Emailing the Oracle about some pact I had made with the moon as an 11 year old to never have kids or get married or commit suicide. A hastily made pact to a full moon after another horrific story in life.

I waited for the Oracle to reply to the crazy dream about monsters, chained in a box in the desert and rat faced dogs. I turned off the phone and slept a while in the car only to wake when the reply email appeared in my inbox.

Chapter 8: **Adelaide end of
January**

Fear of Adelaide returns to the driver who was head spinning. Everywhere there was a covid check in QR code I always photographed and never used the app. Only to be confronted by some fearful shop owner demanding you sign in on a piece of paper, to which I would call myself IVAN MECTIN phone number 666 666 666. Then there was the must wear a mask that came and went with the whim of the shop owner. Then it was the constant news of borders that were open and then news the next day of the border closing. People traveling were locked out of their destination. I couldn't stand it so I drove to a place I grew up in Kingston South East thinking it would be too small to be affected by all the restrictions. I lost my mind as boomers in million dollar motorhomes clogged the free camping. I got asked for a QR code to buy fish and chips. I lost it and walked out with out paying and said "FUCK THIS!" I found a small Wellington Caravan onsite building that basically had no aircon, no ventilation or heating, just a sink and a microwave and a bed. And for four hundred and fifty dollars for the week I was set. I wasn't giving in to the government and signing their shit. I lay in the swag I placed on top of the

uncomfortable bed. Every day just sleeping, not eating or drinking more than a glass of water. No cigarettes, nothing. I just slept all day and all night until I felt bed sores forming on my shoulders and hips. I sat down and wrote my Will and testimony and Eulogy in the back of an art book. Homeless with a car and a few goods locked away in the storage container. I was depressed. I ate some liquorish and maybe a handful of rice and curry for the day. I slept some more as the heat dried me out. All I could feel was the want to leave this body and die because I didn't trust my fellow deluded humans on this earth. None of them wanted to stand up against a Scientific religion infused Government working for the billionaire medical corporate globalists that had no soul. I lay just making ideas of the best way to die until the New moon came in. One afternoon I was hungry for Curry. Luckily the store down the road in the Petrol station was there with frozen curries I could take away. I ate it and appreciated the simplest things in life. 'Good spicy Masala'. I added some of my own spices from my curry box and decided to go back into the world one more time. I applied for a job in Oodnadatta, one of the remotest road houses in the center of South Australia. In a drunk hangover state of depression I

mailed Fille a gift box with a blood sausage and some free gift of womens underwear I got for buying three pairs of my own mens underwear and a small bottle of CBD oil. To help with the scars she told me she got from falling off the harvester. The acceptance was almost simultaneous, still being the hot dry summer of minimum 40 degrees up there. I quickly visited my family and mother recovering from her surgery, said goodbyes and started the six hundred kilometer drive up to Coober Pedy. I had contact with Muller and Fille; they were just working every day on grape and fig harvest. I was still in love with Fille but couldn't commit my feelings just masturbated to nothing and checked my messages. The Oracle had replied via email.

The new promethium would constitute political organization or communities based not on the dubious and failed ideology of equal rights but on the principle of rewarding merit from the ranks of every caste, ethnicity or culture. Meritocracy is the only Guiding principle that can guarantee the rights of those who are genuinely qualified in any particular field. Modernism and postmodernism, while on the surface seeming to push expansionist ideas that are developing in the world, is a perspective that wants to encourage

and push ahead any or a variety of social perspectives. It's obsessed with the new and with the endorsement of minority perspective....In this re-examination of and challenging of traditional values it perceives any opposition as an obstacle to progress and individual freedoms....modernism in effect wants to ring bark the tree of traditional values and replace it with an ideology of I want to be heard....I want my rights, I want you gone, I want the power. Professor Dugin explained it pretty wellhe just says ok your liberalism has a grace history in which Marxism and fascism evolved and now you have the degenerate modern world in which the noble traditions of the ancestors are being destroyed and replaced with equal human rights. That's fine he says but this sort of undisciplined liberalism isn't everyone's cup of tea and as Russians we deny it. In the aftermath of the breakdown of the Soviet Union in 1990 etc Dugin explains how USA monopoly capitalists attempted to implant modernist or progressive ideas into the spaces left by the collapse. He explains further how the Russian identity is completely incomprehensible to the western mind and to other modern cultures and that it is as sensitive to outside forces as any third world indigenous culture. It's something

so unique and sacred that it has to be protected at any cost. His view is that the western obsession with equal rights which stated out as a genuine aspiration has degenerated as a consequence of its having lost touch with its sources characteristic, with as he says its soul. It's a comparison we could make about the english colonialism that enslaved and practice genocide against a one hundred year indigenous culture. It's never been totally destroyed because it has soul. Did the imperialists of yesterday ever have a soul ? The opposite in effect.

Should we be surprised to discover to our shame and loss that we as Australians have not respected or grasped the depths of this spiritual well. It's never too late but what we generally do in this state of lack is to draw our identity from borrowed cultures. Australia remains a penal colony of criminals and eccentric rejects, it's a character of sorts and has its amusing insights but fundamentally it's been drugged into a modernism cult in which nothing remains sacred over one obsession with equal rights....which has such a vague and hollow ring to it when grasped in its historical context.

Chapter 9: **Mars Roadhouse**

The job offer was given over the phone and the contract would be signed when I arrived. There were no real questions other than how quickly I could get there to start work. I called my mother and told her the job is really in the middle of nowhere, but I have a chance of making it in a small town than in this stupid city with all its mass hypnosis under the spell of Covid. I drove like a demon after just saying 'risk it for the biscuit' as they say. Coober Pedy was the opal capital of South Australia; its raw nothingness and white ant hills of limestone dust spotted the landscape. I would take any job away from the government controls at that point. My mind was done with suburban drones that obeyed the propaganda and wanted the vaccine more than the question of why we need it? I drove quietly, happy with the future promise to have a roof over my head and a wage to earn that could allow my art or creativity to work in a town where only forty or so people lived. Mostly the town was indigenous and various service workers that lived on transient contracts. Three months seemed like an easy distraction away from my love of Fille and QR code signs of the Beast stamped on the foreheads and wrists of every business. I stayed the night in Coober Pedy, drank a six pack and passed out with only a few

messages coming in from Fille about her having to fill out a workcover form after falling off the harvesting machine and injuring her rib. The most ironic thing about her falling on her face was that in her Tarot reading, I had pulled the ten of swords Tarot card which showed her future as falling face first with swords in the characters back. Maybe it was a coincidence, so during the tarot reading I asked her to shuffle the deck and draw three cards, one for past, one for present and one for future. She pulled 10 of swords for her future making it a match of destiny from two different shuffles. I asked if she was ok. But she replied it's nothing, just a scratch. She was obviously tougher than most. She was most surprised that they made fun of her french story of how it happened they could not comprehend. I laughed and went out for a cigarette. I was met with drunk shearers running around the place on their last day in Coober Pedy before having to go on a shearing contract. They looked nothing like Shearers of old. They were all skinny and few of them were obviously adopted from Africa into Australian families. They were obviously on meth and began to explain to me how these guys were the gun shearers. I saw a few big Maoris running the show and supplying the booze.

They went crazy in the pool while I just drank, walked back to my room, passed out and listened to the vomit flowing from the young shearers fucked up on rum and drugs. It seemed exciting. I wished I was young enough to be that naive to enjoy the pain of those moments of adventure. The drive started where the bitumen ended. Once off road onto the graded dirt road full of rocks and dirt. Mostly good a few points of muddy overflows from a soak or spring that had water in summer. It wasn't until I got into the middle of what looked like a moon-scape there were these walls of Gypsum glistening in the sun like perfect black and diamond with not a tree to be seen for miles. I pushed deeper just checking the fuel and going past various watering holes and oasis that would have been the saving moments for travelers back in the early days. Of course the life for the indigenous had already lived in the harshest of endless mars like red rock with no trees that was the inland Desert. I read the email from the Oracle before I left Coober Pedy even though it didn't make sense, yet devoured every word.

No one is alone in this journey, we are composite beings, an alchemical mix of ancestors' memories, past and future lives poured into this holographic present. We need to know that every

fragment of our experience in eternity is totally engaged and totally present in this present moment. We might weigh into this the realization that our soul has already long ago transcended the limitations of linear time. That it has the capacity to step in and out of time. I've always thought that we are all of us connected to a mother ship, or Akashic memory in which we are basically the lords. Alas the rules of the game make it seem as if we are alone; in a world without meaning or hope. No one said it was easy. The mind itself is alas so diseased and disoriented that it is virtually incapable of locating itself in any context other than its narcissistic addictions. Real magic is available to those who can disassociate from the psychic entanglements of old patterns and manifest that which is truly original and truly universal. No one is going to mock the caterpillar for being a caterpillar. It is what it is until it isn't. Nor can we ever doubt our own ascension from a mere soul consciousness to spiritual presence. The problem with the soul is that at some point it loses the pleroma.

Chapter 10: **INK EL MARCH**

It felt so good to leave that shit show of jealousy and being exploited by rich boomer owners of the road house. Seeing the extortionate prices triple of what normal people paid in a city to control the indigenous. Watching their money from the government pulled into the rich owners pockets who barked orders from their two storey house with pool. I started cooking under the pressure of the boomer woman boss who basically could not stand someone being in her kitchen. Yet she was happiest cooking cakes and delighted to discuss recipe ideas. She would have been a powerful beauty in her days. Her husband, boomer boss, was blind in one eye, a pilot and restaurateur and yet deaf in one ear. Everyone speculated on the eye injury about some gunshot that went wrong. He was also deaf in one ear. But he liked to just chat with other rich boomer tourists at the counter and sneak in to eat all the food from the kitchen when it was cooked by others. It was a shit deal.

But this was better not being in the police state of any of Australia's Capital cities in any state where they kept locking people down and making everyone state their whereabouts. I ran everywhere while in the kitchen to prove myself, filled the drinks fridge and kept a meticulous kitchen with prep ready for the next day. I cooked curries, made Riata and Lentil dhals and meat platters and showed that I was a cook, who could actually cook and adapt to the people who ate in the desert roadhouse. Learned the recipe of the burgers made from ten kilos of meat and pressed out every burger by hand. After a few days of work I could finally have a conversation with Jim. He was from Port Lincoln and only 21. He explained to me his position as housekeeper and his time in Juvenile detention for punching a cop. The biggest thing he could not let go of was being stabbed by his step dad. I guessed he liked playing with knives on his skin while he drank and smoked rolled cigarettes because of this trauma in his life. The distance in age was too much between us. Yet I made an effort to show him how to cook for himself and make curries. He liked rap, which I liked but there was nothing much to talk of as it was all fucked living in a shitty house working six days a week. I could sense he

was just a kid trying to be a hard core adult. He dated the prettiest indigenous girl in town and was kind of set up to live there for a long time. We got along him at one end of the house trying to keep his girlfriend quiet during sex and me at the other end of the house trying to paint or make music to put on the internet. Next Lydia moved into the apartment style room above the roadhouse, and not into the staff quarters house we lived in. I could tell that segregation was the town's biggest historical factor. Yet I knew she was chosen as the one to stay forever and the bitch bosses didn't want me and her in close quarters. I'd read on the tourist information board that from the 1800s the Afghan traders and indigenous were being exploited by the white policeman and farmers stealing their land in exchange for booze and tobacco and flour and tea. Nothing had changed; it was just the given that this was the graveyard of tragedy and greed of colonists that the town existed. Lydia was a petite blonde that had bright curly blonde hair and the scowl of someone who had seen a hard life of love given, love lost, love exploited and kids that didn't really appreciate the effort she went to raise them. We talked and were of similar age so we got along supporting each other through the hard times. It was

a nice feeling talking to someone with similar knowledge of music and life that was made before the year 2000. With her working in the kitchen and taking turns doing housekeeping it felt like a team. Lydia was my saving grace in the kitchen as she could handle the pressure of 20 orders. She had done hard yards in the fish and chip shop while running her kids to and from school. "Just take your time. People will wait for good food." She would say seeing me almost sweat at the amount of orders piling up. I made a few changes to the recipes and made curries and pre ordered meals. But she still out shone in the fact she could also kick other peoples smart ass comments back at them which happened all the time in a small town. We chatted one night after work with some VB cans and she told me of her son with problems of stealing and not being able to handle life. Her husband and his strange ways, her daughters bringing up kids and the fact she wanted to be free and start again. She was Aries same as Fille was. My sign was Libra, the exact opposite of the zodiac. She was my needed fire. And with my air she could burn brightly. We fucked one night desperate in the moment to not be controlled by a small town. She wasn't used to the Lotus position so I didn't come. She came three times,

possibly because she loved me. But we just remained friends as workers and didn't gravitate to each other. "I just came here to work and fuck as many guys as I can." She said to me, Later in the month I did her tarot cards and taught a little of the astrology about her chart while quite drunk. She appreciated it and we acted as if we never knew each other. We tried to sleep together one night just like a couple, but it felt bad as I knew one day I would have to go. She continued to fuck the old recovering junkie guy as he was more in love with her. "Don't fall for me love, I am a heartbreaker." Lydia would always say to the guys. You had to admire her strength and spirit. I checked the phone and got a new email from Oracle.

wanting to make a deeper connection ...venus Mars has the possibility of the sacred unification of the yin-yang...anima -anima polarity that drives most people crazy.....Eros is unification of the higher and lower or instinctual frequencies, this very rarely happens, but one of the indications of it that Bhakti like connection, where to be in the mere presence of the beloved is to be transfigured by light and glory...not of any interests to the

*gratification of the senses ...but hey the sharp edges of the psyche
require countless lives to soften.*

One day Jay, the Satanist Sagitarus arrived from the middle of nowhere in a tiny tissue box of a car in the late afternoon. This arrival upset the balance. Two fire signs in the kitchen and me the air sign looking for balance. This Jay guy we found out after a few drunken nights after finishing 100 meals and 70 sales. That he was on the run from beating his wife and his kids. They had disowned him and wanted him dead. He drunkenly admitted to me of some beatings he gave people in school as he sat drunk tattooing viking symbols on his leg with a pin, ink and a bottle of rubbing alcohol. He was ok to work with he invented food on the fly but also he did stupid shit like make flat cakes or put a ton of pepper in the burgers and attempt to get other people to do the cleaning while he went of to party with the locals. Jim and Jay the satanist got along well and we started to forget each of their names. It was like he had some weird spell. My car got a puncture which seemed like Jay had put a nail under my tyre so when I drove out I was fucked on my day off. I got it fixed but I was sure he was playing the divide and conquer game. He admitted he was

a satanist and had a protection spell on him while he was here. But if he left the place he would lose protection. Jay and Jim went out drinking and partying all night. The campers complained. They were moderately chastised. Lydia hated Jay and had a complaint that got brushed over by management. The manager was an overweight fat girl that had left her station to eat food and cook from time to time. But she liked the sitting down work and being boss, which seemed very Taurus. We somehow managed to cook meals for rich tourists, media celebrities and various busses of old people or school kids. The owners left one day and just watched the money roll in. Lydia and I would work 10 hours a day with a half hour break. No extra money or penalties and have your rent money and internet taken out as well as whatever you buy taken out of your wages. It was 'Maggie's farm' as Bob Dylan once sang. The rich farmer makes you work just for food and shelter. Yet this was 2021 and the same state of affairs appeared to be normal for the workers. I was getting exhausted by the 11 days straight and still expected to have the house cleaned for inspections. Jay's Female friend in her fifties appeared on the scene, a Full blown Capricorn widower looking for anyone to marry or fuck, she did her

mediations and new age compulsions. One of the friendliest people that never did their job properly and would look at you dough eyed saying I have never done this before. Which was outright a lie but it was a spell that worked and you had to do her job for her most of the time. It always ended up in bad orders or wrong meals to people. She would talk with customers for hours and not do work but the owners apparently loved her. I was going mad from exhaustion, maybe it was Saturn going through my moon sign. So I applied for a job in Kings Canyon in the Northern Territory and hoped it would come through. The stink bugs appeared in the shop after the big rain that had us isolated from tourists and food supplies for a week. These beetles spray the smell of dried vomit and shit on every surface. They could fly and as we had Friday night beers we flicked these bugs off each of our shoulders and hats and clothes. Then the toxic surface spray came out and filled the air with more noxious chemicals. I couldn't really take much more, I was stuck in the kitchen with the Satanist and Lydia was always in front of house to keep them separated.. Jim and Jay were like best friends spending all their money on parties at the locals' houses. I got invited out to a indigenous family

home party on the full moon and really felt like I was going to die. The message from my family about my mother being rushed to hospital with complications after the cancer surgery hit harder than I thought. I walked to the house at the end of the street. It was so beautiful and welcoming as we all got drunk and played pool on the front porch. I sent some bad messages drunk to Fille late at night then deleted them. Fille asked why but I said I was in a bad state. Jim said I was getting hammered by bad stuff this year. They understood but the managers and the owners didn't. They needed a slave that could work 10 hours a day 6 days a week and keep the place making massive profit. I started to feel sick in the heat, the smell of sewage permeating the room with no windows. I would stare at the 'INK EL' sticker ripped from the wall in my room. There was only one bit of respite on the Friday night I had off each week. A retired road Grader from a long way back who married indigenous woman in town was trying to do photographic art with no training, just learning it on his own. Each Friday night we would go out with firefighters and throw old boxes and LED lights into the night air and capture great photos of light. People hated that there was something different in the town other than farming, working,

drinking and the constant ripping off the locals through overpricing.

On my one day off a week if I was lucky. I would drive down to the river that was still flowing. The muddy water weeping gum trees and millions of flies was the one escape from the road house. I would lay on my back and float around in the ice cold water alone. Yet my nights started to fill with nightmares, terrors and the bad aspects of all the ghosts started to haunt each night. Locals told me that the dead Afghan traders' graves were under most of the buildings. And if you saw shadows of the tall men to just walk away at night. I would continuously see a shadow walk past my bedroom door, and there would not even be a creak in the old broken floorboards.

The next morning the sewer overloaded. Everyone had to deal with showers and toilets overflowing back into the bathroom. My room had a sewage junction point. Now My constant 35 degree room was filled with the smell of raw sewage. I was at the point of wanting to leave. I couldn't sleep. The whole thing was fucked. I stared at the British backpacker and Overweight boss woman with

an evil glare for a while with no words while making food. I wanted them to feel the stress they put me through. “Why dont you fix the sewers?” I said. The message got through and there was some local guy digging up the pipe. They cleared the pipe but left an open hole in the front yard for days. The sewage still fucked. I told them I have another job in NT with better wages and conditions. They didn’t care. I said no goodbyes. It was not awkward, only they knew they were stuck there for life and I wasn’t and I was hated for that. I drove away from Lydia who was now a couple with the local old junkie trying to escape his addiction in the town. It was sad as I liked Lydia but there was no connection further than that. I checked my messages as I went to fill up the car and leave as someone commented on the Ink El sticker that was on the wall and ripped off from the tape they put to write it. They said it says “PINK HELL”. I posted one last video of the song ‘I was born under a wandering star’ on the group chat for the roadhouse workers. There was a message from the Oracle as I stopped for a smoke at the desert track back to Coober Pedy.

It's amazing to witness how so many females at a particular age go the way of the terrifying moon goddess variety, our natal moons a cauldron of witches that we have to deal with.....I've been working on the contrast between the earth goddess and these crazy undead moon goddesses and how the former seek to evolve or liberate the soul from the fucked up dream, and where the latter conspire like vampires to infect the soul with there own ignorance of anything beyond the psychotic affliction of these moon phases. This moon stuff has to be addressed before we can ever hope to navigate our way through the maze, the entrapment of the sorcerers Circe, and the call of the sirens of desire that results in inevitably decay and decomposition. The earth or mother goddess are not interested in possessing the soul, or driving the mind into deeper states of emotional despair, dependency and suffering, but rather they have in mind for us a greater evolutionary purpose. The personal mother is herself a victim of our denial of the earth in her perfect innocence. The Catholics got it right with Mary as Jung says, it's made up but that's ok, the mother archetype has

appeared in countless visions in multiple denominations throughout recorded history, these are not moon goddess but of the earth, the moon and it cannot be repeated enough is the mother of maya, the holographic delusion, the dream or nightmare that our true mother Sophia shakti wants us to awakened from. “ I feel staunch resentment that I can not become individualized by myself “ That mad bitch our natal schizophrenic moon will never satisfy our deepest needs, the mind cannot be trusted in anything that really counts, so one is bound to feel as if one's needs were not met by the personal mother.....but she and it seems most old women are agents of this shadow mother. Our dream lives in an unending melodymy muse of late is the goddess of memory Mnemosyne, herself a daughter of mother Gaia, and the mother herself of the nine graces. Our moons in Aquarius have a uranus remedy, Prometheus brought the direct light of the gods to humanity, the olympians stole that light from the titans, so really with the discovery of Uranus in 1784 the fake light of the sun and the reflected light of the moon bitch was supplanted in human consciousness as spirit.....pure spirit, which when applied to a natal chart can be found in the Uranus natal degree. It's time to

declare war on the moon and to disassociate ourselves from its moody associations, let it do whatever it must with the Oceanic cycle of oceans and women's bodies, the genius and horror of the moon is only ever revealed in the dark and full moon periods in which the serpents of wisdom buried deep down in Gaia's womb can be aroused and activated. The moon itself is a swamp infested domain inhabited by witches, werewolves and vampires.....it's not the realm of the mother but a hornets nest of witches. Beware.....engage at one's peril. No astrologer will tell us, which just shows you how much they are under the sorcerer's power.

Chapter 11: **Coober Party April**

I drove hard through the dirt and stones and avoided all the shit the tourists had ripped up back to the small opal mining town with its white ant hills marking the signs of returning to civilization. After being in the nothing of Mars landscape and indigenous dealing with the raw deal of their town ruled by one roadhouse. I went to the underground backpackers. I read a message from Fille and how she had started traveling with an ozzie guy that was taking her and Muller and an Italian girl on a road trip. It was amazing that they would be in Coober Pedy while I was there by some chance of divine moment. I suggested they stay in the same place as I was. As it was cheap and well an experience to stay in a hotel built underground. I went into the bottle shop and bought cheaper cigarettes and a six pack for half the price as Road house. I sat and talked to a recently retired boomer on his Harley Davidson road trip. He bitched about all the crap he went through earning his millions with his trucking company. I talked like I was didn't care what anyone thought and dropped a few truths that it's all fucked now the govt had mandated everything. We laughed and I saw the

car pull in, getting a sense it was Fille. I met the Ozzie guy who was driving while in my straw cowboy hat and singlet. Fille and Muller wandered to the office. and once they checked in. Once they were booked in I got the biggest hugs from Fille and Muller, felt like they really missed me. It was beautiful. "I have camel and kangaroo burgers for them from The road house". The Italian girl screwed up her nose at the mention. We all went for a walk. I felt a strange attraction from Fille. "I believe everything you say." She said as I told her about where to go on her adventure to the Northern Territory. I saw Muller wanting the Italian Girl and the confused Ozzie guy not knowing what to do as he was on this strange road trip with people half his age. Both the ozzie and myself were the same age which was unusual but kind of expected. You could tell there was a jealous hatred that couldn't be explained, other than we both were under Fille's spell. Both of us wanted Fille, and that was the fact. But neither of us could ever get close to her. The energy of Coober Pedy was happy and crazy to explore. As we all took to walking to the top of the hill with a big corrugated iron sign painted white saying COOBER PEDY. We climbed around the sign and took photos and laughed at each

other. We went to different opal stores and met the different characters of the town. Fille and Muller went into an abandoned mine hotel dug into the side of a hill. They almost looked like they were lost. We took photos as the full moon and the sun set. Fille and I walked together talking back to the motel. I pointed out two dead crows at the bottom of the power line. I said "Look one dies and the partner dies, they are like swans, the black crows do the same, they must die if the partner dies.." She listened and looked at the two dead black crows. "So be careful of the partners you choose in life?" She replied. We returned to the communal cooking area in the motel backpackers and cooked burgers I bought and ate while they brought out bottles of booze gin, rum, vodka and all the mixers. We sat out the back. I invented a game of flipping a bottle top and calling up or down then drinking if we got it wrong. We were laughing like there was no tomorrow. Eventually we all went back to the bunk bed room dug out of the side of a limestone mount. The air was dead inside the room and the Italian girl just stared at her phone. Everyone was drunk except the Italian girl, for some reason. I was barely there, possessed by a greater force of fear yet nothing was anxious. Fille wanted her track pants tied by

Muller. I saw her beautiful stomach as she lay back on the chair and he deftly tied the pieces of chord from between her legs. It made a thought that maybe she had fucked Muller and the Ozzie guy. Quickly I took my anger and jealousy and replaced it with sarcasm. I was still in awe of Fille. I started giving her shit about the pronunciation of the word Blue as french say Bleua. Like throwing up. She was drunk. She asked me to get the Tarot Cards and followed me underground three stairs to my room. She grasped my arm as she said "I needed some stability." in her drunk french accent. I went into my underground room and she followed in. I felt like it was the moment where Fille and I were able to fuck and be together and all my fears of the future, the past would be consecrated into just a few sweaty moments of pleasure. It was the strangest energy pulsing through me. I felt a full shock from head to base of my balls as if a sword-like structure struck a lightning bolt through me. Not fear or love, or lust, but it felt like a kind of dangerous moment warning of bad things if I made a move. My guts felt a shudder of absolute terror. I said I couldn't find the cards. She lay on the bed drunk, almost vulnerable, open to anything. The energy within me stayed in logic mode and I quickly

said “I think it's in the back of my car.” She sprung up drunk but stable and we went to walk out of the room. I Clicked the door and I realized the keys were inside. “Hah, I did the same thing to the manager of the backpackers... I am a black cat.” she said with a grin. Fille gave a cute laugh as we walked back up to the ground level. I went to the office and got keys from the old rough boomers living as caretakers who looked ready for bed. I held the spare keys and went back to the room to unlock and get the original keys. I found Fille and Muller the Italian and the Ozzie attempting to play some new card game but it didn't take. I went out to the outside area and I sat, smoking a cigarette and kept drinking alone. Fille came out and she lay on the chair mumbling about trying to sober up. Muller and Ozzie came out and drank with me. The Ozzie tried to assert his big dick energy and tried to lift Fille up from her drunken state and take her back to the room. “Nooo!” She said and went dead weight. It was kind of a sad assertion of the Ozzie but it was a full moon and I knew nothing ordinary happened emotionally on a full moon. I said “Just let her be, she will sober up on her own. Now sit and drink with us.” He was pissed off at her and my connection being somewhat deeper, even though it was

not through sex or journey. It was through something karmic deeper from another realm. I got my guitar out and tried drunkenly to play oasis. Fille sang along. Then the ukulele came out and I began drunkenly playing quite badly. Fille filmed me as the Ozzie told me what a useless cunt I was and how my playing was shit. Then out of the blue for some reason one guy staying in his van in the carpark started to play loud music to drown all of us out. It was a full moon and everything was getting aggressive, drunk and tired at midnight. Eventually Muller and myself drank all the empty bottles and Ozzie and Muller went to bed as Fille went to talk to the Italian girl in the motel room.

The morning we all woke early to bad hangovers from the night before. There was nothing to talk about. I felt violated about Ozzie being a fuckwit, talking down to me with the Ukulele as Fille showed a video she took with her phone as Fille and I went to get an iced coffee from the petrol station. I shrugged, "Everyones a critic." I said at the video of me being talked down to by Ozzie. We were on the same journey to Kings Canyon and life seemed to be following this same path as Fille. I couldn't resist the feeling of

attachment or want. She seemed to trust everything I said when I suggested things. This was the rarest moment in my life. She waved goodbye from the driver's side of the Ozzies car. "Your car ok?" She asked as I filled up with oil for the next big drive. "Yeh it's just chewing lots of oil." And they were gone, to get to the Northern Territory. There was no regrets or blue balls or post sex awkwardness. Just two people on the road and the sandwich of stars repeating a challenge or love tryst I had to work through. I reminded myself of the backpacker from 2000. The Sickly mother in hospital. The endless shit work in the outback and traveling homeless exactly the same as 2000 with no real direction to roll. I drove like a demon that had a lot to talk about about what it was that made me always take the difficult road in life. I began questioning if I was ruled by a power beyond the material means of life, or if this Saturn transit was the actual teacher of the last 20 years of transient life.. I really wanted to avoid repeating history and well and the broken jaw that came after the backpacker girl in 2000 stealing all my energy away in some strange curse of fait. The assault I endured happened exactly one year to the day later in 2001. I had my jaw broken and skull cracked by a drugged out

clubber walking home. I saw Ozzie and the crew fill up at the last road house. The Italian girl gave me a flirtatious smile. I couldn't figure out why I was being chased by this old haunting memory of 20 years ago. Life dangling young beautiful foreign women that never would have cared any other year of my life.

Chapter 12: **Resort Canyon April**
May

After some weird charming moon of drunkenness I drove the seven hundred kilometers to the northern territory, stayed a few nights in Alice springs then started a new job. Once in Alice Springs, I noticed it had turned into a ghost town and partial ghetto. The main Airport storage area with hundreds of grounded planes stored in the flight Lockdown. All the hotels were being rebuilt, or sold or not staffed due to the pandemic. Finding accommodation was the hardest thing in central Australia. I got the most expensive room in the Lasseters for one night. Not really worth the money but it had a nice shower and bed. I had to find somewhere cheaper. I drank and ate hot chicken for the first time with bread that wasn't thawed from frozen. I went shopping and changed to a swaggie motel that was much nicer. But there were so many maintenance people from foreign countries all looking after the grounded planes in the desert graveyard. It was not the social place I remember from years ago. The Alice Springs malls are empty, the place just filled with empty shells of shops and

streets and mostly local people coming and going from shops and fast food. After 2 days I filled the car with supplies and I began the 300 kilometer drive to King Canyon via the Ayers Rock road. It was majestic scenery with the black trunk trees and red soil that looked like something from an ancient time. I arrived like I was in a dream I had once had years ago but couldn't remember. I Introduced myself at the front desk and went to sign in and do all the contract stuff with HR. I told them I was promised a room by myself and then was quickly told I would have to share. My heart sank, so I put my own clause on the contract that I would live in a tent if that was the case. I went to the furthest block near the shared toilet block and set up the big tent. I was only 20 meters from the big staff quarters. It was shit. The tent heated up instantly even with tarp cover and tree shade. I was told to start at 5am to meet Shelly, an Asian girl from Taiwan to learn the ropes of breakfast in two days. On the second day I saw the Ozzies car appear as if some destiny had this meeting to fulfill. Fille and Muller and an Italian girl setting up a tent about twenty meters from me. Again we sat and talked. I got some paperwork done and met them at the pool. Fille sat next to Ozzie. She looked beautiful in a bikini, the

Ozzie just in shorts both discussing the next drive to tourist spots. Fille quickly showed some solidarity for me and changed seats from ozzie to my side of the table. I handed her a stick pin I bought in Alice Springs of the Virgin Mary mother with baby Jesus. "I don't know what to do with this?" She looked almost emotionally perplexed. "You are Catholic." I stated. "Just throw it in the bin, it's yours now. Up to you?" She put it in her hand and held it. The Ozzie sensed he was not going to get her with the connection that the two of us had. We both shared as the Oracle would say Venus in Scorpio the deepest form of love, sex and the profane exploration. They all left to go walk the canyon and take photos. I went back to finish the paperwork and training. That night we sat and drank as I shouted them drinks and we shared shitty pizzas. We played giant chess and jenga in the kids' areas. The place was filled with gray nomads and boomers. We were the only ones under 50 in the bar bbq area. The next day I sat with them at their campsite as they pulled out the Rum and Japanese whisky. We drank wine and rum and whiskey until the sun set and the dingos began to howl. "So primal." Fille said to me, feeling the dogs howl surround the caravan park in the bush somewhere. "I know." I

answered. The Ozzie started to turn dark as he explained his work was trying to blame him for something he didn't do. We all tried to console him and say it's just work gaslighting you from afar, now that he was having a fun holiday. For some reason I mentioned the reason I travel alone is I never wait for slow people to get ready. "That is all I am to you people, just the Chaperone. I and Fille are the only ones driving... this fucked!" The ozzie stormed off into the dark and Fille went to listen to his rant and cool him down. It was weird the darkness of my fear showed up in front of Fille consoling the ozzie in his rage, somehow channeled anger was everywhere. It was too much. I started to tell shitty jokes and try to shock the friends. "Hey everyone what is the best thing about fucking a Transexual?" I asked them with shocked faces. "When you first stick it in you think you have gone right through!" The answer made them look down into the torch light. We took photos of each other and sang stupid drunk songs. The Ozzie sat dark beside the light of the torch. I got up and left. Slept in some shitty pain of violence I couldn't find the origin of. The last day before work I woke up to find the Ozzies tent and car gone. Fille was no longer there. I guessed it was over and just resigned myself to the shitty

staff meals of wraps and the industrial sized pans of macaroni and cheese. I arrived on the first day of work at 5am to meet Shelly. I liked her because she was cute but had those kind of black rimmed glasses and hair tied back making her look like a communist dictator. So I found that instead of being just a kitchen hand I was now to take over the Chef du partie job. The task was massive with everything done in Combi ovens in massive quantities with bacon and sausages and scrambled eggs. I had to set up the yogurts and breakfast bars and cold juices. Shelly was impressive at her precision as the current breakfast chef du partie, teaching me, just a cook from roadhouses to up my game. Three days of training and I was on my own. I started to meet the other Chef's all of them angry and resentful at their position and drinking problems. Shelly's Italian boyfriend was a nice guy and there was one other young bloke Bongo who loved music and we got along when the shift changed over from breakfast to lunch menu. It was a big number of dishes, like breakfast was one hundred and sixty people and lunch was about a hundred. The freezers and coolrooms were huge but everything was made in advance so nothing felt really good or fresh. But again it was cheap industrial

food for tourists that would pay big dollars. The Big chef Tim hated me and wanted me gone. I would finish my shift and try to sleep in the thirtyfive degree tent. It was horrible. I was bitten by a spider on the arm and had a golf ball sized reaction. Then Shelly and her chef boyfriend announced they were leaving in two weeks. I was shifted to the New kitchen that was renovated from the random flood six months prior to me arriving. So we moved all the equipment from the barbeque bar to do our breakfasts to the actual five star restaurant. The Kitchen was beautiful but at the same time it was not functional with doors not working, no air-con and no way of hosing out the floors. Tim came in after a few days and started blasting me about the floors and the broken button on my chef shirt. It was pathetic. My face went red with anger ready to punch the bully in the face. This old boomer would then go praise the Dishwasher guy and leave. I always just pushed back with facts like “where the air-con? Where is the floor chemical? Where is all the stuff I need to do what you want me to do?” Even the doors didn't work. I was doing 160 people per morning. I managed to keep it going successfully with even the demands of doing 100 fried eggs on demand during service. I started to lose a lot of

weight and stress crept in. My mother had another turn for the worse and was rushed to hospital for some new emergency as they fucked up the first surgery to remove the cancer. SA was covid Free and it seemed to be business as usual. I was drinking more and more. They had a night for staff to get free drinks and food. It was my suggestion to HR after the conversation about Tim the bully Chef being a bully. The HR could do nothing. I knew this was always the case and went on battling through the morning shifts and hot tent drunken sleeps in sweat and spider poison going through my veins. Two girls rocked up to the bar one night as the staff all partied on with the tradie guys fixing the infrastructure. The weird stories about one of the tradies being raped in a aboriginal settlement. The two girls from NewCastle looking to fuck while they laughed crazily drunk and stupid. I felt the ache in my broken jaw remind me of the horrible outcome of the night and I went to bed. The next day two of the staff were called into office and were banned from the bar for two weeks for having sex with the customers. Those two NewCastle girls were apparently like something else. The Scottish guy sat down with us at the staff quarters with a beer. "Look, she came back to my room

and started fingering herself and squirting all over the bed. I was more worried about my fresh sheets than she jumped on me and fucked me like a rocking horse. Tell you the truth, I kind of felt violated by her, and now I am banned for two weeks from the bar.” Everyone kind of laughed at the absurd nature of the ban and someone said well it's in your contract not to take tourists home with some no contact clause. “Well that is fucked!” The Scottish guy said. The night of the staff party was crazy. I was already drunk and couldn't get drunk enough. I sat talking to the big curvy hippy chick from country Victoria and the Slavic chick with a rockin 'hot body but intense scowl on her face constantly. We talked about crazy shit. I just wanted to shock them with anything. We talked about sex and kinky shit until they both left for the lounge room realising I harboured some deep problems with what I was going through. I stumbled home to the tent and my day off was much needed. I had this raped feeling of being in this horrid place that some kind of devilish hangover warned me things would not get better. I talked to friends on the phone, yet they had no offer other than consolation that I was in the darkest of places. I drove crazy hungover to the Canyon and dodged the gray nomads and

horrible boomers that couldn't walk in a straight line. I took some photos and screamed as I saw a dingo stare straight through me. I was at a point of breakdown from the heat, the stress, the cancer sick mother and doing Chef du partie work for 20 dollars an hour. I had enough. I told the HR that my mother is sick and I need to return home. I basically packed up the tent, said no goodbyes and went to slam the back door on my car. The noise of a broken tail latch made my heart sink. I took the latch off and tied the paracord from the roof rack to the tow bar to keep the tailgate boot shut. It was fucked. I drove like a demon for 600 kilometers smoking and drinking energy cans as the devil behind the eyes of a bad vided bad place still hung around my head like a curse. I checked my phone while in Coober Pedy. Fille sent me a picture of the door we took to my room on that party night. We could have been together and split the sheets from her and Ozzie. The text read. Where it all began. I was confused. I didn't know what to read into that. The Oracle answered one of my drunken questions about Fille. The Oracle had the words I was looking for in a moment of clinging to the barest of emotional cliff edges

Fille factor is now hardwired into your psyche...in a jungian sense she is an anima projection or the poetic mystical articulation of your own inner shakti...this is opening of a portal in which a man finally begins to tune into a mystical and magical realm of consciousness beyond his physical attractions or desires....it's what Dante and Don Quixote spontaneously experience with Beatrice and Dulcinea...woman in that paradisiacal sense are of another order of being....the tragedy alas is that most women have no inner sense of it and have thus chosen to play a role demanded by male sexuality.....the warning to be headed here, or the price one may pay, which is usually framed within the accusation of asexually or sexually repressed is that when one begins to perceive woman from the perspective of absolute adoration and devotion...the desire to copulate completely disappearsbe warned.

Chapter 13: **Adelaide May**

After some weird charming moon of drunkenness I was only 200 kilometers from Adelaide. I stayed a night in Port Augusta which never gave me any good feelings. I saw someone from my past job in 2019 working and living in the motel room next door. The irony was that he didn't recognize me. The first thing with Adelaide was to buy some nice pie and iced coffee that didn't cost triple the price. I went and got a massage and met an interesting Indonesian woman in her fifties but had the body of a twenty year old. "Don't you think we met because of some strange synchronicity?" She said to me, I replied "It's all valuable meetings in this time and year." She was interested in the esoteric and various other healing modalities I knew. I thought wow this could be the connection I am looking for. We exchanged social media profiles and that was as far as it went. The conversation never continued, just posts to like or dislike. I stayed with my parents in a tiny 1 meter by 2 meter storage room. I was angry and distressed. They could tell by my raging hatred for the bully and the fact in this day and age you could not knock their teeth out as a lesson to not be bullied. I stayed and cooked for my mother and father for a week before a job offer appeared. My mother had fully recovered from surgery

and I gave her some CBD oil to help mend the scarring from surgery. I recalled the words of the forklift driver that quit the day I arrived in Kings Canyon. "I can't leave Australia until 2027 due to rearranging a bullies face." I thought maybe I made the right decision to not punch on with the bully. The next job was in Woomera the Military base and required hundreds of forms to be filled out and police checks. I packed up the car one more time after removing the thick bulldust from every surface inside and outside the car. I had the back tailgate fixed and a thousand dollars of repairs later I was ready to drive to Woomera. I couldn't believe I was on the road to the middle of nowhere after the shitty jobs I had in the last 6 months. But it paid a massive hourly rate. I was sure this one could last the distance of the six month contract. Enough to save money to buy a block of land and have a home or shed instead of being homeless for the 56th time in my entire life. I checked the emails and found nothing from Fille. She was posting a few pictures of great places in the northern territory and well it seemed like she was having a good time with Ozzie and Muller and Italian girl on the road. The oracle replied to my drunken questions about how much bad luck my stars have born me under.

Faust asks Mephistopheles

So Who are you then?"

"I am part of that power which eternally wills evil and eternally works good."

Carl Jung grasped that in his own way with the terms enantiodromia, a paradoxical tendency in things to change into their opposites, what he calls the remorseless enantiodromia between good luck and bad"

A natal chart alas acts upon the psyche as a frozen picture or one moment in time, and yet the destinies of every life are derived from an accumulation of past lives..in every natal chart a sense of a crystallized or frozen moment of what's evolved, and what's been ignored or neglected. It occurs to me in my quieter moments that our everyday anxieties have always served a deeper or hidden purpose. You can't make lemonade without lemons. Seen from this perspective The bitterness of life's travails can be defined as serving the ultimate good or purpose.

Again we can infer that the most singular planet in our sun- soul system is Saturn who is never distracted or besotted by a mere

impression or representation of reality, but has its third eye focused on the long game, or travail of a multiplicity of past and future storylines. In summary we are honor bound to love our fates, resistance is futile, surrender is the acknowledgment that and respect we owe to our higher or inner power because in fact it's been running the show from the beginning-less-beginning

Chapter 14: **Desert Military base**

After some weird charming moon of drunkenness I was only 200 kilometers from Adelaide. I stayed a night in Port Augusta which again, never gave me any love or good feelings. I drank my last six pack and slept stressfully, almost sensing that I was walking into a kind of hell on earth. The drive along the desert highway was barren as Woomera appeared in the mars like landscape. Looking like a dead suburb that was never meant to be placed in the desert. The iron clad Military base in the strange mound-like hill to the north with no pass no entry signs everywhere. Old test rockets and planes stuck in the center of town to remind people of when Australia tried to launch rockets for the space race but failed. I logged in and did my induction with the short bald chef who bragged about doing 30 days straight with no days off. His gold Chain and rapper jacket gave away his penchant for compensating for being short and bald. I got my uniform and was shown the kitchen. I had one day of cooking with the chef and then, thrown in the deep end to just make everything happen. It was a terrible

kitchen with a hot plate for only five rashers of bacon, no toaster or industrial microwave. I was cranking out bacon and egg sandwiches and making thai beef salads and hot dogs and frozen curries into plated dishes. It was full of stress and I had to do my own dishes and prep inbetween. One day the Female Second in charge managers walked in and basically threatened me. "You're getting paid the big bucks to make this kitchen work OK!" I just agreed and kept cooking but you could feel her power play try and make me feel as low as possible. I helped out on a split shift to make pizzas at the big restaurant which had a dishwasher man and two chefs assistants to make the meals and pizzas go out quickly. They also had two bartenders that bussed the meals out so it was easy to make the pizzas as the roles were defined and not like I had to do with one person who did everything. Myself and one barista who never helped just scanned their phone when quiet times happened at the small breakfast and lunch kitchen in the museum. Then all hell broke loose when the American arrived off the plane from a job in the oil rigs. "You can call me Ted." He said. We shook hands and shared the apartment we were given to live in. He was sarcastic and a bad drunk I found out. One night

we got drunk together and he sat there showing pictures of his teenage daughter with panties around his ankles. I was kind of disgusted. I couldn't tell if he was an abuser or just a creep but all I got was the worst vibes. He sat there explaining his teenage years in Florida. How his rich father made some girl from his school give him a blow job in the back of his mustang while his dad drove them around. Then he started to go dark and threatened me with his knowledge of killing. "I can chop your body up and dispose of it with no worries. I know how to do this." He said to me, I smiled and said "Well aren't you a bundle of knowledge." He raced to the bathroom and threw up. Then returning silently to sit on the couch almost choking on his own tongue. I kept waking him up and just listened to my music on the laptop. I turned the heater off and went to bed to leave him to his own demise. He was troubled and in a worse vibe and would not go to sleep off his drunkenness. I woke in the morning and felt that rapist violation of my soul warning my heart this is not a good place to stay. I went up to the nearest town 100 kilometers north to Roxby Downs. I bought 200 dollars worth of food and felt the horror of where I was in life. It sent me into a strange state. I drove back home and cooked a meal. Went to

work the next day. The bald chef returned from three days off. He showed me pictures of a burnt piece of toast I sent out on the bottom of a sandwich. “Come on mate this can't happen I am getting these pictures from the Top brass mate! This is the military you can't send out shit.” I nodded and finished my cigarette. “I will drop ten dollars off my rate to get a better cook that can do the job.” He continued leaning on his big red V8 sports car. I nodded as he walked off. I looked at the roster and I had another 11 days straight of work without a break or assistance. I never had time for a lunch break so it was just decided that if this place was toxic it was not where I was meant to be.. Those words rang hard in my heart and I went home and tended my resignation. With comments **I can not work with the head chef.** Packed my car, went inside to get washing and locked the door. Ted came in “I don't know what the Chef said to you but good luck on the road gypsy.” He shook my hand as I stared right through him with dead eyes. I then heard the Lazy fat manager that never spoke to me once call at the door. Ignoring him he went away and I drove off back to Adelaide.

I checked my emails in the Port Augusta motel, again with the feeling of failure and sting of frustration eating me up inside. The

Oracle had emailed me a few words. He dreamed about my questions about finding myself in these strange situations of threat and hate to earn a dollar.

I saw how the old Lion looked at me with concern...why would I be throwing stones in such a threatening way...and yet the motivation to protect the twin girls was brave ...and what about the kittens ...it's all about a defense of innocence in the face of great danger....which begs the question for the dreamer of what constitutes one's own vulnerability in the face of a lurking predator ...the Lion man has to symbolize ones higher truth, it's an animal that has no natural enemies...as a guardian spirit it's reminding the dreamer that the only course of action ever is to fearless but not cruel, wise and not judgemental, to be patient and careful with one's words and behavior.

In a digital world we can forget that masses of real people are suffering for all sorts of reasons, and yet the deepest wounds and consequences for humanity has nothing to do with a global shutdown or reset which is sort of a given...but from the way in which any perspective perspective can distract us from the heartbreaking suffering of the sick and dyingfor whatever reason.

Chapter 15: **Adelaide June**

I was fucked over again. So I went for a massage after winning a horse race with a boxed trifecta. Nothing was healing or putting a salve over my shit life of not getting anywhere. I decided to go to Wellington near the river to calm down as I was too angry to meet with my family, embarrassed and angry. I sat inside my little shitty box of a room in the cold dark winter and drank beer after beer and cooked up all the food I had bought in Roxby Downs. In some deep depression of frustration I called Fille and she answered. Now she was on her own in Tully North Queensland and feeling the loneliness. We talked for a while about the mundane things. I eventually told her I loved her unconditionally. Then asked her to marry me. "Nooo... you said marriage ruins men." And with that one reply I was put in my place. I continued to drink, eat and sleep for the week with no real inspiration to keep going. This was the same room where I wrote my Will and Eulogy but for some reason I was not depressed, I just wanted to live now. I met up with a guy who drove the tug boats and we got drunk in the pub. He was a

master pool player so I lost badly at three games. We tried to talk to the old boomers but they sat there cynical. Hating life so we left them to themselves and their bitching. It was the weirdest journey. The Oracle emailed me after my bitching of not getting anywhere with my love for Fille.

Mars in scorpio is where you are prepared to fight to the death for your most primal needs....with scorpio it's ones deepest spiritual connection, it's the imaginal determination of a caterpillar to undergo metamorphosis....its Orpheus descent into hades to rescue Eurydice....Mars is the Heracles -Perseus killing dragons rescuing damsels...Mars is what every woman is looking for...the warrior father of there children who will protect house and home ...Mars in scorpio is never timid it's the aspect of the alpha male the gangster the captain of the team..

I moved in with my parents and cooked for them until I regained some happiness and duty to feel good again about cooking. I walked and smoked and gave up drinking for a while. Then I moved into a small caravan at my brother's place. It was a small tin van, always freezing and I felt like the total loser uncle to my nieces and nephews when I cooked dinner for everyone. I drew pictures and took photos of the river near by the gully of the hills. I went on a dating site for a month. No one liked me. Only meeting one professional lady who lectured went for a walk with me and her two dogs. It was stormy all the time and life as I knew it felt over. Got offered a job in Western Australia but again the borders closed and lockdown started for a week in South Australia. I was perpetually fucked over in any way to make a dollar. I argued with a friend and possibly lost that friendship. It was me hating me at the moment and nothing was falling into place. I went to the old Port where I first left and met up with the liberal arts bar crowd again after a full nine months on the road. I was disgusted as they all wore masks.

I didn't.

I showed them my psoriasis on my face and there was no argument. I met a poetry lady Liz, we talked a bit and went on stage giving a few poems we both hated the world for accepting the Covid narrative and could see the people turning into Nazi covid vaccinators. We agreed the free thinking people who disagreed with the government narrative were getting fewer by the day. The eastern states continued month long lockdowns and protests changed nothing. At least Liz was a rebel and couldn't care less about what people thought or told her to do. Fille sent me a picture of a nice all wheel drive with roof top tent she had just purchased. It felt good she had resolved and made her own way on the road. The fear of the past disappeared and the repeating of history made no problem in my heart. I just had no idea what to do next.

I checked my phone and the Oracle message had appeared in my inbox.

Always good to just get it done.

And let it land where it lands.

We own nothing let alone our thoughts and dreams, it's all getting done in spite of our own ignorance or myopia...

You have my respect and regard either way....the Montague voices have a life of their own, if they helped or put something into a plausible context then that's been with while....in reality the entire dialogue was akin to having a conversation with myself at your current age 42 etc....that was the toughest period of my life.

Chapter 16: **Gundumbo August**

I drove quietly through all the desert towns filled up twice and kept on moving towards the Middle of nowhere. Gundumbo was 250 kms from the nearest shopping center in either direction. This was merely 2 fuel stations and accommodation with a bar and restaurant. The Large Windmill appeared on the horizon and knew I had arrived. I introduced myself and was quickly shown my 1970's style motel room. The walls were thin as paper, as the sound of neighbors feeding their cat was as if they were in the room. I moved after the first night to the last room at the end of the Motel block of units. There was nothing but red soil and gnarled trees and a few sheep eating the salt bush roaming. I lit a cig and eventually went to bed knowing the next day I would have to submit to wearing a mask while serving customers in the front of the road house. I met the two managers, one dwarf-like-man with a small beard, who looked like a character that should have been in Lord of the Rings, dragging a battle axe, his thick bottle glasses obscuring his aggressive pin point eyes. I could tell he hated me from the moment we shook hands. The woman Manager was a tall, heavy chested middle aged woman. She had a typical short bob cut and Chained smoked at any time she could. Both had the

signs of exhaustion with black rings around their eyes running the Road house from 630am every morning to 730 pm every night with no days off. They were both on the verge of a nervous breakdown snapping at each other. I shared shifts with a tall gray bearded guy who I was told had two eyes tattooed on his lower back above his hips. He was a nice guy and his wife was a nice person that had just escaped some desert roadhouse where they had to work twelve hour days, no extra money than the usual eight hours paid. I learned the ropes pretty quick and the Woman loved giving me shit jobs and making me feel as small as possible. Everytime I made a coffee for someone she would intervene and take over then fuck the order up and blame me. It was beyond shit breathing in my own carbon dioxide with a stupid surgical mask. Every night I would sink a six pack of beer and scratch at the bites from bed bugs. The water was straight out of the bore in the ground so it smelled of dirty minerals and iodine. I never washed my hair as you felt dirtier every time you got out of the shower. The heat, flies and the asbestos dust in the roadhouse seemed to just make every day more painful than the last.

“Make a coffee extra hot half shot with a dash of milk foam on top.”

The old women on tour buses hardly knew how to do basic things in the middle of nowhere.

“I want an iced latte with oat milk.”

“We have no ice here? We can do Ice Cream Affogato in the coffee if you want?”

“No, I will just have a latte with Lactose free milk and a bit of cold water on top.”

It was a form of humiliation to serve these people while busy truckers just wanted a hamburger, a large coffee and ice cream for lunch to get back on the road doing their 2000 kilometer journey up north.

I met the girls in the restaurant. They were nice people from Tasmania.

The manager at the homestead bar was at war with the roadhouse so I just kept my distance and stayed to myself mostly. I got sick of the bed bugs, flies and the round trip of 400kms to get food supplies each week as I wanted to eat healthy, not just eat fatty roadhouse food. “Hey mop and clean the womens toilets, and no sniffing the seats.” The dwarf-man said with no obvious sign of it

being a humorous comment. I applied for a job at a Mining site 250 kms into the desert. Next day I was called up and told if I could start tomorrow it would be good. After working 25 days straight with no break I packed the car, left the work shirts on the bed and sent an SMS that I had taken another job. I drove past Woomera spitting out of the window to show my disgust. After another hundred or so kilometers I entered the small mining town and paid an expensive amount of money to live in a cabin overnight. I drank a six pack and ate cheap chinese food. I reread The oracle's words from last week to quell the tension in my stomach. Feeling overworked, tired but in a rush to find a place of peace where I could just survive the next 2 months make it to the New Years without going crazy or being locked down or pushed into another homeless situation. The oracle's words read quite positively. I had really pushed the limits of working in the most crazy situations with bullies and people that were in the middle of nowhere mostly because no one would ever work with them in the city. The oracle's words were about a slave in the darkness of exhaustion and charging rush towards another battle to survive. The job in the Mining town that had no real population other than the permanent

service workers. I reminded myself that it was at least 50 kms from a shopping center to buy decent food.

ORACLE:

Your in the heart zone which will reconfigure everythingbound to be a successful stint ...I dreamed of kangaroos running at panic speed down a steep valley followed by a raging inferno of spot fires and a inferno which quickly consumed our entire area sending every into a screaming panicwow the fires moved so fast ...in another I was asked to experimentally swallow a big spider with fifteen legs to test its effects which rendered me into a sort of stupor and yet, I got to be a child again playing in sand castles ...bizarre. Spring is around the corner and life is good and that's some sort of achievement in this world gone crazy. Have a good one.

Chapter 17: **Uranium Mine site.**

So the mining site was always moving with four wheel drives and large trucks between mine sites, structured with transportable buildings into the desert mining town. There was only one ring road that went for a kilometer that led to a heavily guarded and large steel gated entrance.

Various Sheds filled the tiny desert suburb with all its oversized equipment. The drone sound of Exhaust fans the size of large shopping centers were going 24 hours a day. This air allowed the underground highway to the mine. Big trucks moved constantly with the precious uranium to the smelter. I drove into the roadhouse that looked basic with a massive shed roof and various pallets of food and goods stacked around the back. I met the fat assed middle aged woman who got me to go around the back and showed me to a room at the back of the roadhouse. It was a simple tin hut that had two bedrooms at each end and living room kitchen in the middle. My room had a double bed and old evaporative aircon hastily cut into the wall with streaks of the outside sun cutting through the gaps. The room happened to be next to the laundry bathroom that looked like it had never been fixed since the nineteen-eighties. I met the aboriginal ex Hawthorn

AFL player working in the shed and my first job was to help him crush cardboard boxes. The tall skinny boss man paraded around like an accountant stuck in the wrong place. An Indian guy loaded up junk food and energy drinks into a small truck to refill all the underground vending machines. The kitchen coffee and fuel console area filled with women all in black. They churned through the orders of sandwiches, fried food and fatty, salty, gravy covered chicken or beef and chips, packed and sold at breakneck speed. The tiny Maori woman wearing leopard skin Yoga pants made pizza bases in the back room off the front servery area. It looked like angry chaos as the miners with that typical sunburnt uranium look of exhaustion stood in a conga line from the back of the shop until their shopping was done. I met everyone and it was just the same angry hatred as the mine doubled in manpower for the big shutdown, where everyone was hired to clean the mine. The skinny bossman told me there is nineteen kilometers of road underground going to the Uranium.

I was taken back at the scale of people needed to run the operation. It was a weird place. I learned the console and coffee and sold smokes and food for the first couple of days. It was a

rush going from 2pm until 11pm at night just pumping out all the food, coffee and smokes for the miners.

After a few days of feeling good and comfortable in the place the Maori woman took me to the Pizza area and showed me the ropes.

“This will be your job now as I need a break.” She said as I noticed she was fast, skilled and very clean at everything. All her movements in the making of pizza were perfect.

“Well 20 years in Auckland working in my Dad's fast food shop you get good at it.” I nodded and tried to learn the pizza toppings and hand made dough stretched out on the pizza trays. Everytime I would make a mess she would say. “A Clean kiwi is a good kiwi.” And wipe up my spillage. I would premake 20 pizzas for the night orders and take the other phone orders. I would go home exhausted as I had not had a day off in twenty days straight. Most nights I would just snore and attempt to deal with the stress of throwing my swag on another shitty bed with the air conditioner half falling out of the wall. It all seemed to be going well considering I escaped the fear of homelessness and no job. I watched the fat assed boss woman start telling the Chef what to

do. He stormed out of the kitchen mid dinner service with his mobile phone. "Fuck this place and fuck that bitch!!"

The Kiwi and I took over all the fried and grilled food and filled the orders he left half cooked about to burn to black.

"What's going on?" I asked.

The Kiwi chick just said.

"Boss women have a way of pissing off people. Well to let you know the last chef stormed out because of her." She said,

I got home and slept hard into the mid morning, made my coffee with a metho stove and my mini espresso jug.

The aboriginal guy I shared the house with stormed up.

"Fuck this place... fuck that bitch she can go get fucked." He yelled, threw his boots off into his room and paced back and forth.

"Don't let her get to you man. She did it to the chef last night."

"Really! She is one fucked up unit, she starts railing me over nothing. Like this is in the middle of nowhere, no wonder no one wants to work here." He said and began to pace even more.

"Yeh I think it's her thing, she is toxic... I have no problems with her as yet." I said. He went to bed and called up his friends. We chatted later in the night over a few beers.

“Yeh fuck man. I had to call up my mates in Melbourne every night during that big lockdown. One guy was going crazy, going to kill himself.” He said looking downwards into a void of emotion.

“Yeh I had to talk a few friends down from the cliff edge back in 2020 when the first lockdowns came into effect.” I added.

The tall skinny boss walked up, sat down and had a light beer with us as we changed topics to working at the roadhouse.

“Yeh, well my aunty owns this place so when I lost my job from the lockdowns this was the only place I could find work and now I do 10 days straight fly back to Family for 5 days and fly back in.” He said while sipping at his beer. “Anyway I am knackered off to bed to start at 6am and finish at 11pm.”

“That’s a harsh shift.” I said finishing my beer.

Next day I started in the pizza room by myself as the kiwi woman had her day off. I got the hang of making the dough and keeping up with the orders and managed quite well even when we were understaffed running out to do coffee and fuel and cigarette sales when the skinny boss was on break. It seemed to be ok after the stupid roadhouse with bossy micromanager woman and her angry boomer dwarf husband. After a week it was close to my birthday

and I was accepted by the kiwi woman to have drinks after work at her place. I met her boyfriend, a big maori guy who drove one of the Ore carrying trucks.

“Check it out, I just made 100k on Crypto.” He said from his computer as we sat outside on the nice patio having rum and dry mixes. “Anyway I am off to do my shift he said and left us both sitting there talking about all the crazy stuff we had been upto.

“Shit.” She said. “We both took a viagra before you came and we didn’t get time to fuck.” She was straight to the point. “My back is fucked I would even let him smash the back out of me as it might set it right.” Her words shocked me in the way anyone’s private life does but I took no notice of it and kept on drinking. “Why Viagra?” I asked.

“He has trouble getting it up sometimes but it adds a little something for women if they take it too.” She replied.

“I never knew that women got something out of viagra.”

“I got told today by the skinny bossman that the Mine company wants a fully vaccinated site, so He said by January one next year we have to get the double vaccine?”

“I know I don't want to get it. My Mitty has already had it and I am worried about the whole thing.” She drew back hard on her cigarette.

“I will have to go somewhere else.” I said. “There is no way I am getting jabbed by that experimental shit.

“Yeh I worry that if mitty has got it and the jab stuff might get to me as we are stil having sex and all that.

“Anyway let me do your astrology chart for a bit of fun?” I asked looking up the webpage to do birth charts. She nodded, giving me her birthdate and place and time. Wow, a powerful chart. It looked like an amazingly dynamic, very powerful planet in Gemini. So I screenshot it and sent it to Oracle. While I did a basic explanation of her personality traits and stuff.

“Does it say I am going to be able to go to New Zealand soon? I really want to see my son for his birthday?” She asked with inquiring emotion glowing through her dark brown eyes.

“Well, transits are difficult to predict especially in these times.” I said as we continued to talk about the racism aspect of Australia and New Zealand and the various travels we had taken. I gave her a hug goodbye when I had reached the slurring drunk stage and

staggered back to my room next door behind the roadhouse. I had my first day off in 28 days and went shopping to buy some nice Japanese whisky for my birthday and bulk good food to cook up in between shifts. I was exhausted but managed to keep going with the cooking of pizzas.

The night of my birthday the skinny bossman came around for a bit of leftover pizza and then left. The aboriginal guy had gone back to Adelaide for his six days off. The Kiwi woman arrived as I was half a bottle of whisky into my birthday celebration. She staggered up to the front verandah and lit a cigarette placing her bottle of Rum on the table.

“Yeee haaa. Went to the pub and played the pokies. Started singing in the pub, got kicked out, came back home and here I am happy birthday.” She sat down smoking and quickly got up and puked over the balustrade. I went and got her some flat lemonade and helped her back to the seat.

“Oh well I should have really eaten something today.” She said as I offered her pizza that was a bit cold. It was nearly midnight and she asked if she could crash in the other bed. “Sure.” I said and

grabbed the blanket and covered her over as she smiled drunkenly and went to sleep.

We both woke up around 10am and she took me for a bacon and egg roll. It seemed like a bit of a powerplay to the other women at the servery. Both her and I hung over as she explained to the girls that she stayed at my place. Even though we didn't fuck it seemed like she could play that card with me. I thought about if I had missed the signals but didn't want to cut another man's lunch. It was nice to have a woman friend who had my back and trusted me it was better than just a bit of sex and awkward moments after that.

Next night Kiwi woman took a sick day due to her bad back. There was an order of thirty pizzas for 9pm that I pre-made and put in the fridge. I kept making more pizzas to order and a new dough. The fat assed boss woman came in telling me there are another twenty pizzas due at 9pm.

I said "Ok then stop the orders coming in now I need to make them up."

“Here is another order for ten pizzas.” Then five minutes later she put up another order of ten pizzas all due at the same time.

“Are you listening to me?”

“You can handle it, I made 90 pizzas in one night?” she arrogantly said and put two more orders for pizzas due in five minutes.

“Wait your skating on thin ice.” I said going up to her as she started to rant about how it's easy and that I am the problem. The other chef and woman serving in the front heard the argument.

“Ok then I quit.”

“So are you walking or not?” I went over to the pizzas coming out of the oven and shaking. I barely cut them straight and boxed up. She stood at the door almost loving the fact she had rattled my cage then left to do a delivery. “Don’t take shit from them, they will just walk all over you?” the chef said. “The girl at the serving desk backed him up and said that she heard the horrible things she said to me. I walked outside and had a cigarette, texted the big boss and said you have to do something about the fat assed boss woman or I walk. The reply was condescending. Saying that I shouldn’t mention quitting around other workers is bad for morale. The Kiwi chick came in and started helping out. Then the dough

machine broke down so everything had to be done with a rolling pin. I helped out just cooking while she made pizzas and boxed up the entire order that wouldn't fit in the pizza warmer. The fat assed boss woman looked like she had just been exposed and tried to make good with me. Yet the damage was done. My body wrecked with adrenaline and every muscle stuck in fight or flight mode. I was done. I didn't sleep that night and packed up my gear in the morning and drove off. Got 150 kms away and forgot that I left my leather jacket in the cupboard back at the accommodation. I drove back regretting the stupid moment of forgetfulness. The aboriginal guy saw me inside. "What's wrong bro." He gave me a hug seeing my distraught face drained of emotion. "I am broken... that fat assed bitch got to me." I said as I packed my car. "Travel well bro." He added.

I got a text saying "I am here if you need a person to talk to." The Kiwi woman's words seemed ok, but I was too broken and in need of sleep. Nothing could repair me now. A huge dust storm approached the town as I drove out. I decided to go to Coober Pedy to rest up in the underground hotel where I missed my chance with Fille. My car was hit with a huge pelting rain on the

desert road. There were wrecked loads of hay and trailers that had been recently blown off. I struggled through the storms until I got to Coober Pedy. It was the one place it never rained. I booked four nights in an underground room. I lamented my choices in life. I drank until my nerves shitted out the poisonous journey in the morning hangover. Again I was crucified by another Working gig that was I was going to have to escape due to the job mandates anyway.

The deserted hotel was cold empty and only the owner and her boyfriend walked around checking that the managers had done their jobs. I watched a few boomers come and go. I went back underground to view the room where I couldn't bring myself to engage with the French backpacker. The dark underground rooms seemed deathly quiet and even more haunting as I walked up the staircase to the ground floor caged door leading to the front of the hotel. I drank some more and got inspired to go back to Adelaide. I had nowhere to go and trust was broken in the working world of attempting to find a place to stay and earn money. I was reduced to the dole and the generous offer of a room while illustrating a

book for Liz, the poetry acquaintance who barely knew me other than us hating the mask mandate at the poetry club.

It got me back into the living world of trust after the year that was all things destroying my soul, challenging my path, creating only opportunities that seemed to die.

After a few months of drawing and escaping the dole with covid close contact rules I earned Liz's trust and respect. I was invited to go to the protest in Canberra. It was the last attempt of pissed off people to show the govt about its stupid mandates. I drove in one day to the Capital of Australia. Arriving at night when the place looked like an oversized party or festival. Everyone drunk stoned, guys riding on roller skates playing music. Protest flags and the upside down red australia flag on every available space. People high-fived me as I crawled through the heavy traffic. I moved at snail's pace through the dancing and drunken crowd. Eventually I found my friends campsite and pulled out my swag and went to bed. The next day I drove 10kms to find a public toilet as the festival only had ten portable toilets as the shit overflowed onto the ground and the plumber with the suck truck yelled "This is fucking insane". I never believed in protests but thought it was necessary

to see it for myself. Most of the day I just stared at the clouds and felt the fear of being homeless and broke come across my mind constantly. The illustrating of Liz's graphic novel would be over in a few months and nothing was resolved in my world, or the world of rules and mandates. I read an email from the Oracle. *The lucid living gnosis became that's what it is overrides the fundamental laws of the matrix, and yes on a surface level one's external life goes on, but on the inner we are transfigured, and that's not an overstatement because when we are not acted upon, when we are not trapped in a cycle of reaction overreaction, self-justification, self-defense, the civil or inner war is over...lucid living is the manifestation of that inner or higher power that has no name because it's incomprehensible, it's subtle and yet all powerful, the miracle is that we are no longer owned by circumstances, by the stories, by the hypnotic hallucinations of our pitiful egos...we have become the masters of a destiny or purpose beyond transient accomplishments, a lucid life is one of service and sacrifice, is bodhisattvas like in the sense that it eliminates suffering cures fear and evolves the long hidden purpose of humanity....it's moment of full awakening*

Chapter 18: **Gold mine**

So the mining site is always moving with four wheel drives, large trucks. The signs of previous muddy car tracks frozen in the hot windy dust.

“You can lose your mind out here if you're not quite right up there?”

The driver tapped his head. He was a big man who had a simple tone and talked a lot of shit while we unloaded the groceries and cold goods. He always loved the joke of pretending he was falling asleep at the wheel and or pumping the accelerator like the engine was dying.

“For sure I have seen some people lose it before in remote work.” I told him And that was as far as the conversation went, as the car disappeared into the endless red dirt. Each bit of the groceries and bottles of water were stacked and I met the cook who had been there five years. We chatted and she didn't seem like the description of a controlling bitchy woman as she walked me through all the various broken down elements on the cook top, the leaky dishwasher and the tub you needed to put under the oven to catch the drips. I was holding myself together with very little confidence expecting the worst to happen. “Get some

confidence!!” Kelly said. And after Breakfast the next day she said “It’s all your kitchen.”

And there I was with 16 miners to cook for. First night was steak which was easy. Breakfasts were just cooked various forms of protein sausage, egg, bacon, and tomato. Each miner eyeing up what I cooked, some happy to have a cook. A lot were just angry idiots looking for someone to blame. I was lucky the cleaner and I got along. We both suffered skin conditions and had a transient life upbringing. It was an ok deal. Worked seven days on and seven days off.

When I returned to Liz’s place I would drink the first night away and then wake up and start illustrating. I had another hundred drawings to go as I built up the skill level of each of the dark drawings depicting the horrors we can go through in a lifetime.

“I don’t know if it’s the money or the job but you seem more confident.” Liz said. I nodded and replied. “It’s the one thing that goes right in all the mess that keeps the cliff edge away.”

I called Fille. We talked but it was not like before, something in our connection was broken. “You sound sad.” She said, “Maybe I am.” I replied.

Chapter 19: **The Pub in the desert.**

I was offered a new position to help out at the pub after the night before I had a dream that I shifted to another mine site. The pub was the crown jewel in the town of all the desert towns. Millions of dollars spent on the old two storey federation style pub at the main road junction. It was a brand new everything shining copper, stainless steel and glistening with neon strip lights. Galley kitchen flaming with cooks beyond the bar. The high ceilings with painted beams and original polished brickwork gave a huge dining indoor and outdoor area. I was paid to be a fryer and cook's assistant. I basically made the schnitzels and appetizers, garlic bread, squid tapas and kept the flow of chips constantly to the demand as I plated up every order in the row of two other chefs. One station doing the asian and pasta meals, next station is the grill with the steaks and pork belly mains, then the fryer station with me. I did prep before dinner service making sure all the sauces, gravys and salad and cold meats were ready for service time in construction of salads and schnitzel parma to order. To my surprise the chefs were nice. The place ran at a fast pace with not a minute to even scratch between orders. I managed to keep it together even though your body screams no more as the orders yelled out pile

up to a full load of dockets. We managed to get through the big orders and tables of 20 and 220 meals were successfully delivered as we began the sanitizing of every surface. It was nice for once. Still haunted by the experiences of every road house and cook job. “See you're not in the tin pot shit house places anymore. This is the big kitchen now!” The large executive Chef with heavy tattoos and a bit of a limp gave me commendation. “You can cook here anytime.” He said.

For once I wasn't sent into the hell's kitchen.

“Yeh thank you. I had a lot of bad experiences at the other kitchens. I added. “They were like full Gordon Ramsey or just bullies.” We shook hands and I went home to the Donga's provided near the Big Separation plant that pulled all the minerals out of the sand mining operation. I sat down and joined a bunch of truckies for a well needed drunken night after 7 days straight of frying. They were all from Mildura and we shared all the stories of avoiding the Jab, going from job to job, some of them had lost wives over the job options and some had lost family that passed away after getting the job. We could talk openly amongst friends without being railed by the programmed citizens. Those who

trusted the science and not the freedom to question the science. There was no malice in our conversation, just blokes who you wouldn't think were deeper in thought about the globalist plans to make money through the injections of something unproven and without proper testing.

"They thought they could use us all as guinea pigs?" The trucker asked me.

"Yeh well some of us can't be told what to do and well I stand for those who question everything."

"Yeh me too." The trucky showed me a tattoo of a lion he got on his chest.

"This is my symbol of never standing down after losing everything. I can still hold my head high and keep on going." He took a drag of his cigarette and drank the remainder of his rum and cola can.

"I know right after being the Roadhouse messiah. Getting crucified on every path I took, getting fired, quitting, flooded in and ripped off by bosses. I will die on that hill for my beliefs that I won't take the jab." I said still unsure of my brain, my ability, my confidence still shattered.

“Right on.” The Truckie added as I drank the last beer stumbled home to the room and snored until day break to drive the five hundred kilometers home. I illustrated some more and could feel the stress of the end of everything coming to its junction point. Liz wanted her room back and the pictures were given a deadline of the end of July. I went back to the mine after my Grandmother had her one hundredth birthday. A family reunion that took ten years to accomplish as the mandates and bad press loosened its grip on society. I drove back into the mine to meet the cleaner and the mine supervisor who had now left their partners to become a couple.

“The mine has been sold.” She said,

“What? So it's just us here?” I felt left out of the loop.

“Yes.” I looked around at the empty rooms and non-existent trucks. The desert just sits idle with a few flies and birds around in the peace. I lay back in my bed in the room and thought about how it all came to be homeless again but with a caretaker job at an empty mine that could end at any time. I wondered if it was the greater plan of Saturn transiting my Ascendant in the house of losses that would ever reveal the great lesson. The Oracle emailed

me after having a dream that conquered all the fears. We can never be quite sure what the relationship between dream time and so-called real time is, in the movie the hero explains that we can't quite remember the beginning of a dream, we might apply that analogy to our actual lives, our multiple story lines, I suspect your lucid dream and encounter with dog who opens the day signifies a victory over ones inner fears or nightmares to an inevitable state of lucid living, you can't do all this inner work or inquiry without shifting ones level of consciousness, the opening of the door and presence of the dog cannot be underestimated, a door symbolises a transition from one place to another, you can contrast this lucid dream or encounter with a dog in your Yama nightmare, in both dreams there is an exist or a door, in the first dream you are terrified and traumatised, you took it as an evil portent, but in this dream the dog is a guide, seems benevolent, and your awake, you know it's a dream which infers that you can do anything g you choose to do, and that's a definition of real freedom, as it has implications in one's actual waking life, but of course most people are as trapped in their waking live as in their dreams, lucid living has the same implications as lucid dreaming, the possibilities of

this are breathtaking, the door is the passageway from one world view to another....every awakening begins with this contact with the source of one's own fragmented consciousness, our inner guides, our inner mastery, in these encounters we begin to sense that we as freer than we ever imagined, it's akin to an actor playing a convincing role on stage or screen who at the end of the performance resumes his own life, follows no script, makes his own decisionsbecomes himself again.

Chapter 20: **The Rivertown**

After living in motels costing me a thousand dollars a week and going from place to place. I Looked in the mirror, seeing my face wracked from sores, my chest scarred with some allergic reaction to the shower water in the mines. I found out there was no chlorine in the Reverse osmosis water purification plant, for at least six swings at the mines they didn't bother to clean the water. My memory of talking to the two other workers was showing the signs of lesions on their chins, hair falling out and burning sensation on the skin after showering.

I decided that was it! No way was I going back. The road looked even more lonely and harsh with nowhere to stay. I decided to call Muller from Buronga who was around the area still working. Even though I had only a phone number and no social media accounts the call went through. We talked for an hour. It was brilliant. To my surprise he offered me a room. I left the motel the next day and went to the tiny room in a broken down old farm house in a vineyard. I was broken but at least I had one win in my life at a time my body was giving up on my skin and well my power was drained beyond what I could handle in my 40s.

Muller had set himself up and worked hard to get the place looking decent and liveable. He had sanded the floors and stained it a nice deep mahogany colour. Giving him a wad of cash I was glad to be there and drove him to his girlfriends house 40 kilometers away, to pick him up later as he had no drivers license. The good fortune of a meeting 20 months ago and the connection I made helping him out when he needed to see doctors to get a cyst cut off his neck was well a good deed repaid. Even Muller would say to me. "You do good to others, you get back good."

I was overjoyed like a weird rescue. We sat and talked about life and how things had evolved and got to a point of life being what it was after the covid hysteria in the late part of 2022 had given into the Russia Ukraine war, the rising inflation, the floods and various other things taking over the media. The vineyard was quiet and only a few tractors passed, being on a block about five kilometers out of town. One of Muller's friends from down the road on the farm brought a puppy to the front door. Muller almost cried taking this little abandoned puppy in his arms. Legend was her name and she was covered in fleas, bones showing and a scar on her cheek with signs of conjunctivitis in her eyes. The next days were spent

cleaning and killing fleas. Feeding her slowly to get her weight back up. The two cats were very angry at the new house addition. Now two strays were living in the farmhouse.

“Hey, can you drop me off at my girlfriend's place on the weekend?” Muller asked to which I gave a nod. I drove him to the nearby town across the border and returned to the puppy that seemed to only have torn up a piece of paper in frustration of being left for half an hour. I started drinking stout and cooked Lamb's fry. It was weird I fed the puppy and it sat next to me on the couch having little puppy nightmares while I got drunk but the good feeling of alcohol had gone. I patted the sleeping puppy and almost cried, feeling the sense of knowing what it is like to be abandoned by family, job, friends and losing all ability to find love. My family had well and truly shut the door on being able to stay with them except for my sister who offered a place and well in a house that was overcrowded it was not livable. The empathy and connection between the puppy just finding its feeling of safety was something amazing. I slept hard and woke to a few puppy poops that happened in the house. I cleaned up and took the puppy for a walk attempting to teach it how to walk next to me. The puppy

exposed the harshness of my upbringing and a strictness that I had to soften to give the puppy what it needed, which was good boundaries and a lot of love and affection. This weakness needed to be found while the puppy was sitting for Muller while he was at his girlfriend's.

The hangover I had also exposed that at my age I had drunk enough and it was over. It was no longer a crutch or an escape, now it was facing life and making good decisions based on what is best for me, rather than sacrificing myself for others all the time.

I got an email about the book talking about the contract for the drawings. It had shifted to a full legal contract where I would lose all rights to my artworks. It shook every part of my emotions. After six months of earning trust with someone and giving them tens of thousands of dollars worth of drawings in exchange for rent, it somehow became almost a grab for everything. I decided no reply is the best and gave myself credit that I could experience life drawing to save my life and cooking in the mines to earn something to live off. I had escaped a snake many times but this one felt like the last. I walked the puppy and calmed down feeling the joy of watching Legend play in the grass and run alongside

me. The Night time I got my guitar out for the first time in 20 months. Coober Pedy played drunkenly to File and Muller late at night. I played the song from 2002 after the first backpacker girlfriend had left me heartbroken. The whole running around the country during covid seemed to be triggered by Fille reminded me of the 2002 heartbreak. I could sense it was something I had now passed as she was happy and traveling around the Northern Territory. The puppy looked at me sideways singing until all the songs and vocals rang out in the empty room. My neck cracked something back into place as I sang the final note. I was really feeling good and finally released two years of not being able to sing my heart out. The breath felt fresh in my lungs.

Woke up in the morning to clean up after the puppy and checked my email. It was Fille.

It was a beautiful email about her travels and jobs and intentions to go to Western Australia, She was in Melbourne and sent me two photos of her which was almost transporting me back to where I drunkenly proposed to her in a dire section of my life where I felt like my death was imminent with no house or stable job or escape from the Jab Mandates. I instantly felt like there was an

opportunity but as the puppy needed attention Legend reminded me to cool my mind and just let things happen. I called her new number but she didn't answer. I sent an email and got no reply. She must have been busy.

I emailed the Oracle the news and he replied. *The devotional aspect only works if the expectations are zero, good luck with Fille, She would not have sent you the photo as if she didn't want to see or talk to you ...maybe she got the number wrong, if she needs a mate to drive to WA just do it, do the opposite of what you did last time, and who knows what might happen, maybe she is just a friend, but if you love her you can take the risk and just offer her your devotion...that's Bhakti in its pure essence....*

Chapter 21: **The meeting.**

A few weeks of drinking madness to the full moon in Libra. I burned my contracts books, illustrations and for some reason I still had my long hair that I got cut when I was sixteen. All of it went up in smoke to a drinking moon where I was left to my own devices while Muller was at his girlfriends. There it all was blowing away in the wind little ashes of paper and a lump of burnt hair. It didn't feel great but why not when everything is at a total loss of direction or love or necessity. The puppy shat inside as I didn't pay her any attention. The two cats hissed and swiped her nose as she tried to make friends but even a bulldog puppy could not really play with soft furry farm cats that spend the day hunting snakes. I sat drunk on the couch lost for anything but the madness of the strange moon to leave me alone. I was kind of used to these full moons dragging me into dark places. The phone buzzed in my hand. Seeing the text name LYDIA. I thought it was a miss dial or text or whatever. But she was straight to the point, she had holidays and wanted to meet up in Adelaide. I was gobsmacked and replied without being a drunken asshole and just said.

"Yes ok."

I had a moment of hope to keep the madness at bay. Puppy-sitting a bulldog and two cats was a lot of work. The room is dusty and full of cat hair or something I couldn't find making me cough throughout the night.

The week kind of went like a dream as I just cooked and looked after the puppy. Down came the big rains that would flood the front drive and millions of snails would march into the mud. I got drunk again and kind of didn't really fit as Muller and his friends were all big bong smokers. And we know exactly what happens with booze hounds and weed heads. They never see eye to eye because they always think there crutch is better for you. I just only trusted alcohol as it was the one thing I grew up with. Weed was something for paranoia or facing into the void kind of deal. I packed up the car and went to Adelaide. First motel fully booked, second fully booked and third shitty motel with a room only for 400 dollars. I drove through the hills and eventually found a place on the side of the road. I called the last motel in the area where Lydia would be staying. "Yes sir, we have one budget room for one hundred dollars a night." I was overjoyed. "That is exactly what I want." I replied and drove through the leafy green rich people

suburbs to get to the bottom of the hill. I checked into a dingy 1970s room with no light globes and stains on the walls, with a permanent handprint above the toilet button. The big window that looked over the highway. Kind of reminded me of that romantic era where a writer would work and smoke his cigarettes and drink whisky to the sound of the 8 lane highway. The stench of tobacco and some random graffiti was a sign I was in the right place to be before going to see Lydia. It was at that moment that Synchronistically Fille SMS'd me.

“Why de Moths always fly into flame. It disturbs me this.”

With her strange French-English text I replied that maybe in a past life the moth was a gourmand and is like a moth to the flame. I tried to be clever and humorous. I could tell the joke was stale and didn't hit the mark so I added that biology is crazy making moths blind and only able to see light frequency, and basically just food for reptiles and birds.

I was having a conversation with myself it seemed but I guess that is the difference between us. It just made me happy that I had contact with her after the big quiet where everyone just lurched me and I spent the last 18 months alone with no one. Except drawing

for my roof over my head and puppy-sitting and driving people here and there.

I looked at my star chart and saw that Saturn was retrograding over my Ascendant for the second time. This explained the headaches, the coughing, the nausea, the wanting to burn everything down and leave it all in flames. Next SMS was from everyone on the mines. Please come back, we need you to cover my holidays and my shifts. I didn't reply.

There was no need to converse with those vipers caught in the poisoned gold mine. I was done as done. The depressing part about losing more things and basically going broke again and being stuck in shitty housing beholden to others dropped me into a dark void of anger. It could be worse. There are worse places to be in the world. Attempting to get to the bottom of the depression that seemed to haunt every second I thought about the reality of the situation. The oracle showed up in my in box as I considered going outside for a cigarette to sleep in the smelly hotel room, and hope it all worked out meeting Lydia the next day. I opened the Oracles email, It read.

The gut always knows what it needs, my secret weapon and it's palpably real is to hand over any anxiety over to the higher power, the mind is a pussy that jumps at every shadow, it has to be ignored but it's quite insistent...The super power is there, but it's as if the outcomes or expectations about what to do are irrelevant...that's weird as it prepares us for an acceptance of whatever has to take place..

The words were enough in a time where all I could see in my mind was a strange vision of dropping to my knees in devastation back in Buronga. I met Lydia at the motel with two coffees. She had been given temporary room for the night so we both looked a bit tired. We talked about all the old times. Went into the city and walked the malls and botanic gardens. All the strangeness of her and I were only attached because of one drunken night in Oodnadatta. We had not changed much and returned to the motel with a block of beer and ordered takeout. Lydia began to explain how the Satanist got the local aboriginal girl pregnant then left her to live in a nearby town then disputed that the child was even his. "Saturn returns." I said to Lydia. "Its where your Natal Saturn

position returns at age 27 and means being given huge responsibilities.” Lydia didn’t seem interested in astrology so I kept it to a minimum. We had a Spa after dinner and I noticed she was holding her stomach alot and seemed to be suffering from a bad tooth. Nothing happened as we slept spooning. Yet I felt nothing for her or even the primal lust of attraction. She seemed to be channeling every fear like she was sent by the roadhouse to get revenge or get some dirt from me. I couldn’t tell what she was evoking out of me to play the sexual card and threat was always underlying every moment. All I perceived in my heart was I would be betrayed if we fucked. The next day came as we walked the hills and went various places talking about how shit the job was and eventually she told me she was triple vaxxed. My heart should have sunk, yet it was like an expected answer as everyone wanted to keep there job. There was no blame as she told me about how her boyfriend in the town was dealing drugs and how she just quit and the two bosses went crazy with threats. It was enough to have a breakdown. Each night in the motel the same just bad sleep, spa, takeout and eventually she took at least five pills a night as her tooth was dying. The strange thing was the oracles email said

something along the lines of, a woman like that can channel your darkness. It was the end of my heart centered journey. I was not interested in having sex or being the next dick on the line that took the booty call. Lydia became dark and then so did I as we exchanged stories about being beaten up and betrayed by lovers. The last night was horrid as I overheard in my sleep and my heart felt like it was beating out of my chest like a heart attack. The last morning we looked at each other with mutual disappointment that everything had just passed in a haze of beer and driving around places talking about all our fears. I dropped her at the Bus station, sensing the sorrow and unspoken frustrations that seemed mutual. I drove off, not stressed or pissed off. Love, life and the road was just that a nightmare of stories even though both of us attempted to put a smile on the shit sandwich it was, what it was. Drove home passionless into the rain and oncoming flooded areas. The rain and horrible overcast weather sweated. Got back to the Farmhouse and drank a six pack that didn't even touch the sides or make me drunk. It was Eclipse season as Scorpio Solar partial eclipse and then Taurus full lunar eclipse. I was just glad that the birthday self loathing and meeting as Saturn had started its

finishing touches over my Natal Ascendant. Two years of losses and 16 jobs and 28 places lived in 2 years. With all my life now insecurely stashed at my sister's place and a car full of guitars to sell. It was the end once my energy reached zero I would just give into the world and not do anything anymore. There were no jobs, no life, no want, nothing left after all the struggle and depression and change. People had given up on my cause and friends were waning. I had no more hate in my stomach to burn into the horror of life and compete for jobs or fight people for my rights, nor expect any special treatment as I would just lose money until broke eventually and farm work was not even on my radar. The Oracle emailed.

I am going to South Africa for a month. Do you want to look after the caravan for me and feed the cat?

I agreed, seeing the humor in returning to the place I first started off homeless in Castlemaine, around the exact same time of year two years ago. So it was decided that was my last place of residence before going into the nothing zone. November 16 2020 to November 16 2022. Fuck the past future or present. It was over. Cars chew eight liters of oil every three hundred kilometers. Had

lost the poetry, the creativity and lust after losing the four visual diaries and the mines wanting me back to go and get poisoned. The universe had really served me up with no options left other than to go into the darkness of depression and fear. It was a great journey and rewards were only in the form of survival. I knew Lydia was the moment in life of chance meeting both of us running from family and a past that seemed to be not anything other than harsh. She was ill from the vaccine and I know she wanted to be together one last time. Yet there was nothing but the heart I had to offer. I could not heal what was a destiny of both of u

Chapter 22: **Return to the Oracle**

The long drive through rain, hail and broken roads by the incoming rain bombs that never ceased even though it was a month from the first day of summer. The strange life of chaos and anarchy gave me impetus to see the Oracle after two years, seventeen jobs and twenty five places lived after covering thirtyfive-thousand kilometers. The five hour drive passed after a cup of coffee, a cigarette, schnitzel and gravy roll. The air was thick with humidity passing the wet gumtrees and bored road workers attempting to fix the flood damaged roads. It felt shitty returning at my expense but the Oracle was off to South Africa and basically always talked of death and dying in his last attempt to find undivided love. I re-read his email that seemed to have him in a good place. I reminded myself of two years ago, desperate, afraid, angry, unsure and homeless running across the border during the lockdowns.

I also didn't recall that I had a run in with his brother that pushed my journey on when he said. "You can't predict the future." It wasn't the words, it was something else that reminded me of something I had never confronted. "Hello." I yelled from the bottom of the driveway noticing that his house was rented out to someone else and the oracle stood in his familiar black shirt, black pants

and Trilby hat. There was a river of grass and mud I had to muck through in my slip ons to get up the hill to what we joked in emails about as the Temple on the mount. The seven Norfolk pines slightly off their center. The red stripe caravan with power cables strung about trees and chairs and a tent with arm chair looking over the lush green grass of their property. I saw his brother on the ride-on lawn mower and all the new puppies in the adjoining fenced off area at the front of the house from the mount. "Glad you could make it." He said as we shook hands. "Yeh I am a little bit greyer in the hair and frayed around the edges." I replied with a smile. "You still have the spark in your eyes so you are fine. Anyway, Welcome to the Temple on the mount." We laughed and sat down to a cup of tea near the tent and chatted about all things, especially the upcoming total solar eclipse in Taurus. "It's really hitting me hard I feel as tense as coiled spring." I sipped my tea. "Well your planets in scorpio and moon always seem to make you go a bit mad." He laughed. It was great to talk as we joked about how the guiding influences and the emails between us gave a greater understanding of the Saturnian Transit. The Saturn jailer, harsh father and restrictions. We ate some lasagne microwaved in

the Caravan and talked some more. "This can all be yours mate if you want it? A couple of months might help you find peace in this place. "Yeh." I tried not to sound indecisive as I had no real feeling of wanting to be anywhere in the constant change and build that seemed to leave me in strange vulnerable places that were always trying to kill me. I had lost my nerve in committing. "Anyway I must be off to bed. Don't wake me before 12." The oracle smiled as I went through the slush and mud, got my swag and few things and lay down to a beautiful sleep in the tent. Next morning we went to Bendigo and by chance the oracle met up with a good friend going to the shop. We never ended talking about the archetypes of the sky and the influences on life. "I only let you in to my world because you reminded me of when I was your age." The oracle said. "I was always honoured to talk and have your words along the journey, to meet someone as you in this world is the rarest thing." There was a moment of emotion knowing I would be lost if he ever passed and life was not kind in the 2020's. "The eclipse is on we can talk more about the pluto in aquarius stuff later." He said as we both ambled out of the caravan and watched the black shadow start to cover the moon in the sky. "Well look at that?"

Won't be another one in Taurus until twenty years time." We took photos and sent them to people through our phones and tablets. I shared it with Fille and Muller. Fille replied she couldn't see it and sent a photo of Western Australia carpark with no moon. Muller said it was great photo. "Hey mate its our friend from India. He just said he will release all fear and go into life with the best he has. Like I told you the Business is going bad and the company wants to get rid of him even after 30 years of service to the Ashram." The Oracle was telling me what I didn't want to hear. Two years ago it was the death of a friend who drove off a cliff in India when I arrived on a full moon, had a dream of him lost in the carpark of Delhi and woke with a spider on my forehead. "That is a shame that they are going after him."

"They want the property to sell. Its worth millions." I nodded. "That's India though nothing survives there without a price. Even the poor." We talked some more and eventually he left for bed as I sat watching the blood moon shuffle slowly through the clouds of the sky eventually burning a bright red colour. The next day was shopping and getting supplies as I prepared to stay for another week or so and feed the stray cat that came and went. "Beer run."

The oracle said. "But you don't drink?" I said knowingly. Well my brother wants beer and smokes so be aware its going to be drinking tonight." I felt bad as if the moon had shifted something badly. After we both went to pick up beer and cigarettes I was hit in the stomach with the pain to shit all the time. I sprayed the toilet in the shopping center and tried some CBD oil to calm the gut which worked for a while. I took the slab over to his brother's side of the house and the drinking began. "I forgot you could drink. I shouldn't really do it after the six heart attacks and a couple of follow up heart attacks this year. You know it all happened after Dad died." We were already three cigarettes and four beers deep and only an hour had passed. "Yeh your dad was one tough guy passing at one hundred and two. I would see him in the morning last time I was here and he would greet me with 'Not Dead yet!'" We both laughed. It seemed to be going ok and the beer was not hitting me that hard. "You know what about this whole vaccinating the public bullshit! It's that I had to get it to race my dogs at the track. Now they are left with a billion shots that no one will take. The whole thing was about dividing the population." I nodded in agreement not wanting to voice my true feelings of all the jobs and places of

residence I lost due to the mandates on having to get the vaccine. The Oracle joined us as we sat in the Dog training shed and talked while Simon drank beers and cut up the meat for the racing dogs and the new pups. Every once in a while the oracle's brother would get dark and start talking about when he dies and who will get what. I couldn't stand it. "Stop sooking, keep it light brother." I said feeling more mouthy after a few more beers. Eventually the poker table was put out on the table and I was fifty dollars into the pot and winning a few hands. I looked behind me out the window and the moon seemed to kill my mood. "Why are you losing mate?" He said seeing my care dropped from my face. "The moon." I answered and slugged at the beer feeling the gut start to spin. "Lets watch this song on the TV" We all got up and went and watched the performance of the oracle's brother, how this would be his funeral song and how he would die. "I am off." I said to the Oracle and my brother. "But we are going to sing more songs. "I am beer tired." I staggered through the mushy ground and in a fit of uncontrollable rage packed up the bed and the food and bags. Marched through the mud started the car and drove drunk into the night. I looked at the clock seeing it was one in the morning. I

prayed that no cop stopped me but all the country roads were empty on a Wednesday night. Eventually I found a cross road in the middle of farmland and slept badly in the back of the car. I got up took vitamin C powder and water. I shat all over the grass and threw the toilet paper into the farm fence. Burning up inside every piece of hate came to a moment. Something about his brother was just evil but in this charismatic way you didn't feel the punch into your being of experience.

I rented a motel room once back in Mildura. Every cell in my body felt like it was having a minor tremor earthquake. I went for a massage and tipped big as I was just back to half normal feeling. I slept all day and all night. I couldn't go back to Mullers as he had his girlfriend staying over.

I felt like a piece of shit still getting the Saturn transit of having no control over where I was in life. I got a small onsite van in a town nearby for the next night and checked my emails. To find that the Oracle didn't mind I had left the day before he flew to South Africa.

I am on my track listening to an ANANDAMA I ma mantra, I wept steward of joy just now, my heart has finally opened, I've handed everything over to my soul my higher power. I feel empowered

beyond belief. I dreamed of that golden serpent I saw twenty years ago enter the lounge from the back door, and realized it's been with me ever since, I picked it up just under the head and placed it in a bamboo box with cushions and covering. It seems like a quite powerful symbolic representation of the naga nodes of the moon, not only is it a day or so after a full solar eclipse in Scorpio conjunct my natal Ketu, but as well the beginning of a seven year Ketu Dasa. It feels very empowering. One had either absorbed or ignored the lesson of the previous mercury and Saturn DASA or not. Up into now the mind has done its best to guide us through the maze, what needs to happen now is the awakening of the deeper heart, the indivisible soul or higher power without. If the work has been done then we have indeed been blessed. That's my feeling today as I go into the heart of Africa.

Chapter 23: **The Puppy Named Legend**

Back to the Farmhouse in the back blocks of Wentworth. The flood waters rising in Mildura and all the locks and weirs were covered with fast moving water rising at a half a meter every three days. I felt the tension of the mood not giving me a direction to flow within the world. Made various attempts to get jobs as it seemed the entire workforces had either quit, or left. I always read the same reply. 'Bring Vaccination certificate.' So again I had to decline every job on the strange apartheid I was living in at this time on earth. One job was a remote roadhouse cook again looking for an escape to a shit job. The Indian guy seemed tired and sick of it all. "Can you cook steaks?" He asked. "Yeh every kind there is." I answered. "You worked at Gundumbo. So you worked for that lady and the short guy?" I froze a little at the question and then attempted to explain that my leaving on short notice was for better pay at the mining village roadhouse. There it was in my heart the feeling of being blacklisted for jumping from job to job when things got toxic. Knowing that there would be no call back for the offer of work. I explained to Muller who was permanently stoned and glazed over in a kind of tired moment. I could feel the tension, my snoring the lack of boundaries, the weed

in the air thick as car exhaust. I emailed the Oracle hoping for something of a guiding light as the scorpio sun was triggering the exact day I left in twenty twenty on November sixteenth two years ago. The Oracle sent a short message from South Africa somewhere above Cape Town. *We are where we are, no blame*
Locating the balance is the peace key. Be kind to yourself ash
Trust the process. It's what it is, not as we might want it to be.

I was tired but not defeated enough to rail against the simplicity of the words. The next day after gaming with friends and a haze of night smoke. The morning appeared to the usual robot vacuum *wirr* and looking after the puppy while Muller went to work on the farm. I realised the little bulldog puppy abandoned by its owners was the real reflection of myself. Spending two years in some rebellion to repeat the same mistakes, same shit jobs and not accept who I was. The correlation of being nice to yourself, being a kind and loving guide to this puppy who knew only how to be itself. My harshness and aggression of those two years appeared in a clear reflection of myself holding on to fear. I texted Fille who was now in Perth working in restaurants and wanting to volunteer at an animal shelter. I told her the animal shelter is the most honorable

thing as I had an epiphany while looking after Mullers pup Legend.

She asked me what it was. So I replied

Life is about acceptance, not attempting to control life, the pup reflected that. The pup needed guidance, care and love. After the last two years on the road I had forgotten these things. It was a sense of peace of having to be a gypsy pushed and pulled through so many dynamic jobs, people and situations. The white pup with a brown spot on her back sat sleeping on her paw while next to me on the couch. There was so much life to be lived where self love was the truest journey one could find. The trail of places and people were all blessings. The learning that could never be taken away. Although technically homeless, no income, no job, no real assets.

What I had searched for was finding me.