

## Invitation into Darkness

Written by Jaroslav Bednárík

Thursday, 19 November 2009 18:30 - Last Updated Wednesday, 25 November 2009 20:54

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>From: Johnny < [johnny@bestofliterature.com](mailto:johnny@bestofliterature.com) >

>To: "Me" < [jerry@bestofliterature.com](mailto:jerry@bestofliterature.com) >

>Subject: Poltergeist

>Date: 01 March, 2002 05:53 AM

Jerry:

I am aware of various circumstances and the worst part is that some being moved into my apartment, which doesn't reflect any waves of the standard electromagnetic spectrum. This being broke down not only my digital wrist watch but also the speedometer clock on my bike and even made my computer clock, which is controlled by internet, go haywire. It also moves around various objects in my apartment, and even my beloved wife Eve got scared when all sorts of noise were heard from inside of the wardrobe late at night. I can say that it is the first time in my life I have faced such a phenomenon, which is commonly called Poltergeist or

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something in the specialized literature. I can also say that I have been absolutely startled. It's one thing when you read about it and it's another when you experience it on your own. What overwhelms you first is enormous fear. At that moment you will realize to the marrow of your bones that the whole so-called real tangible world around us is really just a part of the universe, and the second one acts according to physical laws we have not discovered yet. And it is in the second one where everything essential may take place.

The real truth is only our absolute helplessness. I can fight with mosquitoes or flies in the apartment. I can even imagine a fight with ants or mice. But to fight with a being having an unknown physical essence, that I don't even have a hunch about.

Take care.

Johnny

>From: editor < [editor@bestofliterature.com](mailto:editor@bestofliterature.com) >

>To: "Me" < [jerry@bestofliterature.com](mailto:jerry@bestofliterature.com) >

>Subject: For Jerry

>Date: 03 March, 2002 03:03 PM

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Jerry:

I was stopped from visiting my dear Simone at the school she goes to, which was my last hope where I would find a sanctuary to meet Simone for at least a few minutes per week. I appealed to the Minister of Education. and NOTHING happened. just his meaningless letter saying that he's got a lot of more important things to do. are official heads in the US also mere stuck up manikins for decoration, who cannot stand up for any righteous cause?

R.

>From: "Me" < [jerry@bestofliterature.com](mailto:jerry@bestofliterature.com) >

>To: editor < [editor@bestofliterature.com](mailto:editor@bestofliterature.com) >

>Subject: RE: For Jerry

>Date: 4 March, 2002 09:37 AM

Rastislav:

It only requires a little of optimism.

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J.

>Attachment

## INVITATION INTO DARKNESS

by Jaroslav (Jerry) Bednarik

□

I was invited to step into the darkness. So I went, not to expect understanding or forgiveness, but merely to move step by step, breathing in and out, with my groping hands coming to halt against the unknown. Things are disappearing one after another. They are gone forever. Voices are echoing through the darkness. I smell fragrances and sense the presence of people. Flashes of darkness are molding faces and shapes of heads. They are emerging out of nothingness and in nothingness they end up. I am trying to catch them with my hand, finger or sight. Faces of friends and women and railway stations are fleeing. There are shouts heard from a dream, trains from childhood, waving hands, smiles in the air and tears on the ground. No words are heard, only a sound in my mind. I am recognizing the eyes I used to love. Understanding and kind they are circling around me. Time stopped halfway in hesitation. Space is curving towards me. I would like to say something, but I do not say a word. A dream is digging a tunnel under another dream. There is no chance of escaping from here. Hatred and love are sisters holding each other's hand. The merciful darkness is beckoning: "Rest in peace, oh light!" The greater part of the end is drawing nigh with kindness and joy is stressed more than "e" in emptiness. The darkness is getting thick enough to slice. I am slicing it with feelings that hurt no more, alone inside the people who are no longer here. Do they still feel me

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sometimes? Answers blindfold the eyes of questions and play a blind man's bluff. We lead definite lives, but we have a great lack of a chance to correct them.

Being pushed into the darkness and point of no return; is this a solution?

I was invited to step into the darkness and so I went. There was no other invitation I could have taken advantage of.