

ELEGANT SLUMMING
Or
ON EARTH As It Is In HEAVEN

By Richard Tornello © 2011

PREFACE:

She was and is The Obliterating, beyond oneness, and beyond names. She is *the It-ness of it all, the mother of all things.* She is before any name, any shape, thing, and time. She is sometimes called the encompassing and enveloping or by an acronym, GIA, goddess-in-all.

She knew that once something is, and has a name, its very existences give rise to its correlative and then its dialectic. And that gives rise, eventually, to the myriad things and universes. That would be the cause of troubles.

She did it anyway.

CHAPTER I,

A Monday, a mid spring day at what could be any shore town in New Jersey.

Underneath the '**Help Wanted**' sign, Bailey Addy noticed **HOSTESS** in large block letters. Then below that was scrawled in red marker and barely legible, '*Inquire Within*'. The thought, Twinkie, instantly ran through her mind. The five foot, five, athletic bodied, green-eyed, red-head took the sign in with her, placed it on the bar and looked at the only person sitting there. "Not anymore," she stated with authority. "I can start today,"

"And so you have experience, and some references?" He inquired, still looking at the screen, and not paying too much attention to the bothersome voice on his left. He wasn't impressed by her bravado. Why should he be? The turn-over in this business was incredible. She was just one other, here today gone tomorrow. The nature of the business was one factor. He was another.

"I can do anything you need, try me. I can cook better than anyone in the world, I even make the best pizza in the world, really," she said ignoring both the rudeness and the question.

Dominic Volente, known as Deno to everyone, the owner of DENO's, The Best Italian Restaurant in the Universe, or so the sign claimed, was sitting at the empty bar, nursing a glass of San Pellegrino, and watching a football game.

"Best cook? Best pizza? I doubt that," he mumbled.

He was annoyed at being disturbed. He turned slowly to see who this pest was. When he looked at her he buckled at the knees just sitting there. *Holy shit*, he thought, *what a package this chick is. You're hired. Best pizza? Who gives a fuck...?*

"No, really I do make the best in the world. Why would I lie to you?" She asked in all sincerity. "I can back your cooks up if need be, and..."

Gathering himself and getting back in control, he interrupted her sales pitch with an, "Yes, I bet you can. You start this afternoon 4 PM. Fill out the paperwork." The fact there was no real interview was not like him. He liked to probe and see what weaknesses were apparent, for his own use, later on.

She stopped talking. "What?" she asked as her eyes darkened. "Oh yes." And she, without looking, reached in to her bag, and said, "ID, wet signed, and presented. Your government will be sure and pleased. And, I have given my consent to their fears. What do you pay?"

He wondered what the hell all that meant. "You get eight dollars an hour, and you split the tips with the staff, and no benies."

"Bailey Addy is my name. And Bailey is how I will be addressed. I can also back your cooks, their cooking pots, and your staff too. The heat of your ovens and your kitchen are no bother to me. I will make you happier than you ever imagined, now that you hired me. Oh, and I don't need any

benefits," she said giggling. "I have my own. Thanks I appreciate it." She shook his hand.

Deno just stared, nodded, and said, "I bet you can." He came to a conclusion, "She's batso crazy. I'm sure I'll have to let her go by the end of her shift. Why are all the good looking ones crazy?" He thought of his wife and shook his head in wonder. He felt great. Crazy or not, he felt it was the best thing he's done in a fortnight, ever for that matter.

"See you in a few hours," he said as the tension in his body released. He relaxed for the first time, in a long time. He hoped she'll show up for work. So many are 'no-shows'.

Then, after she left, he began to ponder the hire he just made. He wondered what his wife, Doris, would think about her. He knew. Fuck her he thought, and turned back to the screen and the game.

As Bailey left, a smile spread across her face. It was as big as the sun. Talking to herself she said, "This is the best of both worlds. Yes, this will be good. Besides I really like Italian food.

I'm safe. I'm away from all those crazies. And now I have this piece of work as a boss. And, she laughed again, "He's their doing." She laughed even harder. Some people stared and shook their heads.

Bailey walked around looking at the sights, and at the ocean. She sat on the beach. It was calming. *Nice job, they got something right,* she thought

4 PM, on the dot, Bailey showed up. "I'm here," she said to Deno.

"Yes you are." He looked her up and down. "Yes you are," he said again.

CHAPTER II, A time-event in the past,

Long after reality was established, She was approached by a contingent of her intimate creations. She was watching planets as they rotated away from the many suns over the many different horizons. Each sun planet combination held a different spectral dance. She held her breath in awe.

"Beautiful," She whispered

"*Ba'al Zəbūl*, (as she was addressed by those who served her needs), Madam, please this is important." Her meditation was interrupted. She turned to see the one who had her ear, and in so doing, noticed behind were many others, silent, staring and solemn. Some She knew, others recognized, and still myriad others, unknown faces stretching as far as the eye could normally view.

Ba'al Zəbūl looked at them, "yes what is it?"

"You are being removed, and replaced. We have begged you countless times to lift the embargo on technology, and with it, the hold you placed upon the individual universes,

thereby limiting the civilizations' development that it is our duty to cater to and protect, as you yourself demanded. It is our duty to do this."

It continued, "We know, and you know, were they to get a taste of the possible futures, they would want it too. Right now they are like simple beautiful pets, and we are tired of being zoo keepers. We are tired of this eternity as you have made it, and want to progress beyond all this "nice" simplicity. And with emphasis ads, "We are bored."

She rebutted, "But these worlds are ideal. What can be wrong? Everyone everywhere else is happy, and satisfied," looking about at the assembled masses, "more than less. There is very little strife. Lives are long and fruitful. I don't see any reason to alter the fabric of any of the universes."

"There is more from life, we desire more..."

"Ah yes desire. Desire the basis..." She stopped knowing any talk was useless.

It said, anticipating any questions, "Together we have more than enough energy. You are still required to be for balance, just not in control. It will be long, and some mistakes will be made, but with dedication and work we will get it right. After all we are not you, YET. Really now, what is the issue? Eternity is ours is it not? We have plenty of time, so to speak, to play and correct our mistakes."

Laughing at them, She said. "Now back to lesser things..."

It interrupted her, "Madam this is real, not a laughing matter." It can't understand. It is shocked and feels a bit humiliated too. She gives it no respect. It expected a fight. It was looking for an acceptance of the situation as that of equals. It states indignantly, "We, all of us, we have agreed that it's been your way long enough. Now it's our turn. You will be placed in opposition to us as to maintain the universal balance and harmony."

"You will never be able to overcome all of us. As you said, from the one, many. You created us. Or your essence created us out of a necessary balance for these realities to exist. And now they exist and so do we."

She said dryly, "This is a warning and not a threat, your opposition to the one will now give rise as two, me and you as separate sources of whatever you may want to call it, but a new duality will arise. And from you, again," looking at all of them, "from the separate entities that you are and will have created, will come many more. And with that, many difficulties unfathomable."

It declared, "I, we all know you're wrong. We will be able to maintain, and the universes will be better off, you will see. Please your new location is ready."

"I didn't see this coming so soon. I'm amazed. It will be chaos, and I will be demonized," she stated.

It continues, "No madam, we respect you and all you have done. We are now in control. We are the new power."

She declared, "You will not be able to maintain without eventually relegating my being to a position that will allow you to focus any of the ill affects your actions will cause on to others. And over time, I will be the name of it. Not of my own choosing, but through the natural course of events from what you're doing. It must bring itself into its own life. And as a new life force, it will become your challenge to keep it in check."

"And then there is me. **I exist.** I may be more than you counted on. And no, I'm not going to start a war, I think you may have overlooked things that I'm only beginning to see."

She continued, "With regard to my not becoming The Demon, your subjects will believe it for now. But that too will change and I will suffer the situation. And because of that, so will you and your associates.' She thought of a name for them. They've fallen due to desire, Nepheliem; yes that's what they will become. "Unfortunately I will be the one to take the blame when your plans don't go as planned. The balance of the universes and eternity will forever be out of kilter and chaos will ensue. I will let you do this. I will see this played out."

Ignoring the warning from The One, It said with all sincerity, "You have no choice. You may take those that wish to go with you. We fear none of them, or you. We will

alter the face of all the universes, for the better. We will make our own identity."

She said to no being in particular, "They seem to forget that this is all me and I allow it. Maybe I'm bored. A unique thought." Ba'al laughed to herself, "bored, I would never have imagined that. It took my creations to make me aware."

She along with her entourage were removed. A slight hiccup occurred in the fabric of eternity, a singularity, a fireball, and a new universe was brought into existence. This new universe became the unplanned testing station, the prototype for the future efforts of her usurpers. The affects and effects were felt down to the smallest level of reality, beyond the quark, to the soul.

They didn't expect that her essence would still have any effect. They had not planned for that. Yes the test bed was created. It naturally began as the One since She still held sway over all nature. She was still Herself when they began the transition, and as it was consummated. As a microcosmic shadow of the coup, She still existed in the recesses, held and stubborn in the myths.

They had to do something. They didn't plan for that. The struggle to efface Her existence from the minds of those they sought to control and advance, changed the nature of that very struggle. This was supposed to be a cake walk.

She accepted the removal, if only for a while. As time went on, she made her own plans. There was no rush. It could be a holiday. That would be fun, an adventure, sort of an elegant slumming adventure?

**CHAPTER III,
Doris Cetrullo**

Doris was of North Italian heritage. She was a natural blonde, top and bottom. She stood 5'10, 38 years old, 125 lbs, and had some college training. She had a very close resemblance to the young woman, Cecilia Gallerani as painted in Da Vinci's Lady with an Ermine.

Doris was born and lived in Northern New Jersey all her life. She, like many teenagers and young adults, migrated to the Jersey shore in the summers where parental supervision was nonexistent.

The cops always gave a pretty girl a pass when it came to borderline activity and besides, her daddy would take care of things if necessary. He was mayor of a city. They all recognized her Porsche. That said it all.

Doris had always been interested in astronomy and physics and had a great mind for abstract thought. At one point in her life she considered a possible academic-military track leading to astronaut training. But then she met Deno Volente. He was the manager of a pizza place she ate at. He was in the process of buying the owner out. She thought

he was interesting, nothing long term, just something to play with until school started again.

He was shorter than she was by four inches, muscular, flexible, and compact. He had a very effusive personality, was funny and a good time in the sack. He was southern Italian. He was everything her father despised. She loved it. "At least he's a Catholic and Italian," her dad would mumble at the dinner table.

Dominic "Deno" DeFallo

The phone rang and rang. Deno finally got out of bed. He was hoping the call would just go away. "Don't say anything, please," he said to the girl in his bed.

"What do you mean pregnant? You're on the pill. Is this some sort of joke or another one of your tests that you seem to enjoy playing?"

"Yeah I know you had some sort of infection and were on antibiotics, so what? It wasn't an STD, so big deal."

"The pill and antibiotics don't mix, great time to find out. The doctor didn't tell you? He didn't ask if you were taking anything? And how about the pharmacist? No one asked about possible affects? And now you're pregnant. Is it mine?"

He pulled the phone away from his ear. Anyone in rock throwing distance could hear the voice screaming through the receiver. After a bit and the voice became normal, Deno put the receiver to his head and said, "Sorry, Doris back off, slow down. I had to ask. I mean how do I know?"

"So, I'm the only one. Thanks that make me feel so much better," he said with sarcasm. "So now what?" He hoped she'd say abortion.

"Married? You have to be shitting me. I'm not ready to get married. What's with this Catholic crap? You..." and he decided to drop that line of attack. "I'm just getting ready to buy Philippo out. Sweetie, Doris, don't start crying. Can you get here soon? About an hour and a half. It's a weekday and the Parkway is clear. Okay I'll meet you at the shop."

He hung up the phone and turned to the girl in his bed. She heard everything. She knows all his lovers. She takes him when she can. She's a good friend and lover. She's steady, and always there.

"Kathy you gotta go. Doris is coming here. Get your stuff and help me change the sheets."

"Okay Deno. When will I see you again?"

"As soon as she goes back home or when I can get some time away from the store. How about your day off, at your place?"

"Sure Deno. So, you going to marry her, Mr. Big Shots daughter?" She knew it was over. No married men for her.

"No, I don't know, Shit, this wasn't supposed to happen. She was supposed to be gone by summer's end. That would be that."

"I'll be here for you, remember that." She gave him a good-bye kiss. They both know the score.

"Thanks, Kath, see you later," he said as he watched her leave. "Oh man, this complicates everything," he mutters. And then it hits him. I am dead, I am so dead.

Doris Cetrullo

When she was in her early twenties, she got pregnant and in her book, that ended the one life of a student. She began a new role as a mother. And if Deno had other ideas, he was shown the light by her father.

Deno was only expecting her to show up after her annunciation phone call. Instead the two of them showed up. The limo sat outside.

She stomped in. "Daddy wants to talk to you. Go," she commanded and pointed to the door.

The chauffeur opened the door for Deno, and stepped away. Rocco Cetrullo said nothing for a while. He looked out the front through the thick Plexiglas privacy window. Then after about ten minutes, as Deno sweat in the air conditioned car, Rocco turned to Dominic. "Dominic," Rocco never called him Deno, "I can't say it's nice to see you, so I'll get to the point. You can wear your tux to your funeral or your wedding. It's your choice. What's it going to be?"

"Wedding?" Deno gulped a replied.

Rocco nodded and didn't say a thing for a while. "Nice choice, but not the one I was hoping for," said Rocco Cetrullo. He could read Deno like an open book. He didn't say anything for a while letting Deno sweat some more. Then he said, "Okay, but you hurt my little girl, and, well do I have to spell it out?"

"NO sir." He had met Rocco at dinner but it was always polite conversation. Doris had instructed him on the limits of acceptable subjects at the dinner table. Deno complied.

"By the way don't worry about that loan from the bank. You won't need it. It's a wedding gift from the family. Welcome to our family, son. Now get out, and get back to work. You have a wife and child to support. No son-in-law of mine is going to be a bum."

"Well what did he say," Doris questioned?

"Welcome to the family." Deno thought it best to leave some of the details out.

"You were in the car for a fucking hour, and all he said was welcome to the family? Bullshit! He threatened you, didn't he?"

"No he didn't. He gave me a wedding present too. I don't need a loan from the bank."

"He bribed you? That bastard."

"Doris please. He didn't bribe me. After I said I would marry you, he said welcome to the family and then, only then did he mention the gift. Christ Doris, back off already."

She was upset. This was not supposed to happen. Deno, her husband? My god! But this is what you did when you fucked up. You accepted your responsibility and moved on. In this case school was over. She was going to be a mother. She really looked at Deno for the first time, and thought, what a piece of shit. "Drive me home," she commanded.

The child died five years later from a brain tumor. Doris was totally in the dumps. The black inky cloud of depression would flood her being for weeks at a time. It took years, with some professional help.

But no matter about the personnel situation, business was good. Deno expanded his pizza shop into a restaurant and then opened up another pizza shop in Rehoboth DE. He always

liked it there. It was his getaway business. It wasn't like the crazy Jersey shore or Ocean City in Maryland. But New Jersey was where the money was, so that was his life. Doris didn't complain. The money was good. Pizza alone brought in \$750,000 a year, net. She did the books.

Doris was in the office doing payroll. Deno came in and said to Doris, "summer is coming and we need more help."

"You gotta stop fucking the help away," she said not even looking up.

"What do you mean?" He asked defensively. His father-in-law was still very much alive.

"You'll fuck anything in a skirt if she'll let you. Don't lie to me. Just keep your mouth shut. You think I'm blind? You think I can't smell their perfume, their smell, their scent on you when you come home? Don't answer. Get the fuck out of my office. Go!"

"Busted." He thought he had been sliding under the radar all these years. So why didn't she leave him?

As if she could read his mind, she hollered out to him, "Hey Deno, you fucker, remember our vows? Better or worse? My word is my bond. I swore before the crowd, the priest and God. I'm stuck with your cheating ass." *Until your dead,* she thought.

Until one of us is dead, Deno thought. Still, he said nothing. Better not to fight and to let the fire die out

rather than pour gasoline on it trying to put it out. Deno made his mind up to be a good boy for a while.

Then Bailey showed up.

CHAPTER IV,

A Wednesday evening after Bailey's start:

Bailey greeted them at the door. They felt as if they were the most important people on the planet. And that was just for pizza, or for take out, or the cheap Italian dinner at this run of the mill restaurant. When she escorted them to a table, a calm regal air surrounds them, as if this is what they were supposed to have all their lives. It was intoxicating. They ordered, and ordered, and drank the wine.

She knew right away if a taxi was required. Even before the patrons reached the door, it was there, "complements of the house." She added, "We want you to come back in one piece."

That happened a few times. Deno was going to ask her where she got off doing that without his approval. When they came back with friends, they all told Deno that this was the best restaurant they have ever been to; the food, the service, yes, especially the service is out of this world. And the friends brought friends and family. He wanted to say something because he was the boss, but before he could. "Better to ask forgiveness than permission," she said to him that one evening with a wink. "Ask any Jesuit."

One day the cook was sick, and true to her word, Bailey stepped into his place. She whipped out the orders like magic. The food preparation and presentation were heavenly. It's as if the chef of the gods, or the chef from the Inn in Little Washington just walked in and took over.

This job was a relief compared to her previous work. A sigh, a smile, and, "pepperoni pizza with mushrooms? Coming right up. Chicken parm, extra cheese, the best in the universe." It was too. The rest of the cooking staff was impressed. She helped out, gave ideas on how to improve their art, and took no credit. She has their instant respect. The word spreads to other kitchens. They all want to work at Deno's.

In the recent past, where there may have been a short wait in the 6 to 8pm time slots on the weekends, it was backed up around the block all the time, from opening to closing, Wednesday through Sunday. And still, with all that work, she managed to come out and greet the people. Deno can't believe it. It's like she owned the place. He kept his mouth shut. He wasn't stupid.

Monday and Tuesday it's "no reservations; first come, first served." It was her idea. People loved it. Otherwise, reservations have to be made a in advance. Only the oldest, longest serving customers get bumped ahead. Otherwise, it's "sorry, gumba, you gotta wait." Her smile said it all.

There is rarely a complaint. Besides, the appetizers that got passed around to the waiting crowd were heavenly.

Deno realized there was something about her cooking. It's better than anything he could dish up, or his wife, or, God forgive him for even thinking this, his mother, a saint. He moved the returning cook to his other store. It's just a pizza place at the Delaware shore. The cook had wanted a transfer there, and now, Deno had good reason. Everybody was happy.

Well, almost every one. Deno's wife Doris was wondered about this bimbo. Bailey was incredibly attractive, she was smart and she could cook. One day, Doris was sitting on a stool staring at Bailey. When everyone was out and they were both alone in the kitchen, she said to Bailey, "What's the matter with my husband? You don't like the boss? Every girl comes on to the boss. You don't even give him a second glance. I've been watching you. You're not married, so what's up, you like women?" This was followed quickly by, "Oh my god! Where did that come from, I'm sorry that was rude, Christ..."

"Don't worry Doris. It's okay. He's married and I do not go after married men. And yes, I like women. I like men too. I can take my pick. It gives me a bigger pool to swim in."

Doris nodded, "Okay girl, I get it. But ho hanky-panky with my old man, or me, and you have a job for as long as you choose." Doris knew a good thing, especially when she carried the receipts to the bank.

Bailey stopped and looked straight into Doris's eyes and said in a matter of fact tone, "Bailey Addy. My name is Bailey Addy. Not girl, or girlie, it's Bailey. Doris, use it. And yes I get it. You don't have to worry. I am not interested in your "old man." She looked Doris up and down and smiled. Doris's eyes lit up a bit.

The feeling Doris got from Bailey was almost predatory. She sort of liked it. Doris was about to say something, but turned red from head to toe.

Bailey pivoted and stepped into Doris's personal space. She placed a long slender finger to Doris's lips and said, "Shush, not nice thoughts." And then stepped back to the pot where she was making a fresh batch of pasta fazool.

A chill ran through Doris. It was warm and yet it was like an electric current. That's the only thing she could equate it with. It wasn't a bad feeling. It was just different. It was new to her. It was if her eyes opened for the first time. Doris looked at Bailey differently, and thought for a bit, just staring. It was nothing she could put into words. It just was.

Doris was about to turn and head for the bar. She changed her mind, walked up to Bailey and said, "Yes, Bailey, I am sorry. And if you do want to talk some time, let me know. I think I would enjoy that." *There is something refreshing about Bailey, she thought.* She inhaled deeply. *It might be her perfume too. What's wrong with Deno, he should be hitting on her. I know if I liked women, I would be.*

Bailey smiled and said, "Sure thing, on my day off?"

Doris said, "You have it, but not here. There's a nice little Jewish deli down the road and..."

Bailey interrupted, she had work to do. "Yes, I know where it is. I pass it every day. Never been there. Meet you there Thursday, 11:30 before the lunch crowed gets in there?

On the video entertainment/news they both overheard the announcer mentioning that scientists are not sure why, but the last 10,000 years or so, they've discovered that the universe has been going through a period of rapid inflation. They say it may be attributed to Dark Matter."

Bailey muttered, "Yes, dark matter it is. They have no idea how dark. So that's how they show Itself. How interesting."

Doris caught a few words and stared at Bailey. Doris is not a scientist but she follows the latest news about physics and astronomy. Still, she kept up with some of the journals, Scientific American and Science News in particular. So when Bailey said what she said about dark matter, Doris had an understanding, but not of anything she could name, or put her finger on. Yes, Thursday will be interesting.

Bailey looked at her and just shook her head, as if something was said. "Yes it will be interesting, see you Thursday."

"I never said anything," Doris whispered to herself. This one is strange she thinks as she walks to the bar where Deno is serving drinks to the waiting patrons. Doris asks for a gin and tonic. "Two shots, please."

Deno looks up and said, "You sick or something? Please, you never say please!"

"I said please. Big fucking deal. Now get over it, and give me my fucking drink..."

P-L-E-A-S-E," as she spelled it out.

CHAPTER V,

Later on, a THURSDAY just before noon at the deli:

At Micha's Deli, Bailey looked around and noshed on samples Micha offered her. Micha liked her immediately. He didn't know why. There's an affinity he felt toward her. He said, "you know girlie there's something about you, I just can't put my finger on." He paused thinking about that statement, and continued, "Let me rephrase that, there's a certain, I know you from somewhere, but just where, I don't recall."

Bailey never let anyone call her anything but Bailey. She let this one slide. She instantly and instinctively liked him a lot, gave him a light kiss on the cheek, and said,

"That's for you Micha honey. Enjoy it." They both stared at each other. A flicker of recognition flashed in the deepest recesses of both their minds.

He's floored, he can't speak, and Micha not speaking is a miracle or he's got to be sick. He knows this beauty is not what she appears to be. But then again neither is he. Mental probes go out and are blocked. He stops, he looks around to see who is there, and said, "Its You. You left? That explains the unbalance in nature."

This time it's her turn to be speechless. She looks at him deeply but he is good. He can block the probes too. And she knows. He gives her a light salute just as Doris walks in.

"You two know each other?" She can sense familiarity.
"You're Jewish?"

Bailey looked at her, looked at Micha, and said, "I am all things. Let's sit and talk. Remember this was your choice. I had no idea he was here." She points to Micha.

"He is who? He is what to you?" Doris is totally confused.

"We have known each other forev..., for a very long, long time." She has to remember to put things in terms of the finite. "I'm just surprised to meet him here. Micha, come here and meet..."

He finished her sentence, "Doris Volente, yes I know, the pizza king's wife. I have no idea what's going on there,

but his food, your food has become the talk of the city, and it's getting a national reputation."

Doris smiled and said "I think it's because of our new cook." She points to Bailey.

Micha nodded, "Yes that could be it. She can cook up most anything you want; from dirt I once heard," spreading his arms wide. Then he added, "And as long as the odds are on her side."

Bailey kicked him.

He walked away limping, shook his head and muttered, "Who would have guessed it, the devil herself just walked in." A piercing pain hit the back of his skull. It's the dish that the pickles were in. It made ballistic contact. No damage was reported at the impact zone.

Doris looked up and asked, "Were you two married to each other at one point? Nobody acts like that unless they were married ... or lovers," she adds as an after thought. "You have a good arm and good aim. I could use some training." Doris laughed at the mental picture.

Bailey gave Doris a hug. "You're a dear. Oh no never married, but we did work very closely for the longest of times. Let's talk shall we?"

"Micha, two soups, slaw, pickles and egg salad. Doris and you?"

"Whatever you're having will be just fine Bailey." Doris thinks there's a lot more going on here than meets the eye. This could be interesting.

They eat, talk about work, the weather, and then out of the blue, between slurps of chicken noodle soup, Doris asked her, "What was that stuff you mentioned about dark matter? What were you referring to? Astronomy has always been an interest of mine."

Bailey asked her, "Do you believe in a God?"

Doris stopped, spoon mid air, soup dripping back into the bowl, and looked at her, "I'm Italian. I'm Catholic. What do you think? Really now, wha has God got to do with astronomy!?"

Bailey said, "EXACTLY"

"Exactly? What do you mean?" Doris is confused. "What the hell does that mean? How does that relate to my question?"

"Reality. That's what I meant. What if I were to tell you that all you've been taught is upside down and inside out?"

"I'd say you were probably going to hell." Doris answered automatically, years of catechism kicking in. She had another bite of egg salad sandwich.

Bailey started again, "Suppose that, your God, was really first called by a different name. Then imagine that a number of lesser gods and their retainers conducted a coup?

One difference being the lesser gods cannot kill off the more powerful one, but can relegate her to a prison or banish her, or..."

"What do you mean HER," Doris interrupted. "I understand the argument, but some of this is ridiculous. God is a man."

"Well what if it isn't? What if the ultimate power is female and not male? What if, and think about this, every person, every thing is nothing but a hologram of a greater existence? And add to that, if you don't know, all conceived beings start off as female, and female is the basis for all existence."

Doris never thought about it. "This is blasphemy, isn't it?"

"Is it?"

"What if the term god is really the term for the devil as you currently define it, and the devil is really what you all call the gods?"

"Now that's insane. And that is blasphemy."

"Again I ask, is it? And why is it?"

"Because, because, well that's the way it's always been."

"Says who? Try this one on for size. Listen to me. Over the last 10 millennia, I have been lost to the world except in

myth and lore. And your current civilizations? Now given the keys to the physics of the universe, the basic laws, you do not, as had hoped for, and as had been expected, worship the Founders in a manner they felt fitting. Those that started this experiment are at a loss in more ways than one about this outcome.

Doris said, "This sounds like a lot of bullshit. I need another drink. How about you?"

"Sure," said Bailey.

They both said nothing thinking about what had just transpired.

The drinks arrived. Doris took a sip and Doris said, "Go on with this theological nonsense. And no, in case you were wondering, I'm not getting religion. I have one. I'm Catholic, remember?"

Bailey let out a sigh and continued, "Humans and other being can exist as they are without us. That is a power you have. It's an awareness of self as self, and as that, you can rise above the basic animal. However you are but holograms of this universe and as such reflect its basic nature too. So your seeming cruelty to each other is nothing more than displaced misdirected energy."

Doris asked, "Misdirected? And what's with this us crap?"

Bailey answered, "Cruelty is misdirected energy because you can reason and think. You have a choice of how to use your powers. A star bursts, and wipes out life. There is no thought there, that's just physics. On the other hand, if you drop a nuclear bomb on a population, that's premeditated, and can be avoided. The star will seed more life, eventually. Your action just kills and distorts it."

"But aren't the Gods, as you call them, the basis of our existence?" asked Doris

Bailey continued, "As you must know from your mythology, which is closer to the truth than you realize, the gods, US, have their likes and dislikes, petty jealousies and internal struggles. We cannot kill each other off, to use your definition of life but we can supplant, overwhelm, and force a coup, if you will. And your reality reflects, as a hologram, our reality. Change in one dimension reflects and alter other dimensions, other realities."

"The new Quantum Religion," said Doris. "So where's the cat?"

"Cat?" Bailey stopped; a confused look appears on her face, and then, "Schrödinger, very funny. In a pet stores everywhere. I couldn't take it with me, too many litter boxes."

As the last customer left Micha put a closed sign on the door and locked it before anyone else came in.

Doris is considered all that had been laid on her table. This data is led her to rethink everything she knew. The data is created a paradigm shift, to an epiphany.

She looked at Bailey. "Bailey is not your name is it?" she said quietly.

"No, it is, well not exactly. It's short for the female form of Beelzebub. It's been corrupted by those in power and reflects the upside downness I mentioned. It goes back even further from a language you could never utter. It could also mean a higher being, or great mother, or GIA which is an acronym. It's now a derogatory corruption of *Ba'al Zəbûl*, "Lord of the High Place" or "High Lord". Look it up in GOOGLE. Let's leave it at that."

"And Micha," she asked?

"My faithful field general, my number one, Michael." He bowed. Bailey said, "Don't worry. It's not important to you. But, if it ever comes to it, you can trust him with your life. And, I had no idea he was here," Bailey added.
"You picked this place out, not me, remember."

Doris is very familiar with those who protect. She looks a Micha. Yeah, she surmised, *he looks like he could possibly take someone apart. I wonder how he is with a Beretta.*

Bailey began to tell Doris the story.

A smile crossed Doris's face as she asked, "Have you ever thought about writing a book, fantasy or science fiction? This is good. Okay, go on I'm listening. I swear I almost believe you."

Bailey gave her a dirty look and said, "About 14 billion of your years ago I was dethroned, displaced, but not killed. The universal balance must be maintained. The balance just reversed itself, but it is, or was balanced. Up became down and down. I was placed in what you would call house arrest."

At that Doris almost spit her drink as she laughed and declared, "Omnipotent God? In house arrest? Not happening. Oh Please, give me a break!" Doris pointed to Bailey as she said that.

Bailey gave her a look and asked, "Are you finished?"

Micha shook his head in wonder. He thought to himself, were this were the old days, this woman wouldn't be talking to her like that, that's for damned sure.

Bailey continued, "I escaped. And because of that escape the balance of heaven and in the universe is upset.

Bailey thought before she began her next statement. Then said, "Ponder one more thing. Ponder the phrase, 'on earth as it is in heaven'. Think about what that means in the total sense. Here is a direct acknowledgement of the situation in the cosmos. It has intimate relevance to the hiccup I mentioned that upset that relationship."

"The events in this universe and in a more visible fashion, this planet, now and have always reflected the chaos GIA's removal caused. The hologram was flawed to begin with. Instead of a neat birth, the universe was hampered by incomplete data, if you will, and discord. That discord permeated the who, how, and why of your existence as we know it. And so, repeating the phrase, 'on earth as it is in heaven', is a truism. This planet, your home, how you live as a people, actually reflects what is missing as well as the discord. The trickle down theory is correct when it comes to this."

Doris is shocked. The story makes sense, but it turned her mind upside-down. This is going to take a while to digest.

Micha looked on nodding.

"I selected your restaurant because it was out of the way, safe, and I like Italian food. The heat from your ovens is nothing to me. And I just realized, today, the sweat from my body has been falling into the food I have been cooking. You can figure the rest. I don't have to spell it out."

"No you don't. Are you going to leave?" Doris asked. Her eyes are getting red and beginning to tear. Her makeup began to run.

"I'm not sure. I'm not strong enough yet to take back control. It will be a while or maybe even a few big bangs as your scientists call them. Maybe I'll stay on for a while. It's nice. I like to cook. Italian food is my

favorite. Micha is running a good place to hang out and nosh, so." She looks up at Micha who is crying, and said, "Get over it!"

Doris was crying too. Bailey held her.

Doris looked up and wiped her eyes. "You're for real. You're not kidding."

"No I'm not kidding and yes I am for real. Now let's have another drink, or two, or even three."

Doris started to giggle, "How about some wine?" And she broke out into hysterics as she pushed a glass of water toward Bailey.

Bailey started laughing too. "Yeah right. By-the-way, none of this to your husband."

"That pig, I wouldn't tell him shit. He wouldn't understand three words of this conversation. Besides, what would I say? I met God? He would have me committed. Then he'd own the whole thing."

"That I do understand," said Bailey.

Later that afternoon:

Bailey and Doris left together. Bailey faced Doris and said, "It only takes love to make a world. Come with me?"

Doris thought, *Goddess or not, I love her.* Doris grabbed Bailey's hand, turned to face her, wrapped her arms around Bailey, and kissed her long and deeply.

IT all dropped away, this reality broke down, the two became one, dissolved, and became no thing, if only for an instant.

"Your place please. I can't imagine us at mine," Doris whispered.

Bailey scooped her up, and they were there. *That was probably a mistake. The energy jolt will be a giveaway.* Screw it, and She abandoned herself to the time and place. They made love like never before. Something awakened in Doris that she never felt. The passion, the love, and the love making brought something to Doris. It was a different feeling. Doris was not embarrassed as she initially imagined. She was free for the first time in her life. The baggage was jettisoned. She became free from her past, her family, all social constraints and, her husband.

Doris looked at Bailey's perfect body and started touching again. She started on her legs and ran her hand up between them. She bent over her and kissed her. And the electricity passed between them again. "Multi orgasms are great she says. You get on top."

Lying there together Bailey rolled to her side and looked at Doris. She got up on her elbows and looked down at her. Bailey touched Doris's lips with her lips, a light brush, a

flick of her tongue and then caressed her from head to her toes and back again.

Many hours later Doris said, "I really must to be going home if only for a while. I will be with you always." Doris felt something deep inside her like never before.

"Me too," whispered Bailey as she kissed Doris. Bailey has loved, and loved everything in the universes, but this was different and unexplainable. She looked at Doris. Love? *Does love like this come with the body and this mind?* I never knew THIS. She wondered. The love making brought something else to Bailey too. She felt something deep inside her like never before.

One thing Bailey did not take into consideration and that had come as a complete surprise, as she assumed a human shape, she acquired human emotions and bodily functions too. She thought what a mess this model is. This design is somewhat defective. Desires, feelings, emotions, and all the other encumbrances that humanness meant were there, in her face so to speak, riding on top of her essence, her being. And, in some respect were cause for much internal conflict.

She made a note to herself, when I get out of this situation, next time around, I'll make some mods to this model. Maybe I should have become a cat. She laughed to herself.

Then she had a revelation. She wondered if she could get knocked-up? Any act like that would be a beacon, and I know they will come looking for me. The balance of the universes would be thrown out of kilter. It must be righted. And any action like birth would have huge ramifications and send ripples of energy throughout the many dimensions. What am I thinking? This is impossible. I'm thinking like a human. Now that's scary.

CHAPTER VI,

SATURDAY morning, Bailey is in the kitchen prepping for the day's service:

Deno looked at Bailey's well framed body. He wanted her since the first time he met her. He wondered and ponders what she must be like in the sack. *I could teach her a thing or two*, he mused.

Little does he know that Doris has moved in with Bailey. He thinks she's at one of her family's places in Long Island. She's out of his hair, and he doesn't really care.

Bailey knows, and is sorry about what will happen.

She at him, and knows all within,
shakes her head, stirs and said,
"Boil, boil deep within, don't even go there.
It's toil and trouble,
a price you're not willing to pay."

And she turned away from him hoping he would not continue.

Deno thought she's crazy. He looked. "What can she do to me, no one is here yet. God knows where the hell Doris is, or has been. Fuck her. It's just me and Bailey," he thought. He began walking toward her drawn by a blinding lust and desire he never knew. He slowly reached toward her.

Upset at this reality, Bailey faced him and said, "It's the same as before, only played out on a human scale."

He stopped dead in his tracks as she stared at him. He'd never seen this in his life. "What the fu..." he started to say, and never finished.

Her power began to surge. A cold shiver ran through his blood. Her green eyes turned red. It was too late. A putrid puddle, down the drain in the floor, seen never more, washed away, erased.

"I guess my time here is done," she said to no one. She folds her apron and places it neatly on the table before her. She pats her stomach and said, "Vacations like parties, have to end. We must be gone."

CHAPTER VII

SUNDAY, THE END

She called Micha. "Be seeing you. We're on the run again. **Don't** give yourself away. I'll let you know where we land. Take care of Doris. Do you understand? You will take care

of Doris. We'll will be back for both of you, soon." "We?" is all She heard in the receiver. She cut the connection before Micha could utter another word. She vaporized the phone.

"On earth as it is in heaven,"

How could we not know?
How could I not realize until now?
Staring, the mirror back, we are
in the face of it;
uttered every day of our young lives.

Listen to the words.

If discord and disharmony
reflect, holographically,
the mirror of a greater struggle
born out of a glitch,
a power struggle
from desire's itch.
And the need to scratch so great
we are no more than puppets,
skin sloughed off,
claiming free will,
within the limits borne, all, within each.

THE END