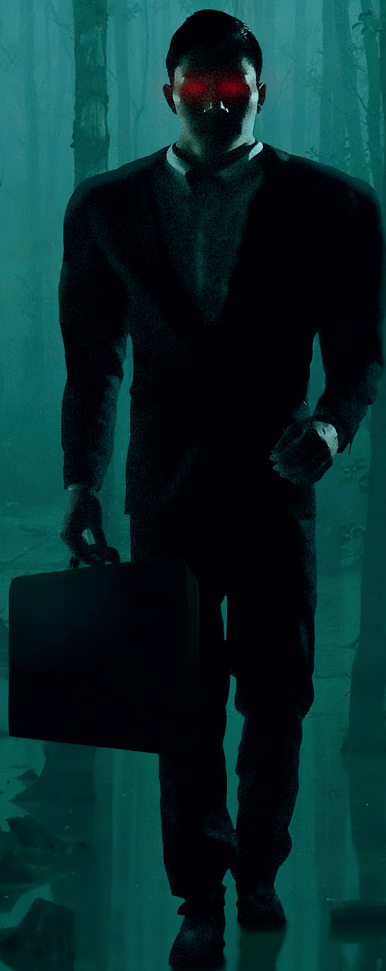


SON OF GOD IDIOTIC STORY MEMORY LOSS



Mr. Son

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A FAIRYTALE BASED ON TRUE EVENTS ABOUT
A MEMORY LOSS CAUSED BY HUMANS

*"BECAUSE NOW THE HATRED HAS
GROWN WITHIN HIM THAT HE NEVER
HAD BEFORE SO NOW THEY DO HAVE
THE FEAR OF LORD"*

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INTRODUCTION

Strange, Mystical, Unique story of the dreams of Spirit seen by a young man and a vision seen during the childhood of the man and bullying towards the man that causes the man's state of mind shocking as well as a memory loss which the man tries to restore back during several years by thinking and remembering the past time backwards.

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CHAPTER ONE

CHILDHOOD

I watched laying on my back on the lawn the clouds moving in the sky. They moved past my eyes as I imagined their shapes, there were small and large of them. One looked like a cat without legs, one like a hammer. My sister hung laundry on a string on the balcony, she always wore the same blue gymnastic suit. My brother played football in front of the garage doors, my father dug a ditch along the side of the house wall. When he didn't repair the house, he repaired our old car. The car was an old Volvo with Peugeot's diesel engine installed. My mother had a barber shop in the center of our hometown and she even had a few workers there. I, myself, was currently learning to ride a bike on the lawn of my home. My brother shouted at me, someone is coming. Along the hillside leading to the yard a strange clack came. I watched as a man brought a horse to our yard on a leash. The horse was a white little pony. Their steps came all the time closer to me.

I watched excitedly and curiously the white pony walking straight towards me. The man stuck to me and lifted me on the back of the pony. I squeezed with my small fists tightly the pony's bristles as we set out to ascend the slope road up to the street. We went across the street and back. Some people looked at us from the yards of their houses as I sat on the back of a white pony. When coming back to our yard my father gave the man money and the man left with the pony.

I was just starting the first year of my schooling at a local school.

I had to walk to the school alone which was a couple of kilometers away. Sometimes my mom picked me up with the car and left me in the street a short walk away from the school.

The first time, at the same time while driving, she cleared the street crossing over busy street. I was sitting in the back seat of our car with the neighbor's boy and playing with the car window. I put my hands out the window and held my palms against the air flow. We came to a stop and my mother asked when I got out of the car if I had understood the street crossing? I nodded, having understood and got out of the car to the big outside world. I was standing on the street with the neighbor boy and my mother looked at us from the car. I took a step forward and turned my head to the wrong direction and next to me I could hear a horrible squeak of tires and brakes. In my distress I looked at a Mercedes star a meter away at the height of my nose on the bow of the car. I looked at my mother in the car as her tears flowed down her eyes. The driver of the car got up trembling from the car. The driver shook in his place as my mother rushed down the street crying. The neighbor boy stood in place looking at me. I walked to school with the driver and my mother left to find out the situation. In the evening my father walked me through the streets and taught me to look at the sides and crossing the street.

Our house had an open fireplace. I lived with my brother in the same room where the open fireplace was. It was an open fireplace made of fine antique red bricks. In front of the fireplace there was a large round globe. It could be rotated in a rack, and it had lights inside so every state shone around the dark blue seas. I liked to spin it often at a wild pace on a rack, and lifted the globe above my head until it was taken out of my reach so that I wouldn't hurt myself with it.

Back then in the childhood and adolescence phase I did not notice that.

We lived in the same room with my brother, our school desks facing each other, and we slept next to each other in a large bed. My brother liked to read and do a lot of homework, I liked to gig in my chair and read cartoons. I sometimes peed in my sleep in our wardrobe, and my brother was angry about it. I pushed sticks into the key slot on the front door of our house, and my dad fixed it in the evening whilst cursing and shouting at me. My mother pulled my hair, and my father hit me with twigs on my butt. I threatened, and thought about killing my father for that good. I also pushed my tongue into the snow shovel in the frost, and my sister removed it from the front of my face with a cup of warm water. On one new year, together with the other boys in the neighborhood, we put fireworks in someone's resident's mailbox, and I had to go with my parents to listen to the scolding about the burnt post. I always had to read the Bible at the Christmas table due to my mother's demands at Christmas.

My school performance was poor compared to my sister and brother. They got good grades, but I didn't understand what I was reading. I went through my school with bad grades. My mother talked to me and the others, me having to start as a hairdresser to continue her business. She always talked about me continuing it, I was literally brainwashed into it.

A girl was born to our family, I got a little sister. I was 10-11 years old at the time. Our home was expanded, and my brother and I moved downstairs to our own rooms.

After my mother had given birth, she started getting weird talk. We listened at the dinner table when my mother told us she was going to die. She wrote a farewell letter to my little sister, and we were all puzzled.

My mother began to accuse our Father that my father had killed her. None of us understood why. My father had to defend himself against my mother's delusions. In the washroom, my mother beat my father with a steam bucket. Their shared double bed was demolished and they slept in different beds. My father was also not allowed to eat at the same dining table, and no longer even to be in the same premises with my mother and sisters upstairs. My father came downstairs to my room to sleep, and my brother and I were getting food for him from the upstairs fridge as he came home from work. Eventually, my dad had to leave our house to live elsewhere with his old Volvo and trailer. My parents divorced, and I felt relieved then. Our home was in the name of us children, so the sale of the apartment was no question. My older sister did not study peace when my mother bashed my father and claimed my father had killed my mother. Since then, my sister and brother went to another city to study at universities. I stayed with my little sister and my sick mother to live in our big house. I lived downstairs, and they were upstairs.

Once when I got home from school, my mom sat in the kitchen smoking a cigarette, something she hadn't done before. My mom had bought a big ball of cabbage from the grocery store and put the bath around her head. Inside the bath, my mother had wrapped cabbage leaves, and she tied the cabbage leaf bath to her head. In our home, the smell of aged, spoiled cabbage upstairs began to be constant. As my schoolmate visited me, they asked if my mother had a toothache after seeing my mother in the gauze bath on her head. I just replied, she probably has a sore cabbage. Neither did I myself know what was wrong with my mother.

I went to the final stages of my school somehow. Occasionally in the mornings, I went to a nearby forest to read cartoons, and waited

until my mother had gone to work at her barber shop and taken my little sister to a nursing home. I went back to my house to sleep. However, I got through my school with bad grades when the teachers said they wouldn't leave me in class so they didn't have to watch me there anymore.

After my schooling at the age of 15, I went to the barber shop owned by my mother to work as an intern. There were four other women who had been with my mother for years, experienced workers in the industry. They warned me not to come there to work. They had already noticed my mother's illness, and had already quarreled over their employment there. My mother slept in the back room of her barber shop, and she told us our father had killed her. She often visited many different doctors and made criminal reports to authorities about my father. Those four employees resigned at the same time.

I stayed at the barber shop as an intern, and I transported and cared for my little sister. I always carried her with me, I didn't want to leave my little sister alone with my sick mother. I did barber work for people at a cheap trainee price. In the previously very successful barber shop, customers had also disappeared. Customers went elsewhere when they saw our state, and people's rumors circulated about operations there. I didn't care about the rumors, and I didn't even understand them. People's rumors... I just laughed, and I did what I could for a cheaper fee. With newspaper ads, I got some work there.

I often went for a walk with my little sister in my hometown, and we always moved in different shops buying some small articles. I heard a laugh about myself and my mother's condition, but that too quickly ended. I saw other people's understanding, support, and compassion for us. I also noticed that the authorities visited our shop, our situation was monitored.

My schoolmate moved to live near my home. He always came to visit us after my work. We were best friends. We listened to music, and a lot of new music was played during that time. Good artists were born all over the world, and the music industry in my country also grew. I always listened to music, but I didn't understand the message of the songs. My friends and I watched a lot of movies, and we spent time together constantly. We often took my little sister with us. We took care of my little sister together. When my friend complained that he had nothing to do during the day, I suggested he'd come to my mother's barber shop for work. That would give one an internship salary. He was immediately interested, and so was my mother. She got support for it when hiring young people to work. In addition, she took a young girl for an internship. We made newspaper ads and customers came. My friend and I always started drinking on the weekends, and we got someone to get us some drinks, beer, and wines. My dad had an apartment in the center of my hometown, and he was away for the weekends. We went there to get drunk, drank and listened to music, and laughed at our nonsense. We often went to the market in my hometown to stand, sometimes completely drunk. The market was always full of young people on the weekends. There were loads of people on the streets, and people were sitting in cars riding around the streets with music playing. My hometown was generally known for its unrest, youth drinking, violence, numerous fights, and people having fun. I once got a knife on my face myself, and once I was threatened with a meat ax. I often got into fist fights on those youth weekends when, as a young person, I thought raging and fooling around were part of the youth, so I often got my meal cold in the city's eateries only when other well-behaved

young people got a warm meal. Even my friends and I often had black eyes or minor damage when we went to work at the barber shop. Even the young trainee girl always laughed at us.

We lived a wonderful teenage time. People liked to follow us. Some clients were outraged by the ruined shaving or haircut. The young girl burned a woman's scalp with permanent agents, another client left without eyebrows saying she wouldn't come back. The health authorities started going to the shop to follow us and my mother, who was asleep in the shop in the back room. My mother told the health authorities that my father had killed her.

Eventually, at the age of 16, my mother started to hate me too. She told me to leave the house. I had already announced myself that I would quit that barber bransch and acquire another profession. I knew my father's apartment on the other side of town was always empty while he was often elsewhere, and I called my father. He immediately agreed to me moving into his apartment and would know my job for me too. I told my little sister about my moving, and I said I was going to watch my little sister in between. Some acquaintance drove my stuff in his car to my new place of residence.

My new residential area had a swimming hall, school, gas station, football field, small kiosk and shop. I lived there in a high-rise building on the first floor, in a two-room apartment. My new neighbors were curious about me but also kind. They were polite to me, always greeted me when they saw me and talked a lot. I immediately liked my new place of residence. I was a young teenage boy full of life. I went to the swimming hall for a swim, and I went for a walk in my new residential area. Meeting pedestrians smiled at me, from some passing cars I could see hands rising for greeting. I smiled and laughed as I walked thinking life was wonderful.

As I walked in my new residential area, I saw a white low-rise building and people going inside of it. I walked in front of the white building. From the windows of the building, some people looked at me, and someone came to the front door looking at me, and asked me to come inside the building.

“This is a restaurant,” the man said, opening the door for me. I said I was only 16 years old, I wonder if I can get inside.

“Yes you can go here,” the man replied. “A new resident is always welcome to join us.”

I went inside. There sat people at their tables.

“What is your name?” the man at the front door asked. I told my name, and the man immediately started introducing me to others. The people sitting at the tables laughed happily, greeted and asked me to join them at their tables.

I toured their tables and introduced myself. People laughed at each other and talked to each other about me. I wondered about it. They talked about me as if I had been their old acquaintance for a longer time. I went to sit at the bar counter. A happy-looking waitress came asking, what do I want to order? I replied that I would take a beer. The waitress looked at me and asked for identification papers. “How old are you? Drinking is prohibited for persons under the age of 18. ” I replied that I was 18. The waitress said she would not sell beer if there were no papers to show. I still claimed to be 18 years old. The man at the front door said, “You said you were only 16, you shouldn’t lie here. The law is like that.” I looked at the expressions of the waitress and others, and thought I had ruined everything. “I’ll take a lemonade, for example,” I said quickly. The others started laughing, and the waitress handed me a coke with a smile. I drank it, and I watched in amazement. I had never before seen people as happy and friendly as

they were in the white restaurant. I drank lemonade, and I walked inside the white restaurant watching the places. In the other room, other people were sitting at their tables, and they looked at me, but they said nothing. I greeted them without receiving an answer. "Are you talking about anything?" I asked. They just looked at me. They looked like apathetic and stubborn people. One of them even looked angry.

I went further into the restaurant, and came into a large dining room with a dance floor in the middle. People sat at the dining tables, and waiters carried dishes to the tables. One man of the apathetic people got up from his table and said, "I can offer you food if you eat." The waiter at the white restaurant started showing me what they had on offer today, oven fish and potatoes. I thought, but I didn't dare refuse. "I will eat once offered," I replied. I sat at a table and watched people in the dining room. They sat at tables eating in between, and talked to each other. The waitress covered my dinner plate with a smile, and I started eating. At least the food here is good, I thought, eating my portion. I hadn't gotten so much compliment on myself before that I had encountered people before. After eating, I thanked for the food, and said I would come again. I walked to the front door. Some people got up from the table, and grabbed my arm. "Come visit again," they said. I thanked them, and I said I would definitely come. I hadn't even seen people like that before, I thought to myself as I walked into my new home at dusk to my amazement, but satisfied.

When I woke up the next day, my dad was leaving somewhere. He said he would talk to me later. It was a Sunday. I sat at the kitchen table wondering what I would do. The sun was shining brightly in the autumn sky. I thought of my little sister. I missed my little sister with longing. I decided to go to see her and I went for a walk to the bus stop. I would take two buses to my former residential area, and

see my little sister. I could visit my friend at the same time. I walked past the white restaurant towards the bus stop. I raised my hand to greet some of the people standing in front of the white restaurant, and one of them raised his hand back to me. That white restaurant is so weird to me that I haven't gotten to know them yet. At some point I would go there again, I thought. I was waiting for the bus. Some woman came to the stop as well and immediately started chatting with me. We talked about something when the bus came. Exchange at the market, and I would be at my home house. While waiting in the market, I watched the roaring men on the side of the market. There had always been some quarrels in my hometown, I had seen it many times during my youth. The unrest in my hometown had also been on the television.

I arrived in the area of my home by bus, and walked toward my home, hoping to see my sister. I walked downstairs and saw my little sister there. I lifted her into my arms with tears felt in my eyes. My little sister looked at me with big eyes and asked.

"Is father about to kill me? Mom says dad is going to kill her," she said. I realized my mentally ill mother was starting to brainwash my little sister.

"Certainly not," I said to my little sister. "Our father is a good person, your mother only talks silly," I explained to my sister and I forbade her to speak that way. I spent time with my little sister for a while. I knew my sick mother was sleeping in her bed with cabbage on her head. I was hoping she would get better so my sister would get along better. I told my sister I would come see her again at some point and I left her playing. I went for a walk to my friend's house.

My friend carried logs in the yard to the quarters of his house. His father chopped down trees and drank beer. They were heating the

An imaginary mystical fairytale based on true events. Which tells the story of a little boy's childhood, and the boy's sick relative, and the dreams of spirits seen by the young man over time, and the other person in the man at the same time, and related fantasies about television programs at different stages of the man's life that caused the man's state of mind to be shocked.

The beginning and end are real, during the creature and night of shock imaginary.

