We get to carry each other, carry others to suffer in this galaxy. This is our purpose. The Guru seems to be a concept that can be applied to this situation and the other. But when you have done this you may proceed to the next level."

Now, focus — Look into my eyes...

Now you are ready to enter Level Bird

Pick the ball of your personal choice. Look closely, this choice is important, and will influence the future. What does your fingers tell you? What does your knee tell you? What does what does what does…

When you have picked the ball of your personal choice, place the diagonally yellow ball in the warm balm of your right hand.

Now, close your eyes - focus!

Now, you will do something that is very important. You will not write a question, you will write an answer. I repeat: You will not write a question, you will write an answer. You will write it on the yellow ball – when ready it goes without saying. As instructed, the ball was then passed on to a birdcage in the middle of the room containing all the answers of previous quests. Thereby the answer of each individual guest was processed in to the spiral of human consciousness.

We observed that our guest took time and waited for the right moment to write and process the answer. It was as if the sounds, the scents, the gentle touches and slow movements of The Crack led the guests to dive into a mode where the chronology of the everyday was actually encased, and another flow of energy and task management enforced. This also meant that the journey to each new level in The Crack wasn't rushed, and therefore could take amounts of time — Kaos time, the time concept of Chora and as the answers contribute to the spiral of human consciousness. An option is to think of a vision for the future, that is important to you, and that you want to contribute with to Chora and the spiral. Now close your eyes while this visionary and Crack Assistant of this fine earth in this galaxy of The Milky Way will guide you through your dreams.

The guest was then provided with an audio device that contained small speakers, which were charity placed in their ears. Through the earphones the guest was instructed, the ball was then passed on to a birdcage in the middle of the room containing all the answers of previous quests. Though the answer of each individual guest was processed in to the spiral of human consciousness.

When laid a Fiction Pimp would whisper softly into the ear of the guest. "We invite you to envision the image you want to give to Chora while you travel in your dreams. This image will be sent to Chora and as the answers contribute to the spiral of human consciousness. An option is to think of a vision for the future, that is important to you, and that you want to contribute with to Chora and the spiral. Now close your eyes while this visionary and Crack Assistant of this fine earth in this galaxy of The Milky Way will guide you through your dreams."

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In this state of total presence and openness, dreams had been opened and hearts that have passed and lived through The Crack Assistants or visionaries in the room, yet others went into a dialogue with a Fiction Pimp more Fiction Pimps or other Crack Assistants or visionaries in the room. A microphone in the daintiest design was at times handed to the guest at this stage, and he or her would share their thoughts, dreams, hopes and visions through this audio device. In these dialogues we learned a lot of interesting and intriguing things about this galaxy, and once again we must take a moment to thank you all for this.

We, the Fiction Pimps, wanted to remind all the beautiful people of this fine city of Copenhagen of this - To encourage them to hold on to these teachings also when we, the Fiction Pimps, have traveled to Chora, the galaxy from where we originate. Therefore we took the birdcage full of wise and utterly important answers, created from the heart, body, mind and spirit of the fair guests that have gone through The Crack - Each and everyone of them being extraordinary and exploratory visionaries, and each and everyone of them having examined their deep selves before these answers were processed in to the spiral of human consciousness.

On the wet streets of Copenhagen under the rainy skies we, among other, encountered and shared answers with the bride and her followers of an Indian wedding, the little people covered in their carriages, Gypsy Men with golden teeth and a young waiter with dapper butterfly around his neck.

Answers were also poured back into the watery flow of life in the great fountain of The Birds – Where the Birds Go...

With Love from a Fiction Pimp
www.houseoffutures.dk