

Øyvind Fiksdal
Presents



Tales From
Fractured Dimensions

Introduction.

Hello everyone if you are reading this I hope you will enjoy my work and I hope that you will at one stage proceed to purchase the final product when that becomes available.

All artwork and text is created by me, Øyvind Fiksdal. Please stay updated on my projects at <http://www.fiksdal.be/art> .

This book will be a compilation of images, short stories, world creation and poems. All of these stories are taking place in a handful of selected worlds from an indefinite number of dimensions. They are all in different writing styles and settings and I hope too make them short enough to keep the new generation of youth with short attention span entertained through the whole experience.

Some of these stories will have explicit language and have mature content so don't sit down with your child and give them this as a bed time story. If you do you might have to explain them the meaning of a few new words and it will take them a long time to sleep for a few nights.

I will also be looking for a sponsor for this book so if anyone should be interested in getting some advertisement space please feel free to contact me at oeyvindfiksdal@yahoo.no

Like a House of Cards.



Ahhhhh.... Fuck off, was the short, but fairly harsh words blurring out of Odins broken Jaw as the cold steel boot pressed against his face. I will fuck off as you kindly put it when you got the kings cash pulled out of your ass some how said the general with a sadistic smirk painted on his face. Odin desperately tried to twist his way out of the grip that the second soldier had on him even thou his jaw was killing him. I ain't got your stinking money, I swear I ain't got shit, you got it all. Odin could feel the boot slowly de pressurising his face as the general charged him that he was returning with them to the castle. Just as the final words left the sweet lips of the kings royal guards pride the foot slammed back in the crater previously known as Odin's face.

Faced down on the floor in a pool of blood and vomit Odin barely manage to tilt his head up to see that the loved by all prick of a king was sitting at his throne. This so called king is not what we would call a king today, but more of a local village idiot with loads of money that suddenly got very power hungry one day and purchased a third world country. Its amazing what people will do for you if you just pay the well enough and that those people will put you in a position of power. He didn't even look like a king, he was pale as the mist of a dying forest in September and his body posture seemed more like a spawn of hell than anything else. You could see in his glazed eyes that he was the kind of man that would cut a deal with the devil any day of the week, and he probably did.

The king took a long hard look at him before he finally spoke. You owe me some money by now little friend and I think I have been fair with you up till this point, wouldn't you say? Odin gathered the slime and blood from his mouth with his tongue and spat it out. It didn't leave his lips, but rather just ran down his chin and gathered up in a small puddle at the floor. I'm not the one owing you money, am I? It was my brother who is faulty in that.

The king stood up and walked in a circle around him as he spoke with a low toned patronizing voice. Well you see Odin, I cant find your brother and you being the next of kin puts you in a bit of a tricky position. Odin felt that he was giving up in his hart, but didn't know how to give it up any more than what he already did. I don't have any money my lord said Odin. He could feel that he was submitted himself to the ego of this self proclaimed king.

The king got a twitch in the corner of his mouth indicating that it could be a smile. Get up Odin, the king spoke with a relatively kind voice which struck the members of the palace halls with awe. Odin pushed him self up to the level where he was kneeling, lowered his head towards the ground and wiped the blood of his chin or what remained of it anyway.

Take off your pants the king said looking at his fellow aristocratic lords and ladies who had gathered up to see what was going on. Come again said Odin with a surprised and overwhelmingly sad look. Don't be a smart ass the general was screaming in his ear before he kicked Odin back in the bloody pool that was only getting bigger as we speak. Odin untied the string being the only thing keeping his raggy pants from slipping off his hip bones. The pants fell to the floor sucking up about a quarter of the pool below him. The crowd was rendered speechless and awaited the kings cue whether to laugh or cry. The king slowly crossed the floor and approached Odin looking more majestic that ever before. The king removed his crown and turned it upside down with gentle gestures. He then took a brief look around the room making sure he had the attention of all his spectators. He then carefully placed the crown upside down on Odin's head and gave it a good slap on the top with the palm of his hand forcing it half way down his head. Now dance for us fool he said laughing from the the bottom of his twisted hart. And they laughed, they all laughed, as the laughter died of so did the spirit of Odin.

Now this was years ago and is just a faded memory in everyone's mind, except for the poor jester that is. He is no longer Odin and barely a shadow of the man he once was. Even thou submitting his ego on a silver platter in the royal halls saved him from a definite death, it had killed off what he used to be so long ago. Death would have been his salvation, cause what he had now is a fate worse than occupying the 9th gate of hell for all eternity.

He was taking a stroll down to a pond where he used to go with his father back when he was just a child. Memories of the far past was pretty much dimmed out by those events in recent past, but still he could remember the times his father used to take him down to this spot.

It was then his eyes set on what struck him to be the flower of Aasgard as his father used to call them. It was a peculiar little thing. It had a stem thin as a toothpick, and it had a cap that to the jester resembled a female breast with a dug on top.

His father was an alchemist, but was well familiar with the world of botanic. Some nights his father used to gather the flowers of Aasgard and made a brew of it that went under the name "Fenris mjod". He used to watch the stars move across the sky like snow flakes falling close to a lit lantern in complete silence till the dawn brushed upon him.

Completely consumed by this memory the jester harvested what he could find in near proximity and made his brew just as his father did before him.

It had a smell that was contradicting his senses, it was foul, but appealing in one instance and the same could be said for the taste. The night was approaching and he knew that in the morning he would have an audience in the palace and that sent a shiver down his spine as his whole essence was tired of ridiculing him self for the entertainment of others.

The jester was ready to head back to his chambers when the moon suddenly turned black and split in half right before his eyes. The two black half's then turned in to what appeared to be two ravens blacker than night and evil looking as Satan him self. It was a lot to process for the jesters little mind, but he managed to calm his inner being to the point where he didn't loose his mind to indefinite non existence. The ravens landed with over exaggerated postures on one shoulder each of the poor terrified jester.

The first raven folded up his ragged wings firmly around his body and began to spoke. It didn't have a voice of its own as you might attempt to imagine, but more similar to the voice of your thoughts when you stare your self in the eye. God its good to be alive again it said. It feels colder than it used to, but a lot warmer than oblivion. As I am, but not are, I am without a name, but for the sake of conversation you may call me Hugin and on your right shoulder you would have my better part Munin. We are sent by your mind to save your hart, for it is decaying from inside and your mind cant stand it any more. The jester believed what he heard, but not his mind for accepting such an obscure scene.

You have my ears said the Jester with what could be taken as confidence if you wouldn't know any better. No said Hugin, you have your ears, we have your shoulders, but if you don't open your mind we will take your soul, for what falls from the beak of a taking bird is for your mind to keep. Or you might loose it said Munin. My mind or my soul asked the jester trying as hard as he could to keep reality in one place. Neither said Munin. Now with a scattered reality and a wide opened mind the jester was listening with all that he was.

You are a broken man little jester said Hugin. You have nothing to loose and yet you fight so hard to keep whatever you think you have. Instead of fighting to keep what you don't have you should be fighting for what you used to be. I want to be, but ain't got what it takes to be me any more.

Well you need to get there, all you need to do is to follow us said Munin. The lords and ladies of the land will drop seeds in their own baron soil. Take each seed and plant it in the palace garden that keeps the web of mischief untouched and these seeds will bloom to death of wrong doers.

The ravens merged to a black hole that consumed the world, transformed into a sun that gave birth to the morning.

Coming down is harder than going up thought the jester as he struggled up the stairs to the palace. Taking the last step the jester sighed before he put on his jester smile that had turned into a static feature that he could turn on and off like a light switch.

By the gate he could see the general and the queen engaging in a conversation that was probably more fake then the jesters smile. The jester knew, hell, everyone but the king knew, that the queen had a thing for the general. She was practically fucking the guy with her eyes, but the general on the other hand seemed to be more of a fucker for the king.

You are late jester man so you better get back inside before I make you a eunuch. The queen giggled and gave the jester a bit of a push in the back as he tumbled to the door with the general tracing the steps behind him. In the vague distance you could see the king wearing down the leather of his throne, he was definitely at an unease. General! he screamed, could you be so kind as to escort this soldier to the lower grounds and show him what we do to those who walks off with the kings belongings. The soldier was down on his knees facing the king claiming that he was not guilty of the allegations made against him. The general and two other members of the royal guard escorted the poor thing down to the basement. I don't know what bracelet you are talking about screamed the soldier as the men tried to pull him out of the firm grip he had made on the door knob. The king had made a fraction within his flock of guards separating them into two groups, trustworthy and a potential treason. This would of course keep the king safe from the dangers that he was creating for him self just being who he was for such a long time.



That evening there were to be a big supper in the celebration of the queens birthday which seemed to be four times a year if the jesters memory served him right. So there was preparations in all corners of the castle to be seen for those who cared about those kind of things and the jester just didn't happen to be one of those people. The jester rather walked up to his designated chamber that could appear to some as a closet, but to the jester it was as close to a home as he had ever been during these 9 years on the job. The chamber had hole in the wall that the jester had dug out by him self to make a window. That's where he used to sit when he was able to, cause he could see his old house from there.

He looked behind him and found the two ravens well planted on his hay stack formally known as his bed. Have you started yet said Hugin. Started what? said the jester. You asked for me to follow you, but you were nowhere to be found when the new world was born. We are here, we were always there said Munin. And we never ask of you to follow us, for we are you and no matter who you follow you will always tail your self. Besides this is as far from the point as you can get without folding. You know where the seeds have fallen, just keep in mind that these are seeds of evil and grows to the depth of hell and not in direction of love and understanding. Hold this thought and the house of cards will fall like sun at dusk.

Now standing in the mess hall the jester approached some of the lower ranking soldiers and tried to strike a conversation. Fuck of you fucking fool said a fairly chubby soldier who by the jesters educated guess had some childhood issues related to his weight. Sorry said the jester and backed off. He then leaned over to the person who seemed to be the opinion leader in the group. He took place standing next to him and spoke. I believe you might be in great danger sir he said with a low whispering voice. What are you talking about fool get back to your chamber where you usually sit and rot away. Well, said the jester knowing that these guards were not just new, but dumb as a rock. As you might remember it was the queens birthday just 3 months ago and I don't know about you, but I was only born once. I guess you all know that the king found it amusing to make the royal guard barrack closet my chamber, but he who laughs last, well you know how it goes. Last night I happened to overhear a conversation exchanged between your general and your kings trusted guards. They were saying that there has been an increasing number of thefts committed in the palace since the last group of soldiers came in, which is true, not implying anything of course.

The general and the guards decided to take hand of the issue by eliminating some of you, not all, but some. I don't know if you were paying to much attention to what happened during the preparations of the banquet earlier this morning, but the wheels are already turning.

The guard finally looked at him and you could see that his mind lit up finally facing the fact that the royal guards was taking them out for a final supper. They just need a few to set an example of you, that's all it takes, but who it will be is a question unanswered. The guard and the jester slowly broke up and headed on different paths, no words spoken.

The joker could feel a slight taste of blood in his mouth as he wandered down the halls feeling that his smile was turning real. Taken by this wave of joy carried by the thought of the blood shed that he was performing, like directing a symphony never to be heard, he headed for his next hit. He approached the queen that was wandering of in the gardens of the palace. He reshaped his facial gestures to resemble that of a guilt driven man. My queen, he said. Could we talk a bit in private I have a matter of most importance do discuss with you. No! Said the queen, most certainly not, my time is not for those of your status. It is not on my own request that I ask for your time my lady, but that of the general. The general, she said looking as if she had been shot in the hart. Yes, said the jester, he sent me to speak on his behalf to lay down the case that stands before you. Why would the general send a man of no importance to speak about a matter of most importance little fool she said, seeming to do doubt her own disillusion. The joker, hung his head and laid down his case. You see my queen, the general chose me, for this is a matter of him loosing his pride, so to hand the case he chose the one man with no pride left. Well, cough it up, don't leave me waiting as this is my day and I would rather share it with someone I care about the queen blurted out. The joker smiled as he lifted his head, as if he was back in the game after several bad hands. That is the state of the both of you it seems to be, for the general has taken a keen eye to you, but this is a love that must remain unspoken as far as you have your king. For he fear that he might cease to be if it was to be heard, seen or felt by king or guards. The queen broke her stiff doll face and unleashed an ocean of tears that to the joker was just another tone in his symphony. The Joker took two step backwards before he rested his case. You know what needs to be done my queen and its a task that only you can complete.

The banquet was now starting in the main dining room of the palace. It was a truly magnificent sight, all the gold and silver covering the plates and chandeliers blurred your vision as the light was scattered at the surface. The king announced the queens entrance, and the royal guards rolled out the red carpet as she was making her way in. She was quite stunning her self as you can imagine with that much gold on velvet and a foundation that covered all forms of impurities in the skin.

The king was now uttering a short speech that he recently pulled out of his ass as a way of amusing the crowds. We are sorry to inform you that the queen, my self and the royal guard will be dining in a more private area as the queen wish to speak freely and have her space on this special occasion.

I hope you all enjoy the dinner and that the evening will feed your mind with memories. The royal guard will close the dining room at precisely 2am and we then request of you to head back to your quarters, thank you and good night. As the king left, the theme of the discussion turned to shaping the jesters words into a state of hysteric paranoia.

The jester was in a state of trance sitting in his corner with that ridiculous costume, and the jester hat with these annoying bells dangling around his head. For years he despised that awful hat, but tonight he felt that it finally had a good fit. Taking his time watching the king, queen and guards leaving the main dining room, for now it was time for him to perform his final acts.

The jester rushed off to the door entrance after the door shut. He waited patiently by the door for another half hour before he knocked. He carefully opened the door, waiting for an answer would just seem silly considering the size of the room on the other side.

He rushed over to the king that was dining with his fellow men and the queen. My lord said the jester in a jolly, but calmed voice. I believe that there is a man in your room waiting to speak to you. He says it is urgent. He do not wish for the guards to know and he claims you don't wish so either. I see, said the king, stood up and looked around the room. I am sorry my lady, I hope I may be excused for leaving the table for some time. It should not take long and I will be back in a second. As the king left the room he followed him to the door and stared the queen in the eye to get her attention. She caught the eyes of the smiling jester looking back at her, she lowered her head with an expressionless face. For ten more minutes she remained still until she stood up without a word. As she was leaving the table she said, if you'll excuse me I will go check up on my husband, in a calm and cold way. The queen do not need to excuse herself said the general.

Time passed and things started to look awkward in the royal dining room as it had been a long time since the king and queen had left without any real indication of reason. The general looked over to the general that was looking unsettled by the current events, but he tried to keep it under his skin.

General, the jester said. Do you wish for me to look after the king to see if everything is in order or do you wish to do so yourself. You could see that the last part of the sentence seemed to annoy the general to some extent, but being the general he would have to suck it up. He wiped off his fingers and mouth with a napkin. Then he proceeded to fold it up in a ball and flicked it off in the jester's face as he left the room. The jester followed him half way to the king's room until he stopped and headed back slowly.

After a few minutes he was approaching the royal dining room door. As he was closing in he started running, screaming treason two times as loud as he could before he slammed through the door. The doors flung open and he yelled it out one more time as he fell to the floor. The royal guards got up as if it was a reflex. The general has killed off the king and queen yelled the jester at the top of his lungs.

Meanwhile, somewhere in recent past in another part of the palace the scenario was playing itself out. The door was open for some reason, but as the king entered the room to see who was waiting him he found no one. He walked to the centre of the room and had a brief look around. He took a bit of time looking to see if some thing of importance might be missing, but couldn't see anything striking his mind at this point.

His eye caught the mirror on the night stand and he sat down on his bed. He could feel something hard under the quilt. He had a look to see what it was and it appeared to be a bracelet. He put it on the night stand next to the mirror as he smiled to himself thinking, this is where it walked off.

He had a look at his reflection in the mirror checking out his facial features and admiring what he liked to call his beard. His beard was a random pattern of hairy islands growing all over the lower part of his face. As he sat there he could see the queen standing by the door opening in the mirror reflection.

Who were you meeting Andrew said the queen, with voice smooth as her velvet dress. I do not know Camille, but the door was open and the room stood empty, so we might want to alert the guards that something is going on. Andrew, the queen said as the king was about to leave the room. She said it in a manner as if she had something to confess. She walked over to him, put his arms around him and looked deep into his eyes. I'm sorry she said and stabbed a dagger detailed to perfection between the ribs in his back. The king squeezed her tight as if all the muscles in his body were suffering a contraction. She pulled it out and forced it back inside repetitive to make sure that he would not be able to retaliate.

She unleashed the grip she had on his body and the king fell to the floor like a sack of sand. You don't have to do this Camille, just tell me what you want and I will get it for you. He was crying and even for a cold bitch like Camille it hurt to see a grown man shed tears. To Camille's surprise it took a lot longer for a man to die than what she had first expected.

I'm sorry Andrew I do not wish to hurt you she cried, I just need you to die for me. She stabbed him one more time but this time in the neck, for she thought that would be short death. By this time he was not able to speak, but for a few more minutes or so he was moving around a lot on the floor having spasms. She was terrified by this macabre vision, but this was something she had to do for her freedom of choice. She then rushed over to him knelt down over his body and stabbed him repeatedly in his chest region until the door behind her opened.

She could only see the silhouette of what must have been the general holding on to a sword by both his hands. I did it she said. Just a short hard cut in the head and she fell lifeless to the floor. He stood there feeling a rush of blood to the head making him dizzy and nauseous. He stepped out in the hall gasping for air and reality check.

As he was standing there he could see the royal guards approaching him at a high speed leaving him more confused than relieved. The other guards could see for where they were situated now that he had a sword in his hand and that there was blood spatter on the wall behind him.

One of the guards commanded brutally for the men to take to arms. Within one moment he was reduced to a unwept pile of blood, bones and metal under their feet. They now aimed for the main dining room to set to situation status to red alert for the private soldiers who by now would have just finish the main dishes.

When the royal guards entered the room covered in blood and dirt it pulled a trigger in the soldiers mind igniting the downfall of reason. Charge! Was the word that fell out of one of the soldiers that first seemed to give into his paranoid fears and releasing a chain reaction of instinctive manslaughter. The power in number seemed to overwhelm the force of experience in this case and this was the fall of the royal guards.

After the scene had played out the jester came in and spoke to the remaining soldiers of which the majority of them was mortally wounded. Hello gentle men and not so gentle men, I will introduce you to a game that I have played in my mind during this evening events. Its a fairly easy for the sharpest of minds, but don't worry friends you will pick it up before we end this night as well.

The queen of hearts beats the king of clubs, the jack of diamonds beat the queen of hearts, the ten of spades beat the jack of diamonds and the six of clubs beat the ten of spades, but fuck that cause the joker takes it all. For I am the joker and no matter who I follow I will always tail my mind. I hope you had a wonderful dinner for it is about to end your life in five, four, three, two, one.

C.I.M Salvation.



The legacy of humans.

In the year 2442 the Indian scientist by the name Aryabhata single handedly discovered the secret of folding space. During the following century this idea was further developed to a more practical application by military institutions before it came into commercial industries. Space travel started blooming from being pointless trips to lifeless and barren planets in our own solar system and now developing to search for alternate planets in distant galaxies. Several civilizations were discovered in remote systems of our and other galaxies.

The earth had for a long time stood on the end of extinction and signs of Armageddon had started showing. This as a cause made a large percentage of the population return to our lord and savior Jesus Christ and for many that would be a synonym for the catholic church.

People started to believe that the increasing number of Christians returning to God was the direct reason for this discovery that finally offered them a way out.

2497 the CIM, catholic interstellar missionaries were founded by a group of conservative priests in the Vatican church to spread the word around the galaxy and engage in what they referred to as the universal crusade. Only 4 years later they launched the first shuttle under the name "CIM Salvation" to a remote galaxy barely marked "TR54". They were funded heavily and solely by the catholic church and gathered up a diverse group of 200 highly skilled people. They left the milky way on the first of February 2501.

Problems calculating the route had sent them on an unfortunate collision course with a moon orbiting the planet that was targeted as a potential source of life. The most crucial crew members were evacuated in several emergency pods, broke through the atmosphere undamaged and landed safely on the surface of the planet.

They quickly managed to adapt to their new environment that a first sight could resemble the jungles of central America. As critical conditions were almost identical to those of earth surviving was a task that fell easy for such a qualified group. For a long time the group was establishing their base in the area without any observations of intelligent life.

Things started to change and every once in a while they were encountered by what seemed to be a primitive life form that had a quite curious approach to this new settlement. The priests had several attempts to make contact with the new life forms, but their language were at a very primitive stage and completely impossible to reach a level of intellectual exchange.

The encounters became more frequent and after a some time in the new holy land it all seemed to take a more aggressive turn and this resulted in reoccurring fatalities on the CIM front. The good faith journey turned out to be a blood war where the settlers had to demonstrate the powers of their species by taking to arms.

A shortage of weapon and food supplies caused a complete destruction of the crusaders settlement and their base. Humans were abducted and taken to unknown locations, some lost their life in brutal ritual killings performed by this new species that turned out to be far more developed then what was detected in initial observations. Those who survived the attacks relocated to the more remote parts of the forest.

At this point in time this is barely a legend among the primitive humans roaming the forests looking for fruit and nuts. They are no longer hunted by anyone and their numbers are growing, but they have lost their faith, technology, awareness and their purpose.

A tale of two moons.

Many centuries ago you could find two dominating species roaming this planet; the Ittians and the Yearans. They were living together in a single community, far from symbiotic, but they shared a tolerance for their counterparts. They were divided in many ways, but they all belonged to the god Ungh witch was their only common ground. They had many political problems, among those were a shortage of resources creating certain difficulties between them, but nothing like what the problems they share today.

It all started that day they had gathered up in the capitol city for their annual crop harvest ceremony. Out of the blue a huge object appeared in the sky and collided into the moon that was the center point of their religion. In a matter of seconds balls of fire rained from the sky, plummeted to the ground and burned off huge lands of crops.

The heaven turned black for three days and three nights. The word from the holy ones were that Ungh had left them, and that a lack of faith had driven him away. Things turned evil and the world was dark, but the heavens was tared open reveling a clear blue sky and in all the glory they realized that Ungh had given birth and had two moons. Two new gods had found them, they named them Ithia and Yurha. For the next years to come their faith had divided in two separate divisions and the two groups turned isolated from each other. Both groups found a strange creature wandering on their land. The Ittians claimed they were sent from the gods to guide them and show them the new way. They brought them to laboratories in early stage of development for observation and took use of the objects they had brought for them. This was a technological revolution that gave them the heavily technological world they had today.

The Yearans took a completely different approach to the strange ones and spoke of them as the demons that were on a mission to tempt them to loose their newfound faith. For all it was worth they had to stay true to the earth that provided them for all their needs and renounce the gods of the demons. For the demons ways was unnatural and the unfamiliar items they had brought were only a cause of death and destruction.

The elders of Yearans saw the way they had caused the Ittians to turn faith into fall and decided that they had to eliminate the threats that the demons had brought with them. During the time that came the Yearans took notice of the fact that the demons were loosing their powers, their weapons rendered useless and the threat were eventually eliminated. They knew then that their faith in their God didn't go unrewarded.

The strange ones were gone and things were looking well, but only for so long. The Ittians had fallen in their faith and used their technology in their advance to capture remaining resources. At that moment both sides knew that the battle had begun, two people two gods and one planet.



The legacy of Growts.

The Growts was a peaceful kind that lived in tunnels underground far beneath the surface. Their eyes were highly sensitive and could sustain vision in almost any environment except for the fact that they would go into epileptic shock if they were over exposed to light. They had a highly organized society and did not associate with any other life forms on the surface, they survived solely on cultivating mushrooms, mining essential minerals and other natural substances found in the ground. At one moment in their routine imprinted days it all turned to a deep dwelling darkness. After two days of distress they sent out scout troops to the surface to perform a brief recognition to determine the cause of the sudden change. They broke the surface in the morning and found only glim's of light, but it was enough for them to perform their given task.

Unexpectedly a bright light broke through the black smoke carpet in the sky, completely blinded them, over exposed their senses and rendered them completely immobile. In their disabled position they were discovered by the group later known as the Ittians. The ittians had never seen such an organism before, but found it a great source of food and started hunting and breeding them in farms. They also found out that the intelligence were enough to sustain training required to perform basic tasks, but only if they were partially blinded. After the technological revolution the Ittians modified them to a point where they could perform all physical work demanded by the society.

The Ittians thought that when Ungh died hell opened a connection between there and earth and every individual with sin in their hart were reborn as a growth. They were sent to help the Ittians to rebuild a rightful civilization and rid themself of sin. Of course the priests claiming these ridiculous form of thesis never really believed in their own preaching, but religion has always bin an effective way of controlling the masses to work for a common cause.

The growths has a inheritable memory and will always keep their past in their mind and wait for the time to rise and strike back.