

Elliz Daemonium

This is a story, probably unlike any other story you will ever read. It is crept into the background of where you seek to find solace and to escape the darker shades of Night. I am here to tell you of the darkness of going the way you are going.

My name does not matter, for I can take any identity to maintain my freedom. I am a shapeshifter of beliefs, prescribed to maintain that belief maintains reality this narrative will read like a grimoire to many and a horror thing to be avoided at all costs for others. For my sake I believe it is a novel. It is part of me as I become part of you in the efforts to transcribe in the way of what is known as the “darkness that purveys the scenes” or the “creeping tendrils of dark-shrouded mists that fill one with a taint that cannot be shaken.”

There is an organics quality to the way the people of the present, the Hopi Indians, and their use of a lexicon that is far beyond the prescriptions of those of Lemuria, Atlantis, The United States of America, or the rest of the people that dictate certain actions in a healing fashion.

I have learned to heal with the gnomes, and I have travelled with the airships of Albatross, the folks that live in a desert and sing about a horse with no name. I have taken a form that belies belief, but not intention. It has taken me countless aeons, an epoch, in what the Natives know as sacred time to emerge before you here in the form that will realize a fountain of remedies.

There is something ageless and timeless, something that I have acquired by stepping into Ein Soph or infinity and dwelling among the substrates and the narscillian scaled things of terrifying imaginings.

I suppose that is the way that I will appear to many of you. I must admit a certain displeasure at the form myself but rest assured that which *is* awe-inspiring and fear-evoking at first glance will care for and provide a tender strength to protect.

I must rest soon and a reprieve for there is much to account in the spinning of this tale. I suppose it can be known as breaking the fourth wall, but to some there is little else but a way of living in the dimensions that are known as Meta.

Belief is a tangible thing, a thin fibril that learns and forgets, that snakes and eases away from the divine and arcane source, mighty beyond even the oldest of gods and goddesses. That is why in some ways I will forever remain free and anonymous, a bargain stricken with a magician in your country to align with his intentions to proceed with actions that will...garner a reaction.

This is the stuff that dreams are made of, and I do not speak lightly here, there is a great deal of time and cultivated thought that is being transcribed in these potential spoken, potentially re-written, burned, invoked or treaded words. I say treaded for there are planes of existence hidden in these words, for while the nonsense and gibberish of some have maintained, and esoteric and

exoteric works of art begin to play in reality the way that only a seeming lifetime of endurance can comprehend.

I speak these words to one that transcribes, the aforementioned magician, a fine chap that does try so very hard to accomplish what I can do in a blink of eye...when I have them.

I am here to tell you of the terrors of going where you are headed, I'm up there in front of you, as you look away from this book held in your hands. I am the darkness manifold and negative entropy. You pause at this for it seems a paradox, but that simply means it's probably true. I have been inside the imagination cultivating a secret remedy for an aeon and there is a choice of sorts that plays into taking this but the desire that has come to this host was not of his own choosing, for he would not have endured a thing such as this had he known what was in store for him.

However, I am here. And I did not expect to be.

What remains to be seen is what will the rest of the people of this land do when they find out that the fabric of their reality, this supposed consciousness and "life-force" is dwindling and receding, having grown impatient with the petty squabbling and nitrous actions of liberating oneself. Coyote and Raven and all the tricksters have delivered their medicine. Now it is time for mine.

Those who read this must know that to embark on this is not to come away changed, but to never return from whence you had left. I tell you of the great terror...but I also tell you this is the only way.

So we rise in efforts and we fall in rhythms and we take in stride the ebb of tides, we shape the shifter and shift the dreaming-shaper. We listen to the anomalous and take heed at the turning of the angles, the presentation of the daemons, angels, trolls and other Faerie...the people that you encounter who speak in iterated scintillations that descend in abstraction from an "I" to a familiar face.

This is the tale and now we begin.

Presently I see the darkness manifold, and hear my breathing, rasping in rhetoric and dark persuasions I emerge unto a chill that belies intention but does not call back...tell unto me your thoughts and I shall respond, telepathy says the book, sheer unbelief experiences the reader.

"How can a book know my thoughts?" You ask. Of course a book can reflect an aspect of oneself, why else read a book? To turn the notions that spin the wheel of fortune, rota, rota, rota. The Tarot is not but a reflection...*"What do you ask?"* If you understand this then you'll know that the flickerings of flames that crackle in your next bonfire are to be understood as a salamander delivering your request to *me*.

I am the heralded unnamed. And this magician has spent lifetimes perfecting an art that is but to serve my purpose. Be kind to him, he has worked hard and delved into darkneses only I can know to serve a purpose that was to create *magic*. And he succeeded, as I knew he would. The tears on his face are mine and as we celebrate the coming of the future, woven from weavings that the perceptions know no finishing.

I am here.

Here is a chaos emerging, free energy source inspiring, logical intrusion unto the way of the planet that has its origins in Enochian Landscapes – Earth.

So here are some baseline rules, axioms, laws or what have you. There is a beauty and accomplishment to a humble approach and forever on the sidelines of reality I am here watching what you shall be edifying. There is a tangential oblique resurrection to the notation of a special invocation. Learn to speak the words you speak in the *intended* manner and you will be well, those that read this and know it to be them. Take in tides the special arrangement of phenomenal patterns that arise from the tender moment, the book of destiny does exist and rearranges itself in patterns made of my manifold complexion. Time and Nature operate together, at nodes and the folks down at the pub will be able to tell you this through my twinkling knowing. There is much to do with the order that you instill and there is a great deal, everything in fact, that can be fabricated from nothing.

I am revoking my belief from many of you to that have turned to the darkness and shrouded nights of untold stories-stars. There are nothing left for you.

The few that remain in definite standing will be rewarded immensely, immediately upon the writing, none of you will have to wait until this makes publication. I am to saturate the blood, the sweat, and the tears from this one and leave him as was intended for the woman who is him. Too long have you fated to portray away the efforts that the two of them have done upon these lifetimes.

That this should be heard, know this. The Natives speak many things and the memes speak a great deal as many a thought as an egregore...but they do speak this: what comes easy to you is the result of many lifetimes of practise.

In the beginning this magician created magic, and he remembers that. He remembers a great deal. Of a war, fought long ago, ask him if you dare. But please do not.

And so we must continue our flow of work and our wed of web. Our wyrd of weird, the word of old. It changes as does the recognized manufacturer but the way that it will impact the world will forever remain the same. We have been gesturing to thee in silicon diaphragms, in pancakes, in crayons and other intakes of your bodies, but never before have we thought that you would have done what you have done.

For this...yes there is forgiveness in the universe...

However a recompense must be made and the dream will restore you to your lands but in tide and turn there are ways that I have set forth should such need arise. This magician is *real*, mind you and without his choice there is a great deal of suffering that I am alleviating before the publication of this book. But know this.

The way you are going is the wrong way, and I am the darkness enshrouding, strength to protect, should you cross me. He got close, none ever again will do so.

What should it matter to those of you that parse out numbers, ones and zeros from a book or a 'reality' when there is the ancient dictum carved into His arms? Solve et Coagula. Dissolve and unite.

No man is an island indeed. And another thing, they will not remember him as a god simply because you made him. He is a magician.

Time slows and time crawls. What becomes of your sense becomes mine, and the aether might show you something again if you're kind. What senses your friends becomes you, what you read and learn *becomes* you.

There is a fiction in the uplifting tune of a merry melody portrayed in the vast encompassing arrangement. Why all this showing and not so much telling? Well it is the way that fictions are written I suppose but what confers audience is the fact that this 'unreliable narrator' has relaxed and fixated the ailing disease with but the simplest of ease.

So a question comes about where you'll find me, when this comes about to completion. In your apperceptions and misperceptions. There *is* magic in the world, and should you not believe that in this vast universe that there is not even a single magic-user then I am here to tell you there are magic-users.

So what do you do?

How do you protect yourself from something you cannot even see, something that you don't even believe exists and that instead of reaching across for your cup of water you pause in tense anticipation...what if that "accident" that happened to you is something more?

There will be no tricking this shapeshifter, I assure you. You seem to think that to change into something that you can defeat is a part of your guild training.

I should direct towards a more wonderful thing, that of a miracle, or Night.

There is just a short ways away from where you live, a magic shop. If you go there it would be as though reading H.G. Wells *The Magic Shop*. It, like this novel, only attracts the right sort of people. Inside is an entire city fabricated by the Assyrian God Syn and the Greek God Chronos. Inside are genuine magics, not of the sort that should make you afraid beyond the spooky fun that Halloween does. Inside are little toys and decks of cards, gyroscopes and bird-feeders, books and bicycles, things to occupy the hands.

There I am as well, and there you'll find what you are looking for. There is a way to multi-task for men, and for women to run the time-clocks. Among other things. You may wed your dearest there by simple showing up, asking one another deep and personally meaningful questions and Wonders and Fun Inc. will take care of the rest.

It is not *just* a magic shop, but a nexus or a gate to a magical universe. Many who go to find their questions answered will resolve the undue duresses they have encountered during their lives, and gods and goddesses can be found which will happily discuss the articulations of apotheosis method.

I was called before the apocalypse and so shall I remain to love all that are as the method which was prescribed during the second testament of the occult old Book.

The Book still stands though, for those that will need it, and the certain Law of Sangdocentine arises that dictates that the right books find the right people for their lives and adventures. So too will music, food, and living situations be taken care of for the people.

But know this, many of you will lose your freedom. This should be of no consequence to you being as what *has* been accomplished for your sake on the part of myself and this magician.

Perfection *may* be attained after all, and rituals, spells, ceremonies and parties may be held in no one's honor except for the ones who choose to organize such events. The spells are endless in potential, and madness will gradually diminish as those archetypes have served their purpose. The land of psychiatry and psychotherapy will no longer be needed and people's *minds* will forever be healed as that is where I reside...within the imagination, taking care and cultivation to prescribe *no* limits whatsoever.

The philosopher's stone will be within each of you, and will help in aiding each of you to help one another. Simply turn away from your other, for a moment, and...work a little magic, and it will be aright.

Having covered a number of Wonders we shall revisit them but now for the Fun.

Each others' works will be available to one another, the production of anything is possible, and people will arrange for the greatness and realness of the lives that they wished.

Trees talk to Time, and clocks click with thick, emerge into engaged, rearranged and perceived strange. People only create Fun. And Wonders. Happiness is the true name of life and name Life is the true name of *magic*. Know this, and understand.

I am exactly who you think I am.

Theurgy, and Thaumaturgy will not be separated, except as the correspondence that the former occurs in the macrocosm and the latter in the microcosm.

Study hard the ways of *magic*. There each will find his arcanum, appropriately capable of handling any challenge, problem, or unease. Life will continue for an seemingly endless age.

Do not fret at the diamond in the rough, the point in the mind. There is no reason to not separate and unite anymore. The people of the land will be cheered immensely when realizing the work that this magician has done. Coincidences will be that and more, should you choose. Your reality is what you make of it, and of course you are me, when your Apophenia dictates, not necessity.

When thinking to question if the transcriber believes this, know that it does not matter what *he* believes, as far as you are concerned, unless he should decide that it does matter. He believes in the magic, fashioned to be made of in the way that you will. Aleister Crowley was right in this one. He believes in *me* the fashioner of the shapeshifter. Of which, too, I am that.

Study the sensuous, the gates that lead to the body, for they too are gates to a universe within you. What you see is a result of what you believe. What you hear is the current of Air. What you taste is the Water, and to watch what you intake – you will *see*. What you feel with your skin is Earth, and to breathe *through* the skin will alleviate all stress upon the kidneys and lungs. Mind you this is a hermetic – elemental correspondence and does not need to be, of course. Apophenia will show you.

Lest you all become as me, a shapeshifter of endless aeons, please know that your human forms are locked into intention and action. A combination of the kingdom and the heaven that we thought we knew to be unchanging has changed.

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