

The Great Work!

What follows is a little nostalgia for you, the reader. It comes from an old friend and acquaintance Gusto Wily, or Gus, who told me, Wade Bridges, a tale from the Underground. Gus and I, and our other friend, Rob Cash, -we were all from Backwards, Amerika, which was a few days walk from even the peripheral limits of Aion, the Great City . And there was our “ lady friend:” Ms. Gabby Babble. And it involved her and Gus in what we now remember as: The Great Work!

“I was in search of the Stone by the River, the legendary stone: a white powdery stone that was said to be on the banks of the Omen River, that, as you know, runs through Blackguard. And you see, Wade, one day I found what I thought was it... Hell, I knew it was the Stone, by the fact that it looked like a “Moon rock,” as Gabby Babble put it. I was expecting it to be “red Sulphur” and I would get this because of heating it. But I ain’t gonna give ya’ any technical jargon: it was the legendary Stone.” And Gus paused.

“I had done all the leg work, and tested it... well, there are problems with testing longevity. First, I needed an opportunity to test it, and I hadn’t yet had this opportunity. Until, while at work formulating the Elixir, I may have combined it wrong with certain drugs and lost my mind one afternoon with Gabby Babble. You know well that we were seeing each other temporarily. Hell, everyone now has seen Gabby Babble naked, not just you and I. Beats me why old Ward even wants her. Anyhow, she took my pistol and told me she was going to throw it in the Omen River. I took this as a sign, without any better judgment and under the influence of the Elixir, which was basically the Stone heated until it turned red by combining it with beechnut mast oil. This acted to extract the agents from the Stone. Then, I added THC extract (using beechnut mast oil in one batch, and moonshine in the other), and I added some psilocybin, as well, as a cathartic. Anyhow, Gabby Babble not only threw my gun into the Omen River, but just before that, she downed all the damned Elixir! And this sealed her fate: I took her and drowned her. I held her by the neck under the water in the Omen River until she was dead. I left her ass in the River for some time, so I knew she was dead. And I figured I had killed her so the least I could do was bury her.

I dragged her dead ass out of the river, and I gotta feel sorry for her so, I tried to get the water out of her lungs, and it had been nearly an hour since she had been in the OmenRiver: Well, after I got the water out of her lungs, that crazy bitch came back to life!

I call this the ‘residual effect’ of the elixir: it is an extension of life, somehow.” Gus told me.

“And so,” Gus continued, “I had taken the liberty of keeping a written journal of my experimental transmutation of the Elixir, so that I could reproduce it accurately. And luckily, Gabby Babble didn’t have a memory of me killing her sorry ass, or at least trying to kill her, until she came back to life... Well, that was the Elixir I had come to you and old Rob with, when the Malady had hit hard in the Great

City. Who needs a vaccine when you have the Waters of Life, the Elixir of Immortality, and the nostrum for all our addictions, present and past. The Great Work had paid off. And so I kept taking it, but Gabby Babble didn't. So, when Ward came down with the Malady, I took the opportunity to experiment further. I just watched, though, and by observation I saw the sickness overtake Ward but not Gabby Babble... at least not to begin with. But the Malady, as you know, lasts for 14 days, and on the 13th day Gabby Babble became ill.

"Now, this of course is because Gabby Babble was over or past the Residual stage of the Elixir, and so it was that I discovered the first Key to the dosing of the Elixir. I was at work on my observation and documentation, which I created a Cipher, which I have already given you in the letter I sent you to announce my visit. Here is the actual Key to the Cipher, which will give instructions on the formulation of the Elixir after the sublimation of the Stone." And Gus handed me an envelope, which was slightly weighted by the message within it.

"As for the Stone, you will know it when you see it, and by heating it to the specifications therein the Key, it will turn red, which is how I thought to 'hide it in the light' as Rob's old man Wit used to say. That is, I had decided to shroud or veil the Stone in Myth and it became what you have heard as the Legend of the Blood Stone, which is the process of transmutation the "residue" around and from the Runestone that lies here in the valley, up on the Catechism Hill. Now, it is true that it is a Runestone, and as for the runic inscription, it says "Nimrod's Valley," which is like others found far away from the Great City of Aion. But the important thing is, it doesn't say, as I put it into the mouths of the Cabalists -it doesn't say "Blood Stone." And the peoples who left the Runestone were not Christians, but Pagans. Anyone who knows about the Stone, knows that it comes from what the Christians call God, and who you and I call the Creator, though, this understanding Him as the Trinity is a misnomer, to say the least." Gus paused.

"But before I go on, get you a snort of this batch of Elixir I brought along." And I took a drink from Elixir. It was not my first drink of the nostrum. It had a bite to it, not unlike whisky but also like laudanum: it was pure delight in its effect, but as far as taste went it was rancid.

"Good medicine, huh?" Gus chuckled.

"Yeah." I said. "Now what about this Runestone business, this is the first you've confessed this to me, though I suspected the Cabalists were chasing shadows."

"Well, the Runestone was a myth I created to deflect or misdirect attention from the Stone. It has been said that the Stone's substance was, that is, its physical substance was and is abundant and made in general of "red Sulphur," that is Sulphur and mercury. Now those idiot Cabalists bought the Myth and Legend of the Blood Stone hook, line, and sinker. As the saying goes... they gobbled it up in their blinded state. I wasn't looking for the Stone, but I recognized it. Gabby Babble wasn't looking for the Stone but didn't recognize it. Too bad for her, huh? Well. I took, as I say, the opportunity to complete

the Great Work, and in doing so I have reached God, as people say. Really, I mean, I haven't met Him, but I am on another level, and you, since it was you who led me down the crooked path that is made straight by the Elixir of Life, the Waters in the Valley of the OmenRiver that I found amid murder. But God, as the Christians say -well, Wisdom spared me the misery of iniquity, and gave us all, you Gus, Rob, and I, and even old Wit had a taste and a bit of immortalityNow this is all grandiose thinking one might say, but I tell you, hell, it even gave Ward and Gabby Babble, a taste of the everlasting: the Waters of the Omen River found in the Stone through its sublimation into the Elixir of Life. Now that may sound like a mouthful, but that is how the sages spoke of it, and that is how I learned to think of it. Because, you see, Wade, it becomes in the subliming of the Stone a way of thinking, just like you learned a way of thinking at the University." Gus went on.

"And to answer your question, at least, partially, I learned of the Stone to hide it in the light, at least its discovery. It is said the Stone is everywhere, so where is it? Well, it's on the River Omen, but that's the only place I've found it so far." Gus said.

"But had it merely fallen from Heaven, or is it born of this Earth? These might be better questions for Wit. But I know the stories, and you do too, but let me state them here for the record, and state them as I understand them. Now, this might sound like the rambling gibberish of a Nostrum Anonymous meeting, but it's a story about stories, and how I understand and relate to them. Now, also, people have said that to use the Nostrum (that is, the Elixir) -to use the Nostrum is a choice. Well, yes, it is a choice that is made for you, though. And by what mojo is it made? I say it is this: the choice to use any drug is made by the Creator, and no one else. Not by man alone, and not by man at all. Now the Christians will say it is Satan who pushes the hand to strong drink and hard drugs." Gus was livid.

"Well, now what is the story, Gus?" I asked the question he was seeking.

"The Runestone residue is a falsehood to cover up the truth of the Great Work: the Stone's gone, and may or may not be found again, and if it is to be found, it is to be found on the River Omen, as I've said. It hides there in the light; it hides there in shadow. It is the light, not the Way, the Truth, and the Light as the Christians have thought. That just leads back to God and Death. To be set free of Death, simply sublimate the Stone as I have included in this 'written manifestation' of the Great Work. You've ingested it both figuratively and literally, but not as a metaphysical truth.... Am I talking riddles here? Yes, that is the point of the Stone and the Great Work: to seek and to find."

"And to Conquer God and Death, right, Gus, my old friend?" I asked. "But we have been here alive and all the rest besides you and I and Rob are dust: what then is left but suffering?" I asked Gus.

"Well, don't worry brother! That's why I included psilocybin in the Elixir, and a good chug or two every 12 days will do the trick!" Gus and I both laughed, and then Gus continued his animated tale of the Great Work.

“So, you might wonder, Wade, how long can we go on like this? I mean, are we truly immortal under the influence of the Elixir, or do we just think and feel we are? And while that is and may always be a perennial concern of the Stone, it is a valid inquiry. Though, it is of course one I don’t have an answer to yet, nor do I foresee such a conquest occurring. It is our nature to die, and the Elixir merely prolongs life. Now through the years the question has come up, too, again and again: Why? I mean, why this, and why that, and what have you as concerns the Stone and the Great Work, but don’t concern yourself with such things old friend. You and I and Rob were put here to do the Great Work, and in doing so we outlived the Malady, but other than that let us be glad of the truth that we know. We know, Wade. We know that there is a Stone, and we have drunk from its Waters. So let me continue with what the sages of old call the “Spiritual Perspiration” of the Great Work. That is, the Stone is sublimated through heating it in the waters of the River Omen, water from the River Omen, anyhow. So even if the Cabalists would have been able to harness certain things from the Runestone with Blood Stone residue, that wouldn’t and didn’t and shan’t do it because the process does not include heating it in the waters from the River Omen, much less the exact amount of water and the degree of heat.” Gus told me.

“Regardless of that, the Cabalists want to put “the sauce” in it, and one can, but not to the degree that you can “tweak” on it. More than anything, it is just as well to add caffeine or cacao leaves to the Elixir.” Gus continued. “Moreover, my spiritual perspiration can be found in the Rudimental.”

“What’s that, Gus?” I asked.

“The Rudimental is the manifesto of the Great Work, and I’ve written only to conceal it. There are clues on how to reveal it, unveil it from secrecy, but they are hidden in the letter, and you must use the Key and the Cipher to unlock them, as I fear telling you would not simply do in the tradition of the Stone. People have said the Stone is a preternatural substance, but it is not otherworldly, merely misunderstood, to most folks, anyhow. You and I know it personally, for those who want and desire the Stone are envious of us, Wade. I worked hard to preserve the traditions, but at some point, there is only reality. The Cabalists are still ‘tweaking’ on the masses’ ideology that one can extract from ‘the blood stone’ the Elixir of Life, while it is not up on the ridge in the Runestone, but down in the Valley along the Omen River. Now chances are that it could be found by the Runestone, but the Cabalists have already torn apart the Runestone and got nothing. Now the Mind Scientists think that they can find it somehow in the same factoid.” Gus continued his tale of the Great Work.

“Truth is, that Mercury is what the Alchemists and the Cabalists think the Stone is derived from. And it is said that it is derived from removing the Blackest of the Black pitch and leaving only the white and resplendent Stone that bears the blood red veins of the red Sulphur and it is extracted with the Clouds and Mist. Put in the simplest of layman’s terms: I have found that a man can take the Stone and heat it in water from the Omen River until the pitch is gone, and it then is pink. I add THC from cannabis

flower using Beechnut mast oil to extract it. I then add cacao leaves, dried psilocybin mushrooms of choice, and ground coffee beans, which I steep in hot Omen River water, and then add some moonshine of desired amount. Usually, I put the steeped mixture into a gallon of moonshine and let it set for a week.”

“Awesome!” I said.

“Oh, yes, indeed, Wade. And that’s basically what you just had a snort of a minute ago.” Gus went on talking. “Now there are more technical things to be done with the Stone, but that is all in the letter. The important thing is, that it is safe from the pilfering fingers of the Mind Scientists and the fumbling fingers of the Cabalists. Now that we have the Elixir, which I have left some 24 gallons, or about 2-4 years’ worth depending on how much I produce... But we will survive the Malady. One more thing I will mention, our mutual acquaintance Log had found a Stone, as well, but the idiot he is, he doesn’t even know it. So, I have him convinced to trade it to me for the recipe for the Blood Stone residue from the Runestone, as he thinks it true just like the Cabalists. Hell, if I’d him I would find Sasquatch shit and put it in it for longevity. Log would believe it.” Gus laughed. Anyways, I think I can get another 24 gallons of Elixir with the Stone, he’s trading me. I’ll give him a little bottle and tell him it was an earlier less potent formula, that way he can survive the Malady. Just out of pity, you know. Well, that’s about all I got for you. If we can just find more of the Stone, we can make a fortune if this Malady continues. But we’ll see what develops and becomes of it. Either way I will probably outlive Methuselah” Gus took a big drink from the Elixir.

“The important thing is, Wade, the Great Work is complete, and I’ve managed to hide it in the open light of the World. Now let’s have a drink!”

Gus and I, enjoyed the excess of the Elixir of Life, which if anything, makes you feel good in a World that is not always too good to a fellow human.

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