**The Spirit and Alien Party**

**PART ONE**

 ‘We should create our own political party’, said Hakim, ‘You know, you, me and Harrari.’

I eyed him skeptically. Harrari came to listen. Hakim went on.

 ‘You, of course, would be the leader.’ I felt he was trying to convince me rather than suggest but now that Harrari was here his efforts would be wasted. She quickly quashed any effect that flattery would have on me. But, for a moment, I was kind of hopeful of some kind of prominence in the world; ‘Hmm, Leader’, I thought. Okay, not!

 ‘Who would we have in it besides us? Humans?’ This, I knew as soon as I said it was framed completely wrong. Fortunately, Harrari and Hakim have formed a link and they smoothed it out between them. They know I am not contemptuous of humans, just a little spoilt by having two aspects, that are widely disparate but closely complimentary, to help me.

 ‘I know some people’. He meant spirits that belong to people. The advantage of having these spirits in the party, I knew, was that they can talk to each other without the hosts knowing what they are saying. This means that they can coax and cajole their respective hosts into making a decision but the ultimate choice always remains with the human. Humans don’t always make the right decision and they are swayed by flattery and unfounded ambition, (Hmm, Leader, I thought).

Of course, we would need votes from the nation. Harrari can make anyone think anything is a good idea and the result is that they act on a decision that she has effectively planted in their heads, but she cannot do it with millions of people by herself. She would need help from her family, but we all knew THAT wasn’t going to happen; she was marooned.

Sooner or later we were going to have to make some ‘friends’. Unfortunately, I somehow threw away the manual on ‘Entering the Spirit World (without making a mess)’, without ever having seen or owned it. I was also known for ‘crashing the party’. We would have to tread very carefully.

 ‘Make the introductions, Hakim.’ I said, intrigued but also mindful of burning bridges. It is after all extremely important that I maintain as neutral connection as possible with the hope of an improvement in relations.

 ‘See,’ said Harrari. ‘You are already thinking like a politician’.

I wasn’t pleased, because to a British human, that can be an insult, but I felt her soft conciliatory hand gently smoothing my thoughts. ‘Diplomatic. Okay’ It is strange to think that a ruthless killer has a soft hand. I rather think her brothers do not.

Hakim came back with the spirit of the man I met in the village shop on the 29th May. He warned us that he didn’t have long because the man was about to wake up soon, but he thought he knew someone who could help and offered his support as a firm believer that the war should stop, so we had his vote. I wasn’t really sure if he meant war or skirmishes, but I let it go; maybe something was lost in translation, telepathy from both Hakim and Harrari, who were translating for me, and the rapidly replaced words on his banner, for my benefit, was a bit much for me. Then he was gone.

We waited for a few minutes. All three of us knew that just waiting was a fool’s errand, if doing nothing even is an errand or task. I went to the shop to get bread and Baked Beans, (which aren’t really baked), because it is almost inevitable that we must interact with our own world to be open to new ‘holes’ in the veil where communication is possible. If you imagine darkness, that is not dark, and then a little hole forming that allows light through, that isn’t light, which gets bigger so a face appears, that isn’t a face, you understand how hard it is to keep an appointment that isn’t an appointment. Alternatively, we could call it coincidence or serendipity. Harrari, tells me it is alignment, which is how she is able to fill in the blanks and ‘help’ people change their minds. The prominent question was whether I should eat or wait. Slight hunger is the best state to be in for ‘meetings’ or focus. However, deliberate malnutrition is considered by the spirit world to be driving a bulldozer through the veil and it will not be met with Tinkerbell fairies; expect the angry horned faerie instead. That said, they are not nasty per se, just if you upset them. But, who knows what upsets them? My advice is ‘Best not’, whatever it is you are thinking of doing to force it.

Why buy Baked Beans? Because they are not. The best place to look for ‘communcation holes’ or portals is where there is confusion and deceit. I should like to say that every tin of Jolly Green Giant sweetcorn is a portal because it says that the grains inside are one of your five a day. No, fruit and vegetables are one of your five a day. I should like to say hang around in the sweetcorn aisle but it is just marketing, not really deceit. Baked Beans, on the other hand, used to be baked underground and still could be if one wanted to. Different kettle of fish entirely. It’s all about history and ‘is it, isn’t it?’. Certainly though, there is no magic connection caused by actually having baked beans, baked or not.

Harrari decided to chip in.

 ‘Being ‘open’ is about suspending rationale; it is about being in a liminal state of ‘maybe’. It is a balancing act between being immutable and trapped in reason on one side, and psychosis on the other; neither is the optimum state for success in either world.’

 ‘That is the rule for engineers. It doesn’t apply to scientsts.’ I said.

Hakim laughed.

 ‘Hah, I would like to meet a scientist with a spirit avatar and an alien friend.’

 ‘Quite a lot of maybe, isn’t there?’ I agreed.

We waited and I was beginning to think that politely ‘ringing the bell’ in a hope of avoiding a bellicose and belligerant horned faerie, and the super-nice, though at times spiteful, winged Tinkerbell fairy, in favour of the ‘something’ forming in the ether, might be a waste of time. But, thinking about it, expecting the spirit world to be at our beck and call is just plain arrogance.