

I happened to be  
in one of the  
lower underground tunnels of a  
subway station and was about  
to find my way upstairs as I saw a nearby  
paternoster-like transportation  
device that was made of shiny, chrome-plated  
half-round metal steps, and reached with its  
help the entrance hall which lay beneath the  
surface. From there I moved upwards and proceeded through  
a gate, through which daylight shimmered,  
into the open air.

As I looked around I noticed that I was in the midst of a large city, saw the facades of the houses and close by, above me, I saw a curved section of an elevated highway. Then I looked up into the sky. But what I saw there caused me to tremble deep within and I was suddenly filled with overwhelming fear. Huge, dark, mighty walls of clouds had accumulated, as is usually the case shortly before the generation of a powerful tornado, and when watching more closely I recognized that the perilously gray-black rolling cloud had already started to spin around and so did its deadly suction, eagerly trying to satisfy the immense hunger of the whirling clouds, and I heard the intense buzzing and humming of the strong winds.

The entire black monster appeared in front of the bluish-yellowish background as a beautiful though disastrous spook and it seemed to me that the imminent destruction enhanced the contrast to the otherwise peaceful sky and made its pastel-like colors shine brightly.

The violently consuming whirlwind had already gained incredible strength and was now about to devour everything that would come in front of its greedy mouth. Then I recognized with horror that it had already started to move with great velocity toward me and I was filled with fear. While running away I was astonished to see that all the other people around me

were still predominantly busy and caught up in their daily routines. They had obviously not noticed the approaching disaster.

I realized that there wasn't much time left and ran as fast as I could back to the entrance hall of the subway station, which underground halls I regarded as safe, and noticed while running that it was only moments before the death-bringing inferno would be above my head. So I rushed into the entrance hall and stood – because I didn't have enough time to find a better hideout – behind a thick, tiled wall, went on my knees, heard the roaring sounds as of a thousand waterfalls, saw the tiled floor as it was covered with little water rills, was afraid that the suction would catch me and felt how the ground below me trembled and quaked as the tornado went over it.

Then it became silent again and it seemed to me as if the tornado's devastating power had only lasted for a short period of time, not even a minute, but when I then arrived on top I realized the full scale of the destruction. It was so devastating that - as far as I could see - every building was torn down and no stone remained on the other.

Later on I heard that the tornado had taken an exceptional amount of time to destroy the city with all its power and that it had fulfilled the task thoroughly and completely. I was amazed because for me the storm had only lasted for a short period of time. I guess this was a result of the forces of the angel who had protected me.

Then I happened to be in a house that was partly like a tower. Together with me were some monks that were dressed in yellowish garments, who together with me climbed up the staircase toward the tower, raising questions about why God had allowed this mischief and why they – the believers –

had not been spared,  
and I then tried to comfort them  
by saying that believers  
were also subject to  
probability and that this had  
not been an evil plan but rather  
fate that had to be accepted.  
Yet their questions hung  
in the air like ropes that  
were bent downwards.

As we arrived at the top and were about to enter the room, I noticed – and also the monks following after me could get a glimpse of it – that there was a human body stuck to the wall, made up entirely of open, skinless flesh and that was completely lacking all the peripheral parts of a human body, somehow seeming to undergo a sort of surgery or maintenance and repair, whereby a priest who was standing at the right hand side in front of me, presumably a kind of doctor, conducted the reconstructive installation, and a monk, sitting directly in front of me, served as an assistant.

The flesh-being that was hanging at the wall had noticed our entrance into the room and frightfully insinuated to the priest-doctor that he immediately had to expel the monks who were attempting to enter the room and also the assistant monk sitting before me.

I was astonished by the depth of his disturbance which was only induced within him by the uninvited entrance of the monks who were approaching from behind, but then I realized that – because of his reduced appearance - the flesh-being must have felt a deep indisposition, a kind of shame, but this was not necessarily because he was not aesthetic in his own eyes and also in the eyes of others and that a long time of familiarization was necessary to be able to bear his reduced appearance, but instead because some of his life functions had not yet been implemented and were not functioning and he didn't want the other monks to see that clearly the *fleetingness*, *fragility* and *reducibility* of his life and of

human life in general, because he was extremely afraid that such a sight would rob them of their life energy.

He also didn't want the other monks to be able to recognize his own deep sadness and his own alienation about his life, for this would have hurt him even more than he already was, because his horror would have reflected from their faces and doubled his pain.

This was also the reason why he expelled the assistant monk, because even he should not be witnessing his painful process of cognition, he shouldn't be able to participate in the repetitive disturbed self-awareness of the flesh-being, for it would have only created pity within him, and there was no place for it because it would have been insane, because it would have to be sympathetic to the extremely fragile and volatile life –for which there was no other option than hate or love.

Only the priest-doctor and I were allowed to stay and watch how he by himself inserted the two *eyes* in the designated pits and attached the backwards leading eye-ribbons crosswise on top of the cranium – a very suitable solution for this problem, I supposed. Then he inserted the *teeth* thereby giving off deep sounds of satisfaction, because they filled his mouth so nicely and gave the still skinless face again the fullness that he liked so very much.

Then I saw on the left side a *face-skin* on a table, wrapped in a sort of vacuum package and I could see the flesh colored material between the already opened-up foils.

And this was going to be used  
next.