

Taf Kadd

4'800 words.

taf\_kadd@icloud.com

# W O R D S

A serious book (more or less)  
about everything you really  
have to know!

compiled, edited and translated (where necessary)  
by  
Taf Kadd

**Warning:**

Don't (repeat: DON'T!!!)  
take this book to Sirius!  
The GODS would n o t like it.

**Authors Note:**

This here book would never  
want to claim to be complete.  
(It wouldn't be able to do so, either!)  
Nor would the author.

Special Thanks to SPARKS for asking THE Question!

# Book

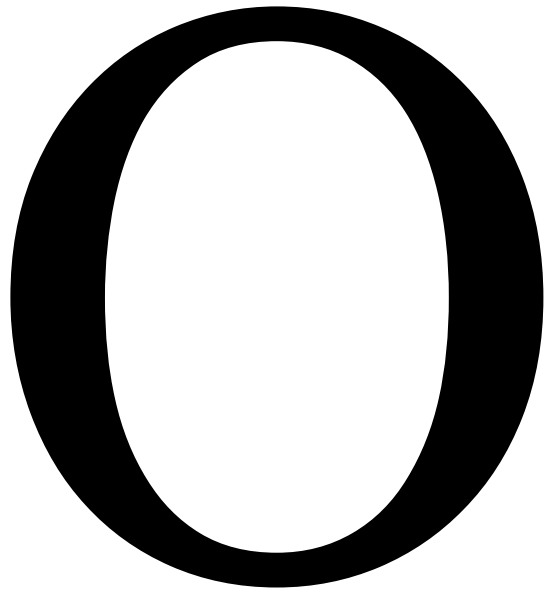
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# Chapter 1

**W**

HATEVER

## Chapter 2



NE

## Chapter 3

**R**

EACHES

## Chapter 4

D

OES

## Chapter 5

**S**

**UFFICE!**

## Chapter 6

**DO**

## Chapter 7

**NOT**

## Chapter 8



# Book

# 2

# Chapter 1

# Love Is Kosher Energy

Like almost every other book in known and - to most human beings - unknown history, this one begins with a word (a fact which is in fact not surprising, as the book itself is about words!). The word is, believe it or not:

## L.I.K.E.

Your humble narrator knows that you, dear reader, are by now so lucky as to be in the possession of the knowledge of the true meaning of this abbreviation. That's why you'll be able to smile knowingly when someone else suggests things like (that word again!):

- Love Is Kissing Endlessly
- Living In Kings End
- Laura Is Kissing Elks
- Language Is Knitting Exiles
- Lebanon Israel Korea Egypt

You might even be able to admit that somebody's got a point when he thinks we are Living In Kindergarten Eden!

As everybody should be capable of understanding this expression, there remains nothing to be said concerning this matter.

Except maybe that the essential of the knowledge you gained by reading this chapter is not to have it, but to be able to apply it to one's own life!

## Chapter 2

# THE Question

„To be or not to be!“ is/was/will be widely believed as to be/to have been/going to be THE Question.

Therefore it should be made clear, for now and all times long gone/yet to come, that it is/was/will be not THE Question but simply a question.

THE Question, as you will plainly see, consists of one word and the word is:

## WHY?

WHY? is there time?

WHY? is there space?

WHY? are there dogs and cats and trees and the human race?

WHY? am I here and not over there?

WHY? are there nuns?

WHY? do they prey?

WHY? do we pass away?

WHY? is there you?

WHY? is there me?

WHY? does my mother kiss my father occasionally?

WHY? am I sore whenever I'm hit?

WHY? is there France?

WHY? is there Spain?

WHY? is there rain?

WHY? when I ask my dad does he say: „Go ask your mom or just go away!“?

## Chapter 3

# Daily Life

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L D d  
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e“

So just keep on writing.....

## Chapter 4

# Taxi!

„Taxi!“. A man came rushing to the taxi stand. He called again; „Taxi!“. At last, one of the aero-taxis hovering in the air touched ground beside him. The transport beam (its task was to dematerialise a man and rematerialise him in another place) started working; two or three seconds after, the man was inside the cab. He spoke the destination of his journey into a microphone and the computer-controlled taxi left for another city which it reached in no more than fifteen minutes.

Let's look back in history, now!

107 years ago, when all the countries on earth agreed to do away with borders and established the „Worldstate“, mankind began to no more build its cities on the ground but in the air at an altitude of 5 kilometres. Such has been the idea as to protect nature.

Mankind has made many inventions since then, but the greatest of them all has been the aero-taxi.

It consists of a steel hull looking somewhat like an oversized cigar measuring 6 meters from nose to tail, 3 meters of diameter at the thickest point and about 90 cm at each end respectively. Its surface is as smooth as that of a looking-glass with the exception of two jets protruding at the tail and of 6 camera lenses of 10 cm of diameter each which are let into the hull forming an even level with it. The lenses are arranged in order to cover the whole surroundings of the cab. Because of its smooth surface, the taxi sort of reflects the sunlight and thus glistens in all the spectral colours, a fact which inspired the manufacturers to coin the expression „ride a rainbow“ for their advertising campaign.

The secret of the world famous transport beam with whose help one is hauled into the taxi itself is yet to be revealed by its inventor, but there are some rumours spreading about the parts being used for its production: a laser beam being broken by a series of prisms and then sent through a container filled with a mixture of almost all known - and maybe even some publicly unknown - chemical elements in the proper proportion and finally somehow filtered and slowed down to a near stand-still.

But that's just gossip as far as we have been able to find out.

The interior of the aero-taxi, of course, is almost totally occupied by the computer in control and the power plant, which, roughly, consists of a little solar-powered atomic reactor connected to a transformer and to a pair of jets. In the middle of the cab, however, is exactly enough room left for a man to lie on his back and turn his head in order to look at the six screens respectively which, by means of the 6 outside lenses, show just what happens in front of the cameras.

(Excerpt from the book „History of the Worldstate“, published in 2130)

## Chapter 5

## One way of looking at looking in one way

How many steps would I have to take to compensate for the slow rotation of the earth in order to remain forever in the same spot in space?

Stipulated that you would be going in the right direction at the correct speed, you still would have to find some means to stop the earth from circling around the sun. This being not very easy because of your being occupied with walking, you'll probably never be able to achieve the stand-still you are looking for and that is as good as can be because human beings are born to move on.

Don't try to tell me you would be moving on if you were doing the earth-rotation-compensating-for-march.

Some sort of moving on, indeed!

Like the snail who pushed on with his head-end (dead-end?) without dragging the tail along. "Use your head!", was what it said, but it hadn't understood anything.

I hope you will understand, at least.

## Chapter 6

## Lubar

„The darkness of the night was complete. There was not the slightest breeze to move the leaves on the trees standing around the little pond. Only the croaking of the frogs disturbed the silence.

Suddenly a cry cut through the night.

The cry of a terrified woman.

The lights of the nearby farm went on. A man came out of the house, looking with sleepy eyes towards the forest where the cry which still lasted came from. He saw a light moving rapidly as if someone carrying a lantern were running. All of a sudden, the light stopped and at the same time the cry changed into a terrible moaning growing rapidly fainter. The light went out.

The farmer went back to bed. But, of course, he couldn't sleep any more. The horrible cry of that woman resounded in his ears the whole night long. In the morning he went out to see what had happened the previous night.

He made a terrible discovery: At the edge of the forest he found a human skeleton. There were not the slightest traces of skin or flesh on the shiny bones. Neither were there any traces of clothing to be found, but two or three meters to the left of the skeleton, the man saw a lantern lying on the ground.

The farmer was in a reasonable state of mind and kept his nerves. His estate was rather off civilisation and he had got no telephone and no car except for a two horse cab. So he harnessed his two well-fed white horses and started on his long way to the next village to get the police. But he never got there...

That's why nobody was prepared for what happened all around the world during the next two months: Some species of insects and plants, totally changed and mutilated by the influence of chemical products and radioactive radiation, killed every living human being by eating them to the bones.

And so no-one ever found out what that woman was doing, all alone, in that forest in the middle of the night.'

The heavy chandeliers began to fill the hall with their light; it was reflected in the mirrors along the walls; it illuminated the tense faces of the seemingly impressed spectators who slowly left the cinema. Our hero..."

Lubar turned off his TOE (Transmitter Of Entertainment).

He just couldn't stand those stories about the past, where facts were mingled with fiction. He began humming the only melody he knew as he sort of jumped into the room next door, where he took a long, deep draught of his favourite liquid.

He then flew to the Public House of Art, Literature Lessons and Unusual Stories (PHALLUS).

In the US Department he was recognised as a regular customer and given the one story (number P4) always requested by him. Having inserted his credit card into the right slot, he started the Computer for Unexplainable Neural Translation (CUNT) and plunged into the abyss of feelings and thoughts provoked by the tale of Robin Hood, composed by a certain Robert Locksley, who had been - strangely enough - a human being.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Publishers Note:** We have included the following story, against the editors advice, because we felt that, although the reader will not get the full possible enjoyment out of it (since he lacks the facility of a CUNT), he might nevertheless be able to apply the morale of the story (which is something like: Be content with what you have!) on his own life and thus, maybe, live happily ever after.

## Chapter 7

## The Hunt Is Open (by Robert Locksley)

Once upon a time in the Black Forest, on a little clearing around a small pool, there stood the blockhouse of a young man who was a hunter by profession. He made his living by selling hides and self-made wooden toys and furniture to the people in a town nearby the forest.

He was a giant as men go: without hat and boots he measured six and a half feet. He had grey eyes and dark brown hair and a pointed beard, a wide forehead, high cheeks and a characteristic chin. He was always dressed in long and tight green trousers, a brown shirt under a green jacket, brown boots and a green hat with a red feather.

One early morning of a beautiful day (and days were really beautiful then, not as they are today) he took his bow and arrows and left his little house for a short hunting trip.

When, after having been in the woods for some five hours, he had shot one beast only - and a small one it was - he grew desperate.

But all of a sudden, he saw a clear white light floating beside a nearby bush, and a voice said: „I can see that you are unhappy. If you'd just tell me what the problem is, I might be able to help you.“

Our hero, being of keen and quick mind, instantly realised that he was confronted by the spirit of a fairy and said: „I've been in the woods for almost six hours, now, and I haven't seen any beast at all, except this ridiculously small one here. I wish to shoot many more.“

The spirit pondered on this for a moment and then replied: „Come on, then, I will show you a place where there is a lot of game for you to shoot!“

\*\*\*\*\*

Ten days later, they arrived at a coast.

„You will now cross the sea! On the other side, you will find a vast rock upon which a single tree has taken root. The latter is passed by a road which you have to follow. You will then arrive at the right place.“ The man, who was very kind and polite, said thank you very much to the spirit and continued his journey.

Two months later he had crossed the sea and began to travel on the aforementioned road.

After five more days, he arrived at the border of a desert, but still he went on.

After even more days, seven to be exact, he couldn't go on any longer: He surrendered to the desert, lay down and died.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Editors Note:** Having unsuccessfully protested against inclusion of the above story, I would like to say that, contrary to the Publishers Note, the morale is not „Be content with what you have!“, but „Never trust a fairy, for they're a mean bunch of bastards!“, which, really, is a stupid thing to say in a story and absolutely unworthy of inclusion in a book as highly intelligent, excellently written and extraordinarily readable as the one you are holding in your hands right now.

Therefore I would hereby like to apologise to you for having been forced to force upon you the reading of such an unlikely, nay, unworthy, story.

Sorry!

## **Chapter 8**

### **A Pair of Pairs**

# The Universe Next Door

## Escape

...I saw my pictures hanging on your bedroom wall.  
I saw the shining in your eyes as you grabbed me by the ball,  
and I realised that I was done for,  
so I let myself fall  
into the universe next door!

## Arrival

„Welcome!“, said the dolphin standing by my side.  
Speechless, I jumped into a tree, trying to hide  
myself, because his claws were dancing.  
Next, I met a person who lied:  
„You're a fool!“, said the clown, chancing.

## Living in another universe

There  
was a conference going on.  
The owl had been given a pullover as a birthday present  
and, wearing it,  
was the prettiest bird at the gathering.  
There were no other birds present.

The snake and the fox  
were sit-  
ting on the rox.  
Besides these three, of course,  
there also was a hoarse  
and there were a lot of other animals  
there.

The reason they had met,  
was „the thing“ that had just appeared in their world.  
It was going to be their pet,  
so they had to find a way to handle it.

Then I realised that „the thing“  
was usually called human  
and that in this world  
it constituted solely of me.

**Decision**

So I decided  
to leave this universe.  
I let myself fall and,  
don't ask how, I just did it,

**Return**

found myself back in  
the world I had been in,  
before...

# The Ultimate Cure

## **In the beginning...**

there was peace!

Animals were scarce yet,  
although possible food, i.e. plants, existed in abundance.

What little animal life there was  
(if animal life it can be called)  
consisted of bacteria, amoebae and microbes.  
But all the fighting was for survival.

## **A few steps up the ladder...**

the range of different species was rapidly growing wider  
and the scales of some of those animals were just enormous.  
There was peace no longer,  
but all the fighting was for survival.

## **The beginning of the end...**

was just a tiny little incident  
which grew to an enormous avalanche  
with the passing of time:  
Some animals, who, heretofore, had always been  
walking on all four extremities,  
began to sometimes  
walk on their hind-legs only!  
But all the fighting was for survival.

## **The coming of mankind...**

was almost devastating  
for the world!  
In the smallest possible fraction of time  
humanity managed  
to evolve  
from stupid, ignorant, mindless...  
savages  
to stupid, ignorant, mindless, civilised...  
savages!  
Animals became scarce!  
Possible food, too!

There was no more fighting...  
for survival!  
In his search for the ultimate knowledge  
man only found the ultimate cure.  
And almost destroyed the world!  
Almost!  
And thus...

**In the end...**

there was peace!  
Animals were plenty again!  
Possible food, too!  
But one animal had vanished,  
never to reappear again!  
And the world turned happily  
ever after!  
And all the fighting was for survival.

## **Chapter 9**

### **The strange adventures of Ha Ben Sidi Daschon**

**(as recorded by Pablo Dascañeda)**

# Undated

**Editors Note:** I took the following journal entries from the book „The Teachings Of Ha Ben Sidi Daschon“ by P. Dascañeda in which they are a part of the text and as such of little importance. However, I find them a real challenge to the mind. That’s why they are included here.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am in a cave, witnessing the beheading of somebody with an axe.

I get sick and take a train.

All of a sudden it leaves the rails and crashes, but I save myself by jumping out the window.

Now I start looking for a certain girl in the remains of the train.

**29.10.83**

I am in a warehouse.

Suddenly a woman starts talking to me telling me about her daughter (whom I know from a dream!).

Enter five former classmates of mine in the company of five girls not known to me.

Seeing me, they ask me whether I knew a record with a red cross on the cover.

„Reminds me of something.“ is my answer.

According to them this is the best record they've ever heard and then they ask me if I would care to join their rock group.

It drives me almost crazy since at the moment I'm trying to sell all my instruments.

**31.10.83**

I was visiting the family of a friend who seemed to be living in one of my former flats.

Suddenly I saw a letter, written by Jolanda, to somebody not known to me.

This letter was very understandingly written.

Then Ludwig and I stood face to face with a girl looking like Doris whom we took to be Jolanda and who pretended not to know me.

**02.12.83**

With my parents, who are in Zweisimmen with the Braun family, I spend some holidays in Lauterbrunnen in my grandmother's house which is really actually somewhere else.

Suddenly I see the car of an acquaintance of mine belonging to the „Ripper of Lauterbrunnen“, in front of the house.

I drive to Zweisimmen to alert my parents and drive back.

Now I take my mothers car and am suddenly in front of the school where I see Lady Redhead hand in hand with an other guy.

**03.12.83**

Me and some boys from my class are looking for a doll needed to clarify an accident or a crime.

Suddenly we meet a group of girls and amongst them is Lady Redhead.

I go up to her, we look each other in the eyes and as I'm almost past her, I greet her but she doesn't greet back and so I walk on, sad and deceived.

After a while my friends and some of the girls catch up with me and we go on together.

Now we pass before a cinema which is showing „Break III“ with Charles Bronson.

We seem to have all seen that film and start talking about it.

One girl didn't think too much of it, but I had been thrilled, if only for the fact that my favourite actor was playing in it, a fact that I mentioned to the others.

The girl said that this was exactly the trick.

Suddenly Lady Redhead stood very close to me and asked whether this weren't just the way the DJ's were doing it.

I asked: „What do you mean?“

She smiled in a funny way and I had the feeling to have blundered.

**14.12.83**

I was at a party with many friends and acquaintances.

Suddenly Erika and I were all naked and holding each other very close.

After having rubbed her cunt on my cock till it got hard, she whispered:  
„I'm horny! Let's go to my place!“

With some witty remarks from colleagues we disappeared from the party.

After that we got together many more times.

**01.01.84**

Wednesday morning.

My class has to pass a test in correspondence.

Suddenly Anne is sitting next to me.

We greet and I say to her: „Long time no see!“

She answers with a date and starts to laugh.

## **Chapter 10**

### **In Deep**

# MS Found In a Drop of Blood

Day 100 Generation 86

It's bad times coming up, that's what he said, the guy at the factory of birth. That was yesterday, and he didn't say it to me, either. But that's what decided me to start this diary.

\*\*\*\*\*

Ten more days, then it will all be over. Barring some mishap bringing everything to an early end, which, of course, I hope won't happen.

I would like to call this record a kind of testament. Not a testament regulating the distribution of material goods, but one in which I wish to pass on my thoughts and feelings to posterity. Perhaps in doing so I can contribute something to the understanding of nature and its creatures.

The reader, should these lines ever be read, will of course have already guessed that I must be a Red, for a White would never have the time to entertain such thoughts, let alone write them down. For him there is always something to do: either some dangerous subject needs to be eliminated, or there is a repair to be carried out somewhere.

But the likes of us travel for 110 days carrying some article — vital, mind you, for others, not for ourselves — from one place to another. I, for example, spent most of my time transporting oxygen from the factory to some godforsaken corner of the world and from there carrying the dirty air back to the factory for regeneration.

\*\*\*\*\*

Did I say "godforsaken"? I beg your pardon, dear reader, but habit, you know. I myself of course do not believe in a God. It is too easy to blame him for everything one cannot explain. The sentence "We Reds live 110 days" alone contains two mysteries which the "great general public" simply explains away as God-given:

- What does living mean?
- What are days, who determines this, and why 110?

Let us address the first question: What does living mean? Well, I am probably — to quote the "great general public" — sick and abnormal — end of quote — but I simply cannot believe that this eternal, or rather 110-day, travelling is supposed to be real life. For me, life consists of partnership, green lush meadows, music and the occasional sip of Baileys Cream.

Now please don't ask me what these expressions mean or where I got them from; I don't know myself. Sometimes I feel so strange, and then suddenly I am aware of feelings and expressions which were previously completely unknown to me and which I cannot for the life of me explain. Not even those who believe in God attempt to explain this as "divine inspiration". What kind of God would be dispensing such confused nonsense?

\*\*\*\*\*

The question of life probably also encompasses the question of hierarchy. In these first two days of my diary I have already got an inkling of what that man at the factory meant. I have learned that the people of PUNTU<sup>1</sup>, who are in charge of things here in MARDU<sup>2</sup>, are divided and disputed over the way of handling a certain matter, the nature of which I know nothing about. And I was told that we of the TAWUT<sup>3</sup> belong to the lowest caste and should not try to get to know things which we would be better off not knowing in the first place. After all, we are only here to serve the others...

On the other hand, we are told repeatedly, that we Whites and Reds of the TAWUT are the most highly developed creatures in all of MARDU, since we need nothing to live.

So how come, I ask you, that we, like the lowliest of beasts of burden, must bring the others their life-essential articles? I will have to think about this some more.

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<sup>1</sup> =Head in Mulluk-Mulluk

<sup>2</sup> =Mother in Kalkatungu

<sup>3</sup> =Blood in Mulluk-Mulluk

And about what would happen were we to stop doing that.

On the question of "What are days, who determines this, and why 110?" the widespread explanation runs as follows: A day is the time a certain body requires to orbit another equally certain body. Tell me yourself, is this not the most ridiculous explanation for a mystery of this importance that you have ever heard? It explains nothing whatsoever, it merely raises further questions:

- What are these particular bodies?
- Why do they orbit each other?

And why should these two bodies in particular determine the length of a day? One could after all take two entirely different bodies orbiting each other in a different period of time — if this is truly necessary — and thereby make the days shorter, so that we might perhaps have 200 rather than merely 110 days to live; although, on reflection, this is probably not the best solution, since for us Reds one day differs as little from the next as two Chinese people differ from each other in the eyes of a European — there go those inexplicable expressions again. So perhaps only 100 days would be better? I don't know; the longer I think about it, the more glad I am that I must now die prematurely after all.

\*\*\*\*\*

Which reminds me — I haven't even told you yet: a short while ago I noticed a pull, which has since grown ever stronger. I immediately thought that the best thing would be to calmly continue writing. Had the damage been repairable and I had fallen into a panic, I would have lost the famous thread and been unable to continue writing. If however the damage is too great, there would have been no point in carrying on; but of course in such a moment everything becomes meaningless and so it doesn't matter. I will therefore continue to write as though there were a chance that someone might get hold of these lines.

Now, let us speak a little more about death. On this subject too there are many views. Some claim that with death everything is finished. I myself am inclined to agree with this group; other versions seem to me either too self-satisfied, too illusory, or positively nightmarish.

It is claimed, for example, that one is reborn; but nobody can say as what, or according to what criteria.

Others say that after death one leads a higher life, one step closer to God, and after that life yet another, still higher, still closer to God, and so on. This would logically lead ultimately to a universal becoming-God, but the proponents of this group claim that God would always remain one step higher than us, would in a manner of speaking retreat before us onto the next higher level. But if he is the highest of all — let us say — beings, why is he not already on the highest level from the very beginning?

Still others would have us believe that life after death exists only for those who have not behaved correctly in this present life. These would then have to atone for their mistakes in a terrible world that defies all description.

\*\*\*\*\*

The sight now opening before me is terrible. In their thousands my fellow travellers are being torn to their deaths by the pull, through an enormous hole in the wall. Hundreds of Whites come rushing and attempt from the edges to patch the hole, but the pull is far too strong, the hole far too large. Already the first Whites themselves are being dragged into the black abyss.

Very soon I will know which of the views about life after death is correct — provided there is a soul, and it can still remember something once the body is dead. Somehow I find it a pity that no one will ever come to know my thoughts, for these lines will leave MARDU together with me, forever.