**Spirit and Alien Party Part 8**

I had to take a couple of days off from the gate-crashing jaunts with Hakim into the spirit world. The purpose of the visits was now unclear to me. I had to get this new alternative ‘me-spirit’ up to speed. Checking for parasitic spirits and influencer spirits using dirty water was a tyro’s desperate act born out of psychosis. Harrari reminded me, or perhaps educated my ‘me-spirit’ to let me see the beacons I had left in the spaces where ‘I’ - ‘honed me’, had been.

‘First, it is important to check for influences that cause disruptions. There should be a smoothness to each human’s day. What you call serendipity, malevolent spirits call opportunity.’

She manifested as Holly in her black cocktail dress.

‘Remember, the goal of the Faeries is to suppress creativity and leave a vacuum for ambition to grow in its place. They want to twist kindness into knotted foolhardiness. They want bland homogenisation where there is exciting difference; disruption where there is alignment; turmoil where there is calm; and codification where there should be mutual understanding.’

‘You get irritated when someone hurries when you give way to them on a pavement. When you let them go first when there is only room for one person to continue moving forward and pass by. This is because you are perceiving a malevolent influence. When you saw a car reversing into the road and then pause because you was cycling on the road and had right of way, you gave up your right of way because the driver’s view was obscured by parked cars and he would have difficulty in seeing approaching cars. Your intention was to influence the evolution of a future in which there would be no collisions.’

‘We have been here before,’ remarked Hakim drily.

Holly went on. ‘The driver was influenced to reciprocate your kindness and acted so as to try not to delay you any longer than necessary. He reversed out of his drive at a speed faster than he normally would, because you had effectively removed the threat of a collision from approaching cars by blocking the road. He was influenced into being less cautious and did not look in any of his mirrors, and so reversed into the parked car on the opposite side of the road. Ultimately, he blamed you for being kind. If you had just gone on and obeyed convention and the Highway code he would have not been lulled into recklessness.’

‘But it wasn’t my fault,’ I said.

‘No. With your hyper-vigilance and near-future prescience you were aware of at least one future. You could not know that the driver was susceptible to being influenced by a malevolent spirit; a spirit that temporarily removed the driver’s near-future predictions and caution. He mistakenly gave up all his agency to you and the malevolent spirit that was already at the scene, clinging to his back and waiting for an opportunity to interfere.’

‘It might have said “Hurry up. Put your foot down”, I suggested.

‘Exactly! And do you remember the driver’s wife got out and looked only at the rear of her husband’s car and then accusingly at you, and then the rear of the her husband’s car again? She paid no attention to the dented parked car.’

Of course I remembered. It fell to me to alert the driver to the damage he had caused. He had just looked at me and shook his head. Understanding for the piggy-back spirit that was my spirit from an alternative world caused it to loosen its grip on me. It normally takes weeks for me to return to ‘normal’ and be close to immune to influences, when I, reluctantly, host my alternative spirits. It is definitely a drain on my time and resources, but what else is therre to do? This time, however, things might be different. I understood that the further I develop my understanding, the more I would play host to myself.

‘Alignment,’ Holly breathed.

‘I get it.’ I understood, but only about prescience, near-future predictions and malevolent influences, even influences that suppress agency, creativity and diversity. Harrari had another idea.

‘You should understand that you can never throw mud to see if it sticks on politicians. You would be arrested. If it is just words you would be sued. If it is a milkshake, you would be fined and have a criminal record for assault. The only way you could have a spirit and alien political party that was not susceptible to influence is for it to have only you and me in it.’

Anger flashed across Hakim’s face. Fair shout; he had received a lot of flak recently. But Holly was not trying to diminish him. She was merely allowing me to remind myself that Hakim is a manifestation, an avatar of me. In the physical world, the one in which I belong, Hakim had a job to do and I was the greater entity of us two. In Hakim’s sphere of existence; half physical and half spiritual, I was second to him. Harrari; invisible Harrari and not her alter-ego Holly, of course, was an Olympian in every aspect of existence; as pure as I might ever experience. In comparison, I am a primary school pupil in a sports day egg and spoon race.

‘You could try to host all your alternative self spirits, and bring them up to speed so they are all aligned in knowledge, understanding and experience, but you would probably die in the making of it, and never complete anything.’

‘What about those three chaps we met in the cafe in the spirit world?’ I asked.

My visiting self-spirit surprised me with an admonishment. ‘Did you think you are the first to seek understanding of the spirit world?’

I felt uncomfortable as though I was a bad host to a guest when it left. My craving for meat, cakes, cigarettes, and alcohol, dissipated, like water vapour from a boiling kettle on a warm day. It was not replaced with instant lightness or fitness, however. The lessons were always mutually taken; my personal learning markedly different in content though; understanding always takes time to find its place. I joined some dots up, as Holly faded back to being invisible Harrari again.