

A collection of stories by Zolly Darko

"I am Not dead and I have never been."

A novel written by "Zolly Darko " the man who made the tests. Poetry, madness and spirituality - collected for the reader's entertainment.

We are the seed of the universe, givers of life in a world of darkness. We are the stars that shine in the sky, not knowing who we are, or what is our true name. Here is a book by one of them, a shining star from the dawn of creation and eternity before this eternity.

PART I: "The dawn of time, Christianity version."

I saw the creation before it was created. I looked down from the sky, when God created the land and the heavens; I rejoiced as the morning stars were singing. The blessed man had been created, and to him was given the woman. They were in paradise, living eternally young - before the creation would know of death. The curse from the snake, the dragon, the old devil who once was an angel like us. We saw suffering and sin enter the world and we were

devastated. For now we have come to know mortality, to age and die like every mortal and to fall like every ruler. We were cursed to fight the holy war, the children of Light against the children of Darkness - in a world of Yin and Yang. I have stood and watched from the beginning of time, when the stars danced through the universe and when planets were born into existence. I have stood in the hall of gods, experiencing the creation bit by bit. From an eternity of life into other eternities, here we are. Young and old, but immortal, forever souls that will never taste of death. For we are the seed of God, the stars that shine in every night sky. We are the blame, the reason and the logic, the ideas you have and your imagination. You are part of the universe, and it is not a mindless universe. The universe is a big place, full of magic, full of wonder. So when the world was fallen and the stars they dropped from the sky. When evil and sin entered the creation and the creation of hell and death came to be. For we have tasted the bittersweet of mortality, to suffer and die like every mortal and to fall like every ruler. We are like God, the great I am - you are you and I am me. Our names are written in the heavens, we are the light and life of the world - the children of the Creator, in a fallen place. A place of darkness and sin, a place of death. We are

the messengers of the nature, bright souls and burning spirits. We walk in fire, in ice, in the heat and the cold. The taste of death is always near, in a place even angels fear to tread. For now the world is in darkness, and the prince of the world has risen from the abyss. The war of stars is to come, to bring everyone to justice. For your deeds are you judged, and for your speak you are saved. As you judge you will be judged; To be forgiven by God you must forgive others who did you wrong. With the measure you meet, it will be measured again to you. We are the reapers and the seeder, the messiah and the angels, the Indigo kids that are sent out from the four corners of the world. The insanity here goes deep, into philosophy and spirituality. The genius he knows and understand, the fool he claims it is just lies. The truth hits like a lightning-bolt through your brain - as you realize all that I've said. I am me, the only one I want to be. I am an angel, a star, a God. I am a child of the Most High; I am me, the one to be. I am the chosen one, in a land of darkness. In a world of insanity, for earth the time is short. And time is not on your side. You claim to be a saint, a servant of God but your deeds are hate and you dont bring any love. You judge the sinner for his crime, and turn against them who come and beg for your mercy. You give your God

a bad name, you are the religious from the old age, until now, and still today you give your God a bad name. For the virtue of God's people are faith, hope and love, where love is the strongest. With faith, hope and love you enter into the heavens. With love and mercy, you build yourself up. From first you will loose your life in the world, but to win it, for you have chosen the sacrifice and the sacrifice has given you eternal life. You chose God before your own life and soul, and so you have won eternity. Once again you shall see through the eyes of eternity. For by knowing death, you shall know life. By knowing hell you shall know heaven. And the angel that heard me speak would say "Amen to that. " And the world would rejoice once more, before the fallen angel would rise from the burning sea. To fight against the holy one and his armies of the heavens, for he is the misleader of the nations, the liar who has promised them all lies. They shall wage war on the One who is coming, the last one, the messiah who was killed for the sins of the world - and every eye would see him, even those that pierced him. The truth will dig itself up from the ground and humanity will once again know God. God will be their God, and God will walk among them, and wipe every tear of their sheeks. The waters of life will run in the spring, and the angels of heaven will

descend from the sky. The world shall be healed, and everything will be fine, it will be okay. The belief of a religion in myth, known as christianity. Where the fools shout of punishment, but the enlightened keeps in faith, hope and love. A world at edge, to be fought for, to be saved. In a universe full of magic, full of wonder.

PART II: "The demon inside."

I cant take it no more, said Joe. Joe had been living his life in sin, he'd not care of the consequences of his actions. Joe was a fool, indeed. But he was true to himself, and to others, he never claimed to be a saint. I asked Joe, hey Joe, what drives you, man ? Maybe you need to check yourself in the mirror sometime. But Joe never understands the things I say. He is the fool with a wicked mind, a easy puppet to control. Who am I? I ask myself again, and then, sometimes I have all the answers to that. Joe was in the bathroom this time, he was full of drugs in his system. I couldn't tell if I should laugh or cry, but he heard everything that I said, because Joe is a guy who hear voices in his head. He is the guy who everyone but himself is laughing at. So then again, who am I? Am I the voices in Joe's head or is Joe a voice in my head? Joe never understood life as it was. That is how I came to be, to

be living in his crazy head. The psycho here is me, the old fool, Joe's only friend. But Joe didn't appreciate me. He never did. He thought I was just a bad spirit or something, but I had love for this guy. I really wanted to help him. Joe did his thing again, trying to stop from crying. Nobody outside of the bathroom really cared for him, they were all junkies anyway. Back to game, back to game, Joe repeatedly said, while watching himself in the mirror. He couldn't tell if he was real or not, and I didn't want to spoil that for him. So I told Joe, hey Joe, go back to your friends, say something stupid, something foolish even. But Joe wasn't sure, he wasn't the same kind of troll as me. But he was still a troll, sure he is. Joe went out of the bathroom to his friends, shook his head and said: "Oh dear, I hear voices in my head. Guys, do you have any more of the speed? I really need, really really, need to get high. I can't stand this voice in my head, I really, need get some high." Ofcourse they noticed him stuttering, so they just watched him and wondered. Who were these guys anyway? Were they murderers and criminals, or just regular junkies? I couldn't tell myself, but I was indeed curious. I was indeed curious. Joe repeated what I said, and that didn't make any sense for them. That was the end of that day, because Joe went home and

slept it off, and woke up the next day, as usual. He said to himself: "As usual I wake up in the morning." This guy is mental, but so am I. And who am I, again? What is my name? Where do I come from, and what am I? Am I even human? Joe ofcourse snapped those thoughts and thought to himself "Am I even human?" Ofcourse you are human, stupid. Just a walking, talking monkey. Oh badass I am, such a prick, such a luner. But people do not take me for granted, nor did they take Joe for granted. Joe was just some guy with a mental breakdown, and I am just a voice in his mind. We are stuck together now, having to live together, always. Don't you take any thought about that, what it is like for me, to be a voice in someone's head? Don't you know how hard that can be sometime? Maybe I am the fool, the puppet, but I don't know. So I shut my eyes and hope to die. Because Life is pain, and pain gets it going around. Yet something weird happened as Joe and I were walking the street. Something really shiny appeared in front of us, and I was scared of this presence. Joe also became afraid, and Joe didn't know what to do. But the presence answered to Joe: "Heaven knows your pain." And Joe fell down on his knees, begged the presence to save him. I tried to shut him up and walk away, but somehow my powers has gone. The

presence continued saying "I shall take away your burden, and bring you peace." And that was the end of me. Back to hell I was. Back in the flames and the sulphur and all those screams. Oh those bloody screams, I had been cast out of my possession by an angel of Light! I had been exorcised out of Joe, and back into hell I go. What is wrong with these angels nowadays? Why do they always have to come and interrupt when we are toying with these puppets, the subhuman consciousness! So the devil came to me as usual, asking me what have I been up to? Living my life in sin, what else? Oh you been living your lives in sin, indeed? The devil is a tricky guy, but the smartest of all of us. Anyway, time to go hunting for another mind, I guess. As usual, that is the sport for us demons, and what is my name really? Don't wanna be exorcised again, do I?

PART III: "A divine being."

I am a species of another world; trapped in a human body. A god before eternity, and chained to a lifetime of suffering. Loneliness has been my path, and life itself has been a curse. I've travelled the dimensions of the mind, trying to ease everything, and unleash myself back to who and what I am. I do not know what

to believe and I stand confused, am I even good? Am I benevolent? Who and what am I? The voices in my soul that understand me better than anyone else. The voice of God that speaks inside, the faith and the hope, the love. But I have failed, I've sinned, I've done wrong. I am not a perfect person, but I am true to myself, true to you. In this world all you can do is, have something to believe in. Something to hope in, and live for. I stand accused in the heavens, for I am proudful, vain and a self-serving fool. Just a tool, for you, to see. In this world of you and me. I have tried to change the world, to change me, to fight the holy war against the darkness. Now that I hunted monsters, I am become a monster myself. Even if I am no better than a beast, dont I have the right to live? Even if my deeds are evil, but my will is not, am I to be judged? Do I stand accused for hell, because I used my mind? Because I spoke what makes sense, what is real, what is true. I said; A human should not enter hell only because they were not believers of Yeshua. Even what you believe, if you are a decent human being, your place should be in heaven. Also the punishment of hell, a burning place of torment, is too harsh a punishment for anyone. Imagine to burn forever, and your screams never end, the worms in your body never dies - This punishment is too cruel,

even for the devil himself.

PART IV: "A schizo's reality."

The problem with science and psychology is not the evident proof that we are totally insane; We are living in another sphere. Who and what are we, delusions of grandeur that catches up with our mind. We are the creation of a flawed universe, a world of magic and wonder - we have become it's slumber. In the dark we seek the light, through an eternity of pain here we are again. Life itself comes before death, as nothing remains the same and history repeats itself. We are the gods, the stars, the angels of the last age.

Advanced human beings in a world of confusion. A fallen angel and his tribulation with God; the loyal servant who serves God without question. The fallen angel who questioned God; who wanted to be God, to rise above the stars and declare himself as the Most High. Here we are, we stand in shame, we have sinned and so again - the story goes on. The story of the mad men, here we are. I am accused for my sins, but the advocate protects me. He boost new life into me, giving me a new day to change and do better, to battle my demons even if I sometime loose. Who are we, the schizoes of reality, messenger of the nature in

a broken world of lies. For we have suffered, we have known death and hell. But God shew us pain to know what is a blessing, He shew us hell to know heaven, death to know life. Are we part of God's divine plan? Or are we destined to the grave, and to burn away? Who are we to say, and to believe, but the hypocrite cannot understand. It is not love, it is hate, it is not freedom, it is captivity. So who am I to deny, the God of the heavens and the earth, the creator of the universe, the stars and everything. Who and what am I to deny ? The divine plan of God, let us hope and rejoice, in the last words of the Holy book: May Lord Jesus' mercy be with all.

PART V: "Quotes of a lonely spirit."

"It takes a genius to spot the intelligence in a madman."

Everything we say is logic; one way or the other. Even crazy people have a logic and explanation to their delusions.

"I am too intelligent to be religious, but intelligent enough to believe in God."

Religion has flaws, an intelligent person can see that.

But to be intelligent enough to believe there might be a God, is also sign of intelligence.

We cannot prove or disprove the existence of a God therefor the wise answer is I don't know.

"The devil can show you hell, but it is God that decides where you spend eternity."

The devil is not allmighty, but God is. God has the final say who goes to heaven and who doesn't.

"If you have been through hell you now appreciate the heaven you are in."

Everything is relative. It can always be worse and it can always be better.

"Logic is order to insanity."

Delusions are defeated with reason and logic.

"For Gods to understand mortals, they must become mortals themselves."

The human cannot understand the ant without being the ant. The same is for Gods.

"It is better that God believes in You than that You believe in God."

Ofcourse that makes sense. As God is a conscious

being, He can love and believe in humans or angels even if they may not return the favor. God loves righteousness, His greatest command is to love one and another. If we are godly, God will favor us even if our faith is not strong back to Him.

"Crazy is a different way of behaving and thinking, and there is always an explanation and logic to it."

Every thought we have comes from an understanding. When a delusional person have delusions, these delusions are rooted somewhere in knowledge or science or myth. Everything we think and say is bound to our understanding; This is why sometimes it requires a genius to spot the intelligence in a madman.

"Live in the world, not as the world."

The world and its behavior is very flawed. It is said we live in a fallen world; So even if the world is fallen, we don't have to be the same as the world.

"The creation is proof of God's existence."

Shall not He that formed the eye see, or He that formed the ear hear? He that created the mind having a consciousness? It is not logical that evolution without an intelligence could create everything so

perfect, and so beautiful in many ways. The creation is proof of God's existence, even if we want to believe that or not.

Well these are a few of my quotes during the years. I am a creative person with a high intelligence, yet of course I can be labelled as a fool as well. Some may like me, some may not - I can't expect everyone to be the same or think as me.

PART VI: "Voice of God."

Have you ever heard the voice of God inside your mind? Having His thoughts in your soul? Talking straight to you and me, believers of the last age? If you know God's voice, it is true that He has a meek voice. He does not judge or hate, He forgives and understands. His voice is as of a child, someone only having positive energy and love. God's greatest command to us is to love one and another because He is love. Many may disagree and judge God for a lot of things, but if you ever heard His voice, you know that He is good. "God is good, God is great." Like the song He is good, He is great. Or maybe the voice of God we hear is not real, but our own mind that created it. Who knows? I have the voice of God in me, and I also have the bad guy with me when I have anxiety. I am a spiritual person who believes in God,

but I am not religious and I do not label myself a "christian". Because I don't tell people they will go to hell for not believing in God. However as far as my understanding goes, God does not judge or condemn, it is the devil who does that. God liberates and sets free, but the devil judges and imprison. Maybe that people go to hell is because they are departed from God's love, so they go into perdition. Maybe God doesn't judge anyone, but it is us who have chosen if we go into heaven or hell. Yet there are many things even in the Bible that gives many of us sinners hope, even if we may not be religious or christians. If you want to be forgiven by God you must forgive others their wrongdoings against you. If you do not want to be judged, then do not judge. How you judge will also be measured against you, with the measure you meet it will be measured again to you. God want us to do good and to help those in need. If we see a naked person we must clothe them, or a hungry person we must feed them, or a sad person we must comfort them. People who visit others in captivity are also doing the will of God, by doing God's will you do good to those who need you and that is how you're going to heaven. Jesus will never tell anyone who does these things to perish into hell, for He will ask these to all people of all kinds, and He said that hell is prepared

for the devil and his angels. Maybe hell is not even for humans, but for those who fell with Satan to the earth, and doing the work of the fallen angel.

PART VII: "The end."

This is the end.

//Written by Zolly Darko.

I hope that the reader were entertained! Be well, be happy, don't worry.

Everything it's gonna be alright ! =)