**The Spirit and Alien Party THE STORY SO FAR**

Preamble

Hakim, my guardian avatar I manifested when I was sixteen to save me from spiritual harm, made a suggestion to me this morning, when he saw me reading about Elon Musk creating a new political party.

‘We should create one.’

He meant in the UK, where I live.

There seems to be a new trend of making new political parties. People are not at all in agreement with the existing ones. I was about to write ‘regular parties’ but Hakim was saying,

‘Irregular’

He’s right, I suppose, but I think it is more because people are, these days, more nuanced in their thinking; more flighty in their opinions; more able to form opinions in the dark when the light keeps going dim. In other words, easily distracted by new and shiny things or more febrile like two year-olds throwing tantrums. Not everyone, just the one’s I come across, albeit vicariously.

When Hakim said, ‘We should start one’, I think he meant; me, the human; him, the spirit avatar; and Harrari, the abandoned alien who I found in a wood a few years ago. On the face of it, we would make a good team. Unfortunately, Hakim’s principle role is to wake me up when there is a presence of psychic or spiritual threat while I am asleep. It is only recently that we actually converse. He wears this ‘stripe’ of promotion with bountiful pride. Harrari, is still young and separated from her absolutely ruthless brothers, who let it be known, held obscurrence of their presence, when they were here, to be paramount in their activities. While never violent in their actions to remain hidden, they could be. Oh yes! I have never met them but I never disrespect Harrari, let’s put it that way. She, (I think she is female) has all the capability of obscurrence, obfuscation and thought changing skills. Sadly, she doesn’t think she will be accepted back in her ‘world’ because she has gone ‘Indian’, as they used to say in the United States to mean that a white man had adopted indigenous Indian values.

What we have to remember is that I am the only one that has a visible form, or at least can maintain it. Sometimes, rarely, Harrari takes a female form, and for some reason calls herself Holly Hedges, so she COULD present as a party member if we created a new party. Ethically though, she would have to reel back her thought-changing ability. She can make people change their minds, well, desire really. I will spell it out; she is a composite of manipulation, muted ruthlessness and prescience.

But, who could be party members? We would have to gently ‘knock’ on the veil that separates us from the spirit world. Of course, there is a blending between the ‘worlds’, and our human world is suffused with what we believe is serendipity, strangeness and ‘magic’; meaning these are the things we like and we go ‘Ooh, that was fun or lucky or weird.’ There is also an aspect of the blending that we find frightening, evil, dishonest, and just plain mean. We all come across this, almost on a daily basis, even if it is a neighbour playing loud music just to spite you. (They have been infected - or you might think they are socially uneducated) To be fair though, when humans mostly enter the spirit world, and they frequently blunder in, they are, to the beings there, similar to how we view drunken teenagers with traffic cones on their heads, vomiting in people’s front gardens. We can, I think, begin to see how changing how we humans act might change the response from the warmongers in the spirit world.

So, knock, knock. Let’s say there really is a door that is the appropriate portal for diplomatic discussion. Who are we going to speak to?

‘What?’ a horned faerie.

‘Hello, so nice to finally meet you!’ a winged fairy, not unlike Tinkerbell in Peter Pan.

Or silence, just a feeling of there being something there and then a gradual forming of shape we recognise.

What we are not factoring in, though, is whether there is a democratic system in the spirit world.

**The Spirit and Alien Party - The story so far**

‘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.

Emily, in the shop, had me for a moment earlier; she was kneeling on the floor facing away from me. Is that the girl that hates me? No. Yes it is. No, it isn’t. No. I would have just left if it was; you know avoid confrontation. Harrari pointed out that the air of reason and comfortableness I felt in the shop from using heuristics was disrupted.

‘A good sign.’ she whispered.

We weren’t really waiting for an appearance of anything, just a sign that we were recognised.

Of course, slipping into the foyer of the spirit world as a formal guest was something none of us three knew anything about. We did know, however, that you can’t just dress up; nakedness is a thing there. By bedtime, I felt that enough weird thoughts had entered my head, which Harrari and Hakim assured me did not originate from them, that an RSVP was being acted upon.

As usual, Hakim sat at the end of my bed to wake me if I was about to be attacked, but now we agreed that he should not alert me when my neighbour’s spirit came to loom and stare at me in confusion with his clumsy questions saturating my space. He, my neighbour’s spirit, did this every night. He is a sink hole for energy. I feel sorry for him, my neighbour. There is something ‘different’ about him that makes it difficult for him to understand things and I think he is mostly harmless, so I kind of let his spirit sip a bit in the hope that one day my neighbour will gain a bit more ‘sonder’ (The realisation that other people also have their own lives, desires and needs). I will never ‘switch off’ Hakim. He must always be alert to every threat, no matter how it manifests. We don’t want a Trojan Horse or a worm to get to me while I sleep. But, I needed to stay deep asleep, so giving a free pass to my neighbour’s spirit was something we just had to plain do.

Something we hadn’t thought about was just how formal the trip would be. Before Hakim could wake me he had been given identification. Even though we had never thought that spirits carry identification because they are a hive, nonetheless Hakim was convinced of the authenticity of the intent of the spirit guide before him. He later told me that he had felt strong, strong peace. He said he looked for barbs but could not detect any. That is his job though as Spirit Security Officer. A hat he has made slightly bigger than his head, but I am not complaining!

The sound of a 1930’s Berlin Bierkellar woman singer came to my ears. She sang with a quaver in her voice and one beat later than the accordian leading a brass band.

Ta, ta, taa, taa, taa

ta, ta, taa, taa, taa

ta, ta, taaa, taaa, taaa, taaa, taaaa

But the lyrics made no sense; something about a toad in a hole with a troll that was cold. Not at all bawdy or with any double-entendres. Hakim looked at me quizzically. I slightly shook my head thrice with raised eyebrows. Harrari had not been allowed to come with us, so I got nothing from her.

Our guide, still with no form, by now had introduced itself as Fata, which it explained was Latin for fairie. It looked at us askance out of the corner of its eyes; we felt rather than saw it; as though checking to see if we ‘bought it’.

Seemingly led away, but more my own decision, it seems Hakim and I ‘followed’ Fata into a very large room. I began to realise why Harrari was not allowed here, when Hakim nudged me and looked at me with slightly furrowed eyebrows. I nodded. Harrari has the identical ability to lead people away from places. I started to wonder if she had learned this in the wood where I had found her when she was still very young. Hmm, it makes sense that she would not be allowed to uncover when this is being done to me by Fata. On Earth, and cut off from her alien brothers, she would have had only the human world, the fauna and flora world, AND THE SPIRIT WORLD to learn from. Hmm. Hakim seemed to agree, though with some reservation. His beard and moustache twitched.

In this room were large cabinets; in each, a different still creature.

‘Its a museum’, explained Fata.

We stopped before a glass cabinet with a little man wearing green clothes and a tall crooked hat. It held a pipe and a walking stick. In the background was a representation of a rainbow.

‘It’s a Leprechaun’ Hakim whispered. I couldn’t help hearing the faint Irish lilt in his quiet voice. The sign at the front of the cabinet read ‘Leprechaun’ and then began to change to a non-sensical word with each letter having no bearing on any other. It continued to oscillate and flip-flop between letters until it finally entirely faded.

Othe cabinets had motionless winged fairies; dryads; gnomes; merfolk; and kelpies. We stopped before one that had a sign that said ‘Brownie’. The figure inside bore a striking resemblance to Hakim, who worriedly looked at me. Fata explained.

‘What you are seeing are the types of elemental creatures that humans have conjured in their heads from long ago. Humans need to anthropomorphise phenomena they do not understand. You, yourself, created Hakim based on a Brownie.’

Hakim looked displeased while I raised my eyebrows and gave a Pan Am smile. I didn’t realise I had done that but the resemblance really was uncanny, if uncanny is ever uncanny in the spirit world. It is probably just canny. My rationale was certainly suspended, but of course, it needed to be.

‘For millennia, we have gone along with this,’ Fata went on, ‘and sent entities into your world that are similar to human concepts. These, in the cabinets are all quite real. We had them stuffed for the museum.’

Hakim and I gasped.

‘You are among the first to formally request a visit or even a meeting, so we decided to make it fun.’

‘Don’t!’ I warned Hakim, who was about to protest. I felt that Fata was watching him, assessing and calculating. I didn’t like where this was going.

‘We er...We are here for a meeting’, I interjected into the mess in the air.

‘Already taken place. We agree to having some of our, shall we say group? Join your new political party. We only need to agree terms.’ intoned Fata enigmatically.

We were led back past the 1930s Berlin Bierkellar band to a door which Hakim and I passed through. Just before it slammed shut behind us I turned to see if I could get a glimpse, from the corner of my eye, of Fata. It bore a striking resemblance to me and had a penetrating, hard and cold stare on its, my face.

I woke up, still paralysed and cold through to my bones. After the parslysis passed, I drank coffee and jumped up and down and had a hot bath but the cold stayed in me until lunchtime, seven hours later. I needed to talk to Harrari.

(ROGET’S THESAURUS – FATA MORGANA, VISUAL FALLACY / MIRAGE / GLOW-WORM, Italian for Morgan the Fairy)