

A Great Pop Singer in the Sky?
Are you mad?

theSailor

Six

Edicts

waylay
us

"Idiot!" said the chicken

The Six Mysterious Creeds

- as researched by a -

Mysterious Chicken

This is not

The Seven Gifts

Although it is related.

*I would like to think the story belongs to us all.
The copyright, however, is mine - I wrote it.*

*2018 theSailor
Published by: Strange Land*

*“Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby
some have spoken with the Angel unawares”*

*It is imperative that you read The Seven Gifts
before this,*

*otherwise you will not have the slightest idea
what is going on.*

Even then you may have to work a bit.

This book is dedicated to

You, who read it.

**It is also not finished yet
- this is just a flavour**

The Six Creeds

Munster's Vast Lands

No More Death for Wellie the Builder

Harley and the Angels

The Fight Over a Banana Tree

The Banker's Home Loan

Plain Jane and the Seven Seeds

A Chicken's Tale

Bespoke Garden

The Road Trip

Gone Yachting

Stuck on a Plane

thecorporations.biz

The End of the Story

We all Live in a Yellow Submarine (Huh?)

The Chicken's Story

Doris snorted. "A Great Pop Singer in the Sky! Are you mad? With an eleven string banjo and a pet cat? What are you smoking? Can I have some?"

"Listen," said Popeye patiently, "It's all in the book, right here - *The Six Edicts of MoleHole Munster*. You ignorant, hick chickens from down the road just don't get it, do you? This is the truth. This is the reality of our lives, written down millions of years ago by the great Profit MoleHole Munster, who was a famous pop singer with a pet cat and an 11 string banjo, who made a lot of money out of it. And we have to worship him and obey his rules because he is the creator and ruler of us all, and if we follow him we can become rich too. But if we don't," he added darkly, "you know what will happen."

"Oh yeah," said Doris, "We'll be cast down into The Garden of Weeds and dissolved by the white powder. I've heard all that. You don't seriously expect me to believe it though, do you? You don't seriously expect me to believe that a pop singer floats about up in the sky with a cat and makes a fortune out of property development, blowing up castles with an 11 string banjo so he can build gated communities for the

rich and famous, do you?" The thought of perhaps emulating such dramatic success suddenly spiked Doris with a twinge of doubt, and her query hung in the air for a moment before resolving.

Popeye the one-eyed rooster chimed in: "Yes, Doris, I do. Because that is the truth. It was written down in seven books which were found in an old, half-buried tower aeons ago on the other side of the world and have been translated from the ancient Yumon by the Accountants, digitally enhanced so we can all read them clearly for ourselves. And you have to read them, young chicken."

"Yeah, right," muttered Doris. Then, with sudden interest, hoping to catch out the old cock: "I thought you said there were six edicts. How come there are seven books then?"

Popeye paused for a moment, suddenly a bit unsure of his ground. There was always some damn fly in the ointment where truth was concerned. "Well, he said slowly, "it seems the seventh must have been an index or something. Some chickens claim it describes a weird, psychedelic dream about a yellow submarine, but it is not considered important so it does not get taught. The important things we must learn are the six edicts, which tell us how to live good and productive lives. And you have to read them and get yourself sorted out."

So Doris the chicken was packed off to the shed at the bottom of the garden and told to carefully read and understand *The Six Edicts of MoleHole Munster*. And as she passed through the meadow, the cow turned to her and said: "It could be 42."

"42 what?" Doris snapped, looking at the bovine as though it were an idiot.

"Octaves," replied the cow enigmatically, and continued chewing the cud.

"Idiot!" said the chicken, scurrying on.

~ ~ ~

The Profit's Polemic

~ ~ ~

Deep in our dreams the dolphin sleeps;
and the singer waits in the darkness

~ ~ ~

The First Edict

Munster's Vast Lands

Molehole Munster stood at the front of the Mega-Stadium's huge, ornate stage, dragging indescribable chords out of his smart new diamond and pearl-encrusted, trademark eleven string banjo. Psycho Sid, the drug-raddled idiot who played the world's only uranium-plated synthesizer, stared vacantly from his ermine-trimmed sable cloak at the crowd of face-painted youngsters screaming and waving from the mosh-pit. His eyes had the look you see on the face of the strange man lurking in American movies when gormless, giggling teenagers take a wrong turn in the woods.

It was another night of roaring acclaim for Molehole Munster and The Heat Pumps, and Molehole's army of accountants sat glued to their screens, rubbing their hands in glee whenever that Eb dim 6th signalled the start of a carefully-crafted riff that would drive the kids into yet another frenzy of CD buying. Munster was their boy; and they were his. It was a partnership made in Heaven; or somewhere, anyway. Who cared? It worked; they were all rich. And next weekend Molehole and his mob were to star at the opening concert of the famous RapKrapper's wedding week - the most expensive, most flamboyant, most magni-

ificent spectacle anyone with a total absence of taste had ever seen. The accountants' eyes rolled furiously, like mechanical fruit machines. Oh boy, was life good!

And no-one noticed the chicken.

"Luk into my bank, Rap th' Krapper",

Molehole was singing,

"Tell me how much can yu see?

Will yer two-bit Krap 'n' rappin'

Make you half as rich as me?"

He sang slowly, in a clear, well-modulated voice such that every word was perfectly audible to the world-wide-web audience of 2 billion people. And such was the speed of the social networks that by the time Molehole's accountants had pressed the 'Extrapolate' button there were fully three and a half billion humans listening to him slag off his rival. CD shops, markets, back alleys and cyber-lockers all over the world opened immediately for business in anticipation of the rush, regardless of the time. And Molehole Munster's automated land bank software bought another ranch near Denver.

Meanwhile: "Hey Psycho, yer cretin! I'm tryin' to sing a

song all by m'self here – join in will yer!"

Luckily for Psycho, who had great difficulty concentrating on one thing at a time, never mind two, his synthesizer was programmed to play itself, right through the whole evening (which was interesting at times when Molehole forgot which song was next, being busy on the thought-phone to his Investment Manager; unlike Psycho, Molehole Munster had no trouble with multi-tasking) so he managed to stumble a few words vaguely in time with his boss. Muppet, the drummer Molehole had borrowed from the Animals for the night as his regular stickman – Skid Roe – was 'tired and emotional' at the bottom of the orchestra pit, joined in:

*"My life, O Rap the Krapper,
is it rooted in the Earth?
Will my land be fit for building
in the barren parts around where
not even you, old Rap th' Krap,
have managed to berth?
Can I walk and buy the empty streets
within the building permit zones
that surely are my right of birth?
I must delve into the next State,*

*and the one that's next to that,
and take my profit from the Earth."*

And so on. I think we all get the drift. Especially the chicken. 'Misterious Edict?' she was thinking. 'What on Earth is that all about? Crappy ill-bred pop singers? What am I supposed to learn from them?' If Popeye had not been strapped into his rocket at that precise moment she would have gone and asked him. But it was getting dark and chickens do not go out in the dark so she stayed put in the shelter of the shed and continued reading:

*"My life, O Krap the Rapper,"
(sang Molehole Munster, improvising a little)
"does it lie within the Moon?
Will I rent the silken starlight
as I lay, seduced by starlets,
paying pipers for their tune?
Can I profit from the Syrens
who will fleece the paying custom in their rooms?
Have I any hope of making money?
O Rap th' Krap
please book me soon."*

The chicken's eyes were rolling by this stage and she shut

the book and found a perch and went to sleep.

The next day she returned to the story just in time to catch the end of Molehole's song '*King of the Castle*'.

*"My life, O Rap the Krapper
will it fill me full of fun?"*

- to be finished one day ...

A Bespoke Garden

“42 octaves? What on earth is that cow babbling on about?” the chicken was muttering to herself when she got back to the coop.

“How should I know,” bellowed Popeye, who was not having a good day, “All I do with my life is get blown out of a cannon into a chicken farm to be nagged half to death by a bunch of fat floozies who want to build an aeroplane. How would I know anything about all those octaves?”

The chicken snorted. “Never mind the octaves, what about that weird book? You're supposed to explain to me all the things I don't understand. What was all that about motivational tarts and saintliness? How can a tart be saintly, for heaven's sake? Was that really this MoleHole guy talking? And what do I need a house for anyway? I've already got one.”

Popeye perked up at that. “Ah,” he said triumphantly, “But where did it come from? You didn't build it. It must have come from somewhere. It must have come from MoleHole Munster, because he made everything”

“Not necessarily,” retorted the young chicken, “Maybe it has always been there, or maybe it just happened accidentally. Haven't you read that Dorkward guy? He seems to know all about it, and doesn't have to trot out a weird pop singer in

the sky with a cat and a fiddle to explain it all. He reckons everything just happened accidentally, and it's all wonderful"

"Well, that just goes to show that some people are plain wrong on all counts. And MoleHole Munster had an eleven string banjo, not a fiddle. You're a berk. Keep up, Doris!"

"But Popeye, what is it about? I have no idea. Have I really got to read five more like that?"

"Yes."

Doris took a different route home through the farm this time, as she was growing tired of the cow babbling "42 octaves" at her whenever she passed. As she dropped down into the dell and rounded the small apple orchard she beheld a strange sight at the edge of the pond.

Rising from the ashes in the rubbish-burning pit was quite the strangest object she had ever seen. It looked vaguely like Psycho Sid's synthesizer but with no keys. How does one play that? she wondered, before suddenly becoming startled by her apparent rationality on encountering such a weird object rising from the ashes next to the pond.

Her rationality did not last long. As the strange, unworldly ob-

ject shook the dust off itself it swung round and spoke, seemingly to her.

"Are you the chicken?" it asked.

Doris sighed. 'And to think I came round this way specifically to avoid a peculiar cow muttering "42 octaves";' she thought. She pinched herself, shook her head and opened then closed her eyes. But the thing was still there; and it repeated the question: "Are you the chicken?"

With considerable aplomb, given the circumstances, the chicken replied, "What chicken?"

"THE chicken," responded the Psychological Synthesizer, for that is what it was. "The one that clucks and squawks and flaps its wings but is not really a chicken at all. According to my instructions you are it."

"Oh," said Doris, somewhat dumbfounded at this assertion. Not a chicken? How could she not be a chicken? This strange thing was even weirder than the cow. She felt she needed to go and lie down in a darkened coop and hope it would all go away.

But Psycho, for it was he, not his instrument, that spoke, would not let her go.

"Look, chicken," he said, with undisguised exasperation, "There's more to all this than a dark and cosy chicken coop, you know. You don't know what you're getting into, questioning those books. And, incidentally, don't believe that rooster when he tells you the seventh is not important. In fact, don't believe any of them when they tell you anything."

Psycho coughed some dust out of his throat and continued: "I used to believe I was a simple musician, you know, but it seems I am not."

Doris decided that that was highly likely, given that he looked like a weird musical instrument and spoke like an Ancient Yuman, and seemed to have landed on the wrong planet.

Psycho went on: "One minute I was minding my own business, merrily playing my instrument at the Ice Princess's Birthday Bash, and the next I'm entirely somewhere else talking to a chicken. Now that's not normal, is it?"

Doris felt inclined to agree. "Are you sure you're on the right planet?" she asked.

"No," said Psycho, "I'm not even sure I'm in the right story." He looked around carefully. "Where's the Snow Queen's palace?" he asked.

"The what!?" laughed Doris. "This is real life, you know, not

some airy fairy tale. I think you must have had a knock on the head or something.”

Psycho laughed now: “Real life? This? Are you mad?”

- to be finished one day ...

~ ~ ~

Deep in our dreams the dolphin sleeps;
and the singer waits in the darkness

~ ~ ~

The Second Edict

No More Death for Wellie the Builder

- to be finished one day ...