

The Universe Addresses a Bully

by karelia

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Chapter 1 of 1

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You systematically pick what you see as the greatest-potential victim: the young man, just learning to stand on his own feet, not having left home long ago, his home a shelter built by love. You've been imbibing his energy like a newborn calf, except your intentions are never pure like those of a new-born. His housemate has no bully potential at all – you only just managed to divest him of his energy once – and you won't even consider *that* one's partner; she poses danger to all your constructs so it's safer not to acknowledge her at all. The younger couple upstairs, well, you know you stand no chance. They were trained from the early days to ward off the likes of you.

You lie in wait, knowing the opportunity to accost him will come within minutes. After all, he works all week, and whether he wants it or not, he has established ritual, as encouraged by the powers that never really have been. Naturally, you politically-correct ones call it "routine." The great unwashed might wake up too soon if you say it like it is, so you embrace, only figuratively of course, the thinly veiled deceit imposed by your masters.

Today, the wait has been worth it. Within seconds of beginning your diatribe, you are in your full element. You caught him once again unawares, well done. He shrinks before your eyes, even though every word you utter is meaningless and without any shred of truth. You know he knows that, but you also know he hasn't found a way yet to put a stop to your bullying. And you hope it remains that way.

I thank you for the valuable training you have given him. He will rise and shine farther with his already bright light.

Except tonight is different. You lose momentum when you sense something. Of course it's too vague a sense, and you're unfamiliar with it, so allow me to shed some light on you: You lost momentum when you issued your first lie, intended to increase the bullying potency.

Everything is changing on this planet as well as others. You've been told over and over again that this time would come, but it is no longer in your nature to heed benevolent advice. You only listen to your grand master. Continue your ways, and you will end up with him because nobody else has a place for you in this vast space. There, in that dark corner beyond the hinterlands, after you travel through the kingdoms of the beings of lesser light, after you run for your life through the domain of the demons, you arrive in the shaddai's realm. Once you appear there, you'll seemingly remain for eternity, though that, too, is an illusion.

Do you really want that? You already know your master lies, for he thrives only on deceit and untruth. You know better than to believe him. And yet, life after life after life, you give in to the smallest of his temptations. He has such an easy job with you.

But you are running out of time. Your last ten, or five, or even three life times still allowed for plenty of time and opportunity to straighten everything out, to at least make an effort to once more become one with me. You've thrown away every opportunity. And now you're left with one. One. Single. Chance.

Take it or leave it.

It would be dishonest to say it's all the same to me, for it is not. You have a conscience. All you need to do is tickle it awake and then follow your heart in every step you take. Surely, it cannot be that difficult.

And if it is, ask for help. But ask the right ones. The shaddai won't help you; he'll only laugh and find a perverted delight in seeing you suffer. Just as you have been doing to others life after life after life.

Allow the Music to sing your consciousness awake. Let the pain of past wrongs stream through you so it may depart, and you begin anew. Listen to your heart. Open your ears to your own song. Even if it sounds rusty at the beginning, let it be. Don't suppress it. Instead, nurture it. Practice like a baby blackbird, and let the sun guide you. Let her warm rays softly stroke your throat, and let the breeze gently glide over your chords. Let nature retune you, so you move in harmony. You will find growing quite effortless then.

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